

MIMEO COPY

DAY OF THE DOVE

Bry Justman
Bixby

CAST

KIRK
SPOCK
McCOY
SCOTT
CHEKOV
SULU
UHURA
COMPUTER VOICE
LT. JOHNSON
~~ENTERPRISE CREW~~
ENTERPRISE CREW

KOR
MARA
KLINGON #1 - ~~ORIGINAL~~
VARIOUS KLINGON SOLDIERS
VARIOUS KLINGON WOMEN

SETS

IN THE ENTERPRISE:

BRIDGE
ENGINEERING
TRANSPORTER ROOM
SICKBAY
SICKBAY "SECURITY WARD"
CORRIDORS - various
"DETENTION" QUARTERS
LIFTS
HOLD
JEFFRIES TUBE
BRIEFING ROOM

ON PLANET:

ROCKY AREAS (D)

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Comments:

STAR TREK
RECEIVED

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BY P. Copp

DAY OF THE DOVE

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SURFACE OF PLANET - DAY

Arid and barren. LANDING PARTY BEAMS IN, consisting of KIRK, SPOCK, McCOY, CHEKOV and TWO SECURITY MEN (JOHNSON & CASEY). They are wary, phasers out. Peer around.

SPOCK

... as we observed from orbit, Captain. A barren planet. There is no sign of the ~~human~~ agricultural colony whose distress call we received.

KIRK

An entire settlement... people-- dwellings-- acres of hydroponic gardens-- can't just disappear! Scan full power.

SPOCK

(studying tricorder)

Full setting-- results negative. No wreckage. Radiation level normal. Terrain and atmosphere are undisturbed. In short, no evidence of a colony-- nor any residual aftereffects of a force that might have annihilated it.

KIRK

(at McCoy)

Life readings?

McCOY

(aiming tricorder around)

Nothing.

~~JOHNSON~~

They said they were being attacked by an unidentified ship, sir?--

~~CHEKOV~~ KIRK

(~~as Kirk nods~~)

Which we were unable to detect, upon our approach, within sensor range of one-half parsec. What kind of ship!...

CONT'D

SPOCK

Fantastic velocities are indicated
-- for it to have escaped so quickly.

The group has spread out a little-- looking around,
wondering. Kirk bends, takes a handful of the sandy
soil... anger and remorse.

KIRK

An SOS from a human colony-- and
we got here too late. Normal personnel
complement-- one hundred men, women,
children....

(crumbles the dirt)

Who did it! How? Why such a target?
Peaceful-- defenseless--

(flips communicator as it BEEPS)

Kirk, here.

SCOTTY'S VOICE

Mister Scott, sir--

2 BRIDGE

SCOTTY

(in Captain's seat; cont'g)

Sensors've picked up a ship. Closing
fast. We're getting it on visual--

3 INSERT - VIEWSCREEN - KLINGON SHIP STREAKING CLOSER

SCOTTY'S VOICE

Klingons!

4 PLANET

KIRK

Deflectors on, Scotty! Condition Red!

5 BRIDGE

SCOTTY

(as alarm WHOOPS)

Captain-- once shields are activated,
we can't beam you aboard!--

6 PLANET

KIRK

Acknowledged! Protect yourselves!
Total reply, if attacked--

MORE

CONT'D

KIRK
(furious step forward
-- cont'g)
The answer.

SPOCK
(noting Kirk's rage)
A possible answer.

7 BRIDGE
OVER ALARM:

SULU
(eyes on OS viewscreen)
Trouble aboard the Klingon ship!
All look at OS viewscreen.

8 INSERT - VIEWSCREEN
Klingon ship wobbles-- FLICKERING EXPLOSIONS.

SULU'S VOICE
Evidence of explosions-- massive
destruction--

9 PLANET

~~SULU'S~~ SCOTT'S VOICE
She's drifting, sir-- wrecked!
We've taken no action against it!
Something else....

KIRK
Maintain full alert.

Puzzled reactions. Suddenly a KLINGON LANDING PARTY
(about five) MATERIALIZES BEHIND KIRK'S GROUP, WEAPONS
READY. Humans whirl-- Casey reaches for his phaser,
and is FADED. Kirk's party is captive. The Klingon
leader is KOR. Kor takes a raging step and clobbers
Kirk with a blow.

KOR
You attacked my ship! Four-hundred
of my crew-- dead!

KIRK
(recognizing him-- woozy)
Kor....

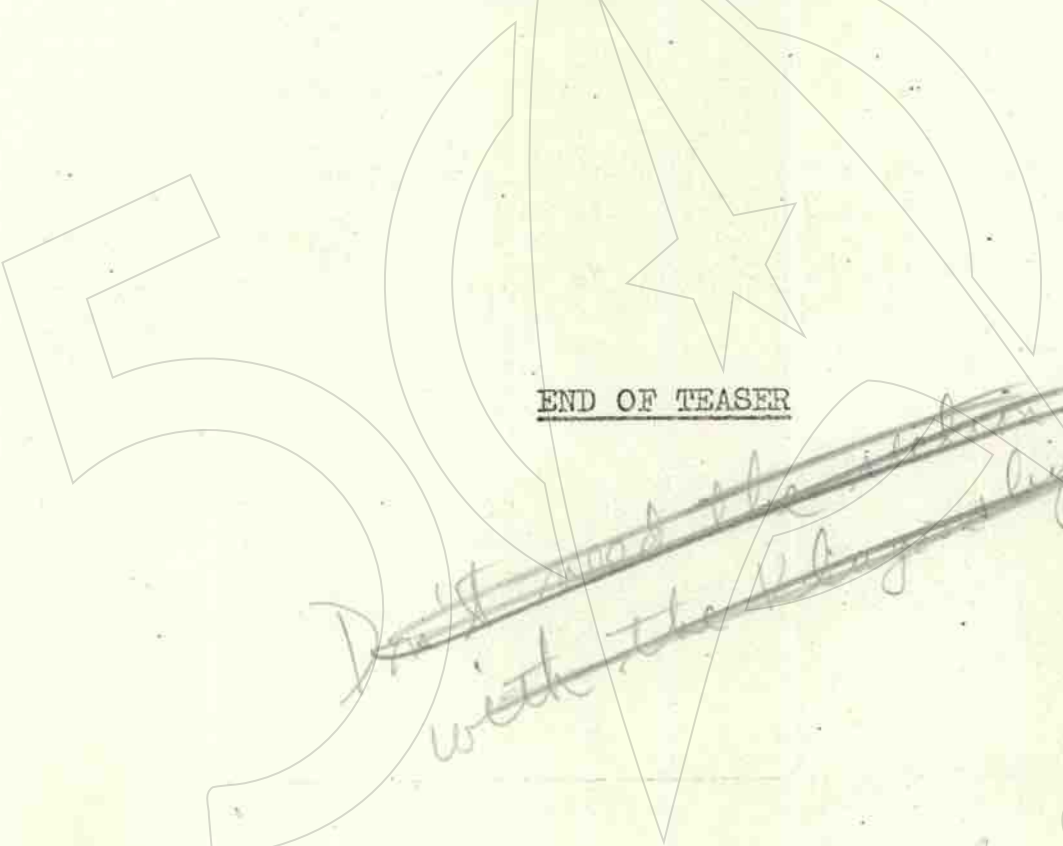
CONT'D

KOR

(acid mimicry)

Kirk! The last time we met-- an incident! This time, you will be cut up in your own stew! My ship is disabled... I claim yours! You are prisoners of the Klingon Empire-- against which you have committed an act of war!

FADE:



END OF TEASER

*Don't mess the ship
with the Klingon ship*

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10 ENTERPRISE ORBITING PLANET - (STOCK)

Super credits over this and sc. 11.

KIRK'S VOICE

Stardate 3914.6. Investigating
a distress call from Beta 12-A,
we have found the Federation
colony there-- obliterated.

11 EXT. PLANET - AS SC. 9

as Klingons shove our people into line, disarming them.
(During following scenes, Chekov will reveal increasing
hostility, fury-- until he explodes.)

KIRK'S VOICE

(cont'g)

Now Klingons have appeared--
captured my landing party... they
accuse us of attacking them....

KOR

(pacing the line; facing Kirk)

What were your orders? To start
a war? You have succeeded. To
test a new weapon? We will be
interested to examine it.

SPOCK

We took no action against your
ship, Kor.

KOR

The screams of my crew were imaginary.

(a second look at Spock)

I remember you. Spock, isn't it?
Guard him carefully.

Kirk starts forward... Spock's calm hand falls on
his arm, as Klingons step to brace him.

KIRK *Federation*

There was a ~~human~~ colony on this
planet! It was destroyed--

KOR

(looking around)

By what? No bodies. No ruins. A
colony of the invisible.

CONT'D

KIRK

The test of a new Klingon weapon?--
leaving no traces? Federation ships
don't specialize in sneak attacks!

KOR

And we have wondered when you would
learn. The question now is-- motive.

12 EXT. ROCKY AREA NEARBY - DAY

A small MUSHROOM-SHAPED CRYSTAL FLOATS SLOWLY ALONG, a
few feet above the ground. SWIRLING RED IN COLOR. Rocks
conceal it from OS group. A faint, ugly THROBBING.

KOR'S VOICE

~~(cont'g)~~

You lured my ship into ambush, with
a bogus Klingon distress call. You
will tell us why-- with proper
persuasion.

13 BACK TO SCENE

KIRK

(skeptical)

You-- received a distress call?
We would have detected it!

KOR

I don't propose to spend the rest
of my life on this ball of dust,
arguing your fantasies. We must
have the Enterprise to leave.
Instruct your Transporter Room.

KIRK

(easy)

Go to the devil.

KOR

We have no devil... but we understand
the habits of yours.

14 CRYSTAL - AS SC. 12

Now it is hovering-- hidden among rocks. Over Kor's
lines, the crystal's RED GLOW BRIGHTENS-- FLICKERS--
BRIGHTENS.

KOR'S VOICE ~~(cont'g)~~

I will torture you-- to death--
one by one-- until your noble
Captain cries enough.

15 BACK TO SCENE

KOR

(cont'g)

Now, who will be first?

Chekov explodes-- charges at Kor, as Klingon weapons snap to cover him-- but in the melee, nobody dares fire. Chekov is sobbing.

