

*Starship: Excelsior*  
**"The Wreck in the Hesperus"**  
(Season 3, Episode 3)  
by James Heaney

Transcribed by Peter Stine

## **SCENE 303 – RECAP**

NARRATOR: *Previously on Star Trek: Excelsior...*

**LOCATION: EMPTINESS (“SUNSET” OPENING CREDITS)**

COX: My name is Samantha Cox. . . .my father’s cargo ship, the S.S. Anbar, fell through a wormhole and ended up in the void between galaxies. . . .

NARRATOR: *Nineteen years ago, one lonely ship just wanted to go home.*

**LOCATION: ANBAR – RUINED BRIDGE (“SUNSET” SCENE 10)**

SKOLUND: *We have to try to get these people back to Earth, and, you know it as well as I do – we’re never gonna get a chance like this again.*

NARRATOR: *The crew of the Anbar had to defeat a powerful race of neural parasites.*

**LOCATION: ANBAR HOLD (“SUNSET” SCENE 25)**

COX: I assume infestation is part of the package deal, here.

JACK / MAB: *We prefer to call it “cohabitation,” Samantha.*

NARRATOR: *The Anbar failed.*

**LOCATION: ANBAR HOLD (“SUNSET” SCENE 23)**

SAM COX: Hold course for the Passage! Return fire, all batteries! Full speed ahead!

(There is a huge explosion.)

**NARRATOR:** *The Parasites entered our galaxy, and the Anbar vanished from history. (pause) And then, after almost twenty years... someone... or something... found her.*

**LOCATION: VALANDRIAN CATACOMBS – LOWEST LEVEL (“SUNSET” SCENE C)**

**MYRIAD:** I find the *Starship Anbar*. I breathe life into her. I rescue her. I pull her across space. I push her across time. History bends around us. Nineteen years. Nineteen years will be optimal.

**NARRATOR:** *And suddenly...*

**LOCATION: DENEVA – SHARVAH SIRESH’S HOUSE (“SUNSET” SCENE D)**

**BRAHMS:** ...a few days ago Starbase Nine-One-One picked up an emergency distress call. We’ve identified the beacon as belonging to a missing cargo vessel called the S.S. *Anbar*.

**LOCATION: FARWAY PARK, UNION III. NIGHT (202-06)**

**SIRESH:** I wish I could tell you something about what we’re up to. All I can say is, it’s very important, and it’s very dangerous.

**PARKER:** That many Intelligence agents, this much secrecy, orders from the President... all going towards a mission of good will?

**NARRATOR:** *Some died over the Anbar.*

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR BRIDGE (301-01)

SIRESH: (Gets shot, grunts, and collapses.)

CORTEZ: Computer, confirm: Captain Sharvah C. Siresh has been killed in the line of duty this stardate.

NARRATOR: *Others murdered.*

LOCATION: U.S.S. SIZEMORE – ADMIRAL PARKER'S DINING ROOM (201-08)

BRAHMS: There's going to be an incident aboard the *Sizemore*.

PARKER: An... incident? Of what kind?

BRAHMS: That's not your concern.

*(Sizemore explosion from 201-08)*

NARRATOR: *Something had gone horribly wrong, and the Anbar mission was buried in a blizzard of cover-ups.*

LOCATION: MUZTAG COCKPIT (301-02)

PARKER: *Commander, you will not discuss the Anbar on an open channel.*

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR BRIDGE (104-06)

YUBARI: I... was on a special assignment for Captain Cortez.

DOVAN: Uh-huh. Intelligence Division?

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR CORRIDOR (102-03)

LEO AMARA: I have no idea what you're talking about. And that's an order.

NARRATOR: *For weeks, the crew of the Excelsior has fought to uncover the secret of the Anbar. General Isaac Brahms has pursued them every step of the way.*

LOCATION: CONTAINMENT ROOM (302-01)

BRAHMS: It is a very clear choice. A choice between peace... and utter destruction. If Dovan reaches the *Anbar*, we're all dead.

NARRATOR: *...and, unbeknownst to the crew, a neural parasite has taken control of one of their own.*

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR HOLODECK – SNOWY HILLSIDE (“SAFETIES OFF”)

DOVAN: Point taken, Melissa. That was close.

