

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

12x21 - "Friendly Fire."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*

and on the *Star Trek* tie-in novels  
by Pocket Books

### **TNG 17x21 - "THIS FAR, NO FURTHER"**

On *Enterprise* at the Azure Nebula, Crusher goes looking for her husband. She finds him on the holodeck, tending the vines of Chateau Picard. It might be the last time he sees his home. Choudhury mourns the destruction of Deneva, where her family lived; Worf consoles her. At Vulcan, a large fleet including *Atlas* defends the planet. The transphasic torpedoes work at first, but before long the Borg adapt. Former *Enterprise* counsellor T'Lana is in Vulcan's Forge, regretting her enmity with Picard as she watches the deadly green beams approach. At the nebula, Picard calls LaForge in and orders him to begin work on a thalaron weapon, but LaForge refuses. It is unethical and would spit on Data's memory. Picard backs down, and Worf privately thanks LaForge for having the courage he did not. Over Vulcan, the attacking cubes suddenly stop, and then for no apparent reason start firing on each other instead. Vulcan is saved... for now.

### **TTN 01x21 - "ALMOST PERFECT"**

In *Axion*, Inyx removes Ree's venom from Troi's body, and saves her baby while he's at it. She will now have a perfectly healthy daughter, and many more if she wants. Upon returning Troi to the rest of the *Titan* away team, however, Inyx casually informs them of the Borg invasion. Thousands of Borg ships obliterating Federation worlds by the dozen - including Deneva, where Tuvok's son lived. Vale condemns Inyx for revealing the news so thoughtlessly. Discussing Hernandez's aiding *Titan* to escape, leaving the away team behind, Troi intuits that the super-powered alien is actually in love with Hernandez. Torvig hides away - when Keru finds him, the little Choblik begs the burly Trill not to let the Borg turn his own technological implants against him. Attempting to take his mind off it, Keru takes Torvig to explore the city. There they discover the power source for all the Caeliar's hugely advanced technology - [Omega particles](#) (VOY 4x21 "The Omega Directive").

### **VOY 10x21 - "ALPHA"**

2381: On *Voyager*, Cambridge watches over the unresponsive Chakotay. The EMH has saved Kim's life, but his horrible

injuries will keep him out of action for a long time. Meanwhile Paris and Vorik focus the crew on repairs. On Earth, Seven joins Bacco in the Palais as the Borg attack Vulcan, Andor, Qo'noS and others. They receive reports that the Borg have begun to adapt to the transphasic torpedoes - Starfleet is defenceless. 4527 BCE: Crashed on the Delta Quadrant planet, the humans are dying of hunger and hypothermia. Several Caeliar have already lost coherence. Sedín suggests merging their catoms into the humans' bodies so they can both survive - the humans are utterly against it. Gradually Sedín devolves into nothing but instinct and hunger. She consumes her fellow Caeliar, then turns on the humans. When the native aliens find the crash site, they find humans with technological implants, and hear the words... "You will be assimilated."

## TEASER

FADE IN:

### **1 INT. AVENTINE - MAIN ENGINEERING**

The BENAMITE RETICULATION FRAME - the core of *Aventine's* quantum slipstream drive technology - THROBS with power.

Around the rest of the room, we see SPARKS showering from the ceiling as bulkheads and components are welded back into place. Dozens of junior engineers work at consoles, handle acetylene torches, and confer in hurried tones.

Chief engineer LEISHMAN leads one small meeting around a central table (like the one in *Enterprise-D's* engine room). She turns to a Benzite male named SELIDOK...

LEISHMAN

Selidok, tell your team they have ten minutes to finish adjusting the yields on the warheads.

To P7-RED, the male Nasat seen in DS9 12x14 "Duty Calls"...

LEISHMAN

P7-Red, we need at least twenty more energy dampeners replicated and distributed, on the double.

To a towering and terrifyingly skinny Vulcan male, NAVOK...

LEISHMAN

Navok, what's the status of the slipstream drive?

NAVOK

All components operating within expected parameters. However, we continue to experience difficulty predicting the phase variances.

HERNANDEZ (o.s.)

You can control the phase variance by projecting soliton pulses ahead of you in the slipstream corridor.

They all turn to see HERNANDEZ, now in a modern Starfleet captain's uniform, escorted by science officer HELKARA.

HELKARA

Lieutenant Leishman, allow me to introduce Captain Erika Hernandez, our new technical adviser.

LEISHMAN

Okay, you have your assignments. Navok, see if you can apply the captain's suggestion for a soliton pulse. Meeting adjourned.

Selidok, Navok and P7-Red nod and move off to their tasks. Hernandez watches them go with a small smile, delighted by the sheer variety of species she has never seen before.

LEISHMAN

(shakes hands)

Captain - a pleasure.

HERNANDEZ

Glad to be of service, Lieutenant. Care to show me your biggest technical hurdles?

LEISHMAN

Sure.

Leishman brings up displays for Hernandez and Helkara...

## **2 INT. AVENTINE - TRANSPORTER ROOM**

Jack-of-all-trades Ensign RIORDAN works the consoles... and six heavily armed Starfleet SECURITY OFFICERS wearing surface-operation blacks BEAM into place on the platform.

They include [Andorian](#) shen SH'AQABAA, [Zaldan](#) male DORON, [Gnalian](#) female ANTILLEA, human female HUTCHINSON, [Caitian](#) male RRIARR, and [Bolian](#) male TANE. They are greeted by [Takaran](#) security chief KEDAIR and her human deputy DARROW.

KEDAIR

Welcome aboard *Aventine*. If you'll please go with Lieutenant Darrow, she'll show you to your positions.

The six officers step off the platform and follow out the door with Darrow. Kedair nods to Riordan...

...and six more officers, likewise dressed and armed, BEAM into place. They include humans, an ORION and a VULCAN.

KEDAIR  
Welcome aboard *Aventine*...

### 3 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE

Captain EZRI DAX emerges from her ready room onto the bridge, which is a similar hive of activity. She takes her command seat next to her first officer, SAM BOWERS.

DAX  
How much longer, Mister Bowers?

BOWERS  
Ten minutes at most, Captain.  
We're beaming over the last of the tactical support teams from *Titan* and *Enterprise* now.

DAX  
Okay, good.

Dax is antsy to get underway, but she also knows they have to be prepared. The TURBOLIFT doors open, and Helkara enters with Hernandez. Dax turns to greet them.

DAX  
Captain, Lieutenant. Is everything ready?

HELKARA  
Aye, sir. Captain Hernandez was able to integrate *Voyager's* shield enhancements no problem. In fact, I'd say she advanced Starfleet's shield technology by about ten years in as many seconds.

DAX

You'll have a bright future at Starfleet R-and-D, Captain.

HERNANDEZ

We'll see. I've also reconfigured your chain pulsar weapon so it only absorbs energy from the target, not from you as well.

Ops manager MIRREN, recovered from the Hirogen battle and back at her position, pipes up in surprise.

MIRREN

How did you manage that?

HERNANDEZ

(shrug)

After spending centuries working with Caeliar technology, even twenty-fourth century Starfleet tech is a piece of cake.

(beat)

Do you know how long it is since I've had a piece of cake?

DAX

We get through this, you can have all the cake you want.

HELKARA

There's still one problem. We've located a target, and once we engage slipstream, we'll catch it in a matter of seconds. But if we come out of slipstream too soon or too late, we'll be too far away to make a sneak attack. They'll have time to raise their defences. But our systems just aren't designed to drop in and out of slipstream with that degree of precision.

BOWERS

What can we do about that?

HERNANDEZ

(smirk)

Any chance you might be persuaded  
to let me fly your ship into  
combat, Captain?

DAX

(shares her grin)

I think that could be arranged.  
Mister Tharp...?

The Bolian male at the helm, THARP, turns to answer.

DAX

My apologies, Lieutenant. I know  
you were looking forward to this.  
But I'm going to have to ask you  
to surrender your station.

