

Star Trek Continues

Episode 5
DIVIDED WE STAND

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STAR TREK CONTINUES: EP. 5 'DIVIDED WE STAND'

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - U.S.S. ENTERPRISE 1

Moving through space.

KIRK (V.O.)

Captain's log, stardate sixty-two-oh-two-point-one. After encountering Friendship Three, an interstellar probe launched from Earth one-hundred-seventy years ago, the Enterprise computer has been infested with a pathogen of unknown origin.

2 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE 2

All the key personnel are at their familiar stations. Kirk is walking around the perimeter and ends at Spock's station.

SPOCK

Confirmed, captain. Whatever has infiltrated our main computer is of a technology far superior to the archaic design of Friendship Three.

KIRK

We've got to pull the plug on this thing. Get it isolated.

Kirk moves to Uhura.

KIRK (cont'd)

Lieutenant, send to Starfleet Command. From Kirk, commanding Enterprise: Unknown entity has infected ship's computer after encountering old Earth Space Probe 'Friendship Three.' Vital that all ships avoid sector...

Looks to Sulu...

(CONTINUED)

SULU

Sierra oh-four-seven.

KIRK

Sierra oh-four-seven. Steps should be taken to isolate and, if necessary, destroy the probe.

UHURA

Right away, sir.

SPOCK

Firewalls proving ineffective. It is now migrating from the communications system into...

Spock starts to look toward his own library computer, just as it begins FLASHING to life.

SPOCK (cont'd)

...my library computer.

Kirk moves back to Spock's station. PRESSES some buttons.

KIRK

Computer off!

Spock tries as well.

SPOCK

Not responding. Controls have been overridden.

Scott calls out from the engineering station on the bridge.

SCOTT

Spreading like a virus through my systems now, captain -- engineering specs, diagrams, propulsion formulas, the works!

KIRK

Alert computer core. Instruct them to shut down non-essential systems.

Uhura CONVEYS Kirk's instructions in b.g.

(CONTINUED)

SPOCK

Unlikely a virus, captain. I'm seeing indication of a high level of intelligence from them.

KIRK

'Them'?

SPOCK

I read hundreds of thousands of microscopic objects, easily out-maneuvering our computer defense systems and counteracting every attempt to block their progress.

(reacts to his computer)

Now accessing Federation capabilities, Starfleet defense data, Earth history.

KIRK

Activate the lockout subroutines.

SPOCK

(nods)

Your assistance is needed, Mister Scott.

Spock hurries over to Scotty. They both kneel under the engineering console, removing the access panel. During this, the turbolift door OPENS and McCoy steps onto the bridge; Kirk glances his way.

MCCOY

Jim... Since you weren't in my exam room for your appointment thirty minutes ago, I decided a house call was in order.

KIRK

Not right now, Bones.

MCCOY

It might interest you to know you're the only member of this crew who hasn't reported in for your annual check-up. Even your first officer's been more cooperative... and we know what he thinks of my 'beads and rattles.'

(CONTINUED)

KIRK

(firmer)

We'll take this up later, doctor.

SPOCK

If we can dampen the duotronic
feed...

SCOTT

Aye, starve it at the source.

Kirk steps close to Spock's library computer and watches the board with growing concern. The surface appears ELECTRIFIED, zigzagging ELECTRICAL IMPULSES spreading across the board.

McCoy steps behind Kirk, also watching in concern.

MCCOY

What in blazes do you think that
is?

KIRK

An intelligence... and getting more
intelligent by the minute.

Spock does something under the console that causes a FLASH from the open compartment area.

SCOTT

The board's on overload...!

Kirk and McCoy turn to Scott...

FLASH! Behind them, the board FLARES up with more intensity than before. There is a SHIIIIISH! -- and Kirk and McCoy are thrown to the floor by an EXPLOSION!

A blanket of smoke spreads across them, obscuring our view.

And then eerie SILENCE.

MATCH CUT TO:

But we don't know it is a battlefield yet.

The strange SILENCE continues, and for the moment it should appear that we are still on the bridge with an ECU ON KIRK.

(CONTINUED)

His eyes open as he struggles to regain consciousness. He fans the smoke away with his hands. If we hear anything at all, it is just the BEATING of his heart.

Disoriented, he sits up.

KIRK

Bones?

MCCOY

Here, Jim!

WIDEN ANGLE to REVEAL that Kirk wears a Union Civil War uniform, rank of corporal. Next to him is a dazed McCoy, dressed as a Confederate sergeant.

SOUND LEVELS are rising, as we first hear a BATTLE raging; shooting; shouting; screaming.

Kirk takes McCoy by the arm, helping him to sit. McCoy notices what Kirk has already seen -- their clothes, and the smoke. And there is the horrible sound -- now like CHARGING MEN -- getting louder.

The smoke is dispersing and, as it clears, we SEE Kirk and McCoy are in the middle of a grass field.. and a battle. CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS run past, retreating, some leaping over the two crouched Enterprise men. UNION SOLDIERS follow.

Off Kirk and McCoy's incredulous looks...

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 4

SUPER TITLES. The BATTLE rages on as Kirk and McCoy run for cover.

5 EXT. WOODED AREA ON SMALL HILL - CONTINUOUS 5

A small wooded area gives some cover and a good vista of the BATTLE. Kirk and McCoy PANT as they reach the summit. They take cover, then look in stunned horror at the carnage below.

MCCOY

My God, Jim. Where are we?

KIRK

When are we. Mid eighteen-hundreds. These uniforms -- the union and the confederacy. American Civil War.

(from his uniform to
McCoy's)

We're not on the same side.

MCCOY

How? One minute we were on the bridge and the next...

