

S T A R  T R E K  
***THE ATLANTIS CHRONICLES***

**“The Scout, Part II”**

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A  
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PRODUCTION

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CONSTELLATION

A Constitution-class starship sails leisurely through the stars.

*SUPER-IMPOSE: U.S.S. Constellation, NCC-1017, Mark-IX  
Constitution-class Exploration Cruiser.*

*Location: Federation/Klingon Border, Sector 005473.  
Mission: Border Patrol.*

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

A typical 2260's Constitution-class bridge. Sat in the centre of the cosmopolitan crew is CAPTAIN MATTHEW DECKER; the very same man we will see fight the Planet Killer in years to come. He wears the alternate 'wraparound' command uniform, and plays unconsciously with a red datacard in one hand.

The bearded, ponytailed science officer, LIEUTENANT MASADA (human, male), walks over and hands him a PADD. Decker starts to read over it, but seems to struggle or loose interest.

DECKER

You wanna give me the gist of this...Masada?

MASADA

Sir.

DECKER

Sorry. I can barely recognise you with that...

(beat, indicates beard)

...that thing on your face. This is a sensor report?

MASADA

Aye sir. Several of our listening posts and assorted monitoring stations along the border in the Gariman sector are reporting large groups of subspace signatures gathering in Klingon space.

DECKER  
Starships?

MASADA  
Likely.

DECKER  
Damn. And we are the largest  
Starfleet vessel in this part of  
the border zone.  
(calling)  
Musawi? Musa-

He turns to his left. A male Yeoman is standing there:  
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER LAWFORD. Decker just stares at him.

LAWFORD  
(smiling)  
Chief Lawford, sir. I'm your new  
Yeoman. Musawi transferred to the  
Relinquent a few days ago.

DECKER  
Lawford. Circle this report to  
all the other bridge shifts. And  
Commander Ainelis as well.

Decker hands him the pad. Lawford takes it, stiffening in  
excitement at being given a task to accomplish.

LAWFORD  
Yes, Captain, right away!

He turns and exits via the turbolift.

DECKER  
Bloody pen-pushers. They spend  
the first decade of their careers  
in an office somewhere, then  
suddenly decide they're wasting  
their lives and want a space  
assignment.  
(indicating)  
Lawson...ford there is no  
difference to Musawi. Same PADD,  
same log recorder, same sweet  
naiveity.

MASADA  
Well, except that he lacks  
breasts and sports external  
genitalia.

Decker fixes Masada a cold, hard stare.

MASADA (CONT'D)

A pen-pusher could have its advantages, sir. He might actually remember how you like your coffee.

Decker's stare softens into a smirk as he lets out a humourous grunt. We cut angles and focus in on the communications station at the rear. Sat there, listening to her earpiece with a furrowed brow, is ENSIGN SO-TAGATELIA, a female Efrosian.

SO-TAGATELIA

Captain, I think...yes, I'm picking up a distress signal. Space ship Venture Star, NFT-4590...

(beat)

It's gone.

DECKER

Gone?

SO-TAGATELIA

It just stopped abruptly.

Decker clicks his fingers at Masada, indicating for him to return to his science station. He does so. Decker stands and makes for the communications panel.

DECKER

Can you locate the source?

SO-TAGATELIA

Give me a moment, Captain.

She begins flicking switches and pressing buttons. Masada activates one of his own monitors, running a search through the ship's memory banks.

MASADA

(from monitor)

The S.S. Venture Star, an X-99-class spacecraft registered to the White Dwarf Star Line company. She's a cruise ship, sir.

Decker breathes in sharply.

SO-TAGATELIA

Source located: the Kintuki star system, from the vicinity of the second planet.

Decker snaps into action, marching back over to his chair.

DECKER  
Navigator, plot a direct course  
to Kintuki II. Helmsman, initiate  
at maximum emergency speed.

He slams his fist into one of his armrest control buttons.  
The upper wall screens at the front of the bridge change  
to display the 'Condition: Yellow' symbol.

DECKER (CONT'D)  
(into intercom)  
Yellow Alert! Yellow Alert! All  
decks, Yellow Alert! We are  
responding to a distress call  
from a civilian passenger ship.  
All departments, make appropriate  
preparations. Bridge out.

He closes the channel and, in an impressive maneuver for  
someone his age, swings into his seat.

DECKER (CONT'D)  
Communications, return their  
signal. Tell them that we are en  
route and request details as to  
the exact nature of the emergency.

SO-TAGATELIA  
Aye Captain.

As So-Tagatelia ad-libs the above request into the  
communications channel, we pull out to a wide shot.  
Several other officers arrive onto the bridge and rush to  
their stations. On this, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- STARBASE 39

The wheel in space. It looks just as it did in 'Part 1', only there is now almost no traffic orbiting.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE 39 -- ROWLEY'S OFFICE

The gardens outside are still simulating nighttime. We pan around from the windows and focus in on the desk. VICE ADMIRAL ADAM ROWLEY sits in his chair, confronting the monitor. He has a concerned look about him.

ROWLEY

And the probe is showing no trace  
of the Igumi outpost?

Cut angles to show the monitor screen. CAPTAIN EMMA RIESS is displayed, standing in the station's command operations.

RIESS

None at all. No debris, no escape  
pods, nothing.

ROWLEY

(sighing)

I want a ship out there as fast  
as possible. Do a manual search.  
Tell Captain Tycho to prepare the  
Relinquent for departure.

RIESS

Sir, the Liberty is much closer.  
She's already half-way to Mytre III.

ROWLEY

Re-route her, then. Let me know  
what they find.

RIESS

Yes Admiral. Riess out.

She closes the channel. Rowley turns slightly in his chair to face the couches and coffee table. COMMODORE MARCUS B. MCCARTHY is sitting there, reading a PADD displaying the scientific scans of the Cloud entity taken by Outpost Igumi Field.

MCCARTHY

These readings are...astounding.

ROWLEY

Yes, I got from your previous outbursts.

MCCARTHY

We need to see this Cloud up-close.

ROWLEY

The Igumi outpost did. Now they're missing.

MCCARTHY

Let me take Atlantis. Find this thing, run some scans...

ROWLEY

No. Out of the question.

MCCARTHY

I don't think you realise just how unique this entity is-

ROWLEY

I don't think you realise the severity of the situation. The Igumi outpost was attacked by that thing and completely obliterated.

MCCARTHY

We don't know that. It may not have even been a hostile action.

ROWLEY

You were there, viewing the data feed. You saw what happened. It deliberately changed course, crossed the border and did something to that asteroid base which has caused it to disappear. I'd call that being hostile.

MCCARTHY

We have to find it. Try to communicate with it-

ROWLEY

So you *do* believe it's a living thing? A sentient entity?

MCCARTHY

Not for certain. But that would be my hypothesis based on what we know so far.

Rowley rubs his temples.

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)  
Give me the Atlantis. Let me go  
out there and find the answers  
we need.

ROWLEY  
The Atlantis is not your ship  
anymore. She's Captain West's.

MCCARTHY  
Not yet she isn't. *Commander* West  
is still formally listed as  
between assignments until the  
command changeover procedure  
tomorrow morning.

ROWLEY  
Atlantis is still storm-damaged.

MCCARTHY  
But able to sail.

ROWLEY  
I won't let her leave dock.

MCCARTHY  
Dammit, Admiral! You're wasting  
a...a unique, once-in-a-lifetime  
opportunity here! And even if you  
don't care about the scientific  
benefits of studying this cloud,  
surely you want to find out for  
certain what happened to the  
Igumi outpost?

ROWLEY  
Of course I do. But I will not  
risk the lives of the U.S.S.  
Atlantis crew just to satisfy  
your curiosity.

MCCARTHY  
(shocked, angry)  
You think I would put my people  
in danger for some blasted hobby!?

Rowley says nothing for a few seconds, allowing McCarthy  
to calm down.

ROWLEY  
You are *not* taking out the  
Atlantis, Commodore. That's an  
order.

McCarthy sighs.



MCCARTHY

Then at least send another vessel.  
Have them keep their distance.  
It should be acceptably safe.

ROWLEY

I have no ships to spare. And  
besides that, we don't know where  
the cloud is.

MCCARTHY

All the more reason to locate it.  
Hostile or not, it *did* cause the  
Igumi base to completely  
disappear. That would take an  
extraordinary amount of energy  
to achieve. Do we really want  
that kind of force running about  
our space unchecked?

A beat. Rowley raises his eyebrows.

ROWLEY

I'll launch a fleet of sensor  
probes and notify all vessels in  
the sector to keep watch.

MCCARTHY

Well. That's something.  
(standing)  
If you'll excuse me, Admiral, I  
think I'll retire. Big day tomorrow.

Rowley nods. McCarthy makes for the door, but stops a  
little way across the room. He turns:

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

I've been wondering: why did you  
give Commander West the Atlantis?

Rowley pauses. It looks as if this is a question he has  
been expecting from McCarthy but dreading to answer.

ROWLEY

Because he's a fine officer, and  
a good leader.

MCCARTHY

Yes, I know. I read his file.  
Impressive, but not outstanding.  
And with only three years as a  
First Officer under his belt, it  
just seems rather odd that he  
would be chosen over the other  
candidates in line, like Lester  
or Kirk. Or Kayle-

ROWLEY

Kayle is a very fine XO, Commodore, but as I've said many times, she is *not* ready for a command of her own.

MCCARTHY

And yet Mr West is, despite four years less time than Kayle as a First Officer and recommendations from only yourself and Captain Richards on the Yeltsin?

(beat)

Commander Kayle's assignment as Atlantis captain has been gold-starred by no less than five flag officers, including myself.

ROWLEY

Flag officers who, if I'm not mistaken, have never served with her.

MCCARTHY

So?

ROWLEY

Well, why are they giving their approval if they know nothing about her save for what they can read in her record? Leadership ability cannot be judged from what is written on a piece of paper. You have to experience it first hand.

McCarthy hangs his head.

MCCARTHY

You know, I did briefly consider going over your head. Petitioning your superiors. Corman, Lewis, the Chief of Staff. Hell, even the C-in-C if I thought it would help.

ROWLEY

They would all have said the same thing.

MCCARTHY

Yeah. That's why I didn't do it.

(beat)

It's just...I have to know, Admiral. I have to know that they're going to be in good hands. I know Kayle. I trust her.

(MORE)

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I just...can't trust West. He's  
an Admiral's Boy.

Fixing McCarthy with an intense stare, Rowley rises up out  
of his chair.

ROWLEY

I have known Alex West since he  
was born. When he was young, he  
was selfish, lazy, arrogant...all  
the things that you would expect  
from the offspring of such an  
opulent and 'well-bred' family.

(beat)

But he turned his life around the  
day his mother died. Since then,  
his career has been nothing but  
shining. He is not, by any  
definition of the phrase other  
than the fact that his mother  
held that title, an Admiral's Boy.  
Do I make myself clear, Commodore?

A long pause. The two officers stare each other down.

MCCARTHY

You do, Admiral. Crystal clear.

ROWLEY

(indicating door)

Then I hope you sleep well.

McCarthy nods curtly as he turns and exits. Rowley sighs,  
slumping back down into his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- KINTUKI II

We focus in onto the lively blue gas giant.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINTUKI II -- LIFEBOATS

Dense, swirling gas, just as it was on 'Part 1'. We begin  
to push down through the cloud layers, delving deeper and  
deeper towards the planet's core. After a few seconds, we  
come upon a collection of seven rectangular objects all  
clustered together, painted white and orange: the Venture  
Star lifeboats.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

A long, cramped room. Packed into this dark space are just over a dozen people, mostly Venture Star crew. They look tired and placid; perhaps dangerously so. Among them are three familiar faces: DOCTOR NIKKON, CAPTAIN EDWARDS and FIRST LIEUTENANT DELEELOS.

Edwards is unconscious. Nikkon is by his side, opening a medical box with slow and sluggish movements. He takes out a cylindrical object covered in wrapping. The words 'ANTI-RADIATION' are clearly emblazoned on the foil. Tearing the top off with his teeth, he tips the packet upside down. A loaded hypospray falls out. Nikkon picks it up off the floor and injects Edwards in the neck, and then himself in the arm.

Deleelos is sat at the controls of the lifeboat, just below the forward viewport. Nikkon moves over to his side, injecting him also.

NIKKON

That's it. The last of our anti-rads.

He discards the empty hypospray.

DELEELOS

How...how long until we're past the point of safe return?

NIKKON

You mean until we suffer permanent hyperonic radiation damage? About forty minutes. Of course, I don't know about everyone in the other boats. Some species may be succumb much faster.

(beat)

Deleelos, we have to go up.

DELEELOS

No. The Klingons are still out there.

(beat)

Besides, this is the command lifeboat. We're tied into the navigation computers on all the other boats, and we have to give them time to arrive.

NIKKON

We've given them that time, and more. No one has seen the other nineteen boats since we left the Venture Star. They may not even have made it.