Tharp looks up to Hernandez - he *is* disappointed, but  
orders are orders. He stands.

THARP

Understood, Captain.

DAX

Take relief tactical, Mister  
Tharp. Sam, you take primary.  
Kedair will be needed elsewhere.

BOWERS

Aye, sir.

Bowers and Tharp move to the twin tactical consoles, while  
Hernandez takes the helm and starts familiarising herself.

MIRREN

(off panels)

Captain! You have a visitor...

Dax looks up, confused...

Dax walks purposefully into the transporter room... and sees with surprise that WORF has beamed aboard.

DAX

Worf!

WORF

Captain.

DAX

(to Riordan)

Dismissed, Ensign.

With a look as if to say "Oh yeah, I know what you two are up to," Riordan locks out his station and leaves. Dax turns back to Worf, who holds both a *bat'leth* and *mek'leth*.

WORF

I request permission to join your attack on the Borg, Captain.

DAX

Does Picard know you're here?

WORF

Yes. He granted my request to volunteer for this mission.

DAX

That's hard to believe. Captain Picard doesn't think we should even go on this mission. Why would he loan me his first officer?

WORF

(stiffens)

In regards to the Borg, I am one of the most experienced tacticians in Starfleet. Even if the captain does not approve of your plan, he still wants you to have the best possible chance of success.

DAX

Can I let you in on a little secret, Worf? The way you lifted

your chin and looked away just then - that's one of your tells. Every time you do that, I know you're hiding something. So why don't you drop the act and tell me what you're really doing here?

Worf sighs, paces to the transporter console, and lays his weapons down. He turns back to Dax.

WORF

Captain Picard did ask me to try to change your mind. He considers this attack a foolhardy effort.

DAX

And what do you think, Worf?

WORF

What I think is not important.

DAX

In other words, you agree with me but you don't want to dishonour your captain. I can't argue with that. But it comes down to this, Worf. This is my ship, and I am taking her and her crew into battle. And that's final.

WORF

As it should be. I will be proud to serve under your command.

DAX

That's kind of you to say, but you're not coming with us. The *Enterprise* needs you more.

WORF

Do not be foolish, Ezri! You will need every advantage you can get.

DAX

I already have an advantage. I'm Dax, remember?

Off her confident grin, Worf's gloom breaks into a proud and wistful smile.

WORF

It is at times like this that I see Jadzia in you. Are you certain you will not reconsider my offer?

DAX

Positive.

WORF

Then I wish you success and glory in the battle to come. *Qapla'* Ezri, daughter of Yanas, House of Martok.

DAX

*Qapla'* Worf, son of Mogh.

She grabs him in a tight HUG, which he happily returns. Then he picks up his weapons, returns to the transporter platform, and turns back to Dax.

WORF

Victory against these odds will be almost impossible.

DAX

I wouldn't say impossible.

WORF

(smirk)

I meant for the Borg.

BLACK OUT

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN

**5     EXT. SPACE**

A lone BORG PROBE - the obloid lozenge-shaped ship seen in VOY 5x15 "Dark Frontier" - moves through space at WARP, on its way to obliterate some planet or ship or starbase. As it passes, we hear the familiar ominous electronic sound.

Then space TEARS OPEN... and the *Aventine* SHOOTs out of a slipstream tunnel at almost point blank range.

**6     INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Dax on edge, clinging to the arms of her command chair...

DAX

Fire!

**7     EXT. SPACE**

*Aventine* fires a spread of four QUANTUM TORPEDOES... which FLARE BLUE against the Borg probe's shields without damaging the ship itself.

**8     INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Bowers at the tactical console...

BOWERS

Direct hits! Their warp field is collapsing.

DAX

Stay with them, helm.

**9     EXT. SPACE**

The Borg probe drops out of warp, *Aventine* drops with it.

**10    INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

DAX

Strike teams go!

**11**    **INT. AVENTINE - TRANSPORTER ROOM 1**

Six security officers, all in SOB's and carrying [TR-116 projectile rifles](#) (as seen in DS9 7x13 "Field of Fire"). This team includes GUIDICE (human male) from *Enterprise*.

**12**    **INT. AVENTINE - TRANSPORTER ROOM 2**

Another six armed officers TRANSPORT out from another transporter room elsewhere on the ship. This team includes SH'AQABAA and ANTILLEA *et al*, from *Titan*.

**13**    **INT. AVENTINE - CARGO BAY**

Another six beam out from the cargo transporter at the back of the bay - they are using every transporter they have.

**14**    **INT. AVENTINE - TRANSPORTER ROOM 3**

Finally the team commanded by KEDAIR herself beams out. She looks fierce and determined. This team includes CH'MARAS, DARROW and T'PREL (all seen [DS9 12x16 "The Blame Game"](#)).

**15**    **INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Ops manager Mirren reports...

MIRREN  
Transports complete.

DAX  
Launch chain pulsar!

**16**    **EXT. SPACE**

*Aventine* fires another torpedo, this one glowing RED. It is the CHAIN PULSAR weapon, seen in [DS9 12x14 "Duty Calls"](#). As it ZOOMS towards the Borg ship, the target splutters and chokes, power failing all over the ship.

Meanwhile the torpedo itself GLOWS brighter and brighter... but holds position next to the Borg ship, not advancing.

**17**    **INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

BOWERS

Chain pulsar weapon activated and stable. The Borg's energy field is almost non-existent.

DAX

Good work, everyone. Captain Hernandez, congratulations on helping the *Aventine's* first successful slipstream flight.

Hernandez turns from the helm and nods acknowledgement.

HERNANDEZ

Now the hard part - the waiting.

HELKARA

With the chain pulsar sucking up their energy, the Borg's weapons, shields, comms and regenerative abilities are all neutralised.

BOWERS

Unfortunately that also means the strike teams are out of contact with us and each other. They're relying purely on line of sight.

DAX

And we can't beam them out or send reinforcements. They're on their own... against a ship of angry Borg drones... in the dark.

Off Dax's trepidation...

**18 INT. BORG PROBE - CORRIDORS**

Kedair finds herself and her team in the industrial interior of a Borg ship, with hard metal deck plates, machinery everywhere, and dim THROBS of green power.

From elsewhere in the ship, we hear the marching STOMP of Borg drones advancing, and the sharp staccato report of RIFLES being fired. FLASHES of chemical weapons fire and the eerie red pencil-lights of Borg drones sweep the dark.

Kedair signals the team with hand gestures, telling them to hold position. The team of six take up defensive positions. Kedair detaches an ENERGY DAMPER from her arm, primes it...

...a platoon of BORG DRONES turns a corner and spots them. The Borg SPRINT towards them, firing BOLTS of energy from wrist-mounted weapons like Lore's Borg from TNG "Descent".

The weapons FIZZLE out against Kedair's energy dampening field. Getting closer, the Borg themselves STAGGER, the energy being leached from their own bodies as well.

Kedair pokes her head out from cover on one side, T'Prel on the other, and they FIRE their rifles, every shot clean and precise, no wasting bullets. The Borg drones go down one by one from a BULLET straight to the throat.

The next line of DRONES trample over their fallen comrades to continue their attack...

...so Darrow and ch'Maras SHOOT this group down while Kedair and T'Prel step back and reload. It is all smooth and perfectly choreographed. The Borg go down.

KEDAIR

Nice work, everyone. Let's keep moving.

The team of six cautiously move out...

**19    INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Dax sits in her chair, staring at the image on the massive VIEWSCREEN of the Borg probe, seemingly powered down, with the tiny red star of the chain pulsar still shining nearby.

Around her the bridge is silent, as they all wait for this to go inevitably and horribly wrong...

**20    EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE NINE**

The *Defiant* is docked in its usual place on the ring...

**21    INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

Starfleet security are positioned at strategic points along the length of the Promenade, already armed.

Outside the security office, Lt Cmdr EVIK hands out more TR-116 rifles to more security officers in turn.

From the Assay Office end, Cmdr RO strides purposefully, Lt NOG at her side.