PSEUDO-SHARP: Call me “Doctor,” Cap. And don't worry about it. I'm not lettin' anybody kill you but me.

NARRATOR: *Tonight, the Excelsior will reach the Anbar. It is time to find out what happened. It is time to uncover the secrets.*

LOCATION: CORTEZ'S ROOM, UNION III (203-08)

DOVAN: What is it, Captain? What do we have to find?

CORTEZ: I can't remember.

NARRATOR: *In the next four episodes, everything changes. Star Trek: Excelsior continues... right now.*

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR TURBOLIFT (302-08)

DOVAN: I say... hit it! (He beams away in transporter beam)

**THEME MUSIC**

**NARRATOR:** *The Sword of Damocles, Part Three: The Wreck in the Hesperus.*

**SCENE 303 – 01****LOCATION: ANBAR – THE HOLD**

NARRATOR: *September Sixteenth, Twenty-Three-Eighty-Two. Four months ago.*

(The Anbar's control center is a wreck.)

(Captain Sam Cox stirs.)

COX: (sucks in a huge, hoarse breath)

(She groans and stands up)

COX: The stars! There are so many! They're beautiful! Oh, God, they're beautiful!

Meanwhile, coughing from another side of the room:

BRADY WINTERS: (coughing) We're alive?

COX: We're alive. (pause) ...at least, some of us are. What about the — Wait. (pause)  
Oh no. Tom!

(She runs across the bridge to Tom Skolund, crouching at his side.)

COX: Tom? Tom Skolund!

TOM SKOLUND: (stirs violently – tries to breathe – coughs up blood instead)

COX: Doc, help me.

WINTERS: I'm not a doctor. Even if I were... it wouldn't help Tom now.

COX: It's not that bad!

SKOLUND: (coming to himself, still sputtering) Actually... Skipper... (cough) Yeah, it's



that bad. (He groans)

COX: (grim teasing) Are you questioning me, Mister Skolund?

SKOLUND: Me? Never. But all this shrapnel in my guts? Bein' downright insubordinate, Skipper. Oh, boy.

(Brady is still quietly walking around the background, scanning the bodies for life signs.)

COX: Tom, you can't die.

SKOLUND: But we made it. We're halfway home, Skipper. The Milky Way. Just look at all those stars...

COX: Tom. You can't. Die.

SKOLUND: With all due respect, Skipper... I beg to differ.

COX: Tom, I need you. First Tawny, then Jack... now you? I can't fly this ship alone, Tom! Who's going to guide me home to Earth?

SKOLUND: Sam... why would you need a guide? ... when there are so many stars!

(He struggles to breathe, then suddenly, he is gone.)

COX: Tom? (agonized, choking moan) Tommmmm.

(Pause)

WINTERS: I'm sorry, Sam.

COX: I've lost everything I ever lived for. I...

(Pause.)

WINTERS: Hey! Skipper! You've still got this ship! (Pause.) Skipper! (snaps fingers)  
Sam Cox! I'm talkin' to you!

(Pause.)

COX: Brady?

WINTERS: Your ship, Skipper. The *Anbar*. Still here. Still needs you.

COX: (distant) Right. The *Anbar*. My home. Our... (trails off again)

(Pause.)

WINTERS: Skipper?

(Pause.)

WINTERS: Great. Skipper, we made it. The Milky Way. Enough stars lookin' in to make a gal feel naked. We're on the way home. Aren't we? You said we had to try and you were right. Weren't you? (pause) Skipper, snap out of it! Tom wouldn't want you like this! Tawny neither! Would they?

(Pause.)

COX: I'd give the galaxy to hear one of them say that.

WINTERS: Fine. But if you ask me you're being a selfish git.

(She crosses the bridge and starts pressing buttons.)

WINTERS: Comms are out, but the auto-beacon might still have some juice. I'm gonna try a distress call.

(Winters presses buttons as Cox stands silently.)

COX: Wait! No!

WINTERS: What?

COX: We should be dead.

WINTERS: "Should" is a strong word, Sam.

COX: We just came through the Galactic Barrier without any shielding. And on this end there was gonna be a Zeero Armada two million strong. Both of those should have killed us. Why didn't they?

WINTERS: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

COX: Dumb proverb. The guy who came up with it probably sold used cars. I don't know what's going on, but you can bet the Zeero are nearby.

