

# STAR TREK

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# COURAGEOUS

1x01: "ATTENTION TO ORDERS"

Written By Alex Matthews

Based on 'Star Trek'  
created by Gene Roddenberry

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Executive Producer: Alex Matthews

Produced by theVPN

**CAST**

CAPTAIN T'SARA ..... Sela Ward  
LT. CMNDR DAMIEN ERICKSON ..... Stephen Amell  
LT. CMNDR R'NARA KELLINNIN ..... Cote De Pablo  
COMMANDER LEONARDO DA COSTA ..... Peter Davison  
DR. NYIA LANJAR ..... Aisha Hinds  
LT. CMNDR HROV GLASCH BRNASH ..... Paul McGillion  
LT. ALEXIS MATTHIAS ..... Karen Gillan  
LT, J.G, JHISINSHER CH'LENE ..... Sam Witwer  
LT, J.G, ASEEMA SINGH ..... Meaghan Rath

**GUEST STARRING**

ADMIRAL GREGORY SAWYER ..... Delroy Lindo  
S.C.P.O. RANIA LERO ..... Suzie Plakson  
CAPTAIN HAROLD WINDSOR ..... Hugh Laurie  
OFFICER IN MESS HALL ..... ??????  
SCIENCE ENSIGN ..... ??????  
GRAEVEN (NAUSICAN PIRATE) ..... ??????  
VEVOZK(LETHEAN PIRATE) ..... ??????  
RE'KAN (KLINGON PIRATE) ..... ??????  
SSAZALAAR (GORN PIRATE) ..... ??????  
*COURAGEOUS* COMPUTER VOICE ..... Marina Sirtis

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The sheer unending blackness of space. Illuminated only by the occasional twinkle of far away stars in the distance.

SCROLLING TEXT appears on-screen:

DURING THE DOMINION WAR, THE  
ORION SYNDICATE TOOK  
ADVANTAGE AND LAID CLAIM TO  
SEVERAL COLONIZED STAR  
SYSTEMS DEEP INSIDE  
FEDERATION TERRITORY.  
NOW, AS STARFLEET REBUILDS  
AFTER THE END OF CONFLICT, IT  
SEEKS TO BRING THOSE SYSTEMS  
BACK UNDER THEIR CONTROL.  
THE ORIONS, HOWEVER, ARE NOT  
SO EASILY DETERRED.

As the text moves off-screen, a small and sleek green spacecraft shoots into view - an ORION INTERCEPTOR, the 24th century version, moving fast. CHASED.

It's pursuer follows seconds later, filling the screen with it's presence - a REFIT EXCELSIOR-CLASS VESSEL.

It dwarfs the interceptor, impulse engines glowing brightly as it continues forward, the shields flashing as green DISRUPTOR BLASTS fired by the interceptor strike them.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

In the command center, the stark glow of RED ALERT tinges everything scarlet, including the severe damage sustained. Medical teams work on injured personnel while med-techs remove several BODIES on stretchers.

Officers and crew man their posts, as the ship rocks from the blast impact. Standing at TACTICAL is a HUMAN MALE in his mid-30s, in a red command uniform and the rank pips of a LT. COMMANDER - the ship's FIRST OFFICER, DAMIEN ERICKSON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON  
 (American accent)  
 Shields holding at 77%! Minor  
 structural damage to the forward  
 saucer section.

Next to him, gripping the console firmly to maintain her balance as the ship shakes from the continued assault, is a younger human woman, with closely cropped flame-red hair and pale skin - LT, J.G. ALEXIS MATTHIAS.

MATTHIAS  
 (Scottish accent)  
 Enemy ship's shields are fluctuating,  
 Captain! Another shot and they'll  
 collapse completely!

Standing on the lower command level, staring intently at the main viewscreen is the ship's commanding officer - CAPTAIN HAROLD WINDSOR, an older man in his late 50s, gray hair smartly styled, every inch a spit-and-polish man despite the chaos around him.

WINDSOR  
 (crisp British accent)  
 Keep at it, Mr. Erickson, Lt.  
 Matthias. I want that bastard out of  
 my sky!

ERICKSON  
 Acknowledged. Firing phasers!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

From the lower forward area of the saucer, a BRIGHT RED BEAM lances out and strikes the aft of the fleeing interceptor. The ship's shields hold for a second before failing in a bright flash, the beam striking the engine housing directly.