CHEKOV

Swine! Filthy Klingon murderers!--

Kirk misses a grab at Chekov-- is thrown back by Klingons. Chekov manages to clip Kor with a blow-- then Klingons drag him off, beat him to the ground.

CHEKOV

You killed my brother!

(struggling to get at Kor)

Piotr!-- the Alpha 4 Research
Outpost!... a hundred peaceful *people*
humans ~~humans~~ massacred-- just as you
did here! My brother!--

KOR

(as Chekov is pinned)

So you volunteer to join him.
That is loyalty.

At Kor's nod, a Klingon takes a device from belt-- applies it to Chekov's neck. SPUTTERING SOUND. Chekov reacts-- paralyzed, quivering agony. Kirk wrenches forward-- held by Klingons. The Klingon adjusts the device-- Chekov's agony is doubled-- he screams.

KIRK

-- you win, Kor! Stop the torture!

McCOY

Jim! You can't hand over the Enterprise!

KIRK

Help Chekov.

McCOY

They'll use our technology against us!--

Kirk ignores McCoy. Kor has signalled the torture to stop-- looks shrewdly at Kirk.

KOR

Planning tricks. We will place a
hundred hostages in a guarded section
of the ship. At the first sign of
treachery--

CONT'D

KIRK

I'll beam you aboard the Enterprise.
Once we're there--- no tricks.

KOR

Your word?

Kirk nods.

CHEKOV

(still in agony)

Captain!-- we can't!... don't
let these-- animals-- have the
ship!...

(convulses)

McCOY

(moving to Chekov-- pushing
angrily past Klingons)

Move aside!

(bends to Chekov)

KOR

Animals? Your Captain crawls like
one. A Klingon would not have
surrendered.

(to Kirk)

Order everyone in this area to be
transported up.

(to his men)

All weapons on him. That will stop
the others.

Kirk is ringed by weapons.

KIRK

(flips communicator)

Kirk to Enterprise. Mister Scott--

SCOTTY'S VOICE

Here, Captain.

KIRK

We have guests. Adjust transporter
for wide-field, and beam up ~~all~~ *everyone in the*
~~persons in~~ target area.

CAMERA HAS MOVED IN-- we see Kirk's finger pressing
a control on communicator. Tiny BEEP-PATTERN.

16 BRIDGE - SCOTTY

in Captain's seat. Notes a LIGHT FLICKERING-- BEEPS.

CONT'D

SCOTTY

Aye, sir.
(rings off)
Trouble!
(hits a switch)
Transporter Room!--

17 PLANET - FULL

Beat. ALL SHIMMER OUT-- Kirk under the guns-- Chekov supported by McCoy; both glaring.

18 TRANSPORTER ROOM

TRANSPORTER SOUND. Transporter Crew watches tensely.

19 AT CHAMBER

as KIRK'S LANDING PARTY MATERIALIZES. No Klingons!

20 FULL

KIRK

(off his pad-- to Johnson)
Full security, on the double,
Mister Johnson!
(as Scotty enters)
Good work, Scotty!

McCOY

(as Johnson hits intercom)
What-- happened?

SCOTTY

Landing party brought up intact.
All others suspended in transit.
Who are the guests, by the way?

McCOY

In transit?--

KIRK

Klingons.

SCOTTY

(to McCoy-- slaps console)
They're in here. Impulses and wavicles
in the transporter process-- until we
decide to rematerialize them.

KIRK

Johnson?

CONT'D

JOHNSON
Security Squads on the way, sir.

CHEKOV
(hatred)
Captain! Leave them on the planet!
Leave them-- where they are! Non-
existence! That's so many less
Klingon monsters in the galaxy!

KIRK
And that's what they would do.

As Chekov deflates, a number of Security Men rush in--
deploy, weapons fixed, very deadly.

KIRK
Bring them in.

Transporter Chief works controls.

21 AT CHAMBER

sir
as the Klingons SHIMMER IN. Posed as they were on the
planet. They freeze, reacting to the changed situation.

22 FULL

as Security Men move in-- efficiently disarm Klingons.

KOR
(bitter)
The word of ~~a human~~ an Earther.

KIRK
It was kept. I said no tricks
after we reached the ship.
(formal-- a bit uncertain)
You are prisoners of the United Federation of
Planets ~~Federation~~ against which
you may, or may not, have committed
an act of war. An investigation
will follow.

KOR
There are survivors still aboard
my ship.

Kirk nods at the Transporter Chief, who works controls.

SCOTTY
Captain; We haven't been able to get through
to Star Fleet Command. ~~to report the~~ *All subspace*
frequencies are blocked. ~~too much radiation from~~
the Klingon ship-- it's a hazard to
the vicinity.

KIRK

Prepare to destruct.

KOR

(as Scotty exits)

Completing the job you started!--

KIRK

You wouldn't be standing there, if I had.

~~SCOTT~~ *Spock*~~TRANSPORTER CHIEF~~First ~~load~~ *group* from the ~~ship, sir~~*Klingon vessel, Captain...*

23

AT CHAMBER

as Klingons SHIMMER IN. About ~~ten~~ *six* the extras we will see henceforth. Several are lovely women.

24

FULL

KOR

(noting human reactions)

You do not carry women aboard your starships, Captain?

KIRK

As-- working personnel.

KOR

And so are these. Expert in vital tasks... during the long months in space.

An especially striking woman, MARA, has moved to Kor. Icy intelligence. Kor takes her arm familiarly.

KOR

This is Mara-- my Science Officer.

KIRK

Mister Spock... I'm suddenly aware that you do not satisfy, in all respects.

Spock's eyebrows hit the ceiling.

MARA

What has happened, Kor?

Federation
KORMore ~~human~~ treachery. We are prisoners.

CONT'D

MARA

(at Kirk)

You will torture us, for our scientific and military information. You will learn nothing.

KIRK

Apparently-- you have some things to learn-- about ~~himself~~ *us*.

(to Johnson)

Detention Quarters. Maximum security. Program a food-synthesizer to accomodate our-- guests.

(courteous salute)

You will be well treated, Commander.

KOR

We have seen.

Kirk leaves, followed by Spock, McCoy, the hating Chekov.

25. *Corridor*
 The floating crystal hums as it passes thru frame. Hold
 25 ~~CORRIDOR~~ ~~TRUCKING FOUR~~ a moment and then our people enter

McCOY

What did attack their ship, Jim!--

KIRK

(to Spock)

Maintain red alert. Scan this sector for other ships. Run a full check on the colony. We've got to nail this down fast... who did what to whom?

CHEKOV

We know what happened! That distress call!--

SPOCK

The Klingons could scarcely have attacked Beta 12-A from their distant position, at the time we received the call. Moreover, they also apparently were attracted there by a distress call.

CHEKOV

Lies! They want to start a war-- by pretending that we did--

Kirk reacts as they ~~re~~ reach a lift-- enter.

26 INT. LIFT - FOUR

Doors close-- lift starts motion.

CONT'D

McCOY

(sour)

Fifty years-- eyeball to eyeball with the Klingon Empire. They've spied-- raided our outposts-- pirated merchant lanes. A thousand provocations, and the Federation has always managed to avoid war. Now, this crazy business could pull the trigger!

SPOCK

Our log-tapes will indicate our innocence in the matter. Unfortunately, there is no guarantee they will be believed.

KIRK

One party-- with violent ideas-- and the willingness to defend them to someone else's death.

(pointed)

The essence of war, Mister Chekov... and of prejudice.

Chekov's expression is stubbornly unrelenting.

27 BRIDGE

as Kirk's group enters. Chekov and Spock to posts.

KIRK

Report.

UHURA

Still unable to contact Star Fleet Command, sir. Outside communications blanketed.

KIRK

Keep at it. We've got a diplomatic tiger by the tail. ~~Smile~~

SULU

Forward Klingon ship is vacated. ~~Front~~ phasers locked and ready to fire.

At Kirk's ~~command~~, Sulu presses controls. All swing to OS viewscreen.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Transfer room to Bridge... Klingon ship is vacated, sir.

Kirk Very good! Mr. Scott... Mr. Sulu!

28 ENTERPRISE IN SPACE - (STOCK)

Firing phaser-bolts.

29 INSERT - VIEWSCREEN

as the Klingon ship FLARES, VANISHES.

30 BRIDGE

as GLARE FADES.

SPOCK

(looking up from
hooded viewer)

Sensor sweeps reveal no other
ships within range, Captain.

KIRK

(into seat)

Rundown on the colony?

SPOCK

There seems to be no record of
a colony, agricultural or otherwise,
on Beta 12-A.

KIRK

(beat)

... no record?

SPOCK

Computer search negative. Telemetry
updating monitor negative. Library
negative.

KIRK

Perhaps-- it was a very new one--
not yet on the books.

SPOCK

When we are able to contact Star
Fleet Command, I shall check with
the Colonial Division.

KIRK

Uhura?

UHURA

No contact, sir.

SPOCK

Explosion of the Klingon ship may *attract attention.*
~~have created subspatial turbulence.~~
I suggest we leave this area.

CONT'D

*Keep trying to contact Starfleet, Lt. Uhura.
Set course seventeen mark four, Mr. Sulu. DOVE - 15
Warp speed three.*

KIRK
Ahead half, Mister Sulu. Random
course. We wait for instructions.

*SULU
Warp three, sir.
KIRK*

31 INT. CORRIDOR

Silent. Then we hear the mushroom-crystal's THROBBING. PAN UP... we see the crystal, floating along near the ceiling. BRIGHTER THAN WHEN WE LAST SAW IT. It rounds a corner, disappears.

32 INT. DETENTION QUARTERS (REDRESS BRIEFING ROOM)

Security Men are staked *out in corridor,* a distance away, under Johnson's command. Klingon guards face them as alertly, across a "no-man's-land"... unarmed, of course; tokens. In privacy of FG, Kor paces. OVER, we hear the crystal's THROBBING-- very faint, fading. Perhaps a reaction from a guard or two-- not sure they heard anything. *The force field glows*

KOR

We will take this ship. I will have Kirk's head stuffed and hung on his cabin wall.

MARA

~~KLINGON #1~~

They will kill us before we can act.