WINTERS: What, you think they're hiding in that dark matter nebula, waiting to pounce on us? We're adrift, Sam. We can't threaten much fight.

COX: That's what I'm counting on. Means we're not important. That's good. Important people get killed. Right now we're just a damaged freighter, adrift in the middle of a busy galaxy. But if the buggers pick up a distress call from the S.S. *Anbar*...

WINTERS: Then we'd be important.

COX: They'd be on us like Teamsters on a union scab.

WINTERS: Alright I get it. (Pause) And it doesn't change a damn thing. We're adrift, we've got no hope of repair, and there's about a month's food stock on G Deck, if we didn't lose any during the battle, which I'm sure we did. We need a mayday, Skipper. And we need to warn this galaxy about the buggers.

(Pause.)

COX: Fine. Signal Emergency Broadcast Two. It'll send out our location and our original registry, nothing else. No name. That might be safe enough.

WINTERS: Our original registry? You mean, our Starfleet registry? We haven't used that in sixty years.

COX: Exactly. The buggers don't know it. So they might not come looking for us.

WINTERS: Clever. (She presses a few more buttons) Alright. We're transmitting. ...I think. Skipper? Skipper?

COX: (quietly) Please, Brady. Let me be.

(Flashback noise.)

**SCENE 303 – 02****LOCATION: DREAMSPACE**

**NARRATOR:** *January Twenty-First, Twenty-Three-Eighty-Three: The present day.*

**DOCTOR SHARP:** *Hello?*

*(Her voice echoes a few times.)*

**SHARP:** *Where... what is this place? I can't... see. Or... or anything. Where am I? And why is my voice like this?*

**PSEUDO-SHARP:** *Because we're dreaming. Well, actually, I'm dreaming. You're just... present.*

**SHARP:** *What do you mean? This is my head. My dream.*

**PSEUDO:** *My head, actually. Ergo my dream.*

**SHARP:** *Who are you?*

**PSEUDO:** *(mockingly) I? Am Doctor Melissa Sharp. The much more interesting question is who are you?*

**SHARP:** *Are you the creature from Ermez's neck? Are you a neural parasite? You've taken control of my body?*

**PSEUDO:** *(Patronizing) Well, clever thinking like that deserves to be rewarded with a lollipop! (even more patronizing) Would you like a lollipop from Doctor Sharp, little girl? (brazen sarcasm) Only took you a month. And let's be extra-special-super clear on one point: my body. Not yours.*

**SHARP:** *A month? But it was only a few hours ago, wasn't it? ... I was in sickbay, with Ermez. You're the insect that jumped out of his mouth and crawled into my skull. And*

*then... It can't have been a month!*

PSEUDO: I've been taking drugs that put me to sleep, without dreaming. And. Your echoes don't wake up unless I'm dreaming. I must have forgot to take them tonight. The drugs keep you from becoming... a problem.

SHARP: *Are you nursing a guilty conscience?*

PSUEDO: Most of my people find it difficult to be confronted by host-echoes. It reminds them of the life they snuffed out in order to acquire a body. Of course, we try to justify it. We say that humanoids don't have rights. Not really people, you see. Or – it's a tragedy – but it's necessary. We have rights too, after all. So they say. But that doesn't make it easier for my people to face a desperate, dying host-mind whenever they fall asleep.

SHARP: *So you turn off your dreams? Why don't you listen to your conscience instead? Why don't you let me go?*

PSUEDO: Me? Ashamed? No, not ashamed. Annoyed. You people whine so much. (high, mocking voice) Oh, please, Mr. Zeero, just give me back my life! Just let me say goodbye to my husband! Just please don't infest my baby girl! (normal voice again) My people may try to rationalize it, but I know: What we do is evil. I don't justify myself and I don't care. Listen up, Doc: I'm taking your life for myself. I already have. I'm alive, you're dead, get used to it.

SHARP: *Only because you killed me! Because you're killing me.*

PSEUDO: I had no choice.

SHARP: *There's always a choice.*

PSEUDO: You ignorant ape. Let me rephrase: I made the right choice. And I'm proud of it. (Pause) Oh, finally.

SHARP: *What is it?*

PSEUDO: I'm waking up. Another day pretending to be a doctor on the *Starship Excelsior*. How exciting!