(lowers voice)

Look. I'm a doctor. I took a vow to save lives. *All* lives. I don't want to abandon the passengers in the other boats at all. But we also need to think about the ninety-odd people in these seven craft.

(beat)

If we stay here, yes, there is a chance that we might rescue a few other boats. But we'll be condemning ourselves to death for certain.

DELEELOS

Spoken like a true Starfleet officer. Cold and calculated.

NIKKON

I'm not an officer of the line. I wasn't taught to think like that. This is logic speaking. Human logic.

DELEELOS

You're not human.

NIKKON

No, but I think like one.

(beat)

Save who we can. Raise the boats.

Edwards groans. Nikkon and Deleelos turn their attention to him.

EDWARDS

Ugh...my...my neck...

(looks at Nikkon)

Nice chop, Doc. Where'd you learn that? The medical school for dealing with difficult patients?

NIKKON

(smiling)

Something like that.

EDWARDS

Well, I don't approve. But thanks anyway.

He tries to sit up, but pain suddenly grips him and he slumps back down.

NIKKON

You'll have to take it easy for a while. Your nerves will still be unresponsive.

EDWARDS

(to Deleelos)

Status, Lieutenant?

DELEELOS

We're in Lifeboat One, Captain; adrift in the Kintuki II atmosphere.

EDWARDS

And the Venture?

DELEELOS

Gone, sir. Broke in two.

Edwards sighs.

EDWARDS

I've never lost a command before.

(beat)

Well, first time for everything. How many boats made it off?

DELEELOS

We don't know for certain. Six others are here with us, and we're still sending out the low-band navigation signal to all the others. We've heard nothing back, though. The turbulent atmosphere could be interfering with the signal, just as it does with our scanners.

NIKKON

Captain, I have to warn you about the radiation. We've used up all of our anti-rad drugs, and I estimate only about forty minutes or so until we start taking permanent damage from the hyperonic particles.

(glances at Deleelos)

We need to go up.

DELEELOS

Sir, I think we should wait a little longer. We can't just abandon the other boats.

Edwards looks between them for a moment.

EDWARDS

Mr Deleelos...

(beat)

We wait. But only for another  
twenty minutes. After that, we  
go up.

Deleelos nods. Nikkon doesn't look too happy at the  
decision, but seems to accept it.

A static noise fills the cabin. Deleelos turns to the  
controls.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

(broken, weak)

...ome in, Lifeboat One. This is  
Bosun Liza of The Third,  
commanding Lifeboat Thirteen. Do  
you read, Lifeboat One? This is  
Lifeboat Thirteen.

With a broad smile that seems to be shared across both  
their faces, Nikkon and Deleelos hurry over to the  
communications panel. Deleelos taps a key.

DELEELOS

Affirmative, Lifeboat Thirteen.  
We read you loud and clear!

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Oh, Allah be praised! We got a  
little worried when the boat's  
navigational computer flashed to  
life and started firing the main  
thrusters.

(beat)

I can see you now. We're coming  
up on your ventral side.

Nikkon leans back and looks up out of the semi-spherical  
main viewport. Above, another lifeboat approaches. It has  
the number '13' painted on the hull.

NIKKON

I see you, Liza. Welcome to the  
fleet.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Doctor Nikkon? Is that you there?

NIKKON

It's me, Liza. Good to hear your  
voice.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Likewise. I hoped...I mean, I'm  
glad you made it off the Venture  
Star before she went down. Sir.

Nikkon smiles, a little bashfully.

NIKKON

How many do you have on board, Liza?

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Fifteen. Mostly all passengers.

NIKKON

Have you been issuing out your anti-radiation kits?

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Yes. We have enough for one more dose each.

NIKKON

Good. That's good. We shouldn't be in here for much longer. Captain Edwards has ordered us out of the atmosphere in twenty minutes time.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Edwards made it?

EDWARDS

(shouting)

Yep. You have Nikkon to thank for that.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Who else made it off? The bridge crew? Lieutenant Athrune?

DELEELOS

We haven't seen Athrune. She may have still been outside when that last torpedo hit. Most of the bridge personnel are here, though.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Coming into formation now...

(beat)

Oh, tell the Captain the good news: Ms Zaharis and her children are aboard with me.

Edwards smiles.

NIKKON

Liza, tell me...the Tellarite couple who were sat at the captain's table. Are they with you?

A long beat.



LIZA (OVER COMM.)  
Yes. Yes, they're here.

A look of concern briefly flashes across Nikkon's face.

DELEELOS  
You know them, Doctor?

NIKKON  
No, not particularly. I just  
hoped they'd make it. They seemed  
like a nice couple.

Nikkon lets out a smile. A fake smile. He is worried about something.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CONSTELLATION

The Constellation drops out of warp. Ahead is a bright star.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

As in teaser. Decker is sat in his chair, swinging slightly from left to right. He fiddles with a stack of datacards. Lawford is standing beside him. At the science station, Masada is hunched over the scanning viewer.

MASADA  
Approaching the Kintuki system  
now, Captain. On course for the  
second planet.

DECKER  
The Venture Star?

MASADA  
No trace.

Decker spins around to face the communications station.

DECKER  
(to So-Tagatelia)  
Still nothing on subspace?

SO-TAGATELIA  
They have not responded, sir.

DECKER  
(suspicious)  
Hmmm. It could have been a hoax;  
a trap to lure us away from our  
patrol zone along the border.

LAWFORD

Who would want us away from the Klingon border?

Everyone in the room stares at him.

LAWFORD (CONT'D)

The...Klingons?

DECKER

Well done, Lawford. I'll see if I can't get you a promotion for that.

LAWFORD

(smiling)

Really?

DECKER

No.

MASADA

Captain, I'm detecting debris...in a distant orbit around Kintuki II.

(beat)

Federation debris, by the looks of it. But not enough to make up the wreck of an X-99-class starliner. Hold on...

(beat)

There are some other fragments in there, too. Chunks of metal that don't look like they came from the liner.

DECKER

Have several samples of the flotsam beamed aboard. Tell Commander Ainali to assume command of the labs and get it all analysed as quickly as possible. I want to know where that other metal came from and why pieces of a Federation liner are strewn about with it.

MASADA

On it, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINTUKI II -- LIFEBOATS

Re-establishing the little fleet of Venture Star lifeboats.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

As before. Deleelos, Edwards and Nikkon are at the main controls.

EDWARDS

Alright. Ascent course?

DELEELOS

Plotted. All other boats will follow.

EDWARDS

Then fire the thrusters.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINTUKI II -- LIFEBOATS

A close-up on the aft section of Lifeboat One. The main thruster assembly fires.

BOOM! A pocket of gas explodes behind them, sending all eight boats spinning away in every direction.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

Everyone holds on tight. Deleelos battles the controls, eventually winning out. The boat levels out.

EDWARDS

What in the hell was that?

DELEELOS

A pocket of volatile gas, Captain. We must have drifted into it. Our thrusters set it alight when we fired them.

EDWARDS

Damage?

DELEELOS

Severe. Our entire main thruster assembly is shot. We won't be able to escape the planet's gravity without it.

(beat)

All of the other lifeboats have received similar damage, as we all had our aft ends pointing at the pocket when it ignited.

NIKKON

So we have no hope of leaving the atmosphere now?

DELEELOS

No. In fact, with only the secondary thrusters left active, we will likely start to descend down towards the inner core.

NIKKON

And make a crash landing?

EDWARDS

Worse. The pressure of the atmosphere on our hull will exceed design limits. We will be crushed to death.

Nikkon raises his eyebrows.

NIKKON

If we don't die of radiation sickness first...

CUT TO:

EXT. KINTUKI II

The rough atmosphere again. As we watch, a figure in a spacesuit floats into view. It is a Venture Star spacesuit.

We close in on the figure's helmet. It is ATHRUNE, the Venture Star Chief Engineer. She looks to be in bad shape: her eyes are drowsy, her skin is off-colour for an Andorian and there looks to be dry vomit stuck to the base of her visor.

Slowly, she reaches for the control panel affixed to her wrist. She depresses a button.

ATHRUNE

(very weak)

This...is Leftenant Athrune, S.S.  
Venture Star...

(beat, long blink)

Somebody. Anybody. Please, help...

Her eyes close, and several seconds pass. Then, a shadow appears as a reflection on her visor. A second later, she begins to dissolve into the tingling embrace of a red transporter beam.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- MAIN CORRIDOR -- TRANSPORTER ALCOVE

The cramped transporter system is installed into an alcove at the side of the main corridor. Athrune materialises on one of the four circular pads, lying down.

Two Klingons step into view and move beside her, one running a scan with a tricorder and the other watching carefully with his disruptor ready.

We pull out and turn to face the main console. DARJ mans the controls. Behind him stand COMMANDER MORGA and KAVAGH, his frustrated-looking First Officer.

KAVAGH

(in Klingonese)

Commander, I believe this to be folly. We were instructed to bring aboard no captives save for the one we seek.

MORGA

(in Klingonese)

I believe this to be necessary, Lieutenant Commander. She may be able to help us locate the other survivors.

(beat)

I pray, for your sake, that Doctor Nikkon is among them.

Kavagh stiffens.

KAVAGH

(in Klingonese)

With all due respect, sir, should I be held accountable for my lord's...fortuitous shooting?

Morga shoots him one of his blank, yet highly readable stares. Kavagh snaps to attention.

MORGA

(in Klingonese)

Medic, report!

The KLINGON MEDIC (the one with the tricorder) looks up from his readings.

KLINGON MEDIC

(in Klingonese)

She has suffered extreme exposure to the hyperonic radiation; at least two hours worth. There is no trace of anti-radiation chemicals in her system. She is dying.

MORGA

(in Klingonese)

Can you treat her? Postpone her death?

## KLINGON MEDIC

Unfortunately not, my lord. If we had a surgeon or an apothecary aboard, then maybe something could be done. But I am not trained for such procedures.

## MORGA

(in Klingonese)

I need her to be able to talk.  
Wake her.

The Medic nods, then indicates to the Klingon guard. The guard holsters his weapon, bends down and removes Athrune's helmet. The Medic then takes a hypospray out of a pouch on his belt and administers its contents to the Andorian's neck.

The guard steps back and draws out his disruptor again. Athrune stirs, coming around. The Medic helps her to stand.

## ATHRUNE

Wha-I...  
(looks around, realises)  
Oh darn.

## MORGA

What is your name, Andorian?

## ATHRUNE

What do you care?

## MORGA

I don't. I was just being polite.  
(beat)  
You are dying. The radiation particles in this atmosphere have taken their toll on your body. There is nothing we can do for you.

Athrune stares back. She doesn't seem to know whether to believe Morga or not.

## ATHRUNE

Why...why did you bring me aboard your ship? In my experience, tan-skins...Klingons, you rarely take prisoners.

## MORGA

It is true that you are our captive, but this is only a temporary incarceration. You will be dead soon, and on your way to whatever afterlife you believe in. Take some comfort in that.

Athrune glances around at the neutral faces of the other Klingons. The Medic, somewhat surprisingly, bows his head in respect. Slowly, she is starting to accept Morga's word.

ATHRUNE

Oh.

(beat)

What do you want...from me?

MORGA

I want to know where the life pods are. The ones that ejected from your ship before it broke apart.

ATHRUNE

I don't know. I was outside...blasted away from the ship when...when your torpedo hit it.

MORGA

Will you help us locate them?

ATHRUNE

No.

MORGA

Very well.

(to Kavagh, in Klingonese)

Take her to the interrogation room.

KAVAGH

(in Klingonese)

Commander, she will not talk. I know Andorians. They are a passionate people, and very loyal.

MORGA

(in Klingonese)

Then break her passion. Make her talk. We cannot remain in this radiation for much longer, and if we have to return home without the doctor, I will hold you personally responsible. Understand?

KAVAGH

(in Klingonese)

Yes, my lord.

Kavagh marches over to the transporter pad and takes Athrune by the arm.

KAVAGH (CONT'D)

Come with me.

Kavagh half-leads, half-drags the sleepy looking Athrune out of the alcove and down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- MAIN CORRIDOR

Continuous. Athrune regards Kavagh as the hurry down towards the far end.

ATHRUNE

You're one of those Augments,  
aren't you? The ones with human  
blood.

KAVAGH

Be silent.

They turn left and enter into:

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- INTERROGATION ROOM

A small, unremarkable room with a table and three chairs. The only noteworthy things about the whole space are the blood stains, of varying colours, that splatter the table and deck around the lone chair on the far side.

Kavagh pulls Athrune in through the door. It closes behind them.

ATHRUNE

I...won't talk.

KAVAGH

I'm not expecting you to.

He pulls out his knife and flicks the blades open. Fear flashes across Athrune's eyes. Kavagh holds the blade up high, then in a sudden move, brings it down into his own shoulder. He flinches slightly. Athrune is shocked. Confused.

Kavagh quickly pulls the pink-stained blade out, letting his blood drip onto the deck. He then grabs Athrune's arm and forces the knife into her hand with the blade facing his own body.

