

STAR TREK II

Pages 1 thru 86 revised, at which time (July 11) RF informed me that he had not had the authority to order revisions.

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STAR TREK II

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANET VULCAN

CAMERA TRAVELING across the desolate, wind-ripped, sacred mountains of Gol. An unearthly landscape, above which we see the red-hued Vulcan sky. Then, descending lower... the sound of the wind shrilling through strange, knife-edged rock formations. We pass through contrails of red dust where the terrible force of the wind rips deep into fissures of volcanic ash.

Still lower...ahead a pillar of wind-lashed geothermal steam. We pass the ruins of a great and incredibly ancient temple structure. Then other ruins, graceful, timeless in a land which reckons its past in thousands of centuries.

EXT. THE ABODE OF THE MASTERS

CAMERA DESCENDING into the most ancient, most revered place in all Vulcan. Only the Masters, the greatest of Vulcan's teachers, come here at the end of their life to end their days in meditation. To preserve the wisdom accumulated here, a few pupils are permitted to meditate and, if found worthy, will be permitted to absorb their thoughts in Vulcan mind-meld with the Masters.

CAMERA IS CENTERING AND MOVING IN on just such a pupil now.

SPOCK

Emaciated, ribs protruding, sitting clad in a remnant of loin wrapping, unkept hair grown past his shoulders, his eyes hypnotically fixed and unseeing. Unbathed, he seems a shocking version of the half-human Vulcan we once knew as second in command of the starship Enterprise. The Abode Master PAI-AD stops and looks down at him. By Earth measurements, this Master would be over three hundred years



old, and even by Vulcan standards, he is near the end of his existence.

PAI-AD

Spock.

Spock slowly becomes aware that someone is addressing him. When he looks up, he is startled to see the ancient Master standing there.

#### WIDER ANGLE

Eight other Vulcan Masters approach too, each almost as old as Pai-ad, each as distinguished and individualistic. The very look of them as well as Spock's awe should leave no doubt but that we are seeing an extraordinary gathering of the greatest minds of this ancient planet.

PAI-AD

We will use the tongue  
of your mother parent.

It takes a moment's concentration for Spock to remember how to form words in the human language. His words have the dry rasp of one long unaccustomed to any speech, and to a bare minimum of food or water.

SPOCK

A mere student greets the  
nine who have achieved.

The others move in, watching as the Master lowers himself to the volcanic ash in front of Spock, sits examining his face curiously.

PAI-AD

Did you think to cast  
out the human within  
yourself? You have not.

SPOCK

Then, I am nothing,  
Pai-ad. I cannot exist  
in two halves.

PAI-AD

Your halves are  
needed, Spock. Move  
your thoughts with  
me to Earth.

Pai-ad reaches out, cupping his hands against Spock's temples. Spock, surprised, realizes the Master is offering mind-meld. He reaches out, takes the old man's temples in his own hands. Their eyes close. Then, Spock starts, begins slowly to tremble.

SPOCK

Pai-ad...Master...  
there is a mind there,  
opening to us...

PAI-AD

Because it thinks of  
you. You called him  
Captain...and friend...

SPOCK

What approaches him?  
What else is there? Evil...  
good...is it both, Pai-ad?  
No, it is neither...it is  
more...

(shouts)

Jim! Do not listen to  
it!

PAI-AD

You are needed there,  
Spock.

CAMERA MOVES INTO ECU onto Spock's face as he opens his eyes,  
beginning to reflect horror at what his mind sees:

Friend

SPOCK

^ Jim! It is beyond  
your understanding!  
Do not listen to it!



ECU on an eye pupil only, the color flecks exploding into the pinpoints of a stellar nebula. And we're in vastness of space, the stars and galaxies of the universe extending into infinity beyond as we go to TITLES:

STAR TREK II

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ORBITAL SPACE - ANGLE ON EARTH - DAY

A magnificent view of blue-tinged, cloud-patterned Earth about 400 miles below, the North American-Pacific area filling most of the frame.

A gleaming pinpoint of light directly between us and Earth. Moving rapidly toward us, it translates into the hull of a small Starfleet command shuttlecraft. We see the blast of its decelerating jets as it passes us close.

ANGLE ON THE SHUTTLECRAFT

Glowing, headed toward the spectacular panorama of the orbital San Francisco Naval Yards, the living and recreation facilities, the complex of repair and storage facilities, engineering plants, solar generators, and the various repair and transport vehicles of the starship construction and repair. In FOREGROUND, dominating everything else is the familiar, immense form of the U.S.S. Enterprise in the midst of being renovated. Its command (saucer) hull is detached from the warp drive secondary hull: Areas of the starship's engineering section and warp engines have been stripped open for the installation of new equipment. We can see automated repair vehicles and the flashes of laserweld equipment at work. Dockyard vehicles shuttle between the Enterprise and the various facilities.