SHARP: *What about me?*

PSEUDO: You? Poof! Until next time, old mole!

SHARP: *Wait!*

PSEUDO: I think not.

SHARP: *I haven't even had time to ask about my life! What have you done to it?*

PSEUDO: Your life! You're really not getting this, are you?

SHARP: *Please... at least tell me... have you hurt any of my friends?*

PSEUDO: Actually, no, I haven't.

SHARP: *Thank God.*

PSEUDO: That's today's job.

SHARP: *What?*

PSEUDO: Today, we're going to kill Alcar Dovan. Toodles.

SHARP: *What? No! Come back here! I said come --*

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR – SHARP'S QUARTERS

PSEUDO: (Gasps awake then sighs) Scions forgive me. Let's make sure that never

happens again...

(She sits up in bed, reaches over, grabbing a bottle of pills off her nightstand, and shakes it.)

PSEUDO: That's weird. I *did* take my dream pills. I wonder if it was –

(The shipwide intercom alert goes off.)

DOVAN: *Yellow alert. Senior Staff to the bridge. We are approaching the Hesperus Sector; prepare for Anbar approach. Repeat: all hands to yellow alert.*

(She stands up, walks to the replicator, replicates some coffee, walks toward the door...)

PSEUDO: A few minutes from the *Anbar*. A few hours from killing Dovan, a few days from home ...and a few weeks from the infestation of all humanoid life in this galaxy. (She sips her coffee) I really should simplify my to-do list.

(She exits her quarters.)



**SCENE 303 – 03****LOCATION: ANBAR CORRIDOR**

**NARRATOR:** *October Fifteenth, Twenty-Three-Eight-Two. Three months ago.*

(Cox and Winters are working on a panel on the other side of the corridor, a bit removed from the other crew who are also working in the hallway.)

**COX:** Try it now.

**WINTERS:** You're sure this time.

**COX:** If the doors don't work now, I don't think they ever will. And we've got to get in to the Nursery... no matter what we find in there.

**WINTERS:** All those kids... After a month... could any of them still be alive?

**COX:** Don't think about it, Brady. We'll face that when we get there. Just work.

**WINTERS:** Right, Skip. Here goes.

(Winters presses a button. Something grinds in the wall, then fizzles.)

**COX:** Oh.

**WINTERS:** Damn.

(Pause.)

**WINTERS:** What I wouldn't give for a shower right now.

**COX:** If I had the water to give you, I would.

**WINTERS:** Captain, you've got to stop giving all your rations away. We're almost out of

food, and the belt is tight enough as it is. When was the last time you ate?

COX: This morning.

WINTERS: I mean ate, Skipper. Not sucked on shoe leather.

COX: Oh.

WINTERS: How long?

COX: Four days.

WINTERS: Four days?

COX: The crew deserves that food! Not me!

WINTERS: Skipper, if you can't stop blaming yourself for what-- <happened>

SCHMITTY: (Interrupting) I think we've got it!

(Silence.)

COX: Alright, Schmittty. Try it.

(Schmittty presses a button of his own. It works. The Nursery door begins to grind.)

WINTERS: Oh my God, Skipper. There's not gonna be anyone alive in there, is there?

COX: Don't say that, Brady. Don't you dare say that.

(The door finishes grinding with a determined *bam.*)

(Pause.)

COX: Let's go! Flashlights in first!

WINTERS: Triage in first!

(She storms through the door.)

COX: Okay. Flashlights in second!

LOCATION: ANBAR NURSERY

WINTERS: It's Brady and the Skipper! We're here to help! We're here — to... Oh my God. All these children... Our children.

(In the back, someone throws up.)

WINTERS: They're all... All...

COX: Dead.

WINTERS: Look at their stomachs. They didn't eat for weeks. They starved to death. Oh my God. Oh my God.

COX: Brady, we knew this might happen. We knew they might-- <not survive.>

MRS CHEN: (weakly) Not. Dead. (coughs)

COX: What?

WINTERS: Mrs. Chen!

COX: Mrs. Chen! Our schoolmarm! You're alive!

MRS CHEN: They're... alive.

(Winters has flipped out her medical tricorder.)

WINTERS: Skipper, she's right. I can still help these children!