ATHRUNE

What...what are you doing?

Kavagh then draws out his disruptor pistol.

KAVAGH

Planting evidence.

ATHRUNE

Of what?



KAVAGH

Of your escape attempt.

He aims at her and fires. The disruptor blows a hole right through Athrune's chest. Her body slams back against the bulkhead, then falls limply to the floor.

Kavagh calmly holsters his pistol and walks over to a wall intercom panel. He presses a button.

KAVAGH (CONT'D)

(in Klingonese)

Bridge, interrogation. My lord,  
the prisoner attempted to kill  
me and effect an escape. In the  
resulting struggle, she was shot.

(grins)

The Andorian is dead.

Off his pleased look, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- STARBASE 39

Re-establishing the base. As we watch, the station's main lighting activates as it switches from nighttime mode into day.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Good morning. The time is zero-seven-hundred hours on January fifth, twenty-two sixty.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE 39 -- PROMENADE

It's morning time on the promenade. Shops are opening their shutters, merchants are setting up their stalls and large throngs of civilians are starting to meander their way through the traders towards their ships at berth. Amidst all of this, one shift of Starbase personnel is being relieved by their replacements.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE 39 -- PROMENADE -- TRAM STATION 12

At the very top of the promenade, a tram shuttle track runs through a transparent aluminum tube around the entire circumference of the base. This station is built around the tube, and is accessed only by two bridges that lead to each side of the top most level.

COMMANDER ALEXANDER M. WEST is sitting on a bench. He has his dress uniform draped over his knees, and is reading a newspaper-style report on a PADD. The headline is: 'FEDERATION DIPLOMATIC CORPS KICKED OUT OF KLINGON SPACE - WAR ON THE HORIZON?'

WILLS (O.S.)

Morning, Captain.

West glances up from his reading. LT. COMMANDER THOMAS WILLS is standing over him, finishing off the last of his milky coffee. Wiping the froth from his lips, he throws the cup into a nearby trash bin.

WEST

You're two hours too early. I'm not a captain yet.

WILLS

Semantics.

(nods at PADD)

I see the Klingons are rattling their sabres again.

WEST

Looks serious this time. They've even kicked our ambassadors off of Qo'noS.

Wills raises his eyebrows. He clearly hadn't read that.

WILLS

And we're right on the line.

(sits down)

This has been brewing for decades, mind. A skirmish here, a little invasion there. And now, full scale war.

WEST

What did you get up to last night after I left the Atlantis?

WILLS

Oh. Nothing.

A beat. West regards his friend for a moment.

WEST

Hmm. That means you did something fun...exciting, perhaps.

(beat)

Ah! You met that engineer, didn't you? What's her name...Hailey Corwin.

WILLS

*Collins*. Hailey Collins. And yes, as a matter of fact I did.

WEST

Well? Was she everything you imagined her to be?

Wills looks away.

WEST (CONT'D)

Thomas Wills. You didn't!

WILLS

Didn't what?

West makes a suggestive gesture.

WILLS (CONT'D)

No! No. No. If you must know-

WEST

I must! I must!

WILLS

We, uh. We...didn't get on that well, actually.

(beat)

She was so arrogant. You know what she did? The moment I told her that I was from the Yeltsin, she actually started to show me how to re-align the matter acquisition sensors in the buzzard collector so that they didn't over-distribute energy from the transfer conduits and have to feed excess power from the intercoolers through the warp field flux chillers!

WEST

(sarcastically)

She didn't!

WILLS

She did! I mean, that's cadet stuff. And then, to top it off, she told me that the Yeltsin was renowned for its poor engine efficiency!

WEST

Didn't Lieutenant T'Pan say pretty much the same thing?

WILLS

Yeah, but she did it in that cute Vulcanian way that you can all have a big laugh at. Collins was just offensive.

WEST

I'm sure she didn't mean it like that. Maybe she was just trying to be constructive?

Wills scoffs. At the same time, a tram shuttle pulls up to the station. The doors lift open, allowing several people to disembark.

WILLS

I told her where to shove it, mind. That shut her up.

West and Wills stand up and walk into the carriage.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE 39 -- TEMPORARY QUARTERS

A sizable living cabin, though by the spartan and generic decor we can guess that it is a standard guest quarters. As we pan across the room, we pass by the viewport. Two people in EV suits and a work bee are making repairs to the hull a few metres away. A man walks over to the adjacent control panel and hits a button, bringing down the external shutter screen.

He isn't of a race we've ever seen before in Star Trek. He is tall, spindly, commanding. There is a strange ridge running from his cheeks (just in front of his ears), up above his eyebrows, and down to about a third of the way along his nose (just between the eyes, so they form a kind of 'M' shape). Minor scaling and ear shape suggest aquatic ancestry. He has dark hair, and his facial expression and posture seem to indicate a man who is always concentrating on his duties. This is ROTH, an Exodian.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Privacy, huh? Didn't seem to bother you before...while we were...

ROTH

Having sex?

On the bed lies a stunningly attractive woman in her mid-thirties. Though apparently human, upon closer inspection there is a subtle pronounced ridge on her nose - she is Coridan. Her hair is shiny gold, and she wears it loose. This is TAYRAH KAYLE (pronounced like 'Cale').

As the silk sheets cover her naked torso, she leans over to the bedside cabinet and takes out something which strongly resembles a cigarette. Roth clears his throat.

KAYLE

Oh. Right. I forgot you can't stand the smell of shzhatt smoke.

ROTH

Kikiran cigarettes can be dangerous to your health.

KAYLE

Only in large quantities. You really should learn to loosen up when you're off duty.

Roth grins a little as he crosses over to a chair that has a pair of trousers draped over it.

ROTH

I heard no complaints last night. Or the night before. Or the night before that.

KAYLE  
 (moaning)  
 Mmmmm...I guess it's true what  
 they say about Exodians.

ROTH  
 That we're good lovers?

KAYLE  
 That you have an ego the size of  
 the Antares maelstrom.

Roth playfully, yet without fully showing mirth, throws a  
 golden Starfleet tunic at Kayle.

ROTH  
 Get changed. The Commodore wishes  
 us aboard in half an hour.

KAYLE  
 For the pre-ceremony preparations?  
 What's there to prepare? I mean,  
 it's just handing over the  
 command codes to this new  
 guy...East.

ROTH  
 West.

KAYLE  
 Right. West.  
 (beat)  
 He's never commanded a ship  
 before, has he?

ROTH  
 (slight anger)  
 No. He is not experienced enough  
 to command the Atlantis. You  
 should have taken over from Marc-  
 the Commodore.  
 (beat)  
 For what it's worth, I believe  
 you would have made an excellent  
 CO. Now get changed.

KAYLE  
 Is that an order, *Second Officer*?

ROTH  
 It is a suggestion, *sir*.

Kayle stands (covering herself with the sheets) and walks  
 into the wash area. Roth puts on his black trousers and  
 picks up a blue uniform with Lieutenant Commander stripes  
 on it. Taking a look in a mirror, he pulls it on over his  
 torso. We notice he is lined with ridges (one for each  
 rib), and also sports a pronounced sternum.

There are what look like gills on his lower neck, but we can't be sure.

He looks at himself. He is not happy.

Kayle returns, wearing black trousers and her gold uniform top, again with Lieutenant Commander stripes. They both wear the Atlantis ship patch. She crosses the room and joins Roth in the mirror, throwing her hands around his waist.

KAYLE

Three months ago, who would have thought that the First Officer and the Science Chief would be together?

She nuzzles her head in under his arm. He leans in affectionately.

ROTH

No one would. Not even I.

They turn and kiss.

ROTH (CONT'D)

I'm glad that I make some mistakes.

(beat)

Except about science.

Kayle laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- IGUMI FIELD ASTEROIDS

Dozens of rocks slowly rotate. There is movement in this field, but it also seems disturbingly quiet. We push past several asteroids, coming upon a 'clearing' of sorts. This is where the Starfleet outpost used to be.

Cut angles to reveal the approach of a vessel at space normal speed. It is a boxy, unimpressive craft of the same design as the transport *Huron* from TAS *'The Pirates of Orion'*. This is the U.S.S. *Liberty*, NCC-1699, an Independence-class Merchant Marine freighter.

The ship slows down to almost a halt, drifting forward only by inertia. Spotlights activate and begin to systematically sweep across the dull brown rocks.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE 39 -- SPACEDOCK 4

The U.S.S. *Atlantis* is still berthed snugly inside the large drydock frame.

From the looks of it, the yard engineers have been working through the night, as the hull is in a much better state than when we last saw the ship on 'Part 1'. There are still a lot of open panels, however, with great big gaps from which equipment is clearly missing.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- CORRIDOR

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER REBECCA HART is walking down the corridor, looking at the room numbers affixed to the wall beside each door. She has a single duffle bag slung over her shoulder.

HART  
Deck six, room 3C-21, 3C-22, 3C-23...

Behind, a pile of boxes on three legs follows her. This person is clearly having difficulty carrying everything, and is lagging behind.

HART (CONT'D)  
Ah, here we are. Room 3C-24!

She stops in front of a door, turning to the person following. They catch up and place the boxes down onto the deck with a grunt. He is a three-armed, three-legged officer from the planet Edos: LIEUTENANT PLAX. He wears a red security uniform.

PLAX  
(rubbing his arms)  
You have quite a lot of belongings, Chief.

HART  
And I thank you for offering to carry them for me, Lieutenant...Plax, was it?

PLAX  
Indeed. I am Chief of Security on board.  
(looks at room number)  
Is this where you have been assigned?

HART  
Uh-huh.

Plax covers up a smile.

HART (CONT'D)  
What?



PLAX

Nothing. Why don't we go inside?

They both turn to the doors and step through:

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- HART'S QUARTERS

An utter mess. It is a cabin for two people, but currently looks to have been taken over by one person. Furniture is cast everywhere, old clothing is stacked up in one corner, and one of the beds is being used as a perch for a giant plant.

Hart looks around, open-mouthed. Behind her, Plax is grinning.

HART

Look at this place!

She walks over to one of the wardrobes and opens it. The leaves of another plant fall out into her face.

PLAX

Your roommate is Master Warrant  
At'aac, the Chief Chef.

HART

Chef!? It's like a jungle in here!

PLAX

Yes. At'aac is very fond of growing her own herbs and spices. Unfortunately, since Atlantis lost almost all of her on-board garden and arboretum facilities to make room for a sensor upgrade two years ago, she has to use her quarters for the purpose.

Hart looks at the mess again, hands on hips.

HART

Well, I'm not having this. Chef or not, she's going to have to clean this up.

(beat)

Would you mind bringing in those boxes?

Plax ducks out into the corridor, returning with Hart's belongings. He sets them down.

HART (CONT'D)

Thank you ever so much,  
Lieutenant. That's my shoes  
brought aboard. Let's get back  
to the dock for my other things,  
alright?

Plax stares back, incredulously.

HART (CONT'D)

(smiling)  
Kidding! Seriously, that's  
everything.

PLAX

In that case, Chief, I must take  
my leave.

He nods, turns, and hurries out into the corridor before  
Hart can say another word.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- TURBOLIFT CORRIDOR

A smaller corridor that runs off the main one, leading to  
a turbolift. A young human in a gold dress uniform is  
struggling with some bags and boxes of belongings as he  
stumbles towards the lift door. With his blonde hair,  
boyish good looks and toned figure, we can guess that he  
is fresh out of the Academy. This is ENSIGN WILLIAM PARK.

PARK

(tired)  
I should have taken that antigrav  
trolley...

He stops at the doors and places the bags gently onto the  
floor. As he pants for breath, he notices a woman walking  
by wearing gold coveralls. She has short brunette hair  
flecked with natural streaks of red, and currently has it  
tied back into a practical pony tail. She looks to be in  
her late twenties. Her name is JAMELIA SCOTT MARINO.

PARK (CONT'D)

Hey, you. Technician!

Marino stops, glances around for a second, before  
realising that Park is talking to her.

MARINO

Me, Ensign?

PARK

Yes, you! Come over here and help  
me with this stuff.

MARINO

Oh, I'm not-

PARK

I gave you an order, technician.  
Whatever you're doing can wait.

Marino raises her eyebrows as she moves over.

MARINO

Alright... 'sir'.

Placing her container on the floor, she quickly takes up several of the larger bags and boxes with relative ease. Park is impressed, and turns on the 'charm'.

PARK

Whoa. That's quite a figure  
you've got there.

Marino rolls her eyes as she looks away.

MARINO

(stoic)

Thank you, sir. I try to keep in  
shape.

Park taps a button on an adjacent wall console, presumably calling the lift.

PARK

So...

(beat)

I don't think I've seen you  
before. You new aboard?

MARINO

Just assigned.

PARK

I came aboard a few months back,  
when they put in for repairs at  
the Æsir Anchorage.

(beat)

I guess that means you and I  
might be working together, huh?  
What department are you in?

MARINO

Weapons.

