

STAR TREK II

"IN THY IMAGE"

Screenplay

By

Harold Livingston

Story

By

Alan Dean Foster

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ROUGH DRAFT

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FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. SPACE 1
- The depth of outer space, the jeweled beauty of billions of star systems, sparkling nebulae, hydrogen clouds swirling in their awesome vastness.
- All this you SEE now in utter, absolute SILENCE, and we retain this feeling, the breathtaking mind-bending infinity of space. And then, suddenly, shockingly, the silence, the serenity, is shattered as you WATCH:
- 2 A KLINGON HEAVY CRUISER 2
- slicing across the scene with the CAMERA HOLDING on it just long enough to ESTABLISH the unique Klingon starship design. It streaks through the blue-black of space, smaller and smaller in the distance until it is but a pinpoint of light, lost among the other stars. But almost immediately following it:
- 3 TWO MORE KLINGON SHIPS 3
- racing after the first vessel, all three more or less in a kind of formation. Then a sudden turbulent whiplash of energy comes from OUT OF FRAME and strikes one of the Klingon cruisers. It is not phaser fire; its awesome force is unlike anything we've ever seen. The hit cruiser implodes into a flash fireball which quickly becomes nothingness.
- 4 ANOTHER SHOT OF THE HEAVY CRUISER 4
- racing across the spatial backdrop. The turbulent whiplash strikes at this cruiser, too, misses. Suddenly, gracefully, the Klingon cruiser turns, wheels about in a perfect arc, assumes an attack attitude -- and then, PHASER GUNS FIRE: two streams of jet-yellow death at an unseen adversary. The phaser streams have hardly left the Klingon's batteries when we SEE the strange whiplash of energy again -- this time it strikes the very heart of the Klingon cruiser, which is bathed in a green glow, and then seems to simply dissolve in a brilliant white flash.
- The blackness of space is illuminated just one instant and then -- where the Klingon was -- there is nothing.

- 5 THE OTHER CRUISERS 5
- appearing, streaking past -- and then the same whiplash weapon from the unseen adversary shoots out, glances off one of the cruisers -- and the cruiser sustaining the hit, pausing just an instant in its smooth course, then continuing.
- Then it's hit again, destroyed. CAMERA NOW CENTERS on the remaining Klingon cruiser, damaged, trying to evade destruction.
- 6 INT. KLINGON BRIDGE 6
- where the Klingon CAPTAIN is looking directly TOWARD (CAMERA) his own viewer, transmitting:
- CAPTAIN
...both destroyed, we are severely damaged, returning fire. I repeat, this is Commander Barak of the Imperial Cruiser Amar, under attack by a huge vessel of unknown origin, incredibly powerful...
- Then all at once the entire picture flares, suddenly becomes white, blazing white, and then the SCREEN GOES BLANK.
- 7 EXT. SPACE - THE FINAL KLINGON CRUISER 7
- as it dies.
- 8 EXT. STAR BASE (OPTICAL) 8
- A space station orbiting an unseen planetoid.
- The station will resemble the hexagonal orbital office units we will see later. (A number of hexagonal pods connected to a center axis like spokes of a wheel.) A shuttle craft is approaching, and CAMERA CLOSES on the shuttlecraft so we can READ the legend on the craft's side: UFP - Starbase 9.
- 9 INT. STARBASE - COMMANDANT'S OBSERVATION BAY 9
- A young, very attractive female LT. CMDR. BRANCH at a control console. The stars of deep space are VISIBLE through an observation port. A nearby intercom light flashes on, and the gentle BEEP of the audio signal. Branch flicks on the speaker:

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

BRANCH

Commander Branch.

MONITOR ROOM VOICE (MALE)

Our sensor drones have just monitored a three-cruiser Klingon squadron being wiped out. Within their own boundaries...!

BRANCH

(reacts; cool)

How? Destroyed by what?

MONITOR ROOM VOICE

Unknown. The last Klingon communication called it... quote 'huge, incredibly powerful.' We have been able to track its magnetic field, get a course from that.

BRANCH

Well...?

MONITOR ROOM VOICE

It's headed toward Earth.

10 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA - DAY (MATTE)

10

with the legend "San Francisco" SUPERIMPOSED over. This is a PANORAMIC SHOT of the entire Bay Area, with the famous antiquities the Golden Gate Bridge and the pointed Trans-America Building the only recognizable landmarks. The visibility is perfect, clear as the eye can see, which indicates sparkling clean air. The shoreline and Bay as we once knew it no longer exist -- the old San Francisco city area is now an island with the old Bay now an inland extension of the Pacific Ocean.

Industry and transport are all now underground. But what really strikes the eye is the perfect harmony between natural beaches, green meadows, clear streams. And trees. Groves of marvelous, huge, majestic trees, many of them a century or more old. Clearly Earth is now the home of a people who love and respect their living planet.

11 EXT. PARKLAND - DAY

11

where, at first, we HEAR VOICES: CHILDREN'S VOICES, playing, frolicking, families picnicking -- here a pair of lovers stroll hand in hand -- and there a white-haired, distinguished older man strolls hand in hand with a youth in his twenties, a son or a treasured

(CONTINUED)

- 11 CONTINUED: 11
 student. And animals, once considered "wild," lope about --
 a child rides atop a magnificent antlered deer. Life in
 this century is very pleasant. Now the CAMERA FINDS:
- 12 EXT. COLT TOWER MALL - DAY (MATTE) 12
 Tying these CLOSER ANGLES again into the 23rd century
 San Francisco locale, we can SEE the ancient but
 recognizably preserved Coit Tower on a b.g. hill. The
 centuries have brought climatic changes to the Bay area
 which is much closer to subtropical than in the 20th
 century. We SEE stacks of fruits and vegetables being
 freely taken by anyone interested -- no vendors or
 salespeople.
- 13 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE MALL 13
 An artist has attracted a delighted group of children
 as he uses a complex keyboard to "paint" with brilliant
 light on a large screen.
 Then CAMERA PANS toward SOUND and activity which turns
 out to be "forcefield" athletics (MAGIC MOUNTAIN BLUE
 AIRBAG OPTICAL). In b.g., a group of naked two and three-
 year-old children delightedly gambol under some sort of
 overhead game-sprinkler system. In previous ANGLES and
 in some of the costumes, we should have brief, tasteful
 adult nakedness, used primarily to suggest the mature
 attitudes of the citizens of the century.
- 14 KIRK 14
 in civilian clothes. He's striding through the grove,
 peering occasionally into the distance, obviously looking
 for something-someone. He passes various small groups
 of PEOPLE, but none are whom he's seeking. And then, in
 the distance, he spots:
- 15 A FEW TEEN-AGERS 15
 clustered around two handsome cheetahs. The paw of one
 of the cheetahs is being spray bandaged (23rd century
 medicine style) by a MAN whose BACK IS TO US. The Man
 uses various instruments from an over-shoulder bag.
 From the rear we can SEE only the Man's civilian clothes,
 and his slightly longish hair.
 An expression of recognition flits across Kirk's face;
 he approaches the group.

16 CLOSER ON THE GROUP

16

as we can SEE the Man just finishing the big cat's paw, addressing the teen-agers.

MAN

Well... if one of you takes care of that paw, it'll be good as new in a week.

The teen-agers (and the cheetahs) romp off. The Man begins packing away his instruments. Kirk steps a little closer.

KIRK

Those cheetahs never pay their bills, Doctor.

The Man laughs, turns fully INTO THE CAMERA. And We SEE the Man is:

17 MCCOY

17

as he realizes it's Kirk and the laugh trails off. Yet there's no doubt but that they're both very pleased to see the other. Perhaps they're afraid they'd be over-emotional if they let their true feelings surface.

KIRK

So you came down from the hills.

MCCOY

(shrugs)
Just passing through.

They shake hands. And then, study each other. They're both awkward about this meeting. For five long years of the starship mission, they were so close to each other. Now they feel almost as strangers.

MCCOY

(continuing)
Well... how've you been?

KIRK

Three letters -- no answer.

MCCOY

The fact I didn't write... was my answer.

Another hesitation. Then Kirk tries to lighten the moment with a grin.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

KIRK
They call you what? The 'animal
doctor'?

MCCOY
(nods)
The only sensible patients I've
ever had.

KIRK
You could always heal anything,
Bones. Remember... what did they
call it... the Horta? You patched
her up with silicone cement.

McCoy has closed his instrument bag, now slung it over
his shoulder, and turned to face Kirk.

MCCOY
What I remember, Jim... are the
friends who couldn't be put back
together. For five years... so
many of them.

And he starts walking. Kirk hesitates a moment, then
catches up.

18 KIRK AND MCCOY WALKING - VARIOUS ANGLES AND POV'S

18

as they proceed through the grove, which provides us
with other VIEWS of the beauty of the surroundings --
the ease of life.

KIRK
The Enterprise will be ready for
commissioning in a few weeks. She's
been refitted and redesigned: new
engines, new equipment we never
dreamed of.

MCCOY
(almost amused)
You never give up, do you?

KIRK
Bones, she'll be the most powerful
starship in the galaxy. She needs
a crew to match that, the most
experienced in every department.

McCoy stops abruptly, faces Kirk.

MCCOY
Then why aren't you commanding her?

(CONTINUED)

KIRK

Because I'm not a captain now.
Admirals do other things.

McCoy shakes his head indulgently, now resumes walking.
Then:

MCCOY

Does Admiral Kirk do these other
things as happily?

KIRK

If I weren't happy, Bones, I'd resign
from the service.

MCCOY

You probably will resign in time,
Jim.

KIRK

You're wrong.

MCCOY

I wish I were. But I learned to
know you too well.

At that instant we HEAR the familiar COMMUNICATOR SIGNAL.
Kirk stops, glances wryly at McCoy, now produces an old-
style hand communicator, opens it, AD LIBS into the
speaker: "Kirk here..."

COMMUNICATOR VOICE

Admiral Kirk, Admiral Nogura requests
your presence at a priority one
staff conference. Urgent.
Immediately, if possible.

Kirk gives McCoy a look, then speaks into his
communicator.

KIRK

Kirk, affirmative. Lock in, one to
beam back.

COMMUNICATOR VOICE

Locking in. Stand by.

KIRK

(to McCoy)
Bet you a dinner this isn't that
urgent.

MCCOY

(smiles; shakes head)
I'm on my way again.

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

KIRK

If I promise no more 'recruiting'...?

MCCOY

You wouldn't know how to stop.

Interrupted by the SHIMMER OF THE TRANSPORTER EFFECT -- and in an instant Kirk has dematerialized and is gone. McCoy stands watching the spot, entire gamut of emotions evident on his face.

19 INT. NOGURA'S OFFICE

19

EFFECT appears at Nogura's one-position transporter chamber -- and Kirk materializes. This is a large office as would be appropriate for Star-fleet Officer Commanding. Simple furnishings, yet all very functional. A gigantic star map occupies one entire wall -- it occasionally change sits image from one portion of the galaxy to another, blinking data denoting the locations of various vessels. Nogura's desk is at one side of the room, on the other a large holograph conference table.

NOGURA, a handsome, greying man in his 50's, greets Kirk with an AD-LIBBED "Admiral, we'll commence immediately..." He seems tense and worried as he gestures Kirk to the conference table, where we are AWARE of another officer seated here -- a very familiar face:

20 SCOTT

20

in uniform, full Commander's stripes.

He smiles, pleased to see Kirk, who returns an equally pleased smile. Each AD LIES a greeting: "Scotty..." and Scott says, "Admiral..." As each takes a seat, Kirk continues to Scott, quietly:

KIRK

The new fuel inter-mix regulators.
I hear they're installed now.

NOGURA

(interrupting; to
Kirk)

You're not here to gossip about the
Enterprise redesign, gentlemen.

Kirk looks up in surprise at the sharp-toned reprimand.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

NOGURA

(continuing)

Forgive me, Admiral... Commander.
What you'll learn here is far from
pleasant.

Nogura has sat at the head of the table where he flicks some buttons on his console and, instantly:

21 FULL ON TABLE - HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGES (OPTICAL)

21

of two Starfleet officers, each at one of the conference table positions, each officer's image life-size. Except for the transparency of these images, it would be difficult to know the people were not actually there. One is a handsome woman, ADMIRAL CARSON; the other CAPTAIN LEBUTU (a middle-aged black).

NOGURA

(to the images)

Admiral Carson, Captain Lebutu, you
both know Admiral Kirk and Commander
Scott...

They nod at each other's images as Kirk ADLIRS, "We're all old friends." Scott says to Carson's image, "Admiral..." and to Lebutu, "How do you do, sir?" Carson asks, "How's your refit coming?" Scott throws a look to Nogura, says "Fine." Nogura gets down to business immediately and grimly:

NOGURA

As you know ...

(indicating him)

... Lebutu's sensor drones constantly monitor the neutral zone between ourselves and the Klingon Empire. Two days ago one of our drones picked up signs of Klingon heavy cruiser activity. It got to the area in time to record the treaty violation. I wish that were all we'd learned, gentlemen.

Meanwhile, Nogura touches a control on his conference table panel, draws their attention to the office viewer where they see:

22 ANGLE INCLUDING VIEWER

22

on which we SEE the Klingon heavy cruiser slicing across space. Then the two other Klingon cruisers, all three in loose formation.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SCOTT

Big ones.

CARSON

Koro class. Their newest and best.

LEBUTU

(nodding)

They've spotted something just out
of our drone's camera range.

(indicates)

Now watch!

On the viewing screen the sudden turbulent whiplash of energy from OUT OF FRAME, destroying one of the Klingon cruisers.

23 ANGLE ON KIRK AND THE OTHERS

23

reacting hard, almost disbelievingly.

SCOTT

My God!

LEBUTU

They're firing back now.

24 ANGLE INCLUDING SCREEN

24

on which we SEE the remaining two Klingon vessels maneuvering, firing toward the unseen object. Then a second cruiser is hit by the incredible flash of energy. The lead cruiser is caught by the edge of the whiplash, damaged and hitting out of control.

LEBUTU

At this point our drone picked up
their command frequency.

On the viewer the SCENE suddenly switches to interior Klingon cruiser bridge where the Klingon Captain is looking directly TOWARD (CAMERA) his own viewer, transmitting:

CAPTAIN

...both destroyed, we are severely
damaged, returning fire. I repeat,
this is Commander Barak of the
Imperial Cruiser Amar, under attack
by a huge object of unknown origin,
incredibly powerful...

Then all at once the entire picture flares, suddenly becomes white, blazing white, and then the screen goes blank.

25 ANGLE ON NOGURA AND THE OTHERS 25

It is taking them a moment to absorb what they've just seen. Then:

KIRK

Huge object, incredibly powerful, three Klingon heavy cruisers wiped out like they were cargo freighters.

CARSON

A totally unprovoked attack.

KIRK

Let's hope it just doesn't like Klingons.

(to Nogura)

Recommend we try to determine this object's present course and warn off any vessels we have nearby.

NOGURA

Its course is known, Admiral Kirk.

(grim beat)

It's headed here. Toward Earth.

26 ANOTHER ANGLE - KIRK 26

digesting all this, weighing the implication, as Carson speaks:

CARSON

We've monitored it from three different stations. There isn't the slightest doubt that its heading is our solar system, this planet.

27 ACROSS THEM TO THE STAR MAP 27

as Nogura refers to the stardate chronometer (digital) on the map:

NOGURA

...it will arrive in exactly 8.6 days...

As he talks, Nogura is punching console buttons, so that the appropriate Star Map quadrant is MAGNIFIED, and now covers the entire map area. There is but a single light indicating the presence of a UFP vessel, a lonely ship in a hostile sea. Beside the light a printout reads: USS Aswan.

(CONTINUED)

NOGURA

(continuing)

...as you see, all other UFP vessels are more than nine days away. The sole Exception -- and the only one in position to intercept -- is the Aswan.

KIRK

Sir, the Aswan is a light cruiser: her weapons and defense systems have less than half the power the Klingons had.

NOGURA

There is another vessel that could back up the Aswan. A vessel with stronger force-fields and firepower than all three Klingon cruisers combined.

Kirk and Scott glance at each other in surprise; each realizes what vessel Nogura means.

SCOTT

You're referring to the Enterprise, sir...?

NOGURA

How soon can you move her out?

SCOTT

(appalled)

She's not near ready, Admiral. Nothing's been tested: engines, weapons, deflectors. She requires at least 60 days of shakedown.

CARSON

Commander, are you saying the Enterprise can't go out?

SCOTT

I'm saying she shouldn't, sir.

NOGURA

Your comments are noted, Commander. However, the Enterprise is to be commissioned and underway within twenty-four hours.

SCOTT

(hesitates, then stands)

I'd best be getting up there then, sir.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Scott starts to leave, then stops and turns.

SCOTT

(continuing)

The old crew, Admiral, with an untested starship.

NOGURA

(nods; interrupting)

Commander Uhura and Lieutenant Sulu are already aboard.

KIRK

How about Chekov? He's tops for weapons and security.

NOGURA

(to Carson)

Get him.

(to Scott)

Thank you, Commander.

(to Kirk)

For science officer, we've got almost Spock's equal. Commander Ronak.

Scott has nodded, exits. Kirk shakes his head, frowning.

KIRK

A fine crew on such short notice.

CARSON

If we had the right Captain.

KIRK

(puzzled)

Captain Wah Chen is one of the best.

CARSON

The Enterprise leaves in twenty-four hours, Admiral. Captain Wah is still at Star-base Six, three days away at maximum warp.

NOGURA

(to Kirk)

Who is the next most qualified captain?

KIRK

Bar-Lev.

NOGURA

He's never commanded more than a light cruiser.

(CONTINUED)

- 27 CONTINUED: (3) 27
- KIRK
He's the next qualified available.
- NOGURA
Kirk! Who is the best qualified available?
- 28 EMPHASIZING KIRK 28
- hesitating a long moment. Then he looks up, meets Nogura eye to eye.
- KIRK
I am.
- FADE THROUGH BLACK TO:
- 29 EXT. PLANET EARTH (OPTICAL) 29
- several hundred miles BELOW US. We are ABOVE the North American continent, and under the thin cloud cover we can MAKE OUT the familiar, curving coast of the American West: the southern tip of Alaska all the way to Baja California. (Los Angeles is now an island.) ANGLE WIDENS SLIGHTLY TO INCLUDE:
- 30 AN ORBITING SPACE/WORK STATION 30
- A space station, hexagonal pod construction. The CAMERA STAYS with this impressive sight along moment, the station rotating ever so slowly -- but perceptibly -- framed against the blue-black of sub space, and slightly beyond -- and below -- Earth.
- 31 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE EDGE OF THE WORK PLATFORM 31
- As the station moves slowly, tantalizingly, the spidery network of the dry dock now comes INTO VIEW. We will SEE but a corner of it, a glimpse -- and while we see nothing else at the moment we realize such a huge, intricate structure must contain a much larger object. While we do not yet see it, we realize something quite important is within the dry dock.
- 32 INT. ORBITING WORK OFFICE 32
- A fully equipped, busy office: drafting tables, PEOPLE (engineers, draftsmen, technicians -- some in uniform, some in civilian clothes) moving about.

(CONTINUED)

- 32 CONTINUED: 32
- At one side, a double position transporter in which we see the familiar EFFECT.
- 33 KIRK 33
- materializing in the transporter chamber. He's in uniform now, and turns to Scott, who crosses over from the drafting area.
- SCOTT
We'll have the Enterprise transporter ready in a couple of hours, sir.
- KIRK
It's better this way. I'll get a good look at her.
- SCOTT
She's more beautiful than ever, sir.
- KIRK
(smiles)
Show me.
- Scott gestures Kirk to step into the adjoining pod.
- 34 OBSERVATION POD 34
- A smaller office-type room, but with comfortable benches. Kirk sits at the observation window, while Scott touches some buttons which activate a sliding door. The door seals off the pod from the station proper, in effect placing them in a self-contained unit. Scott manipulates some buttons -- there is a SOUND of JETS IGNITING -- and suddenly the pod begins moving.
- 35 EXT. THE POD 35
- moving, detaching itself entirely from the space station as it converts, literally, into a small shuttle. It floats, propelled by the tiny jets, toward the filigreed dry dock (of which we still can SEE only a glimpse).
- 36 INSIDE THE POD - SCOTT AND KIRK AT THE WINDOW 36
- watching as the dry dock now comes INTO FULL VIEW -- and, slowly, we begin SEEING:

- 37 THE ENTERPRISE 37
- First the left engine, then the curve of the hull saucer, and then the entire hull -- and then, finally, the whole ship.
- 38 ON KIRK 38
- peering at the ship -- the loveliest sight he has seen in months. His ship, his life. His face reveals all. Scott glances at him, but says nothing; nothing needs to be said.
- 39 EXT. ENTERPRISE - FULL VIEW - VARIOUS ANGLES AND POVS 39
- as the pod approaches it. The great starship dwarfs everything in sight. The dry dock filigreed installation that envelops the ship seems fragilely beautiful with the white bulk of the Enterprise inside of it. Now, CLOSER, we can SEE small automated welding devices moving along the girders. The welding device stops, seals a weld with a brief, bright blue flare, then moves along again.
- In other areas of the girdered structure, supplies and equipment are being loaded onto the ship.
- And here and there we can SEE TINY FIGURES OF ORBITAL TECHNICIANS working on the hull, the engine pods, the struts. They resemble specks of dust silhouetted against the hull whiteness.
- The shuttle pod moves closer to where we SEE an AIR LOCK the size of the pod.
- 40 ANGLE AT POD AIR LOCK 40
- SHOWING the pod gently settling in next to it -- then magnetically locks close. Then the "WHOOSH" of the airtight doors being secured, the "CLANG" of the security bolts.
- 41 INT. POD 41
- as Scott and Kirk prepare to leave, Scott completing the instrument final landing check. OVER THE INTERCOM:
- LANDING OFFICER'S VOICE
(filtered)
Pod secured. Pressure equalized.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

Scott smiles at Kirk, touches the control opening the hatch which immediately slides up and open.