COX: How many, Mrs. Chen? How many still alive?

MRS. CHEN: All of them.

COX: All of them?

MRS. CHEN: We had water. Leak in the cooling system. Enough. Just enough.

WINTERS: She's right, Skipper! She's telling you the truth!

COX: Do you hear that, everyone? The children are alive!

ANBAR CROWD: (In background) Oh my God! Praise be! Yes! Yay! They're saved!  
(Other inaudible exclamations of joy in the background)

COX: Mrs. Chen: how long since anyone in here ate?

MRS. CHEN: Don't know. Ran out of food on day ten. Lost track of time. What day is... now?

COX: This is day thirty-nine since the battle. That's... You need food. All of you.

COX: Everyone, these kids haven't eaten in a month. They're gonna need food – and a lot of it. I'll be donating my next four days of rations to help them get better. I need all of you to give what you can, too.

RANDOM ANBAR CREWMEMBER #1: Hear, hear!

RANDOM ANBAR CREWMEMBER #2: Put me down for five days!

RANDOM ANBAR CREWMEMBER #3: If I can help, take half my rations!

COX: You saved them all. It was more than I could do. You're a hero, Mrs. Chen.

MRS CHEN: Forget heroism, Skipper. Just take me to my husband. And my son. I only held on so I could see them again.

COX: Your... your husband.

MRS CHEN: Yes. My husband. Mister Chen. He's your — Oh my God. Oh, no. No!

COX: I'm sorry, Mrs. Chen.

MRS CHEN: Oh, noooooo. (She breaks down into sobs.)

COX: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It's my fault. My fault. My fault.

MRS CHEN: (between sobs) No, Skipper. We chose this! A Graceful End, we said... I had no right to hope. No right!

COX: All my fault.

(The Boatswain's intercom whistle goes off.)

SCHMITTY: *Skipper, control here. We're receiving a transmission that you probably want to hear.*

COX: Not now, Schmitt.

SCHMITTY: *I'm piping it through to your location.*

SHARVAH SIRESH: *S.S. Anbar: This is Captain Sharvah Siresh of the Federation Starship U.S.S. Excelsior, responding to your distress call. How can we be of assistance?*

WINTERS: Oh my God. The United Federation of Planets. My whole life I've heard stories... We're rescued! We're saved!

(She stands up.)

WINTERS: Skipper, they're gonna need you up there now.

COX: Go get some food for these kids, Brady. And stop by the Hold on your way. Tell 'em I'll be there in a little while.

WINTERS: But, Skip — !

COX: In a *little while*, Brady.

WINTERS: Right, Skip. Federation. They'll be able to feed these kids...

(She exits.)

COX: I'm here, Mrs. Chen. I'm not going anywhere. I'm here.

**SCENE 303 - 04**

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR TURBOLIFT

LORHROK: Doctor Sharp's been very wrapped up in her research, that's all. She feels responsible for what happened at Valandria. There are still ten people in Wasting comas back at Starbase, after all. I'm sure she's just distracted.

YUBARI: "Distracted" is when you forget an appointment. "Compromised" is when you forget the name of the person you were supposed to have it with.

LORHROK: And that happened to you? Are you sure you're not just mad because Doctor Sharp's not listening to you complain anymore?

YUBARI: We were friends. We are friends. And it wasn't just me. I've got reports from two other crewmembers telling the same story. Something's wrong with our doctor.

LORHROK: Have you taken this to the captain?

YUBARI: Yes?

LORHROK: And?

YUBARI: He... said the same thing you did. "Wasting Research."

LORHROK: It wouldn't be hard for you to prove your case, would it? We know from Ensign Ermez that anyone who's been "compromised" has a blue gill in the back of their necks.

YUBARI: That's the thing. Dovan trusted me that far. We did check Melissa for the blue gill. We went over surveillance and found an engineering log from last Thursday. Doctor Sharp lifted up her hair at a perfect moment. We got a clear look at her neck. It was clean! Yesterday, I bumped into her. I "accidentally" tripped and grabbed her neck to steady myself. Nothing! There was no gill!

(Turbolift slows.)

LORHROK: That sounds like proof to me. She's not under alien influence; she's just not spending as much time with you. Don't take it personally.

YUBARI: I'm starting to wonder if you and Dovan have ever met Doctor Sharp. It's not her anymore! It's something e--!