PARK

Ah, a phaser monkey.  
Interesting...me? I'm navigation.  
Deputy Chief Navigator, actually.

(MORE)

PARK (CONT'D)

Well, one of them...

(leans on wall)

Yeah, some would say I'm kind of young for the position, but then again, some didn't see me plot a one-eighth impulse course through Saturn's rings in training. Took me seven-point-five seconds. Academy record.

MARINO

(sarcastic)

No. I'm sure if they could see just how mature an officer you've become they would eat their words.

Park smiles, failing completely to detect her tone. He takes a few steps closer.

PARK

Well, I guess I'd better be the first to officially welcome you to the Atlantis.

He reaches out, possibly to put his arm around her shoulders. Marino's looks as if she's about to smack him on the head with a bag, but instead darts into the lift as the doors fortuitously open.

MARINO

Oh look, the elevator's here.

She deliberately drops the bags.

PARK

Hey, careful with those. That's my stuff. My quarters was damaged in the storm, and I'm having to move to share bunks with some junior officer upstairs.

MARINO

Sorry, Ensign. My hands must have slipped.

PARK

That's alright, I suppose. Mistakes *do* happen, after all.

(beat)

How about I take you on a little...tour? Show you the sights.

MARINO

Not right now, sir. I have duties to attend to.

She goes to walk out of the lift, but Park steps in front of her.

PARK  
I'm sure they can wait.

MARINO  
No, they really can't.

PARK  
(laughing)  
Now I know that when a woman says  
no, she means yes.

MARINO  
And I know that when a man says  
no, it means he didn't understand  
the question.

She places her hands on his shoulders and moves him aside. As she walks away, Park looks after her.

PARK  
I'll see you around, Ms...?

MARINO  
Marino. Jamie Marino.  
(beat)  
Oh, one thing, Ensign...

PARK  
Yeah?

MARINO  
You forgot to set the turbolift  
on hold.

The grin falls from Park's face as he turns to dash back into the lift. Just before he can cross the threshold, the doors close as the car moves off to another deck with his bags and boxes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- DOCKING PORTS

Waiting beside the portside hatch is LIEUTENANT SIMON HAYES. Glancing down the gangway that allows transport between the Atlantis and the Starbase, he notices the approach of West and Wills. He consciously straightens himself, smoothing down his tunic.

West and Wills stop at the threshold.

WEST  
 Might as well do it properly this  
 time...

(to Hayes)  
 Permission to come aboard,  
 Lieutenant, in order to affect  
 command changeover?

HAYES  
 Permission granted, sir. Welcome  
 aboard.

West steps aboard and shakes Hayes' hand. Wills, however,  
 hangs back.

WILLS  
 Are you in command again, Mr Hayes?

HAYES  
 Yes sir.

WILLS  
 Where are your superiors?

HAYES  
 All aboard, sir. Some are  
 attending to the ceremony. Others  
 are dealing with the  
 recent...crew shortage we have  
 suffered.

WILLS  
 (folds arms)  
 So the command officers are  
 aboard, and yet not a single one  
 of them could report to the  
 docking ports in order to welcome  
 their new captain?

WEST  
 Tom...

HAYES  
 As I said, sir, they're busy.

Wills makes an unsatisfied grunt as he steps aboard.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
 If you'd like to follow me, sirs.  
 I'll escort you to the bridge.

Hayes walks off down the double-corridor, which now has  
 far less temporary wiring criss-crossing the deck than it  
 did in 'Part 1'. West and Wills follow.

WEST  
 Wow. Collins must have really  
 upset you.

WILLS

What do you mean?

WEST

You're so on edge. The last time I saw you like this, some girl had just stood you up.

WILLS

Oh. Oh no. I hope you're not suggesting that-

WEST

I never said anything.

WILLS

Good. Don't.

(beat)

You and your imagination. You're worse than my mother.

They reach the turbolift. The doors slide open, revealing an empty cart...until we pan down. Piled on the floor are Ensign Park's bags. The three officers exchange glances, shrug, then step inside.

HAYES

Bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- BRIDGE

Our first look at the nerve centre of the Atlantis. It is about the same size and shape as a Constitution-class bridge (a testament to the modular 23rd century construction elements). The console layout is slightly different, however, mostly because there are two turbolift alcoves instead of one.

The communications station is dead aft, in between the two lift alcoves. Clockwise from this, we have the port lift, the engineering station (double console), the weapons station (single console), auxiliary systems and environment control (double), the viewscreen, master systems and computer control (double), mission operations (single), and finally science (double). The captain's chair is more or less as standard for this era, as are the central helm/navigation controls.

The room is full of people working and performing maintenance checks. At communications is an alien of a yet unknown species. Her skin is dark green, and her dreadlock-like hair is well combed back over her head. When she blinks, her eyelids move in together from the sides. She wears the skirt version of the red uniform. This is LIEUTENANT KRISS RURA, and she is a Krixian. She looks to be in her mid-to-late forties, by human standards.

RURA  
 (into comm.)  
 Negative, engine room. My board  
 is still flashing red. Can you  
 bypass through the G-12 circuit?  
 (beat)  
 Ah ha. Yes, that's better. Good.  
 Thank you, engine room. Bridge out.

She closes the channel. Behind her, Lieutenant Plax walks  
 across the bridge towards the portside lift. As he  
 approaches, the doors open. Hayes, West and Wills step out.

PLAX  
 (snaps to attention)  
 Ten-hut!

Everyone on the bridge stands to attention, though none  
 of them seem to know why. Hayes and Wills turn to West.

WEST  
 Oh. At ease.

The crew return to their tasks. Hayes indicates to Plax.

HAYES  
 Commander, this is Mr Plax, our  
 Security Chief.

West offers his hand. Plax uses his middle limb to shake it.

PLAX  
 It is a pleasure to have you on  
 board, sir.

WEST  
 Oh?

PLAX  
 Indeed. Forgive me, but I served  
 with your father at Vega Base.  
 It will be an honour to work  
 under his offspring.

West's smile falters slightly.

WEST  
 Well. That's...very kind,  
 Lieutenant. Thank you.

Plax nods and moves into the turbolift, shooting a  
 confused glance at Park's luggage as the doors close.  
 Hayes leads West and Wills over to the communications  
 station.

HAYES  
 This is Lieutenant Kriss Rura,  
 Chief of Communications.



RURA  
Welcome aboard, Commanders.

HAYES  
Rura is the oldest-serving officer aboard. She's been on the ship longer than anyone else.

WEST  
Oh. How long, if you don't mind me asking?

RURA  
Thirty-two years.

West and Wills look at each other.

WILLS  
But...isn't the Atlantis thirty-two years old?

RURA  
(nodding)  
Yes. I've spent my entire career on these decks, from rating to officer.

HAYES  
If you have any questions about the ship, Rura's the one to ask.

At that, a light flashes on Rura's switchboard.

RURA  
Excuse me, Commanders.  
(flicks a switch)  
Bridge here. Go ahead, phaser control.

HAYES  
(to Wills)  
Let me introduce you to some of your new engineering team...

Hayes, West and Wills move away.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE 39 -- ROWLEY'S OFFICE

The Admiral is standing beside one of his expansive bookshelves. He places *The Man in the High Castle* back onto a shelf, then starts to run his fingers across the spines of the adjacent novels. Smiling, he stops at one and pulls it out.

'*Incredible Tales of Scientific Wonder - The Collection, Volume XXIII*'. The cover depicts the surface of an alien world, complete with the golden spires of some pulp metropolis. A rocket ship flies above.

Just as Rowley is about to open the book, the bosun's whistle rings out.

RIESS (OVER COMM.)  
Operations to Admiral Rowley.  
Transmission for you, sir. It's  
the Liberty.

Rowley walks back to his desk and thumbs a button below the monitor screen.

ROWLEY  
Rowley here. Pipe it through, Emma.

A second passes as Rowley shifts apprehensively. The screen then activates, displaying a shot of a well-used bridge. A male figure dominates the screen, sitting proudly in the command chair.

ROWLEY (CONT'D)  
Captain Tarrin. What do you have  
for me?

LT. COMMANDER TARRIN is a stern, bald-headed Tiburonian. His assignment patch is in the shape of the Liberty Bell.

TARRIN  
Nothing.

ROWLEY  
Nothing? At all?

TARRIN  
Nothing. There's no sign of the  
Igumi outpost. It's just gone.

ROWLEY  
No micro-fragments of debris?

TARRIN  
(slightly frustrated)  
No, sir. Nothing.

ROWLEY  
No traces of a-?

TARRIN  
Sir. Believe me when I say that  
we have ran every kind of check  
imaginable. There is nothing left  
of the outpost, nor the asteroid  
it was built upon.

(MORE)

TARRIN (CONT'D)

(beat)

The only thing we did pick up was a slight increase in polaric ions, but this area of space is known for bands of it passing through on occasion.

Rowley furrows his brow.

ROWLEY

Right. Thank you, Captain, you may return to your transport duties. Starbase out.

Tarrin nods. The channel closes. Rowley stands there for a moment, thinking. He then reaches out and flicks the intercom switch.

ROWLEY (CONT'D)

Rowley to Operations. Emma, are the sensor probes we launched still out there searching for that cloud?

RIESS (OVER COMM.)

Yes, Admiral. Do you want me to recall them?

ROWLEY

No. I want you to update their scanning criteria. Have them look for elevated levels of polaric ions, no matter how insignificant a rise.

RIESS (OVER COMM.)

Aye sir.

ROWLEY

And deploy the Relinquent. I want Captain Tycho and his crew out at the Klingon border alongside the Constellation as soon as possible. That's a priority one order.

RIESS (OVER COMM.)

Right away, Admiral.

ROWLEY

Rowley out.

He closes the channel and paces over to the windows.

ROWLEY (CONT'D)

Alright, cloud. What are you up to?

CUT TO:

EXT. KINTUKI II

We fly gracefully across the surface of the upper atmosphere, focusing down onto a light green-coloured object. It is a probe of sorts, and is maintaining its position on the very edge of the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

The cramped bridge, as we saw on *'Part 1'*. Commander Morga is in his chair, resting on his arm. To the side of him, Darj is monitoring his screens.

DARJ

(in Klingonese)

My lord, our sensor buoy is detecting the approach of another vessel!

MORGA

(in Klingonese)

Tactical readout, now!

The main viewer activates to display the wireframe schematics of a very familiar spacecraft design: a Constitution-class explorer.

MORGA (CONT'D)

(in Klingonese, excited)

Ah! So, they arrive at last.

DARJ (CONT'D)

(in Klingonese)

A Federation battlecruiser, my lord. She is running slow with active sensors.

(beat)

Do you thing they know we are here?

MORGA

(in Klingonese)

Unlikely. I would imagine that they are attempting to locate the civilian starliner.

The heavy doors at the back of the room slide open. Kavagh enters from the main corridor. The knife wound in his shoulder has been sealed.

KAVAGH  
 (in Klingonese)  
 My lord, the body of the Andorian  
 has been ejected out of the  
 disposal tube.

MORGA  
 (in Klingonese,  
 indicating viewer)  
 What do you make of that,  
 Lieutenant Commander?

Kavagh regards the schematics.

KAVAGH  
 (in Klingonese)  
 They are here?

MORGA  
 (in Klingonese)  
 Yes.

KAVAGH  
 (in Klingonese)  
 We must break atmosphere soon,  
 before we succumb to the  
 radiation poisoning. Can we evade  
 them?

MORGA  
 (in Klingonese)  
 I do not think so. Their sensors  
 would detect us swiftly and we  
 would be shot down before we  
 could even bring our disruptors  
 to bear.  
 (beat)  
 Our only choice is to attack.

KAVAGH  
 (in Klingonese)  
 With all due respect, my lord,  
 that is a Constitution-class  
 starship. We would be like a  
 mosquito biting away at a targ.  
 It would be folly.

MORGA  
 (in Klingonese)  
 Where is your fire, Kavagh? Do  
 you fear death?

KAVAGH  
 (in Klingonese)  
 On the contrary, Commander, I  
 embrace it. But it would be a  
 disgrace to die before the  
 completion of our assignment.

Morga nods.

MORGA  
(in Klingonese)  
On that, Kavagh, we agree. So we  
should attack not to die, but to  
survive.  
(beat, smiles)  
Gunnery rig! Weapons to my control!

The elaborate periscope descends from the ceiling above, clamping down securely onto Morga's chair. He pulls his eyes up to the viewfinder and begins to scan.

MORGA (CONT'D)  
(in Klingonese)  
Interception course! Engines to  
attack speed!

Kavagh returns to his aft station. He does not appear to share Morga's enthusiasm. Off his look, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CONSTELLATION

The grand starship is approaching Kintuki II at a slow and steady speed.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

As in the first act. Masada is reading a graphical display on one of his monitors.

MASADA

Captain, the laboratories have the results of the tests ran on those debris fragments.

DECKER

And?

Masada spins around rather dramatically in his chair.