(looks around)

What do you think we're dealing with? A parallel planet? An illusion? A time portal?

KIRK

No telling. But until we can figure out how to get back, we have to assume that it's real. And if we really are in Earth's history, we know the risks. We can't do anything to upset the order of what's to come.

(beat)

The further we are from the fighting, the safer we'll be.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Kirk moves deeper into the woods. McCoy takes one last horrified look at the BATTLE, then follows.

6 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE SICKBAY

6

Kirk and McCoy lie on beds next to each other. NURSE BURKE attending to them. They are in comas.

Spock and DOCTOR M'BENGA discuss:

SPOCK

Has the pathogen been identified?

M'BENGA

Not yet.

(beat; concerned)

There was a 'transfer' of some sort when contact was made between the captain's hand and the computer board. I have them in a partial stasis field. They mustn't be touched until we know what we're dealing with.

SPOCK

The intruders absorbed data from various systems at an accelerated rate. We are attempting to isolate them before they advance further.

M'BENGA

Whatever it is... it seems to be moving through their bodies, too.

(re: Kirk and McCoy)

I'm using antibodies to prevent more trauma... tranquilizers to slow their metabolisms. But it's on the march. We can't stop it... only delay it.

SPOCK

How long?

M'BENGA

A day, maybe two. When these things reach their autonomic systems... lungs, heart...

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

Spock accepts the information with his usual guarded cool, then:

SPOCK

Understood. Please inform me of any change, doctor.

Spock exits. M'Benga turns his concerned attention back to the captain and McCoy.

7

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

7

Kirk and McCoy dodge tree branches as they walk.

MCCOY

I didn't wanna say anything, Jim... but it appears I outrank you. Too bad we have to stay hidden. I could have some fun with you, corporal.

KIRK

You're a southern gentleman. I'd expect at least a modicum of lenience.

Kirk and McCoy smile, when out of the blue:

SERGEANT (O.S.)

Halt!

A section of UNION SOLDIERS emerges from the woods, surrounding Kirk and McCoy, led by a gung-ho SERGEANT. Guns all aimed at McCoy.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Well looky what we have here, boys. A fancy reb sergeant.

Kirk thinks fast and acts as one of them. He LAUGHS.

KIRK

Yep! Thought he could escape by running into the woods. But I tracked the ol' reb down.

They look at Kirk in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

KIRK (cont'd)
You don't have to bother with him.
He's my prisoner... and I'm takin'
him back to camp.

The Sergeant eyes Kirk as he moves to McCoy and relieves him of his sidearm.

SERGEANT
You always let your prisoners keep
their weapons, corporal?
(looks Kirk over)
Watch him, boys. He may be secesh
in Union blue.

Half the guns are now trained on Kirk. A young and green soldier -- BILLY PALMERTON -- looks on. Even when he's pointing a rifle your way, you can feel his fear.

The Sergeant's interest shifts back to McCoy.

SERGEANT (cont'd)
(taunts)
A fancy-pants sergeant, huh? I bet
you know a thing or two 'bout your
buddies' plans for tomorrow
morning.

McCoy doesn't speak, but looks at him. Then Kirk. The Sergeant jabs McCoy with his gun.

SERGEANT (cont'd)
I'm talkin' to you, secesh! How
many soldiers you bringin' in?
(with another jab)
Huh? How many more behind the
front?
(and another)
Speak up! How much artillery?
(and another still)
You tongue-tied? Answer me!

The Sergeant STRIKES McCoy, knocking him to the ground.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

8

As before.

KIRK

Wait!

Guns are trained on Kirk.

KIRK (cont'd)

This man's a doctor! I was taking
him back to camp. He might be of
use to our wounded.

SERGEANT

He's about to become one a' those
wounded if he don't start
answerin'!

The sergeant KICKS McCoy.

KIRK

(sounds more like the
captain in charge)

He's my prisoner. He's a surgeon
who can help our boys. You lay
another hand on him, sergeant, and
I'll make sure your superiors know
how you treated a valuable prize.

It's a staring contest.

SERGEANT

Who are you?

KIRK

Kirk. James.

SERGEANT

Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves?

KIRK

(beat)

That's right...

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT

I thought you was a lieutenant colonel.

(off his silence)

Just damn good to have ya' here with us. Gonna be a big one tomorrow. Need all the help we can get.

(re: McCoy)

Get 'im up, boys!

Two of the boys grab hold of McCoy, yanking him to his feet. They start to shove him forward, when:

BANG! The Sergeant is hit in the chest. Surprise and horror cross his face as he drops to his knees.

BILLY

Sniper!

One of the men, SHARPSHOOTER, takes aim and FIRES.

A SNIPER FALLS from a tree.

McCoy tries to move toward the wounded Sergeant, who is in agony. The men raise their guns and quickly move between McCoy and the Sergeant.

MCCOY

I can help this man!

Sharpshooter now aims his gun dead on McCoy.

KIRK

This doctor knows new ways to heal.

SHARPSHOOTER

What new ways? We don't trust no damn Confederate!

KIRK

(stern)

You'll trust that Confederate, or your sergeant dies.

The Sharpshooter considers, then steps out of the way.

MCCOY

Does anyone have a medical kit?!

(CONTINUED)

After a beat, Billy Palmerton pulls a KIT out of his backpack and hands it to McCoy.

KIRK

Do what you can, doctor. I'm going to check on that other man.

Kirk hurries over to the downed Confederate. He checks him for life.

We SEE that the sniper was a young boy, and he's dead.

Kirk returns to the men.

KIRK (cont'd)

One of you... go dig a grave for that man.

The boys stare at Kirk like he's a crazy man.

