

"CODE 47"
STAR TREK: FRONTIER

Written by

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Based on the universe of Star Trek, by Gene Roddenberry

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE.

A gorgeous and lonely expanse of stars and distant galaxies. The majesty of the universe beckons explorers, but hints of untold dangers.

We pan down to see a wondrous white orb: The planet MAGNUS APARATUS. It is very distant from its host star, and is mostly frozen.

CHYRON: Unexplored World: Magnus Aparatus

The words appear slowly. Ominously.

CHYRON: Stardate

Numbers tumble by the Stardate, never quite settling. This disappears to reveal...

CHYRON: The year 0130

The final words appear with a MUSIC STING.

CHYRON: Quadrant: Delta

EXT. FROZEN WASTES -- DAY.

A furious storm rushes across the frozen white landscape. The wind and snow batter the sides of a motionless wreckage. The ship is damaged beyond repair.

SFX: Beeping

T'CHELI (O.S.)
Captain's log. Stardate...1-2-
4...blast.

INT. MENTHAR SHUTTLE, CARGO HOLD.

The cramped quarters are made worse by debris and lingering smoke. This isn't a highly advanced warship, only a shuttle that has run out of luck. The surviving passengers sit in a circle, counting their supplies. The survivors are:

T'CHELI MAREK, a male Menthar soldier; LEVEG WOOM, a cybernetically enhanced alien of unknown descent (female humanoid); KI'LEK, a wounded female Menthar pilot.

T'cheli speaks into a recorder.

T'CHELI

Repairs were unsuccessful.
 Retrieval beacons have been lit,
 but this planet is far from any
 charted star. Rescue is...unlikely.
 (shuts off recorder)
 We are not discussing this further,
 Leveg.

LEVEG WOOM

Your stubbornness will be the death
 of us all.
 (winces)
 Please. I will die if I do nothing
 to treat these injuries.

T'CHELI

Then you will die, and Ki'lek and I
 will use your meat to sustain us
 until rescue.

Ki'lek shakes her head.

KI'LEK

I won't eat you, Leveg.

LEVEG WOOM

I appreciate your concern, Ki'lek,
 but my organic matter would provide
 needed nutrients, should the
 situation require.

T'CHELI

Stop. I don't want to talk of this
 anymore. We are sticking with my
 plan.

LEVEG WOOM

The beacon has been lit for days,
 T'Cheli. When will you admit this
 is folly? When will you concede
 that we will not be rescued?

T'cheli ignores her and continues to take inventory. He
 throws the final items down in disgust.

T'CHELI

Enough food for another cycle, and
 then we will begin to starve.

KI'LEK

Pretty sure I'll be dead by then.
I'd prefer it if you didn't eat me,
but I don't think I'll put up much
of a fight.

T'CHELI

Chi'karas rok donalar. I won't let
it come to that. The Empire will
hear our call and come to our aid.

LEVEG WOOM

This war will end the Menthari
Empire, T'cheli. By the time a
peace arrives, we will all be long
dead.

Leveg groans, cradling her shattered innards.

LEVEG WOOM (CONT'D)

I can help us if you just agree to
a joining.

T'CHELI

It would be an abomination.

LEVEG WOOM

(forceful)

No. To let me die would be an
abomination. I have the collected
histories of a thousand species and
countless civilizations. The loss
of that knowledge is far greater
than the loss of individuality.

T'Cheli produces a twisted knife and waves it in front of
Leveg's face.

T'CHELI

Another word, and I will end your
species myself.

(beat)

Get some rest, both of you. Once
the storm clears, I'll set up more
beacons.

(to Leveg)

If there is even a scrap of metal
missing when I get back, your last
memory collected will be of agony.

T'Cheli walks out of the room.

Leveg whimpers, looking at the ichor on her hands. Ki'lek
reaches over and squeezes Leveg's arm.

KI'LEK
 If you're not going to eat me, but
 I die anyway, you can use me to
 heal yourself.

LEVEG WOOM
 I have your permission?

Ki'lek swims in and out of consciousness.

KI'LEK
 Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MENTHAR SHUTTLE, ACCESS DOOR -- NIGHT.

T'Cheli enters and seals the door. He removes his coat and shivers. He notices the lights are all out past the access door.

T'CHELI
 Ki'lek? Are you there?

Silence. T'Cheli draws his knife.

INT. MENTHAR SHUTTLE, HALL.

T'Cheli stalks through the corridor. He can hear the sound of metal on metal up ahead. Light flickers overhead.

T'CHELI
 Ki'lek? Leveg Woom? What is this?

T'Cheli pulls out a flashlight.

INT. MENTHAR SHUTTLE, CARGO HOLD.

T'Cheli enters the cargo hold and gasps. Leveg Woom is gone. Blood and ichor cover the floor and walls, as well as strange metal wires and spines. Entire panels are missing from the hull, exposing the ship's innards.

T'CHELI
 KI'LEK!

The light shines on Ki'lek. Her skin is gray and wet, and metal wires and plates cover her body. She lies motionless on the floor, covered in blood and strange liquid.

T'Cheli turns around and nearly runs into Leveg. She stands tall, her body healed. Her scant clothing reveals an exoskeleton of metal and bone. She seems more machine than flesh.

When she speaks, her voice is a thousand civilizations compressed into one unified consciousness.

T'CHELI (CONT'D)

What did you do?

LEVEG WOOM

It did nothing. It was...what is the word? Weak. It could not contain the information inside its mind. It reached in, deep, to find a...what is the word? Solution?

(beat)

It found us.

T'CHELI

What are you talking about. You murdered Ki'lek.

LEVEG WOOM

'Murdered' implies intent. We did not intend death. We merely utilized available resources of flesh and metal to repair our deficiencies. We replaced as best we could in order to sustain function.

T'Cheli can't believe what he's seeing.

T'CHELI

What are you?

Leveg ponders that.

LEVEG WOOM

What is the word? There was a name to imply our unity. It is forgotten. The creature Leveg Woom has words in a different tongue. What is the word?

T'Cheli attacks, burying his knife into Leveg's chest. She doesn't react at all. In an instant, her hands grip T'Cheli's wrist and throat. Bones snap.

LEVEG WOOM (CONT'D)
 We are no longer alone. We will
 unite all flesh, all metal, all
 technology. We will attain our
 perfection. We will be...what is
 the word?

Leveg releases T'Cheli's throat and leans back. Her free hand
 morphs into a green SPIKE. She rams the spike into T'Cheli's
 chest.

LEVEG WOOM (CONT'D)
Enchak borg vigis.
 (beat)
 We are the Borg. Your resistance
 is...what is the word?

Leveg stands triumphant, holding T'Cheli still while she
 converts his flesh. He looks up and see KI'LEK, now a Borg
 drone, join Levveg in watching him die.

KI'LEK BORG
 Futile.

MUSIC: Title theme swells.

FADE OUT.

TITLE: Star Trek - Frontier

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD -- DAY.

Wide shot of a bleak and empty desert of rock and clay.

CHRYON: Krillion VII, Unincorporated Space

SFX: Heavy male breathing.

A MAN sprints past in the foreground, too quick to see.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of the man running. He is breathing hard,
 frantic. We see hands, pumping legs, boots slapping on hard,
 baked ground.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of female hands loading bullets into a
 magazine. Calm, deliberate action.

CLOSE UP of our runner. We see SEBASTIAN (25), a non-
 Federation human. Handsome in a "boy-next-door" sense.