KOR

Will Have they? They wish to question us -- learn our strength, our plans. Let us demonstrate....

~~KLINGON #1~~

We are forty-- against four-hundred.

MARA

Four-thousand throats may be cut in one night, by a running man.

KOR

Patience. Vigilance. They will make their mistake. The inevitable war! Capture of the Enterprise might give us knowledge to end it quickly.

33 ~~CORRIDOR~~ BRIDGE - DOWN SHOT

~~Empty.~~ The crystal's THROBBING IS HEARD. ~~PAN to pick it up.~~ It floats past, at chest-level-- and vanishes ~~THROUGH A WALL.~~ *in the F.G. as we shoot past it to establish our cut in the bridge set.*
No one looks up.

34 BRIDGE

as Kirk approaches Uhura-- questioningly. Again we hear the crystal's OS THROBBING-- very faint; fades. Kirk and Uhura haven't heard.

UHURA

(shakes head-- irritated)

Still no outside contact, sir!

(jabbing at controls)

Carriers normal. Channels open.

I don't understand! Could the

Klingons be doing something--

from their zoo?

Kirk has started to swing away... pauses, concealing shocked surprise. Others haven't heard Uhura's remark.

KIRK

What?

UHURA

These Klingons
~~The~~ creatures do have a technology.
I said--

KIRK

I heard what you said.

Kirk looks wonderingly at Uhura, as she glares defiant race hatred of Klingons. Spock has looked around-- unable to make out the conversation, but aware of Kirk's tension.

KIRK

Uhura....

Suddenly the ship SHUDDERS-- all present are shaken, spilled. ENGINE-SOUND RISES RAPIDLY.

KIRK

(wheeling)

Sulu?!

SULU

(intent on indicators)

Change of course! Accelerating--

(flicking switches)

Helm dead. Auxiliary navigation dead!--

KIRK

(into seat-- bracing)

Full retro.

CONT'D

SULU
Nothing responds, Captain!--

KIRK
New course?

SULU
Nine-oh-two Mark five--

~~KIRK~~
~~SCOTT~~
That'll take us out of the galaxy!

~~KIRK~~
(hits a button)
Scotty-- stop engines!

35 ENGINEERING - SCOTTY, ~~SCOTT~~

Urgent activity in BG-- men tackling devices. ENGINE-
SOUND RISING-- VERY LOUD, HERE.

SCOTTY
-- would if I could, sir! My
controls have gone crazy!...
something's-- taken over--

36 BRIDGE

~~McCOY~~
What's wrong with the beast!?

Suddenly ENGINE-SOUND CEASES-- SILENCE. Reactions.

KIRK
Scotty?--

SCOTTY'S VOICE
Engines off, sir. They just cut out
-- by themselves-- at Warp nine!

37 ANGLE - UHURA

Her board FLICKERS WILDLY. All look over.

UHURA
(intent at earphone)
Captain!-- reports from the lower
decks-- Emergency bulkheads have
closed-- the doors and lifts don't
work!--

38 FEATURING KIRK

UHURA

(cont'g)

Over--- four-hundred crewmen are
trapped down there!

Kirk has exploded out of his seat-- face furious,
speculative.

39 ~~38A~~

BACK TO HIGH SHOT

Shooting down past the crystal as Kirk sits, angry.

~~QUICK DISSOLVE~~40 ~~39~~DETENTION QUARTERS - ~~FEW~~ CLOSE ON KOR

PULL BACK to reveal Kirk, Spock, McCoy, other Klingons
and guards-- as:

KOR

(smiling)

The bulk of your crew trapped?
Your ship, racing from the galaxy
at wild speeds? Delightful! But
how did I perform this sabotage,
Kirk?... my men are here.

KIRK

(icy-- to Johnson)

Double security. Search ~~thoroughly~~ all sections.
Some Klingons may have beamed
aboard undetected, from the wrecked
ship.

(at Spock)

Get ~~up~~ to Engineering-- help
Scotty hammer things back to
normal. ~~McCoy~~, let's release
those crewmen.

(to Kor)

Before I throw you in the brig--
I owe you a little something!

Kirk hauls off and belts Kor. Kor stumbles back, into
a console. His hand falls on a device or whatever--
and, in his grasp, the device GLOWS AND IS TRANSFORMED
INTO A SWORD. Kor stares at the sword-- hefts it.

41/40

ANGLE

as various objects around the room-- intercoms, ashtrays,
vases, lamps, bidets, whatever-- GLOW AND ARE TRANSFORMED
into an array of SWORDS, SHIELDS, AXES, MACES, etc.
Klingons reach for the weapons... reactions from all.

42 KIRK'S GROUP

They dig for their phasers. The weapons GLOW IN THEIR HANDS, ARE TRANSFORMED INTO SWORDS, etc. Bewildered reactions.

43 ANGLE - FEATURING KOR

ready for battle.

KOR

You killed four-hundred of my crew, Captain Kirk. It is time for that debt to be paid....

44 FEATURING KIRK

Ready to defend--- trying to figure the mystery.

FADE:

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

45

SHOTS

as Klingons attack, and the battle is on. Kirk engages Kor-- fierce fighting around them. Outnumbered, our people are forced to retreat. Johnson is wounded, ~~starts to fall--~~ McCoy supports him. Spock fences coldly, expertly, warding off several Klingons at a time. He battles his way to ~~McCoy's~~ side, backs him up. *The security guards are killed. Johnson*
 Principals escape into a lift-- ~~McCoy and Spock helping the wounded Johnson. Doors snap shut in the faces of~~ *and his* other Security Men-- ~~they are trapped outside. They spin to face their attackers--~~

46

INT. LIFT - FOUR

Kirk slams at the door, trying to open it, as despairing shouts are heard from outside. The lift, unbidden, begins to move. Reactions.

SPOCK

Some power is apparently affecting ship's systems at will-- including this lift we are in.

(studies indicators)

We are moving toward the Bridge.

~~McCoy is examining Johnson-- quickly spray-hypos the man, cradles him. Kirk throws a look at the wounded~~
Johnson. Johnson nods, tries to smile.

KIRK

(hits intercom)

Mister Scott!--

SCOTTY'S VOICE

Here, Captain--

47

ENGINEERING - SCOTTY, OTHERS

Some examine weapons-- headscratching.

SCOTTY

(cont'g)

... and I'd be relieved if you'd explain why our phasers've turned into-- swords and shields!--

48 INTERCUT LIFT AND ENGINEERING

KIRK

The Klingons are free-- armed as we are. They'll try to take the ship. How many men do we have!--

SCOTTY

Thirty-eight. Four-hundred and six trapped belowdecks.

KIRK

Deploy forces to protect your section and Manual Control Center. Check the Armory-- and try to free those trapped crewmen!

SCOTTY

Doors and bulkheads won't budge. We'll have to cut through--

KIRK

Blow out ~~doors~~ *bulkheads* if you have to-- we need numbers! Any luck regaining control of the ship?

SCOTTY

No, sir. She's a projectile-- headed out of the galaxy-- at Warp nine. Don't ask me what's holding her together.

KIRK

Five-minute reports. Kirk, out.

Lift-doors open.

JOHNSON

Go on. ~~I've got to get Johnson~~ *never will get down* to Sickbay...

49 BRIDGE - AT KIRK, SPOCK

WIDEN as they enter-- lift-doors close. Under dialogue, Spock makes quick rounds of panels-- checking-- ends up at his own post. Others already present are armed with swords, shields, axes. Sulu's expression is ~~admiring~~ *glowering* as he flourishes his sword-- then he cools it, seeing Kirk. Chekov is ~~glowering~~ *tense*.

KIRK

Status?

SULU

Helm still doesn't answer. Damage reports minimal.

CONT'D

UHURA

Communications negative. Life-support normal. Other systems -- working erratically-- not under our control.

KIRK

Full sensor scans of the ship, Mister Spock. Report any movements on the part of the Klingons.

(to Sulu)

Get below, Sulu. Take command of forces protecting Engineering and Manual Control.

Sulu rises-- and Chekov starts to rise too.

KIRK

As you were, Chekov. We'll need someone on the helm when Scotty restores control.

CHEKOV

No, sir!-- let me go too! I've got a personal score to settle with the Klingons--

KIRK

This is no time for vendettas. Maintain your post.

CHEKOV

Captain!--

KIRK

Sit down, mister.

~~All react as lift doors open. Two Security toughies enter-- take guard positions, hands on sword hilts. As all look away from him, Chekov darts for the lift. Kirk reacts-- steps after him--~~

KIRK

Chekov!--

Chekov wrenches away from Kirk-- evades Spock, who is closing in. Kirk and Spock halt, as Chekov threatens with his sword... they don't want to tangle with, and possibly hurt, the other.

CHEKOV

Don't try to stop me, Captain!--
I saw what they left of Piotr!...
I swore on his grave I would avenge his murder!...

He backs into the lift and the doors close.

CONT'D

Chekov dashes between the two Security Men, who are poised uncertainly. As Chekov enters the lift, Kirk nods... the two toughies charge the lift. But Chekov is ready for them-- slashes viciously with his sword -- a Security Man parries hastily, off-balance. A moment later the doors close.

~~SULU~~
Follow him, sir?

Kirk shakes his head.

~~But~~ ~~That~~ ~~bothead~~ ~~will~~ ~~get~~ ~~himself~~ ~~killed~~, out there alone--

KIRK
So might those who followed him.
We may need every man.

SPOCK
In that connection-- scans indicate that our current actives forces, and those of the Klingons, are exactly equal at thirty-eight each. The Klingons occupy D Deck and starboard C Deck, while we control all sections above.

KIRK *Mr. Spock.*
Constant surveillance, ~~going~~,
~~Sulu. Get going, Sulu.~~

SPOCK
(as Sulu turns away-- coolly examining his sword)
Neither the Klingon technology, nor ours, is capable of this, Captain. An instantaneous transmutation of metals. I doubt that they are responsible--

KIRK
(impatient)
Other-- logical candidates?

UHURA
The Klingon Empire has maintained a duelling tradition! They think they can beat us with swords!

SPOCK
If they were able to create the swords-- wouldn't they have created more effective weapons-- and only for themselves?

49

Beat--- as this registers. Sulu has paused, listening.