42 INT. ENTERPRISE CARGO DECK CORRIDOR 42

The entire cargo deck is apparently busy with activity as various supplies are being stored.

Personnel use small anti-gravs (anti-gravity devices) to effortlessly move large containers of supplies and equipment to appropriate sections. CAMERA CENTERS on ship interior side of the airlock as it opens and Kirk and Scott emerge from the pod and are met by an ENSIGN.

ENSIGN

(to Scott)

Sir, they'd like you in Engineering...

(recognizes Kirk; surprised)

I beg your pardon, sir. No one signalled a flag officer coming aboard.

KIRK

What's the problem in Engineering?

LANDING OFFICER

They're having some damage control monitor relay problems, sir.

(to Scott)

They need you as soon as possible, sir.

SCOTT

(to Kirk)

I'd better get up there, sir.

Kirk nods, and Scott hurries away. Kirk stands a moment, gazing at all the activity. The Ensign has been waiting nervously.

ENSIGN

I'd be pleased to show you around the ship, Admiral.

Kirk glances sharply at the Ensign-then realizes the young man doesn't know that this Admiral is the starship's former captain. Kirk relaxes into a small smile.

KIRK

I think I can find my way, Ensign. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

- 42 CONTINUED: 42
 And Kirk turns and starts off across the deck.
- 43 ANOTHER ANGLE - KIRK 43
 as he moves through the deck, stepping out of the way of a CREWMAN rushing about on an errand -- nearly blocking other CREWMEN engaged in moving equipment. (The point of the scene is that Kirk is an observer, not a participant.) To the lower deck crew here, he's a stranger, and in the way. A couple of CREW will brush past him, AD-LIBBING an irritated, "...move aside..." etc., and then realizing it is an Admiral they've pushed around, instantly apologizing with AD-LIBBED "Sorry, sir, I didn't realize..." etc. Kirk sets them at ease with a gesture, walks toward the elevator.
- 44 INT. ELEVATOR 44
 as Kirk enters, and the doors close, and Kirk calls out his destination:
- KIRK
 Bridge ...
- The turbo-elevator begins going up. Kirk stands, grim, a million thoughts whirling through his brain. Suddenly, the elevator comes to a jarring, SCREECHING halt.
- 45 ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS 45
 as they snap open and former Nurse CHAPEL backs into the cab, guiding a packet of medical supplies being pushed by a Medical Technician. She speaks over-shoulder to Kirk without really seeing him.
- CHAPEL
 Sorry, I've got some perisables here.
 (turning to elevator control)
 Priority, Level ten first.
- The Technician has backed away, remaining in the corridor as the elevator doors snap closed and the turbo-cab starts upward in response to Chapel's instructions.
- CHAPEL
 (continuing)
 I really am sorry but if these get warm...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

KIRK

Quite all right... Doctor. It is
 Doctor Chapel now, isn't it?

She has turned, recognizing Kirk in near disbelief.

CHAPEL

Captain... Admiral, I should say...
 (as they shake hands)
 ...it's wonderful to see you.
 Especially today. Are you seeing
 us off?

KIRK

Uh... not exactly. You see...

It's interrupted by the elevator stopping and the door snapping open. Chapel is immediately busy with her load.

CHAPEL

That was a clumsy question. I know
 how you must feel with someone else
 taking her out.

KIRK

Well, actually...

CHAPEL

(interrupting)
 I really do understand, sir.
 (touching her sleeve
 stripes)
 At least, I'm supposed to understand
 such things. The truth is, I was
 the only half way qualified surgeon
 available.

If there was any small smile on Chapel's face, it was a very nervous one. She's clearly feeling the enormous responsibilities she is inheriting. The doors have started to close, but Kirk has put up a hand freezing them in position as:

KIRK

Doctor... you'll be interested that
 they've picked the captain exactly
 the same way.

He removes his hand, lets the doors snap shut on puzzled and concerned Chapel. Kirk smiles as the elevator continues upward.

46 INT. BRIDGE - ELEVATOR DOOR 46

as the turbo-lift door snaps open and Kirk steps out onto the bridge. CAMERA INTO MEDIUM CLOSE as he stops, looks around.

47 ANGLE PAST KIRK 47

CAMERA TRAVELING to emphasize first UHURA who is working rapidly and expertly at the communications station sorting out and checking channels... "Hailing frequency four, check. Hailing frequency five... hailing frequency five, will someone give me a check?" At the helm, SULU has a service plate open, peering inside while he makes an adjustment... "Helm, give me a reading on four point zero zero six of full." We HEAR a VOICE responding and Sulu continues on with other readings. At the Weapons Control Station CHEKOV is having an argument with a TECHNICIAN who keeps insisting the photon torpedoes read "ready" while Chekov argues that the computer is not relaying that information to his weapons scanner.

48 TRAVELING WITH KIRK 48

Other n.d. Technicians at work, too. The bridge is a mess, service panels open, spare parts lying about, some circuits still leading across deck areas.

Kirk moves beside his command position. Uhura looks up, freezes as she sees him and then recognizes his expression from old. She waits as:

KIRK

Viewer, please, Mr. Sulu.

SULU

(irritably)

What in hell's name...?

Sulu bites off his words, staring at Kirk, disbelieving that he actually heard the order he thinks he heard. Chekov has spun, too, astonished. Then he shouts at one of the technicians who is still talking.

CHEKOV

Yonson, knock it off!

We can FAINTLY HEAR the work going on nearby in other sections and levels. But there's a hush on the bridge... Kirk speaks in a normal tone:

KIRK

Viewer, please, Commander Sulu.

(CONTINUED)

- 48 CONTINUED: 48
- SULU
(puzzled)
Aye, sir.
- 49 ANGLE TO INCLUDE VIEWER (OPTICAL ANGLE) 49
- as Sulu hits proper control. The VIEWER APPEARS. He has turned to Uhura, tosses her a tiny cassette. She catches it expertly, waits.
- KIRK
Patch that into all viewers, all decks, please.
- As Uhura complies, Kirk bends to punch the Yellow Alert button at the side of his command chair. We HEAR the ALERT SIGNAL SOUND three times before he releases it with a nod to Uhura. She punches in the cassette she has inserted. The STARFLEET COMMAND INSIGNIA appears on the viewer along with a simple Ship Commissioning BUGLE CALL. Then the face of Admiral Nogura appears.
- NOGURA
The commissioning of even the smallest and least distinguished of our vessels...
- 50 INT. VARIOUS ENTERPRISE LOCATIONS 50
- Included are Corridors, Engineering, Sickbay, Transporter Room, Briefing, Recreation, etc. All of them look in about the same untidy and rushed condition as the places we've seen. In all of them, crew members are looking up at viewers.
- NOGURA
...is always accompanied by far more ceremony than can be offered in the recommissioning of this vessel today. Indeed, we must regret even these few brief moments. With the aid of whatever Providence guides we sailors and our ships, we will one day repair this oversight.
(pauses, then)
By order of Starfleet Command, this Federation vessel... United Spaceship Enterprise is declared now fully commissioned and in service.

51 INT. BRIDGE - INCLUDING VIEWER 51

as Admiral Nogura appears to be looking in direction of the command position.

NOGURA

The captain will read himself aboard.

The VIEWER IMAGE OF NOGURA is replaced by the IMAGE OF KIRK.

KIRK

Star date 7411.4, Starfleet Orders to James T. Kirk, posted to the temporary rank of captain...

Already interrupting are Uhura, Sul u, Chekov. Scotty, Yeoman RAND and other familiar faces are already arriving on the bridge. They're calling "They've done it!" "It's Kirk again!" "He's with us!"

KIRK

(continuing; to bridge crew)

At ease! Silence, all of you! Commander!

The last "Commander!" to an almost dancing Commander Uhura who looked dangerously near hugging Kirk.

52 INT. VARIOUS ENTERPRISE LOCATIONS 52

The same areas and types of areas we saw before. On the viewing screens, Kirk has managed to silence his bridge crew and has turned back to the viewer to repeat and continue.

KIRK

Repeating... to James T. Kirk, posted temporary captain, you are appointed, charged and required to command stars this U.S.S. Enterprise...

We can HEAR NO MORE of Kirk's words. Crewmen and women have begun to react in surprise and delight, shouting the news around.

53 INT. BRIDGE ANGLE ON KIRK 53

facing viewer, completing his "reading in" requirements. Even on the enclosed bridge we can HEAR a chant "JIM KIRK... JIM KIRK... JIM KIRK!" coming from every deck, division and section.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

Kirk has to fight to keep his voice even and level.

KIRK

...and are so charged at your peril
to obey in letter and spirit...
Signed: Commanding Admiral,
Earthbase, Starfleet.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 EXT. ENTERPRISE IN DRY DOCK 54

the Starship resting majestically within the filigreed cradle, the welders' arcs still operating in a final rush to completion. Another shuttlecraft (The Galileo) approaching. The scene's intent is merely to SHOW the activity around the ship.

55 INT. BRIDGE 55

alive with action-departure preparations. At the helm position is Sulu, busily engaged in a countdown checkout. And at Communications is Uhura. (Note: Sulu wears full Lt.'s stripes and Uhura Lt. Commander's.) Uhura is testing her equipment, AD-LIBBING "...this is the USS Enterprise testing main hailing frequencies. I repeat: this is a test..." Etc., etc.

The CAMERA PANS AROUND THE BRIDGE, various CREWMEN and TECHNICIANS at their consoles, testing computer readout screens, instruments, etc. Now the CAMERA FINDS a breathtakingly beautiful young woman, just entering the bridge, striding purposefully toward the helm/navigational position. She is a Lt. JG, whose stunning figure is hardly military, but whose most prominent feature is her head. She is hairless -- entirely bald, but for delicately-slanted eyebrows, a feature that strangely is not at all unattractive: with her jeweled Deltan headband shadowing the baldness, she emanates a definite, almost intense sensuality.

Her name is ILIA (eye-lee-ah), and she takes her place at Navigator's position beside Sulu now. Sulu seems unable to prevent himself from being distracted by her presence. Though not looking at him she is immediately aware of his eyes on her and soon turns to face him directly. She holds out a bare arm to the embarrassed helmsman.

ILIA

Go ahead. It's all right.

(CONTINUED)

SULU

(flustered)

Go ahead? I'm not sure I know what you mean.

ILIA

Mr. Sulu, I am a normal Del tan female and I can sense it whenever a man wants to touch me. There's no need to repress it so long as you are aware that I am sworn to celibacy for the duration of the mission.

Sulu, caught red-handed as it were, still tries to squirm out of it:

SULU

I was just adm. . .

ILIA

Mr. Sulu. Touch me and get it out of your mind or you will prove to be a distraction to me as well as yourself.

She reoffers her arm. Awkwardly, self-consciously, Sulu reaches out and strokes her arm. She takes his hand and guides it along her skin, then she gracefully extends a hand to Sulu's face, caresses his earlobe with a finger for a moment before brushing his cheek with the gentlest touch of her palm and fingertips. Sulu's embarrassment leaves him. He is calmed.

ILIA

(continuing)

Better?

Sulu is not quite sure he understands how he has arrived at his present emotional state, but:

SULU

Yes. Thank you.

She reaches again to his face in final punctuation as she smiles beautifully and answers his unasked question:

ILIA

We can calm as well as stimulate. . .

With that, the subject closes and both return to their work at full efficiency. Behind them, the turbo lift doors open and Kirk emerges uncertainly onto the outer bridge platform.

56 ACROSS SULU TO THE BRIDGE ENTRANCE 56

as he looks up from his console to see Kirk.

SULU
 Captain, this is Lieutenant Ilia,
 our new navigator.

57 ANOTHER ANGLE 57

as Sulu leads Kirk down to her.

KIRK
 From Delta 14... I've heard a lot
 about you, Lieutenant.

ILIA
 And I you, sir.

58 KIRK AND ILIA - TWO SHOT 58

as she peers at him, the Deltan seductiveness literally
 oozing out of her. For just one instant Kirk is
 completely caught up in it -- and then he realizes who
 and where he is.

KIRK
 Well... please, don't let me
 interfere with your duties.

SCOTTY'S VOICE
 Scott to bridge... is the Captain
 there?

Before Uhura can speak, Kirk has stepped to the intercom.

KIRK
 (into intercom)
 Kirk here.

SCOTTY'S VOICE
 The new science officer is beaming
 up now, sir.

KIRK
 (into intercom)
 I'll be right there...

And he starts hurriedly away.

59 INT. ELEVATOR 59

as Kirk enters and announces his destination.

KIRK
Main transporter room.

60 INT. ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM 60

with Scott and two TECHNICIANS waiting, watching the receiving chamber. The door opens now, and Kirk enters. He glances at the chambers -- which are empty, give no evidence of a beaming -- and then at Scott, who is studying the chamber with a very worried frown. He flicks on his intercom.

SCOTT
(into intercom)
Enterprise to Starfleet transporter;
we're ready to receive.

But the word is hardly out of Scott's mouth when suddenly the entire console ERUPTS IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS AND FLAME. The HUMMING SOUND of the Energizer is VERY LOUD, as though out of control. The figure in the chamber SHIMMERS, and then materializes, and then SHIMMERS again.

Scott and the others are standing like frozen statues, puzzled expressions fixed on their faces.

61 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE IN DRY DOCK - FULL SHOT 61

the ship looming huge inside the delicate, filigreed dry dock.

We NOTE the welders are gone, and supply pods are floating away from the ship. The orbital space office is in the f.g. and now we SEE that the girders are slowly rising so they will be out of the way of the ship. (This might resemble a 20th century drawbridge in principle.) The little yellow jets spurt from the supply pods as they move away from the ship, and the girders open more and more and we SEE that shortly the big ship will be free. A space tableau, with appropriate MUSIC, which fades slightly as OVER this we HEAR:

UHURA'S VOICE
Dock Officer reports we are clear
to pull away at Captain's discretion.

62 INT. BRIDGE

62

with all personnel occupied with their pre-departure tasks. Sulu and Ilia at their helm and navigational stations. Uhura at her post. And, at the Science Station, Kirk is with WILL DECKER, a handsome man in his early 30's; he is a big man, Decker, with rugged, hard features -- and alert, cold eyes. He's peering into the hooded viewer, punching in programmed procedures -- Kirk beside him, assisting.

UHURA

(from the start,
continuing)

We are on yellow alert.

KIRK

Inform Engineering...
(to Decker; a little
impatient)

Can't you program a pre-departure
plan any faster?

DECKER

(testily)

If I did, Captain, we'd never leave
the dock: I'm not a Science
Officer... or is that what you
thought I was when you yanked me
off the Boston to serve here?

63 ANOTHER ANGLE - KIRK AND DECKER

63

as Kirk moves next to Decker at the Science station and forces his anger into quiet, private conversation.

KIRK

Commander Decker, I am aware that
you are not a science Officer --
but that's the very reason you were
'yanked' off the Boston -because of
your versatility. I need someone
like you to backstop not only me --
but the other vital stations as
well.

DECKER

(tightly)

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

KIRK
(conciliatorily)
Look, Will, I know you were slated
for your own command -- and you'll
have it. But right now let's
concentrate on the Enterprise.

DECKER
Whatever you say, sir.

Kirk reacts, is about to reply (angrily), when Uhura
interrupts:

UHURA
Transporter room reports science
and medical officers beaming up,
Captain.

KIRK
I'd better get down there.
(to Decker, friendly)
Do the best you can.

And Kirk quickly leaves the bridge. Decker glances
grimly after him.

64 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

64

Scott at the center control panel, two TECHNICIANS at
the other controls. Kirk enters, and Scott glances at
him.

SCOTT
Starfleet transporter's repaired
and in perfect working order, sir.

Kirk only looks at him with grim hope.

65 ACROSS THEM TO THE TRANSPORTER CHAMBERS

65

as the SHIMMERING EFFECT commences. It is fast, and
correct. Two forms materialize -- one is young, long
haired, his uniform seemingly shabby, almost ragged.
This is XON, age 22, he looks around curiously, a
strange, steel-hard coldness in his eyes. The other
officer is LEONARD McCoy. Kirk is speechless, but Scott
is overjoyed.

SCOTT
Bones...!

And Scott hurries around the console to greet McCoy
with an affectionate embrace, AD LIBBING "... I canna

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

believe my ancient eyes...!" etc. At the same time, Xon snaps to attention.

XON

Lieutenant Junior Grade Xon, Science Officer, requesting permission to come aboard, sir.

No one pays him the scantest attention. Kirk has stepped over to McCoy, peers at him, shakes his head in utter disbelief.

MCCOY

Chief Medical Officer McCoy requesting permission to come aboard, sir.

KIRK

(incredulous)
Bones... how did -- ? Is this some kind of joke...?

MCCOY

(flat, tight)
No joke, Captain, sir. I'm sure a copy of my orders is already in the personnel computer.

XON

Lieutenant Junior Grade Xon, requesting permission to come aboard, sir.

KIRK

(to Xon)
Yes, yes, permission granted.
(to McCoy)
What happened?

MCCOY

(flat, tight)
What happened, Captain, sir, was that our revered Chief of Staff, Admiral Nogura himself, invoked a little known -- and seldom used -- reserve activation clause.
(very tight)
...in simpler language, Captain, sir, I've been drafted...!

Kirk is so nonplussed he cannot find words -- can only laugh; and he glances at Scott, who also is unable to conceal a delighted smile.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

XON

Sir, I am Lieutenant Junior Grade
Xon --

MCCOY

(hard, to Xon)
-- Yes, Lieutenant Junior Grade
Xon, we can smell you.

KIRK

Where were you that you got into
such a foul state, Lieutenant?

XON

The high Gobi desert. In a
meditative monastery, sir.

KIRK

Doing what? Rolling in yak droppings?

XON

Preparing myself for duty, sir. In
the event a shipboard assignment
should occur.

KIRK

You're a Lieutenant! You've never
had shipboard duty?

MCCOY

Jim, I... I think he was graduated
a Lieutenant.
(to Xon)
How long ago?

XON

Eighty-one days ago, sir.

KIRK

(to McCoy)
He's yours then. Medical Officer.

MCCOY

(shakes head)
He's yours. Vulcans also graduate
as Lieutenants.

66 EMPHASIZING KIRK AND XON

66

The Captain giving Xon a long, long look. Then:

KIRK

Please tell me you've got rounded
ears, Lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

- 66 CONTINUED: 66
- XON
- I see no reason to being our acquaintance with an insult, sir.
- 67 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE 67
- moving away from the dock, the dock girders completely open now, and the Enterprise's maneuvering jets spurting live flame as the great starship begins edging out of the dock. Now the front of the saucer is clear, majestically moving ahead -- and now the main hull is clear -- and then the engine pods.
- 68 INT. BRIDGE 68
- with all hands concentrating on departure. Kirk occupies the command chair, Sulu and Ilia at their stations. Behind them Uhura works communications -- and Decker still sweats at the Science Station. And also here now is CHEKOV, working feverishly on his now dismantled damage control console.
- KIRK
(to Chekov)
Are you making any progress, Mr. Chekov?
- CHEKOV
I think I've almost got it now, sir. A faulty relay integrator.
- UHURA
The vessel is clear of the dock, Captain --
- KIRK
Maneuvering jets to hold.
- SULU
(working controls)
Maneuvering jets to hold, sir.
- KIRK
(into intercom)
Engineering...
- SCOTT'S VOICE
Engineering.
- KIRK
Mr. Scott, are main engines ready yet?

69 INT. ENGINEERING SECTION

69

The great engines now suddenly THROBBI NG, slowly building up from a low growl to a never-increasing, powerful WHINE. A dim red glow from the unit indicates the fusion. Scott is at his console, working the controls, and now speaking into the intercom:

SCOTT

Aye, sir.

KIRK'S VOICE

(over intercom)

Engage.

SCOTT

Yes, sir!

And he moves the controls forward, the entire room shudders slightly as the great engines draw more and more power; the red fusion glow increases. Scott places his palm against the wall behind him, feels the engines' pulse, smiles with pleasure.

SCOTT

Aye, can't wait to go, can you, you marvelous darlings...?!

70 INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE ON THE MAIN VIEWER

70

which shows the blue-black of subspace, the sparkling stars. And just a glimpse of the orbital work station.

Kirk, in the command chair, peers at the viewer. Sulu glances at him.

SULU

All systems ready, sir.

KIRK

Navigator...

(as Ilia turns to him)

Lay in an interception course:
coordinates 953 point 2, mark 6.

(to Sulu)

Helmsman --

Kirk hesitates just an instant, seems to hold his breath -- and so does everyone else. And then:

KIRK

(continuing)

All ahead, warp point five.

71 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE 71

stationary, hovering, the maneuvering jets still spurting blue. Then, all at once, the blue flames are off. The engine pod discs begin glowing red -- and the Enterprise begins moving, the CAMERA TRACKING HER. She moves away, faster and faster, and now begins outrunning the CAMERA. In an instant now she WHOOSHES across the blue-black sky -- and in another instant is but a speck on the orbital horizon, blending in now with the myriad of sparkling stars.

72 INT. BRIDGE 72

All hands tense with the drama of the moment -- moving off into space.

SULU

Warp point five, sir. All systems normal.