SOLDIER 1

That's a reb sniper...!

KIRK

He's a boy! Not much older than some of you! Fighting for what he believes in... just like you.

SOLDIER 1 moves off to dig a grave.

Kirk kneels down to check on McCoy.

MCCOY

So much for hiding out.

KIRK

You okay?

MCCOY

Been better. But nothing compared to him.

As McCoy says this, he opens the medical kit, REVEALING archaic surgical tools. He SIGHS.

KIRK

Please tell me you can do something.

(CONTINUED)

MCCOY

(re: the kit and tools)

With these? Out here? I'm a surgeon, not a butcher.

KIRK

Good. Because he needs a surgeon.

McCoy is hesitant. He keeps his voice low so only Kirk can hear.

MCCOY

Jim. What if this man is supposed to die? Or what if he's not... and by us being here, we've changed it all? He might not have gotten shot in the first place if it hadn't been for us.

Kirk has been thinking the same thing, but does not have an easy answer.

KIRK

What does the doctor in you say?

McCoy looks at the failing Sergeant, then back to Kirk.

Kirk nods, McCoy goes to work.

MCCOY

Somebody have a knife?

Billy pulls out his bowie knife.

Using the knife, McCoy manages to pull the bullet out.

MCCOY (cont'd)

(to Billy)

Hold it! Put pressure on the wound... right here!

Billy watches in horror... then turns away to VOMIT.

MCCOY (cont'd)

That's about all I can do. I need a field hospital.

(beat)

You do have a field hospital...?!

The men nod as Kirk crosses to Billy.

(CONTINUED)

KIRK

This is messy business. Nothing to
be ashamed about, son.

BILLY

I ain't. Musta 'et somethin'
didn't agree with me.

KIRK

What's your name?

BILLY

Billy. Billy Palmerton, sir.

KIRK

Keep an eye peeled, Billy
Palmerton.

BILLY

(looks around woods)
Yes, sir.

Moving through space.

Spock in the command chair.

SPOCK

Stand by, Mister Scott.

SCOTT

Aye.

An uneasy looking Scotty, wearing a protective insulated
glove, stands ready with his finger poised over a button at
his bridge engineering station.

SPOCK

Cut power to computer systems... now.

Scotty grimaces as he presses the button, and the bridge
LIGHTING dims to fifty percent. SOUNDS of the various
operating systems also diminish by half.

Eyes dart about; all are concerned.

(CONTINUED)

Chekov checks the library computer board.

CHEKOV

Intruder migrating from computer
core to duotronic backup tapes.

(beat)

You were right, commander! A new
source of information is too
tempting for them to ignore.

SPOCK

How much time before data is fully
assimilated from the duotronic
tapes?

SMITH

(re: chronometer)

Twenty-six seconds. If we're gonna
eliminate it before it jumps to the
next information source, we need to
act.

SPOCK

Mister Chekov, prepare to jettison
backup storage assembly.

CHEKOV

Aye, sir.

SPOCK

Charge phaser banks.

SMITH

Phasers locked and ready, sir.

(beat)

Without computer control, targeting
might be tricky.

SCOTT

They're speeding up, Mister Spock.
It's now or never!

SPOCK

(calmly)

Eject microtapes.

Chekov pushes a button.

CHEKOV

Storage assembly released.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

SMITH
(calculating)
Point-seven kilometers. Point-
nine... one-point-one... one-point...

SPOCK
(interrupts)
Fire.

11 EXT. SPACE - INSERT

11

The Enterprise FIRES phasers.

INTERCUT:

12 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

12

SPOCK
(calmly)
Report, Mister Scott.

SCOTT
It worked, sir. The varmints are
gone!
(beat)
Ship is safe.

The crew lightens up. But Spock does not look relieved.

13 OMITTED

13

14 EXT. UNION CAMP - DAY

14

Establishing FX SHOT: A camp of tents.

15 EXT. HOSPITAL TENT - CONTINUOUS

15

Two soldiers carry the wounded Sergeant in on his stretcher.

Following are Kirk, McCoy (now in handcuffs), Sharpshooter
(holding McCoy's arm as a prisoner). Billy follows.

They're greeted by a Union surgeon and officer, DOCTOR HEATH,
who wears a blood-soaked apron and looks like he hasn't slept
in days.

(CONTINUED)

Heath takes a look at what he's dealing with under the bandages -- he's obviously impressed.

HEATH

Who tended to this man?

Billy points at McCoy.

BILLY

Says he's a doctor, sir.

HEATH

From the job he did, I'm inclined to believe it.

Heath looks McCoy over.

HEATH (cont'd)

I tend to be a bit colorblind when it comes to uniforms these days. I haven't slept in more than forty-eight hours... and I could use an extra set of hands. Especially come morning. What do you say, doc?

McCoy looks at him, then to Kirk, knowing what this could mean. Kirk discreetly shakes his head.

McCoy is hesitant... but the doctor in him -- having taken an oath to save lives -- has no choice but to accept.

McCoy holds up his handcuffed hands.

MCCOY

Do I have to work with these still on?

HEATH

(to Sharpshooter)

You can take those bracelets off now.

SHARPSHOOTER

But he's a prisoner...

HEATH

He's a physician!

(considers)

Take them off. If you're so

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HEATH (cont'd)
concerned, you can stand guard and
watch him.

Sharpshooter reluctantly removes the handcuffs.

During this, McCoy looks over to Kirk and gives him a shrug as if to say, 'Sorry, Jim, history be damned but I have to save lives.' Kirk gives McCoy a subtle nod of the head.

As Sharpshooter moves off with McCoy, he and Kirk share concerned looks.

HEATH (cont'd)
This place is gonna be a
slaughterhouse tomorrow.