SULU

What's Chekov's grudge against the Klingons? Who's--- Piotr?

KIRK

His brother. Killed in a Klingon raid.

SULU

(blank)

... his brother? Chekov never had a brother! He's an only child.

KIRK

... you're mistaken.

SULU

Check his personnel record! That's why he takes his shoreleave on Earth, every time... a good only son should visit his parents!

KIRK

(beat)

Spock... read-out Chekov's file.

Sulu heads for the lift--- Spock for his ~~post~~ *library-computer scope.*

50 49

BRIEFING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - TRIANGULAR VIEWER
Side and top schematic views of the Enterprise on the screen
as door opens and Klingons slam in. A quick, ruthless search--- files ripped open, contents scattered.

MARA-KLINGON #1'S VOICE

~~(cassette in hand)~~

Layout and specifications of the Enterprise, Commander.

Camera PULLS BACK to disclose Kor and his group.

~~KOR~~

~~The viewer.~~

MARA

~~KLINGON #1~~

~~(as Mara (rigs the viewer)~~

Some power has set us free-- it has reduced enemy numbers to a fighting balance. What has done this, Kor? What motivates it?

KOR

We shall ask it, when we meet it. Whatever the power-- it offers us this ship, ~~if we are strong enough to take it!~~

CONT'D

50

KLINGON #1 *toward the edge of the*
 A ship that is racing ~~from the~~
 galaxy. If the humans cannot
 control it--

KOR

In time, in time!
 (jabs at diagrams on viewer)
 These points we must capture!
 First, their Engineering section--

50 BRIDGE

UHURA

(at Kirk, nearby)
 How did they do it, sir!--

KIRK

Keep trying to contact Star Fleet
 Command.

UHURA

No matter what Mister Spock says
 ... it's obviously the Klingons!
 There's no predicting what those
 subhuman devils will do!--

KIRK

Stow that kind of talk, Lieutenant!
 Sooner or later we're going to find
 a way to live at peace with the
 Klingons. Bigotry on both sides
 doesn't make that job any easier!

SPOCK

(as Kirk swings sharply
 away-- impassive)
 Mister Sulu ~~was~~ apparently quite
 correct. Personnel records ~~show~~ *confirm*
 that Mister Chekov is an only
 child.

KIRK

Yet-- for some reason... he
 believed he had a brother....

SPOCK

He does now-- and craves vengeance
 for the non-existent loss--
 (tense-- studying indicators)
 One moment....
 (long beat, as he silently
 ponders his board)

CONT'D

KIRK

What?

SPOCK

Most curious. There are four-hundred and eighty-two individuals aboard-- humans and Klingons. The two races are identically situated on the Langford life-energy scale, averaging eight units per organism. Therefore, we should expect to find a shipwide reading of approximately 3800 units. Instead, scans reveal the presence aboard of over 4600 life-energy units ... a considerable discrepancy.

KIRK

Klingons? Some of Kor's crew-- beamed aboard, hidden someplace?

SPOCK

(flipping switches)

I shall compensate for human and humanoid readings. If the surplus life-energy represents neither, it alone should appear.

(bends to viewer-- silence-- he works controls-- a BEEP is heard... Spock zeros in, and BEEPING is steady)

Life-force detected. It is alien-- a single entity-- type unknown. Located on B Deck, near Storage Hold Seven.

KIRK

Can you get it on visual?

Spock works controls, as Kirk looks up.

52 51

INSERT - VIEWSCREEN OVER SPOCK'S POST

It FLICKERS-- RESOLVES AN IMAGE. We see the crystal, floating along a corridor. BRIGHTER THAN WHEN WE LAST SAW IT.

53 52

BACK TO SCENE

UHURA

... what is it?...

CONT'D

SPOCK

Totally unfamiliar. I shall divert readings to the Computer, in hopes of an analysis.

(flicks switch)

KIRK *I don't know, Lieutenant, but that*

~~Trap it. Isolate it. That~~ thing may be responsible for what's going on ... we have to make contact, find out what it wants.

Spock studies indicators-- punches some controls.

54 53

CORRIDOR -- PANNING CRYSTAL

~~A BULKHEAD DROPS INTO SHOT, ahead of the crystal-- blocking corridor. HEAVY THUNK. Crystal veers through a door-- door closes. ANOTHER BULKHEAD DROPS IN CLOSE FG, occluding door-- THUNK.~~

The crystal septs around a turn in the corridor.

55 54

BRIDGE

It is now out of visual scan, but sensors indicate that it

SPOCK

(looking in viewer)

~~It~~ has ceased movement-- remaining where it is. *I shall divert readings to the Library Computer for analysis.*

KIRK

(thinking hard)

... a brother that never existed. A phantom colony-- that may never have existed. Distress calls-- perhaps imaginary!-- drawing us and the Klingons to that planet. The Klingon ship, destroyed-- the Klingons, certain that we attacked them-- the creation of these weapons! Do you begin to sense a pattern, Mister Spock?

SPOCK

If the alien has caused these events, it apparently is able to manipulate matter-- and minds.

KIRK

Now it's controlling the Enterprise -- taking us out of the galaxy! Why?

UHURA

(repugnance)

I've never seen anything like it before....

CONT'D

SPOCK

I am constrained to point out that, as minds are evidently being influenced, we cannot know that our own memories, at this moment, are accurate and true.

KIRK

(grim)

There may be danger to us all. We've got to talk to Kor-- bury the hatchet--

SPOCK

An appropriate choice of terms. However, it is notoriously difficult to arrange a truce with Klingons, once blood has been drawn.

56 55 BRIEFING ROOM - KLINGONS

KOR

We must deactivate their sensor devices-- to have the advantage of surprise, when we attack.

MARA

(flicks viewer off)
~~studies new diagram~~

It can be done.

Intercom BEEPS. Kor looks at it, hard-- flips it on.

KIRK'S VOICE

Kor!...

KOR

This is Kor.

KIRK'S VOICE

Captain Kirk. There is something important we must discuss!--

Kor coldly flips off the intercom.

KOR

Most important that he die. They would crumble without him.

57 56 BRIDGE

KIRK

(hits the intercom)

Kor! Listen to me! Kor! Kor!...

CONT'D

Kirk finally climbs off the button-- furious. As he starts to turn away, the intercom BEEPS. Kirk hits it fast... could be Kor.

KIRK

(sharp)

Kirk, here!

SCOTTY'S VOICE

(beat)

Scott, sir. It's no good trying to free those men below--

58 57

INTERCUT ~~ARMORY AND~~ BRIDGE AND WALL SECTION OF ARMORY

SCOTTY

(cont'g)

Torches won't cut through the bulkheads or doors or decks. Something's happened to the metal--

KIRK

What about the Armory?

SCOTTY

I'm there now, sir. You never saw such a fine collection of antiques in your life....

(FULL BACK *that weapons rack of swords to disclose that the* the Armory is a medieval weapons-wonderland.)

KIRK

Get back to Engineering. Keep trying to re-establish control of the ship. And make some phasers, fast.

SCOTTY

Aye, sir.

Leaving, he spots an especially fine sword. Fondles it.

SCOTTY

a cleaver! Ah... you're a beauty!

Exchanges the sword for the one he's wearing-- exits.

59 58

BRIDGE

SPOCK

(as board BEEPS)

The Computer.

(flicks switch)

Report on special analysis.

CONT'D

COMPUTER VOICE

(hum, hum, click, click)

Alien life-form is composed of pure energy. Type unknown. Actions indicate intelligence and purpose.

SPOCK

What purpose?

Start page 32

~~(Helen, McCoy has entered, looking bewildered. The Security Men react sharply-- then snap to again.)~~

59 Cont'd:

COMPUTER VOICE

(hum, hum, click, click)

Insufficient data for further analysis.

Spock flips off Computer-- as Kirk sees McCoy's expression.

McCOY

(blank)

Johnson's holding his own. Blamed if I know how, with a two-inch slash through his heart! I patched him. If I can keep him alive for another day....

KIRK

(absent)

My son, the doctor.

McCOY

I'm no miracle worker!--

KIRK

One aboard is enough.

McCoy blinks.

SPOCK

(reacts as his board FLICKERS)

Sensors failing, Captain--

(flicking switches-- board DARK)

Sensors are dead.

KIRK

The Klingons-- jamming?-- so they can attack undetected?

SPOCK

Or the alien.

McCoy *(irritably)*

What alien? What's aboard?

CONT'D

KIRK

(wheeling)

Another uninvited guest. ~~Let's~~*going to pay it a little visit! You get back to sickbay... and be careful!**Kirk and Spock exit quickly, hefting their swords at ~~McCoy~~ ~~HOLDS ON~~ the puzzled McCoy.*

DISSOLVE:

60 59

INT. ~~NEARBY~~ CORRIDOR*The area where we last saw the crystal.**Huge crates stacked around. Door opens-- Kirk, Spock and McCoy enter-- fan out warily. Quick search.*

McCOY

You said the area was sealed--

SPOCK

We know that the entity is able to alter metallic structures. It has used that ability to escape.

KIRK

Separate and search. If you find it -- don't attack. Our aim is contact, if possible.

SPOCK

And if not?

KIRK

We'll see what swords can do against the nonmaterial, unknown, intelligent life-form that's trying to take over my ship!

SPOCK

And which created the swords.

They split-- move off in different directions.

61 60

ENGINEERING - ~~SCOTT'S~~ ~~CON~~ ~~NEARBY CORRIDOR - INTERCUT SCOTT AND SULU~~*their stations. They are off.*
~~There~~ Scotty's men work at devices-- trying to get the ship kosher. Scotty stands at a bench, on which are a number of phasers clipped in a rack. Scotty works on an adjustment. *armed with a variety of swords.*
Scott presses the intercom. Sulu listens in corridor.

SCOTT - X

Ten phasers. That'll put our little war back into the 23rd Century!

*Any sign of those treacherous devils, Mr. Sulu?*ENGINEERING - UPPER LEVEL - KLINGONS
AT JEWELRY TUBE - ~~KLINGONS~~ ~~SULU'S VOICE~~*all clear so far Mr. Scott. But we'll keep a sharp lookout just in case.*
as they slip out of tube-- deploy. Humans ~~are~~ are a short distance ~~away~~. Klingons poised. ~~and~~

SULU'S VOICE

All clear outside, Mr. Scott. But

I'm keeping a sharp lookout anyhow.