The ship SWERVES wildly, going into a tight spin before coming to a dead stop, every visible light flickering as power fails.

INT. BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

Matthias taps at her controls, reading the displays, a SMALL SMILE forming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTHIAS

She's dead in the water, Captain.  
Shields and weapons down, engines  
disabled.

Eyes still fixed on the viewscreen, Windsor raises his  
clenched fist, pumping it slightly in triumph.

WINDSOR

Well done, Lieutenant! Open a  
channel, Mr. Erickson.

Erickson nods and works his console, the familiar sound of a  
COMMUNICATIONS CHANNEL opening being heard.

ERICKSON

Orion vessel, this is the Federation  
*Starship Courageous*, respond.

Silence. Windsor finally turns away from the screen, and  
looks back at the tactical station. After another moment of  
inactivity, Erickson shakes his head.

ERICKSON (cont'd)

No response, sir. Could be their comm  
system is down as well.

The comm system CHIRPS.

BRNASH (O.S.)

Engineering to Bridge!

WINDSOR

Go ahead, Engineering.

INT. MAIN ENGINEERING, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The HEART of the *Courageous*, and just like the bridge, in  
utter chaos, as various consoles spark and sputter from  
overloads. Technicians and engineers move around, fixing  
what they can, bypassing what they can't.

Standing at the central 'pool table' console is a squat  
Tellarite male with dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and  
sporting a very bushy beard - LT. COMMANDER HROV GLASCH  
BRNASH, the ship's Chief Engineer.

BRNASH

Sir, that last shot took caused major  
damage to the forward shield emitters  
array. Reading a massive feedback  
loop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINDSOR  
How bad, Chief?

BRNASH  
Bad, sir. It could blow out the whole system if we don't deal with it now. I'm going to have to take the shields off-line for the moment until it's fixed.

INT. BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

MATTHIAS  
Sir, I highly advise against that.

Windsor shakes his head.

WINDSOR  
Lower the shields, Lieutenant. The fight's all gone out of that Orion. I think we can risk it for now.

Matthias exchanges a brief look with Erickson, before nodding.

MATTHIAS  
(uncertain)  
Aye, sir. Lowering shields.

She works her console as Windsor turns towards Erickson, with a a satisfied smile.

WINDSOR  
Damien, assemble some boarding parties. I want to take this sons-of-a-bitches into custody and show the Orion Syndicate that Starfleet is back and here to stay, understood?

Erickson GRINS, nods.

ERICKSON  
Perfectly, sir!

He moves away from his console and towards the port-side turbolift - just as Matthias's console BEEPS loudly!

MATTHIAS  
(surprised)  
Sir! Picking several subspace surges, all around us! Vessels de-cloaking!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINDSOR  
(shocked)  
What?!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

FIVE ORION MARAUDERS (bigger, greener and meaner) quickly materialize into solidity, poised all around the *Courageous* as it hangs, suddenly defenseless against a superior force.

INT. BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

Erickson quickly moves back to his position, as Windsor turns back to the viewscreen.

WINDSOR  
Shields! Now!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Too late. The ships OPEN FIRE, green energy raining down on the unprotected hull of the *Excelsior*-class starship.

INT. BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The ship BUCKS under the onslaught, as consoles and lights EXPLODE and the crew, standing and sitting alike, are sent flying across the bridge.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The barrage continues, the *Courageous*' hull beginning to buckle and blacken in several areas, until a small section of the saucer section EXPLODES, sending debris into space.

The assault finally ends, as the once-mighty ship begins to LIST off-axis, systems beginning to fail as lights go out intermittently.

The Marauders silently hover around the wounded starship for a moment, before two of them move towards to the interceptor. They each engage a TRACTOR BEAM, taking hold of the smaller vessel, and move away from the battle site.

INT. BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The bridge is in shambles, dim emergency lighting barely enough to see by, as the occasional console sparks and flashes up damage reports momentarily.

COMPUTER VOICE

Warning, warp core off-line. Battery power running at 52% and falling. Life support system failure imminent.

There is a soft GROAN, as a figure emerges from beneath some fallen debris and circuitry - it's Erickson, COUGHING hard as he sits up.

ERICKSON

Sound off, people!

Pulling herself up using a structural support beam, Matthias, BLOOD streaked across her forehead from an ugly gash, grits her teeth in obvious pain.