NOG

The transphasic torpedoes are installed on *Defiant*, *Da Vinci*, all runabouts and every weapons emplacement on the station. Just one should be enough to destroy any Borg vessel, in theory.

RO

We'll see about that.

As Evik hands out his last rifle, he steps forward to join Ro and Nog, walking with them.

EVIK

All security officers armed and ready, Commander.

RO

Thanks, Nath. I want you in Ops, running tactical. I'll need Aleco on the *Defiant* with me.

EVIK

Understood.

The group approaches the station SHRINE, at which a PRYLAR welcomes Bajorans through the door. And there are plenty to welcome - a steady stream feeling the need to pray.

Major CENN is nearby, watching this - Ro approaches him.

RO

Major, what the hell are these people doing here? All civilians need to be off the station, now.

CENN

They refuse to go, Commander. Deep Space Nine is the gateway to the Celestial Temple. They feel closer to the Prophets here.

RO

Major, I need you and Evik both in Ops - if they stay, who's going to watch out for them?

QUARK (o.s.)

I will.

The group turns and sees QUARK standing in the doorway of his bar. Behind him, the bar's screens still show the MAP.

NOG

Uncle...

QUARK

These are my people as much as they are yours, Laren. I'll take care of them. Who knows, I might even join them.

RO

...Fine. I can't honestly say I understand any of this, but let them pray if it makes them feel better. I need the rest of you at your stations.

CENN

Aye, sir.

Ro, Evik, Cenn and Nog move on. Quark watches them go...

**22**    **EXT. SPACE**

*Aventine* and the unpowered Borg probe, the chain pulsar torpedo still glowing RED between them...

**23**    **INT. BORG PROBE - CORRIDORS**

Kedair's team reaches a T-junction. They look out across...

...the cavernous space in the centre of the Borg ship. The VINCULUM itself (as seen in VOY "Infinite Regress") hangs in the centre of this space. A narrow walkway out from the opposite side of the cavern is the only way to reach it.

Kedair looks across the cavern. FLASHES of rifle fire dot the dark, as other Starfleet strike teams take out drones.

The *Enterprise* team, led by Guidice, emerges onto the walkway opposite the *Aventine* team led by Kedair. But he has not seen her - he is looking victoriously at the Vinculum.

Kedair looks to the side and sees... a set of dark FIGURES moving towards Guidice's team. They are not identifiable in the gloom, but presumably they must be Borg.

Kedair wants to shout a warning to Guidice, but he is too far away and wouldn't hear her. Instead she HEFTS her rifle onto her shoulder, looks through its targeting scope...

**24**    **KEDAIR'S POV**

Magnified by the scope, Kedair can see Guidice and his team. She aims her rifle above their heads... and FIRES.

**25**    **BACK TO SCENE**

Kedair's shot HITS a piece of machinery over their heads, making it EXPLODE in a shower of sparks. Guidice reacts immediately, pointing his own rifle across the chasm towards Kedair. Through his own viewing scope...

**26**    **GUIDICE'S POV**

...Kedair urgently waves for his attention, pointing to the group of Borg drones creeping up on him in the darkness...

**27**    **BACK TO SCENE**

Guidice immediately turns towards the approaching Drones, the rest of his team doing likewise... and they FIRE.

FOLLOW the course of the bullets as they streak towards their targets. And through the darkness, the light of their chemical flares reveals...

...that they are not Borg at all, but the *Titan* team, led by sh'Aqabaa. Bullets TEAR through her flimsy uniform and into her blue Andorian flesh. sh'Aqabaa and her teammates CRUMPLE to the deck, shot down and bleeding.

Kedair is staring through her own targeting sight...

**28**    **KEDAIR'S POV**

She can see Guidice stop firing and desperately stop the rest of his team as well, SHOUTING something that she cannot hear from so far away. She sees him run towards the other team, the targeting sight follows him as he goes...

As Guidice reaches the other group, he breaks open a FLARE, bright in the darkness. The sight ZOOMS IN, and again...

...until we see sh'Aqabaa and her team on the deck, lit by the flare, holding her guts in and SCREAMING.

**29**    **BACK TO SCENE**

Shocked, Kedair loses grip on her rifle, which clatters to the metal deck plates. She staggers back from the edge of the cavern, overcome by the horror...

KEDAIR  
(whisper)  
...what have I done...

**30**    **EXT. SPACE - ANDOR**

The blue GAS GIANT, the icy MOON that is the homeworld of the Andorians... and STARBASE 7, the mushroom-shaped space station that rests in orbit.

Holding position to one side of the starbase is a small fleet of six mid-sized Starfleet ships, led by the Akira-class *James T Kirk*, Elias Vaughn's command.

Holding to the other side is another small group of ships, led by the Nebula-class *New York*, Benjamin Sisko's command.

Further back, we see the giant Galaxy-class *Venture* in charge of a fleet of local Andorian Imperial Guard ships.

31 INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE

As seen in [DS9 12x14 "Duty Calls"](#). Captain SISKO leaves his command chair and approaches the tactical console, crewed by Lieutenant CAVANAUGH (human female, also seen in 12x14). Together they look at the console display...

...which shows ICONS on the screen, with the designation BORG. Sisko is suitably daunted.

SISKO

How many?

CAVANAUGH

Six, sir.

Six Borg Cubes against this paltry display of Starfleet's mightiest. Sisko refuses to let his anxiety show.

SISKO

Time to engagement?

CAVANAUGH

Depending on how close they get  
before dropping out of warp,  
between seven and twelve minutes.

Sisko moves back to his command chair, trying his best to project calm and confidence.

SISKO

Take the ship to battle stations.  
Red alert.

As the RED ALERT lights begin to flash...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN

**32    INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

VAUGHN sits in his command chair. The main VIEWSCREEN is split three ways, showing Admiral ZENKAR on Starbase 7 on the left, Sisko in the middle, and another human male, Captain HENDERSON of the *Venture*, on the right.

ZENKAR (screen)  
Captains, as our most experienced  
battlefield commanders, you will  
coordinate the defence of Andor.

SISKO (screen)  
Understood, Admiral. If I may ask,  
still no news about the *Malinche*?

ZENKAR (screen)  
(sombre)  
In fact yes, Captain. The *Malinche*  
happened to intercept a Borg cube  
on their way here. I'm sorry.

SISKO (screen)  
Damn it... George...

VAUGHN  
Any last orders, Admiral?

ZENKAR (screen)  
Yes, Captain. Tell your squads to  
stick to the plan as much as they  
can for as long as they can. We'll  
only get one chance at this.

HENDERSON (screen)  
Yes, sir. We'll stop them.

VAUGHN  
Good luck to us all. *Kirk* out.

The line drops, and Vaughn turns to his crew, which include SHAR at sciences and MAGRONE at tactical.

VAUGHN  
Sensors?

SHAR  
The Borg are eight minutes, ten  
seconds from probable arrival.

MAGRONE  
Transphasic torpedoes are prepped  
and loaded, sir. Shields ready.

Vaughn looks to his side, to his first officer ROGEIRO, who  
already knows what Vaughn will ask him.

ROGEIRO  
The crew are also ready, Captain.

Vaughn turns back to the screen, now showing empty space.  
But the Borg are out there, and getting closer...

**33    INT. BORG PROBE - CORRIDORS**

Kedair leans against the wall of the Borg ship, stunned by  
the magnitude of her mistake. Her deputy, DARROW, steps up.

DARROW  
Sir, we need to keep moving and  
clear this deck.

Kedair knows she's right. The Takaran woman pulls all her  
guilt and shame inside, forces a cold and dispassionate  
exterior. She straightens, picks up her dropped rifle.

KEDAIR  
Alright. Take point with T'Prel.

Darrow nods acknowledgement, and they move off together.

**34    INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Hernandez sits at the helm, staring at the Borg ship on the  
screen. She turns around, looks at Dax, Bowers and Helkara,  
who are all conferring MOS.



HELKARA

Timing is confirmed. That's the signal.