(Turbolift stops; doors open)

PSEUDO: Lieutenant Lorhrok. Lieutenant Yubari. Good morning. (to turbolift) Bridge.

(Turbolift resumes.)

(Awkward silence.)

YUBARI: Doctor, didn't you used to call everyone by their first names?

PSEUDO: Oh, umm... Yes, I did. (laughing it off a little) But then the Captain sat me down and told me about regulations, and, you know... that was that! (smiles)

YUBARI: Aw, that Dovan. What a tyrant.

PSEUDO: He's not so bad.

Turbolift stops; doors open on the BRIDGE (bgsfx). Pseudo/Sharp exits immediately. Yubari manages to come alongside Lorhrok. In his ear, she says in a low voice:

YUBARI: (sotto to Lorhrok) She's lying.

DOVAN: Good timing, everyone. We're approaching the coordinates Captain Cortez gave us.

LORHROK: The *Anbar*?



DOVAN: Lords of Kobol, it had better be.

YUBARI: I'm detecting a dark matter nebula just ahead.

NEEVA: We're aware of it. The coordinates are just inside the outer boundary.

YUBARI: Our sensors can't see inside. It looks like there's a low-level ion storm.

NEEVA: That's why we ordered yellow alert.

LORHROK: (checking his console) The storm doesn't look too bad. Shouldn't affect anything but long-range sensors and communications once we're inside.

DOVAN: Good. We're gonna need long-range sensors in that nebula about as much as we need a cargo bay full of stolen cows.

LORHROK: Which is... not very much. Right, sir?

DOVAN: Not sure. I hear cattle rustling is very lucrative these days. Miss Yubari, correct me if I'm wrong — didn't you discover this nebula?

LORHROK: Back when she was undercover? Working for Captain Cortez?

DOVAN: Right: when she was using that great big super-secret sensor array mounted on the deflector.

YUBARI: I hadn't thought... Well, now that you mention it, sir... (she checks her instrumentation) Yes, sir. It's the same nebula. Those scans also picked up some unknown space stations.

LORHROK: Nowhere near here, I hope.

DOVAN: Lucky for us, no. They're a few days away.

NEEVA: Too close for comfort, if you ask me.

LORHROK: Hey, maybe they're friendly!

DOVAN: You are an amazing optimist, Mister Lorhrok.

(Underwood exits the turbolift.)

UNDERWOOD: And you're a boundless cynic, Dovan. (DOE-ven again)

DOVAN: Undeniably true, Mister Underwood! And it looks like I owe you dinner, Number One.

UNDERWOOD: What?

LORHROK: We had a bet.

DOVAN: And I just lost.

UNDERWOOD: What were the *terms* of the bet?

DOVAN: I never kiss and tell, Commander – take your station. Commander Neeva, time to the nebula boundary.

NEEVA: Fifteen seconds, sir.

LORHROK: Engineering, drop out of warp in three, two, one...

LOCATION: SPACE

(The *Excelsior* drops out of a warp flash and decelerates.)

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR BRIDGE

DOVAN: Throttle back to one-half impulse.

NEEVA: Helm answering one-half impulse.

DOVAN: Maintain yellow alert. Take us in. Yubari, I want a full scan as we cross the boundary. Lorhrok, help her. Doctor Sharp, are your teams ready?

PSEUDO: Yes they are, Captain Dovan. Search-rescue-triage?

DOVAN: If we're lucky. Stand by.

UNDERWOOD: What about me, Dovan?

DOVAN: Sit tight, Underwood. You never know when I'll keel over. (Pause) Oh, you meant for the mission. I suppose I might need you for some diplomacy or something. Being nice, not exactly my strong suit. . . .but not really yours either, now that I think of it.

UNDERWOOD: I'll do what I can to help.

DOVAN: Good of you.

NEEVA: Penetrating the outer boundary now, sir.

DOVAN: Scans, hit it!

YUBARI: Already am!

NEEVA: Well, that's weird.

DOVAN: Lorhrok, any warp signatures? Life-signs?

LORHROK: Not yet, sir. Pretty thick nebula.

NEEVA: Underwood, come over here. Look at this.

UNDERWOOD: Sure. (He crosses to the front of the bridge.) Why... that's huge.