He's dressed in civilian clothes and a black jacket. Dirt and blood mark his temple and cheeks. He's been through hell. He runs faster.

CLOSE UP on a female sniper. She's set on a ridge overlooking a large desert valley. In the distance, a lone figure runs toward her. We flip around and see a piercing green eye enlarged by the scope.

Medium shot of Sebastian. He's glancing over his shoulder, not toward the horizon. Not toward the sniper...something is chasing him.

Back to the sniper. Medium shot, we can see dirty blonde hair and an athletic build. She chambers a round.

Sebastian reaches a short culvert and jumps. The landing is rough and he tumbles on the ground. When he tries to stand, he collapses. He grabs his ankle.

SEBASTIAN

CARMEN!

POV from the sniper. We look at Sebastian through the crosshairs.

Back to Sebastian. He turns to face his pursuers.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Carmen, NOW!

We whip around Sebastian to see 3 BORG DRONES, decayed bodies melded with metal, charging toward him. They fire ASSIMILATION PROBES that glance off the surrounding rocks.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(shrill)

CARMEN!

SFX: Three gunshots.

The three drones drop one-by-one, green ichor spraying from their heads.

Back to the sniper. She sets down the rifle and we meet CARMEN JANE (C.J.) MADISON, 22. She is dressed similar to Sebastian, with an intensity that is far beyond her age. She collects her gear and heads down the ridge.

Madison and Sebastian meet at the bottom of the ridge. He hobbles up, grinning madly.

MADISON

That was real stupid, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
Those charges weren't setting
themselves.

MADISON
You could have been killed.

SEBASTIAN
I knew you had my back.

Madison scowls.

MADISON
Next time I'm letting them catch
you.

SEBASTIAN
Promises.

Madison's radio squawks.

SOLDIER 1 (RADIO)
Sergeant, we've got contact. Need
some support.

MADISON
(into radio)
I'll rally with the Marauders at
checkpoint Alpha. Hold tight.

Madison looks at Sebastian, softer.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Can you make it home?

SEBASTIAN
I'll be fine. A good limp'll help
charm the ladies.

MADISON
Lord knows you could use the help.

SEBASTIAN
(tests foot)
It's fine. I'm coming with.

Madison pulls Sebastian into a hug and kisses his cheek.

MADISON
Be safe.

SEBASTIAN
Always. It's us against the world,
right?

They run off.

EXT. SPACE.

A gorgeous expanse within the Milky Way. Stars and nebulae paint a mural of unending beauty and serenity. This is disturbed by a sudden THUNDERCLAP as a ship arrives in system. It slows down, revealing a GALAXY-CLASS Starship, the USS TITAN.

INT. USS TITAN, BRIDGE.

The large and modern bridge of the USS TITAN. We whip around the room as the crew (gender and race up for grabs) delivers the reports.

HELMSMAN

Decelerated to warp point one.
Correcting to course two alpha.

NAVIGATION

Lane is clear to target planet.

ENGINEERING

Core power returning to normal
levels, Admiral.

SECURITY

Sir, weapon systems are coming
online. Fifteen seconds to full
functionality.

(beat)

Enemy ships are approaching range
of our photon torpedoes.

We finish the turn and end on the Commander's Chair. The man seated wears the boxed rank of a Rear Admiral, and the calm smirk of a war veteran. ADMIRAL WILLIAM RIKER beams at his crew.

RIKER

Bring us into orbit around the
planet. All stations, Red Alert.

Alarms blare and lights flash.

EXT. SPACE, KRILLION VII ORBIT.

The USS Titan shimmers as shields charge. We pan along with the ship until KRILLION VII comes into view.

It is a large planet, roughly the size and composition of Earth. A war rages overhead.

BORG SHIPS, including a BORG SPHERE, orbit the lonely world. Flashes of explosions--counterbattery from the planet's surface--appear near the alien vessels.

INT. USS TITAN, BRIDGE.

Riker leers at the Borg vessels.

RIKER
Steady as she goes, helm.

HELM
Aye, sir.

COMMUNICATIONS
Admiral! Incoming message from the enemy command ship.

RIKER
(cold)
On screen.

The forward monitor changes to show the Borg Sphere. Eerie green light emanates from within.

BORG (O.S.)
We are the Borg. Your biological and technological distinctiveness will be added to our own.
(beat)
Resistance is futile.

RIKER
Send our answer.

EXT. SPACE.

We see the full scope of the battlefield, with the Titan on one side and the Borg ships on the other, with the planet below. There is an agonizing silence that stretches just a beat long, and then the Titan fires everything at once.

Photon torpedoes fire from every port as a dozen phaser banks tear away at the enemy's shields. In seconds, the first few Borg ships erupt in flames, vaporizing all within.

The fight commences. The Borg commit everything they have into the fray.

A thorn-shaped BORG INFILTRATOR takes a thunderous hit to the midsection and dives toward the planet. We follow the ship down, through the atmosphere...

EXT. BATTLEFIELD -- DAY.

...down toward the contested ground below. The Borg ship tumbles over the rocky terrain before slamming into the ground in a fiery explosion. Debris from the explosion flies toward the camera...

...and just over Madison's head.

She leads a team of SOLDIERS--really just civilians--across the battlefield. BORG DRONES approach from the far side. Sebastian hobbles along beside her.

MADISON

Bravo team, take the south side slope. Watch your left flank.

SOLDIER 1

Yes, ma'am!

Five soldiers run off in the direction of a hasty barricade. Sebastian listens to his radio intently.

MADISON

Alpha, on me. We have to clear that landing area.

SOLDIER 2

Roger.

SEBASTIAN

Carmen. I've got a message from the command post.

Sebastian hands over a communicator.

MADISON

This is Madison.

OPERATOR (RADIO)

Scope just picked up a Federation starship. They're engaging the Borg.

SEBASTIAN

(angry)

About damn time. What the hell kept them?

MADISON
What's their E.T.A.?

OPERATOR (RADIO)
I...uh...I dunno, ma'am. I'm
reaching out to them now.

MADISON
Tell them to send some fighters
down here. We're being overrun.

OPERATOR (RADIO)
Will do. Stand by.

Madison and Sebastian flinch as an explosion takes out a squad a few hundred feet away. The Borg advance in a line, their weapons set to stun. Downed humans are ASSIMILATED.

Five pillars of light appear, assembling into five Federation MARINES, all wearing red shirts. They carry phaser rifles and combat kits. One, a tall and very handsome man (ERIK), steps forward.

ERIK
I'm looking for Captain Madison.

Madison rolls her eyes. She offers a filthy hand.

MADISON
It's sergeant.

The Marine stares at the small girl for a beat before taking her hand.

ERIK
Commander Erik Knight, 7th SEAL
Group, USS Titan.

MADISON
(smirks)
Sergeant C.J. Madison...uh, the
Marauders...from Killion VII.

Sebastian postures up next to Madison.

SEBASTIAN
And Corporal Crow. Sebastian Crow.

ERIK
We'll establish a perimeter. Where
is the Federation Outpost?

Madison squirms.

MADISON

About that.

A scream draws their attention to the battle. A soldier is under attack by a team of drones. The Borg have begun assimilation. One of the Marines fires his phaser, taking out two drones. The third drone has already adjusted his armor to the weapon and is unhurt.

ERIK

Increase phaser power.

MADISON

No. Stop!

(beat)

You can't use phasers against them.

They can always adjust.