DAX

(relieved)

Gruhn, pull the chain pulsar back, give'm some space. Sam, keep your weapons hot, in case it's a trap.

MIRREN

Lieutenant Kedair is hailing.

Dax nods permission; Mirren works her panels.

KEDAIR (comm)

*Aventine*, this is Strike Team One. We've got wounded. Beam all of Strike Team Three to sickbay now.

DAX

(nods to Mirren)

On it. What happened?

KEDAIR (comm)

I'll explain later, sir. But the Borg probe is ours. The Vinculum is intact, and offline. Ready to proceed to phase two.

DAX

Well done, Lieutenant. I'll send over the science teams. *Aventine* out. Bridge to engineering - Leishman, you're up.

LEISHMAN (comm)

Understood, Captain.

DAX

You too, Gruhn.

HELKARA

Aye, sir.

Helkara begins to gather his things together, while Dax heads over to Hernandez, who is looking rather pale.

DAX

You okay?

HERNANDEZ

I'm fine. Just nerves, I guess.

DAX

I just wanted to say thank you,  
for all your help today. I doubt  
we'd have succeeded without you.

HERNANDEZ

Let's hope you still feel the same  
way when this is all over.

Hernandez heads across the bridge, enters the turbolift with Helkara, and they are gone. Tharp returns to the helm.

**39 INT. AVENTINE - SICKBAY**

Doctor TARSES has his hands physically inside sh'Aqabaa's torso, his hands running with blue blood.

TARSES

Clamp the aorta, damn it!

Vulcan female paramedic T'PARAS calmly does as she is told. sh'Aqabaa is still alive, but just barely.

T'PARAS

Should we not move Lieutenant  
sh'Aqabaa into the surgical suite,  
Doctor?

TARSES

No time for that. We've got to  
seal this now or she won't even  
make it as far as surgical.

Still working, he looks across the room to the other bio-beds which are in a similar state. At one, a Bajoran male doctor, ILAR, works feverishly over the human woman Hutchinson with the help of a human female nurse, TAKAGI.

Between two others, a TRIEXIAN female NEXA uses her three arms to operate on two patients at once - the Bolian male TANE and the Zaldan male DORON - with the help of a male Vulcan nurse, L'KEM and a MIZARIAN male paramedic, RAVOSUS.

TAKAGI  
(re Hutchinson)  
Cortical failure!

RAVOSUS  
(re Tane)  
Cardiac arrest!

They both grab urgently for resuscitation equipment. Nexa and L'Kem pay attention to the Zaldan, who is conscious and SHUDDERING in agony with a bit between his teeth.

Tarses wants to run over and help, but he has his own patient whose chest he is trying to rebuild by hand.

TARSES  
(to self)  
Pay attention...

ILAR  
Kosst it!

As the readings on his bio-bed flatline, the Bajoran doctor THROWS his scalpel against the wall with a CLANG, tears off his bloody gloves, and stomps out of the room.

The Bolian and the Zaldan also flop back onto their beds as their readings flatline. Doctor Nexa accepts failure with more grace than Ilar, and turns to L'Kem.

NEXA  
Please record time of death for Lieutenant Hutchinson, thirteen-oh-seven hours. For Lieutenant Tane and Crewman Doron, thirteen-oh-nine hours.

L'KEM  
Noted, Doctor.

Nexa ambles over to Tarses, still operating on sh'Aqabaa.

NEXA

Anything I can do to help, Doctor?

TARSESES

No, she's stable. Go help Ilar  
with those two bleeders.

The Triexian ambles away again on her three legs, towards the back of sickbay. Tarses turns back to T'Paras with a sigh of relief.

TARSESES

Okay, Lieutenant sh'Aqabaa is  
ready. Move her into surgical.  
I'll be there in a second.

T'PARAS

Yes, Doctor.

T'Paras unlocks sh'Aqabaa's bio-bed from the wall, guides it on anti-gravs across the room, and out.

Tarses takes a moment to look around the room - at the three dead bodies on the beds, the pools of various-coloured blood on the deck. He takes a deep breath, steels himself, and follows T'Paras to keep working.

**40    INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

Hernandez looks up at the VINCULUM, hanging over all their heads, inside a little alcove at the end of the narrow walkway, over the gaping chasm at the centre of the ship.

Leishman and Helkara are nearby, working on various bits of machinery. Kedair's security team keep guard.

HERNANDEZ

Are you sure this thing is set up  
correctly?

LEISHMAN

Positive. It's responding to your  
bio-feedback, just like you asked.

HELKARA

If you don't feel up to this, we should scrub the mission now.

HERNANDEZ

I'm fine. Just let me concentrate.

Hernandez steps close to the machinery, lays her hands upon it, and closes her eyes to concentrate.

Kedair clangs her way over the walkway and into the alcove.

KEDAIR

Transphasic mines are armed. How's our royal infiltrator doing?

LEISHMAN

She's working on it.

DAX (comm)

Commander Helkara, report.

HELKARA

(taps combadge)

We're almost there, Captain.

DAX (comm)

Get there faster. According to last reports, the Borg are minutes away from hitting five major targets, including Andor, Vulcan and Qo'noS. If this plan's going to work, it has to work now.

Helkara, Leishman and Kedair all look worried across to Hernandez, who stands with her eyes closed and her hands on the Borg machinery. Will this work...?

#### 41 **THE MAP**

The red line indicating the Borg's advance through Klingon, Romulan and Federation space has moved on substantially from last episode. It is now a good two thirds of the way from the Azure Nebula to Bajor.

The line is about to reach five stars simultaneously, the icons clearly labelled with the names VULCAN, ANDOR, RIGEL, QO'NOS and CORIDAN.

**42**    **INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE**

This map is displayed on the viewscreen of the *Defiant*. Ro sits in the command chair, with TENMEI at helm, ALECO at tactical, BASHIR at sciences and extras elsewhere. They all gaze at the screen in muted horror.

BASHIR

Andor...

RO

Shar...

TENMEI

Dad...

**43**    **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Vaughn sits in his centre chair, Shar and Magrone behind him. An ALERT on Magrone's tactical console...

MAGRONE

Short range sensors are now picking up the Borg. Estimating fifty seconds to contact.

VAUGHN

Attack plan delta.

T'LARIK

Plan delta, aye.

The Vulcan helmswoman, T'LARIK, moves the ship accordingly. We see the stars shift on the viewscreen...

VAUGHN

The timing's got to be perfect. The transphasic torpedoes may only work the first time.

An ALERT on Shar's science console...

SHAR

Captain, we're receiving a report from the *Atlas*, commanding the fleet defending Vulcan.

VAUGHN

Not the time, Lieutenant.

SHAR

But sir, the *Atlas* reports that the transphasic torpedoes no longer seem to be effective. The Borg... have adapted to them.

Vaughn looks in horror to Rogeiro at his side. The torpedo was the only guaranteed weapon they had.

ROGEIRO

Captain... that means that as of this moment... the Federation has no defence against the Borg.

Vaughn looks back to the main viewscreen.

Upon it, the crew sees six BORG CUBES dropping out of warp and spreading out into a wide formation.

And the *Kirk* has no defence against them.

MAGRONE

The Borg are now entering firing range, sir.

VAUGHN

(with gravity)

Engage.

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

### ACT THREE

FADE IN

#### **44**    EXT. SPACE

With the ice-covered home-moon of Andor in the background, a BORG CUBE sweeps across foreground.

A pair of the smaller Starfleet vessels pepper it with phaser fire and regular torpedoes.

#### **45**    INT. KIRK - BRIDGE

Vaughn sits in his chair, the ship at battle stations. Ops manager DUNLOP (human male) calls out...

DUNLOP

Nineteen seconds to intercept the second Borg cube. Ten seconds till we cross the path of the first.

VAUGHN

Prepare to seed the transphasics as per plan delta.

MAGRONE

But sir, they won't -

VAUGHN

Do it, Magrone!

ROGEIRO

Commencing shield nutation...