62 61

62 ENGINEERING - SCOTTY

He finishes the phasers-- pleased with himself. Then BATTLE-SOUNDS erupt OS, from the corridor outside. Scotty grabs for a phaser--

63 INSERT - HAND NEAR PHASERS

The phasers GLOW AND TURN INTO SWORDS, AXES, etc., still clipped in the wrack.

64 SCOTTY & SULU

Stares at the ancient weapons-- sighs, whips up his own sword, charges the door to join his men.

63 65 SULU
~~SCOTTY~~ - ~~BATTLE~~ IN CORRIDOR

~~as humans and Klingons mix it. Humans, under Sulu, are outnumbered-- they fall back, fighting desperately. *~~
~~disheveled crewmen joins them.~~

He is already hears the SOUND of the fighting inside.

~~CREWMAN~~

~~No warning, sir! Sensors aren't operating!~~

As he turns and begins for the door, he is jumped by a Klingon. He falls his adversary with a quick slash of his Samurai sword, and Sulu manages to escape.

64 66 ~~ENGINEERING~~ ENGINEERING

as Scotty and his men are overwhelmed... driven back, disarmed, shoved against a wall. They seem about to be executed by poised weapons, as the triumphant Kor strides in, icy Mara at his side.

65 67 CORRIDOR - AT CRYSTAL

floating along. Low, faint THROBBING. BRIGHTER THAN WHEN WE LAST SAW IT.

66 68 CORRIDOR - KIRK, SPOCK

Warily searching. The crystal's THROBBING is heard, very faintly. Kirk pauses... seems to hear it... but then is distracted by another SOUND. Two whirl, swords poised. It is McCoy who appears, a distance down the corridor.

KIRK

Bones, get back to sickbay CONT'D

McCOY

Why? ^{you're} (irritated)
~~We're~~ wasting time. Alien or no
 alien, we've got the Klingons to
 deal with.

~~SPOCK~~ KIRK

They are the immediate threat... the
 alien may be a greater one. ~~I believe~~
 our defenses are adequate.

~~INT. NEARBY CORRIDOR - CRYSTAL~~

McCOY

So did Custer! I've got four seriously
 wounded men up in Sickbay-- last time
 I looked!-- several may be dead by now!
 Or doesn't that matter to you?

Kirk is wondering, at McCoy's atypical belligerence.

67 INT. NEARBY CORRIDOR - CRYSTAL

It glows brightly.

~~SPOCK~~

No doubt it is regrettable--

McCOY'S VOICE

No doubt they agree! First things
 first! ~~SPOCK~~ While we're talking,
 the Klingons are planning attacks!
 This is a fight to the death-- and
 we'd better start trying to win it!

68 BACK TO KIRK, SPOCK AND McCOY

SPOCK

We are trying to end it, doctor. By
 reason, preferably. The alien has
 created this situation. An analysis-- ✓

McCOY

If two fighting-fish are put in a
 bowl, one gets killed... and it
 doesn't matter how they got there!
 How many more men have to die, before
 you come down out of the clouds!--

KIRK

McCoy--

McCOY

The mechanical mind!... rikky tik--
 rikky tick-tock, tick-tock! You don't
 care about anything, do you!... except
 your precious logical faculty. You
 don't value life-- not even your own!
 You brag about loyalty-- but loyalty
 is an emotion, Spock!... what faith
 would you keep, if logic got in the
 way? Loyalty to the Federation? If
 you thought it was logical for the
 Klingons to rule the galaxy, you'd
 probably help them!--

CONT'D

KIRK

That's enough, ~~McCoy~~ Doctor!

McCOY

I've just started! I've been building up to this for five years... to tell our pet Vulcan where to head in!--

Then all react, as:

KOR'S VOICE

(intercom)

Captain Kirk!

69 ENGINEERING - ON KOR

Other Klingons in BG, at devices. Mara stands nearby, hand on prominent control-board.

KOR

I have captured your Engineering section, and now control this ship's life-support systems. I can deprive any area at will....

70 CORRIDOR - KIRK, OTHERS

KOR'S VOICE

You will surrender within half-an-hour... or every ~~human~~ on the Enterprise will die.

Earth

MOVE IN on reactions, as:

FADE:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

71 ENTERPRISE IN SPACE - (STOCK)

Hurtling through ~~starless void~~ ^{space} --- from ~~BY ANY OTHER~~
~~NAME~~

KIRK'S VOICE *is heading out of our galaxy*
 The Enterprise has left ~~the galaxy~~
 -- controlled by the mysterious
 alien hidden somewhere aboard.
 Engineering has been captured by
 Klingons---

72 CORRIDOR - AS SC. 70

McCoy is still wound up--- tense, glowering.

KIRK'S VOICE

(cont'd)

They've given us half-an-hour to
 surrender-- or die. ✓

KIRK

(crowding intercom)

Kor! What about my engineering
 crew! Mister Scott--

73 ENGINEERING - KOR, OTHERS

KOR

They will be the first.

(snaps off intercom-- to Mara)
 Reduce life-support to half capacity
 in all sections but ours. Poor air,
 and the chill of space, will bring
 them begging.

Mara touches a control on prominent board.

74 CORRIDOR - KIRK, OTHERS

KIRK

(at intercom)

Kor! Kor!

MORE

CONT'D

KIRK

(cont'g-- savage)

It doesn't stop with us! You want a war!? The Klingon Empire will be wiped out of the galaxy like a disease! Kor-- I'll destroy this ship before I hand it over!...

(stops, quivering-- knows nobody is listening)

McCOY

(shaky-- at Kirk)

I warned you... don't take the Klingons aboard! Now they can study the Enterprise-- add our technology to theirs-- change the balance of power!--

(lurches at Kirk-- not an attack, but blind misery)

You've jeopardized the Federation!-- we should have died on that planet!--

KIRK

(tensing fending)

Bones....

SPOCK

(also moving in)

Calm yourself, doctor--

McCOY

(avoiding them-- hissing at Spock)

Keep your Vulcan hands to yourself!

(he sort of "walks away" from Spock-- aversion, distaste)

Leave me alone. Just-- stay away!

Your "feelings" might get hurt.

(as Spock regards him-- very nasty)

The Spock expression. Superiority! Let's clear the air... the crew doesn't like you. I don't like you. Isn't five years of it enough for you!? There are Vulcan ships in the fleet--

(as Spock reaches him)

Hands off, greeny!

SPOCK

(freezes)

Greeny?

KIRK

McCoy!

75

INT. CORRIDOR - CRYSTAL

It floats ominously humming as it glows.

76 BACK TO SCENE

SPOCK

And I have not enjoyed serving
with humans... I find their illogic
and foolish emotions a constant
irritant--

McCOY

So transfer out!

Spock looms darkly over McCoy-- McCoy takes a clumsy,
fearful punch at him. Kirk grabs their arms. Spock
twists free easily-- appears about ready to use his
great strength in sudden rage. Kirk braces, rushes--
bulls them both back crash into a wall--

KIRK

(shouting)

Spock! McCoy! Knock it off!!

(pins them, panting)

... what's happening to us! What
are we saying to each other!...

Spock pushes Kirk back a step-- away. Kirk is poised,
ready for anything. But that is all... gradually Spock
is himself again-- stiff, motionless.

SPOCK

... fascinating. A result-- of
stress?

KIRK

We've been under stress before! It
hasn't set us at each other's throats!
(shoves at McCoy, who has
started forward from the wall)

McCOY

Hasn't it hit you that while we're
chasing aliens through the woodwork,
you've very nearly lost your ship!?

KIRK

Pull in your horns, McCoy--

McCOY

This is a war!--

KIRK

There isn't any war--

McCOY

Damn it, Jim!... you said it.
yourself!

Long beat... Kirk reacts-- wonderment-- shock.

CONT'D

KIRK

... so I did....

McCOY

Well? Have we forgotten how to defend ourselves!...

KIRK

(thinking hard)

Shut up, McCoy.

(a pace)

What-- is happening to us? We're trained-- to think in other terms -- than war. We're trained to fight its causes, when possible. Every war in history could have been avoided... and Earth finally found the alternative-- scrapped its weapons--

McCOY

We're a thousand light-years from Earth-- and we've seen a thousand civilizations that haven't reached that stage-- every one a danger! Exhibit A, the Klingons--

KIRK

We may have to kill every one of them aboard-- or try to. But... why are we-- reacting like savages?...

(as comprehension grows)

Two forces, on this ship... drawn together-- abducted-- badgered-- deluded through mental influence, armed equally. Has-- a war-- been staged for us?-- complete with atrocities, grievances, patriotic drumbeating?--

(as others react)

... even-- race hatred. Uhura's remarks. Your outburst, McCoy. The way I responded to Kor... automatic, mindless antagonism!...

SPOCK

(thoughtful)

Recent events would seem directed toward a magnification of basic human and Klingon hostile attitudes. Violence is thrust on us... peaceful moves aborted.

(beat)

I tend to agree. Apparently it is by design that we fight. We are pawns.

CONT'D

KIRK

In what game? Whose? What are the rules!

SPOCK

It is most urgent that we locate the alien entity and attempt to determine its motives-- and some means of halting its activities.

McCoy's startled thoughts have been tumbling... considerably calmed. And guilty.

McCOY

Without sensors? It can pass through walls-- it could be anywhere.

SPOCK

(very cold)

I believe, doctor, your neuro-analyzers can be altered to serve as pro tem sensor probes.

KIRK

Worth a try!

(hits intercom)

~~Mister Sulu~~ *Kirk to bridge...*

SULU'S VOICE

Sulu here, Captain.

KIRK

Then you're Engineering has been captured. Get some men up to protect main life-support couplings, and activate remotes... Kor plans to shut us out.

SULU'S VOICE

Aye, sir. What about Mister Scott?

KIRK

Alive. We're going to try to keep him that way. Kirk, out. Let's go.

McCOY

... Spock....

Spock brushes past McCoy, ignoring him utterly. After a moment, McCoy follows-- bleakly regretful.

ENGINEERING - KOR, MARA, OTHERS

Mara studies LIGHTS on large board-- puzzled.