PUSH IN on Kirk as he hears this.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 EXT. SPACE - U.S.S. ENTERPRISE 16

The ship in space.

17 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE 17

Spock in command. Chekov at science.

McKennah ENTERS and crosses to Spock.

MCKENNAH

You called for me, commander?

SPOCK

It is reasonable to assume that the crew is concerned about the condition of the captain and the doctor. Since I do not share that type of 'emotional vulnerability'...

McKennah looks at him as if to say 'Riiiiight...'

SPOCK (cont'd)

...I would prefer your counseling services to be available throughout the duration of this ordeal.

MCKENNAH

That's a very thoughtful observation, Mister Spock. I'll let the crew know I'm available to anyone at any time.

SPOCK

Thank you, doctor.

MCKENNAH

Anyone.

Spock raises an eyebrow. He's been found out.

The INTERCOM SOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

M'BENGA (V.O.)
(filtered; over comm)
Sickbay to Mister Spock.

SPOCK
Spock here. Status report.

M'BENGA (V.O.)
(filtered; over comm)
At the moment, they're both stable.
(beat)
I have noticed something rather
interesting, but I'm not sure what
it means...

SPOCK
Please explain, doctor.

INTERCUT:

M'Benga walks to a monitor that the Nurse is checking.

M'BENGA
Although their motor skills aren't
active, their neurological
activity's at an unprecedented
level for patients in comas.

SPOCK (V.O.)
(filtered; over comm)
Curious.

M'BENGA
But that's not the most interesting
part.
(beat)
The activity spikes at exactly the
same time in both men. As if
they're linked consciously...
reacting to the same stimuli at the
exact same moments.

INTERCUT:

19 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

19

SPOCK

Thank you, doctor. Please continue to report any observations. Spock out.

Spock contemplates what this means, then moves to Chekov at the science station.

SPOCK (cont'd)

Ensign. When the captain activated the cutoff switch, the intruder was accessing Earth history. Might you be able to...

CHEKOV

(interrupting)

Determine the point in history when the cutoff occurred? Pretty tall order, commander...

SPOCK

I have complete confidence you will succeed, Mister Chekov.

He moves away. Off Chekov's reaction...

20 EXT. UNION CAMP CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

20

The young group of soldiers and Kirk are gathered round the campfire, drinking coffee. A coffee pot sits just outside the flames.

Billy is by Kirk's side. There is tension in the air; they don't speak it, but they know that tomorrow will be a deciding day and some of them will not live to see it through.

Also present: an older soldier -- PAPPY -- and an ANGRY SOLDIER.

BILLY

I'm gonna put a notch on my belt for ev'ry rebel I kill tomorrow.

ANGRY SOLDIER

How many notches you got so far?

(CONTINUED)

Billy looks away sheepishly. Most of the soldiers LAUGH.
Kirk takes it all in.

McCoy steps out of the darkness with Sharpshooter standing guard. McCoy pauses, his presence unknown by the others. He listens.

ANGRY SOLDIER (cont'd)
I'll never understand why we
killin' and dyin' just so some
slaves can go free.

Some of the boys MUMBLE in agreement. Kirk can no longer stay silent.

KIRK
This war isn't just about freeing
some people...
(chooses words carefully)
...It's about freedom for all men.
That's what this country was
founded on.

BILLY
What's 'at s'posed to mean? I'm
free, he's free, you're free.

KIRK
Without freedom for everyone, we're
all slaves. Doesn't matter if
they're black, white, green...

ANGRY SOLDIER
Green?!

KIRK
Figuratively speaking, of course...
Meaning anyone. Even ones we might
not've met yet.

ANGRY SOLDIER
(shakes head)
Thought it made sense to me when I
joined up. But it don' no more...
after all I seen.

KIRK
(more determined to be
heard)
There are many kinds of slavery.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIRK (cont'd)

Like being slaves to a society that stifles purpose. Without purpose, none of you are truly free men.

Billy tries to understand this.

PAPPY

You wanna talk about purpose? I got a family at home and days are gonna be gettin' shorter. I should be there gettin' the farm ready for winter. We got two young'uns and my oldest daughter's expectin'... bringin' another life into the world... while I'm here hundreds a' miles away takin' 'em out.

Some of the boys MUMBLE in agreement. McCoy approaches and stands in the shadows.

KIRK

Those young'uns of yours are going to be better off for your service here.

PAPPY

How so, if their Pappy gets shot dead?

KIRK

(solemnly)

What I say here will be forgotten. But what you do here will be remembered.

(beat)

The men across that battlefield were your brothers... and when this is settled, they will be again. What happens here will ripple throughout history, and pave the way for all men to unite and reach for the stars.

All look at him as if he were a prophet.

PAPPY

Ha. You got some kinda crystal ball? How can you possibly know that?

(CONTINUED)

McCoy steps forward as if to say 'be careful what you share.'

KIRK

I just know.

MCCOY

I heard there was some coffee out here.

McCoy is greeted by cold looks from half the men around the campfire.

ANGRY SOLDIER

This coffee's for Union soldiers.

BILLY

He deserves some. He saved my sergeant's life.

KIRK

Have some coffee, doctor.

Half of the soldiers, disapproving, get up and head toward their tents.

McCoy pours himself some coffee.

As the soldiers walk past him, they MUMBLE about 'damn traitors,' 'we gonna kill a whole bunch of your friends tomorrow.'

McCoy tries to ignore them. The remaining few look uncomfortable. Kirk sees the looks, then:

KIRK (cont'd)

You should all get some sleep.
We've got a big day ahead of us.
You too, Billy.

The rest leave.