#### **46**    EXT. SPACE

As the Borg cube is distracted by the smaller ships, the *Kirk* streaks across its path, dropping four transphasic torpedoes behind it like mines, then carrying on its way.

The cube flies right into the path of the torpedoes...

...the smaller ships scatter...

...and the cube EXPLODES in a ball of blue flame.

47 INT. KIRK - BRIDGE

Shar reports from sciences in amazement...

SHAR

Captain - it worked!

VAUGHN

I guess we got the report from the fleet at Vulcan before the Borg did. But that advantage won't last long. ch'Thane, order all ships to fire transphasics early and often.

MAGRONE

The Borg are firing! They -

BOOM. The ship rocks hard from the impact, SPARKS showering from a blown conduit along the side. An EXPLOSION sends Magrone tumbling back from the tactical console, hit by shrapnel. Vaughn is thrown to the deck, his aged body taking the fall hard. Rogeiro rushes to take over tactical.

ROGEIRO

Shields at eighty-three percent.

VAUGHN

(from the floor)

Stay on target!

The crew continue as Vaughn crawls back to his chair. An EFROSIAN female nurse runs to check on Magrone, who is still alive but hissing in pain from his wounds. We feel more weapons FIRE from the *Kirk*... and HIT their target.

ROGEIRO

Two Borg ships destroyed!

VAUGHN

And the rest?

ROGEIRO

Scanning... third cube has been destroyed by the *Venture*. The

sixth shows faltering shields, but  
it's still operational.

VAUGHN

T'Larik, bring us about. Target  
the nearest cube.

T'LARIK

Aye, sir.

The Vulcan woman works her panels...

**48**    **EXT. SPACE**

The *Kirk* swerves around and heads towards another cube, one  
that is already under attack by a half-dozen smaller ships.

**49**    **EXT. ANDOR - THERIN PARK**

The gorgeous public park area in the heart of the Andorian  
capital city. VRETHA strolls the lanes, holding herself  
strong and dignified as the matriarch of an important clan  
and the world's former representative to the Federation.

Looking out across the grass, she sees THOUSANDS of other  
Andorian citizens who have gathered. They huddle in small  
groups, some singing, some picnicking on the ground, some  
just holding each other. The STATUE of Shran stands guard.

Vretha reaches the bench upon which Vaughn once sat, and  
calmly takes her place. She looks up to the sky, where the  
faintest hints of lights, explosions and clouds of debris  
can be discerned. A figure sits beside her - SH'VEILETH,  
Shar's mentor as seen in DS9 12x05 "Trial and Error".

SH'VEILETH

Councillor zh'Thane, we are most  
honoured that you would choose to  
remain with us.

VRETHA

(nods acknowledgement)

Doctor sh'Veileth. And please, I  
am Councillor no more. You must  
call me Vretha.

SH'VEILETH

Then you must call me Laen. But shouldn't you have evacuated with the rest of the Parliament?

VRETHA

(sad smile)

Shouldn't you have evacuated with the rest of the scientists working to save our species?

SH'VEILETH

(concedes)

Others would take my place. My notes and data are away with them. Perhaps it was selfish of me... but I do not wish to live to see a galaxy in which Andor has fallen.

(beat)

Your *chei*?

VRETHA

His family are safe. Thirishar... even now he battles to save us.

She looks up to the sky again, to the lights and explosions just out of reach. sh'Veileth understands her meaning.

SH'VEILETH

Then surely all is well.

VRETHA

(nodding)

In my many years on the council, I was often amazed by Starfleet's seemingly endless resourcefulness.

As they both hope it will continue to hold out...

50 **INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

Hernandez still has her hands pressed against the Vinculum.

CLOSE UP on those hands - and we can see tiny microscopic particles moving back and forth between the skin and the metal, almost blurring the line between the two.

From a small distance, Helkara and Leishman observe her.

LEISHMAN

*(sotto)*

It's not working. Is it?

As if overhearing, Hernandez pulls her hands away in frustration and turns to them.

HERNANDEZ

I have an idea.

LEISHMAN

We're listening.

HERNANDEZ

I'll be able to adjust faster if you remove the feedback buffer.

HELKARA

Absolutely not. Without that, you run the risk of a counter-attack by the Borg.

HERNANDEZ

Look, the buffer is most of what's slowing me down. I'm a big girl, I can handle it.

*(taps combadge)*

Captain Dax, I'm asking permission to remove the feedback buffer and face the Borg head on.

DAX (comm)

Granted. Gruhn, Mikaela - do it.

HELKARA

Aye, Captain.

A bit annoyed at being out-ordered, Helkara and Leishman begin working at their machines again.

LEISHMAN

I hope you know what you're doing, Captain.

HERNANDEZ  
So do I, Lieutenant.

Hernandez turns back to the Vinculum and presses her hands to it again, closing her eyes in concentration.

The SUSURRUS of Borg voices begins to creep in again...

**51    EXT. SPACE**

A Borg cube FIRES its big green beam of death... and HITS the surface of Andor, causing a mushroom cloud of smoke.

An [Andorian Guard vessel](#) throws itself directly at the Borg cube, COLLIDING with the larger ship right where the green energy beam emerges, destroying the weapon and itself.

The Borg cube barely notices - another green beam emerges from another spot on the ship and continues firing.

**52    INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Sisko in his captain's chair...

SISKO  
Fire!

The viewscreen shows the *New York's* phasers leaping out to batter the Borg cube. The phasers FLASH different colours as they move through constantly shifting settings.

The weapons blow small bits off the Borg cube's surface, but it still doesn't stop firing its big green beam.

CAVANAUGH  
Phasers reduced the Borg's shield strength by sixty-five percent. But they are now having no effect.

SISKO  
What about our shields?

Lt Cmdr Gwendolyn PLANTE, a human woman at Ops, responds.

PLANTE

Holding steady at ninety-three percent, Captain.

SISKO

Cease fire and alter course. Put us between the Borg and Andor.

Ensign JAIX, a [Catullan](#) male at helm, looks up in horror.

JAIX

Sir, the Borg are firing on Andor.

SISKO

(hard)

And we have to stop them from doing so, Ensign.

JAIX

(quiver)

Aye, sir. Altering course.

Jaix works his controls, and the viewscreen shows the stars moving as the ship swerves. Sisko turns back to Plante.

SISKO

Plante, I want all outer sections along the top of the primary hull evacuated immediately. See to it.

PLANTE

Aye, sir.

**53**    **EXT. SPACE**

The heavy Nebula-class ship zooms right into the path of the Borg's powerful green beam... and stays there. The Borg's weapon does not let up - it keeps firing, hitting the *New York's* wide saucer section straight on.

**54**    **INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

The ship VIBRATES, a WHINE passing through the hull as it withstands the weapon's force. Sisko stands up, looking anxiously up at the ceiling - exactly where the beam is hitting, with only shields and hull separating them.

PLANTE

Shields are down to eighty-five percent, but holding steady there. Hull temperature is rising.

SISKO

Stay with them, helm. Don't let them slip away.

**55    EXT. SPACE**

The Borg cube tries to move sideways to continue its attack. The *New York* keeps pace, staying between the cube and the planet, taking as much of the attack as it can.

**56    INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Seeing this on the *Kirk's* viewscreen, Vaughn mutters...

VAUGHN

The hell are you doing? Good God man, have you got a death wish?

SHAR

Captain - the starbase!

VAUGHN

On screen...

**57    EXT. SPACE**

The giant mushroom-shaped starbase in orbit of Andor is basically ON FIRE. One of the remaining Borg cubes is firing on it with its own powerful green energy beam.

The station is firing back with everything it has - phasers, transphasic, quantum and regular torpedoes, all aimed at the Borg. It's not enough.

On the planet-facing side of the station, THRUSTERS and even IMPULSE ENGINES fire at full power to keep the station in position. It's not enough.