CONT'D

*Kirk (relieved)
I'm glad you got away, Mr. Sulu.*

MARA

Their life-support systems are holding steady....

KOR

Cause them to be unsteady.

MARA

They appear to be controlled from another location.
(for the first time uncertain)
Also unable to affect ship's course
-- to return to our Empire....

KOR

Some trick of Kirk's! Has he bypassed these circuits? What power is it-- that supports our battle, yet starves our victory!
(beat)

... power. Interrupt power to their life-support. Where?

MARA

(studying a viewer)
Main couplings are on his deck.
(at Kor's nod-- to Klingon #1, nearby)

Come.

Two exit. Kor paces-- looking for the angle. Slams hands together, frustrated.

FLIP:

78 76 CORRIDOR - MARA, KLINGON #1

walking urgently. As they pass an alcove, a figure leaps forth... Chekov, sword drawn. A hate-filled demon.

79 77 SHOTS

as Klingon #1 and Chekov duel, briefly. Chekov downs the other, with a sword-thrust. ~~in a~~ Mara turns to dart away-- Chekov grabs her by an arm, slams her around.

80 78 ANGLE

as Mara struggles to get free-- tries to chop Chekov karate-style, her manner icy, wary. Chekov blocks the blow-- pins her... sword-point at her throat. Gradually his manner changes-- ugly speculation-- gloating.

CONT'D

CHEKOV

(grinning)

You don't die-- yet. You're
not human-- but you're very
lovely....

(grip tightens)

How human are you?...

Mara understands-- struggles violently. Chekov holds
her, hand over mouth, ~~his other hand cups her shoulder,~~
~~tugs at her garment.~~ He presses her back toward the
alcove.)

81 79

CORRIDOR - KIRK, SPOCK, McCOY

as they round a corner. They hear Mara's muffled MOAN
-- stop appalled.

82 80

AS NEEDED

KIRK

Chekov!!

Chekov wheels to face Kirk, expression bestial. Mara's
garment is ripped. Kirk surges toward Chekov. Chekov
spins Mara away-- she hits a wall, drops. Chekov tries
to dodge Kirk... Kirk slaps him forehand, backhand.
Chekov sobs-- raises his sword, attacks Kirk. Kirk
disarms him, drops him with a punch... as Chekov falls,
Kirk slugs him again, beside himself with rage--

McCOY

(moving in)

Jim... that's enough!

(restraining Kirk)

He's not responsible!

83 81

MARA ON FLOOR

Crouched-- conscious. She starts to move, and Spock
appears-- standing over her silently. She freezes.

84 82

FULL

Kirk is poised, recovering from fury. McCoy bends over
Chekov, examining with a device.

McCOY

Brainwaves show-- almost paranoid
mania.

(spray-hypo HISSES)

That'll hold him for a while--

MORE

McCOY

(cont'g)

but he'll wake up feeling the same.

(looks up darkly)

Is that what's in store for all of us?... hatred-- insanity-- violence everywhere we turn....

SPOCK

(looking at fallen Klingon #1)

This man is dying, doctor.

McCoy looks grimly at the prone Klingon-- then moves to examine him.

McCOY

He should be dead. With accelerated tissue repair, he might have a chance....

(looks bleakly down at the Klingon)

85 83 POV - KLINGON #1

looking up at McCoy. Conscious-- silent-- dying.

86 84 ANGLE

McCoy wavers. Quickly selects another spray-hypo from his kit-- applies it to the Klingon's wound.

87 85 FULL

KIRK

(flips communicator as it BEEPS)

Kirk, here--

SULU'S VOICE

Sulu, sir. Life-support couplings secure-- all approaches guarded. Remotes on standby.

KIRK

Carry on. Kirk, out.

(approaches Mara-- intent)

Listen to me. There's an alien power aboard this ship... it's forcing us to fight. We don't know what its motive is-- we're trying to find out. Will you help us?... will you take me to Kor?... a temporary truce, that's all I ask!

Mara's expression is unwavering, defiant.

KIRK

(turns away)

Bring her... *and Chekov, Boes, put him under restraint.*

Others follow Kirk--- ^{McCoy} ~~Spock~~ *shepherding Mara, Spock easily lifting Chekov and carrying him.*

DISSOLVE:

88 EXT. SPACE (STOCK)

The Enterprise flashes past.

89 85 SIGHDAY

INT. MEDICAL LAB - CLOSE ON MARA BEHIND GRILLE as Kirk's group enters.

Camera pulls back to disclose Kirk and Spock.

McCOY

I'm going to check my patients.

(moves through another door)

KIRK

Put her in the Security Ward,

Spock. Let's get busy on that neuro-analyzer.

*Spock walks Mara to still another door, which opens. Spock stands aside, and Mara enters-- door closes (it has a small barred window). In a moment, Mara's face appears at a grilled window. Kirk and Spock ignore ~~her~~ MARA, commencing work on a neuro-analyzer. *She watches from behind a screen-grille which separates her room from the lab.**

SPOCK

The archaic weapons, Captain--

KIRK

Yes?

SPOCK

They can produce no damage to the ship-- whereas phaser battles within the hull might quickly destroy it. A probable motive.

KIRK

Very kind... of something.

McCoy enters
McCoy appears-- looking stunned. Kirk and Spock keep working intently, under following:

McCOY

Johnson's heart-wound has almost entirely healed....

(blank)

The same with other casualties.

Sword wounds-- into vital organs

-- massive trauma, shock... they're all healing, at a fantastic rate!

CONT'D

SPOCK

The entity would appear to be guarding the ship from fatal injury-- and ourselves.

KIRK

... why? So we can fight-- and fight-- and always come back for more? Some kind of bloody coliseum? What next!... the roar of crowds?

SPOCK

Perhaps human and Klingon psychologies and combat capacities are being tested -- by an alien power with designs on both races.

McCOY

(low)

Spock... if we are pawns-- you're looking at the sorriest, guiltiest pawn on board. Forget every crack I ever made.

SPOCK

I, too, felt a brief surge-- of racial bigotry. Most distasteful-- outmoded--

KIRK

(intent on an adjustment)

Kiss and make up. I won't look.

SPOCK

(lifts brows-- a final adjustment of his own)

The Neuro-analyzer indicates
All life-energy patterns, except those characteristic of the alien, have been phased out.

KIRK

Start scanning.

Spock works controls, his eyes on several small view-screens on the neuro-analyzer. They FLICKER randomly.

SPOCK

It is not below C Deck. I shall narrow focus to upper sections.
(works controls)

~~AT DECK OF SECURITY WARD~~ *ANGLE ON MARA*

watches.
Mara looks out through the ~~base~~. Expression cold-- intent.

91 88 AS SC. 89

Definite PATTERNS appear on the various screens-- all different; spectrum-like.

SPOCK

Alien detected. In the starboard nacelle, near the reactor.

He delicately adjusts a control, and PATTERNS BECOME BRILLIANTLY CLEAR.

SPOCK

Its life-energy level is even higher than when we last observed it-- now over 1700 units on the Langford scale.

McCOY

No life-force doubles its energy in a matter of hours!--

SPOCK

(nodding at a screen)

Those are the anamodes of its mental radiation. With such clarity of signal, the Computer may be able to interpret.

(flicks switch)

Translating banks engaged.

Then all turn sharply as a door opens.

92 89 AT DOOR - JOHNSON

He's a little woozy-- but buckling on his sword, very grim and determined.

93 90 FULL

McCOY

Johnson! What the devil are you doing here!-- get back in bed!

JOHNSON

Not on your life, sir! I'm fit and ready for action--

McCOY

You're not released!

JOHNSON

(ugly)

I'm releasing myself! The Klingons nearly put me away for good. I'm going to get me some scalps!--

CONT'D

Johnson starts for the door. McCoy hurries after him.

McCOY

I order you--

JOHNSON

I've got my orders! I'm obeying orders! Fight the Klingons! It's them or us, isn't it!

McCOY

(hearing his recent words echoed)

It's easy to think that way....

KIRK

(standing-- ready to intervene)

Obey the doctor.

Johnson wavers, consumed by hate-- again heads for the door. McCoy dodges-- feints-- neatly tags him with a spray-hypo... lowers Johnson to the floor. Spock's eyes have scarcely left the neuro-analyzer:

SPOCK

Most interesting....

(at Kirk's expression)

During Mister Johnson's emotional outburst-- his expression of hatred and lust for vengeance-- the alien's life-energy level increased, by nearly forty Langford units. When Mister Johnson became unconscious, the alien lost energy, in that amount.

(as a LIGHT BLINKS)

Computer results.

(flicks switch)

COMPUTER VOICE

(hum, hum, click, click)

Alien mentality possesses intelligence factor 190.7-- learning factor 35-- empathy factor 934.8-- perception factor--]

SPOCK

Empathy value is unusually high. Hypothesize.

COMPUTER VOICE

(hum, hum, click, click)

Empathy reading suggests that alien may support energy-level through consumption of emotional radiation from other life-forms it encounters.

CONT'D

McCOY

A being-- that subsists on the emotions of others?--

SPOCK

Correlate following, all banks. The alien's energy-level observed to increase in ratio to degree of hostility and violent intentions in environment. Hypothesize.

COMPUTER VOICE

(hum, hum, click, click)
Probable analysis now indicated. History banks contain reference to extinct, energy-form race called Tharn, which once occupied this sector of galaxy. The Tharn could not control their violent impulses, and so destroyed themselves through war. Survivors are possible. Such a survivor might seek or create surroundings that would supply destructive energies necessary to motivate and sustain it.

McCOY

(comprehending)

... it feeds-- on hate!

SPOCK

(flicking off Computer)

-- and has created this situation-- in order to satisfy that need. It has brought together opposing forces, in a battleground they cannot escape. It has replaced sophisticated weapons with cruder ones, to promote a more immediately violent mode of conflict, and, no doubt, to prevent damage to the ship. It has spurred racial animosities--

KIRK

And kept numbers and resources balanced-- to maintain a stable state of violence!

(beat)

Is it vulnerable? Can it be stopped?

SPOCK

Only by halting the fighting-- the hatred that fills the ship. And that must be done soon-- or the Tharn will have grown so powerful that nothing can stop its sway over our minds....