MATTHIAS

(weakly)

Here, Commander, barely.

ERICKSON

Glad to hear it, Lieutenant. Anyone else? Anyone?!

SILENCE. Erickson gets to his feet and clambers out from behind the collapsed Tactical console, and stumbles into the command area -

- to find Captain Windsor, sprawled back in the COMMAND CHAIR, a small trickle of blood coming from the LARGE WOUND caused by a piece of shrapnel embedded deeply into his right eye area. His remaining eye stares out and ahead, blankly.

MATTHIAS (O.S.)

Commander..?

Erickson manages to look back up at Matthias who is staring forward intently at the viewscreen. Erickson turns to look to see the static-ridden image of the Orion vessels baring down on them.

MATTHIAS

What are they waiting for?

It is a TENSE moment, until suddenly the ships collectively adjust their positions, and JUMP TO WARP, dragging the interceptor with them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTHIAS (cont'd)  
But- Why didn't they just finish us?

ERICKSON  
(disgusted)  
Because they wanted to teach us a  
lesson. Sometimes a beating is more  
effective than a killing.

Off his FURIOUS LOOK, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

A class-11 SHUTTLECRAFT travels at low impulse speeds, passing through the shot, and as it almost exits out of view, we pan around to see where the shuttle is heading.

DA COSTA (PRE-LAP)  
Coming up on Star Station Theta now.

INT. COCKPIT, *SHUTTLECRAFT HARRIMAN* - CONTINUOUS

Inside the spacious cockpit sits two Starfleet officers, one a mature looking Vulcan female in command colors and Captain's rank, T'SARA, while the other is a older balding human in science blue and full commanders pips, LEONARDO DA COSTA.

T'Sara, sitting at the main pilot's console, nods, while Da Costa works the sensor controls next to her.

T'SARA  
Slowing to one-quarter impulse.  
Continuing approach.

A slight SMILE forms on her lips.

T'SARA (cont'd)  
I've been looking forward to this for days.

Da Costa shots her an amused look, cracking a smile of his own.

DA COSTA  
I know, you haven't been able to shut up about it since we left Earth.

T'SARA  
I've been a little over-excited, I admit that, but I'm allowed that, I think.

Da Costa's smile grows into a GRIN.

DA COSTA  
Of course you are, my dear. That's one of the reasons I married you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'Sara arches a single eyebrow in the typical Vulcan fashion, face impassive for a moment, before SMILING.

T'SARA

One of many, husband. Just one of many.

Da Costa laughs, as his sensor console CHIRPS. He presses some control before looking ahead out of the forward view port.

DA COSTA

Approaching docking frame 4.  
(beat)  
There she is.

T'Sara looks out the view port as well, and her expression LIGHTS UP.

EXT. STAR STATION THETA - CONTINUOUS

STAR STATION THETA floats in the void, two half-spheres attached via a long, thick tube between them, the top sphere just a little larger. From the central tube jut out several spindly armatures, each one ending a squat, circular disc.

Once, it was the pride of Starfleet, it's overall design and appearance reflecting the early days of the Federation. Now, though, it's looking a little worse for wear these days, with mismatched hull plates and micro-meteoroid impacts.

Hanging in space nearby, cocooned inside a cage-like repair facilities, is the U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS*. Worker-bee craft swarm around her, fixing up the last of the repairs - her hull is practically PRISTINE, all damage erased.

INT. COCKPIT, *SHUTTLECRAFT HARRIMAN* - CONTINUOUS

Both Da Costa and T'Sara drink in the sight of their new home, exchanging a knowing look with each other, before they work their consoles.

EXT. DOCKING AREA, STAR STATION THETA - CONTINUOUS

The *Harriman* slowly approaches and heads on over the forward half of the saucer, allowing a glimpse of the ship's REGISTRY NUMBER - NCC-41976, before heading on towards the rear of the ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The shuttle banks slightly, adjusting it's orientation to head straight for the open doors of the main shuttlebay. As it approaches, a TRACTOR BEAM ensnares the small ship and gently coaxes it onward.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY ONE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The shuttlebay is abuzz with activity as the *Harriman* coasts inside. Several crewmembers stand at a large console, focused on their displays as the shuttle softly lands.

Standing near the far wall of the bay, well out of the way, is a female Starfleet officer, a green-skinned Orion woman with thick, dark hair, dressed in science blue - LT. COMMANDER R'NARA KELLINNIN.