**58    INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Shar reacts to his readings in horror...

SHAR

The sheer percussive power of the Borg's attack is pushing Starbase Seven out of its orbit. Captain... if it hits the surface, with its twelve fusion reactors... the resulting explosion will be an extinction level event for Andor.

VAUGHN

Then attack, for God's sake!

The viewscreen shows us zooming towards the cube that is attacking the starbase, and launching torpedoes...

...which FLARE harmlessly against the Borg's shields.

SHAR

Sir... the transphasic torpedoes are now once again ineffective.

VAUGHN

Understood. Keep firing, Rogeiro. Everything we've got.

ROGEIRO

Aye, sir.

59 **EXT. SPACE**

One of the smaller Starfleet ships, a [Sabre-class](#), loops around behind the Starbase... and fires a wide beam of energy from its deflector dish at the back of the station. This beam THROBS, gradually pushing the station back...

60 **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

SHAR

(off panels)

The *Cutlass* is using a modulated tractor pulse to reinforce the Starbase's own stabilisers.

DUNLOP

Captain, the Starbase's fusion  
reactors... they're overloading.  
I think they're about to blow...

VAUGHN

Break off!

**61**    **EXT. SPACE**

The *Kirk* breaks off its attack, swooping out of the way...

...the EXPLOSIONS start in the bottom point of the station,  
consuming the power centre. They reach up, through the  
residential areas, RUPTURING bulkheads and atomising metal.

The "cap" of the mushroom SEPARATES on its own thrusters,  
leaving the rest of the station behind.

The *Cutlass* doesn't get out of the way in time, and when  
the stalk of the Starbase finally EXPLODES in one almighty  
conflagration, the small Sabre-class ship is swallowed up.

**62**    **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Admiral Zenkar is on the viewscreen, the command centre of  
the Starbase ON FIRE behind him.

VAUGHN

Admiral, get to the escape pods!

ZENKAR (screen)

No time. I've got to try and steer  
this thing away from the populated  
areas. Keep fighting, Captain!

The signal cuts out. Vaughn grits his teeth...

VAUGHN

T'Larik... continue pursuit of the  
nearest cube.

Shar looks horrified at the idea of leaving the Starbase to  
hit the surface. But he knows that Vaughn is no happier.

**63**    **EXT. SPACE**



## ACT FOUR

FADE IN

### **66**    EXT. SPACE

A flurry of smaller Starfleet vessels harry one Borg cube, trying to herd it away from the planet of Andor.

The Galaxy-class *Venture* surges in, throwing everything it has at the same cube from the opposite side.

*New York* remains pinned within the destructive green beam of power coming from the second cube.

*Kirk* makes a run against the third cube, FIRES a transphasic torpedo... no effect.

### **67**    INT. BORG CUBE

The cavernous interior, with the [four-sided rotating screen](#) in the centre (as seen in TNG 4x01 "Best of Both Worlds") displaying *Kirk's* continuing attack upon this very cube, firing phasers and torpedoes. The massed Borg speak...

BORG VOICES

Adaptation successful. Attack continuing. The Federation must be destroyed. All resistance must be eradicated. Attack continuing...

### **68**    INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE

These VOICES also sound in Hernandez's head and she presses her hands and forehead against the throbbing green power of the Vinculum on the otherwise Borg-less probe...

BORG VOICES (v.o.)

(continuing)

The Federation must be destroyed.  
All other directives suspended.  
Attack continuing...

Hernandez squeezes her eyes together, concentrating hard enough to break a blood vessel. The massed droning voice is slowly supplanted by the honeyed tones of the BORG QUEEN.

BORG VOICES (v.o.)  
(continuing)  
All life on Coridan must be  
eradicated. All life on Vulcan  
must be eradicated. All life...

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
(continuing)  
...on Qo'noS must be eradicated.  
All life on Andor must be  
eradicated. The Federation must be  
destroyed. Attack continuing...

HERNANDEZ  
(whisper)  
...there you are...

A few steps away, Helkara, Leishman and Kedair, now joined  
by Ravosus, watch Hernandez with pin-prick anxiety...

**69**    **EXT. SPACE**

The *New York* is still darting about in front of cube #2,  
deliberately getting in the way of its shots. A small RED  
beam comes at the *New York* from another angle...

**70**    **INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Cavanaugh calls out urgently...

CAVANAUGH  
Captain! The Borg have locked onto  
us with a tractor beam...

The ship shakes again with a new attack...

CAVANAUGH  
...and they've deployed a cutter.

PLANTE  
Shields are down to forty percent.

SISKO  
Fire all weapons!

On the viewscreen, we see torpedoes and phasers leap out from the ship... and HIT the cube attacking them.

CAVANAUGH

The Borg's shields are down to  
nineteen percent.

The Borg fire back...

SISKO

Hang on!

The weapons hit, rocking the ship. Sisko looks up through the transparent dome at the top of the bridge...

...and he can actually see the Borg cube looming over them.

SISKO

Jaix, get us out of here.

JAIX

Sir, the helm is not responding.

CAVANAUGH

Our shields just failed!

PLANTE

Power conduits blew out after that  
last barrage.

SISKO

Reroute. I don't care where from,  
just get this ship moving!

He looks up again, sees the Borg cube looming closer...

...and then it EXPLODES.

**71**    **EXT. SPACE**

As the debris of the cube flies out in all directions, the *James T Kirk* swoops past, having fired the shot that saved the *New York*. Then the other ship continues on its way...

...but the destroyed chunks of the cube are still tumbling towards the *New York*.

72 **INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Sisko sees this through the bridge skylight.

SISKO

Jaix? Plante?

PLANTE

Power junctions have fused shut.  
I can't complete a circuit for  
auxiliary power.

SISKO

All hands, brace for impact!

73 **EXT. SPACE**

One of the fragments IMPACTS the *New York* right on the dome of the bridge. Another SMASHES through one of the ship's warp nacelles, obliterating it...

74 **INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Sisko has been thrown to the deck. Others grip tightly to their stations as the ship RINGS with the impacts...

SISKO

Status!

PLANTE

Four hull breaches, all contained.  
But warp drive is gone. Impulse  
too. We're not going anywhere.

JAIX

Yes, we are. We're free-falling  
towards the planet's surface.

Off Sisko's horror...

75 **EXT. SPACE**

Surrounded by the debris of Borg, Starfleet and Andorian ships, the *New York* slowly falls into Andor's gravity well.

There are only two Borg cubes left now. *Venture* and a small cloud of support ships are attacking one...

...leaving *Kirk* to take on the other. This cube is BOMBING the planet's surface with repeated balls of RED FIRE. *Kirk* throws everything it has at the cube...

**76**    **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Rogeiro at the tactical console, while behind him Magrone staggers to his feet, helped by the Efrosian nurse.

ROGEIRO

No effect.

VAUGHN

Keep firing!

A return salvo from the Borg JOLTS Vaughn out of his seat and he tumbles to the deck -

- landing on top of T'Larik, who is also on the deck. Getting his bearings, he feels for the Vulcan woman's pulse... and his fingers come back slick with green blood.

VAUGHN

Medic!

The Efrosian nurse, whose name is NI-JALIKREII, rushes over and begins to tend to the Vulcan helmswoman. Meanwhile Vaughn steps over them both and takes the helm. Settling in, he seethes in a fury at the Borg cube looming...

VAUGHN

All I ever wanted was to explore.  
Instead I've faced a century of  
war, thanks to bastards like you.

Vaughn sets a new course...

**77**    **EXT. SPACE**

*Kirk* loops away from the Borg cube, seemingly flying away. But once it is at a suitable distance...

...it loops back again and heads straight for the cube.

78 **INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

On his own bridge, darkened and powerless as the crew fight futilely to keep it from plummeting to the surface, Sisko watches the *Kirk* on his still functioning main viewscreen.

He sees Vaughn's ship heading straight for the Borg ship, and he understands what his friend is planning.

SISKO  
Elias... no! Pull up!

But the *Kirk* doesn't seem to be doing so...