MASADA

Part of the field is Federation in origin. The other...Klingon.

Decker rubs his chin.

DECKER

Seems the liner put up one hell of a fight.

(beat)

Helmsman, turn us around. Take us away from the planet.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CONSTELLATION

The ship enters a graceful turn to starboard, exposing her secondary hull to the planet below.

CUT TO:

T'KEGAN PERISCOPE

The blood-red gunsights focus in, targeting the underside of the Constellation wireframe.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINTUKI II -- THE T'KEGAN

A close-up on the bow. The torpedo launcher fires.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- KLINGON TORPEDO

We follow the projectile as it bursts out of the atmosphere, streaking towards the Constellation above. It is homing in on the secondary hull...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CONSTELLATION

The torpedo SMASHES hard into the bottom of the ship, sending the entire craft lurching forward with the kinetic energy of the impact. A hole has been blown in the underside of the engineering section. Fires burn around the jagged edge of the impact zone. Bodies are blown clear before the emergency bulkheads have the chance to seal.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

Decker picks himself up off the floor, glancing around with a mix of anger and confusion. The Red Alert lights are flashing. Klaxons blare.

DECKER

Report!

MASADA

Impact amidships, secondary hull. Severe damage to the engineering decks. We've lost the main power couplings that feed the deflector shield, and are venting atmosphere. Bulkheads are closing.

DECKER

What hit us?

MASADA

A torpedo, from the planet below.

Decker clambers back into his chair.

DECKER

Energise phaser capacitors and load all torpedo bays! Helmsman, hard about. Bring our full forward battery to bear on target!

The female HELMSMAN presses an array of multi-coloured buttons.



HELMSMAN

Coming about, sir, but on *what*  
target?

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The T'Kegan bursts out of the Kintuki atmosphere, disruptor cannons blazing. It strafes the underside of the Constellation, peppering the saucer section with blast marks. Zooming past the hurtling explorer, the T'Kegan begins to turn about for another pass.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

Decker points at the main viewscreen.

DECKER

*That* target, Lieutenant! Aft  
battery, fire!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Constellation's aft phaser banks speak up, sending two streams of superheated energy right at the T'Kegan. One beam finds its mark, flashing the attack ship's shielding. The T'Kegan is knocked off her vector and starts to falter in her maneuvering.

We cut back to the Constellation, focusing in onto her impulse engines. The small launch tube that is nestled neatly in between the main vents unleashes a salvo of three deadly photon torpedoes. Two of them strike true.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- MAIN CORRIDOR

A large explosion sends a Klingon warrior tumbling head-over-heels down the walkway.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

The bridge shakes. Consoles spark.

KAVAGH

(in Klingonese)

The aft shields are buckling.  
Shunting power to reinforce.  
Moderate damage to B deck.

DARJ  
 (in Klingonese)  
 The enemy has lost their screens,  
 my lord.

MORGA  
 (in Klingonese)  
 Take me across their ventral hull.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The T'Kegan completes her turn and moves once again  
 towards the Constellation.

CUT TO:

T'KEGAN PERISCOPE

The crosshairs lock onto the Constellation's bridge dome!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The T'Kegan fires a burst of disruptor fire. The blasts  
 tear into the Constellation's saucer just behind the  
 bridge, ripping up several hull panels.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

Smoke lingers heavy as Lawford helps Masada clear a fallen  
 ceiling panel away from his console. The latter then looks  
 back down his science viewer.

MASADA  
 Hull breaches, decks five and six.  
 Damage to the fusion generators;  
 we've lost reactors four and five!

The Saurian WEAPONS OFFICER watches one of his monitor  
 screens as a bar reading 'PHASER CAPACITOR' drops steadily.

WEAPONS OFFICER  
 Phaser energy is dropping,  
 Captain. Only twenty seconds of  
 energy left in charge.

DECKER  
 Then get me a firing solution!  
 Mr Masada, active sensor ping.  
 See if that can't get us a lock  
 faster.

MASADA

Pinging...now.

We hear a vaguely sonar-like 'ping'.

WEAPONS OFFICER

Focusing on target...

Targeting reticules move in around the T'Kegan on his display.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

Kavagh looks up from his own version of the science sensor viewer.

KAVAGH

(in Klingonese)

My lord, we are within the firing arc of their main battery. We cannot withstand that much raw firepower!

CUT TO:

CONSTELLATION'S TARGETING DISPLAY

The reticules are closing quickly around the T'Kegan. Just another second...

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

MORGA

(in Klingonese)

Helm, emergency dive. Into the atmosphere!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The T'Kegan makes a roll, diving down towards Kintuki II like a high-speed fighter jet...

CUT TO:

CONSTELLATION'S TARGETING DISPLAY

The reticules have now completely enclosed the moving T'Kegan, forming a crosshair...and a solid lock!

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

We zoom in on Decker. He clenches his fist.

DECKER  
Let 'em have it, all barrels!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Alpha strike! The Constellation erupts forth with a wall of weapon fire. Burning blue phaser beams and sparkling photon torpedoes are thrown at the T'Kegan...

But the attack ship has already disappeared into the planet's atmosphere. The phaser beams rip into the clouds, hitting nothing. The torpedoes pepper the area where the T'Kegan entered, but we get no indication that any of them struck.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

A close-up on the science station.

MASADA  
A miss, Captain.

Decker throws some datacards to the deck in frustration. He rubs his eyes.

DECKER  
Goddamn Klingon bastards...  
(beat)  
Helmsman, take us out to a higher orbit. If they're going to try that again, I want plenty of time to react!

WEAPONS OFFICER  
Phaser power gone, Captain.

DECKER  
Then we'll use torpedoes. Set all tubes for proximity blast and program the targeting computers for planetary bombardment.

MASADA  
Sir, I don't think we should do that.

Decker spins around to him.

DECKER  
Oh? And why not?

MASADA

The Venture Star, Captain. She may have taken refuge in the atmosphere.

DECKER

We have no evidence to suggest that.

MASADA

Actually, we do. Sensors are picking up a faint trail of warp plasma that leads from the debris site to Kintuki II.

DECKER

(indicating viewscreen)  
Could be from the Klingon scout there.

MASADA

Maybe, but we have no way to be certain.

Decker rubs his chin again. He nods.

DECKER

You're right, Lieutenant. We can't risk it.

(beat)

Prepare a salvo of Class Three planetary probes. Use that bombardment pattern as a search template for deep location scanning.

MASADA

Aye sir.

Lawford moves up to Decker's side.

LAWFORD

What should I enter into the log recording, sir? Did we win the battle or not?

DECKER

A stalemate, Yeoman, a stalemate. For now.

(to So-Tagatelia)

Communications, send a report to Command Base. Let them know what's going on and request any aid that they can offer.

SO-TAGATELIA

Yes Captain.

Decker stares thoughtfully at the viewscreen ahead, swinging slightly in his chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- IGUMI FIELD ASTEROIDS

As in previous act. Once again, we cut angles away from the dark asteroids to reveal the approach of a ship at low impulse speed. This craft, though, has an instantly-recognisable configuration. Looking much like a 2260's-era version of a Miranda-class without the 'rollbar', the Starfleet vessel is a compact and functional design.

*SUPER-IMPOSE: U.S.S. Relinquent, NCC-1281, Mark-II-A Coventry-class Frigate.*

*Location: Igumi Field Asteroids, Federation/Klingon Border, Sector 005743. Mission: Border Patrol.*

CUT TO:

INT. RELINQUENT -- CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

A small Starfleet office with a viewport to the stars. COMMANDER JAZIR TYCHO, a human gentleman of West-Indian ethnicity in his early fifties, sits behind the desk.

He is 'old-Navy': tough, weathered, uncompromising. He is currently polishing a particularly elaborate-looking medal, peering at it through his silver-rimmed spectacles. We hear a bosun's whistle.

BANKS (OVER COMM.)

Bridge to Captain Tycho.

Without diverting his attention from his medal, Tycho reaches over to his monitor and presses a button beneath the display. LIEUTENANT AVERHILL BANKS appears on the screen, sitting on the ship's bridge. He is a brown-haired man with a British accent. He wears a gold uniform with the Relinquent patch: a circle with a stylised 'X' over the top.

BANKS

Banks here, sir. We-

TYCHO

Yes, yes. You may instruct the navigator to plot out our patrol course.

BANKS

Uh, no sir, that's not it. We've just received new orders from Command.

Tycho stops polishing. He raises an eyebrow.

TYCHO

Alright.

BANKS

(reading from a PADD)

To: Commander, Relinquent.  
 Proceed immediately to the  
 Kintuki star system with all due  
 haste. Starship Constellation  
 requesting assistance. Klingon  
 scout-class vessel sighted,  
 possibly responsible for  
 destruction of civilian star  
 liner. Signed: Rowley, A., Vice  
 Admiral, Sector Commander,  
 Starbase 39.

TYCHO

Hmmm.

(turns to monitor)

Then we had better proceed to the  
 Kintuki system, Lieutenant,  
 maximum warp speed.

BANKS

Aye aye, sir. I'll-

TYCHO

Notify me when we get there.

He reaches behind him and closes the channel, before  
 returning to polishing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- STARBASE 39

Re-establishing the mighty station.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE 39 -- SPACEDOCK 4

The U.S.S. Atlantis is now in a better state, at least  
 externally. Nearly all of the ion storm damage has gone.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- GALLEY

A large, circular room in the shape of a doughnut. This  
 is a space for eating, with an attached kitchen and  
 serving area, bolstered by several food synthesisers along  
 some of the walls. The centre of the room is 'filled in'  
 by a wide column that houses two turbolift shafts and  
 hundreds of important circuits.

The seats and tables have been moved to one side today as the room is packed with rows of officers and enlisted personnel, all wearing dress uniform. Among them are Hayes, Rura, Marino, Park, T'PAN, Hart and Plax, though not all together. Everyone is talking amongst themselves, with a few casting an eye back towards West. He is standing near the aft wall, talking to Wills as he adjusts the lens of a cylindrical camera mounted atop a tripod.

WILLS

There. The ceremony is going to be broadcast shipwide on all monitors, so smile for the camera, right?

WEST

(sighing)

Oh, yeah. Smile as McCarthy begrudgingly hands the ship over. He's already told me that he doesn't think I'm up to the task.

WILLS

Ah, ah, ah, what did I tell you?

West sighs.

WEST

I deserve the Atlantis. I am a starship captain today not because I am a West, but because I am a good officer.

WILLS

(grinning)

Good.

(beat)

Besides, McCarthy is just a bitter old man, ticked off at the universe for being given a desk job.

WEST

Tom, he *requested* the transfer.

WILLS

Ah...

At that, McCarthy enters from the corridor. He has a lot of medal ribbons on his chest, far more than West or anyone else in the room.

HAYES

Commodore on deck!

Everyone stands to attention.



MCCARTHY

At ease, at ease. You're making  
my head swell.

A few warm laughs. It is quite clear that the crew love and respect McCarthy. As the Commodore steps into the room, he is followed in by two other officers: Kayle and Roth. West reacts.

WEST

They must be the senior officers,  
Commanders Kayle and Roth.

WILLS

You still haven't met them?

WEST

No. I haven't met most of the  
crew. It's as if they're all  
avoiding me.

McCarthy and Roth cross to the front of the room where a standard computer access terminal has been placed on a table (just like the one seen in the briefing room on TOS).

MCCARTHY

Hey, I this time I can bore Roth  
to death with *my* slideshow photos.

The gathering laugh, clearly part of a shipwide joke that we don't know about.

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

(looks at Rura)

Some of you have served with me  
for many years...

(looks at Park)

And some of you I've only known  
for a few months. But when I look  
out here now, I see...I see the  
blood of this ship. The blood of  
this ship! Without us, she is but  
a hollow shell. And without  
her...we are but simple men,  
wondering about what's out there.

(beat)

You all know me, so you know that  
I'm nothing but candid, right?

The crowd shout out, agreeing.

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Then believe me when I say...out  
of every crew of every ship I've  
ever served on, I consider this  
to be the finest. You're a credit  
to the fleet, and knights of the  
Federation.

The crowd, listening in awe at McCarthy's every word, follow him as he paces back and forth a little.

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Many of you probably don't know the motto of this ship, since it's no longer standard practice to place them on assignment patches or bridge plaques. But ours is a strong one, passed down from our predecessors right back to the NX-05 herself.

(beat)

'Tout pret'. Two words, two ancient French words. Simple and precise, yet they sum up perfectly what this crew feels every time it is asked to put itself in danger to defend the United Federation of Planets from harm.

(beat)

'Tout pret'...'Quite ready'.

(beat)

Thank you. Thank you all.

The crowd erupts into emotional applause.

WILLS

Dear god. I've only known the man for seven days and already I want to kiss the deck plating he walks on.

This clearly hasn't helped West at all. As the gathering quiet down again, McCarthy indicates for West to approach the front. He does so.

WEST

Commodore. Lieutenant Commanders.

ROTH

Sir.