KIRK'S VOICE OVER  
Earthyear 2231.71. Personal  
log, James T. Kirk, Rear  
Admiral, commanding San  
Francisco Naval Yards. The  
redesign of the U.S.S Enterprise  
continues on schedule with  
the starship now ready for  
refueling.

#### TRAVELING WITH SHUTTLE -- TOWARD ENTERPRISE

Using ANGLES which emphasize the enormous size of the great <sup>U.S.S. Enterprise</sup> ~~starship~~ as it looms larger, larger. Through the forward window of the shuttlecraft, we can make out the tiny figure of a Helmsman, further dramatizing the massiveness of the Enterprise. The side of the port nacelle of the starship's warp drive is open, awaiting delivery and insertion of its anti-matter fuel.

KIRK'S VOICE OVER  
Although the improved,  
new warp engines require  
an unprecedented amount of  
anti-matter, the delivery  
of those pods in their  
magnetic-field carrier is  
now considered a routine  
procedure.

#### ANGLE INCLUDING ANTI-MATTER CARRIER

The most unusual-looking of all orbital vehicles -- the anti-matter carrier which is being carefully guided by three orbitugs toward the starship's open engine-nacelle. Though smaller than the Enterprise, the anti-matter carrier still dwarfs the small orbitugs and shuttlecraft. Its main body is a hollow series of huge concentric magnarings, glowing with power. Floating inside the magnetic field of these rings, the pods of anti-matter fuel -- writhing, flashing shapes of kaleidescopic color, pattern, and blackness suggesting the fury of imprisoned alien mass completely opposite to everything around it.



## KIRK'S VOICE OVER

As was theorized by Einstein three centuries ago, the annihilation of matter by contact with anti-matter is the greatest energy source in the universe. It seems incredible that we now handle such power almost as casually as our ancestors once gathered firewood. I find it hard to ignore the feeling that we are approaching the millennium...that the universe is, at last, coming within our understanding.

## INT. COMMAND SHUTTLE

Rear Admiral JAMES T. KIRK watching as Lieutenant Commander CHEKOV maneuvers the shuttle to hover a hundred meters away from where the orbitugs are maneuvering the anti-matter carrier toward the Enterprise. Through the shuttlecraft's broad forward port, the immense bulk of the Enterprise dominates everything. The interior of the shuttle is small compared to a starship bridge, consists mainly of helm and communications positions, a computer station with hooded viewer. At the rear of the cabin is a small, two-position transporter chamber. Other shuttle personnel are First Officer MAXINE PEROT at the helm and a Communications Officer ICAL, a native of another Federation planet. From his communications panel we can hear the radio CHATTER of tug and Enterprise personnel who are aligning the anti-matter carrier into position.

ICAL

Alignment complete,  
Commander.

CHEKOV

(to Kirk)

Commence refueling,  
Admiral?

CAMERA CENTERS on Kirk who has suddenly begun to frown, a puzzled expression playing over his face.

KIRK

Save what ship?

CHEKOV

Sir?

KIRK

That's strange. I  
thought I heard Spock's  
voice. Did you say <sup>it</sup>  
something was "beyond my  
understanding?"

CHEKOV

No sir. I asked if you  
want to give the refueling  
order.

<sup>nods.</sup>  
A puzzled Kirk ~~moves to the computer screen which is  
flickering through a succession of headings, trigonometrical  
symbols and numbers which give the relative positions of  
the anti-matter carrier, the Enterprise engine nacelle,  
and the status of the various forcefield screens.~~

KIRK

Begin positioning anti-  
matter pods.

CHEKOV

(to Ical)

Commence refueling.

EXT. ORBITAL SPACE -- AT ENTERPRISE ENGINE NACELLE

The orbitugs carefully maneuvering the anti-matter carrier  
in closer. From the open Enterprise nacelle we begin to see  
the flickers of dim (ANIMATED) forcefield beams interlocking  
and beginning a precision guidance of the carrier into final  
approach.

INT. COMMAND SHUTTLE

As they observe. Chekov turns to Kirk:

CHEKOV

It's not surprising you'd  
think of Spock at a time  
like this, sir.

(indicates toward  
Enterprise)

Like the old days, being up  
here with her again.