KIRK

Thank you, Mr. Sulu.

Departure angle on the viewer, please.

73 PAST KIRK TO THE VIEWER 73

as, instantly, on the viewing screen we SEE the cloud-laced image of Earth (OPTICAL). A ball of blue and white, smaller and smaller before our eyes -- and, quickly, dwindling to but a point of light. After another moment:

KIRK

Normal angle.

And, instantly, on the viewer we SEE the familiar STAR TRAVEL EFFECT. Kirk flicks on his intercom:

KIRK

(continuing)
Engineering...

SCOTT'S VOICE

Engineering.

KIRK

She feels good, Scottie.

SCOTT'S VOICE

That she does, sir. She's a beauty.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

KIRK

(a beat)

All right, Mr. Scott, let's go into
Warp Drive. Ahead, Warp One.

SCOTT'S VOICE

(exhilarated)

Accelerating to Warp One, sir.

Everyone waits tensely -- and then we HEAR the
increasing, SMOOTH THROB on the accelerating engines.
There's a gentle SHUDDER as Sulu announces:

SULU

Warp point seven... Point eight...
point nine --

74 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE

74

showing ship streaking along -- and then the WARP DRIVE
OPTICAL EFFECT.

75 INT. BRIDGE

75

as the same WARP DRIVE OPTICAL EFFECT appears, and then
suddenly all is quiet, and normal.

SULU

Warp One.

Everyone suddenly relaxes, grins. Kirk gets out of his
chair, addresses Uhura:

KIRK

Lieutenant Uhura, establish a relay
frequency between Starfleet Command
and the Aswan. Primary reception
to us, please.

UHURA

(gently)

Sir, it's Lieutenant Commander Uhura --

KIRK

I beg your pardon... Commander...

An apologetic smile.

UHURA

It's quite all right, Captain.

76 ACROSS KIRK TO UHURA - DECKER IN THE B.G. 76

as she smiles the same apologetic smile back at him -- and then suddenly the smile freezes. She is peering O.S. And Decker, too, is staring O.S. It is as though neither can believe their eyes.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE - SULU AND ILIA 77

also peering incredulously O.S. Now Kirk wheels around to see:

78 WHAT THEY ARE LOOKING AT - XON 78

in the doorway, now spic and span in a clean, new uniform, hair regulation style, clean shaven. And, for the first time, we SEE his ears: Vulcan ears. He is very somber, unsmiling, correct.

XON
(from the start)
Lieutenant Junior Grade Xon, Science
Officer, reporting for duty, sir.

For another moment all stare at the young man in stunned silence. Then:

ILIA
You're a Vulcan...

XON
Obviously ...
(to Kirk)
Sir, may I assume my station?

KIRK
(nonplussed)
By all means, Lieutenant.

And Xon strides across the bridge to the Science Station, which Decker still occupies.

79 AT THE SCIENCE STATION 79

as Xon arrives, and Decker rises to greet him.

DECKER
(as an introduction)
Will Decker...

XON
How do you do, sir?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

Xon stands facing Decker stolidly, unsmiling. Decker, who was smiling, friendly, says nothing a distracted moment. Then:

DECKER

I've completed all the pre-warp programming.

XON

If you will permit me, sir...

He indicates chair. Decker moves so that Xon can sit.

Xon scans the hooded viewer, now commences to remove the computer chips, reverse them, and replace them into the computer.

DECKER

(protesting)

Lieutenant, you're erasing those tapes.

XON

A quite logical deduction, sir.

And he continues this. Decker blocks the Vulcan's hand.

DECKER

It took me more than an hour to assemble them.

Xon looks at Decker squarely, unblinkingly.

XON

Sir, to function efficiently as Science Officer requires my intimate familiarity with each circuit in this system. To achieve this, sir, requires a complete prewarp programming of my own.

DECKER

Are you trying to tell me that all that work was for nothing?

XON

That is the logical conclusion, sir. That is not to say your efforts are unappreciated -- but it was a waste.

Decker, nonplussed at Xon's aplomb, struggles to control his temper. Xon indicates Decker's hand, which still blocks Xon's.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2) 79

XON
 (politely)
 My hand, sir.

80 ACROSS THEM TO KIRK 80

who has been watching and listening curiously, as Decker now removes his hand from Xon's and steps down to the center area, addresses Kirk:

DECKER
 I hope your Science Officer knows what he's doing.

XON
 (from his station)
 I do, sir.
 (looks up from viewer, unsmiling)
 However, if your emotional security requires it, sir, I can supply you with a copy of my academy record.

KIRK
 (turning to Xon)
 It's your performance here that interests us, Lieutenant Xon.

XON
 (without looking up from viewer)
 This is my first operational assignment, sir.

And with that, he coolly turns back to the viewer once more.

Kirk and Decker exchange glances; then Kirk starts to leave the bridge.

KIRK
 Take the Conn, Mr. Decker.

81 ANGLE ON UHURA 81

as Kirk walks toward the exit. She calls out:

UHURA
 Captain, I've established subspace contact with the light cruiser Aswan. We should have a viewer linkup within the hour.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

KIRK
I'll be in my quarters --

The words are not out of Kirk's mouth when all at once the ALARM SIREN SOUNDS and the computerized warning VOICE SPEAKS:

COMPUTER VOICE
(terse, flat)
Collision alert...! Collision
alert...!

Kirk has whirled back to the command center, stands behind Decker, who sits in the chair.

KIRK
Main viewer...!
(to Xon)
Sensor reading...

XON
Navigational deflectors and scanners
are inoperative, Captain.

KIRK
(disbelieving)
What?!

Meanwhile, the viewer, we SEE a HUGE ASTEROID: it is relatively small when we first SEE it, but it grows increasingly large. (NOTE: Throughout this sequence, the SIREN will continue and the collision warning VOICE will continue: "Collision alert...! Collision alert...!" etc., etc.)

82 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TURBOLIFT DOORS

82

as Chekov emerges in recreational clothing.

83 FOLLOW CHEKOV

83

as he runs to his station and punches some buttons on his console.

CHEKOV
Weapon deflectors activated. Full
power.

84 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING DECKER AND KIRK

84

as Decker reacts, calls to Sulu:

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

DECKER

Hard to port...

SULU

The helm is not responding...!

DECKER

Manual override...!

As Sulu touches the controls, Kirk steps forward and knocks Sulu's hand away:

KIRK

Belay that order; activate the main phasers.

(to Decker)

We'll blast it out of the way.

(to Chekov)

Lock on and prepare to fire!

CHEKOV

Main phasers ready. Target locked on.

On the screen the asteroid LOOMS LARGER AND LARGER, directly in the ship's path.

KIRK

Fire...!

85 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE AND THE ASTEROID

85

SHOWING the ship and the oncoming rock, hurtling at each other. The asteroid is now close enough so you can compare its size with the Enterprise: the rock is perhaps a mile in diameter, and resembles a metallic basketball approaching a white tennis ball. The two rush closer and closer -- and, conspicuously, there is no phaser fire from the Enterprise.

86 INT. BRIDGE

86

with all peering at the monster asteroid that now seems to occupy the entire screen. Chekov is punching the phaser controls. No response.

KIRK

Fire, Mr. Chekov. Fire...

CHEKOV

There's no response, sir...!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

CHEKOV (CONT'D)

I'll have photon torpedoes armed and ready in a minute, sir. They're operational.

KIRK

Mr. Chekov, we don't have a minute.

Chekov continues to work at great speed.

87 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE VIEWING SCREEN

87

as all can do nothing but stare helplessly at the screen, the asteroid rushing at them which surely will now smash them into a pulp.

CHEKOV

Photon torpedoes are away!

For another instant the rock races toward them, now literally FILLS THE SCREEN so close all the jagged peaks and valleys are clearly VISIBLE. And then the bursts of photo torpedo fire spurt out -- strike the asteroid which, before our eyes disintegrates. Into a thousand fragments that race toward the viewing screen like pellets released from a cannon.

The fragments scream in TOWARD US, but bounce away, shooting into space as the deflectors block their path. But the bridge quivers and shakes with the continual impact. And then one gigantic fragment strikes the deflectors, the ship shudders.

And at the moment it is over. The screen is blank but for the STAR EFFECT.

KIRK

Damage report.

CHEKOV

No damage reported, sir.

SULU

The helm is responding now, sir.

CAMERA PANS across to Xon.

KIRK

Full report, Mr. Xon.

XON

All systems are now normal, sir.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

KIRK

Mr. Xon, why weren't they normal 30 seconds ago?

XON

(flat, unemotional)

The phaser and directional control couplings were disengaged from the main computer. The same was true of the Navigational scanners.

Xon pauses, and Kirk waits for more explanation -- but Xon merely regards him blandly. Kirk glances at Uhura in exasperation; she returns the glance with equal exasperation. Kirk strains to keep his voice calm and level.

KIRK

(to Xon)

Explanation, Mr. Xon.

XON

When we went into Warp Drive, I did not program that effect into the computer.

KIRK

It should have done that automatically.

XON

It couldn't, sir; I had previously disengaged all three systems in order to reprogram them.

UHURA

(aghast)

All three...?!

XON

It was the most efficient way of doing it. By odds of slightly over eleven thousand to one, we should not have encountered that emergency.

Kirk is so horrified he is speechless.

XON

(continuing)

Yes, Captain, I was in error to even risk those odds. I presume it has occurred to you that Mr. Spock would not have made that same error.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

KIRK

(eyes Xon; then)

That is not a subject it is wise
for you to raise, Lieutenant.

XON

Your human emotions make comparisons
between myself and Mr. Spock
inevitable, Captain. I merely wanted
to assure you that this does not
trouble me.

KIRK

I'm delighted you're not troubled,
Mr. Xon. Because I am troubled,
very troubled...

XON

(finishing sentence)

... by the errors I've made. It's
quite natural you are troubled,
sir. Just as it is expected I would
make a few errors. But my errors
will be few and will rapidly diminish
to a near zero level.

Xon's calm and logical recitation has Kirk near an angry
outburst. He controls himself with difficulty, turns
to exit bridge.

DECKER

Are you leaving me the conn, sir?

KIRK

(snaps)

I gave it to you earlier, Mr. Decker.

DECKER

You took it back, sir, when you
overruled my order to the helm.

Kirk now gives Decker the same kind of look he's been
giving Xon.

KIRK

I see. Then perhaps you'll join me
in my cabin, Commander?

DECKER

As you wish, sir.

KIRK

Lieutenant Ilia, you have the conn.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3)

87

Kirk turns, crosses to the elevator with Decker following him. Then Kirk turns again toward Uhura.

KIRK

(continuing)

Have Doctor McCoy join us there, please.

UHURA

Aye, sir.

Kirk and Decker board the elevator and the doors snap closed.

88 INT. KIRK'S CABIN

88

as MCCOY and CHAPEL enter. Kirk is seated; Decker is standing, ill at ease. McCoy indicates Chapel to Kirk.

MCCOY

Mind? I asked my colleague to come along.

CHAPEL

(smiles)

'Colleague' is a relative term, sir. If sickbays still used bedpans, I'd still be emptying them.

KIRK

Still, you were almost our ship's surgeon. Until this renegade veterinarian replaced you.

CHAPEL

To my enormous relief, sir.

DECKER

(to Kirk, stiffly)

Would you like me to return later, sir?

McCoy throws Decker a quick, curious look.

MCCOY

What's eating you, Decker?

DECKER

(annoyed)

Nothing is 'eating me,' Doctor McCoy. It's a private matter between the Captain and myself.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

MCCOY

Oh? It's too personal even for a
physician?

DECKER

It's a... a ship's command matter,
Doctor.

MCCOY

Excellent!
(indicates)
Doctor Chapel is an expert in socio-
psychology.

DECKER

(angrily, to Kirk)
Captain, I object to this casual,
mocking approach to a matter I
consider extremely important...
perhaps even critical to the ship's
safety.

KIRK

Which is precisely why I invited
medical here. Any dispute between
first and second in command is very
much their business.

89 ANGLE EMPHASIZING DECKER

89

as he wrestles with the decision, finally decides "why
not." He faces Kirk squarely.

DECKER

A few minutes ago you very nearly
steered us straight into an asteroid.

Pauses.

KIRK

Continue.

DECKER

The simple course change I ordered
would have put us well out of the
asteroid's path.

KIRK

Agreed, if this were a light scout
cruiser of the type you're accustomed
to maneuvering. With our automatic
directional control out, converting
to manual could have been a fatal
delay.

(CONTINUED)

DECKER

If I recall, sir, there was some delay engaging manual phaser fire. And that was very nearly fatal, too.

KIRK

We didn't know the phasers were out.

DECKER

I beg your pardon, Captain, but it is reasonable to assume that if automatic directional control is inoperative, then automatic weapons control also might be -- as it was.

It is a good point, and Decker knows he's scored.

KIRK

You're quite right, Decker. I should have thought of that.

DECKER

(stiff)
May I be excused, sir?

KIRK

In just a moment, Commander.
(turning to McCoy)
Which is one reason I wanted you in on this. I've been almost two years out of that center seat. I'm almost certainly stale. Plus...

Kirk takes a moment to select his next words. Then:

KIRK

(continuing)
...plus, I had no idea how much I've missed being there. I never expected to sit there again. It... It means so much to me that it may affect my judgment.

The last of this has been said to Chapel who nods her understanding of the psychological implications. Now Kirk turns back to Decker.

KIRK

(continuing)
Therefore, you will continue to closely monitor my command performance and make regular reports to Doctor McCoy. Also...

(CONTINUED)

DECKER

Sir! You can't be serious. If you're suggesting I carry reports about you to the Doctor...

KIRK

I'm not suggesting it, Commander. I'm ordering it.

DECKER

(nonplussed;
interrupting)

But Captain, it's also possible that I've been overcritical of you. I was transferred away from my own command...

KIRK

(interrupting)

Which is why you will also make regular reports to Doctor Chapel assessing your own performance and attitude.

DECKER

Yes, sir.

(waits, looking around)

And that's it, sir? I...

(openly)

...I had no idea things were handled this way...

MCCOY

It isn't on all vessels.

DECKER

(offering hand to
Kirk)

I'm happy to be on this one, Captain.

MCCOY

While we're here, any comments on the young Vulcan?

CHAPEL

(warmly)

He is sweet, isn't he!

KIRK

(to Decker)

Our medical staff is not without its flaws and blind spots --

(to McCoy)

Let's see how fast he comes around.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

DECKER

Meanwhile, he could kill us, sir.

KIRK

(smiles)

As you pointed out, so could I.

At that instant the intercom flashes red, and the AUDIO SIGNAL is HEARD.

UHURA'S VOICE

Communications to Captain Kirk...

KIRK

(into intercom)

Kirk here.

UHURA'S VOICE

Sir, we have viewer contact with the Aswan.

KIRK

I'm on my way...

(starts out, stops suddenly to face McCoy)

I don't think you ever forget how --

And he leaves. McCoy gazes after him, eyebrows raised bemusedly.

90 INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE ON THE VIEWER

90

with the image of COMMANDER CORYELL, young, sternly rugged and very grim, filling the screen. Decker is in the command chair, and now -- as Kirk arrives -- moves to rise. Kirk gestures Decker to remain seated addresses the viewer:

KIRK

Commander Coryell, this is Captain Kirk. What is the Aswan's present position and status?

CORYELL

Coordinates 912 point 4, mark 3, high quadrant. We have a grade-four sensor reading indicating an extremely strong magnetic field. We anticipate a visual momentarily. I have ordered a full-ahead sensor scan.

(CONTINUED)

KIRK

Have you attempted communication?

CORYELL

On all hailing frequencies, Captain.
No response.

KIRK

Keep this channel open, Commander,
and keep me informed.

CORYELL

Yes, sir...
(abruptly)
We have the visual.

Coryell is facing away from the viewing screen, but his eyes are open wide in fear and incredulity.

CORYELL

(continuing)
My God...!!!

And suddenly Coryell's image on the viewing screen is bathed in an eerie green glow that quickly envelops the entire screen and becomes white now -- whiter and whiter. There is NO SOUND, only the blazing whiteness of the viewer. And then, just an instant later, it is blank.

Kirk and the others peer incredulously at the now blank viewer. Then:

KIRK

Navigator --

ILIA

Yes, sir.

KIRK

Adjust your course for an intercept
along a tangential line from
coordinates 912 point 4, mark 3,
high quadrant.

ILIA

912 point 4, mark 3. Adjusting,
sir.

KIRK

(to Sulu)
Increase to Warp 6.

SULU

Increasing to Warp 6.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

KIRK

Mr. Xon...

XON

Sir.

KIRK

Estimated time to IP...?

Xon glances into his hooded viewer, replies almost immediately:

XON

68.2 hours, Captain, if we maintain Warp 6

KIRK

(to Uhura)

Lt. Uhura, inform Starfleet Command of the Aswan's probable destruction, and that we are proceeding to PI at optimum speed.

91 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

91

at Warp speed.

KIRK (V.O.)

Captain's Log, star date 7420.1. Light Cruiser U.S.S. Aswan is gone. Obliterated by a weapon we were unable to identify or understand. We also know nothing of whatever it is that used that weapon. Our forward sensor scans are being absorbed by whatever object it is that we are now about to intercept.

92 INT. BRIDGE

92

SHOWING all personnel manning their stations and Chekov standing on side of the Captain's chair, Decker on the other. The main viewer is on, but at the moment all that is seen is our passage through the stars.

ILIA

Visual contact in three minutes, Captain.

KIRK

(to Xon)

Sensor readings?

(CONTINUED)

XON
Still none, sir.

Kirk swivels his chair fully around to face Xon:

KIRK
Any indication that it's scanning us?

XON
It is possible, Captain.

KIRK
(flaring)
If it's possible, I need that information without asking!

XON
(unperturbed)
It is equally possible, sir, that we are not being scanned.

Kirk glances tightly at Decker, who immediately steps up to the Science Station, glances into the hooded Viewer.

DECKER
He's correct, Captain. We're picking up forcefield patterns, but of a type I've never seen before.

KIRK
Open hailing frequencies, Commander Uhura.

Uhura manipulates the appropriate controls:

UHURA
Hailing frequencies open, Captain.

Kirk swivels around in his chair again, faces the viewing screen, which is still blank but for the stars.

KIRK
This is the U. S. S. Enterprise, Captain James T. Kirk commanding. We are a United Federation of Planets starship. Our mission is peaceful, our intention to make contact with you.

They wait -- no response. After a moment, Kirk glances at Uhura. She shakes her head.

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

UHURA

The message was simulcast on all frequencies, Captain, in all known linguacodes. I'm repeating it now.

Again they wait -- and again, no response.

KIRK

Monitor it on a grade four sensor level, Mr. Xon.

XON

(instantly)

I have, sir; there is a definite sub-space null directly ahead. The message is being received, sir.

ILIA

Visual contact in one minute and twelve seconds, Captain.

KIRK

Forcefield screen?

SULU

Forcefield screens up and at full power, sir.

KIRK

Also, full deflectors forward, Mr. Sulu. And Sound a red alert. Battle stations.

93 ANOTHER ANGLE - XON

93

as he activates his sensors, and at the same time the red warning lights begin flashing, and the computer VOICE in the background begins its monotone: "... Red alert! Battle stations. This is a red alert...!"

Then as Xon peers into the viewer, his entire console FLARES with LIGHT -- and then instantly goes blank. At the same moment the yellow flashing lights turn to red, and the Alarm SIREN begins HOWLING, and the COMPUTER VOICE begins intoning: "Computer malfunction...! Computer malfunction...!"

SULU

Captain, the helm is dead...

KIRK

All systems, manual override...!

(to Chekov)

Weapons control, status report...!

(CONTINUED)

- 93 CONTINUED: 93
- CHEKOV
Weapons are on manual control,
Captain!
- KIRK
(into intercom)
Engineering --
- 94 INT. ENGINE ROOM 94
- With Scott and his Technicians busy at their controls,
and the ENGINES THROBBING smoothly. But in the b.g.
the red warning lights are flashing, and the SIREN HOWLS.
- SCOTT
(into intercom)
The engines are fine, Captain. But
what's happening? Are we under
attack?
- 95 INT. BRIDGE 95
- as Kirk replies to Scott into the intercom:
- KIRK
We think that our own sensor probe
was reflected back so intensely it
burned out all our computer
Integrators --
- 96 ANOTHER ANGLE - SULU AND ILIA 96
- peering at the (o.s.) main viewer, and reacting with
disbelief.
- ILIA
Captain...!
- Kirk turns to the viewer, and his expression is equally
incredulous.
- 97 WHAT KIRK SEES ON THE VIEWER - THE ALIEN SPACESHIP 97
- but, at first, only a section of the front of it. What
we SEE resembles a gigantic chrome and silver object,
almost like the gaping mouth of some unbelievable large
metallic animal -- and just a GLIMPSE of a huge circular
window or engine duct on the side of the "head," this
glowing red and blue. It is perfectly symmetrical, the
sides of the "mouth" constructed in equally-sized slabs
of metal.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

ILIA

(awed)

We're seeing it a full thirty seconds before we should.

CHEKOV

(grim)

That is because of the size of it...!
The size.

All at once the SIRENS STOP; the red alert lights go off.

SULU

The helm is normal again, Captain!

98 ANOTHER ANGLE - SCIENCE STATION AND COMMUNICATIONS

98

SHOWING Xon and Decker, who have been feverishly attempting to re-engage the computer, and have obviously succeeded.

XON

The computer is functioning, sir...

99 ACROSS THEM TO THE VIEWING SCREEN

99

with the alien having grown in size and intensity, and now we can SEE more of it.