Kayle walks over to the computer terminal and flicks a switch. The machine whirs to life.

KAYLE

Computer, confirm tie-in with primary memory banks.

The COMPUTER responds with the lifeless female voice that is standard in this era:

COMPUTER

Tie-in confirmed.

KAYLE

Access procedure 'command change  
protocol alpha'.

The device bleeps and whirs for a split second.

COMPUTER

Procedure activated.

A small screen on the device displays the starship logo,  
as well as the text 'STARSHIP COMMANDER: CDRE. MARCUS B.  
McCARTHY'.

ROTH

Computer, confirm current  
Atlantis starship commander.

COMPUTER

Commodore Marcus Brooks McCarthy.

MCCARTHY

Computer, this is Marcus McCarthy,  
Commodore, access code Alpha-One-  
Seven-Oh-One-Delta. Requesting  
transference of starship command  
to Commander Alexander West.

COMPUTER

Affirmative. Code confirmed. Does  
the First Officer concur with the  
command change?

KAYLE

I do.

COMPUTER

Please provide identity and  
access code.

KAYLE

Tayrah Kayle, Lieutenant  
Commander, code Alpha-Six-Six-  
Six-Beta-Charlie.

COMPUTER

Code confirmed. Does the Second  
Officer concur with the command  
change?

Roth hesitates for a moment. But only a moment.

ROTH

Yes. Roth, Lieutenant Commander.  
Code Omega-Four-Four-Two-Omicron-  
Beta.

COMPUTER

Code confirmed. Does the Third Officer concur with the command change?

WILLS

Aye. Thomas Wills, Lieutenant Commander, code One-Zero-One-Zero-One-Zero.

West shoots him a look.

WILLS (CONT'D)

What? It's easy to remember.

COMPUTER

Code confirmed. Does Commander Alexander West accept command of the vessel?

A beat as West looks at Roth and McCarthy, and then out at the sea of blank faces.

WEST

I do.

(beat)

Alexander West, Commander, code Bravo-Alpha-Two-Zero-Omega-One.

COMPUTER

Code confirmed.

(beat)

Command change accepted. Transfer of command codes complete. USS Atlantis N-C-C-Nine-Five-Nine now under the authority of Commander Alexander West.

The text on the little screen changes to 'STARSHIP COMMANDER: CMDR. ALEXANDER M. WEST'. McCarthy and West shake hands.

WEST

I relieve you, sir.

MCCARTHY

I...stand relieved.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE 39 -- COMMAND OPS

Admiral Rowley marches onto the middle tier and straight across one of the bridges to the central command island. Captain Riess is standing there.

ROWLEY

Alright, Emma. Before you say anything, I want a complete status report. The Constellation?

RIESS

Is still holding position in the Kintuki system, making repairs. The Klingon vessel that attacked them has not left the atmosphere of the gas giant. No sign of the S.S. Venture Star.

ROWLEY

The cloud entity?

RIESS

As yet, no positive ID. We have picked up elevated levels of polaric ions in sectors 005472 and 005473, but their locations are erratic. There's no obvious pattern to them.

Rowley nods, folding his arms.

ROWLEY

I'm struggling to keep on top of things...

(beat)

Okay. What did you call me for?

Riess presses a button on the table. The star chart displayed there zooms out, scrolls upwards towards the Klingon border, then focuses back in again. A group of dots are highlighted just inside the Empire's space.

RIESS

We've just received a priority one communication from Headquarters. Remember those subspace disturbances detected over the border in the Gariman sector? They've moved to here.

ROWLEY

Ah hell. That's just across from us.

RIESS

Aye sir. And it's bad. Intelligence section has confirmed them as Klingon ships.

(off a screen)

Nine cruisers, fifteen destroyers and twenty-one frigates. And the numbers are likely to grow.

ROWLEY

(sighing)

What has Headquarters recommended we do?

RIESS

Hold for now. The Federation Council is going to announce publicly within the hour that Starfleet is at Code Two alert. They're hoping that the Klingons will get wind of it, and call off any planned invasion.

ROWLEY

(sarcastically)

Yeah. That'll work.

(beat)

We need ships.

RIESS

We can deploy attack fighters and combat drones to act as a defensive screen, but the only starship we have in dock that's even remotely capable of combat at the moment is the Atlantis.

ROWLEY

All of our other vessels are out on assignments. Can we recall them?

RIESS

Yes. But the nearest one is three hours away.

ROWLEY

Do it.

RIESS

(off a screen)

The C-in-C has also dispatched various starships from other sectors to our aid, though many of them won't arrive for at least seven hours. Rear Admirals Okuda and McCormack are sending us all they can spare from Starbases 36 and 64. Admiral Corman is even ordering his dreadnought squadron to our sector, but they're not likely to get here until tomorrow.

ROWLEY

Better than nothing, I guess.  
This station is well-armed, but  
forty-five warships is a hell of  
a lot of disruptor banks. I'll  
take any help we can get.

Riess nods in agreement, then moves off around the other  
side of the command table. Rowley is left to his thoughts

ROWLEY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Klingons to right of them,  
intelligent clouds to left of  
them...

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- JUNIOR OFFICER'S QUARTERS

A standard-sized living space. Normally, this would be a  
room for one person, but right now, a temporary second  
bunk has been set up in the middle of the floor. Ensign  
Park is standing beside this, getting changed out of his  
dress uniform and back into his duty gear.

Pulling his tunic over his eyes, he starts to examine the  
personal affects around the room. There is little of note;  
a few pictures of people on Earth, some paintings, and a  
teddy bear.

Park walks over to the wardrobe and pulls it open. The  
inside is moderately filled with various items of clothing  
(Fleet and civilian), all female. A smile crosses Park's  
face.

He slides open one of the drawers. Inside, he finds his  
treasure: lingerie.

PARK

Nice...

He starts to dig through the drawer, but suddenly stops.  
With a puzzled look on his face, he pulls out a small  
glass case. Inside are several Starfleet citations, all  
dwarfed by a very large medal in the centre.

PARK (CONT'D)

Whoa. The Medal of Valor.

He looks at another, colourful ribbon.

PARK (CONT'D)

What's this...?

MARINO (O.S.)

The Terbruka Siege medallion.

Park nearly drops the award case in shock. Jamelia Marino is standing in the doorway.

PARK  
 Sorry, you scared me. You-  
 (beat)  
 Hey. You're that phaser  
 technician. From the turbolift!

MARINO  
 Jamelia Marino, Lieutenant Junior  
 Grade, Chief Weapons Officer.

Park just stands there, unable to speak. He looks at her rank stripes: Lieutenant J.G.

PARK  
 Oh, shi-uh, I...I...thought...

MARINO  
 Thought I was a rating, did you?

Park nods. Marino takes the medal case off him.

MARINO  
 You were in my lingerie drawer.  
 (beat)  
 Let me see: so that's insulting  
 a senior officer, making her  
 carry bags for you, trying to hit  
 on said officer, and then going  
 through her underwear.  
 (thinks)  
 That's a long list of charges.  
 Have anything to say for yourself?

Park snaps to attention.

PARK  
 No excuse, sir!

Marino stares at him for a long while, enjoying every second of his uncomfortable humiliation.

MARINO  
 I would like to know why you were  
 in my wardrobe.

PARK  
 I was...looking for a space to  
 put my things.

MARINO  
 Your things?



PARK

Aye sir.  
 (indicates second bed)  
 We're temporary roommates.

Marino flexes her muscles in a frustrated manner.

MARINO

I see. Well, you can just keep  
 your things over that side of the  
 room. This wardrobe is off-limits.

She shoves the medals away back in the drawer and slams the wardrobe shut. They stand facing each other for a long moment.

PARK

Sir...may I ask, your medals...  
 (beat)  
 Were you at Terbruksa?

MARINO

I have the survivor's medallion,  
 don't I? Take a guess.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- PLAX'S QUARTERS

An identical room to Marino's above. The decoration here, though, is totally alien. The lights are low, but we can just make out Lieutenant Plax in the middle of the room. He approaches a blank canvas set up on an easel, holding a paint brush in each of his three hands.

Hart stands to one side, watching on. Plax dips the three brushes into three different paints: black, white and grey.

PLAX

I advise you to stand back, Chief  
 Hart. This can become quite messy.

Hart takes a step or two backwards.

PLAX (CONT'D)

Computer, start playback.

The computer bleeps. A split-second later, a melodic tune drifts out of the speakers: the first movement of Beethoven's Pathétique Sonata. With slow and deliberate strokes, Plax begins to paint the canvas. It is a very serene and beautiful picture, though we have no idea what it is of.

Then the beat starts. A tribal beat. The sonata intensifies, and so does Plax's painting. He starts to attack the canvas, stabbing and slicing with the brushes. Paint flies everywhere, hitting the walls and deck.

A tiny glob splatters on Hart's boot. As she bends over to clean it, a much larger glob splats on the bulkhead behind where she was standing; a narrow escape. Plax's hands are now almost a blur.

Then the music stops.

He takes a few breaths, placing the paints into a waiting bucket of water. He takes a step back.

His painting is a massive unity of black, white and grey. Each colour is separate, but part of the same whole.

HART  
Beautiful. What is it?

PLAX  
I do not know. I just paint what the music tells me to.

He rubs his arms and walks off into the head. Hart takes a few steps closer to the painting, admiring it.

HART  
I really like it.

PLAX (O.S.)  
Take it, if you wish.

HART  
Oh, I couldn't...

Plax sticks his head out of the head door.

PLAX  
Please. I have no room for it here.

Hart nods.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- GALLEY

As before, only now largely devoid of crewmembers. Lieutenants Hayes and Rura sit together at a table near the kitchen area. They are mid-conversation.

RURA  
He seems alright to me.

HAYES  
I don't know. He always looks...down. Sad. Almost depressed. Have you not noticed?

RURA  
 Wouldn't you be somewhat out of  
 yourself if you were in his  
 position? His first ever starship.  
 I'd be...what's the phrase?  
 'Bricking myself'.

Hayes chuckles.

HAYES  
 I guess you're right. Besides,  
 early days and all that.

He looks towards the kitchen.

HAYES (CONT'D)  
 Where are they doing in there?  
 Where are my chips?

RURA  
 Don't you mean fries?

HAYES  
 Hey; it'll be a cold day on  
 Mercury before I call chips 'fries'.

Rura chuckles.

RURA  
 If you're so impatient, why don't  
 you use a sythesiser over there?

HAYES  
 The storm knocked them for six.  
 All they're producing at the  
 moment is coffee and chicken soup.  
 (shouts)  
 Hey! Steward! Chips?

The STEWARD manning the serving counter looks over. He has  
 a cockney accent.

STEWARD  
 Fifteen more minutes, mate.

HAYES  
 Fif-? Why?

STEWARD  
 We're on our break.

Hayes sighs in frustration.

HAYES  
 (beat, looks at Rura)  
 Um, Kriss...?

RURA

No. No way. I'm not doing it.

HAYES

Go on. No harm done.

RURA

No!

HAYES

Come on. Just a little harmless suggestion.

Rura looks at him, sighs, then turns to face the Steward. She furrows her brow slightly, concentrating hard. All sound around us dies out.

RURA (V.O.)

(echoing)

Steward. You want to make those fries *now*.

The sound cuts back in. As we watch, the Steward, looking confused, walks over to a high-tech frying device and starts to cook with potatoes.

RURA

There you go.

HAYES

Thank you.

(beat)

I do wonder, though: have you ever used that suggestion trick on me?

RURA

(taps head)

It's no trick. Only a few dozen Krixxians per generation are born with the ability.

HAYES

But have you ever used it on me?

Rura grins.

RURA

(coy)

Well...remember the Federation Day party last year?

(beat)

Remember what we did?

Hayes gasps, looks shocked for a second, then laughs.

HAYES

You're yanking my tether, aren't you?

RURA

(grinning)

You're just such an easy target.

At that, Park comes jogging over to them. He looks a little flustered.

PARK

Guys, guys!

HAYES

You alright, Will?

PARK

Yes. No. I don't know.

(beat)

Remember that woman I told you about, Si? The technician I met at the turbolift.

HAYES

Ah, yes.

(to Rura)

His fantasy girl.

Rura laughs.

RURA

Oh, I see. You mean, his fantasy for this week.

PARK

Shut up! Anyway, she...well, I'm sharing a room with her.

RURA

I thought you were assigned to a junior officer's quarters?

PARK

I was.

(beat)

She's the Chief Weapon's Officer.

Rura and Hayes burst out into laughter.

PARK (CONT'D)

It's not funny, guys! I could get into serious trouble!

RURA

You and women are like matter and antimatter.

HAYES

Explosive.

He makes an explosion sound.

PARK

Ouch. That's way below the belt. Just because the last three women I dated nearly got me kicked off the ship...

HAYES

The last *two* women did. The one before that nearly got you *killed*.

PARK

Look, how was I supposed to know she was the shaman's daughter?

HAYES

I told you. Four times.