CONT'D

KIRK

They destroyed themselves. And we're next in line, unless we call it off! Kor has to listen-- we've got to pool our knowledge, get rid of that thing!

He turns to intercom.

94

~~AT DOOR OF SECURITY WARD~~ CLOSE - MARA

Mara peers through the ~~door~~ ^{grille}. Opens her mouth as if to say something-- but doesn't.

95

FULL

McCOY

(horror)

We'd be a doom ship... traveling forever between galaxies... filled with bloodlust, eternal warfare--

KIRK

(hitting intercom-buttons
-- all stations)

Kor! This is Kirk! Kor! Kor! ~~The~~ ^{He} ~~feel~~ won't answer!...

SPOCK

Perhaps he cannot hear you. The alien may be affecting ship's communications-- or his mind.

96

INT. BRIDGE

~~MANUAL CONTROL CENTER~~ - SULU, OTHERS

A board suddenly FLICKERS. (Emphasize wary guards at door-- the place is a stronghold.)

UHURA

Mister Sulu... this board came to life-- just for a second.

SULU

(crosses-- studies indicators)

That board is under Q Security lock--

Suddenly the board FLARES INTO ACTIVITY: LIGHTS & SOUNDS.

SULU

Power off!

UHURA

(at controls)

No good, sir! Controls don't work!

SULU

Disconnect!

A plate is slammed aside-- Sulu and others yank at device's innard. LIGHTS & SOUNDS CONTINUE.

SULU

~~CREWMAN~~

It's operating-- without power!!...

97

SICKBAY - THREE

KIRK

(thinking desperately
-- an idea)

... can a transporter be rigged--
for intraship beaming?

SPOCK

From one portion of the ship to
another? It has never been done--

KIRK

Can it be done? We could bring up
the rest of the crew-- in small
lots-- swamp the Klingons, end
the fighting--

SPOCK

Circuitry would have to be re-set,
and power greatly reduced. Perfect
accuracy would be needed. If the
transportees should materialize
within a wall or deck, ~~a fatal~~ *fatalities*
~~explosion~~ would ensue. Two objects
cannot occupy the same space at
the same time.

(beat)

Someone would first have to beam
down-- to finalize coordinates.

KIRK

Help him, McCoy. I'll wait for your
signal.

SPOCK

There is no guarantee--

KIRK

At birth.

SPOCK

(turning away)

... yes, Captain.

McCOY

Jim-- let me try it! A crew that
can't die doesn't need a doctor--

KIRK

Negative. You know how I-- love to
be first.

(hits intercom, as it BEEPS)

Kirk, here.

SULU'S VOICE

Sulu, sir!--

BRIDGE

INTERCUT ~~MANUAL~~ CONTROL AND SICKBAY

SULU

(cont'g)

-- the ship is discharging fuel
modules from Matter-Antimatter
reactors! We can't stop the
process--

KIRK

Time factor?

SULU

(eyeing indicators)

Zero twelve minutes. With fuel
jettisoned, we'll be totally
without engine-power!--

KIRK

... to drift forever-- with only
hatred and bloodshed aboard--

(a look at Spock, McCoy)

As you said, Mister Spock... the
alien is calling the shots....

FADE:

END OF ACT III

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

99

INT. JEFFRIES TUBE - SPOCK, McCOY
working urgently on devices.

Captain's log, KIRK'S VOICE
Stardate... Armageddon. We must
defeat the alien force of hate
that has taken over the Enterprise
-- stop the war, now!-- or spend
eternity in futile, bloody violence....

SPOCK
(touches intercom, as it BEEPS)
Spock, here.

KIRK'S VOICE
Report.

SPOCK
About to test, Captain--

100 MEDICAL LAB
~~STOCKLEY~~ - KIRK

SPOCK'S VOICE
(cont'g)
Circuits have been trimmed for
short range and maximum precision.
Target is the Hangar Deck, an area
containing fewest obstacles to
rematerialization. You will use
Transporter Room B.

KIRK
I'm on my way. Signal when ready.
Kirk, out.

As Kirk turns to leave, Mara's voice stops him:

MARA'S VOICE
Captain Kirk....

101

ANGLE - ~~THE~~ MARA

Mara at the ~~screened~~ window of ~~the~~ ~~bridge~~.

MARA
I have heard. I now understand the
danger that threatens us all. I
will help you.

CONT'D

KIRK

How?

MARA

I will take you to Kor, under a truce sign which he must honor.

(as Kirk hesitates)

He respects my judgement. He will do as you wish.

Kirk moves to open the Security Ward door. He presses a switch, sound of tumblers and clicks, then the door whines open.

TWO ~~SHOT~~

as Mara emerges. She seems contrite-- a little weak. He reacts to her nearness-- a whiff of Klingon kologne.

MARA

It will be good-- to end the fighting. On this ship... and someday, perhaps, between our races, forever.

KIRK

If all Klingons felt that way--

MARA

We are hunters-- tracking and taking what we need. There are poor planets in the Klingon systems, Captain... we must push outward to survive.

KIRK

Another way to survive is mutual trust-- and help. Violence breeds violence.

MARA

And one knows what to expect.

KIRK

We're doing pretty well-- at practicing nonviolence. What do you expect?

MARA

(womanly glance)

I couldn't know. I have never been this close to a human before. Do all your instincts, at this moment, pertain to better relations between our races?...

CONT'D

102

CONT'D

DOVE - 53

KIRK

... um... well-- individuals are important. You have to start with the individual. For example, we could make history-- right now-- very easily....

(pulls her in)

Something that has never happened before-- between human and Klingon--

(kisses her)

MARA

... you practice nonviolence with great eagerness....

KIRK

I-- just love to be first. We need a little more practice-- to make perfect. Let's say that this-- symbolizes the future....

Kisses her again. As she draws back, her expression has changed-- a waver; a hardening--

MARA

Less than this!

Her knife flashes from hiding. Kirk reacts quickly, blocks the stab. Brief struggle-- he clouts her-- lowers her gently.

KIRK

I think you meant it... for a moment. It was a beautiful truce.

As he quickly rises:

103

EXT

SPACE

(STOCK)

DISSOLVE

The Enterprise flashes past.

104

TRANSPORTER ROOM - KIRK

as he enters. Hits intercom on console, as it BEEPS.

KIRK

Kirk, here.

SPOCK'S VOICE

Spock, Captain--

105

JEFFRIES TUBE - TWO

A LIGHT on device BLINKS STEADILY.

CONT'D

105

SPOCK

(cont'g)

Tests indicate it is impossible to transport you belowdecks. A force-barrier surrounds that section -- no doubt created by the alien.

106

INTERCUT SICKBAY AND JEFFRIES TUBE

KIRK

Fuel status?

SPOCK

In nine minutes, the Enterprise will be without drive power.

KIRK

(desperate pace)

... can you beam me down to Engineering? Directly among the Klingons?

Spock and McCoy react.

SPOCK

That would be most hazardous.

KIRK

It's our only chance!-- I've got to try to convince Kor!

SPOCK

It would require only a minor adjustment. But, Captain--

KIRK

Get on it. Kirk, out.

SPOCK

(starting work-- to McCoy)

Assemble every fighting man *you can find* the area.

McCoy is already on his way.

107

TRANSPORTER ROOM - KIRK

He waits tensely. A thought... he deliberately places his sword aside, disarming himself. Suddenly the console near him LIGHTS UP-- CHATTERS AND BEEPS. NOISES STOP.

SPOCK'S VOICE

(intercom)

Your automatic setting is laid in, Captain. When transporter is energized, you will have eight seconds to get to the pads.

Kirk presses a button on console. Console HUMS, BEGINS TO BEEP EVERY SECOND. As Kirk crosses:

KIRK

~~SPOCK'S VOICE~~

correct.

I hope ~~my~~ ^{your} computations are ~~correct~~

~~SPOCK'S VOICE~~

~~So do I, Mister Spock.~~ ^{You will know in five point two seconds, Captain.}

Kirk reacts and then

~~Kirk~~ quickly positions himself. Several more BEEPS (they've totalled eight), and Kirk SHIMMERS OUT.

108

ENGINEERING - KLINGONS

Some monitor devices in BG. Kor and ~~others~~ ^{four Klingons} conferring, at desk. All react to TRANSPORTER SOUND OS.

109

ANGLE

as Kirk materializes--- quick look around.

110

FULL

Kor explodes to his feet-- Klingon swords are drawn.

KOR

Guards!

The Klingons start closing in on Kirk.

KIRK

Wait! I've come alone, Kor! Unarmed! We have to talk--

~~RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING-- SHOUTS.~~

KOR

Brave Captain. What about?

(to Klingons) ~~(as Klingon soldiers spill through door)~~

Kill him.

(to Kirk)

I regret the brief discussion.

111

TRANSPORTER ROOM - McCOY, SULU, ~~THREE~~ CREWMEN

waiting urgently. Spock strides in. *Sulu brandishes his Samurai sword.*

CONT'D

SPOCK

Positions!

He presses button on console-- BEEPS start, every second-- Spock hurries to join others on pads.

112 ENGINEERING - KIRK, KLINGONS

KIRK

(backtracking)

There's an alien entity aboard--
an energy life-force! It feeds
on hatred!

(soldiers have paused--
now move to flank him)

This is what it wants!... why
it brought us together! Fighting--
senseless violence!-- so it can
feed!--

KOR

With your death, we win. A feast
I hunger for.

KIRK

(shouting)

Nobody wins! Have any more of
your men died!? We can't be killed!
The alien needs us alive--

KOR

(thoughtful flicker)

No doubt you will reassemble--
after being hacked to bits?

Klingons attack. Kirk decks one, grabs his sword--
fights desperately.

113 KLINGONS NEAR DOOR

Relishing the prospect of slaughter. They react to
TRANSPORTER SOUND behind them-- whirl.

114 CORRIDOR

as Spock, McCoy^{saw} and their men begin to SHIMMER IN.

115 SHOTS

Human and Klingon forces surge together-- a general
brawl begins. *Spock and McCoy engage the remaining*
Klingons. Spock points O.S. and the ~~for~~ others
who beamed in with ~~him~~ exit to find other
Klingons, brandishing their weapons as they were
led by Sulu, who emits a yell which sounds

116 ENGINEERING - KIRK, KLINGONS

All react to BATTLE-SOUNDS outside. Kirk spills a Klingon-- reaches Kor-- grabs him.