McCoy moves in closer to Kirk. Both speak softly so sharpshooter can't make out their conversation.

KIRK (cont'd)

How you holding up?

MCCOY

(with pained recollection)
It's like a living hell in there,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCCOY (cont'd)

Jim -- hacking off limbs, sewing up wounds with nothing more than a swig of whiskey to help fight the pain. In my worst dreams I never imagined such things.

KIRK

(feeling depleted)

And it's my fault you're here.

McCoy doesn't understand.

KIRK (cont'd)

If I'd shown up for that physical you wouldn't have been on the bridge.

MCCOY

(senses Kirk's deep remorse)

Well Jim, there'd only be one thing worse than being here with you... You being here all alone. We couldn't have that now.

Kirk acknowledges with a smile, then looks at a group of young soldiers.

KIRK

These boys... most of 'em have never had any real training before.

MCCOY

Most of them won't need it, because most aren't going to be alive after tomorrow. My God, all the times Spock talked about how barbaric the human race was...

McCoy sips from his coffee and looks up at the night sky.

MCCOY (cont'd)

Do you think she's still up there, Jim?

KIRK

She's up there. Spock has the best crew in the fleet. Doing everything they can.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIRK (cont'd)

(beat)

And I should be up there with 'em.

MCCOY

So should I. God only knows what
I've done by helping men who mighta
been supposed to die.

McCoy looks over his shoulder to Sharpshooter, then leans
closer to Kirk.

MCCOY (cont'd)

And Jim... tomorrow you're expected
to go out there and fight.

Kirk is silent. He's already thought about this.

MCCOY (cont'd)

What are you going to do?

(off Kirk's silence)

I heard you talking to those boys,
and I know you. But this isn't
your fight.

ORDERLY (O.S.)

Reb doctor's needed.

McCoy stares at Kirk.

MCCOY

(quiet yet stern)

You'll have to kill, Jim. You know
you can't do that.

McCoy downs his coffee, and with one last look to Kirk -- who
stares into the fire -- he gets up and leaves.

Alone, a tormented Kirk looks up at the night sky.

PAN UP FROM KIRK to a sky filled with stars.

DRUMS SOUND, flags unfurl, soldiers march -- led by a
CAPTAIN. The Union forces proceed toward the Confederates.

CLOSER ANGLE REVEALS Kirk among them. Billy Palmerton at his
side.

(CONTINUED)

The others we've met are here. They are scared; we can SEE the uncertainty and fear in their faces.

To calm their nerves, some TALK.

ANGRY SOLDIER

When I get back, me and my girl is
gettin' married.

HOMESICK SOLDIER

My girl 'Liz'beth promised me a
feast a' turkey, cornbread, an'
peach cobbler. I been dreamin'
'bout it ever' night.

PAPPY

An' why wouldn' you wanna marry a
girl like that?

Before he can answer:

ANGRY SOLDIER

On account her husband mi' not like
it.

Many of the men get a LAUGH at this, even Kirk.

Billy is not laughing; Kirk senses his nervousness.

KIRK

You got someone waiting for you at
home, Billy?

BILLY

Just my ma, sir. And I got me a
dog.

ANGRY SOLDIER

Maybe you could marry your dog,
Palmerton!

KIRK

Pay no attention to him.

BILLY

(solemnly, eyes straight
ahead)
I'm scared, sir.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Even though Kirk lacks the rank, he is a 'sir' to all the others. They sense it. He doesn't bother to correct Billy.

KIRK

Well, it takes a brave man to admit that.

BILLY

(eyes ahead)

Thank you, sir. But I don' feel so brave.

Kirk considers this, then:

KIRK

Stay close to me. You'll get through it. We both will.

CAPTAIN

Charge!!!

YELLING, CANNON EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE fill the air as the soldiers charge and move out of FRAME.

22 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS

22

B-ROLL of the BATTLE.

23 EXT. DITCH - CONTINUOUS

23

Billy crouches next to Kirk. Every SOUND spooks Billy.

ANGRY SERGEANT

Fire!!!

The unit starts SHOOTING, except for Kirk and Billy.

Kirk sees Billy watching him, so he raises his gun to firing position. Billy follows suit, but Kirk knows he can't shoot; he stares like a lost man.

Young soldiers FALL, dead or wounded, around him. Kirk lowers his rifle, helpless. Billy is confused.

ANGRY SERGEANT (cont'd)

Fire, corporal! Fire!

Kirk's finger tightens on the trigger. At the last moment, he raises the barrel higher and fires.

(CONTINUED)

ANGRY SERGEANT (cont'd)
Where the hell you aimin'? Dammit,
fire right!

Billy looks at Kirk. Suddenly... BANG! The sergeant goes down.

Kirk turns to see Billy running off. Kirk jumps up.

KIRK
Billy!

We SEE a SHOT of a cannon FIRING!

BANG! Kirk is hit in the leg. He goes down, clutching his leg in controlled agony.

As before.

Chekov speaks up from the science station:

CHEKOV
Sir, I think I've got it!
(beat)
According to the computer, the
intruders were consuming data from
Earth year eighteen-sixty-two when
the board flared up.

SPOCK
On screen.

Chekov TOUCHES a button. IMAGES comes onto the screen above. PHOTOS and TEXT from the BATTLE OF ANTIETAM flash by quickly, including the photo of Lincoln with his generals by the tent.

CHEKOV
(reading)
The battle at Antietam Creek.
Sharpsburg, Maryland. September
seventeenth, eighteen-sixty-two.
One of the bloodiest days in
American history. The dead,
wounded, and missing totaled more
than twenty-two thousand.

SPOCK

And Doctor M'Benga believes the captain and McCoy are somehow networked into the same subconscious imagery.