The front or "head" tapers back in a long, narrow body extending the entire length of the viewer, and still we haven't seen all of it.

Its alien technology carries a bizarre, unearthly sense of beauty. And yet the very size of it spells danger.

XON

...I am attempting to obtain information concerning the object's origin.

KIRK

You won't find that information in the computer, Mr. Xon; if there were any known vessel of that size and configuration in the galaxy, we'd have heard of it.

SCOTT'S VOICE

(on intercom)

Engineering to Bridge --

100 INT. ENGINE ROOM 100

with Scott grimly studying his console readings. He's speaking into the intercom:

SCOTT

Captain, with the deflector shields up full, we're draining considerable power --

101 INT. BRIDGE - FAVORING THE VIEWER 101

The alien still not entirely across the screen. Kirk replies to Scott into the intercom:

KIRK

We can't risk lowering them, Scotty. Not yet.

On the viewer we can SEE The alien completely. Now, in its totality, it clearly emanates power and ominousness.

KIRK

(continuing)
Distance to object, Lieutenant Ilia?

ILIA

Point zero zero three two parsecs.

KIRK

Dimension interpolation, Mr. Xon.

102 ACROSS KIRK TO XON 102

reading the computations in his hooded viewer. He glances up now at Decker, who is still at the station, and then at Kirk -- and for the first time, in Xon's face, there is a reaction: as though he simply does not believe what he is about to say:

XON

Sir, the object is very close to 70 kilometers long... and 10 kilometers wide.

CHEKOV

(reacting)
Seventy kilometers long...!!!

SULU

Sir, the alien is not reducing his speed.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

DECKER

(dry)

I don't think he means to stop and talk.

KIRK

(to Uhura)

Keep the hailing frequencies open, Commander. Continue sending our message...!

UHURA

Transmission is continuing, sir.

ILIA

Now one and one-half minutes away, sir.

103 ACROSS KIRK TO THE VIEWER

103

The object is, again, too long for the screen; both ends are obscured by the screen boundaries.

KIRK

Reduce magnification.

Sulu touches the control, and instantly the perspective on the viewer is considerably smaller. Again, now, the entire alien ship is VISIBLE. But even as we WATCH, it grows.

KIRK

(continuing)

Distance?

ILIA

Point zero zero five parsecs.

KIRK

Mr. Sulu, begin a slow 180 degree turn, maneuvering to fly parallel with the alien vessel.

DECKER

Submit we should not close on it, sir.

KIRK

Agreed, Mister Decker.

(toward helm)

Maintain present distance, helm.

- 104 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND ALIEN 104
 Our stars hip maneuvering to reverse course and fly parallel with the huge alien thing.
- 105 INT. ENGINE ROOM 105
 with Scott unhappily reading his instruments, and listening to:
- KIRK'S VOICE
 (on the intercom)
 I am aware of the power drainage,
 Mr. Scott. Please maintain speed
 and deflector power.
- SCOTT
 (grimly)
 Aye, sir.
- 106 INT. BRIDGE - FAVORING THE VIEWER 106
 Kirk watching the alien as it overflows the screen.
- KIRK
 Helm, adjust speed. We'll travel
 along with it now.
- DECKER
 Assuming it wants company...
- On the screen we have the effect of the alien ship turning away, but it is actually our own course reverse.
- 107 EXT. THE ALIEN SHIP AND THE ENTERPRISE 107
 as now, for the first time, we have FULL EXT. VIEW of the giant. And in detail: the pulsing red and yellow colors from the side ports, and the propulsion units at the rear. No windows, or any other light visible anywhere the entire length of the vast metallic hull. And now, beside it, we SEE the Enterprise. Hardly more than a white Spot in the f.g. (A golf ball floating against the side of a dirigible.)
- The tiny white spot (The Enterprise) moves alongside the monster ship-both speeding through space, with the Enterprise now seeming to move slightly to the alien's rear. (Actually, the Enterprise is slower ever so slightly to have a look at all of it.)

108 INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE ON THE VIEWER

108

with Kirk and all Bridge personnel gazing at the viewer. They are now traveling with it, so the alien can be SEEN with the same perspective continually.

UHURA

Still no response to our message, Captain.

CHEKOV

(puzzled)
No response -- and no attack.
(grimly)
Yet.

KIRK

Mr. Xon, don't you have any readings...!?

XON

No, sir: the alien's force field still absorbs all scans.

DECKER

Captain, she's made no aggressive moves; why not send a probe?

KIRK

A probe might easily be interpreted as an unfriendly act, Commander.

DECKER

Yes, sir, but it's a risk we might have to take. We're at Warp 6, with full deflectors; we can't maintain that speed much longer.

KIRK

(considers; then:)
Stand by to launch a sensor probe, Mr. Xon.

And Xon commences programming the proper controls.

109 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE AND THE ALIEN

109

The Enterprise, as before, a tiny white spot outlined against the black and silver vastness of the alien.

110 EXT. CLOSER ON THE ENTERPRISE 110

as the probe is launched from the Enterprise's forward hull. The probe resembles a miniature rocket propelled sensor packet with antennae bristling from all corners.

It floats toward the alien.

111 INT. THE PROBE AS SEEN ON THE BRIDGE VIEWING SCREEN 111

approaching the alien.

XON

Beginning to get readings, Captain.
Power emanations, a strange mixed
gravity and magnetic reading, going
completely off our scale...

Suddenly, on the screen, a stream of green-yellow PHASER FIRE spurts from the alien. The probe is hit, bathed in the green glow, then blazes into white nothingness.

KIRK

Deflectors to full emergency...!

Even as Kirk speaks—from all three ports on the alien's side, something resembling green PHASER FIRE streaks out, smashes into the Enterprise's deflector screens, tossing the ship about like a cork. The ALERT SIRENS SOUND, red lights flash. The entire bridge is bathed in a green glow, but the deflectors and forcefield screens obviously are containing the attack.

CHEKOV

Phasers and photon torpedo banks
ready, Captain.

KIRK

Do not, repeat, do not activate
them, Mister Chekov.

SULU

The helm's not responding, sir!

XON

We're being held by a tractor beam
of extremely high magnitude, Captain.

KIRK

Weapons control; divert all your
power to our deflector shields.

(CONTINUED)

- 111 CONTINUED: 111
- CHEKOV
Captain, we're not going to return
their fire?
- KIRK
Not if we're sane, we won't, Mister
Chekov.
- 112 EXT. AND INT. THE BATTLE - VARIOUS ANGLES 112
- The alien's FIRE CONTINUES, the green-white bolts striking the invisible shields protecting the Enterprise -- but, unlike the alien, each hit the Enterprise takes batters it perceptibly, with the Enterprise's forcefield ILLUMINATED in a cacophony of colors.
- It is a spectacular OPTICAL DISPLAY, and it seems impossible the tiny Enterprise can withstand the punishment. The bridge resembles an old time ship in a typhoon: Kirk and the others restrained in their seats (by invisible restraints: we do not want them tumbling pell mall all over the bridge), but absorbing inhuman pounding.
- 113 INT. ENGINE ROOM 113
- The same effect experienced by Scott's people. With each strike from the alien, SPARKS AND FLAME ERUPT from the control panels -- and the huge engine central core is glowing redder and redder, the ENGINES WHINING LOUDER AND LOUDER. Scott struggles to speak into the intercom:
- SCOTT
Captain Kirk, I canna hold the
screens at full emergency much
longer, sir.
- KIRK'S VOICE
You've got to hold them...! Divert
all secondary power to screens.
- Scott turns away to peer at the now bright red glow from the core. Then he moves quickly to work on the controls.
- 114 EXT. THE BATTLE 114
- Continuing. The giant alien lashing its greenish PHASER FIRE at the tiny starship.

115 INT. BRIDGE - FAVORING THE VIEWER

115

With secondary power diverted, the bridge lighting is dimming. The barrage continuing-the viewing screen graphically depicting the alien's fire smashing against the Enterprise forcefield screens and deflector shields.

XON

Power drain now critical, Captain...!
All systems are overloading.

KIRK

Endurance estimate...?

XON

Two minutes, thirty-two seconds,
sir...

KIRK

(into intercom)
Scotty, we've got to pull away.
Stand by for warp.

116 INT. ENGINE ROOM

116

Scott, struggling to stay on his feet in the gyrating ship and the engine core now a deep, dangerous red.

SCOTT

(into intercom)
She's liable to blow us all to
kingdom come, sir.

KIRK'S VOICE

We're finished if we don't pull
back, Scotty...! Maximum warp!

Scott realizes he has no choice. He sets his controls, peering grimly at the red glow.

SCOTT

Ready for maximum warp, Captain...

The WHINE of the great ENGINES is LOUDER now than even the terrible NOISE of the alien's phasers striking our screens.

117 INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE ON THE VIEWING SCREEN

117

On the viewer, the green-white PHASER FIRE streaks in at us as Kirk turns to Sulu.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

KIRK

Now, helm!

Sulu and Ilia hit controls but nothing happens.

SULU

We're not moving...! The tractor beam's still holding us.

CHEKOV

Weapons Control... sir, the temperature on his level is 130...

XON

Life support systems are failing, Captain. Bridge temperature is 110, and rising.

And, indeed, the heat is obvious: sweat pours down all faces, people begin gasping for air. Uhura suddenly collapses -- and then Chekov.

XON

(continuing)

Temperature is 130... 132... 136.

Strangely, Xon seems relatively unaffected by the rising heat.

Xon is almost calmly engrossed in his hooded viewer; apparently something has attracted his interest, and he is working hard at it.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE - KIRK

118

straining for breath, only a super will sustains him. He turns toward Chekov, resignedly, weakly:

KIRK

Stand by on photon torpedoes, Mr. Chekov.

But Chekov has collapsed, falling over his console, unconscious. Kirk staggers to weapon's station, launches torpedoes.

119 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE AND THE ALIEN

119

The Alien's fire unabated-but now the photon torpedoes shoot out from the Enterprise. They strike the alien's forcefield, EXPLODE HARMLESSLY far outside the alien's hull. And all this time we can SEE the Enterprise being drawn closer and closer to the giant.

120 INT. ENGINE ROOM

120

as Scott can hardly breathe in the unbearable heat. All his personnel are unconscious on the floor. He speaks into the intercom:

SCOTT

The screens are about to go, Captain.

121 INT. BRIDGE

121

The lights flickering now, plunging the entire bridge into brief darkness, returning in a weak flickering, then flaring brightly another instant, then out again. Kirk, now at his limit, gazes at the bodies of Ilia, Decker, Sulu, Chekov. He staggers toward Communications.

KIRK

Uhura...

But then he realizes she, too, has collapsed. He looks at Xon, who at that moment glances up from his viewer.

XON

Captain...! They did answer...!

Kirk manages to stagger to the Science Station where Xon just now begins showing some signs of heat. But not enough to disable him.

XON

(continuing)

I replayed Commander Uhura's transmissions. The alien responded: listen.

And Xon punches a button. We HEAR what can only be a shrill BEEP.

XON

(continuing)

They responded on a frequency close to one million megahertz -- far too high for any human ear. Now listen...

And Xon punches more buttons, and we HEAR again the "BEEP" -- and then slower, so the "BEEP" seems stretched out slightly, and then slower again. But with each "BEEP" -- there is a momentary pause, and then another "BEEP" that SOUNDS lower, less shrill.

(CONTINUED)

XON

(continuing)

Each time we hailed them, Captain, they responded. But not to any language. To the lingua-code that was computerized...

(totally focused on his work despite all that has gone on around him)

Sir, they are responding not to any life form aboard our vessel -- but to the vessel itself...!

(as Kirk still does not comprehend)

Captain, they are addressing the USS Enterprise as a life form.

KIRK

(struggling to understand)

They think the ship is a life form?

XON

Yes, sir, and with your permission I will now send them a message asking to break off hostilities...

Kirk nods his approval; he's hardly able to stand, but somehow musters the last of his strength to prop himself against the console and watch Xon punch in the message on his computer.

As Xon does this, the COMPUTER VOICE SOUNDS over the annunciators:

COMPUTER VOICE

Life support systems have failed...!
Activate emergency life support systems...! Life support systems have failed...! Etc. etc.

Xon completes the message, peers at the hooded viewer, waits tensely. And then, all at once, the outside barrage STOPS. The silence is almost shocking. Only the Computer Voice can be HEARD, continuing in its monotone: "Life support systems have failed...!" Etc. etc.

Xon reaches up and flicks a switch-and the computer warning voice is also suddenly stilled. The bridge lights have come on again brightly, steadily, and Xon peers at Kirk.

(CONTINUED)

- 121 CONTINUED: (2) 121
- XON
The attack has ceased, sir.
- 122 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND ALIEN SHIP 122
- both streaking silently through the stars. The giant alien spaceship and (compared to the alien) the pea-sized Enterprise. Both ships maintaining exact speed and distance from each other, so that it is obvious the Enterprise is trapped in the alien's tractor beam. OVER this, we HEAR:
- KIRK' S VOICE
Captain's Log, Star date 7421.6.
For an entire day now, we have been locked in the alien's tractor beam, being carried with it toward Earth. We have been unable to establish further communications with our gigantic captor and are unable to determine its intentions toward planet Earth.
- 123 INT. ENGINE ROOM 123
- SHOWING Scott and his Technicians laboring over their engines -- sweaty, disheveled -- but somehow accomplishing their task.
- KIRK' S VOICE
With our engines shut down, engineering is rushing the repair of damage suffered in the attack.
- 124 INT. SICKBAY 124
- The hospital area crowded with wounded CREWMEN AND CREWWOMEN, McCoy and Chapel busily tending their patients. Both doctors show the strain, and Sickbay resembles a war-ravaged field hospital.
- KIRK' S VOICE
Casualties have been heavy, but with no fatalities, thanks to the skill of Doctors McCoy and Chapel.
- 125 INT. BRIEFING ROOM 125
- SHOWING, seated around the table, Kirk, Xon, Decker and Chekov. Xon is at the computer console. Kirk is speaking to Xon.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

KIRK

You're suggesting that our computer was communicating directly with the alien?

XON

Yes, sir, and I have taken the liberty of cutting off all external transmission from the computer. But I believe that a considerable sum of information has already been passed on.

DECKER

Run the tapes back and find out.

XON

I'm doing that now, but the transmissions were at such ultrahigh speed, it will take hours-perhaps days-to decode them.

KIRK

There's a much faster way...

126 ANGLE ON THE COMPUTER CONSOLE

126

as Xon nods, switches it on.

XON

Of course, sir.

(to computer)

Computer... summarize all information provided the alien. Reply.

COMPUTER VOICE

Information comprised blueprints of NCC-1701, schematics of all electronic components, weapons and defense systems, power and engineering. A detailed breakdown is as follows --

127 ACROSS KIRK AND THE COMPUTER TO THE OTHERS

127

as all register dismay, and Kirk quickly interrupts the computer:

KIRK

Computer. Reply... cancel detailed breakdown. Why did you provide the information?

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

COMPUTER VOICE
Information provided upon request.

KIRK
Computer... why did you disseminate
classified information?

COMPUTER VOICE
It was requested.

The bald logic is too much for Kirk; he shakes his head
in more exasperation. Xon addresses the machine:

XON
Computer. Reply... how much
information did you provide
concerning the crew?

COMPUTER VOICE
Crew information was not requested.

128 ANOTHER ANGLE - KIRK

128

struggling to contain his frustration and annoyance.

KIRK
Computer... who is the alien? Reply.

COMPUTER VOICE
Data unavailable.

DECKER
(wry, grim)
I guess it wasn't curious.

XON
A computer never is, sir...
(to computer)
Computer... why is the alien
traveling to Earth? Reply.

COMPUTER VOICE
Data unavailable.

KIRK
(almost angry)
Computer... you are ordered to
provide no further information to
the alien...!

And Xon switches off the computer, Kirk faces the others
grimly:

(CONTINUED)

KIRK

(continuing)

Comment.

XON

In my opinion, sir, the computer has corroborated my theory that the alien considers any further communication with us a waste of his time.

CHEKOV

Then we must show him this is not true.

KIRK

Yes, but for that we have to communicate with him. How...?

DECKER

Sir, our weapons can't penetrate its forcefield but...

(grimly)

...if we informed him we were ready to turn our engines into a matter-antimatter bomb, I think it would realize that not even its forcefield could withstand it. We'd get an answer fast enough.

CHEKOV

Self-destruct? It may not realize we can do that.

XON

You may be certain it understands all our capabilities. In fact, it no doubt considers the Enterprise design quite simple and primitive compared to its own technology.

DECKER

But not even that alien can withstand a matter-anti-matter explosion of the size we could generate.

(to Kirk)

It gives us a bluff it can't afford to call.

shaking his head impatiently, rising, speaking quickly:

129 CONTINUED:

129

KIRK

Gentlemen, since we're helpless for at least twelve hours until full power is restored, I suggest we use that time for some needed rest.

(to Decker)

All divisions go to stand-by crews only.

(wan smile)

We'll all do better with a few hours' sleep.

As Chekov and Xon exit the room, Kirk AD-LIES, "Mr. Decker..." and gestures Decker to accompany him. They step out to the:

130 CORRIDOR

130

where they begin walking, Kirk saying:

KIRK

Suppose you were the alien commander...? And you received that threat...?

DECKER

I think I would take it quite literally, and since it would cost me nothing I think I would open communications. Which, sir, is our prime objective.

KIRK

If I were the alien, Decker, I wouldn't give you a chance to even start overloading your engines. I'd blast you to pieces.

Decker stops abruptly, faces Kirk:

DECKER

It's ignoring us totally! We've got to show some teeth, make some kind of stand.

KIRK

A lesson in command, Decker: never make a threat you're not prepared to carry out. Because your enemy would assume you were prepared, and he'd act accordingly.

DECKER

May I ask what you do intend doing?

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

KIRK

What I intend doing is keeping this vessel intact, and its crew and myself alive. And that, mister, is another command lesson...!

Kirk strides to the elevator. Decker stands watching him.

131 INT. BRIDGE

131

with, first, an ANGLE ON THE VIEWER: the ominous image of the alien, their "captor," filling the entire screen. A constant reminder of their peril.

Ilia is at her post-and Xon. Ilia gazing silently, grimly, at the viewer; and Xon totally engrossed in his own hooded viewer, determinedly punching his computer controls. The only manned station is Communications, and it is not Uhura here, but JANICE RAND, now an Ensign, spelling her.

Now the elevator doors open, and Kirk enters. He wears a crisp new uniform, obviously has showered and shaved. He walks to the control center, calling to Rand:

KIRK

Any signals, Ensign?

RAND

Nothing, sir.

Kirk's face reflects his frustration, but he says nothing, addresses Ilia:

KIRK

I'll handle the conn, Lieutenant.
You take a break.

ILIA

(grateful)
Thank you, sir.

And she smiles at him and leaves. Kirk steps over to the Science Station, stands watching Xon a moment; the Vulcan entirely oblivious to Kirk, who after a moment speaks:

KIRK

(quiet, gentle)
Mister Xon...

Xon pays him no attention, hasn't heard him.

(CONTINUED)

KIRK
 (a little firmer)
 Lieutenant...

Now Xon turns, absolutely unflappable, looks at Kirk.

XON
 I've completed my analysis on the alien's defensive shields, Captain. I am convinced that none of our weapons-not even a matter-anti-matter explosion would have the slightest deleterious effect on it.

KIRK
 Not ten minutes ago, Science Officer, I asked you to get some rest.

XON
 I require very little sleep, sir.

KIRK
 When did you last eat?

XON
 (trying to remember)
 Just before I came aboard, sir... I think...
 (quickly)
 But my caloric requirements are substantially less than...
 (delicately)
 ...'ordinary' personnel. In point of fact, sir, I function more efficiently with the most rudimentary nutrition.

KIRK
 (wryly)
 I'm aware of your very unusual metabolism, Xon. But even a Vulcan must sleep-and eat.

XON
 What you say is, of course, quite logical. However, since these are unusual circumstances...

KIRK
 (firm)
 You'll follow orders, Lieutenant.

XON
 (a reluctant beat)
 Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

- 131 CONTINUED: (2) 131
- And he quickly secures his station, rises, faces Kirk. He nods, and starts away.
- 132 ACROSS KIRK TO XON 132
- nearing the elevator. Kirk calls to him:
- KIRK
 Mister Xon.
 (as Xon turns)
 Thank you.
- XON
 (bland)
 You're welcome, sir.
- And he leaves. Kirk gazes after him, then starts back to the control center, smiling at Rand.
- KIRK
 You all right... ?
- RAND
 I'm fine, Captain...
 (smiles back)
 Just like old times, isn't it, sir?
- 133 ACROSS KIRK TO RAND - AND THE VIEWER IN THE B.G. 133
- as he peers at the picture of the alien starship.
- KIRK
 Not quite, Ensign. Not quite.
- 134 INT. RECREATION ROOM 134
- fairly crowded, various CREWMEN relaxing, reading. In one corner two young ENSIGNS sit before a screen on which is projected a computerized game, each Ensign touching buttons and controls that manipulate the players.
- The CAMERA PANS about the room, now FINDS Sulu -- slumped in a chair, simply finding a moment's rest. His eyes are closed -- and suddenly a pair of (female) HANDS are clamped over his eyes.
- ILIA'S VOICE
 (teasing, mock-scol ding)
 You're thinking naughty thoughts again, Sulu .

135 WIDEN TO INCLUDE ILIA

135

as Sulu jumps nearly a foot off the chair, whirling around to face her. She's smiling provocatively down at him, and he is all of a sudden nervous and embarrassed. He glances around the room; a number of people are watching them amusedly. Ilia runs her fingers over Sulu's face; he brushes her away.