KIRK

(nose to nose)

Listen to me! ~~The Enterprise is dumping its fuel!~~ Let me prove what I say!--

Kor wrenches away, sword flashing up. He and Kirk fight. ~~Some humans have battered into Engineering to engage other Klingons there. BATTLE-SOUNDS IN CORRIDOR CONTINUE UNTIL SC. 121.~~

117 ~~SC. 117~~ INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ENGINEERING

~~as FIGHTING ERUPTS THROUGHOUT SHIP. Manual Control is pushed-- scraps in corridors-- ad lib.~~

Sulu attacks two Klingons. The three Enterprise newmen left on the run to find other adversaries.

118 KIRK, KOR

fighting viciously. Kirk reacts to a LOW THROBBING-- a RED GLOW on their forms-- he peers around.

119 POV - CRYSTAL

It floats, high up, near a wall. VERY BRIGHT.

120 TWO

Kirk batters Kor back-- pins him-- whirls him to face the crystal OS. ~~Kor's jaw drops.~~

KIRK

Look!

121 CLOSE -- CRYSTAL

Floating-- GLOWING-- THROBBING-- PULSATING-- feeding.

122 TWO

~~Surrounded by fighting. Kirk drags Kor to the door~~
Kor reacts. and shoots a backward stare at the crystal. *Kirk.*

~~KIRK~~

Look!

123

POV - FIGHTING IN CORRIDOR

A welter. ON SULU, as he forces an opponent back-- thrust, parry, plunges his sword into other's chest. The Klingon staggers-- paws the wound-- surges to attack Sulu, who has whirled away. Sulu barely gets his sword up to engage--

124

FEATURING KIRK, KOR

Kor is beginning to get it.

KIRK

... for the rest of our lives,
Kor! A thousand lifetimes! The
alien will have total power over
us!--

THROBBING has grown louder. Kirk looks around-- the crystal is right over their heads, RED GLOW bathing them. Kor twists-- snarls-- ready to fight again.

Kirk furiously smashes his sword against edge of door. It shatters. Kor stares at him-- then advances. Kirk stands his ground.

KIRK

(taunting)

Come on! In the brain-- the heart.
I won't stay dead. Next time I'll
kill you. The good old game of war
... pawn against pawn!... stopping
the bad guys!... while something,
somewhere, sits back, and laughs,
and benefits-- and starts it all
over again!

Kor's sword poises at Kirk's throat-- eager to kill, but uncertain. Spock and McCoy are nearby.

McCOY

(a step toward Kor)

Jump him.

SPOCK

Those who hate and fight must stop
themselves-- or it is not stopped.

KIRK

(at Kor)

... be a pawn! A toy! The good
soldier who never questions!

Kor still poises. Looks up at the THROBBING crystal. Slowly... slowly... his hand relaxes on his sword. It falls to the floor.

CONT'D

KOR
(at crystal-- cold)
Klingons kill for their own purposes.
(turns to shout at his men)
Cease hostilities! At rest!

Fighting in the room falters, as Klingons hear the order-- puzzled, but obedient. Kirk shows enormous relief. Kor yanks a sword-poised Klingon away from a downed human:

KOR
At rest! At rest!

121 CORRIDOR

as Kor's order registers. Word passes... in a few moments we have a corridorful of panting, tired men -- wary, but not fighting.

125 KIRK, KOR, OTHERS

BATTLE-SOUNDS echo from distant portions of ship.

SPOCK
All fighting must be stopped,
Captain-- to weaken the alien,
before our fuel is gone.

KIRK
(hits intercom)
Lieutenant Uhura!--

126 BRIDGE - UHURA

UHURA
Yes, Captain?

KIRK'S VOICE
Put me on shipwide intercom!

UHURA
(hitting switches)
Yes, sir!

127 AS SC. 125

KIRK
(turns urgently)
Kor!...

As Kor moves toward him:

UHURA'S VOICE
Ready, Captain.

KIRK
(filter-- magnified)
Attention, all hands! A truce
is ordered... the fighting is
over! Regroup and lay down
weapons.
(steps back)

KOR
(filter-- magnified--
wry; somehow reluctant)
This is Kor. Cease hostilities.
Disarm.

(The crystal's THROBBING has been everpresent, during
entire conflict in Engineering. Now it has grown
LOUDER-- angry; frustrated.)

128 SHOTS THROUGHOUT SHIP CORRIDOR

as fighting subsides. Some amusing bits-- ad lib. ~~to~~
~~Sulu~~ ~~crewman~~ in ~~CORRIDOR~~ aborts his slash at a Klingon
-- fumbling off-balance, as the Klingon also loses his
balance in attempting to avoid Sulu's sword.

~~CREWMAN~~ SULU
I'll stop if you will!...

KLINGON
Just in time, human--
(as other Klingons
emerge from hiding)
Our trap!

~~CREWMAN~~
(as greater number of humans
appear-- ringing the scene)
Ours.

& etc.

129 ENGINEERING - AT CRYSTAL

Bobbing-- somehow agitated. THROBBING IS LESS LOUD
THAN BEFORE-- RED GLOW IS LESS BRIGHT.

130 KIRK, OTHERS

looking up at crystal. LESS BRIGHT THAN IN SC. 126.

SPOCK

Cessation of violence appears to have weakened it. I suggest that good spirits might make an effective weapon.

KIRK

(toward crystal
-- hard smile)

Get off my ship.

Crystal retreats. McCoy and Spock wander in from the sidelines, joining Kirk.

KIRK

(stalking)

You're powerless here. You're a dead duck.

(chuckles)

We know about you... and we don't want to play.

131

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Kirk and others press crystal back. It is LESS BRIGHT THAN IN SC. 127-- THROBBING DIMINISHING.

130

KIRK

Maybe there are others like you, still around. Maybe you've caused a lot of suffering-- a lot of history. That's all over. We'll be on guard... we'll be ready for you. Now, butt out!

(laughs at crystal)

Haul it!

McCOY

(waves a hand)

Get out, already!

132

ANOTHER ANGLE

as they force the crystal back. It is LESS BRIGHT THAN IN SC. 128-- THROBBING FADING. And... an unexpected ally. KOR CHUCKLES, LOW. Again-- as if he weren't quite used to it. He laughs... his gusto grows.

KOR

(at crystal)

Out! We need no urging to hate humans!

(laughs harder, at Spock's irritated glance)

But, for the present-- only fools fight in a burning house!

CONT'D

Guffawing, Kor rattles Kirk's teeth with a sadistic whack on the back. Kirk keeps laughing-- somehow.

McCoy nudges Spock:

SPOCK
(soberly thumbs his
nose at crystal)

You will please leave.

133

CRYSTAL

No longer bright... a dull red flickering glow... throttling sound almost inaudible... it sets frame. SOUND of laughter over.

134

REVERSE - KIRK, KOR ET AL
They watch, laughing.

135

P.O.V. - BULK HEAD SECTION

The crystal vanishes through the bulkhead.
LAUGHTER,

136

BACK TO GROUP

They laugh uproariously.

137

EXT. ENTERPRISE IN SPACE

The crystal floats in the F.G. as the Enterprise, already well in the B.G., heads away from camera. The crystal flares and then wipes out.

138

ENGINEERING - FULL

Forced laughter subsides, raggedly... great relief. Swords and shields, etc., have disappeared-- Spock and McCoy discover their phasers, in place-- bring them out, significantly. Kor observes-- his hard chuckling doesn't alter. C'est la guerre.

UHURA'S VOICE

Captain... jettisoning of fuel has stopped, sir! The trapped crewmen are free. All systems returning to normal.

KIRK

Carry on, Lieutenant. Mister Sulu -- resume your post. Set course for... any old star, back in the galaxy.

As Sulu exits, Kirk nearly knocks Kor off his feet with a mighty thump on the back! As Kor spins, Kirk moves in-- blood in his eye:

KIRK

I want to talk to you about my Chief Engineer--

138

CONT'D

DOVE - 63

SCOTTY'S VOICE

(away)

So do I, sir....

Kirk takes a step forward-- peers.

139

POV

An area not far away... Scotty's plaintive face, pressed against one of the chain-link partitions. His men are behind him.

SCOTTY

Now that it's all over-- would you mind turning us free too? I'm anxious to see what those sons of... uh-- what our guests have done to my machinery.

140

KIRK, KOR, OTHERS

Kirk turns to Kor-- relieved.

KOR

A time of mysteries. Some-- magical. Some technical. Naturally I conserved Engineers.

141

EXT. SPACE-

The Enterprise heads back in the opposite direction ~~DISCOVER~~

142

BRIDGE

Kirk, relaxed in his seat. Others at posts-- everything normal. Kor and Mara are present-- watched by two Security Men, a step to the rear.

KIRK

Ahead, Mister Sulu. Warp one.

(to Kor)

We'll reach a neutral planet by morning. You'll be dropped there -- all this goes on the books. No war, this time.

MARA

(slight smile)

Nonviolent measures leave a strange taste on the lips.

KIRK

(can't quite repress his own smile)

Pleasant, I hope.

CONT'D

142

CONT'D

DOVE - 64

MARA

Unusual... and most effective. I shall meditate its possibilities for the future-- alone-- in my quarters....

KOR

(as Kirk sizes up Mara)

Why do you humans revere peace?... it is the weakling's way. There is a galaxy to be taken, with its riches!

SPOCK

Two dogs may fight over a bone, Kor -- or they can pool their abilities, hunt together more efficiently-- and share, justly. Curiously, it works out about the same.

KOR

One must trust the other dog.

KIRK

I trusted you-- to put down your weapon. You trusted me-- and did it.

KOR

To save ourselves.

KIRK

And not our necks. Agreed. But think about that. We were evenly matched-- a standoff. War was the common enemy. Cooperate... or fight uselessly, for all eternity. A universal rule you Klingons had better learn....

(beat)

We did.

On Kor's thoughtful face, as:

143

ENTERPRISE IN SPACE - (from BY ANY OTHER NAME)

through starless void-- toward galaxy in distance.

FADE:

end