UHURA

You're guessing that's where they think they are?

SPOCK

I endeavor not to employ 'guesses,' lieutenant. But that would be the most logical theory.

Off the bridge crew's reactions...

McCoy, wearing a blood-covered apron and still guarded by the Sharpshooter, works on an INJURED SOLDIER.

MCCOY

Okay. You're good.

Suddenly Kirk is rushed in. McCoy quickly moves to him, seeing the blood on his pant leg.

MCCOY (cont'd)

My God, Jim!

Kirk is placed on the surgical table where the Injured Soldier had just been removed.

McCoy rips off Kirk's pant leg to inspect the damage. From the expression on his face we can SEE that it's bad.

McCoy frantically starts looking through the available medical tools. He is visibly shaken and desperately looking for something, anything that will save Kirk's life.

Kirk, although in agony, sees McCoy's frustration.

MCCOY (cont'd)

(more to himself)

I need alcohol to clean the wound.
We're running out of everything in
this damn place!

(CONTINUED)

KIRK

Bones...!

MCCOY

Jim, the wound is deep. The bone is shattered and damage to the tissue is severe. If we were on the ship, I could easily...

KIRK

We're here, Bones. What can you do here?

MCCOY

(hesitant, then)

Jim... I'm going to have to amputate below the knee.

Kirk locks hands with his friend.

KIRK

Do what you have to do.

McCoy is grim-faced. He reaches for a hacksaw, then throws a look toward the Sharpshooter.

MCCOY

You! Hold his shoulders.

(to Heath)

Hold the leg!

Sharpshooter puts his gun down and hurries over, putting his hands on Kirk's shoulders.

McCoy is hesitant to start.

Sharpshooter sees the look on McCoy's face, and is beginning to feel respect for the doctor.

MCCOY (cont'd)

Forgive me, Jim.

Kirk, his forehead beaded with perspiration, nods. He looks away and emotionally prepares himself, as we...

FADE OUT.

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE SICKBAY 26

Kirk and McCoy on the beds. The Nurse SCANS them.

M'BENGA (O.S.)
Commander... I was able to isolate
one of the pathogens. And remove
it.

PULL BACK to REVEAL M'Benga and Spock looking through the
portable electron microscope.

M'BENGA (cont'd)
They're not so much 'viruses'... as
some type of nanites. Microscopic
computers.
(off Spock's reaction)
They're networked together. That's
why the captain and Doctor McCoy
are experiencing the same induced
images in their subconscious minds.

27 VIEWSCREEN - UNDER MICROSCOPE - INSERT 27

A cube-shaped object on the screen.

NURSE (O.S.)
Doctor...

28 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE SICKBAY 28

Spock and M'Benga move to the beds.

NURSE
Brain impulses are spiking in both
the captain and Doctor McCoy.
(beat)
The captain seems to be in more
distress...

M'Benga looks at the readings.

M'BENGA
The captain's leg... it's dying!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

M'Benga throws back the sheet covering Kirk's leg.

They stand transfixed as it is slowly discoloring!

29 INT. HOSPITAL TENT - DAY

29

Kirk lies on a cot. He is groggy and grim-faced. He stares at nothing in particular as McCoy checks the bandages where a leg has been amputated.

Sharpshooter stands silently in b.g.; he no longer holds his gun.

MCCOY

I keep telling myself that maybe
this isn't real...

Kirk shifts his eyes to McCoy.

KIRK

(reassuring but without
enthusiasm)
You did what you had to.

Kirk turns his head away. He can't bear to let McCoy see the fear in his face.

By looking away, his eyes are now directed to the cot next to him. Billy is there, asleep. He wears a head bandage.

KIRK (cont'd)

What happened to him?

McCoy turns to see who Kirk is looking at. Then:

MCCOY

Looks like a bullet grazed his
head. Nothing serious.

KIRK

He's... not injured?

MCCOY

Not physically. More likely shell
shock... or a bad case of nerves.
Can't say I blame him.

A VOICE O.S.:

(CONTINUED)

ORDERLY (O.S.)

Doctor, you're needed!

No words need to be exchanged. It's obvious what is needed.
McCoy SIGHS and looks back to Kirk.

MCCOY

Jim, I...

KIRK

You did good, Bones... you always do.
Go save some more lives.

McCoy leaves.

Kirk rolls over and sees a crutch leaning against his bed.
Bothered by it, he closes his eyes, trying to convince
himself he will be okay minus one leg.

Scotty enters to join Spock and M'Benga. The Nurse continues
to monitor the patients.

Scott looks toward Kirk and McCoy with great concern.

SCOTT

How're they doin', doctor?

M'BENGA

(shakes head)

We're out of time.

SPOCK

Mister Scott, I believe I have... a
'theory.'

(beat)

Doctor M'Benga. Can you
temporarily shut down the captain
and doctor's brain functions?

Scott reacts to this in surprise. M'Benga is cooler.

M'BENGA

For a very limited time, yes. Why?

SPOCK

Perhaps if the nanites believe
their food sources have run out,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPOCK (cont'd)
they will relocate to a new
receptor.

SCOTT
(catches on)
Aye! Get rid of rats by layin' a
trail a' food. Like we did with
the Enterprise computer.

SPOCK
Precisely. We starve them, and
lead them to a fresh information
store.

M'BENGA
It may not be so easy this time,
Mister Spock. They've been feeding
off a biological host. They may
not be interested in an inorganic
source.

SPOCK
The ideal lure would be something
cybernetic... both biological and
mechanical.

SCOTT
I haven't anythin' like that,
commander.

NURSE
(thinks out loud)
A prosthetic limb.