KIRK

(nods)

Seems long ago, Mister  
Chekov.



CHEKOV

I don't know how you kept  
your temper with me.

(grins)

If I had a raw ensign like  
that, so totally ignorant and  
so certain he knew everything  
about everything...

(snaps)

Watch your laterals, Perot.

LT. PEROT

Aye, Commander.

Kirk is amused.

CHEKOV

How does it feel for you, sir?  
The Enterprise about ready  
to go out again...under a new  
captain?

Suddenly, Kirk isn't amused at all. The thought comes near  
getting under his skin and Chekov realizes it was a foolish  
question. This is interrupted by a signal heard from the  
communications station. Communications Officer Ical turns  
to Kirk, speaking in his strangely pitched alien voice:

ICAL

Subspace message...  
starship frequency...  
coming from relative  
close in.

(checking instruments)

But unusual interference  
of some nature...

Chekov has crossed quickly to the command shuttle's computer  
station, taking a reading.

CHEKOV

Have it on the sensors.  
Ident-signal...United  
Spaceship Potemkin.

(reacts at a  
reading)

Admiral! There's  
another object out there  
too...

Kirk has moved over to check the readouts with Chekov.

ICAL

(overlapping)

Potemkin's signal is

CHEKOV

(overlapping)

An Object appeared there  
for just an instant, sir.  
A thousand times the size  
of the Potemkin.

KIRK

You're scanning the asteroid  
belt region, Commander...

CHEKOV

That was no asteroid, sir...

ICAL

(overlapping)

I have Potemkin on audio,  
Admiral. Switching.

U.S.S. POTEKIN VOICE

(through static)

...Object reads to be...  
sensors must be off...size  
can't be possible....and then  
it isn't there. If it's a  
vessel...appears and disappears  
....like not always in our  
time and space....

CHEKOV

Locking in visual!  
Aim antennas.

Chekov has achieved a flickering image on the main viewing  
screen. Then it becomes a LONGSHOT of the Starship U.S.S.  
Potemkin. As the antennas lock in, the message clears.

U.S.S. POTEKIN VOICE

...an attack of some kind,  
aimed precisely at...

KIRK

(interrupting)

U.S.S. Potemkin from San  
Francisco orbital command.  
We're receiving you now.  
Repeat message.

U.S.S. POTEKIN VOICE

Potemkin here. We were  
investigating unusual sensor  
readings inside Jupiter orbit  
when a large Object seemed

(CONTINUED)



U.S.S. POTESKIN VOICE (CONT'D)  
to blink into existence  
here. Repeating...an extremely  
large object suddenly appeared  
for just an instant, sending out  
an intense gravitational field.  
A slingshot effect...yanking  
a large cluster of asteroids  
out of the belt and whipping  
them precisely in your direction.  
Are you receiving this?

KIRK  
(to Chekov)  
Request lunar tracking to  
confirm any asteroids heading  
our way.  
(into microphone)  
This is orbital command,  
Potemkin. Describe sensor  
readings on Object.

U.S.S. POTESKIN VOICE  
Sensors showed nothing we  
can understand. But there  
has to be intelligence  
behind it. The asteroids have  
been aimed at your dockyards  
as precisely as ranging a  
laser beam at you...

(breaks off;  
alarmed)  
Object has reappeared! If  
you've got us on your screen...

The subspace radio message breaks up into high pitched  
squealing static.

CHEKOV  
Sir!

He's pointing at the viewing screen where we see an Object  
which has suddenly appeared, bearing down on the image of  
the Potemkin. Its shape and texture seem to change constantly.  
As it approaches the starship its enormous size begins to  
become apparent. Chekov has whirled back to computer  
readouts, calls out rapidly:

CHEKOV  
Object is on interception  
course with them!

On the main viewing screen, the enormous Object begins to dwarf the Potemkin as it bears down on the starship. Then, we see the Potemkin firing photon torpedoes, white globules of intense light-energy.

KIRK

Photon torpedoes. The Potemkin's firing at it...

CHEKOV

Trying to force it to veer off.

The torpedoes seem to drift slowly across the rapidly diminishing distance...then the first spread of torpedoes disappears into the Object, absorbed completely by it. Then as the second spread of torpedoes are swallowed up harmlessly too, the incredible mass is upon the starship. The U.S.S. Potemkin disappears in a flash of light, crushed by the unidentified thing which now sweeps past the viewing screen and is gone.

CHEKOV

The Potemkin's gone... Squashed like a bug.