Madison and her soldiers take aim and fire at the final drone. Their rifles are kinetic, firing metal projectiles. The drone's organic matter is punctured and destroyed, rendering it useless.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Now, will you get your commander down here? I need to speak with Picard.

ERIK

I'm sorry. Who are you looking for?

MADISON

(frustrated)

Captain Jean-Luc Picard. I sent him the message. I sent the Code 47.

RIKER (O.S.)

Well now, that's something of a problem.

Madison wheels around to see Riker, along with ten armed marines, staring her down. More and more marines beam down, securing the area from the Borg. The battlefield quiets down.

RIKER (CONT'D)

Who are you? How did you send this signal?

Riker steps forward. Madison backs away.

MADISON

Sergeant Madison, from the Marauders. I sent the message to Captain Picard of the Federation.

RIKER

Admiral Picard retired years ago.
He's an ambassador now.

MADISON

(bluffing)

That's fine. I knew that. But I
figured he would still get the
message.

RIKER

He did. And he sent it on to
Starfleet to assess and respond.

Riker pulls out his communicator and reads from the screen.

RIKER (CONT'D)

(reading)

Federation Outpost under attack by
Borg. Civilian population at risk
of assimilation. Send immediate
support.

(beat)

Code Factor One.

Riker puts the communicator away.

RIKER (CONT'D)

That got the high brass moving.
Spun up a full battle group before
anyone bothered to check the
location of the message. Krillion
VII, a few minutes into the wrong
side of the Delta Quadrant. There's
just one problem here.

(leans in)

The Federation doesn't have any
outposts in this system.

(beat)

So, I'll ask one more time. Who are
you, and how did you send this
signal?

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. COMMAND POST -- DAY.

An old tent serves as the civilians' command post. Madison
and Sebastian sit against the wall, guarded by Commander
Knight and his marines. Admiral Riker paces the length of the
tent.

RIKER
(into communicator)
How long can you hold out?

EXECUTIVE OFFICER (RADIO)
Hull integrity is 60 percent.
Shields recovering strong. The Borg
are playing safe with their Sphere.
It's like they're worried about
losing it. Either way, it's a
stalemate for now.

RIKER
Notify Starfleet and request
reinforcement. These people need
help.
(to Madison)
Before I ask you anything, you
should know that Directive 101
applies.

MADISON
I'm not a Starfleet officer.

RIKER
Then I'm being extremely lenient.
(beat)
You are accused of falsifying a
Code 47 using a stolen profile.

MADISON
I didn't steal--

RIKER
--I'm not finished.
(beat)
You lured a Federation vessel into
direct conflict with the Borg with
a falsified Code Factor 1. You
impersonated Federation personnel
when you are, in fact,
disenfranchised.

MADISON
We prefer "free thinking."

SEBASTIAN
We're more than cogs in the
machine, *Admiral*.

RIKER
Enough. Do you understand how much
trouble you're in?

MADISON
I didn't steal the profile.

RIKER
You're not a captain with
Starfleet, therefore you must have
stolen the identity of another.

MADISON
I didn't. He gave it to me. He said
to use it.

RIKER
Who?

MADISON
Captain Elion Doren of the Trasker.

Erik perks up. He pulls out his communicator and searches for
a moment.

ERIK
The Trasker was on a deep recon
mission, searching for a lost
convoy a few lightyears away.

MADISON
Ask Sauto, he'll back me up.

ERIK
Sauto Turian? Chief Turian?

Madison nods.

MADISON
He was aboard the Trasker, too.
He's at the infirmary now.

Riker and Erik share a look.

RIKER
(to Madison)
Take us to him.

INT. MEDICAL TENT.

The cramped medical tent is filled with wounded. Every cot is
filled, and other men and women sit on the floor. LIEUTENANT
COMMANDER ELIZABETH PARNELL, a human doctor, hustles from bed
to bed.

Madison leads Erik and Riker into the tent.

MADISON

This is it.

RIKER

This is what?

MADISON

Our infirmary.

RIKER

I'm...without words.

ERIK

I've got a few you can borrow, sir.

Elizabeth perks up at the sight of Federation officers.

ELIZABETH

You came!

Elizabeth runs over and hugs both men.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

We're almost out of anethsezine and morolex, and I'm working with sticks and stones out here.

RIKER

You are?

ELIZABETH

Oh, where are my manners. Elizabeth Parnell. Lieutenant Commander.

RIKER

Parnell? Why is that familiar?

ELIZABETH

You might have heard of me from postings on Fed-Link. I'm a minor celebrity in the medical community.

TURIAN (O.S.)

'Minor' is quite the understatement.

Erik, Riker, and Madison turn to look at Chief SAUTO TURIAN, a Vulcan Federation Chief. He sits up in a broken bed, bandages wrapped hastily around his broken legs. He is clearly in pain.

ELIZABETH

You should be resting, Sauto.

TURIAN

I am fine, doctor. Thank you for your concern.

(to Riker)

Admiral, it is a most pleasant surprise to see you on the surface. I am gladdened that Starfleet sent its best. And Commander Knight...you haven't gotten yourself killed yet?

ERIK

(laughing)

Despite my best efforts. Good to see you, old friend.

TURIAN

Admiral, your timing couldn't be better.

RIKER

Hardly. And my hand was forced. Where is Captain Doren?

Elizabeth turns away with a pained expression.

ELIZABETH

Captain Doren was lost.

RIKER

Lost?

MADISON

(curt)

He's dead, Admiral. Wasted away from his injuries while we waited for you.

RIKER

We only received your Code 47 three days ago. How long has the Trasker been here?

MADISON

A month.

(beat)

We sent a hundred distress calls. Every day. Every hour. For weeks. And from you? Nothing.

RIKER

So you violated Federation law and used the deceased Captain's access to file a Code 47?

MADISON

What else what I supposed to do?
Tell me! Turian is still hurt. Doc
is nearly out of supplies. We're
losing ground to the Borg every
minute, and you all had to debate
whether their lives were worth
risking a single ship?

RIKER

That is out of line, sergeant.

MADISON

I DON'T CARE! I don't care what's
in line or out. Help us! Help us!

RIKER

I have to report this back to--

MADISON

Of course you do.

Madison pushes past Riker and storms toward the exit. She
pauses, glancing over her shoulder.

MADISON (CONT'D)

You file your reports and let me
know if we make the cut. I have to
go count my dead.

Madison exits.

Riker clenches his jaw, breathes deeply, and motions for Erik
to follow her.

TURIAN

We owe her our lives, Admiral.

RIKER

She's a renegade.

TURIAN

She's a hero. The Trasker brought
the Borg to Krillion VII. After
crashing, we were nearly overrun by
drones. Sergeant Madison led the
assault that saved our lives.
Captain Doren conscripted her into
Federation Service and ordered her
to radio for help until someone
answered.

ELIZABETH

He died before she even said yes.

(beat)

She took us in, patched us up,
shared every bit of food she had.

(beat)

The Borg have been trying to get in
every day since.

RIKER

It doesn't excuse what she did.

TURIAN

True. But there is one more thing.

EXT. MARAUDER BASE -- EVENING.

The battered tents of the human base have seen better days. Holes are torn clear through walls, and the fabric flutters in the breeze. Soldiers patrol the grounds, supported by red-shirted Federation officers.

Madison sits on a flat rock near her command tent and cleans her rifle. Sebastian sits nearby, looking at the casualty report. Sebastian stands up as Erik approaches.

SEBASTIAN

We've got nothing to say to you,
fed.

MADISON

Sebastian!