PARK

Uh...well, you should have told me five times, shouldn't you? It was entirely your fault, Lieutenant!

Hayes gives him a friendly punch in the arm.

RURA

All we're saying is, we've known you for only a couple of months and we can already see that you're not the committing-relationship type. And if we can see that-

PARK

Whoa, whoa, whoa...don't ever say that 'R' word in my presence.

(shudders)

It's for old farts and Starbase portmasters.

Hayes raises an eyebrow, sharing a look with Rura. At the same time, the Steward appears beside the table and places a bowl of fries down in front of Hayes.

HAYES

Thank you, Steward.

Rura and Hayes both conceal their amusement well.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- ENGINEERING

As we saw it on 'Part 1', only now the room is in a far greater state of repair. Standing beside the main command table are Wills and Lieutenant T'Pan, his Vulcan deputy. The former is reading a PADD.

WILLS

And these are the parts we still need?

T'PAN

Correct, sir. Without them, the shields will be useless.

WILLS

Did Hailey not raid the Starbase's stores?

T'PAN

Commander Collins has had to depart aboard the transport ship Liberty. Her grandfather is very ill and she has been summoned back to Earth by her family.

WILLS

That can't be. I was with her last night.

T'PAN

Yes. I know.

WILLS

You...know?

T'PAN

The Commander informed me before she left. I must admit, I felt a certain degree of surprise when I learned of the encounter. She is usually only interested in passive males.

WILLS

'Interested'?

T'PAN

For sexual intercourse, sir.

Wills, stunned and embarrassed, glances around to make sure that no one else heard the remark.

WILLS

(lowered tone)

We...I mean, I...we didn't-

T'PAN

Yes. Again, I am aware of what transpired.

(beat)

The Commander departed less than an hour after she left you. She...

(awkward)

She told me to relay a message to you.

WILLS

Alright. What?

This time, T'Pan glances around awkwardly. When all of the technicians have their backs turned, she leans in and kisses Wills quickly on the cheek.

T'PAN

"Good luck, take care of my baby ship, and next time, have a sense of humour."

Wills, a little surprised, rubs the skin where T'Pan kissed him. Slowly, his lips morph into a smile. A very prideful smile.

WILLS

Well I'll be. All that time, all those comments...

T'PAN

She was testing you, sir. To see what kind of replacement you would make. She was looking for someone who would stand up to people, even other officers, and defend themselves.

WILLS

I guess I passed.

T'PAN

Apparently so.

A beat. Wills returns his attention to the PADD.

WILLS

I'll see if I can't beg, steal or borrow some parts from the Starbase's quartermaster. The shields are the last main primary system that isn't working at at least some basic level.

T'Pan nods.



WILLS (CONT'D)

Hey...when Hailey gave you that message. Did she...actually kiss you?

He makes a suggestive face. T'Pan, hiding her disgust, turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- CARGO BAY

A large, two-deck room for non-bulk cargo. It is visually unimpressive, save for the cargo transporter pad at one side. Lt. Commander Roth is standing beside this as two Crewman set a large container down onto the pad with the aid of antigravity lifter handles. Roth walks over to it, reads the label, then makes a note on his PADD.

ROTH

Personal effects belonging to Susyl Anakan Underwood, Petty Officer Second Class, Eyb Uiyeenne, Petty Officer Third Class, and Ella Hewitt-Wolfe, Crewman Third Class. All deceased.  
(to controls)  
Energise.

The technician at the controls dematerialises the container. The two Crewman head over towards the door and exit. At the same time, Lt. Commander Kayle enters from the corridor. She crosses over to Roth.

KAYLE

Hey. Is that the last of them?

Roth nods, attaching the pen back to the side of his PADD.

KAYLE (CONT'D)

Never gets any easier, does it?

ROTH

It does not.  
(beat)  
Crewman Hewitt-Wolfe was a member of my science team, and a promising young lab technician. She transferred just last month from the Andromeda, and less than five months before that she was still in basic training. Only nineteen-years old.  
(MORE)

ROTH (CONT'D)

(beat)

I have been in the service for thirty-one years, and have survived at least a dozen such stellar storms. If I believed in a divine figure, I would be severely questioning their logic right now.

Kayle pulls Roth into a sympathetic hug. They hold together for several seconds, and as the time passes, the friendly hug turns into a loving embrace.

The McCarthy enters. Instantly, Roth pushes Kayle away from him.

ROTH

Commodore.

Briefly, Kayle's eyes show hurt. But only briefly.

MCCARTHY

Roth. Tayrah. I'm glad I caught you two together. I was wondering if you wanted to join me in the officer's lounge for a final farewell drink?

KAYLE

I'd be happy to, sir.

MCCARTHY

Roth?

A beat.

ROTH

Yes. Yes, I'll be there.

MCCARTHY

Very good. Shall we say, ten minutes

ROTH

Ten minutes.

McCarthy smiles and exits.

KAYLE

He's gonna be bored to tears behind a desk.

Roth hands his PADD to the transporter technician.

KAYLE (CONT'D)

I'll miss him.

Roth stares after McCarthy as the doors close.

ROTH

As will I...

His eyes hide something deeper. On this, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CONSTELLATION

The explorer sits in space, facing Kintuki II in the distance. Two work bees are below the secondary hull, patching up the hole that the Klingon torpedo made as best as they can.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

As Act Three. Decker is in the command chair, as usual. Lawford brings him a cup of coffee, which he takes with a pleased nod. Masada is monitoring several readouts at his station.

MASADA

That's another section of atmosphere scanned. Still no sign of the Klingon scout.

DECKER

They're down there, Mr Masada. Just waiting for us to drop our guard.

MASADA

Moving probes to the next section.

So-Tagatelia listens in closely to her earpiece.

SO-TAGATELIA

Sir, incoming transmission from frigate Relinquent. Captain Tycho wants to speak to you.

DECKER

(scoffing)  
Great. Just great.  
(beat)  
Put him through, Ensign.

Commander Tycho appears on the main viewer, sitting in the command chair of his bridge.

TYCHO

Captain Decker. We have been assigned to give you aid. How can we be of service?

DECKER

Captain Tycho. We've been attacked and damaged by a Klingon scout-class vessel. They're currently hiding inside-

TYCHO

You were *damaged* by the scout, sir?

DECKER

Yes. We've lost warp drive.

TYCHO

(condescending)

I see. How inconvenient. We will, of course, be honoured to assist you in any way we can. A tow to port, perhaps?

Decker clenches his teeth.

DECKER

That won't be necessary, Captain. We just need your help in apprehending this Klingon ship.

TYCHO

(static-filled)

Very well, sir. We will be there in twe-ty minutes. Do...quire any enginee...fix your...?

The transmission is abruptly terminated. Grinning, Decker turns to communications.

DECKER

Thank you, Ensign.

SO-TAGATELIA

(confused)

That wasn't me, Captain. There's some kind of subspace interference somewhere between us and the Relinquent. I can't re-establish the connection.

DECKER

Whatever it is, I owe it a drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINTUKI II -- LIFEBOATS

The Venture Star lifeboats, as we left them in the first act. The atmosphere around them has changed, however. It is no longer the somewhat visually pleasant mixture of blues, but has darkened to become a deep navy.

They have moved back into formation, despite their damaged aft main thrusters. We focus in on the boat labeled '13'.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT THIRTEEN

[Throughout this scene and all other Lifeboat ones, we hear groaning coming from the hull, as if a great weight is on the outside and pressing to get in.]

BOATSWAIN LIZA lays still, slumped against the control console. She looks dead. As we focus in towards her face, a wrinkled hand reaches out from behind and taps her on the shoulder.

Liza awakes with a start. It takes her a moment to realise where she is. She turns around to face the rest of the dark interior.

Ms ZAHARIS, the elderly Tiburonian woman, is standing over her.

LIZA

Oh. Ms Zaharis...

ZAHARIS

You were sleeping, dear. Are you alright?

LIZA

(surprised)

Yes. Yes, actually. I'm fine.

She glances at a chronometer built into the console.

LIZA (CONT'D)

We've been in the atmosphere for hours now.

ZAHARIS

Forgive me, but shouldn't we be dead? I was under the impression that the radiation was severe.

LIZA

Yes. I thought so too. How are you feeling?

ZAHARIS

Quite well, actually.

LIZA

Me too...

A little boy moves up the cabin to Zaharis' side. He is eight years old, and looks to be half-Tiburonian. This is CIARIC.

CIARIC

Mommy, I don't feel sick anymore.  
Can I please eat something now?

Liza smiles warmly. Zaharis kneels down.

ZAHARIS

Of course you can, Ciaric. Go and  
tell your sister to fetch you a  
ration pack.

CIARIC

Kay.

Ciaric turns, bounding back down the cabin. Everyone he  
passes is looking much better now, including the Tellarite  
couple. Ciaric goes to another half-Tiburonian; a twenty-  
something female named PHANESSA.

We cut back to the control area.

LIZA

That's a handsome boy you have  
there.

ZAHARIS

Thank you. He and his sister  
Phanessa mean the world to me.

The communications speaker crackles to life.

NIKKON (OVER COMM.)

Lifeboat Thirteen, come in. Liza,  
are you there?

LIZA

(smiling)  
Yes, Doctor, I'm here.

NIKKON (OVER COMM.)

How are you doing over there?

LIZA

Fine. Better than fine, actually.  
The sickness seems to have  
disappeared.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

As we last saw it, in the first act. Nikkon is alone at  
the front of the boat, sitting in the control chair.

NIKKON

Yes, it's the same here and on the other boats. Apparently, we've passed below a certain depth into a different kind of atmosphere free of any hyperonic particles.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

So we're safe?

NIKKON

Well...safe from the radiation, yes. As you might have noticed, there is a lot of pressure on the outer hull.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT THIRTEEN

Zaharis places her hand on Liza's shoulder, indicating that she is leaving her to her relative privacy. She moves off down the cabin.

LIZA

You're saying that this could be it, Doctor? The end?

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

As above.

NIKKON

The end is a very relative term, Liza, but if this is to be our *living* end, could you please do me one favour?

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Anything.

NIKKON

Please call me Nikkon.

A beat.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Nikkon. I like the name. Do you have any others?

NIKKON

Yes.

(beat, awkwardly)  
Stewart. I hate it.



LIZA (OVER COMM.)

(laughs)

At least it's a nice-sounding name, Stewart Nikkon. My middle name is 'Of'.

Nikkon laughs. It takes him a moment to stop.

NIKKON

So. Are you religious, Liza?

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

No, not me.

NIKKON

I thought I heard you say 'Allah be praised' before, when you first found us. That's an Arabic phrase, is it not?

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

You know a lot about Earth history, don't you? Yes, you're right. My grandmother was a Muslim. It's just a phrase I picked up from her.

(laughs)

My mother would be furious if she knew I used it. She was a straight-out atheist.

(beat)

I suppose that you would have gotten along well with her.

NIKKON

Oh? Why is that?

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

You're an atheist too, aren't you? Being a doctor of medicine and all.

NIKKON

Well. Let's just say that I'm open minded about these things.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Ah, a fence-sitter. They hated your type. Both my mother and my grandmother would have sat you down in front of them and forced you to choose one side or the other!

They both laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT THIRTEEN

Liza regains her composure.

LIZA

Nikkon, I...

(beat)

Well, since we're going to die soon...

(long beat)

I think you're cute. There, I said it.

(long beat)

Nikkon? Nikkon? Doctor?

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

Nikkon is holding onto his head. He appears to be in pain. Great pain.

LIZA (OVER COMM.)

Doctor? Nikkon, can you hear me?

Nikkon's eyes open wide. We focus in on one:

FLASH CUT TO:

THE WHITE

Complete whiteness. All we can hear is the thumping of a heart.

Dub-dub...dub-dub...dub-dub...

FLASH CUT TO:

NIKKON'S EYES

Scared. Dilating.

FLASH CUT TO:

THE WHITE

Dub-dub...dub-dub...dub-dub...

Metal scrapes against metal. Shapes move in the white.

Dub-dub...dub-dub...dub-dub...

FLASH CUT TO:

NIKKON'S EYES

Intense pain. One eye begins to bleed. He has silver blood.

FLASH CUT TO:

THE WHITE

Dub-dub...dub-dub...dub-dub...

A horrendous steel skull bursts forth from the white. The eyes are a powerful blue, and its maw is lined with a million jagged teeth.

THE SCOUT

Origin...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

Nikkon collapses onto the floor. Edwards and Deleelos dash over.

EDWARDS

Doctor!

Nikkon begins to stand, still holding his head.

NIKKON

I...I'm okay, I-

An alarm goes off. Deleelos checks the displays, but before he can make any kind of a report, a shadow falls over the forward viewport. Everyone looks up...

The T'Kegan has found them.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

As before, only now the periscope rig has ascended back into the ceiling.

MORGA

Federation lifeboats, this is your opponent speaking. Captain Edwards, are you there?

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

Edwards takes a step forward.