NEEVA: What bothers me is that it feels familiar, somehow.

YUBARI: What? I don't see it.

NEEVA: Main sensors aren't getting it yet. It's the deflector pingback. There's a large mass out there, and I can't...

YUBARI: Wait! Reading coming through now. I'm picking up... No... Is that...?

NEEVA: I think... Yes. Yes, it IS!

DOVAN: What? What are you talking about?

LORHROK: Sir, sensors confirm: it's the Borg!

DOVAN: Jehosaphat... Red alert! Shields up! Yubari, quantum torpedoes! Full spread!

YUBARI: What range, sir?!

DOVAN: Fire at will! Neeva, plot a defensive firing vector, fast along the diagonals, that's their blind spot!

NEEVA: Aye, sir!

DOVAN: Number One, what are we facing here? Diamond? Sphere? Please tell me it's a sphere.

LORHROK: It's a Cube, sir. The same kind that attacked Starfleet at Wolf Three-Five-Nine.

UNDERWOOD: The most deadly battlestation in the history of the galaxy.

DOVAN: I know; I was there.

LORHROK: Sorry it's not better news.

DOVAN: Let that be a lesson to you, ya scurvy optimist. Yubari, I said fire at will, not fire at leisure!

YUBARI: I'm doing my best, sir!

UNDERWOOD: Visual contact!

DOVAN: On screen!

(The viewscreen activates.)

(Stunned silence.)

DOVAN: Fire everything we have! Underwood, handle damage control! Neeva, hide us somewhere! And Lorchrok... Oh, Alec Lorchrok, please tell me you have a clever plan up that sleeve.

YUBARI: There's only one plan against the Borg, sir: you run.

LORHROK: I tend to agree with Yubari, sir. But, in this case, I have to wonder... why isn't the Cube firing back?

(Yubari continues firing everything in the background.)

DOVAN: Wait... not firing back?

NEEVA: He's right, sir! I'm detecting zero power levels and no life signs on the Cube. Heavy damage and decompression throughout its outer hull. It's dead sir!

DOVAN: Cease fire!

UNDERWOOD: The only thing more unsettling than a live Borg Cube is a dead one.

LORHROK: Why's that?

YUBARI: Because you have to ask: who killed it?

NEEVA: Picking up more derelicts, sir. Throughout the nebula, to the limits of sensor range. They're Cubes, sir. Dead, just like this one.

DOVAN: How many Borg ships in the nebula?

NEEVA: All, told, sir? Over nine thousand: all Cubes. (Pause) Other debris registering now. Smaller vessels, unknown configuration. Lots. In much worse shape than the Cubes — pulverized, sir.

UNDERWOOD: On screen.

(The viewscreen changes.)

LORHROK: There must be *millions* of them.

NEEVA: Not quite. I'm showing about one hundred fifty thousand alien starships destroyed. None of the smaller ships are Borg, sir. But I can't tell you anything more.

LORHROK: It's a graveyard.

DOVAN: A graveyard's gotta have somebody left alive to bury the bodies.

UNDERWOOD: Then it's a battlefield. ...or at least, it was.

NEEVA: If so, they fought here a long time ago, Commander. This debris is decades old.

YUBARI: But who are they? Who takes on nine thousand Borg Cubes and wins?

PSEUDO: No one. It's impossible.

LORHROK: Doctor Sharp's right. Not with ten thousand Starfleets could you win that battle.

SHARP: *Are we dreaming again?*

PSEUDO: What?

DOVAN: Doctor Sharp? Is something wrong?

PSEUDO: Um... no. Sorry, captain.

SHARP: *We're awake? There's... Captain! Captain Dovan! Look out! I'm going to kill (you)!*

PSEUDO: (interrupting) I meant to say: what about the *Anbar*?

DOVAN: Good point. Neeva, what about the *Anbar*?

(Neeva fiddles with her control console.)

NEEVA: I think I have it. Right where Captain Cortez said it'd be.

DOVAN: Of course it is. Cortez one; Brahms zero.

NEEVA: Registry number confirmed, sir. After seventy-nine years lost in space, the S.S. *Anbar* is adrift off our starboard bow.

DOVAN: Intact?

NEEVA: Intact. Well... kind of.

**NARRATOR: *To Be Continued...***