SEBASTIAN

We don't need them, Carmen. It was
a mistake to think the Federation
gave a damn about us.

Madison looks to Erik, but the soldier is stoic. Finally, Madison rolls her eyes toward her companion.

MADISON

At least they helped today.

SEBASTIAN

We could have held the outpost by
ourselves.

Sebastian spits at Erik's feet.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

They'll leave us for dead once
they're done lecturing. You'll see.

MADISON

Sebastian, go check the perimeter guard.

Sebastian wheels around.

SEBASTIAN

You're taking their side?

MADISON

I'm not taking any sides. We have a thin perimeter, and our guards are tired. Go check them.

(beat)

Now.

Sebastian wants to say more, but storms off instead. Erik saunters to Madison.

ERIK

I don't think I've ever seen a kinetic rifle in the hands of a human.

MADISON

What? Oh, this. We don't have that many. My father...well, the man who raised me...it was his. His grandmother's actually, back when these were the tools of choice.

ERIK

He was MACO?

MADISON

The whole settlement...the first generation, anyway.

ERIK

Surely you were supplied with more modern equipment.

MADISON

Colonies like this, we don't get Federation support. We don't buy into the grand ideals of the united worlds.

(beat)

The Order sometimes sends shuttles.

ERIK

The Order?

MADISON

Local government. Well, local in relative terms. Their system is far, far away. They decide which colonies get support, if any.

ERIK

It sounds awful.

MADISON

It can be. But it can be great, too. Out here, no one tells you how to live, how to think. No one tells you when to get angry.

ERIK

You think I'm not allowed to get angry?

MADISON

I think you're a robot.

Erik laughs.

ERIK

I'll introduce you to my friend Qorum some day. She's mostly synthetic, but she'll tell you jokes that will make you blush.

Madison smiles weakly.

ERIK (CONT'D)

You don't smile freely.

MADISON

(sarcastic)

Not girly enough for you?

ERIK

I didn't mean...humans of the Federation don't smile freely. It's earned, that emotional choice. A smile doesn't mean anything if you just give it away.

MADISON

That...makes no sense.

ERIK

What I'm saying is, you weren't born out here. You're not a disenfranchised human. So who are you?

RIKER (O.S.)
 She's Walker Keel's niece.

Riker walks over and Erik snaps to attention. Madison scowls.

RIKER (CONT'D)
 (to Madison)
 That's where you learned Picard's
 private access address. Why didn't
 you just say so?

MADISON
 I don't use my uncle to get
 anything I can't get myself.

RIKER
 I...I can understand that. I
 respect that, Madison. Captain Keel
 was a hero of mine. Braver than
 most.
 (she nods)
 How did you end up here?

MADISON
 I followed a different path. My
 mother fell for a MACO descendant.
 We moved from colony to colony,
 never staying in any one place too
 long. He wanted to 'seed the stars
 with humanity.'
 (beat)
 One day he left without us, but
 with a few younger girls. I guess
 he had some seeds to sow.

RIKER
 I'm calling for reinforcement,
 Madison. We're going to get you and
 the colonists off this world.

MADISON
 We don't want to leave. Just help
 us deal with the Borg. We can
 rebuild.

RIKER
 The land isn't arable and there are
 no major resources. Besides, no
 traders are coming this deep into
 the Delta Quadrant.
 (beat)
 I understand a little better why
 you don't trust the Federation.
 MACO colonies rarely do.

(MORE)

RIKER (CONT'D)

But I am asking you to trust me.
Let us help you this time. Then you
can make up your own mind.

Madison considers the option. Before she has a chance to answer, her communicator buzzes.

MADISON

This is Madison.

SEBASTIAN (RADIO)

Carmen, the Borg have sent another
ground team. It looks to be a
battalion-sized element assembling
on the north side of camp.

MADISON

How much time do we have?

SEBASTIAN (RADIO)

Maybe an hour before they reach the
first defensive line.

MADISON

Establish a defense in depth,
integrate some of the feds where
you can.

Madison looks fearfully at Riker. He's already on his communicator.

RIKER

Titan, this is Admiral Riker.

COMMUNICATIONS (RADIO)

Admiral, we hear you.

RIKER

Send down two shuttles to my
location and prep the transporter
bay and medical. We're going to
move these civilians aboard the
Titan and evacuate the colony.

COMMUNICATIONS (RADIO)

Aye, sir.

Riker looks to Madison, concerned.

MADISON

We're not leaving.

RIKER

You don't have a choice now. That's a thousand drones all headed this way.

(beat)

It's our fault. Seeing the Federation on the ground probably riled them up.

MADISON

Then we take away their advantages. All they have is numbers. We've got enough ammunition to slim them down fast.

(beat)

I'm not asking you to stay. This isn't your fight. Take Sauto and Elizabeth and go.

RIKER

You'll die without our help.

MADISON

Then I die fighting for home.

(beat)

You've got a half hour to decide. After that, they block off the battlefield so no one can teleport out.

Madison walks off to her tent to prepare. Riker shakes his head and turns to Erik.

RIKER

We can't save these people if they won't accept a hand now and then.

ERIK

I'll arrange for the doctor and Chief Turian to beam up to the Titan. We can bombard the Borg from orbit and leave before the Sphere commits.

RIKER

No. If we leave...this colony dies, along with everyone on this planet.

ERIK

What are your orders, sir?

OFF Riker's expression.

INT. MADISON'S TENT.

Madison dresses in her battle uniform. She smears grease on her face in a poor attempt at camouflage. As she leaves the tent, she pauses and looks at her reflection in a piece of polished metal.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

I barely recognize you.

Madison spins around, surprised. Sebastian stands at the doorway, rifle in hand.

MADISON

You nearly gave me a heart attack.
And what the hell is with you and
the feds today?

SEBASTIAN

I don't trust them. And I don't
know why you called them down. We
can take care of ourselves.

MADISON

You're joking, right? We're
treating infections with hot water
and hope. We're out of gunpowder
and running dangerously low on
ammo.

(beat)

Sebastian, like it or not, we need
their help to save Krillion. We
should be counting our blessings
that ship crashed nearby. If the
Borg had taken the crew before I
reached them...

(beat)

We're trapped here without them.
What if we get overrun?

SEBASTIAN

Wait a minute. You're thinking of
leaving?

MADISON

No. I don't know. Maybe? Sebastian,
we're not exactly living
comfortable here. This colony
wasn't meant to grow this large
without resupply.

SEBASTIAN

Don't buy into that Federation garbage. The Order will take care of us once this problem is managed.

MADISON

That's your plan? Wait for a different group of old men to come and rescue us?

SEBASTIAN

Better than selling out to the feds.

A RADIO on her desk squawks.

SOLDIER 2 (RADIO)

Sergeant Madison! We've got movement on the north side slope. It's a section of drones!

Madison shoulders her rifle.

MADISON

Come on.

SEBASTIAN

We're not done here, Carmen.

MADISON

Maybe you're not. But I am.

(beat)

I never planned to die on this planet. Maybe I don't want to live on it either.

Madison leaves a stunned Sebastian in the tent.

INT. ROCK TUNNEL.

A passable tunnel underneath the camp, illuminated by a chain of red lights. Madison shoulders past soldiers and civilians on her way through the tunnel. Everyone is tense and silent.

Madison exits out into...

EXT. BATTLEFIELD -- NIGHT.

...the northern defense line. A trench filled with soldiers stands between the open, desolate land and the main camp. Terrified soldiers man their stations, rifles trained on the pitch black battlefield.