EDWARDS

Yes. Yes, I'm here.

MORGA (OVER COMM.)  
 Good. I was hoping that you had survived.

(beat)  
 You dishonoured our agreement, Captain. For that, I am most displeased.

EDWARDS  
 You marauding bastards don't deserve my honour. You've killed hundreds of innocent people.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

Kavagh walks up to Morga's chair, standing between him and Darj's tactical console. Morga laughs.

MORGA  
 There is spirit in you. I like that.

(beat)  
 However, I have little time for banter today. These depths are crushing to even my mighty attack ship. So, I give you an ultimatum: hand over Doctor Nikkon, or die.

EDWARDS (OVER COMM.)  
 Nikkon is dead. He never made it off the Venture Star.

Morga leans back in his chair. He was afraid of this.

MORGA  
 Is that so?  
 (in Klingonese)  
 Target one of their lifeboats. I don't care which.

Darj nods, tapping away at his controls. On his display, we can see the crosshairs focus in around Lifeboat Thirteen.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE

As before.

MORGA (OVER COMM.)  
 I have targeted one of your escape craft, Captain Edwards. To show you how serious I am, I will destroy it.

Nikkon lunges towards the communications panel.

NIKKON

No, wait! Don't!

MORGA (OVER COMM.)

Who is this?

A beat.

NIKKON

Nikkon. Doctor Stewart Nikkon.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

Morga smiles.

MORGA

Doctor Nikkon. So very nice to hear your voice. It would seem that the reports of your passing were greatly exaggerated.

(beat)

Identify yourself: which boat are you on and which biosign are you?

NIKKON (OVER COMM.)

Lifeboat One, standing in the cockpit on the starboard side.

DARJ

(in Klingonese)

I have him.

MORGA

Excellent. Prepare for transport, Doctor.

Morga indicates to Darj. He presses a button.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- MAIN CORRIDOR -- TRANSPORTER ALCOVE

Nikkon materialises onto one of the pads. Instantly, two Klingon warriors step in, grab him by the arms and lead him through the large doors adjacent into:

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

Nikkon is brought in and stood to attention. Morga spins his chair around so that he can get a good look at him.

MORGA

Welcome aboard the T'Kegan,  
Doctor. I am Commander Morga of  
the Klingon Empire: the galactic  
power which you are now a captive  
of.

NIKKON

Fine. You have me. Now what about  
the others on the lifeboats?

MORGA

They are no longer my concern.  
They are free to go.

NIKKON

You can't just leave them here!  
Their engines are damaged. They  
can't escape the planet's  
atmosphere.

MORGA

Then they will be crushed to  
death.

(in Klingonese)

Helm, full thrusters. Take us out  
into space above this planet's  
polar north.

NIKKON

Commander, you have to tow them  
out of here!

MORGA

That is not an option. One of  
your starships orbits above. I  
intend to escape unseen, and I  
cannot do that with eight escape  
craft in tow.

KAVAGH

(in Klingonese)

My lord. We should give them an  
honourable death. It is...unfair  
to let them die at the hands of  
nature.

Morga pauses, considering this.

MORGA

(in Klingonese)

Very well. Tactical, you may  
destroy those lifeboats at your  
leisure.

Darj nods.

NIKKON

Wait. What are you-?

The sound of disruptor fire can be heard. Nikkon stares, shocked, as Lifeboat Thirteen explodes on the main viewer. There can be no survivors. Liza, Zaharis, her children, the Tellarite couple...all dead.

NIKKON (CONT'D)

No! No, you can't do this! This is murder!

MORGA

They are dying in battle with honour, Doctor. You should think well of them.

Another boat, Lifeboat Six, is destroyed.

NIKKON

No...but I...I thought...

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL ARCHIPELAGO (FROM 'PART 1')

[This scene should be slightly over-exposed.]

The two Tellarites, now elderly men, hike up a steep path together that is set into the side of a hill. They pause beside an alien plant and turn to face the ocean behind them. The island chain stretches out as far as we can see. In the clear blue sky above, a mushroom-shaped space station of a 2300s-era design orbits.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

Continuous.

NIKKON

They were supposed to *live*...

Darj's console bleeps. He glances at a status display.

DARJ

(in Klingonese)

My lord! We have just been pinged by an active sensor sweep!

KAVAGH

(in Klingonese)

What!? From where?

DARJ  
 (in Klingonese)  
 A Starfleet probe, sir! Three-  
 thousand kilometres to port.

Morga's eyes widen. He bolts up out of his chair.

MORGA  
 (in Klingonese)  
 Emergency starboard, now!

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

Tight focus on Captain Decker.

DECKER  
 Gotcha. Fire!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CONSTELLATION

The Constellation fires all of her forward weapons,  
 raining destruction down towards Kintuki II.

CUT TO:

INT. KINTUKI II

Two blue phaser beams and several torpedoes smash into the  
 T'Kegan's ventral shielding. The force of the impacts  
 knocks the ship clean off-course.

CUT TO:

INT. T'KEGAN -- BRIDGE

Smoke and debris fill the air as consoles explode around  
 the crew. Nikkon falls to the deck, covering his body.

Dub-dub...dub-dub...dub-dub...

The sounds around us fade out. Nikkon holds his head.

Dub-dub...dub-dub...dub-dub...

Kavagh, noticing that everyone else is distracted, pulls  
 out his disruptor pistol and aims it at Nikkon.

Dub-dub...dub-dub...dub-dub...

THE SCOUT (V.O.)  
 Origin...Origin...the Origin...

NIKKON  
 Who...what are you?



Just as Kavagh is about to pull the trigger, a metal beam falls down from the ceiling above, knocking him unconscious.

Dub-dub...dub-dub...dub-dub...

THE SCOUT (V.O.)  
The Origin...entity of The Origin  
detected...

NIKKON  
You're here. My stars, you are here!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Behind the U.S.S. Constellation, the gigantic Cloud bursts out of warp, instantly covering the entire starfield.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

Alarms start to blare. The Cloud is displayed on the viewscreen, casting a bright-blue hue over the entire bridge.

DECKER  
What the hell is that thing?

Masada is already hunched over the scanner hood.

MASADA  
A field of some sort...made of  
gas...two AU's in diameter-

DECKER  
Anything *useful*?

MASADA  
I think it's the same thing that  
attacked the Igumi outpost.

DECKER  
So do I, Lieutenant. All weapons,  
fire!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Constellation tuns about and fires at the Cloud.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

As above.

MASADA

A hit...but, I don't think we did anything. Our shots just traveled through the outer layer and on to the inside.

A brief beat.

DECKER

Helm, get us out of here. Maximum warp speed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Sweeping past us in a graceful turn, the Constellation's warp engines start to spin up...

The Cloud fires out a bolt of lightning that strikes the Starfleet ship hard on the stern. All power is immediately drained from the Constellation, just like what happened to the I.K.S. Kitumba and Igumi outpost on 'Part 1'.

The Constellation begins to spin, end over end, as the inertia of their previous movement keeps them in motion.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CLOUD

The Cloud moves closer to Kintuki II. As we watch in awe, the atmosphere of the gas giant starts to be sucked up towards the Cloud's outer membrane. The planetary gas forms an inverse tornado, spiraling in a cone-shape towards the waiting mass of blue.

Layer after layer of atmosphere is peeled away from Kintuki II and fed to the Cloud. Eventually, it is all gone. Only the bare core of the planet is left naked in space.

As quickly as it came, the Cloud moves off back into the black.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- THE CONSTELLATION

Drifting, end over end.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTELLATION -- BRIDGE

Complete darkness for a second, then:

MASADA  
Emergency power, sir.

The lights reactive, albeit at a dim level. Some of the consoles turn on as well. Masada returns to his scanner.

DECKER  
Dare I say it? Report.  
(long beat)  
Report, people!

MASADA  
Sir, I...you're not going to believe this-

DECKER  
The Cloud, Lieutenant! Where is it?

MASADA  
Gone sir. It seems to have moved away, on a heading...towards Starbase 39.  
(beat)  
Look at this.

He flicks a switch. The viewscreen activates, displaying a shot of the cold and dark Kintuki II core.

DECKER  
What am I looking at?

MASADA  
That, sir, is Kintuki II. Or rather, what's left of it.

DECKER  
The atmosphere?

MASADA  
Gone.  
(console bleeps)  
Hold on...

He presses another button. The viewscreen zooms in towards the planet, revealing six objects drifting in orbit above: Venture Star lifeboats.

MASADA (CONT'D)  
Lifeboats, sir. From the Venture Star! Many biosigns detected.

DECKER  
Well I'll be the son of a Romulan. Bring 'em aboard right away.  
(beat)  
Communications, status?

SO-TAGATELIA

Just coming online now, Captain.

DECKER

Send a priority one dispatch to Starbase 39. Tell them that they have one mean atmosphere-eating cloud heading their way.

MASADA

Captain, they have little time.

(beat, stunned)

The cloud has accelerated to warp factor nine!

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- BRIDGE

Alex West, now captain of Atlantis, steps out of the portside turbolift. He carries his family sword with him. Around the room, most officers are at their stations. Hayes is at the helm, Park is at navigation, Marino is at weapons, Wills is at engineering and Rura is at communications. Hart is also standing around, making notes onto a PADD.

WILLS

Captain on deck!

The crew all stand to attention.

WEST

At ease.

Everyone sits back down and returns to their posts. West starts to make a clockwise circuit around the room, passing by each station.

WILLS

Feeling better?

WEST

Much.

MARINO

Welcome aboard, sir.

WEST

Lieutenant Marino, yes?

MARINO

(nodding)

Sir.

WEST

Proud to have you with us,  
Lieutenant.

HAYES

Captain.

WEST

Lieutenant Hayes. I want to thank you for that tour you gave me. It was more than helpful.

HAYES

(smiling)

Just doing my job, sir.

WEST

I hope you're as good at piloting as you are at guided tours.

HAYES

Oh, you'll not find me lacking in that department, I can assure you.

West grins.

WEST

Ensign Park. Commander Kayle not around?

PARK

Not at present, skipper. I'm filling in while she says goodbye to the Commodore.

WEST

'Skipper'?

PARK

Yeah. Nautical term. Means 'captain'. I think.

West laughs, patting Park on the shoulder.

WEST

Whatever floats your boat, Ensign. Skipper it is.

RURA

Settling in, Captain?

WEST

More or less, Mr Rura. More or less.

HART

Can I get you some coffee, sir?

WEST

No thank you, Yeoman.

West crosses over to the central command chair. He places a hand on its back, feeling the smooth leather.

WILLS  
It's not gonna bite.

West smiles.

WEST  
Still doesn't feel quite like mine yet.

WILLS  
Well that's a shame. Because it is. Now sit your ass down.

West swings the chair around to face him. He is about to sit down when the starboard turbolift doors open, admitting McCarthy, Kayle and Roth onto the deck. He quickly stands up straight again.

RURA  
Commodore on de-

MCCARTHY  
Finish that sentence and I'll demote you!

RURA  
(smiling)  
*McCarthy* on deck!

Once again, the crew snap to attention. McCarthy looks around at all of the faces, one last time.

MCCARTHY  
Just one last look.  
(to all)  
May the Great Bird bless your voyages.

ALL  
Fair winds and following stars!

McCarthy walks over to the command chair, running his hands over the back.

MCCARTHY  
(quietly)  
And goodbye to you.

He turns and makes for the starboard side turbolift again. West and Roth follow him to the doors.

WEST  
Fairwell, sir.

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

I'm still unsure about you, West.  
Just...

(beat)

Just promise me...whatever happens, however severe the situation is...you'll always put this ship and her crew first. No matter what.

WEST

No matter what.

They shake hands. McCarthy enters the waiting lift cart, turns, takes one final look at the bridge...then places his hand on a wall toggle.

MCCARTHY

Deck fourteen, dock-

RURA

Captain West!

West turns and moves to Rura's side. McCarthy holds the lift, listening in.

WEST

What is it?

RURA

I've just lost all subspace channels, sir. Something's jamming them.

WEST

All of them? Every band?

RURA

Yes, sir. Switching to standard radio...

(listens to earpiece)

Sounds like the Starbase is having similar problems, Captain.

McCarthy's eyes go wide. He steps out of the lift.

MCCARTHY

Oh no, no...could it be...?

He dashes over to the science station, flicking switches and pressing buttons.

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

(from readout)

It's here! The Cloud is here!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- STARBASE 39

The Starbase is but a small shape in the middle of our shot. Suddenly, the Cloud explodes out of warp behind it! The stars are gone, leaving the Starbase floating alone in a sea of bright blue.

CUT TO:

INT. ATLANTIS -- BRIDGE

As before. The Cloud is displayed on the main viewer. Everyone looks on, amazed at the sight. We hold on this for a moment, then:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF PART II

TO BE CONTINUED...



S T A R ★ T R E K  
***THE ATLANTIS CHRONICLES***

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***Star Trek: The Atlantis Chronicles*** was created by Adam Murray Briggs.  
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