ICAL

Lunar tracking station confirms asteroids, Admiral. Headed our position. Mass seven; impact estimated in 2.13 hours.

KIRK

(alarmed)

Mass seven!?

CHEKOV

Have them on our sensors now. My God...!

Kirk moves quickly to the computer where an equally alarmed Chekov is peering into the hooded viewer. He steps aside for Kirk to have a look.



CHEKOV

Hundreds of them! They'll miss Earth. But in two hours, there's no time to move this base out of their path.

(to Ical)

Stand by to order evacuation...

KIRK

(interrupting)

Negative on that! Have orbitugs suspend refueling. They'll be taking the fuel carrier out toward asteroids.

(to Chekov)

We're enough anti-matter here to vaporize a dozen times that asteroid mass. Plot an interception course.

ICAL

(overlapping)

Starfleet message! Commanding Admiral on security frequency.

Communications Officer Ical adjusts his controls and the image of ADMIRAL ALVAREZ comes on the main viewing screen. Trim and young-looking for his years, appearing in every way a sharp professional, he is sitting alone in his office. Kirk turns to the image:

KIRK

Dockyard Command suspending refueling operations, sir. Potemkin has reported asteroids headed our...

ADMIRAL ALVAREZ

I have full reports on them and the Potemkin's destruction. You're to stand by, take no action.

KIRK

(surprised; then)

Sir, respectfully submitting it is imperative to have our tugs put the anti-matter on an immediate interception course with the incoming asteroids. If we move now, our anti-matter fuel will impact and destroy them at a safe distance.

ADMIRAL ALVAREZ

Permission denied. You are not, repeat, not to use the anti-matter in an interception attempt. You are to take no action whatever!

Kirk is nonplussed. The commanding admiral's attitude makes no sense to him at all.

KIRK

I'm sorry, sir, I just can't accept that unless Starfleet has some alternative plan in action.

ADMIRAL ALVAREZ

James, are you suggesting we defy the clearly expressed will of God?

Kirk stares at the image on the screen. The Admiral's appearance and voice are normal enough.

KIRK

I'm afraid I don't understand the reference to "God," sir...



ADMIRAL ALVAREZ  
And I find it hard to  
understand your density, Kirk.  
You saw Him destroy the Potemkin  
for attempting to interfere with  
His will.

Except for Perot, the others on the small command shuttle  
bridge are frozen almost into disbelieving immobility by  
what they've been hearing.

KIRK  
Sir, under Command Article  
Eleven, I am respectfully  
appealing your decision and  
requesting immediate Starfleet  
staff ruling on...

ADMIRAL ALVAREZ  
(overlapping)  
How unfortunate you're  
unable to understand this,  
Kirk. I'm afraid I must  
order you to place yourself  
under arrest and return to  
this headquarters immediately.  
Who's in command of your  
shuttle there, please?

Chekov moves to stand next to Kirk.

CHEKOV  
Lieutenant Commander  
Chekov here, sir.

ADMIRAL ALVAREZ  
Do you understand what is  
happening, Commander?

Chekov fights to hold his features expressionless.

CHEKOV  
I think so. Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL ALVAREZ  
Then, you've heard my  
orders. Starfleet Command,  
out.

The viewing screen goes blank. Chekov turns to Kirk.

CHEKOV  
He's gone crazy.

KIRK  
I hope it's that simple.  
(to Perot and Ical)  
We're disregarding Starfleet  
orders. The responsibility  
is totally mine.  
(to Chekov)  
Give orbitugs interception  
course with asteroids.  
(to Ical)  
Stay off all frequencies  
that can be monitored from  
Earth. Have tugs begin  
moving the fuel carrier out.

EXT. ORBITAL SPACE

The three orbitugs are moving the anti-matter carrier away from the starship Enterprise. The command shuttle is moving in to hover nearby.

ANGLE EMPHASIZING ORBITUGS AND ANTI-MATTER CARRIER

The orbitug jets beginning to blast, their tractor beams pull the huge anti-matter carrier out of the dockyards, slowly accelerating on a course out into space.

INT. COMMAND SHUTTLE

On the shuttle's viewing screen we see the tugs and anti-matter carrier moving into space, becoming pinpoints of light in the distance. Chekov looks up from his computer viewer.

CHEKOV  
Anti-matter carrier on  
course.

KIRK  
(to Ical)  
Signal the tugs to turn  
back once they've accelerated  
it to warp point five.  
(to Chekov)  
Anything on the sensors?



CHEKOV

(checking his viewer)

No sign of any Object out there now.