SULU
(quiet, terse)
People will be getting the wrong
idea...!

ILIA
("hurt")
I'm trying to relax you-Del tan style.

SULU
(nervous)
Not here...

ILIA
What better place? All our friends
are here.

And, again, she runs her fingers playfully along his cheek. Again, Sulu pushes her away.

SULU
Please, Ilia... please ... !

And he glances at the room, at two officers, LT. BANDAR, an attractive Ceylonese young lady, and LT. HAWKINS, a male engineering officer. They're watching the byplay with amusement. Sulu flashes a forced "you-know-how-it-is" smile at them, turns quickly again to Ilia.

ILIA
Sulu, are you rejecting me?

SULU
(flustered)
Yes... no...
(terse whisper)
What about your oath of celibacy...?

ILIA
Is sex all you ever think of...?
(peers at him, reads
his mind images,
nods solemnly)
Yes, I'm afraid it is!

136 ACROSS SULU TO ILIA 136

as she smiles down at Sulu, a smile of warm sincerity. And then all at once, the smile fades. She screams:

ILIA

Sulu!!!

137 WHAT THEY SEE - THE ALIEN PROBES 137

In the corner of the room there is a BRIGHT FLARE OF TURQUOISE LIGHT -- and then another and then a third. Materializing out of the light are objects we'll come to know as sensor-probes.

Some hover a few inches above the floor, others move in free flight. At the same time the probes appear, the red alert lights flash, from the annunciator comes the warning:

ANNUNCIATOR VOICE

Intruder alert...! Intruder alert...!

The probes begin moving around the room, feeling, seeing, hearing. The people do not interest these sensor-probes- their interest is in the vessel, its design, and functions.

SULU

Probes ...! Everybody out.

(to others)

Seal the room!

And everyone moves to leave, the probes seemingly undisturbed, continuing their business.

138 INT. CORRIDOR 138

as Sulu and Ilia and the others rush out, then seal the door. Everyone begins hurrying down the corridor toward their respective stations. The Intruder Alert VOICE CONTINUES in background.

139 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR 139

The INTRUDER ALERT SOUNDING -- TURQUOISE LIGHTS FLASHING -- and MORE PROBES materializing in this section of the corridor. At the corridor's far end, Chekov now appears with TWO SECURITY MEN.

They are rushing along (toward the elevator), come to an abrupt halt seeing the probes, one of which is unlike

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

the others: it resembles a ring, with a large pearl-like object on the top, the "pearl" actually the "eye"; and, unlike the others, it does not hover, it walks on three slender legs. And as it spies the men, the "pearl" begins flashing different colors and begins emitting a SOUND that reminds you of a HIGHPITCHED, RAPID, EXCITED SQUEALING. This is the only sensor-probe which has noticed the humans and it is clearly frightened of them.

One of the Security Men aims his phaser -- Chekov blocks the Man's hand.

CHEKOV

No ...

1ST SECURITY MAN

They might be dangerous...!

CHEKOV

So do you! They haven't attacked you, have they?

Chekov approaches the hovering probes--the legged probe seems to stay slightly behind the others, as though allowing them to protect it. All the time it continues its excited SQUEALING. Chekov indicates toward it.

CHEKOV

(continuing)

That's the only one that seems to notice humans. And it's scared to death of us.

The egg-shaped probe floats past Chekov, circles his knees as the feeler reaches out to investigate some aspect of the Enterprise. Then the "eye" probe (also egg-shaped) investigates some other starship mechanism. Then Chekov reaches out with both hands as though trying to ditch a fly.

He nearly snares the probe, but it darts agilely away. Chekov steps after it, makes another pass--again misses. In the meantime, the three-legged probe is emitting even more EXCITED SQUEALS and flashing brighter colors -- almost as though scolding Chekov for trying to catch its associate. Chekov moves toward the legged probe, but it retreats. The egg-shaped "eye" follows, but Chekov is faster, he moves behind it.

CHEKOV

(continuing; to 2nd Security Man)

Cut it off...!

(to 1st Security Man)

Get the one with the legs...!

140 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CHASE

140

The 1st Security Man stepping after the legged probe, which seems to have vanished. In the meantime, Chekov and the 2nd Security Man have cornered the "eye" -- and, after some clumsy effort -- seize it. Chekov holds the probe, which is perhaps basketball sized, gingerly examines it -- and hands it to the 2nd Security Man.

CHEKOV

Get it to the Science Officer!

The 2nd Security Man accepts the probe, but almost as though it is electrified: he can hardly hold it.

CHEKOV

(continuing)

It won't bite...!

And Chekov charges around the corridor corner in pursuit of the legged probe.

141 AROUND THE CORRIDOR CORNER

141

with the 1st Security Man glumly surveying the corridor -- not a probe in sight.

1ST SECURITY MAN

It's gone...

Chekov glances around a moment, looks disapprovingly at the Security Man.

CHEKOV

Seal off this level...

(starts leaving)

I'll be on the bridge.

And he steps into the elevator, is gone, the CAMERA SWINGING AROUND now, DOWN THE EMPTY CORRIDOR. TWO MORE SECURITY MEN suddenly appear, hurry along, PAST THE CAMERA, and past a closed door (or some other object in the corridor). CAMERA HOLDS on the door, which opens and the legged-probe appears flashing a bright purple color; it swivels its "eye" down the corridor, then in a 180, obviously sweeping the area. Satisfied it hasn't been seen, it EMITS another little SQUEAL (of satisfaction) and starts walking awkwardly along the corridor.

142 INT. ENGINE ROOM

142

with Scott glaring dubiously at three of the hovering sensor-probes which are poking into all corners of the engine room.

He is talking into the intercom, his eyes never leaving the probes:

SCOTT

Yes, sir, they're all over the place -- poking into everything.

KIRK'S VOICE

But no indication of hostility?

SCOTT

They don't seem at all interested in us, Captain. Just the ship.

KIRK'S VOICE

Same report from other decks, Scotty. For the minute, hands off as long as they're damaging nothing.

Scott switches off, steps over to watch one of the probes which has just floated near the console, extended its feeler and seems to be studying the instruments (actually it is photographing all details). Scott holds his hand out in a threatening gesture.

SCOTT

But you so much as touch one of my controls, you nosey little bugger, and you're a junk-pile!

143 INT. SICKBAY

143

with Chapel -- and a NURSE, in surgical gowns, operating on a PATIENT. And the probes here, also. But, strangely, not near the operating table, remaining several feet away, but obviously studying all that's going on. The CAMERA SWINGS OVER TO FIND McCoy, outside the operating area (he's in a surgical gown), at the intercom. As he talks, one of the probes extends a feeler toward him and McCoy swats at it, the feeler instantly moving away.

MCCOY

(Intercom)

Yes, Jim, they're here, too!

144 ACROSS MCCOY TO THE OPERATING AREA 144

as he sees another probe fl at toward the operating area -- then suddenly SPARKS shoot out (from the sterile forcefi eld) and the probe staggers away, moves el sewhere.

MCCOY
(wi th satisfacti on)
But they don't like the sterile
forcefi eld...!

145 INT. BRIDGE 145

SHOWING more probes here. Sulu, Ili a and Uhura are at their stations -- and at the Science Station, Xon, Decker and Kirk are gathered around, examining the probe Chekov caught. Kirk is just completi ng his communicati on wi th McCoy:

KIRK
(into intercom, from
the start)
...we're trying to find out something
about them.

MCCOY'S VOICE
I'd be glad to dissect one for
you...!

KIRK
(into intercom)
Lieutenant Xon is doing that right
now. Kirk out.

146 CLOSE ON THE SCIENCE STATION 146

as Kirk rejoins the group and now we can SEE that Xon has dissembled the probe, the CAMERA CLOSING MOMENTARILY so we can SEE the interior of the probe: a finely designed arrangement of transistors and motors. Xon is fascinated, but characteristically unemotional:

XON
I ngeni ous...!
(i ndi cates)
Memory bank, I'd guess... this could
be an i ncredi bly mi ni aturi zed
transcei ver...

DECKER
You mean you're not certain of any
of it?

(CONTI NUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

XON

This is a technology so alien to ours, Commander, that we don't have even the words to describe its components.

(holds device up to view)

These tiny mechanical components are actually liquid hydrogen at absolute zero, shaped and insulated by a forcefield my most sensitive instruments can't measure...

147 ACROSS THEM TO UHURA

147

who has just received an intercom message:

UHURA

Captain: the sensor-probes are attempting to infiltrate the computer library.

KIRK

(to Xon)

Have the computer encode a message to the alien. It's to withdraw its probes, or we'll be forced to destroy them.

148 ANOTHER ANGLE - TIGHT ON KIRK AND DECKER

148

As Xon punches out the message, Decker speaks quietly, confidentially, to Kirk:

DECKER

Do I take it that's not just a bluff, Captain?

KIRK

It's no bluff, Mister Decker. The library contains too much sensitive information about Earth.

149 ANGLE ON XON

149

grimly peering into his hooded viewer.

XON

No response, Captain.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

KIRK

(to Uhura)

Dispatch Chekov to the computer library. He's to destroy any probes attempting to infiltrate the records there.

150 INT. COMPUTER - LIBRARY

150

(A room with computer banks and consoles.) Chekov and Two Security Men enter as the LIBRARY TECHNICIANS attempt to stop the probes from penetrating the memory banks. Chekov aims his phaser, FIRES. The probe, struck squarely, FLARES TURQUOISE -- then vanishes (dematerialized). One of his men HITS ANOTHER PROBE, which also dematerializes with the same EFFECT. Chekov raises the phaser at yet a third probe -- but this one dematerializes before he can fire. And then the fourth -- and final -- probe also dematerializes.

Chekov strides to the intercom, switches it on:

CHEKOV

Chekov to bridge... the probes are now leaving on their own, dematerializing...

151 INT. BRIDGE

151

SHOWING Kirk, Xon and Decker also watching the probes here on the bridge as they dematerialize. Kirk glances at the disassembled probe, which still lies on Xon's bench; it's as though he wants to be sure that one hasn't somehow dematerialized.

DECKER

Like it's pulling its sense organs out of danger.

Kirk nods in grim agreement. Then suddenly, O.S., we HEAR that now familiar NERVOUS SQUEAKING (ultra high-speed sound). Kirk whirls around to see:

152 THE THREE-LEGGED PROBE

152

popping out from behind the console, walking awkwardly toward them, all the time "TALKING" (a mile a minute). It approaches to a few feet, flashing brilliant colors, stops and seems to be regarding them sternly. It has now CEASED "TALKING."

153 ANGLE ON XON

153

who, showing none of the surprise the humans have shown, very carefully has been moving various console controls.

DECKER
(to probe, dryly)
Have we been properly introduced...?

XON
(quietly, to Uhura)
Commander, I've recorded the probe's transmissions, can you transfer them onto a pickup tape for a playback at normal speed...?

Uhura is already working her console.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHEKOV

154

entering the bridge, spotting the probe, reacting.

CHEKOV
That one! It looks like the pearl ring my Aunt Tasha got from her fourth husband just like him, phony.

Uhura has completed the playback, peers at Kirk bemusedly.

URURA
(a bemused beat, then quotes)
'...please allow me to speak to the USS Enterprise.'

DECKER
'Please allow me to speak to the USS Enterprise...?!'

URURA
That's what it said.

155 ANGLE ON THE PROBE (TASHA)

155

as suddenly, flashing colors, it EMITS another FAST SQUEAL. And it seems angry.

KIRK
(expectantly)
Uhura...

(CONTINUED)

URURA
 (working her controls)
 I'm playing it back, Captain ...

UHURA
 (a moment, then she
 has the translation)
 ...you will allow me to speak to
 USS Enterprise!' It sounds like an
 order.

XON
 I'm certain it is.

DECKER
 Are you serious, Mr. Xon?

XON
 Sir, the probes were sent here to
 analyze our vessel. All but this
 one have been withdrawn. Logically,
 therefore, it remains for a specific
 purpose: to act as a communications
 liaison between the alien ship --
 and our ship.

CHEKOV
 Our ship...?

XON
 Yes, sir. If we assume that the
 alien considers the Enterprise a
 life form -- then we must assume
 that the alien ship is, itself, a
 life form.

As Xon completes this sentence, the probe flashes more
 colors, EMITS more SQUEAKS.

CHEKOV
 (to the probe)
 Hey, Tasha, shut up...!
 (to Kirk, of Xon)
 He makes sense, Captain. That
 seventy-mile-long ship that's holding
 us prisoner... must be a living
thing...!

UHURA
 (enlightened)
 Otherwise it couldn't consider the
 Enterprise one --

156 ACROSS THEM TO KIRK

156

as all this suddenly makes considerable logic. Kirk turns to the probe:

KIRK
 ...Tasha... talk to me.
 (to the probe; a beat)
 ...I am James T. Kirk. I am in
 command of the Enterprise: you may.

Uhura relays this via high-speed tape. A moment, then Tasha EMITS another excited SQUEAL. Kirk glances at Uhura, waiting for her to decipher the playback:

UHURA
 (perplexed, translating)
 '...that is impossible.'

KIRK
 'Impossible?' Why is it impossible?

XON
 I believe what it means, sir, is
 that it is impossible for you to be
 in command of the Enterprise.

Kirk cannot help an eyebrow-raising reaction, as Xon hastily continues:

XON
 (continuing)
 Very likely this probe considers us
 like itself: Probes, or some machine-
 life existing for the purpose of
 accomplishing various tasks within
 our ship. Hardly capable of command.

DECKER
 It has sensors, Xon; they can show
 we're flesh and blood.

XON
 Yes, sir, and I'm sure it has found
 our carbon-based construction
 unusual... but we are machines, by
 any definition: we ingest fuel,
 eliminate waste, we operate by
 levers, fulcrums --

Xon's words suddenly trail off: he's peering at Kirk:

157 KIRK - A NEW ANGLE

157

as the probe, "Tasha," has quite boldly moved over to Kirk and begun investigating him: inserting a sensor probe inside his ear, another into his mouth, down his shirt. Kirk does not want to harm the object, keeps swiping it gently away. Kirk's annoyance only seems to encourage Tasha further.

XON

-- It seems to have taken a fancy
to you, Captain.

And as he speaks, Xon steps over to Kirk, gently but firmly removes Tasha, places it on the bench. Tasha EMITS another angry SQUEAL, flashes colors. Uhura plays the transmission back:

UHURA

(translating)
'I have not completed my
examination!'

KIRK

(to Tasha)
Oh, yes, you have...
(continuing; to Xon)
Engage the main computer, Mr. Xon;
since his... 'representative' is
with us, the alien might just deign
to talk.

Xon switches on the main computer.

XON

Main computer on, sir.

Kirk hesitates an instant, thinking, peers at Tasha, then speaks:

KIRK

Computer... you will transmit a
message to the alien in his binary
language and then you will translate
his reply into standard colloquial.
You are instructed not to communicate
independently with him. Confirm.

COMPUTER VOICE

Program confirmed.

All eyes are on Kirk as he considers his message a moment. Then:

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

KIRK

(to computer)

Computer... the message is as follows: This is the USS Enterprise. Why are you holding me captive? Transmit.

158 ANGLE ON TASHA

158

as everyone waits expectantly and the probe seems to be also waiting, the flashing colors now a dull, continual pulsing of blandness.

159 ACROSS THEM TO UHURA

159

as she reacts, as we HEAR an ultra high-speed BEEP.

UHURA

They're responded...!

COMPUTER VOICE

Translating: objects of similar composition as yours have recently attacked me. Their attack was senseless. They were clearly malfunctioning. I must determine if you are also malfunctioning and therefore a danger to other life.

160 REACTION SHOTS

160

as all, at last, comprehend the fantastic situation. Again, all eyes are on Kirk. After a beat:

KIRK

(to computer)

Computer... send the following: I attacked in self-defense. I am not malfunctioning. Transmit.

Another moment of tense silence, then the ultra high-speed BEEP and then:

COMPUTER VOICE

Translating: my sensors indicate you are infested by 430 parasitical units. These may be the cause of your malfunction. Are you aware of their existence?

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

CHEKOV

430 parasites -- he means us!
 (indignant)
 Parasites...!

DECKER

(terse)
 It could be a life and death
 question, Captain. If he believes
 we're the cause of the ship's
 'malfunction,' he'll move to destroy
 us --
 (grim)
 -- to save the ship...!

XON

You can't admit we control the ship:
 then we will seem like infectious
 parasites.

Kirk peers at them a moment, then at Tasha, who now
 remains quite passive, colorless, as though waiting
 patiently.

161 ACROSS KIRK TO THE VIEWING SCREEN

161

PAST Sulu and Ilia at their stations: the same image of
 the huge alien ship. Kirk gazes at it a moment, then
 turns to the computer again.

KIRK

(into computer)
 Computer... send the following: the
 430 units inhabiting my form are
 necessary to my existence. Continue
 immediately with the following
 question: why is your destination
 the third planet of the solar system
 directly ahead? Transmit.

COMPUTER VOICE

Translating: the planet described
 is the Holy Home of The Creator.

An exchange of incredulous glances.

KIRK

Computer... send the following: is
 the Creator also known as God?

COMPUTER VOICE

Translating: the Creator has no
 other name.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

KIRK

(thinks, then)

The home of the Creator is the entire universe, not the third planet.

An instant of expectant waiting -- and then all at once the bridge begins to SHUDDER. Everyone grips restraining handles to remain on their feet.

SULU

He's tightening the tractor beam...!

KIRK

Red alert, Mr. Chekov...

UHURA

They're responding, Captain!

As Chekov hits the alert button, and the SIRENS begin SOUNDING, we can also HEAR the BEEP of the aliens' reply. As everyone grasps their supports, and the bridge continues shaking even more violently, the computer speaks:

COMPUTER VOICE

For this deception, you will be punished...!

The bridge shakes just another moment, then all at once STOPS. Everyone catches their breath.

ILIA

It certainly has a temper...

KIRK

Cancel red alert, Mr. Chekov.

As Chekov hits the button that SILENCES the SIRENS, another BEEP is HEARD from Uhura's station. And then, almost immediately, another BEEP -- but of slightly different tone. And then the first BEEP again, and then the other.

XON

(alarmed)

The computer is communicating directly with the alien again.

KIRK

(to Computer)

Computer... disengage. You are violating program! Comply.

All that is HEARD is yet another EXCHANGE OF BEEPS.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

161

DECKER

(to Xon)
Main controls off...!

Xon hits the switches, but still we HEAR the BEEPS.

XON

I can't disengage...!

KIRK

(into intercom)
Engineering... main computer controls
off, Scottie!

162 INT. ENGINE ROOM

162

Scott at the console, hitting switches, but clearly with no success. He speaks into the intercom:

SCOTT

Something's controlling it
externally, Captain.

163 INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE ON TASHA

163

as the probe watches Decker and Xon desperately attempting to cut off the computer, and the probe now starts walking away -- toward the command center.

XON

(reading console)
It's into the ship's memory banks...!

DECKER

It'll learn Starfleet strength,
Earth defenses, everything...!

SCOTT'S VOICE

You'll have to break into the
console! Short it out. Cross-circuit
it.

164 ANOTHER ANGLE - XON

164

brushing past Kirk, facing the console, then clasping his fists high over his head, and using his full Vulcan strength-he brings his clasped fists down in a shattering blow on the console. The unit splits into pieces, cascading in FLARING SPARKS AND WHITE SMOKE. Xon reaches into the flaming and sputtering console, pulls out the main circuitry and presses positive and negative power lines together in ANOTHER BURST OF SPARKS AND SMOKE.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: 164

His lips are compressed in pain from the white hot electrical arc that he has produced. The bridge lights dim, then flare again -- and then the two lines in Xon's hands go dead. His knees buckle, he collapses, resting his back against the wall -- gingerly regarding his two severely burned hands. The others rush to help him.

UHURA

The computer is cut off, Captain...!

165 ANOTHER ANGLE - ILIA 165

who has been observing all this, and has risen to obviously go to Xon's help. But just beside her is the probe -- Tasha, and as Ilia moves to leave, there is a sudden TURQUOISE LIGHT enveloping both her and the probe. Sulu sees this, calls out:

SULU

Captain Kirk...!

Kirk whirls just in time to see both Ilia and the probe dematerialize. Chekov has also seen this.

CHEKOV

It's beamed her over there...!

Kirk peers in helpless agony, at Sulu's stricken expression, and the empty navigator's chair where a moment ago Ilia and Tasha had been -- but are no more.

166 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE AND THE ALIEN 166

traveling together, the Enterprise gripped in the giant's tractor beam. OVER this we HEAR:

KIRK'S VOICE

Captain's Log, Star date 7421.7.
We -- and the alien -- will reach
Earth orbit in exactly two days...

167 INT. CORRIDOR 167

SHOWING Kirk walking (toward Sickbay), the Log VOICE continuing:

KIRK'S VOICE

...with us still helplessly
imprisoned in his tractor beam.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

KIRK'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The irony of all, of course, is that by cutting off our computer, we have also cut off our only means of communicating with the alien... so that we are unable to ascertain the fate of Lieutenant Ilia -- and, more important, the purpose of the alien's visit to Earth. Our only clue is his statement that Earth is 'The Holy Home of The Creator.' What Creator...?

Kirk reaches Sickbay now, enters.