Madison notices Starfleet officers mixed in with her troops. She sees Erik speaking to a cluster of her soldiers. They disperse as she arrives.

MADISON

What was that?

ERIK

Sergeant? I was giving them rules of engagement.

MADISON

See a Borg, kill a Borg. How hard is that?

ERIK

It's not bad, if you want to lose the fight. The principals of ground offense--

MADISON

--are surprise, tempo, concentration, and audacity. My people know that.

ERIK

(surprised)

I...I'm sorry, I didn't mean to overstep.

MADISON

It's fine. I appreciate that you want to help.

(beat)

No, I mean, I appreciate the help. But these aren't soldiers. These are civilians with guns. You've heard of too many chefs?

ERIK

Not even once.

MADISON

Oh, right. You have machines that cook for you.

(beat)

They need to know who is in charge.

ERIK

You're in charge, Sergeant. I only told them what they needed to better integrate with my officers.

A Starfleet Marine, LILA, rushes up to them. She wears a red uniform with padded armor and carries a phaser rifle.

LILA

Commander, Sergeant Madison. We've got them at long range. I recommend we wait until they're within 300 meters. Most of the Marauders are trained to that distance.

Lila waits patiently. Erik remains silent, but gestures with his eyes for Madison to take over. Madison smirks.

MADISON

Sounds smart...
 (reads Lila's rank)
 ...corporal. Good suggestion.

Lila hustles back to the line.

SFX: Electronic pulse, a shield comes online.

Madison and Erik watches a purple SHIELD envelop the battlefield.

MADISON (CONT'D)

You'd better find a place to hide, commander. It's about to start.

Erik readies his phaser rifle.

ERIK

I think I'll stay. Should be a good time.

OFF Madison's look.

EXT. HILLTOP.

Admiral Riker watches the battle from a nearby hilltop. They are outside the shield's bubble. Elizabeth crouches down nearby.

RIKER

Good separation. She had them place tripwire every few dozen meters. Should keep the Borg from a steady advance.

(beat)

Look at how she checks on each soldier. Just lets them know she's there, watching their back. You can't teach that.

ELIZABETH

She's a smart cookie, Admiral.
You're lucky she's on your side.

Riker shoots Elizabeth a bewildered look. He notices something and smiles.

RIKER

You're a Bajoran.

ELIZABETH

Yes. Why?

RIKER

I just meant...you're very...

ELIZABETH

Emotive? My father was human. Met my mother aboard Deep Space Nine before the Dominion War.

(touches her nose)

She was disappointed I look more like him than her, but I got her eyes and hair so I'm pretty happy.

Riker is about to speak when his communicator buzzes.

RIKER

This is Riker.

COMMUNICATIONS (RADIO)

Sir! We've got a problem up here!

RIKER

What is it?

COMMUNICATIONS (RADIO)

It's the Borg Sphere, sir. It's begun an attack. They're broadcasting a new message.

RIKER

Play it.

BORG (RADIO)

We are the Borg. Your tribe has been tested and deemed unworthy of assimilation. Your destruction is necessary for the growth of the Hive.

(beat)

Resistance is futile.

RIKER
How long can you hold?

COMMUNICATIONS (RADIO)
Not long, sir. Reinforcements won't
make it in time. We can't handle a
direct assault from so many ships.

Riker pauses, torn between those in need on the ground and those in the sky. He looks at Elizabeth, anxious.

RIKER
I have to go up. They'll need me.

ELIZABETH
What? You heard them, it's suicide.

RIKER
I'll buy Madison time to retreat,
then we'll beam you all aboard.
(beat)
They'll lose home but live to fight
another day.

ELIZABETH
No. I'm staying down here.

RIKER
The Borg will overrun this camp
before sunrise.

ELIZABETH
These people need me, Admiral.
They're my friends. I'm staying
until the last group leaves.

RIKER
I can't promise help will arrive in
time.

ELIZABETH
I'm not asking for promises. You
take your men and go.

Riker clenches his jaw. He taps his communicator.

RIKER
Commander Knight, this is Admiral
Riker.

ERIK (RADIO)
Sir?

RIKER

I need you to gather your forces
and return to camp. We're beaming
back to the Titan.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD.

Erik and Madison sit in a trench and exchange a look.

ERIK

Negative, sir. My team will hold
the line, buy some space for the
civilians.

Madison is surprised.

EXT. HILLTOP.

Riker shakes his head.

RIKER

Good hunting, Knight. Watch your
six.

ERIK (RADIO)

Always do, sir.

Riker looks at Elizabeth, completely lost.

ELIZABETH

She has that affect on people. They
fight for her.

RIKER

It's infuriating.

(beat)

Titan, this is Riker. We're holding
the line. Bring me up.

ELIZABETH

Be safe, Admiral.

RIKER

I'll see you again soon, doctor.

Riker beams up to the Titan. As soon as he is gone, gunfire
erupts on the defensive line.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORG ASSEMBLY AREA.

A large clear area some distance from the colony's camp. The Borg Drones assemble into four columns in ranks of ten. With an unheard signal, they dispatch the next line and forty Drones move toward the humans.

Directed the movement is a larger Borg, the BORG ENFORCER. This is a monster, a body-builder combined with a tank. We close in on its decayed face, its lips curled into a permanent sneer.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD.

The line of soldiers fire volleys at the approaching Borg. There are hundreds of glowing green drones walking calmly toward the humans. Instead of firing probes, they shoot powerful green energy weapons. Rocks explode into fragments, showering the trenches.

Madison covers her face against a spray of debris, then returns fire.

Madison takes it all in, shaking her head. She bares her teeth.

MADISON

Marauders! Hold this line!

The nearest soldiers turn and listen.

MADISON (CONT'D)

This is our home. They're not just coming for you. They're coming for our friends. Our loved ones.

(beat)

Make them pay for every inch. Make them regret ever setting foot on our world.

A cheer echoes down the line. Sebastian rolls into place next to Madison. He wears a SATCHEL BAG on his back. His face is grim.

SEBASTIAN

Nice speech.

MADISON

Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

No. You're right. Why are we waiting for someone to save us?

MADISON
It's us against the world?

Sebastian takes her hand.

SEBASTIAN
If you go, I go. And I'll make sure
the rest follow.

Madison smiles.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
But I'm not wearing their stupid
uniforms.

Madison and Sebastian rise in the trench and fire.

EXT. SPACE, KRILLION VII ORBIT.

The Borg sphere fires a long blast at the Titan. The
Federation ship's shields flare, but hold.

INT. USS TITAN, BRIDGE.

Riker grimaces as the lights flicker under the heavy barrage.

RIKER
Shields?

ENGINEERING
Holding at twenty percent.

RIKER
Let me know when that hits ten.

ENGINEERING
Aye, sir.

RIKER
How about our backup?

COMMUNICATIONS
I've got a broken message coming
through now, sir.

RIKER
On screen!

The main screen changes to a static image. A coarse, Klingon
male is heard.

K'MARN (O.S.)
...Titan...on approach...
Krillion...status...need
report...over?

Riker slaps his armrest triumphantly.

RIKER
This is the Titan. How many are
you?

K'MARN (O.S.)
...just one ship.

Riker's face drops.

RIKER
Say again. It's just one of you?

The screen clears and we see CAPTAIN K'MARN, a veteran Klingon commander. He wears the uniform and rank of a Federation Captain.

K'MARN
Trust me, Admiral Riker. One is
more than enough. We will be there
in thirty minutes. Try not to die
before then.