79 **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Vaughn sits at the helm, angrily driving the ship faster and faster, as the Borg cube looms bigger and bigger before them on the viewscreen...

Rogeiro looks to both Magrone and Shar. It is perfectly clear to all present what Vaughn's plan is, even if he hasn't said it out loud. All three silently agree - if this is how it's going to be, then so be it.

ROGEIRO  
Attend your stations, everyone...  
and brace for impact.

They do so.

80 **EXT. SPACE**

*Kirk* ROARS towards the Borg cube...

The Borg seem to realise what is about to happen, and FIRE weapons at the oncoming Starfleet ship...

81 **VAUGHN**

Feels the weapons hit, but doesn't let it slow him down...

82 **SISKO**

Watches this helplessly from his own bridge...

**83**    **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

The Borg cube looms bigger... bigger...

And Vaughn enters a new command, forcing the ship to CLIMB sharply. Rogeiro, Shar and Magrone grip their consoles...

**84**    **EXT. SPACE**

At the last second before impact, *Kirk* SWERVES upwards. The Akira-class vessel's main hull SKIMS the cube by inches...

...but its low-hanging warp nacelles IMPACT the cube's edge, shearing off and EXPLODING, the power contained in them having a devastating effect on the Borg vessel.

**85**    **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

All the crew are THROWN out of their seats or stations as a horrifying CRUNCH sounds through the ship, and consoles and fittings EXPLODE in flames and sparks.

Vaughn is catapulted out of his seat, over the top of the helm station, and SMASHES right through the viewscreen into the dead space beyond.

Shar lands hard on the deck as bits of burning metal and plasteel land all around him...

**86**    **EXT. SPACE**

The Borg vessel stops firing on Andor, as the death of the *Kirk*'s nacelles sets off a CHAIN REACTION through the ship. Explosions rack the cube, blowing apart a good third of it.

Meanwhile all that is left of the *Kirk* - its main hull and the sparking stumps of the catamaran split secondary hull - spins off uncontrolled into space.

**87**    **INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Sisko wants to cheer the Borg's destruction, but that it comes at such a high price stops him. Then his jaw drops as he sees what is on the screen...

**88**    **EXT. SPACE**

...because as we saw in [DS9 12x14 "Duty Calls"](#), even half a cube can still fight. The smashed cube turns...

...and just continues BOMBING the planet with balls of RED FIRE, as if nothing of consequence has happened.

**89**    **INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Sisko blanches...

SISKO

Jaix... can we do anything?

JAIX

Sorry, Captain. I've been able to arrest our fall to the surface with the manoeuvring thrusters, but... that's all we've got.

**90**    **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Shar clambers to his feet... and sees a devastated bridge. Utterly smashed, bulkheads burned, panels dead or sparking, lights flickering, conduits hissing.

Looking round him, he sees Rogeiro and Magrone on the deck. They appear to be alive, just pulling themselves out from under debris with groans of pain and effort.

Shar moves to the tactical console. He TEARS off a panel to reach the technology underneath, and begins breaking and remaking connections at the speed of adrenaline. As always for Shar, crisis has brought pinpoint focus.

He succeeds in bringing a console to life, and works it...

**91**    **EXT. SPACE**

The remains of the *Kirk* tumble slowly through the field of Borg, Starfleet and Andorian ships' debris...

...until manoeuvring thrusters fire in complex patterns to gradually bring it under control.

92 **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

That done, the terrifyingly focused Andorian reconfigures the console, bringing up a TACTICAL DISPLAY, which shows...

The half-destroyed cube continuing to fire on the planet.

Shar HISSES in fury. Rogeiro drags himself to his feet and steps up to the tactical station...

ROGEIRO

Lieutenant, what's our status?

Shar doesn't answer. He reconfigures the station again, until it shows a big red FIRING CONTROL. He presses it...

...and nothing happens, aside from a dull electronic squiggle of failure. He presses it again - nothing.

ROGEIRO

Mister Magrone, get me a status.

The Betazoid tactical officer works to do so. Meanwhile Shar is still hitting that firing control, getting no response, becoming more and more frustrated.

Eventually he is PUNCHING the panel, PUNCHING it and PUNCHING it, YELLING with fury at its refusal to fire...

93 **EXT. SPACE**

The half-destroyed cube continuing to fire on the planet...

94 **EXT. ANDOR - THERIN PARK**

Vretha stands up from the bench. All around her, the balls of RED FIRE falling from orbit have hit the city in all directions... but have not yet hit the park itself. More bombs continue to fall, hitting the buildings around them.

The crowd of gathered Andorians cry and scream and whimper. But Vretha stands with dignity. She looks up...

...and one FIREBALL is finally coming right for them.

Beside her, Doctor sh'Veileth also gets to her feet.

VRETHA

Somehow... I never truly believed  
it would come to this.

SH'VEILETH

Neither did I. But perhaps the  
resourcefulness of Starfleet was  
not quite so endless after all.

Vretha looks around at the grass, the flowers, the bubbling  
streams, all while the BALL OF FIRE gets closer and closer,  
staining the very air around them... and she smiles.

VRETHA

Be whole, Thirishar.

And then there is nothing but fire.

**95**    **INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Seeing this on his tactical display... Shar SCREAMS.

Rogeiro and Magrone can do nothing but look on helplessly.

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

## ACT FIVE

FADE IN

### 96 EXT. SPACE

The icy home-moon of Andor, with the large blue gas giant behind it... and a cloud of debris across its atmosphere.

One full Borg cube and one half-destroyed cube continue to fire BEAMS of green energy or throws balls of RED FIRE down at the planet, rending huge angry gouges in its surface.

Only one Starfleet vessel remains in active combat with the two cubes - the Galaxy-class *Venture*. The ship is damaged and exhausted, barely making a scratch.

The Nebula-class *New York* hangs dark in space...

### 97 INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE

On his darkened, powerless bridge, Sisko turns to Cavanaugh at tactical. Outside, ringing through the space-frame of the silent ship, they can hear the bombs and destruction...

SISKO

Can you tell me anything? I need to know what's going on out there.

CAVANAUGH

Sensors are unreliable. The last I saw, the *Venture* was still in the fight, but the *Kirk* was adrift.

Sisko looks towards the viewscreen, which is working but not showing him anything useful.

### 98 INT. KIRK - BRIDGE

Shar has shut down. He has collapsed to the deck, sitting with his back to the viewscreen, staring into the middle distance as if his mind has simply vacated his body.

Around him, the *Kirk's* bridge is a singed wreck. Here too they can hear the death being rained down on Andor.

99 **EXT. SPACE**

The Borg ships continuing to fire upon the planet...

BORG VOICE (v.o.)  
The Federation must be destroyed.  
All life on Andor must be  
eradicated. Attack continuing...

100 **INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

Hernandez is still working to tune herself into the Borg Queen's frequency. She hears the Borg Queen's voice, laid atop the drone of the Collective's massed voices.

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
(continuing)  
Attack continuing. All other  
directives are suspended. The  
Federation must be destroyed.

HERNANDEZ  
(whisper)  
Cease fire.

Slowly, another voice rises to the top of the droning mass - Hernandez's own, imitating the Queen's cadence and style.

HERNANDEZ QUEEN (v.o.)  
The Federation must be destroyed.  
Attack continuing.

HERNANDEZ  
Cease fire!

HERNANDEZ QUEEN (v.o.)  
The Federation must be destroyed.  
All life on Qo'noS must be  
eradicated. All life on Rigel must  
be eradicated. Cease fire. All  
directives suspended. Cease fire.

101 **EXT. SPACE**

The Borg ships raining death upon the planet...

BORG VOICE (v.o.)  
The Federation must be destroyed.  
Cease fire. Directives suspended.  
Cease fire. Directives suspended.

And just like that, they do. Both Borg cubes stop firing at once, their weapons going silent. And they just hang there.

102 INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE

Sisko instantly hears the difference, and shares a confused look with Cavanaugh. Then he looks towards the viewscreen. It seems eerily quiet and calm out there.