(looks up)

Which doesn't make much sense. If something wanted to destroy this base, or the Enterprise, or whatever...why is it letting us go after the asteroids?

LT. PEROT

God works in mysterious ways, Commander.

They whirl toward Perot in surprise, find her with a strange, transfixed look on her face. Chekov turns back to Kirk, indicates the main viewing screen.

CHEKOV

Sir...when we first saw that Object out there, did any thoughts about "God" come into your mind?

Kirk is surprised and suddenly very interested. He nods.

KIRK

Yes. I assumed I was remembering some biblical quotation. One of those idle thoughts that pop into your mind...

CHEKOV

(nods)

...and you shoved it aside. The exact same thing happened to me.

LT. PEROT

"Behold, I am the Lord thy God."

Kirk and Chekov whirl toward her, their expressions revealing this is the exact thought which had entered their minds.

KIRK

Yes, that was it.

CHEKOV

I was worried about  
myself for a moment. It  
didn't leave my mind  
easily; I had to fight it.

Lt. Perot suddenly leaves the helm, drops to her knees:

LT. PEROT

Our Father, Who art in  
Heaven...

(continues prayer  
over the following)

Kirk looks from her back to Chekov:

KIRK

Imposed telepathy.

CHEKOV

Thought emanations?  
From whatever that is  
out there?

KIRK

(nods)

But affecting some minds  
more than others.

(turning)

Lieutenant Ical?

ICAL

(shakes head)

I felt nothing. The concept  
of God is unknown on my  
planet.

KIRK

Then tell me this...Commander  
Chekov and I believe we're  
not affected. Does it appear  
to you we're acting rationally?

ICAL

Yes, Admiral. It appears  
likely your planet is  
being attacked. And you  
are responding rationally.



Kirk makes up his mind, turns to Chekov.

KIRK  
Notify Starfleet I'm  
beaming down. I want  
to see for myself what's  
happening there.

ANGLE EMPHASIZING KIRK

As he moves to the small, two-position transporter chamber.  
Chekov moves to the transporter controls. Ical looks up  
from his communications station.

ICAL  
Starfleet acknowledges.  
They'll bring you down  
from our transporter position  
one.

Kirk steps into the first of the two transporter chamber  
positions.

LT. PEROT'S VOICE  
There'll be a witness  
beaming down with you.

Lt. Perot moves INTO SCENE at the transporter, holding a  
phaser pistol level at Kirk.

LT. PEROT  
You're guilty of blasphemy  
and mutiny, Admiral. It's  
my duty to tell them exactly  
what's happened up here.

The fanaticism in her eyes is obvious. The threat of her  
phaser forces Kirk to the other transporter position. Lt.  
Perot takes Kirk's transporter position number one from  
which she can cover him and the others with her weapon.

KIRK  
 There'll be two to beam  
 down, Mister Ical. Signal  
 we're ready.

Kirk and Lt. Perot begin to fade from view in the star  
 sparkle of the transporter EFFECT.

INT. STARFLEET TRANSPORTER ROOM - ANGLE ON TRANSPORTER CHAMBER

Much larger than the small subshuttle transporter, many  
 more receiving positions. In the two positions in use, we  
 see the familiar sparkle and then two human forms  
 shimmering into view in the transporter EFFECT. But something  
is wrong -- the form next to Kirk seems oddly misshapen!

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING TRANSPORTER ENGINEER

As the problem is seen, the TRANSPORTER ENGINEER tries quickly  
 to make an adjustment. He shouts into his panel microphone:

TRANSPORTER ENGINEER  
Stasis control, cut position  
one...!

It's too late; we can already hear a piercing, eerie SCREAM!

ANGLE EMPHASIZING TRANSPORTER POSITIONS

Shock! Next to Kirk's position, the transporting Lt. Perot is  
a horrible, writhing mass of misshapen flesh; some of the  
skeletal bones and pumping organs on the outside of the "body."  
Only fragments of her uniform have beamed in; we can see a  
twisted, clawlike hand still holding the phaser. The SCREAMS  
are coming from a horrible-looking, bleeding mouth somewhere  
in the midst of it. Kirk, fully solidified now, whirls  
helplessly toward the horror next to him.

WIDER ANGLE

To include a handsome Black officer, CAPTAIN HARCOTTE and a  
 female Asian Officer, CAPTAIN CHING standing next to the  
 Transporter Engineer. Kirk has whirled in that direction,  
 throwing himself from the chamber toward the control position.

KIRK  
Beam her out!

TRANSPORTER ENGINEER  
I'm trying to repattern.  
The controls aren't responding!