The screen cuts out. Riker settles back in his chair.

RIKER
Klingons.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD.

Across the defensive line, drones overwhelm the humans. Soldiers fall in battle, shot through the chest by enemy fire. The screams of the dying and wounded rise.

Corporal Lila takes down two drones and ducks down in her trench. When she pops up, her rifle is knocked aside. A large hand grabs her throat and lifts her out of the foxhole.

The BORG ENFORCER holds Lila up with one hand, tilting her head left and right, analyzing her. Lila spits in the Borg's face.

SFX: CRACK!

The Borg Enforcer breaks Lila's neck and tosses her aside.

Madison and Sebastian run through the trenches, helping where they can. A Federation officer dies in front of Madison and she kneels to help him, taking his bloody hand.

FEDERATION OFFICER

Help...help...

MADISON

I'm right here. It's going to be okay.

The officer slumps back, dead. Madison releases the bloody hand, shaking.

SEBASTIAN

Come on. We need to rally the right flank.

Erik appears on the other side, firing his rifle. His left arm is scorched and bleeding.

ERIK

Sergeant, the line is breaking. There's too many.

SEBASTIAN

We can hold them off.

ERIK

It's suicide.

MADISON

Shut up! Both of you. Let me think.

Sebastian grabs her arm. His satchel bag swings over. Madison's eyes widen as she looks inside. She pulls out a chunk of THALMERITE EXPLOSIVE.

MADISON (CONT'D)

The charges!

SEBASTIAN

We're on top of them. Not a great plan.

MADISON

No. We retreat through the tunnels and back to camp. We blow the ridge. It'll buy time to beam out the families.

ERIK

And I've got two shuttles on approach. Should be here in five minutes.

Madison looks between the two men, sizing up her options.

MADISON

Let's do this. Sebastian, give me the detonator. Start pulling our soldiers off the line. Erik, give the order to your teams.

ERIK

We shouldn't just--

MADISON

We'll fall back by squads so the Borg don't overwhelm us. By ranks, and make sure they use covering fire.

(beat)

We're going to lose some friends today. Let's make their sacrifice mean something.

Erik is impressed. He nods and heads off. Sebastian salutes and leaves toward the other side. Madison takes the detonator in one hand and slings her rifle. It's time to leave. Madison pulls out her radio.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Krillion Outpost, this is Sergeant Madison. It's time for greener pastures. Pack it up and prepare for evacuation.

(beat)

Doctor Parnell, that includes you.

ELIZABETH (RADIO)

If you say so, Carmen. I'll get the patients out.

Madison looks up just as the Borg Enforcer breaches the last defensive line. It is still fifty yards away, but it pauses to glare in her direction.

Madison pulls her rifle up in one smooth motion and fires a burst. The bullets punch through the Enforcer's midsection. It shrugs off the attack and stomps toward her. Madison lowers her rifle, swallows, and runs.

INT. USS TITAN, BRIDGE.

An explosion rocks the bridge, sending a crewman flying. Riker grits his teeth as the ship tilts side to side.

RIKER

Status?

ENGINEERING

Shields down to ten percent, hull to forty.

RIKER

Yeah, that felt like ten percent.
(hits communicator)
Lieutenant Commander Parnell, this is Riker. Are you ready to move?

EXT. MEDICAL TENT -- NIGHT.

Elizabeth helps move PATIENTS from the tent to a MARKED CIRCLE on the ground outside. She carries a communicator and shouts to be heard.

ELIZABETH

The first group is ready. I'll keep them coming.

She looks up as two SHUTTLES circle overhead, settling in for a landing. The nearest opens up and a group of FEDERATION MEDICS rush out. They help the more seriously injured aboard.

Elizabeth watches the first group of patients beam up.

INT. ROCK TUNNEL.

Madison and Sebastian hustle through the tunnel, firing behind them. Borg Drones get closer and closer. Madison reaches a MARKED POST and smiles. She grabs Sebastian and pulls him into an alcove. In the tunnel, the Borg Enforcer pauses, looking around for its target.

MADISON

(whisper)
Fire in the hole!

She engages the detonator.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD.

Thousands of drones surge toward the trenches. There is a pregnant pause, and then a MASSIVE EXPLOSION consumes the battlefield, vaporizing the Borg.

INT. ROCK TUNNEL.

An explosion collapses the tunnel on top of the Borg Enforcer. Madison and Sebastian are left covered in dust but alive. Madison tucks the detonator into her pocket and leads the way.

EXT. MEDICAL TENT.

Elizabeth walks with the medics and Turian, escorting his stretcher to the shuttle.

TURIAN

You're kicking me out already?

ELIZABETH

You were a terrible patient, Chief.

TURIAN

I'll be sure to work on that next time I'm seriously injured.

ELIZABETH

I hope you do.

Elizabeth allows the medics to take Turian the rest of the way. She turns as a PLUME OF DUST erupts from a nearby rock wall. Madison and Sebastian emerge to a cheer from the surrounding soldiers. Elizabeth runs over and hugs Madison.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You made it!

MADISON

How goes the evac?

ELIZABETH

Just a few left, and the shuttles.

Madison looks up. The battle overhead is a series of green and red flashes.

MADISON

Can they hold much longer?

ELIZABETH

Honestly, we're probably going from the frying pan to the fire. But at least it's cleaner.

Sebastian pats himself clean and adjusts his satchel bag. He stops short and Madison turns.

MADISON

What is it?

SEBASTIAN

I forgot something in my tent. It'll just be a second.

MADISON

Hurry up. We're taking the shuttle home.

Sebastian grins and jogs off. Madison helps some of the older residents onto the transport pad and watches them disappear. She shudders.

ERIK (O.S.)

It's not that bad, once you've done it once or twice.

Madison looks over at a battle-worn Erik.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Just don't think about it.

MADISON

Thanks, but I'll take a ship any day. Give me something I can fly.

ERIK

Are you a pilot?

Madison shrugs, but smiles.

MADISON

Something like that.

A scream draws their attention back to camp. A WOMAN runs out from the tents and past Erik and Madison. A moment later, Sebastian flies over the medical tent and lands in a bloody heap on the ground. Madison runs over.

MADISON (CONT'D)

SEBASTIAN!

Erik keeps his eyes on the tents as the BORG ENFORCER appears. It leers at the three soldiers.

ENFORCER

We are the Borg. Your tribe has been tested and deemed unworthy of assimilation. Your destruction is necessary for the growth of the Hive.

The Enforcer stomps toward Madison. In the back, one of the shuttles takes off. Before it gets too far, the Borg Enforcer raises a hand and fires a massive blast of energy. The shuttle explodes!

ENFORCER (CONT'D)

Resistance is futile.

SFX: Shield energizes.

A small purple sphere forms around the camp, preventing anyone from teleporting in or out.

Madison, terrified, reaches for her gun. The Enforcer swats her aside. Erik charges in, firing into the Borg. His shots have no effect, and he is kicked away as well. Sebastian, seriously injured, starts to crawl toward the shuttle.

Madison gets to her feet, wiping blood from her face. She turns to Elizabeth.

MADISON

Get everyone clear!

ELIZABETH

You can't take that thing.

MADISON

I can buy you time. Get clear of the shield and beam up to the Titan.

(beat)

No arguing, go!

Madison picks up a heavy length of pipe from a tent and rushes the Borg. She ducks under powerful strikes and slams the pipe into the Enforcer again and again. Finally, the Borg catches the pipe and hurls it aside.