103 INT. KIRK - BRIDGE

Shar remains on the deck, staring at the wall. But the new silence catches his attention.

SHAR  
Are they finished? Is it over?

Rogeiرو stands at the console that Shar reconfigured, and works it for information, trying to figure it out.

ROGEIRO  
The Borg have stopped firing. They have not been destroyed, but neither has the planet. They've just... stopped firing.

SHAR  
...why?

ROGEIRO  
Does it matter? Sensors confirm the *Venture* is still in the game and is continuing its attack.

Across the room, Magrone and Ni-Jalikreii hunt through the wreckage of the bridge for any other survivors. Magrone closes his eyes and reaches out with his Betazoid senses...

MAGRONE  
Over here! It's very faint.

Magrone and Ni-Jalikkreii head towards the front of the bridge, and the smashed viewscreen. Picking through bits of debris and wreckage, they pull something aside...

...and discover Vaughn unconscious beneath it, a big and worrying bruise covering his scalp and down his face. Ni-Jalikkreii gives him a cursory check...

NI-JALIKKREII

We need to get him to sickbay...  
if there still is a sickbay.

MAGRONE

(eyes closed,  
feeling)

He's very weak. There's barely  
anything left.

(opens eyes)

I think he's gone.

NI-JALIKKREII

No, he's still breathing. The  
body's alive.

MAGRONE

I'm not sure the mind is. I just  
got one word from him - a name.

(turns to Rogeiro)

Prynn.

This name finally brings Shar out of his funk...

**104 INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

Helkara, Leishman, Kedair and Ravosus stand ready, watching Hernandez doing her thing. They are all nervous.

DAX (comm)

*Aventine* to away team. It's  
working! Reports from all over the  
Federation say the Borg have just  
stopped cold, right in the middle  
of fighting.

All four of them allow a small smile of relief.

DAX (comm)  
How's Hernandez doing?

Helkara looks across the small space to Hernandez, who has her hands and her head pressed against the Vinculum, and is juddering in the sheer effort of holding on...

HELKARA  
She's holding on, Captain.

Hernandez grits her teeth, trying to keep control...

**105 INT. BORG CUBE**

The four-sided rotating screen shows the *Venture* throwing all its remaining weapons right at us.

BORG VOICE  
Cease fire. Directives suspended.  
Awaiting new targets.

The screen shifts focus away from the *Venture*, swerving across the image of the devastated planet below...

...and to the half-destroyed cube hanging in its orbit.

HERNANDEZ QUEEN  
New directive. The Borg must be destroyed. New directive. The Borg must be destroyed.

BORG VOICE  
The Borg must be destroyed.

And we see the half-destroyed cube turn and launch its weapons right at us...

**106 EXT. SPACE**

The two Borg cubes fly towards each other, ignoring the Starfleet ships and attacking each other with the same gusto with which they attacked the planet. They carve chunks off each other with every weapon in their arsenal...

**107 INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Cavanaugh gasps at the image of this on the viewscreen...

CAVANAUGH  
What the hell...?

SISKO  
Jaix! Use those thrusters to get  
us away from the Borg. If they  
destroy each other...

On cue, a massive EXPLOSION whites out the screen...

**108 EXT. SPACE**

The already half-blasted cube is now DESTROYED completely,  
consumed in fire. The other cube stops firing...

**109 INT. BORG CUBE**

The corridors and labyrinths of the Borg cube are now  
filled with the sounds of WEAPONS firing.

BORG VOICE  
New directive. The Borg must be  
destroyed. New directive. The Borg  
must be destroyed. New directive.

As the droning mass VOICE carries on endlessly, the drones  
are attacking each other with ruthless efficiency, just  
like they did to Kedair's raiding party earlier.

Drones SPRINT towards each other, firing bolts of energy  
from wrist-mounted weapons, hitting other drones.

Drones SLASH at their colleagues with their cyber-arms,  
YANK tubes out to cause power overloads, grab throats and  
SNAP necks, THROW other drones overboard into the chasm.

**110 HERNANDEZ**

Eyes screwed up tight, feeling every one of these deaths.

**111 BORG' s POV**

She sees a cyber-arm come towards her, SLASH right through  
her body, and the POV falls to the deck...

112 **HERNANDEZ**

Gasp-whimpers in horror, but she has to hang on, has to keep going...

113 **BORG' s POV**

Another drone sees another drone running towards it, firing its wrist-weapon right into its face...

114 **HERNANDEZ**

Her head SNAPS back in shock, wincing in horror at what she is doing. But she grits her teeth and keeps going...

HERNANDEZ

The Borg must be destroyed...

115 **INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

The rest of the team see this from afar, and worry...

RAVOSUS

We've got to get her out of there.

LEISHMAN

Not yet...

116 **EXT. SPACE**

The last remaining cube hangs in space, seemingly having trouble deciding what to do.

The *Venture* finally catches up, letting loose with a full spread of quantum torpedoes...

117 **INT. BORG CUBE**

As drones continue to battle each other in every corridor and walkway, the four-way screen shows the *Venture's* attack coming right for this ship... and it HITS.

BLUE FIRE sweeps through the ship, blowing it apart...

118 **EXT. SPACE**

The cube is consumed in fire.

**119 INT. NEW YORK - BRIDGE**

Cavanaugh, Jaix, Plante and the rest of the crew WHOOP with delight to see this. Victory!

Sisko must maintain dignity as their commander, but he does smile. But then he looks out at the cloud of debris...

SISKO  
(to self)  
Elias...

**120 INT. KIRK - BRIDGE**

Vaughn lies on the deck among the wreckage, the big bruise all over his head. Nurse Ni-Jalikreii does what she can.

Rogeiro is still at tactical.

ROGEIRO  
The last Borg cube is destroyed!

MAGRONE  
Yes!

Far from celebrating, Shar is occupied with his own display readout, which shows the state of his homeworld...

**121 INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

Hernandez still clinging to the Vinculum...

BORG VOICE (v.o.)  
The Borg must be destroyed. New directive. The Borg must be destroyed. New directive.

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
You're new...

Hernandez' eyes open in horror. The original Borg Queen's voice is back, silky and curious and seductive...

**122 EXT. SPACE**

Out in open space, not near a planet, a CUBE and a SPHERE are firing on each other with full force...

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
Sleep. Regenerate.

And the Borg ships instantly fall quiet again.

**123 INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE**

Hernandez still clinging to the Vinculum...

HERNANDEZ  
I am your Queen...

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
No. You are not Borg. And you are not human. Yet you are strangely familiar. What... are you?

HERNANDEZ  
I... am...

BORG QUEEN (v.o.)  
Designation is irrelevant. The intruder must be destroyed.

Off Hernandez' alarm...

**124 EXT. SPACE**

The cube and sphere that were attacking each other...

Other formations of Borg vessels everywhere in space. Dozens of them, hundreds. Cubes, spheres, probes...

Cutting from one to the next... as if we are searching through the Collective...

Until at last we find the probe with the *Aventine* holding position by it, the chain pulsar weapon hanging nearby...

...we ZOOM in sharply on the Borg probe...

125 INT. BORG PROBE - VINCULUM ALCOVE

...and Hernandez FALLS back from the Vinculum with a GASP, landing on the deck and SHUDDERING as if having a fit.

The Starfleet team rush up to her. Ravosus crouches down and pulls out a tricorder, Leishman and Helkara check the surrounding machinery, and Kedair keeps guard with a rifle. Meanwhile Hernandez continues to fit on the deck...

HELKARA

Pull the rest of the cables. Now!

LEISHMAN

Not yet! Too much residual charge.

RAVOSUS

She's coming around...

Hernandez's convulsions gradually slow and calm, but she is desperately trying to form words.

HERNANDEZ

Sh... sh...

HELKARA

What is she saying?

HERNANDEZ

Th... The Queen...

LEISHMAN

Yeah, she's leading the invasion.

HERNANDEZ

No... She's here.

BLACK OUT

END OF SHOW