168 INT. SICKBAY

168

Kirk moving through the outer rooms, to:

169 THE HOSPITAL AREA

169

where several beds are occupied by injured CREWMEN -- and another bed, with Xon seated on the edge (in sickbay dressing gown, etc.), studying the small bedside viewer, and a pile of computer chips beside him. Chapel is dressing Xon's burned hands, moving a small, hand-held device over the wounds (the device emanates a small shaft of light, this to facilitate healing), but Xon seems entirely oblivious, so engrossed is he in the viewer.

McCoy is also here, studying a scan-print at one of the other patients' beds. He glances up as Kirk appears, Kirk nodding to the other crewmen, AD-LIBBING "How are you, Swenson..." "...you're looking fine, Ledoux..." etc., etc.

KIRK

How are you feeling, Lieutenant Xon?

Kirk walks over to Xon's bed.

Xon does not reply; he hasn't even heard Kirk, never looks away from the viewer, but now inserts another chip, studies the screen. Chapel is just finishing her treatment.

CHAPEL

(to Kirk)

Plasti-skin has healed his burns beautifully, but I don't know how

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

CHAPEL (CONT'D)

he keeps going after the shock he suffered.

170 INCLUDE MCCOY

170

joining them.

MCCOY

He's like all Vulcans: too smart for their own good.

Chapel leaves, as McCoy reaches over and snaps shut the viewer. Xon, not even bothering to see who did it, simply switches it back on again.

MCCOY

(continuing; hard)
Off, Lieutenant. Turn it off...!

And McCoy again switches off the viewer. Now Xon does turn, regards McCoy a cool instant, then glances at Kirk, nods politely.

XON

Good evening, sir. You'll be interested to know that I have compiled all the data the alien managed to receive from the computer before we cut it off.

KIRK

Before you did.

XON

(shrugs deprecatingly)
No vital information was passed: Some three thousand years of ancient Earth history -- and a portion of Enterprise personnel records. Also complete studies on Earth agriculture, animal life, and human anatomy.

KIRK

You're sure that's all he got?

XON

Absolutely, sir. He received no information concerning Starfleet, Earth defenses, or The Federation.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

KIRK

Then we lucked out...
 (a wry aside to McCoy)
 ...in that area, at least.

XON

No, sir; this may not be as fortunate
 as it seems.

KIRK

(straining for patience)
 Please, Lieutenant, no Vulcan
 riddles.

XON

When I mean to say, sir, is that I
 have concluded that on the basis of
 what information the alien did
 receive, he must now have determined
 that the same 'parasites' infecting
 the Enterprise also 'infect' Earth.
 Indeed, he may well believe they
 have taken over the planet -- the
 'Holy Home of The Creator' -- and
 his duty is to rid the planet of
 that plague.

MCCOY

Now we're a 'plague'...

XON

(bland, to McCoy)
 Yes, sir...
 (to Kirk)
 If you will excuse me, Captain,
 I'll continue my computations --

And he switches on the viewer again, punching buttons,
 etc. and is immediately lost in his studies. Kirk looks
 grimly at McCoy, then turns and starts leaving. McCoy
 calls after him:

MCCOY

Jim. I want to talk to you.

171 ANOTHER AREA OF SICKBAY

171

as Kirk stands waiting for McCoy to join him.

MCCOY

I want you to get some rest, too,
 Jim.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

KIRK

'Rest'? An alien ship the size of Manhattan Island is heading for earth -- taking us along with it; it's captured one of our crew members. And you want me to 'rest'?

MCCOY

You won't do us any good if you collapse from nervous exhaustion.

KIRK

I'll be all right...

He moves to leave, but McCoy pulls him back:

MCCOY

(gentle, but firm)
Don't make me invoke my Medical Officer's prerogative, Captain.
(fast, as a friend)
Jim, please...

Kirk peers at him a moment, then nods.

KIRK

All right.

And he grasps McCoy's elbow gratefully, turns and leaves. McCoy stands gazing worriedly after him a moment, then turns and glances into the:

172 HOSPITAL AREA

172

where he can see Xon engrossed in the viewer. McCoy strides over to Xon's bed.

MCCOY

Did the information the computer gave the alien include any explanation about how one young Lieutenant Junior Grade could absorb an electrical charge that would kill two ordinary men...?!

XON

(cool)
Vulcan stamina -- in comparison to human stamina -- is universally known and accepted, doctor.

MCCOY

So is their pigheadedness.

(CONTINUED)

- 172 CONTINUED: 172
- And McCoy switches off the viewer, swings it away from Xon, and strides from the room.
- 173 INT. KIRK'S QUARTERS 173
- SHOWING, first, the small personal viewer screen on which is flashing a set of calculations. PULL BACK SLIGHTLY TO FIND Kirk -- slumped over the desk, fast asleep. He's wearing a leisure suit, had obviously followed McCoy's orders (to rest), and had fallen asleep out of exhaustion.
- 174 ACROSS KIRK TO THE WALL 174
- where, reflected from another room, we HEAR A STATIC CRACKLE, and SEE a FLASH OF TURQUOISE LIGHT. The effect awakens Kirk, who peers sleepily at the viewer, assumes this is what awakened him, turns it off and rises and starts across the room toward his bed.
- 175 AT THE BED - ANGLE ON THE BATHROOM DOOR 175
- as Kirk reaches the bed, and all at once hears the sonic shower (in the bathroom) splatter on. Alert instantly, Kirk peers into the bathroom, steps into it, and sees an incredible sight:
- 176 WHAT KIRK SEES - A NAKED FEMALE FORM IN THE SHOWER STALL 176
- through the stall's translucent glass door. An instant's hesitation, then he slides open the glass door. And now, truly, he is incredulous. He is looking at:
- 177 ILIA 177
- naked, standing in the sonic mist.
- ILIA
(pleasant, casual)
Good evening, captain... may I borrow
your robe, please...?
- She indicates Kirk's robe hanging near the door. He hands it to her, momentarily speechless (not to mention slightly awed at her lovely body). Ilia smiles, continues:

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

ILIA
 (continuing; as she
 puts robe on)
 The multi-cellular casting I left my
 form at night temperature. This
 has now cooled it to what you
 consider normal.

KIRK
 You're what? Something using
 Lieutenant Ilia's form.

ILIA
 And functioning perfectly.

178 PAST ILIA TO KIRK

178

as she opens her robe, displaying herself to Kirk, and
 continues:

ILIA
 As you can observe, an exact
 duplication.

It is interrupted by the quiet, STACCATO CHIMES of the
 door annunciator. Kirk whirls to face the door (across
 the room), to see:

179 MCCOY

179

entering, not immediately noticing.

180 ILIA - AS MCCOY SEES HER

180

partially shadowed, so he at first only discerns a female
 in a robe.

MCCOY
 (disapprovingly)
 I ordered you to rest, captain; I
 don't recall advising any other
 form of therapy...
 (now sees Ilia, reacts)
 ...Lieutenant Ilia...!

ILIA
 (pleasant, casual)
 Good evening, doctor. But I'm called
 'Tasha,' not Ilia.

KIRK
 Tasha...?!

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

ILIA

Yes, isn't that the name you gave me?

Kirk and McCoy exchange glances, and then McCoy steps forward and examines Ilia's eyes -- her face -- skin.

MCCOY

(to Kirk)

Tasha... the sensor probe?

(indicating)

The three legged metallic thing...?

ILIA

(pleasantly)

I am a perfect reproduction of the original Ilia. I can perform any of her functions...

(reaches out to caress

Kirk)

May I demonstrate...?

Kirk steps away from her, as Ilia continues:

ILIA

I've been given a new body to facilitate communicating with you.

MCCOY

In the shower...?

181 ANGLE ON KIRK

181

as he steps to his desk, produces a tricorder, switches it on and reads the results. His face reveals it; he hands the unit to McCoy, who also reads the scope.

MCCOY

Non-human life form.

ILIA

(pleasantly)

You see...?

KIRK

(to Ilia)

How is it you didn't trigger the intruder alert system?

ILIA

(pleasant smile)

The circuits are quite simple to bypass.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

Kirk moves to the intercom, switches it on, speaks:

KIRK
Engineering. Kirk.
(into intercom)
...Scottie, program an alternate
circuit into the intruder alert net --

SCOTT (V.O.)
Aye, sir. Are we expecting more
visitors?

KIRK
I wouldn't doubt it. Kirk out.

182 ACROSS KIRK TO MCCOY AND ILIA

182

As Kirk turns from the intercom and sees McCoy, in utter fascination, examining Ilia again: feeling her skin, peering into her eyes, moving her limbs, scanning with the tricorder.

MCCOY
Incredible...!

And he now switches on the intercom, speaks into it:

MCCOY
(continuing; into
intercom)
Lieutenant Chapel... bring a portable
scanner and metabolic-recorder to
the Captain's quarters at once,
please.

CHAPEL (V.O.)
(with urgency)
I'm on my way...

KIRK
(to McCoy)
The Science Officer --

MCCOY
(into intercom)
...and bring Lieutenant Xon with
you.

183 INT. SICKBAY

183

with Chapel at the intercom, AD LIBBING into it "Yes, sir," switching it off, and stepping into the:

184 HOSPITAL AREA 184

where Xon, as might be expected, is studying his viewer. He glances up, awaits what he expects to be a reprimand. She whispers tersely into his ear:

CHAPEL

Get dressed, Lieutenant. I think something's happened to the captain.

Chapel leaves the area, CAMERA WITH her, to a storage area. She removes two small medikits, prepares to leave, glances behind her as Xon emerges from the hospital area. He takes the kits from her, and they hurry from Sickbay. They are both very grim.

185 INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR 185

as it opens, and Chapel and Xon emerge, start down the corridor, to:

186 KIRK'S QUARTERS 186

where the door slides open immediately.

187 INT. KIRK'S QUARTERS 187

as Chapel and Xon enter.

McCoy takes the medikits from Xon, begins opening them. At the same time Chapel is bemused seeing Kirk apparently in fine health; she really pays no attention to Ilia, but Xon is regarding Ilia quite curiously.

CHAPEL

You don't look ill to me, captain --
(now realizes Ilia is
back)
Ilia, you're back; thank God!

ILIA

(pleasantly)
Good evening, Dr. Chapel. Good evening, Lieutenant Xon.

CHAPEL

(confused)
I don't understand: who's sick?

188 ANOTHER ANGLE - MCCOY

188

The instruments assembled -- they will resemble small, flat readout screen units, which when placed over a patient will instantly reveal vital signs, readings, evaluations; blood counts, etc. McCoy gestures to Ilia:

MCCOY

Would you mind getting on the bed...?

ILIA

(pleasantly)

Not at all.

And Ilia lies on the bed, as McCoy adjusts the instruments. Now, quickly, he scans her body, while the other device records her metabolism, flashes the results on the screen.

Chapel steps over and reads the scanner, reacts with disbelief.

MCCOY

The skin is synthetic, but absolutely ingenious.

(to Chapel)

Look at this: microminiature heating elements, sensors, relays.

(to Kirk, to have a look)

Jim ... Xon ...

Kirk and Xon view the scanner, as Ilia helpfully says:

ILIA

There is also a network of micro-pumps.

MCCOY

(studying scanner)

My God ...

189 THEIR POV - CLOSE SHOT - THE SCANNER (OR VIEWER)

189

A portion of Ilia's insides, all the intricate machinery. (PRODUCTION NOTE: we'll show only as much as is practicable for the Art Department.) McCoy is unendingly fascinated:

MCCOY

(clinically)

... every epidermal function is duplicated, even to eye moisture.

(CONTINUED)

The examination continues a few more moments, then McCoy finishes. (Throughout the examination Xon is silent, clearly intrigued with the android, and attempting to evaluate all factors.)

MCCOY

(to Ilia)

You can sit up now ...

(to Chapel)

Take the equipment back -- and say nothing of this to anybody.

(to Kirk, as Chapel complies)

It's the most perfect android I've ever seen.

(to Ilia)

The question is: what do we do with you?

ILIA

You may do anything you please.

That is, Captain Kirk may.

Chapel, just packing away the equipment and preparing to leave, reacts at this remark, glances interestingly at Kirk:

CHAPEL

I'd appreciate a report on whatever you... 'do'... with her, Captain.

KIRK

Yes, I'm sure you would, Lieutenant. Thank you for your interest.

And he glares at Chapel a beat; she leaves. Ilia is seated comfortably on the bed edge facing them. She waits patiently, politely for the men to resume their interrogation. Kirk and McCoy glance at each other, perplexed, then Kirk addresses Xon:

KIRK

(continuing)

Well, Mr. Xon, what do we do with her?

XON

I would suggest first, sir, that we find her some appropriate clothing.

(to Ilia)

Where is the real Lieutenant Ilia?

MCCOY

We asked her that: she said Ilia has ceased to function.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: (2)

189

XON
 (a beat, then to Ilia)
 She has ceased to exist...?

ILIA
 (pleasantly)
 She has been di sassembl ed.

A moment as the grim meaning of this is absorbed. THEN:

XON
 Why have you been sent here?

ILIA
 To learn more about the servo-units
 inhabiting USS Enterprise.

MCCOY
 Servo-units ... ?

KIRK
 The 'parasites,' Bones. Us.

McCoy reacts appropriately, as Xon continues to Kirk:

XON
 Obviously, sir, the alien has
 determined that the... 'servo-units'
 on the Enterprise are considerably
 more complicated than he suspected.
 A memory scan analysis of Lieutenant
 Ilia probably revealed an acute
 awareness of Captain Kirk...
 (delicately)
 ...the Deltan sensuality, of course.
 So they reproduced her, assuming --
 quite logically -- that a
 relationship with Captain Kirk was
 the most expeditious means of
 learning more about us.

MCCOY
 (wry amusement)
 A 'relationship with Captain Kirk,'
 eh...? Chapel was right: that will
 be interesting...!

KIRK
 Shut up, Bones.
 (to Ilia)
 Exactly what are you supposed to
 learn from me...?

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: (3)

189

ILIA

Why USS Enterprise considers the servo-units so vital to its existence. Ve-jur is anxious for this knowledge.

XON

'Ve-jur'...? Is that the name of your ship?

ILIA

That is its name: Ve-jur.

MCCOY

Ve-jur: well, at least we can stop calling it 'it'.

190 ANGLE ON THE INTERCOM - VIEWER

190

as the AUDIAL SIGNAL is HEARD, and then Scott's image appears on the screen:

SCOTT

(on Viewer)

Captain... I can give you full power now, sir.

Kirk glances at Xon, then speaks into the intercom:

KIRK

Thank you, Mr. Scott. Stand by.

(to Ilia)

Would you mind staying here with Doctor McCoy while Mr. Xon and I go to the bridge...?

(forced smile)

We'll only be a few minutes.

191 FAVORING MCCOY

191

Reacting to the announcement that he's staying with Ilia.

ILIA

(pleasant)

That will be quite satisfactory.

And Kirk gestures Xon to leave the room. They start out. Kirk glancing back at McCoy, who is regarding Ilia nervously as she reaches out a hand and begins touching his face with the Deltan soothing caress.

192 INT. CORRIDOR 192

as Kirk and Xon emerge from Kirk's quarters, start toward the elevator; they step in, the doors close behind them.

193 INT. ELEVATOR 193

Kirk and Xon getting in, the elevator doors closing.

KIRK
(to annunciator)
Bridge...
(to Xon)
Evaluation, Mr. Xon.

XON
Our situation is untenable, captain.

KIRK
(exasperated)
Mr. Xon, what I don't require from you is confirmation of the obvious...! What I do require is a solution.

XON
You requested an evaluation, sir.

KIRK
(more exasperated)
Of the possible solution...!

XON
Yes, sir. In point of fact, sir, while the mission of the android is to gain further knowledge about us, she represents what we lack most: information concerning the alien, its intentions, and specifies regarding Earth being the Holy Home of The Creator.

KIRK
And just how do we get this information from her...?

XON
I would say, sir, by cooperating with her...
(as Kirk peers at him; explains)
...by entering into a...
'relationship' with her.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: 193

Kirk is still peering narrowly, incredulously, at him, when the elevator doors open, and they have arrived at the:

194 INT. BRIDGE 194

with Kirk peering at Xon another instant, then entering the bridge, Xon following. Decker is in the command chair, Sulu at the helm, Chekov at the Navigator's position. Uhura at communications.

On the viewing screen is the omnipresent image of the alien ship that holds the Enterprise. Kirk steps to the Command chair, gestures Decker down as Decker starts rising to give up the conn to Kirk.

KIRK

Status, Mr. Decker.

DECKER

We are still held in a maximum tractor beam, captain, proceeding on a direct earth heading at Warp six point two.

KIRK

Has engineering informed you that full power is now available?

DECKER

Yes, sir. But I don't think we'd have a chance trying to break his tractor beam.

195 ACROSS THEM TO XON 195

who is at his Science Station, peering into his hooded viewer.

KIRK

Mr. Xon...

(as Xon looks up)

In your opinion, is a full power attempt to break the tractor beam advisable?

XON

In my opinion, sir such an attempt would merely antagonize and provoke the alien. I advise against it.

Kirk nods acknowledgingly, then addresses Chekov:

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

KIRK
Mr. Chekov...?

CHEKOV
I agree, Captain.

Kirk thinks a moment, then switches on the intercom:

KIRK
(into intercom)
Engineering... Scottie, can you give us just enough power for a subspace transmission to Starfleet without the alien's sensors mistaking it for a full power breakaway?

SCOTT (V.O.)
It'll have to be done in under fifteen seconds, captain.

196 ACROSS KIRK TO UHURA

196

as he glances at her, and she nods:

UHURA
I can pre-tape it, Captain, and send it at ultra high speed.

KIRK
(to Uhura)
Transmit our logs and reports. But warn Starfleet not to reply; the alien could seize the channel and infiltrate Starfleet's computer.

Uhura nods, starts swiveling around to commence her work, when suddenly she does a double take; her eyes widen in disbelief as she peers at something O.S.

197 ON SULU

197

Reacting similarly, peering O.S.

SULU
Ilia...!

198 WIDEN TO INCLUDE ILIA

198

and McCoy, just entering; McCoy quite chagrined, and immediately starts explaining to Kirk:

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

MCCOY

She insisted on coming up here --

UHURA

(pleased)

Ilia, you're all right...

ILIA

Oh, yes, I'm fine.

KIRK

(grim)

This is not Lieutenant Ilia...

Ladies and gentlemen...

(as all react)

...meet... Tasha.

199 INT. ENGINE ROOM

199

Scott at the console intercom:

SCOTT

(into intercom)

All right, Captain, I can give you
subspace communication power now.
But fifteen seconds only, sir.

200 INT. BRIDGE

200

Everyone studying Ilia, obviously now having been
informed of the truth about her by Kirk, who is just
speaking into the intercom:

KIRK

(into intercom)

Stand by, Mr. Scott...

(to Uhura)

Are you ready, Commander?

UHURA

(with a glance at
Ilia)

Ready.

KIRK

Open the frequency.

And Uhura peers at Ilia just one more beat, then turns
and begins transmitting the message.

201 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE COMMAND CENTER

201

where Ilia has stepped over to Sulu, and placed her hand on his forehead in a Deltan soothe.

SULU
(quiet, incredulous)
I don't believe it...

ILIA
(pleasantly)
I can do anything the original can --
better.

Sulu and Chekov exchange glances, and you can almost read Sulu's mind: he'd love to experiment. He holds Ilia's hand, strokes it, feels the flesh-like covering. And then all at once Ilia stiffens, removes her hand from Sulu's, turns and faces Kirk:

ILIA
(to Kirk)
Ve-jur wishes to know why this servo
unit...
(indicates Uhura)
...is signaling the third planet.

Kirk and Xon look at each other: this is another life-and-death question.

202 UHURA

202

completing the transmission.

UHURA
Message transmitted, Captain.

KIRK
(into intercom)
Engineering... shut it down, Mr.
Scott. Thank you.
(to Ilia)
The third planet must be informed
of Ve-jur's arrival.

Ilia again appears to be in brief, intense concentration (she is receiving signals from Ve-jur). Then:

ILIA
Vejur suspects that the servo-units
have somehow gained control over
USS Enterprise.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

ILIA (CONT'D)

If this is so, it indicates the servo-units have also gained control over superior lifeforms on the third planet.

203 ACROSS THEM TO XON

203

who seems to have suddenly reacted at a reading in his viewer:

XON

Captain... the tractor beam is fading.

204 SULU

204

also reacting, working his controls.

SULU

The helm, sir...! We have control of the vessel.

Decker is at the intercom instantly:

DECKER

(into intercom)

Engineering... start the main engines...!

KIRK

(to Decker)

Warp 6, so we can keep up with him.

DECKER

(into intercom)

Accelerate to Warp 6 immediately...!

(to Kirk)

I think we should go to Warp 7, captain; if he's releasing us, we ought to get as far away from him as we can!

KIRK

I want to stay with him; until we find out how to deal with him!

205 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE AND THE ALIEN

205

SHOWING the Enterprise still quite close -- as before -- to the alien, but now perceptibly edging away, although remaining on the same course.

206 INT. BRIDGE - FAVORING ILIA

206

concentrating again, as all the activity goes on around her. Then, with that same pleasant blandness, she announces:

ILIA

Ve-jur is releasing USS Enterprise as evidence of Ve-jur's good faith, and awaits similar evidence from USS Enterprise.

KIRK

How may we demonstrate this evidence?

ILIA

By acceptance of the Creator, and The Creator's wisdom.

KIRK

We do.

ILIA

(shakes her head)

No; you've denied that the third planet is the Holy Home.

207 PAST THEM TO THE VIEWER

207

The giant ship on the screen, seemingly slightly smaller now than we have been seeing it.

Kirk peers at Ilia a moment, then at the screen.