ENFORCER

Your aggression is meaningless.

The borg connect with a powerful punch that floors Madison. Sebastian stops trying to escape and crawls toward her.

Erik appears, wounded but not out of the fight. He cranks his phaser to maximum and blasts the Enforcer.

The beam melts through layers of armor, revealing rotten flesh underneath. The borg recoils, but pushes through and grabs Erik in a vice grip. It lifts Erik high off the ground by his throat.

Sebastian touches Madison and she rouses.

MADISON

What?

SEBASTIAN

It's okay. It's me.

(beat)

We have to run.

MADISON

We can't...that thing...

Madison sees Erik strangling.

Sebastian hands her something.

SEBASTIAN

Then let's finish this.

Madison looks down and sees the final chunk of THALMERITE. She fights to get to her feet, picking up a nearby SHARD of metal from the destroyed shuttle. She rushes in, stabbing the Borg in the side. Ichor spills out onto her hands. The Borg releases Erik and the soldier hits the ground hard, out cold.

The Enforcer wheels on Madison, sending her flying with a powerful strike. The Enforcer turns toward Elizabeth and the last shuttle. Elizabeth has dragged Erik to the ship, but freezes in the face of the Borg threat. The Enforcer raises a hand.

MADISON

HEY!

The Enforcer turns. Madison is still standing, bloody and broken, but not done yet. She holds out her hand, beckoning. Her other hand grips the shard.

MADISON (CONT'D)

We're not done with our dance yet.

The Borg marches toward Madison, ready to finishing the fight. Madison launches at the Enforcer, slicing at joints and vulnerable spots. For a moment, it looks like she might get the upper hand. Then the Borg catches her wrist and breaks it with ease. Madison cries out, but is cut off when the Enforcer lifts her by the throat. She drops the shard of metal.

SEBASTIAN

(weak)
Madison!

Sebastian crawls over to the Borg, arriving at its feet. He looks up at his friend.

MADISON

Sebastian.
(choke)
Go!

Sebastian grabs shard of metal. He buries it in the Borg's knee. The Enforcer focuses on the prone human. Sebastian throws the blade to Madison just as the Borg fires its weapon into Sebastian's chest. The Enforcer turns back to a fierce Madison.

ENFORCER

Resistance...

Madison buries her blade into the Enforcer's head. It drops her, buckling down to one knee. Madison takes the chunk of THALMERITE and shoves it into the Borg's mouth.

MADISON

...is worth it.

Madison kicks the Borg a few feet back. She drops down and covers Sebastian, then activates the detonator. The Borg EXPLODES from the chest up, then collapses to the ground.

Madison looks at Sebastian, tears in her eyes. He can't speak, can barely move, but pushes a SMALL PACK in her direction. They have a moment before he closes his eyes and passes.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

MADISON! RUN!

Madison looks up. Dozens of Borg Drones emerge from the camp. They march toward the shuttle. Madison takes the small pack, squeezes Sebastian's hand, and rushes to the shuttle. Once aboard, they take off and leave the burning settlement behind.

EXT. SPACE, KRILLION VII ORBIT.

The shuttle flies away from the planet, racing toward the Titan. The starship and the Borg Sphere continue to trade blows.

INT. SHUTTLE.

Madison huddles in the tightly packed shuttle cabin. Elizabeth tends to Erik, who is conscious but injured. Madison cradles the small pack tight and squeezes her eyes shut.

PILOT (O.S.)
USS Titan, this is Shuttle One. We
are on approach.

COMMUNICATIONS (RADIO)
Hold fast, Shuttle. The Endeavour
is inbound for support.

Erik sits up and winces.

ERIK
The Endeavour? She's ready?

PILOT
Sounds like.

Erik grabs Madison's leg. She looks up.

ERIK
You'll want to see this.

INT. USS TITAN, BRIDGE.

Riker and his crew sit in a smoke-filled bridge, glaring at the forward monitor and the Borg Sphere. Riker looks like a gambler with a card up his sleeve.

RIKER
Endeavour, this is Titan. Lane is
clear.

K'MARN (RADIO)
Thank you, Admiral.

EXT. SPACE, KRILLION VII ORBIT.

The fighting has stopped like eye of a hurricane. The Titan drifts on the left side, clearly wounded. The Borg sphere hovers on the right, gearing up for a final attack.

With a sudden POW, a new ship arrives. MUSIC swells and we see the USS ENDEAVOUR enter the fight. She is the largest Federation starship ever built, a HELIOS-CLASS. Her saucer is oval-shaped, sitting atop a short neck, with four long nacels in the back. She is impressive and shiny and new.

K'MARN (O.S.)
Borg ship, this is the USS
Endeavour.

INT. USS ENDEAVOUR, BRIDGE.

The bridge is large, incredibly modern and clean, and staffed by a fresh-faced crew:

- Commander JARED BREWSTER (35, human), the Executive Officer.
- Lieutenant Commander ZERIT LALOM (30, Bajoran Female), the Second Officer and Senior Science Officer.
- Lieutenant Commander NARANIA OSEF, (29, human), the Chief Engineering Officer.
- Lieutenant Commander TESELLA (Orion female), the Counselor.
- Lieutenant Junior Grade DAKEELA RAVISA (Romulan female), the Chief Security Officer.
- Lieutenant JESSA CHONG (27, human), the Flight Officer and Lead Navigator.
- Ensign ISHAN LIGHTFOOT (25, human), helmsman.
- Ensign GELAKERA (Ferengi female), helmsman.
- Ensign OMAHI DORSHOG (Klingon female), helmsman.
- Ensign DAVID ROSEN (18, human), helmsman.

In the central command chair, the imposing Captain K'Marn stares down the Borg.

K'MARN
You are engaging Federation vessels
in an act of war. Stand down your
weapons and flee the system.

ON SCREEN, the Borg Sphere looms ominously.

BORG
We are the Borg. Your continued
aggression will only be met in
kind. There will be no peace. This
will only be settled in violence.

K'Marn sneers.

K'MARN

Your terms are acceptable.
Lieutenant Ravisa.

DAKEELA

Their shields are gone, sir.
Quantum torpedo is ready.

K'MARN

Fire.

EXT. SPACE, KRILLION VII ORBIT.

A single blue torpedo fires from the Endeavour. It streaks into the Borg Sphere, burying deep inside. For a moment, there is nothing, and then the sphere ERUPTS from within, shattering into thousands of pieces.

INT. USS TITAN, BRIDGE.

Riker and his crew celebrate. The Communications Officer leans toward his speaker.

COMMUNICATIONS

Shuttle, this is the Titan. You are cleared for final approach. Borg threat is eliminated.

INT. USS TITAN, HANGAR.

The shuttle lands hard, scraping the floor and kicking up sparks. Once the doors open, Madison is the first off. She freezes, in awe at the size of the ship. Erik limps over.

ERIK

Impressive, isn't she?

MADISON

It's so...

ERIK

I know. I remember my first time.

Elizabeth steps in between them.

ELIZABETH

There'll be time for a tour later.
Right now, I want you to head to medical for evaluation.

(Erik tries to speak)

No excuses! Now go.

Madison watches him leave. She looks at the bag in her hands and sniffs.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'll want to give you a once over,
but I think there's something more
important first.

MADISON

What?

Elizabeth grabs a passing CREW CHIEF.

ELIZABETH

Chief, where's the nearest guest
quarters?

SFX: Shower turns on.

INT. USS TITAN, GUEST QUARTERS, BEDROOM.