All look at her. She is suddenly the center of attention.

NURSE (cont'd)
There's a crewmember whose arm is
biomechanical. Of course, only the
medical staff...

SPOCK
(interrupts)
The captain and Doctor McCoy's
lives are at stake.
(beat)
His name, please.

M'Benga and the Nurse share a look...

31 INT. HOSPITAL TENT - DAY

31

Kirk lies on his cot. He continues to stare at nothing in particular, then hears WHIMPERING coming from Billy.

KIRK
(whispers loudly)
Billy?

Billy slowly opens his eyes; sees Kirk staring at him.

KIRK (cont'd)
What happened?

Billy doesn't answer. Then, turning his eyes away:

BILLY
You were wrong, sir.

KIRK
About what?

BILLY
'Bout me... that I could be brave.
(then)
When the sergeant got hit, I ran.
Men fallin' all 'round me. I got
scared. Turned and run smack into
a tree.

Billy now turns to face Kirk.

BILLY (cont'd)
All that stuff you said last night...
I wanted to believe that maybe
there really was somethin' more to
this fightin'. You made it sound
like... like somethin' that woulda'
made my ma proud... even if I didn't
come home.
(remembers)
'Without freedom for ever'one,
we're all slaves.'
(then)
'Without purpose, none a' you are
truly free men.'
(beat)
But when the time came, you didn'
pull the trigger. And I couldn'
neither.

(CONTINUED)

Billy turns his gaze back to the ceiling. Both are silent for a moment. Then:

KIRK

You're right.

(beat)

I didn't pull the trigger, because...
I don't belong here. And I can't
tell you why. You won't
understand... but my freedom has been
taken as well. My freedom... and now
my leg.

Kirk pulls himself up to a sitting position. He is clearly agitated.

KIRK (cont'd)

This isn't my fight, Billy. But it
is yours. If you allow any man's
freedom to be taken away, one day
they may come to take yours. Your
ma's. Your family and friends.

Off Billy's silence, Kirk throws off his sheet. We SEE his stump leg for the first time. A startled Billy looks away.

KIRK (cont'd)

(very loud)

This wasn't supposed to happen.
I'm not supposed to be here. But
you are. You have a purpose; a
cause that's worth the fight.
Something to stand for!

Kirk grabs his crutch and tries to stand.

But he doubles over in pain as McCoy rushes in. He grabs Kirk's arms and tries to get him to lie down.

MCCOY

Have you gone mad? You'll start
bleeding again!

(to Heath)

Get me some of that morphine they
brought in...

McCoy notices Billy.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

MCCOY (cont'd)

I see you're up. You ready to give that bed to another man? There're plenty who could use it.

PUSH IN to Billy staring at Kirk, considering all he has heard.

32 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE SICKBAY

32

M'Benga, Burke, and Scotty prepare for the transfer of nanites.

The door to sickbay OPENS; DRAKE enters.

DRAKE

Sir?

SPOCK

Lieutenant Drake. I'm sure you are aware of the current crisis.

DRAKE

I am, sir.

Drake's eyes move from Spock to the captain; the crisis is suddenly more real to him.

SPOCK

I understand you have... a prosthesis.

Drake is surprised that Spock knows. He shoots a glance toward M'Benga and the nurse -- not confrontational, just trying to comprehend.

M'Benga gives Drake a subtle nod. Drake shifts his eyes back to Spock.

DRAKE

I do, sir. An accident during my last assignment.

SPOCK

We have an unusual situation. The invading nanites are attracted to both biological and artificial data systems. We require a device to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPOCK (cont'd)
lure the intruder from the captain
and the doctor.

M'BENGA
Your biomechanical arm contains a
cyber-neural control unit.

It takes Drake a moment to get their point. Without realizing it, he uses his good hand to gently stroke his bionic arm.

DRAKE
And... you think you can use it to
help the captain and the doctor?

SPOCK
There is a possibility that...

DRAKE
(interrupting)
I'll do it.

All stunned just a bit by the quick answer.

SPOCK
Lieutenant. There are significant
risks...

DRAKE
(interrupting)
I understand.
(nods to the captain)
I'll do it.

M'BENGA
(nods)
Very well.
(beat)
But know this. Their lives will
depend not just on if the nanites
migrate, but on how quickly they do
so.
(beat)
And if the procedure isn't
successful... we'll lose all three of
you.

Off Drake's reaction...

33

INT. HOSPITAL TENT - DAY

33

Kirk is sleeping in his cot. He wakes.

When he opens his eyes, he SEES Billy is no longer in the cot next to him. Pappy now occupies that place.

Pappy is quite beat up from battle. He wears an eye patch and his arm is in a sling. He stares up at the roof of the tent with his one good eye.

Kirk props himself up with his elbow.

KIRK

Hey. Hey you.

(beat)

Where's Billy? Billy Palmerton?

Pappy turns to Kirk. Billy's name brings a sparkle to his eye.

PAPPY

(smiles as he remembers)

I ain' never seen nothin' like it.
We was ordered to charge 'cross the
bridge right into the reb army.
Takin' that ground was the only
chance for victory.

(beat)

Captain called 'charge'... none a' us
moved. We knew what was waitin'
'cross that bridge.

(beat)

But then that little mousey Billy
pushes his way up to the front.
What got into him? Looks back at
us and starts yellin: 'C'mon boys!
If they can take away one man's
freedom, they could take away all
ours! We gonna let that happen?!

(then)

We wondered, 'What got into him?'
Ever'one got all riled up and
started yellin' 'No!' Then Billy
face the bridge, raisin' his rifle
high... led that charge, blastin'
straight into the rebs. Hollerin'
'For freedom!' Then we was all
yellin' 'For freedom!'