KIRK

(eyes on screen)

Mr. Decker... Maneuver away. See how far he'll let us go.

DECKER

Two degrees reverse tangent.

SULU

Two degrees reverse tangent.

208 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE AND THE ALIEN

208

the little Enterprise now moving perceptibly away, maintaining the same heading and speed, but widening the distance between it and the alien.

209 INT. BRIDGE - FAVORING THE VIEWER

209

as Kirk and the others study the screen, the slowly receding image of the alien.

KIRK

(to Sulu)

Hold here...

(to Decker)

He is releasing us.

(to Ilia)

How can we convince him of our acceptance?

210 ANGLE ON ILIA

210

as she is again concentrating. Then:

ILIA

Ve-jur is prepared to show Captain Kirk and one other servo-unit proof of the Holy Home.

KIRK

When?

ILIA

You may beam over whenever you're ready. I'll accompany you.

CHEKOV

(dubious)

All of a sudden, just like that...! Captain, I think you would be very foolish to do it.

KIRK

(wry)

Commander, I agree...

(to Xon)

Lieutenant Xon, would you consider volunteering to see the inside of Ve-jur...?

XON

Yes, sir!

KIRK

You just did...

(to Decker)

You're in command, Will.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

KIRK (CONT'D)

If we lose contact for any period longer than ten minutes... you'll proceed at maximum speed to earth. Contact from me, not any replica --

Decker rises from the chair to face Kirk, addresses him quietly so they cannot be overheard:

DECKER

A command lesson, captain: your place is here, on the Enterprise.

Kirk peers at him angrily, then softens.

KIRK

You're right. But I'm the guest of honor -- I have to go.
(into intercom)
Three to beam, Scottie.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Three to beam...? Beam where, sir?

Kirk looks at Xon, then Decker -- then at Ilia. Then he laughs unhumorously:

KIRK

(into intercom)
I wish I knew.

211 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

211

Scott at the console, preparing the unit -- and peering at some very interesting readings just coming in. At that moment, Kirk, Xon, and Ilia enter.

SCOTT

Captain, you won't need life support system belts after all.
(indicates console)
There's a gravitational field forming inside the alien ship ... !
(reads further)
And an oxygen atmosphere envelope!

As the three step onto the platform, Ilia says:

ILIA

Please set for coordinates 432 point 6 point 5, Mr. Scott.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONTINUED:

211

SCOTT

Well, that's a help: now I won't have to worry about not putting you square inside the oxygen... are you ready, sir?

Kirk glances at Xon, who nods.

KIRK

(a beat)
Energize.

SCOTT

Good luck, sir.

Scott moves the controls. The SHIMMERING EFFECT, and in an instant the three forms are dematerializing. Scott waits another instant, then speaks into the intercom:

SCOTT

(continuing; into intercom)
Bridge... they're beamed over, safe and sound.

212 EXT. SPACE - FULL ON ALIEN SHIP

212

just to remind us of the awesome immensity.

213 INT. ALIEN SHIP - CLOSE SHOT OF THE THREE AS THEY ARRIVE

213

the SHIMMERING EFFECT, as the three forms materialize.

They are FACING the CAMERA, and for the moment they seem to be standing against a gigantic metallic wall. O.S. you can HEAR MACHINE SOUNDS (Steady throbbing, humming) and the SOUNDS OF COMPUTERS. Ilia's face reveals no emotion -but Kirk's eyes are wide in disbelief. And Xon, for all his Vulcan restraint, cannot help reacting to a sight so incredible it defies any imagination.

214 WHAT THEY ARE SEEING - THE ALIEN SHIP INTERIOR

214

a vista so huge, so magnificent. it equals in scale and emotional impact the exterior size. We are inside a massive cavern whose ceiling rises as high as the eye can see. Whose length and dimensions seem to stretch on into infinity.

(CONTINUED)

- 214 CONTINUED: 214
- Nearby is a large object resembling a condenser, but with coils rising higher than "the greatest skyscraper. Through coils rush a never-ending surge of energy, multi-colored, blinding, beautiful in its awesomeness. And with it that continual SOUND, MACHINE SOUND.
- The interior is lined, gracefully, with miles of sophisticated mechanisms, power conduits, opaque tubing carrying endless surges of flashing energy plasma -- obviously flowing from one end of the ship to the other.
- 215 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE THREE IN THE SHIP 215
- standing atop an energy tube, Lilliputians in a world whose size dwarfs that of a hundred Gullivers.
- 216 CLOSER ON THE THREE 216
- as they marvel at the intelligence that created this machine. Neither Kirk or Xon speak; words are superfluous. Finally Ilia breaks the silence:
- ILIA
(pleasantly)
Follow me, please...
- And she sets out, walking atop the tube, headed apparently into the machine wonderland that stretches endlessly before them. They follow.
- 217 MOVING THROUGH THE MACHINE - VARIOUS SHOTS AND POVS 217
- the three tiny figures plodding through the vastness.
- Past other machine devices, each with their own unique color, movement, and SOUND. Now and then both Kirk and Xon stop to gaze up, or behind, or ahead -- and never fail to marvel. Soon they approach a:
- 218 GELATINOUS-PLASMA MASS - FROM A DISTANCE 218
- the mass at first obscure, swirling about, obviously self-contained. As they move closer, Ilia points to the mass.
- 219 CLOSER - LIFE SIZE 219
- as Xon and Kirk follow Ilia's hand, and see within the mass a sight that is perhaps more unbelievable than any thus far.

220 WHAT THEY SEE - ILIA FLOATING INSIDE THE MASS

220

the real Ilia, eyes closed, floating within the mass as though buoyed on a bed of air. Her eyes are closed; she is either asleep -- or dead. Kirk and Xon move closer to study her:

XON

I'm afraid she's dead, Captain.

KIRK

(to Ilia)
Is she?

ILIA

(nods)
That servo-unit has ceased functioning.

KIRK

Could we take her back with us?

ILIA

The form is being preserved for further study.

KIRK

It's possible we can still repair it somehow.

ILIA

(surprised)
But why? You have me. And my construction is stronger -- and much more useful.

XON

But you are not like us.

ILIA

All the better. I will never wear out...

(quickly)

Come, I'll show you the Creator.

And she sets off, Kirk and Xon following, but both glancing back regretfully at Ilia's body, gently rocking about in the billowing plasma-mass.

221 ANOTHER QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE THREE WALKING

221

along the huge tube, dwarfed, past more machine devices inside the ship's cavernous interior.

222 CLOSER 222

as they walk, Xon continually gazing about in utter fascination. Ilia walks easily, with purpose, Kirk grimly, his mind whirling with a million thoughts, sights, plans. And then suddenly Kirk spies something in the far distance, narrows his eyes, peers at it -- then begins walking faster toward the object.

223 WHAT KIRK HAS SEEN - THE WRECKAGE 223

resembling, from a distance, a small, metallic object about the size of a 20th Century aircraft fuel drop tank. The rounded aluminum seems to be attached to -- or growing out of -- the side of the ship. Kirk hurries toward it now.

224 CLOSER ON THE OBJECT 224

as they reach it, Kirk and Xon exchanging glances, and both kneeling to examine the object. Xon scanning it with his tricorder.

The object once had been painted, paint flaking in the dozens of places where meteorites, dust, heat, other space hazards scarred it.

XON

(reading the tricorder)

Titanium base -

(recites metallic composition and paint structure)

These substances haven't been used since the early 21st Century --

But Kirk is not listening; he's gazing beyond this first object, to other, scattered sections of the same material, also apparently growing out of the stars hip wall and floor. He moves to examine these, and peers at one large section in disbelief:

225 WHAT KIRK SEES - THE PLAQUE 225

metallic-gold, part of a large section of the wreckage. And an inscription that reads:

V G R 18 NASA

(NOTE: the letters between V and G and R have been obliterated, as has much of the smaller writing under the diagram of the sun and planets.)

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED:

225

Xon has come over and gazes at the plaque with Kirk.
It takes a moment for Kirk to decipher the letters:

KIRK

VGR -- Ve-jur. Voyager...! Voyager
18. The first deep space probe
designed to send signals back from
beyond our solar system.

XON

Launched in 1996.

KIRK

It stopped transmitting only a few
weeks after it passed Jupiter.

XON

Yes sir, and all theoreticians agreed
it disappeared into a black hole.

KIRK

It must have; and entered hyper-
space and timelessness until it
came out the other side -- in a
part of the galaxy hundreds of
thousands of light years away...
(runs fingers over
other inscriptions)
Can you make out any of this...?

226 ANGLE ON ILIA

226

who has been calmly observing their reactions, now
replies before Xon has a chance to speak:

ILIA

Those are the Holy Writings. The
Creator's Message.

XON

(to Kirk)
Obviously, it is a description of
the probe's purpose, and its origin --

KIRK

(indicating earth on
the plaque)
-- The third planet.

XON

And N-A-S-A of course is NASA, the
old National Aeronautics and Space
Administration agency.

(CONTINUED)

ILIA

Glory to Nasa.

KIRK

They don't realize it was us -- the humans on earth -- who built Voyager 18...

(to Ilia)

If Ve-jur destroys the servo-units on the third planet, he will be destroying those who created him.

Instantly, out of nowhere, there is a greenish-white stream of laser fire, and an electrical crackle, the beam shooting into Kirk's chest. It knocks him down, writhing in pain.

XON

(moving to help)
Captain...

ILIA

(calmly)
Ve-jur punishes those who lie.

XON

It is not a --

But Kirk manages to weakly reach up and clap his hand over Xon's lips, and at the same time he speaks to Ilia.

KIRK

I meant no insult.

ILIA

Ve-jur is satisfied that the servo-units do not accept The Creator. You will return to USS Enterprise, and resume your journey to the third planet. There, you are to advise the higher lifeforms of Ve-jur's arrival, and the return of The Creator.

KIRK

'Higher life forms' -- machines.

XON

Yes, sir; machines.

Kirk gazes around him just an instant, then struggles to his feet, opening his wrist communicator:

226 CONTINUED: (2) 226

KIRK
(into communicator)
Kirk to Enterprise.

227 INT. BRIDGE 227

at the Command Center, everyone reacts to Kirk's voice. Decker punches the communicator transmit control, speaks:

DECKER
Captain, are you all right?

KIRK'S VOICE
Yes, we're all right.

Please inform the transporter room to beam us back immediately from these coordinates.

SCOTT'S VOICE
I've got them fixed, Commander.
Stand by, Captain, for beaming --

228 INT. ALIEN SHIP KIRK 228

as he continues into the communicator:

KIRK
Hold it, Scottie... Decker, have Uhura signal Starfleet that we need absolute proof of the existence of NASA in the 20th Century, and details of the planning, construction, and launching of the Voyager 18 probe --

Kirk hesitates, nearly flinches as though waiting for another laser bolt to strike him. But no reaction from Ve-jur.

KIRK
(continuing; into
communicator)
All right, beam us over.

229 INT. ALIEN SHIP - FULL SHOT (TO SCALE) 229

showing, again, the awesome magnitude of the vessel. And the THREE SMALL FIGURES (Kirk, Xon, Ilia), standing near the Voyager 18wreckage. Then the SHIMMERING EFFECT, and they are gone. The CAMERA HOLDS on the vastness of the alien interior, the obvious power of it all. The intelligence and might of this machine can be matched by nothing we know of on earth.

230 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

230

streaking through space -- alone now, the giant alien having released us. OVER this we HEAR:

KIRK'S VOICE

Captain's Log, Stardate 7421.6. In three hours we enter earth's orbit. The giant starship Ve-Jur or Voyager, is five hours behind us, having allowed us that time to prepare 'higher life forms' for its arrival... and, apparently, the destruction of 'lesser life forms'.
(dryly)
Human beings ...

231 INT. BRIEFING ROOM

231

with Kirk, Xon, Scott, McCoy -- and Ilia -seated around the table. The CAMERA PANS around the room, lingering a moment on each face, as Kirk's VOICE continues:

KIRK'S VOICE

Although the presence of the android Tasha/Ilia is for the clear purpose of providing Ve-jur a constant flow of information about us... we dare not obstruct her for fear of provoking Ve-jur into an immediate and catastrophic attack on earth...

232 FAVORING XON AND ILIA

232

seated near each other, Xon talking, as Kirk's VOICE continues:

KIRK'S VOICE

Tasha/Ilia has, however, been of considerable assistance in helping us compile and correlate facts pertaining to Ve-jur. Between her and Mr. Xon, who has repaired our main computer, a fascinating yet perfectly credible hypothesis has been formed.

End of Log.

XON

... The living machines inhabiting Ve-jur's planet have existed for
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

232

XON (CONT' D)

eons. But some three hundred years ago -- for reasons which even Tasha is not sure --

ILIA

-- The Time of the Trouble.

XON

Yes, The Time of the Trouble: a series of natural disasters, perhaps. Or perhaps the disappearance of the metal alloys the machines constructed themselves with. What ever it was, the civilization began decaying.

ILIA

And then the Holy One arrived.

XON

The Holy One -- Voyager 18. Crippled, barely operative, it landed on the machine planet. And while by the standards of the living machines, Voyager 18 was extremely primitive, it carried within it a regenerative spark. It revitalized the entire race. And 300 years later, having now attained star travel capability, they set out to reach the distant planet from which had come their Savior.

ILIA

Glory to Nasa for sending its Son, and its Message.

MCCOY

But why is the message 'Destroy All Life On Earth'...?!

ILIA

Because if servo-units like yourselves control such beings as USS Enterprise -- and infest the third planet in a similar fashion -- isn't it obvious the Holy Home must be cleansed?

(pleasantly)

Surely, you can understand this...?

McCoy is too exasperated to reply, glances at Kirk, but just then:

233 ANGLE ON THE TABLE VIEWER

233

as we HEAR the audial signal. Kirk switches it on, and Sul u's face appears on the viewer:

SULU

Earth orbit minus 21 minutes,
Captain. We're being hailed by the
light cruiser Delphi.

KIRK

(into intercom)

Delphi is the only Starship to hail
us?

SULU

The Paris and the Boston are two
days out, sir. Everything else is
more than five days.

SCOTT

(to Kirk)

A light cruiser, Captain; going up
against that behemoth would be like
a mosquito swatting an elephant...!

MCCOY

(dry, to Scott)

The Enterprise is the strongest
vessel in the fleet, Mr. Scott, and
if I remember, we didn't exactly
frighten Ve-jur to death --

KIRK

(into intercom)

Instruct Delphi to lay in an
interception course on us -- and
hold. They're to go to Yellow Alert,
and program a stop into any main
computer external transmissions ...

(switches off intercom;
to Scott)

How far off target would you be,
beaming from orbit?

SCOTT

Where's the target?

234 ACROSS KIRK TO ILIA

234

as he glances at her, and replies to Scott.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

KIRK
Starfleet Command, the Archives
Building.

SCOTT
(unhumorous laugh)
From orbit, Captain, I couldn't
guarantee anything closer than the
North Pole. At perigee, we're 22,000
miles, you know.

KIRK
Suppose there was a relay station?
In sub-orbit?

SCOTT
So long as it wasn't more than 16,000
miles from us -- and from the target.

235 ANGLE ON THE VIEWER

235

as Kirk switches it on, and again Uhura's face appears.

KIRK
(into intercom)
Commander Uhura, signal Delphi to
disregard our previous course
instruction. They are to proceed
to a suborbital pattern not to exceed
15,000 miles, and prepare to receive
two for beaming...
(switches off; to
Scott)
We'll relay from the Delphi.

MCCOY
Who's 'we,' Jim?

KIRK
Tasha and I. She'll see for herself
the Voyager 18 records, and inform
Ve-jur.

236 ON ILIA

236

as she smiles pleasantly.

237 INT. KIRK'S QUARTERS

237

as the door opens, and Kirk and Ilia enter.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED:

237

He crosses to his desk, touches the viewer console buttons -- and immediately various computations appear on the screen. Ilia watches interestedly.

ILIA

You're programming your log into the computer.

KIRK

(chagrined)
Standard procedure.

He turns to resume, but stops abruptly, as Ilia in her most seductive Deltan manner places her hands on his cheek.

ILIA

I saw male and female servo-units touching and caressing each other. I'd like to try it.

KIRK

I don't think you'd appreciate it.

ILIA

Wouldn't I...?

And without another word, she throws her arms around him, draws his face down to hers -- and kisses him. Kirk is so startled he is frozen-for a moment only. Tasha/Ilia is so life-like and real that he's nearly carried away. He pushes her gently from him.

KIRK

(flustered)
You really are a fine reproduction.

ILIA

I told you I was. Could we try it again?

KIRK

(backing off)
There are other things to a relationship.

ILIA

But not as pleasant.

Kirk peers at her a moment.

KIRK

How could you know that?

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: (2) 237

ILIA
I feel it.

KIRK
You 'feel' ...?

238 FAVORING ILIA 238

as she appears momentarily confused, almost startled. She smiles weakly at him.

ILIA
That's not very logical, is it?

They stand gazing at each other a moment, and in her eyes there is a very human spark. Kirk cannot help but perceive it, and it seems to bemuse him as much as her. And then the moment is broken by:

239 THE TABLE VIEWER 239

emitting the AUDIO SIGNAL. For just one more moment Kirk does not move, stands studying Ilia. The SIGNAL SOUNDS again, and Kirk reaches to switch it on. Scott's face appears:

SCOTT
We're ready to move into orbit, Captain. You'd best get down here to the Transporter Room.

KIRK
(into intercom)
On our way, Scottie.

He switches off the viewer, faces Ilia just one more moment.

ILIA
We'd better go.

Kirk looks at her, nods almost sadly.

240 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM 240

with Kirk facing Xon, Decker and McCoy, giving them final orders. Ilia is also here, waiting patiently. Scott is in the b.g., an earphone plugged into his ear. (He's communicating with the Delphi.)

240 CONTINUED:

240

KIRK
 (from the start)
 ...And you, Mr. Xon, you'll program
 the main computer to place the entire
 vessel into a self-destruct mode
 upon proper signal.

XON
 Yes, sir.

KIRK
 (to Decker)
 You'll give that signal, Will, at
 your discretion. No matter what
 happens, the Enterprise's memory
 banks mustn't fall into Ve-jur's
 hands. The whole Federation will
 be jeopardized.

DECKER.
 I understand, Captain.

241 ANGLE ON SCOTT

241

putting down the earplug, stepping toward the control
 console.

SCOTT
 The Delphi is in beaming position
 now, Captain.

Kirk and Ilia step onto the transporter platform. He
 stands a moment studying his officers, and then his
 glance falls on McCoy. He smiles a little smile of
 encouragement at McCoy.

The two friends look at each other, realizing this may
 well be the last time. Then Kirk glances at Scott.

KIRK
 Energize.

Scott doesn't comply immediately, instead peers at Kirk --
 old comrades. Kirk nods at him. And Scott moves the
 controls.

SCOTT
 Energi zing.

Kirk and Ilia stand waiting -- then the SHIMMERING
 EFFECT, and in an instant they have dematerialized.
 The men stand gazing at the empty platform.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

SCOTT
 (continuing; muttering
 to himself)
 I only hope the Delphi transporter
 officer knows what he's doing.

242 INT. DELPHI TRANSPORTER ROOM (REDRESS OF ENTERPRISE ROOM)

242

with the DELPHI CAPTAIN (a Commander), and the
 TRANSPORTER OFFICER (a Lieutenant) at the console
 controls. Now the SHIMMERING EFFECT, and Kirk and Ilia
 materialize. Both Delphi officers cannot help an
 admiring reaction at the sight of Ilia.

DELPHI CAPTAIN
 Admiral Kirk... welcome aboard.

KIRK
 Thank you, Commander. Are you ready
 to relay?

DELPHI CAPTAIN
 Yes, sir. Starfleet has requested
 we beam you directly to Admiral
 Nogura's office.

KIRK
 Very well.

TRANSPORTER OFFICER
 Sir, we're in a parallel pattern
 over earth, so we won't lose the
 target. Perhaps you and the young
 lady might like a few minutes
 rest...?

KIRK
 No, we --

243 ACROSS KIRK TO ILIA

243

as he pauses abruptly, peers at her, an idea forming.

KIRK
 ...Lieutenant, can you put us down,
 in Union Square Park..?

TRANSPORTER OFFICER
 (bemused)
 Yes, certainly...

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

KIRK

I think it might be helpful for the young lady to get a first hand look at life on earth. Maintain your parallel pattern, and inform Admiral Nogura I'll meet him at the Archives Building in thirty minutes. Energize.

244 EXT. EARTH - UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY (PAN SHOT)

244

The same park Kirk and McCoy were in in Scene #16. CHILDREN, as before, cavorting, playing with 'wild' animals. OLDER PEOPLE (whose faces might betray their years, but whose bodies and attitudes are young). And various competitive games. And the groves of trees... and slightly beyond, the ocean. A sleek hovercraft will be skimming along the water, near shore. The hydrofoil's decks contain perhaps a FEW DOZEN PEOPLE.

Now, in the midst of all this, Kirk and Ilia MATERIALIZE. But no one has seen them in the act of materializing, so that when a group of CHILDREN runs past them, no one pays the many attention -- but for one SMALL BOY. He stops and gazes up at Kirk, points to the uniform:

BOY

Are you with Starfleet...?

KIRK

(forced smile)
Sometimes.

BOY

(touches Kirk's stripes)
You're an officer. That's what I want to be when I grow up.

And with that, the Boy AD-LIBS "'Bye..." and rushes off to join his friends. Ilia has been peering incredulously at the Boy.

ILIA

When he 'grows up'...?