A well-decorated guest quarter board the Titan. Elizabeth sits on the edge of the bed waiting patiently. She stares off into space.

INT. USS TITAN, GUEST QUARTERS, BATHROOM.

Madison takes a long, much needed shower. She stares down at her feet and watches the blood and dirt wash away. She picks at dried blood off her hands and--

EXT. BATTLEFIELD -- NIGHT.

--she's on the battlefield, holding Sebastian's bloodied hand as he lays dying.

A blast flies overhead and--

INT. USS TITAN, GUEST QUARTERS, BATHROOM.

--Madison ducks, nearly slipping in the shower. She gets her bearing, leans her head against the wall, and cries deeply.

INT. USS TITAN, GUEST QUARTERS, BEDROOM.

Madison emerges from the bathroom wearing a clean undershirt and borrowed pants. She dries her hair with a towel. She nearly jumps when she sees Elizabeth and Riker waiting for her.

MADISON
What the hell, Admiral?

RIKER
I apologize for the intrusion.

MADISON
You should.

She wipes her eyes with the towel.

MADISON (CONT'D)
What do you want?

RIKER
Nothing. What I'd like to know is
what you want.
(beat)
You managed to save over a thousand
people today, did you know that?

MADISON
You're the one who came in for the
rescue.

RIKER
I wouldn't have made the trip if
you hadn't called. No one would
have even listened if you hadn't
sent a Code 47.
(beat)
You led the defense of that
settlement for weeks, with no idea
that we would ever show up. Most
people give up under those
circumstances.

MADISON
I'm not most people.

RIKER
Oh, I know that. So now, you have a
choice. You were conscripted into
Federation service, but that order
is temporary. If you want, I'll
drop you and your settlers on any
planet you choose, so long as it's
habitable and uncontested. I'll
leave you enough supplies for a
year, and a proper communications
array.

Riker gestures to Elizabeth and the doctor pulls a STARFLEET UNIFORM off a nearby chair. Elizabeth lays the uniform on the bed.

RIKER (CONT'D)

Or...we could make your
conscription a little more
permanent.

Madison can't believe her eyes. Then she sees the SMALL PACK on the edge of the bed.

MADISON

Thank you, Admiral. This
is...that's very flattering. But my
people need me. And the
Federation...

Madison turns away.

RIKER

Why did your mother leave the
Federation? Why join with MACO
colonists?

MADISON

She wanted to make her own way in
life. She wanted the same for me.

RIKER

Do you think the captain of a
starship makes their own way?

Madison wheels around.

MADISON

Captain?

RIKER

Well, not right away. But you've
proven to me, and to a lot of us
around here, that you're meant for
more than playing sheriff on dying
colonies. You were meant for the
frontier.

(beat)

It's your choice.

OFF MADISON's conflicted look.

EXT. SPACE, EARTH ORBIT.

In orbit over the human homeworld of Earth. Spacestations hang over the planet, creating an interconnected web stretching for miles. The largest structure is Spacedock, the Federation's main port for ships in and out of the human solar system.

CHYRON: Stardate 78408.11

A monstrous GALAXY-CLASS Federation ship roars by on its way to dock.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)

Attention, all crew members of the USS Endeavour. Muster location has been changed to observation area seven. Arrival time is the same.

INT. SPACEDOCK, OBSERVATION AREA.

A massive room encompassing a full level of the Spacedock. Huge windows show the various ships docked outside. A crowd has formed to witness the launch of the Endeavour. Federation officers and civilians of all species hurry about their lives.

We fall in behind a young woman in a Starfleet outfit. Her uniform is simple and black, with a green top. A single golden pip sits on her right collar.

She pushes her way through the crowd, emerging at a large window. The USS Endeavour waits in all its splendor. We spin around until we come face-to-face with Ensign C.J. MADISON. She's still healing from the battle at Krillion, but the hardened look in her eyes is chipped, and there is hope on the other side.

ELIZABETH

Madison!

Elizabeth waves and Madison walks over. Elizabeth opens her arms for a hug, but Madison stops and salutes.

MADISON

Lieutenant Commander.

Elizabeth half-returns the salute and wraps Madison in a hug.

ELIZABETH

I'm so excited.

She releases her hug.

MADISON
I think I already regret this.

ERIK (O.S.)
No quitting now, ensign.

Madison smiles warmly at Erik. He walks over with his arm in a sling. He straightens as Captain K'Marn approaches.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Captain. Thank you for taking me aboard.

K'MARN
There are few higher
recommendations than Admiral Riker,
Commander.
(to Madison)
Few higher.

K'Marn glances off toward the window and Madison follows his gaze. An old man watches the final preparations for the ship. K'Marn nudges Madison and she walks over.

MADISON
Um...sir?

The old man turns slowly. AMBASSADOR JEAN-LUC PICARD beams at Madison, taking her in.

AMBASSADOR PICARD
I believe you sent me a message,
Ensign.

MADISON
(stammering)
Adm--Ambassador Picard.

AMBASSADOR PICARD
Carmen Jane Madison. You look just
like your mother.
(beat)
I had hoped we would get a chance
to meet.

MADISON
I...I'm glad we did. My uncle
always spoke so highly of you. I
thought I knew you.
(beat)
I'm so sorry if I got you in any
trouble.

AMBASSADOR PICARD

Walker was a dear friend. He would be so proud of the woman you've become. When I heard everything...well, recommending you was the easiest decision I've ever made.

Madison glances off at the ship.

MADISON

Ambassador...I don't want to let anybody down. I don't want to be here because I have a famous father. I don't want to be here because people pity me.

Picard frowns.

AMBASSADOR PICARD

Nonsense, Carmen. You saved countless lives, put others before yourself, and never flinched in the face of unparalleled danger. Starfleet is lucky to find someone like you once in a generation.

Madison wipes her eyes.

MADISON

Thank you, sir. You're nothing like I imagined. And everything at the same time.

Picard takes her hands.

AMBASSADOR PICARD

Go. I'll be here if you need anything, at any time. You're a part of the family now.

Madison heads back toward an open gate where Elizabeth waits. They pause, Madison waves at Picard, and then they walk toward the ship.

INT. USS ENDEAVOUR.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS.

A) CORRIDOR - Madison walks the halls. She passes Captain K'Marn. He gives her a respectful nod.

B) MEDICAL - Madison peaks her head in as DR. Parnell settles into her new work area.

C) ENGINEERING - Zerit and her team monitor the various computers. On a screen, Madison is seen walking the halls.

D) OFFICER'S QUARTERS - Jared and TESELLA make out in his quarters. Madison walks past the open door without noticing.

E) BRIDGE - The crew prepares to disembark. Madison steps onto the bridge and marvels. She is beckoned to her seat by Ensign Rosen. Right behind her, Captain K'Marn steps off a turbolift.

MADISON
Captain on the deck!

K'MARN
Helm, take us out.

DAVID ROSEN
Aye, Captain.

Madison takes her seat and rests her hands on the controls. She looks up at directly toward us, the viewer.

MADISON
(to herself)
I'm ready.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. SPACE.

The USS Endeavour embarks for its first mission. It pulls away from Spacedock, escorted by smaller vessels.

MADISON (V.O.)
Space. The final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Endeavour. Her mission, to explore hostile space, to locate and defend new civilizations, to eliminate the Borg threat to all sentient species, to boldly go...where no one has gone before.

The four nacels charge up. With a POW, the Endeavour launches into warp space, leaving a trail of blue light in its wake.

END.