(CONTINUED)

He smiles with pride, reliving the moment.

PAPPY (cont'd)
And we did it. We broke their
line.

KIRK
And Billy?

PAPPY
(his face falls)
Ain' no one up front survived. But
the fightin's stopped. I b'lieve
that won it for us.

Pappy looks back at the ceiling. Kirk rests back on his
pillow, not knowing whether to be proud or sad.

Suddenly, excited SOLDIERS rush past outside the tent. Using
the crutch for support, Kirk sits up to see what the
commotion is all about. A MAN peeks inside:

MAN
The president's here!

Kirk grabs his crutch and starts to get up as McCoy steps in.

MCCOY
Are you out of your mind? Get back
in bed.

Kirk is staring straight ahead. A smile crosses his face.

KIRK
And miss this?

Kirk exits the tent to see a PHOTOGRAPHER setting up
equipment just outside the tent, as soldiers start to gather.

McCoy, who is clearly aggravated, comes out and stands behind
Kirk. Sharpshooter follows.

In the distance, ABRAHAM LINCOLN exits a tent. He
acknowledges the troops.

McCoy and Kirk stare in awe.

MCCOY

I guess that's worth getting out of bed for.

KIRK

(a nod to Lincoln)

Not many men get the chance to see history unfold with one of its greatest contributors.

MCCOY

(the concerned doctor)

True. You're a lucky man.

Inspired by the presence of Lincoln and remembrance of Billy Palmerton, Kirk continues to stare at Lincoln.

KIRK

I am.

Kirk looks down at his leg.

KIRK (cont'd)

But I'll never be the man I was.

MCCOY

Ya know what I think, Jim? A man with only one leg can stand just as tall as any other -- if he has a purpose.

(beat)

Perhaps even taller.

McCoy and Kirk turn toward Lincoln, as the photographer takes the photograph.

Tension is thick.

Drake sits on a chair between the two beds. Tubes run from Kirk and McCoy to Drake's right arm.

M'Benga focuses on his monitor. Scotty on his. The nurse tries focusing on her monitor but keeps looking at McCoy and Kirk.

Spock observes all.

(CONTINUED)

SPOCK

Mister Drake's arm should prove a sufficiently tempting host.

M'BENGA

Do you really think this can work, commander?

SPOCK

I would estimate the odds at four-hundred ninety-two point oh-three-one against us succeeding.

(off M'Benga's reaction)

I believe the captain would consider those odds manageable. Please proceed.

M'Benga THROWS a switch.

M'BENGA

Brain activity's been interrupted. The nanites are migrating.

SCOTT

(re: his monitor)

Come on, you beasties!

M'BENGA

We're seconds from irreparable damage.

SCOTT

Come on... come on...

SPOCK

Doctor?

(off M'Benga's silence)

Doctor.

NURSE

That's it! They've transferred to the limb.

M'Benga nods to Spock, relieved.

SPOCK

Escort Chief Drake to the transporter room immediately.

Scotty quickly WALKS Drake off.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

M'Benga rushes over to Nurse's monitor.

M'BENGA
Administering stimulants.
Restarting brain activity.

All eyes are on Kirk and McCoy -- no movement. No sign of life on the monitors. Then:

BEEP

...

BEEP

...

BEEP... BEEP... BEEP...

A dazed Kirk and McCoy open their eyes.

SPOCK
Welcome back, captain.
(then)
Doctor.
(then)
The intruders have been removed.
You are free.

Kirk smiles at the word 'free.'

36 EXT. SPACE - U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

36

In flight.

37 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

37

Kirk is in command again. The crew is in preparation mode as systems are checked for the ready.

The turbolift OPENS. McCoy enters. With him is a one-armed Drake. They stand next to Kirk.

KIRK
(to Drake)
I don't know how to thank you, Cad.

McCoy looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

DRAKE

'William Cadmus Drake.'

MCCOY

(smiles)

Well, I do. Starfleet Medical's developed a new and improved prosthetic limb. One's on its way by shuttle. Quicker impulse response, stronger alloy.

DRAKE

(to Kirk)

Perhaps another spar in the gymnasium, then?

KIRK

I'll get back to you on that.

(into intercom)

Kirk to transporter room. Scotty... you ready?

SCOTT (O.S.)

(filtered: over comm)

Standing by to beam those beasties off the ship, sir.

KIRK

Energize transporter.

(beat)

Mister Sulu, ready phasers.

38 OMITTED

38

39 INT. U.S.S. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

39

SULU

Phasers locked onto cannister, sir.

KIRK

Any parting words, Mister Drake?

DRAKE

Fire.

Kirk gives Sulu the nod.

(CONTINUED)

VIEWSCREEN shows a small explosion as the container is BLASTED by phasers.

There is a somberness to this victory. McCoy leans into Kirk.

MCCOY

Ya know, there're probably more of those things out there.

KIRK

I suspect there are. No telling where the probe picked them up.

(rubs his leg)

God help anyone who encounters them.

(re: Drake)

I think I agree with you, doctor... Even taller.

DRAKE

(off Kirk and McCoy's look)

Sir?

MCCOY

Something a wise man once said. 'A man with one leg can stand even taller.'

Off Drake's confused look.

KIRK

(smiles)

Or 'arm.'

Kirk and McCoy smile at Drake. Drake is moved.

Kirk turns toward the helm.

KIRK (cont'd)

Plot a course to rendezvous with that shuttle, Mister Chekov. We mustn't keep Chief Drake waiting.

(beat)

I've got a sparring match to lose.

Drake smiles.

40 EXT. SPACE - U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

40

Off in search of an artificial limb.

FADE OUT.

THE END