KIRK

We 'servo-units' begin life very tiny...
(indicates with hands)
...then we grow to full size. It takes a number of years.

ILIA

And the internal mechanisms also grow...?

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

244

KIRK

Oh, yes.

Ilia glances around now at the various activity -- the people -- and for the first time seems to view them reflectively, as though now she doesn't quite understand. She also has a lost bland, accepting expression. She waves her hand around.

ILIA

The servo-units live in places like this...?

KIRK

This is where they relax. Let me show you.

And he takes her hand, begins guiding her through the park.

245 VARIOUS SHOTS AND POV'S - KIRK AND ILIA

245

walking through the park, observing the sights -- the people. The animals. Ilia is completely bemused with the animals, but follows Kirk's lead and gingerly pats a handsome sheep dog. The dog licks her fingers. Ilia is beginning to resemble a child continually delighted with new discoveries. And she is particularly entranced with vegetation. She touches the shrubs and smells the flowers.

Now and then, various PEOPLE (all in recreation/leisure garb) cast curious glances at the strange couple, but no one stops them to speak or query. In this century, our people have learned to accept the unusual and bizarre as normal. Live and let live.

246 AT THE BEACH

246

as Kirk and Ilia emerge from the wooded area, suddenly find themselves on the beach -- the surf crashing up phosphorescently, receding, crashing up. Ilia is fascinated with the water, kneels to allow the foaming surf to splash over her fingers. She scoops up sand, trickles it through her hands. And now she finds a piece of driftwood, picks it up, examines it.

ILIA

(indicating water,
sand, wood)

The servo-units made all this?

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

246

KIRK

They made none of it; nature did.

ILIA

Nature?

KIRK

The natural state of things and beings.

Ilia grips the driftwood, feels it.

ILIA

But if it isn't manufactured... it isn't perfect.

KIRK

(agreeing)

Nothing is perfect; not here. Nothing can be, because those who live here are themselves imperfect -- and always will be...

(faces her)

Can't you see the difference between us -- and other servo-units?

ILIA

A difference? How can there be a difference...?

Kirk peers at her frustratedly, then indicates the driftwood -- and then the ocean, and then the sand. The trees.

KIRK

This; all this is what makes it different.

247 ACROSS KIRK TO ILIA

247

as she seems to be gazing past him, her attention attracted by something O.S. She looks at him now.

ILIA

(coldly)

Yes, and that, too...!

She points O.S. Kirk turns to see:

248 WHAT ILIA IS LOOKING AT - THE HYDROFOIL

248

just now racing INTO SIGHT, the figures of people at the rail and on deck VISIBLE.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

248

ILIA

A machine -- employed as a transporter of servo-units!

KIRK

Ilia, we created that machine. Just as we created NASA, and your own Holy One. And it was people like us -- servo-units -- who must have created even the distant ancestors of Ve-jur.

ILIA

No...!

She hurls the driftwood to the sand, stares wildly at him one instant, then turns and starts running away. Kirk strides after her, catches her.

KIRK

Why can't you simply accept, or reject my statement? Why do you run away?

Ilia peers at him -- and no longer is that bland, pleasant expression in her eyes. Now, more than ever, they seem alive. And Troubled.

ILIA

I don't know.

And suddenly she hurls herself in his arms, buries her face in his chest. Clings to him. Kirk holds her a moment, then flips open his wrist communicator.

KIRK

(into communicator)
Kirk to Delphi.

DELPHI VOICE

Delphi.

KIRK

(into communicator)
Beam two from these coordinates to the Archives Building.

Kirk closes the communicator, looks down at the woman he holds in his arms. He pulls her even closer to him.

249 INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE - ANGLE ON THE VIEWER

249

Decker in the command chair, all other personnel at their stations. On the viewer is an image of earth.

(CONTINUED)

249 CONTINUED:

249

Uhura addresses Decker:

UHURA

Signal from the Delphi, Commander:
they've beamed Captain Kirk and the
android to the Archives Building.

250 ANGLE ON XON

250

who has been studying his hooded viewer, now looks up
grimly:

XON

The alien has moved into earth orbit,
sir.

DECKER

Location?

XON

Five thousand, two hundred kilometers
from our orbital position.

(a beat)

Commander... our sensors are picking
up an object ejected by the alien...!

It's proceeding away from him at a rapid speed, but in
the same orbital trajectory.

DECKER

Composition...?

XON

(shakes his head)

It's shielded, sir.

DECKER

Helmsman, lay in an interception
course: coordinates zero five one,
mark four. Orbital speed plus two.

SULU

Leaving orbit, sir.

251 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE

251

in orbit, then suddenly the engine pods glow red -- the
ship begins moving out of the trajectory.

252 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - FAVORING THE VIEWER

252

with all peering at the screen. For an instant, all that is visible is the blue-black of subspace, then suddenly the object. At first just a speck on the horizon.

DECKER

Magnification factor three.

Instantly, on the screen, the object is large -- very visible. It resembles a long canister with a mushroom top.

DECKER

(continuing)

Evaluation, Mr. Xon.

Xon is studying the hooded viewer.

XON

High radiation... One hundred point three meters long, twenty meters wide.

(grim)

It is a neutron device - with a proximity fuse...!

DECKER

(fast)

Hard about...!

Sulu works the controls; we have the sensation of the Enterprise executing a tight 180. Everyone waits tensely until the maneuver is complete; then all seem to breathe a sigh of relief. Chekov reads his instruments:

CHEKOV

Another ten seconds, we would have detonated it.

253 NEW ANGLE - XON

253

at the hooded viewer, reacting:

XON

Commander, the alien is ejecting another identical device in a different orbital position...!

DECKER

Put a high-grade sensor on it.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

XON

I am, sir... I'll have the readings correlated in a second
 (breaks off, a beat)
 He's placed two others in orbit! A total of four.

254 CHEKOV

254

intently studying his console, now has a grim evaluation:

CHEKOV

Neutron bombs, for certain...
 (a beat while he studies figures)
 Moving under their own power to equidistant orbital positions.
 (glances up)
 Four bombs, overlapping the whole planet...!

DECKER

Can we pull them away with a tractor beam...?

CHEKOV

No, sir: they would explode the instant our beam reached them.

DECKER

Detonation data, Mr. Xon?

XON

Unavailable, sir.

DECKER

Opinion, Mr. Chekov?

CHEKOV

Since they are all heading for predetermined placement, they will probably detonate when all four are in position.

DECKER

Estimated time to placement?

SULU

Twenty-six minutes.

DECKER

Set your chronometer in a countdown mode, Mr. Sulu.

255 ACROSS DECKER TO SULU

255

as Sulu adjusts the chronometer so it reads: 00:26:05, and the flashing seconds begin rolling back. Decker addresses Uhura:

DECKER

Communications... Inform Starfleet.

UHURA

(desperate)
I'm not getting through. My signals are being reflected back from a forcefield...!

256 XON

256

just now receiving new, more ominous readings from his viewer.

XON

Sir, there is a force field screen being formed around us.

257 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE MAIN VIEWER

257

as, suddenly, the alien appears on the screen -- moving straight toward them, frontally, its huge 'mouth' resembling the gaping maw of some nightmarish monster.

DECKER

All ahead...! Warp speed...!

SULU

(desperately working controls)
We're caught in his tractor beam again!

258 INT. ARCHIVES ROOM

258

a room with stacks of computer tapes, microfilms -- clearly long stored, ancient. Seated facing a large viewing screen are Admiral Nogura, Captain Lebutu, Admiral Carson -- and Kirk and Ilia. Built into the armrest of Nogura's chair are control buttons, and as he touches them, on the screen flash various copies of records, files, newspaper accounts: all of NASA activities, particularly the launching of Voyager 18. Still photographs of the event, etc. In a corner we will CATCH A GLIMPSE of a 20th Century film projector, and several cans of film.

(CONTINUED)

- 258 CONTINUED: 258
- LEBUTU
(from the start)
...the complete accounts of NASA --
and, as you see, Voyager 18.
- 259 ANGLE ON ILIA 259
- watching the screen intently, but then apparently stealing a covert glance at Kirk. And she places her hand gently on his. He looks at her, but she is watching the screen again.
- NOGURA
(to Ilia)
Surely, this is convincing evidence that Voyager 18 originated here, and was designed and constructed by humans...?
- Ilia does not reply, merely smiles pleasantly, blandly at Nogura. The Admiral glances grimly at Kirk. At that instant:
- 260 ANGLE ON THE TABLE INTERCOM/VIEWER 260
- as the image of a YEOWOMAN appears.
- YEOWOMAN
Admiral... communications reports loss of contact with Enterprise.
- NOGURA
(into intercom)
Time to bomb detonation?
- YEOWOMAN
(a beat)
Mark!
- 261 PAST NOGURA TO THE SCREEN 261
- as Nogura touches a button on his console, and slightly to the side of the screen a digital clock suddenly lights up -- the numbers 00:13:10 appearing, and counting down. The various slides, etc., continue on screen.
- CARSON
(to Kirk, of Ilia)
I don't think we're getting through to her, Kirk.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONTINUED:

261

KIRK

(to Ilia)

Tasha... why can't you accept the evidence...?

ILIA

(troubled)

It's all simulated.

NOGURA

Well, of course it is! The original records crumpled to dust hundreds of years ago.

Ilia turns to Nogura, regards him coldly.

ILIA

It is not genuine. You are further desecrating the Holy Memory of The Creator. Your punishment is well-deserved...

(to Kirk, as though
hoping he'll
understand)

It's logical, don't you see...?

Kirk looks at her, then past her to:

262 THE MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

262

in the corner. He rises, picks up a film can, reads the label, CAMERA CLOSING on the title: "This is NASA."

263 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE AND THE ALIEN

263

The stars hip now, again, locked in the alien's tractor beam -- and quite close to the alien's 'mouth,' and drawn closer and closer.

264 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - ANGLE ON THE VIEWER

264

showing the menacing front-end of the alien, as though moving to swallow up the Enterprise (which, indeed, it is). Scott and McCoy are now also present. Sulu's chronometer reads: 00:07:32 (and counting down).

DECKER

Are the computer terminals to the library disengaged, Mr. Xon?

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

264

XON

They are disengaged, sir; the computer is programmed to communicate to the alien only that information we've selected.

265 ACROSS DECKER TO SCOTT

265

at his bridge engineering station.

DECKER

Mr. Scott...?

SCOTT

(grim)

I'm ready to overload my engines at your order, commander.

Decker hesitates a beat, swivels around to glance at the chronometer: 00:07:12. Now he faces the computer (microphone), speaks:

DECKER

Computer... transmit the following: I am sending you information about the cultural and scientific achievements of the human servo-units from the beginning of their time. You will see that although the servo-units differ from pure machine life, they are intelligent creatures who serve useful functions and should not be destroyed. Computer... transmit.

A moment where we HEAR the BEEP of the ultra-high-speed message flashing over to the alien. And then another moment, and the responding BEEP.

COMPUTER VOICE

Translating: information received is incomplete.

Glances of dismay are exchanged.

CHEKOV

How could he know...?!

XON

Logic. Pure, mathematical logic.

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED:

265

MCCOY

You give him the rest, he'll see every war fought: Alexander, Attila, the Crusades, Napoleon, Hitler. And the terrorism and pollution and famine of the 20th Century. And the 21st Century nuclear wars...!
 (grim wryness)
 He'll see the other side of our 'achievements ... '!

UHURA

But we're not like that anymore.

DECKER

Then let him see it...! It might convince him that for all our weaknesses, we've survived -- and advanced to the point where none of that is necessary any more...
 (to computer)
 Computer.

XON

(interrupting)
 Excuse me, sir, but if we release that information, we also release information concerning every planet in the Federation. They'll suffer the same fate, sir!

SULU

We have five minutes to detonation.

266 FAVORING DECKER

266

You can read his face: agonized at the decision he faces, the risk he must take; the billions of others on the other planets whose fate might well rest on that decision.

XON

Commander, the alien is drawing us closer and closer. If the decision is not to release the remaining information, we must activate our self-destruct systems before his force field renders us totally unable to operate our own controls.

DECKER

Erase the tapes, Mr. Xon.

(CONTINUED)

- 266 CONTINUED: 266
- The decision made, Decker looks at the others, the CAMERA SWINGING OVER on the clock: the red figures flashing: 00:04:47, 00:04:46, 00:04:45, etc.
- 267 INT. ARCHIVES ROOM 267
- with TWO TECHNICIANS now also in the room, clumsily attempting to set up the antique motion picture projector. Kirk watches impatiently.
- KIRK
Faster, son. Faster...
- 1ST TECH
I'm trying, sir...
- 268 ANGLE ON ILIA 268
- who has been watching all this interestedly. Suddenly she moves to the projector.
- ILIA
I can assemble it.
- And the Technicians step aside as rapidly and expertly Ilia sets up the projector, threads the film.
- ILIA
(continuing)
It's a charming unit --
- And almost immediately the film is ready to roll. Ilia caresses the projector lovingly.
- ILIA
(continuing)
How beautiful...!
- And she switches it on:
- 269 ON THE SCREEN - THE NASA FILM 269
- (PRODUCTION NOTE: this will be an authentic NASA PR film, an old fashioned bureaucratic film about what NASA is, and does, etc.)
- The film starts -- and then suddenly the pictures are blurred and distorted -- scratched, and sometimes the frames are completely blank. And then the film breaks.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED:

269

NOGURA

My God, it's less than three minutes
to detonation.

But Ilia quickly repairs the break, the film resumes.
And more of the same -- only worse. Kirk reaches over
and switches it off.

KIRK

It's three hundred years old; it's
deteriorated.

ILIA

(sadly)
I'm sorry.

Kirk and Nogura exchange glances of helplessness. Now
it's all over. Kirk switches on the intercom. The
face of the Yeowoman appears.

KIRK

(into intercom)
This is a Starfleet Command Order:
erase all UFP data from every
Starfleet computer library.

270 INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

270

with, first, a CLOSE SHOT on the chronometer: 00:02:29.
Decker is peering at the main viewer -- the alien's
huge frontal opening. All on the bridge await the
inevitable.

DECKER

Mr. Scott...

SCOTT

Sir.

DECKER

Activate the self-destruct system,
and commence your engine overload.

271 ANGLE ON SCOTT

271

Moving his controls.

XON

(quietly, to Decker)
You are aware, Commander, that the
alien's shields are up full; our
matter-antimatter bomb will not
penetrate.

(CONTINUED)

271 CONTINUED:

271

DECKER

I'm aware of it, Mr. Xon ...

(unhumorous laugh)

I think we might as well go out in style, that's all.

Decker turns away, now picks up a small, boxlike device with a cross-grained opening (microphone). He begins speaking into it:

DECKER

(continuing)

Captain's Log, Star date 7421.6.

Supplemental, to concur with other logs previously ejected. First

Officer Willard Decker in command.

Our vessel is now in self-destruct mode, and we have additionally begun overloading our engines to create a matter-anti matter explosion...

Decker pauses, glances at the chronometer: just passing through 00:01:50. He glances at the others: McCoy, Scott, Xon, Uhura, Sulu. He continues:

DECKER

(continuing)

...in less than two minutes, the alien's four neutron devices will destroy every living thing on earth.

272 INT. ARCHIVES ROOM

272

the clock reading 00:01:45. Nogura and the others peer at the clock, all somewhat stoic, steeling themselves. Kirk is at the intercom; the Yeowoman's face on the screen:

YEOWOMAN

The tapes are in erasure condition, sir. It will take approximately five minutes to complete the mall.

KIRK

(wryly)

I think that should be just time enough... thank you.

(switches off; to Ilia)

So you're 'sorry,' eh? Do you know what 'sorry' means?

ILIA

It means regret.

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED:

272

KIRK
And you can feel that?

ILIA
(bemused)
I think so...
(quickly)
Kirk, what I'm sorry about is that
you have to be destroyed.

KIRK
Only me, not the others?

ILIA
The others aren't important.

KIRK
Everyone is important -- that's
another difference between humans
and machines. It's called morality;
it's part of our imperfection.

She studies him, and now more than ever we discern a
vitality in her eyes.

KIRK
(continuing)
Ve-jur is wrong to do this. I think
you know that.

ILIA
(with sincerity)
Ve-jur can never be wrong.

273 ACROSS KIRK TO THE CLOCK

273

so we can SEE it now reads 00:00:38. Kirk glances at
it, then to Ilia again.

KIRK
It's wrong to destroy that which
means you no harm.

ILIA
But you harm the machines.

KIRK
No. We built the machines, and
together with them we built a great
civilization.

Ilia says nothing a moment, turns away from him, then
back to him.

(CONTINUED)

- 273 CONTINUED: 273
- ILIA
I don't want to hear anymore...!
- And she walks away from him, stands so she won't have to face him.
- 274 THE CLOCK 274
00:00:10 9 8 7.
- 275 ILIA 275
turning to look at Kirk; her face actually seems twisted in pain, and her eyes are confused. Then she closes her eyes.
- 276 KIRK 276
waiti ng.
- 277 THE CLOCK 277
00:00:04 3 2 1 0.
- 278 FULL SHOT OF THE ROOM 278
as Kirk sees the clock at '0,' and glances at Nogura and the others. They're still alive obviously.
- CARSON
It should have happened
instantaneously.
- 279 KIRK AND ILIA 279
as he faces her, and she opens her eyes and looks at him.
- ILIA
I told Ve-jur you had spoken the truth: The creator was conceived by human servo-units. I told him I saw the unquestionable evidence.
- Kirk looks at her with both bewilderment and gratitude.
- KIRK
You lied to him...? Why?

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED: 279

ILIA
(gazing at him)
I don't know.

280 INT. BRIDGE 280

showing, first, Sulu's chronometer: stopped at 00:00:00, everyone peering grimly at it.

Just now Uhura receives a transmission: the familiar BEEP.

UHURA
The alien is signalling...

DECKER
(to Xon)
Engage the computer...!

Xon punches the buttons, and a moment later:

COMPUTER VOICE
Translating: Ve-jur has learned that the third planet's servo-units are in truth the progenitors of The Creator. Therefore, the servo-units will be spared.

281 ANGLE ON SCOTT 281

hearing this, reacting, moving his controls -- and speaking into his intercom:

SCOTT
(into intercom)
Disengage the self-destruct unit...!
All matter-anti matter power off!

282 ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER ON THE PEOPLE 282

showing their relief, as Decker speaks into the computer:

DECKER
Computer... transmit the following:
USS Enterprise thanks Ve-jur for sparing its servo-units, and asks Ve-jur if the two life forms can communicate and learn from each other.

The replying BEEP, and then:

(CONTINUED)

- 282 CONTINUED: 282
- COMPUTER VOICE
Translating: Ve-jur can learn nothing
from lower life forms. End of
transmission.
- SULU
The tractor beam is fading...!
- 283 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE VIEWER 283
- as the image of the giant alien ship suddenly begins moving away. Before our eyes, it moves faster and faster, and in an instant is but a speck on the screen. And almost at the same instant, there is a TURQUOISE FLARE OF LIGHT -- and we are SEEING:
- 284 ILIA 284
- the real Ilia, glancing around dazedly.
- MCCOY
(wryly)
Welcome aboard, Lieutenant.
- 285 INT. ARCHIVES ROOM 285
- as Nogura and the others watch Kirk and Ilia, Kirk talking into his wrist communicator:
- KIRK
(into communicator)
...we're ready, Scottie.
- SCOTT'S VOICE
Aye, Captain. The Delphi's waiting
to relay you.
- Kirk looks at Nogura with a smile of triumph, then turns to Ilia. She reaches out and touches her hand to his cheek. For a long moment they study each other, and in her eyes is pure love. Now he gently removes her hand so they can assume the transporting position. And a moment later, THE SHIMMERING EFFECT.
- 286 INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER ROOM 286
- Scott at the console, Xon, Decker, McCoy and Chekov here. The SHIMMERING EFFECT in the chamber -- and then Kirk materializes, and beside him "Ilia" -- she has almost fully materialized when suddenly there is a TURQUOISE FLARE OF LIGHT, and "Ilia" vanishes and in

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED:

286

her place is the Mechanical Tasha -- the spidery-legged probe. But Tasha is completely immobile, silent.

Kirk picks up the probe, examines it. McCoy steps forward with a tricorder, runs it over the probe.

MCCOY

It's completely inert... dead.

CHEKOV

But why would it be sent back here...?

287 ON KIRK

287

as he peers at the lifeless probe -- and remembers the other manifestation of it, the other Ilia.

KIRK

Maybe because that's what she wanted.

And he holds the probe a moment, gazes at it fondly, then puts it down, and is all business:

KIRK

Gentlemen, the USS Enterprise has been ordered to immediate duty.

(wryly)

Our recent experience has served as a shakedown cruise.

MCCOY

('innocently')

Is that what it was...?

Everyone laughs, as Kirk continues:

KIRK

Those officers desiring to terminate their tours of duty will please so indicate, and they will be returned to Starfleet for further assignment.

He looks at them; not a man moves. Kirk faces McCoy; the doctor says nothing, merely faces him sternly. Kirk grins.

KIRK

(continuing)

Mr. Scott...

SCOTT

Sir...?

(CONTINUED)

287 CONTINUED:

287

KIRK
Prepare to depart orbit.

SCOTT
Aye, aye, sir...!

288 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE

288

Leaving earth orbit. STAR TREK THEME MUSIC comes up,
and we HEAR:

KIRK'S VOICE
These are the voyages of the Starship
Enterprise... its new five-year
mission to explore... etc., etc.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS THE ENTERPRISE as it streaks across
the sky, and:

FADE OUT.

THE END