She bites her lip nervously, before looking relieved as the large interior doors open. A grim-faced DAMIEN ERICKSON quickly walks in taking a position next to her. He studiously does not make eye contact.

R'NARA  
You're late, Commander.

ERICKSON  
I'm aware of that, thank you.

R'NARA  
You also haven't rescheduled your latest counseling session either.  
(beat)  
Do I need to make it an order?

ERICKSON  
(harshly)  
This is not the time or place for this discussion, *Counselor*.  
Understood?

R'NARA  
(coldly)  
Yes. *Sir*.

They both keep looking straight ahead as the shuttle's hatch lowers and T'SARA and DA COSTA exit. Each carries a standard size carryall and a small transport crate.

R'NARA (cont'd)  
Welcome aboard, Captain T'Sara,  
Commander Da Costa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DA COSTA

It's Dr. Da Costa, please, and it's a pleasure to be here, after a eight hour shuttle ride.

R'Nara smiles, but Erickson remains stoic, while T'Sara rolls her eyes.

T'SARA

What our new science officer means to say is 'thank you'. You must be Counselor Kellinnin?

R'NARA

That's right, ma'am. This is Lt. Commander Erickson, the *Courageous'* Executive Officer.

Erickson NODS, stiffly.

ERICKSON

Pleasure, ma'am.

T'SARA

The pleasure is all mine, Commander. I've reviewed your service record as standard, I'm pleased to have someone of your caliber serving as my XO.

ERICKSON

(monotonous)

Thank you, ma'am.

(beat)

Computer, transfer all command codes to Captain T'Sara. Authorization Erickson Gamma-Epsilon-Omega-3-Blue.

COMPUTER VOICE

Command codes transferred. U.S.S. *Courageous* now under the command of Captain T'Sara.

T'SARA

I relieve you, Commander.

ERICKSON

I stand relieved. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm due to be in a meeting in Main Engineering.

He turns on his heel and quickly exits, leaving an ANNOYED Kellinnin on her own with a PUZZLED Da Costa and T'Sara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA  
(sardonic)  
Dismissed, Commander.

DA COSTA  
(unimpressed)  
Charming fellow, really.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ENGINEERING, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - DAY SHIFT (LATER)

Main Engineering. Repairing and full functional, with a central control station, the 'POOL TABLE', as well as various other consoles and work stations, displaying status readouts on various ship functions.

Standing at the "pool table" is HROV GLASCH BRNASH, looking a lot cleaner and well presented, but his porcine features are fixed in a ANNOYED FROWN.

BRNASH  
I'm telling you, this shield  
modifications aren't worth our time!  
We're supposed to be leaving dock in  
an hour!

Brnash looks up from the central display to the target of his ire, a stone-faced ALEXIS MATTHIAS, her collar now sporting a second FULL PIP. She holds a large PADD in her hands. Both of them ignore the officers and noncoms working the various stations around them.

MATTHIAS  
And I'm telling you, *sir*, that these  
modifications could make all the  
difference if we encounter hostiles  
during our convoy run.

Brnash SIGHS. Crosses his arms, DEFIANT.

BRNASH  
Look, Lieutenant, I get that you  
think you have to make good on your  
recent promotion, becoming Chief of  
Security, but I'm the engineer in  
this conversation, I think I know  
what's best when it comes to what the  
shield emitters can handle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Keeping her poker face intact, Matthias simply hands the PADD over to Brnash. After a moment's hesitation, he takes it and reads it. His eyes WIDEN.

BRNASH (cont'd)

Ah. Okay.

MATTHIAS

As you can see, Commander, I've laid out the modifications in more detail for you, pertaining to each emitter's unique idiosyncrasies.

Brnash simply NODS, looking over her work, IMPRESSED.

BRNASH

This is, uh, very thorough work, Lieutenant. I wasn't, uh, expecting you to be this prepared.

Matthias indulges in a SMALL GRIN.

MATTHIAS

I may not be a Tellarite, sir, but I AM Scottish. Next to your people, no one likes winning an argument more.

Brnash CHUCKLES softly, shaking his head slightly, as ERICKSON walks in and quickly heads their way.

ERICKSON

Sorry I'm late, had to roll out the welcome mat for our new C.O.

BRNASH

That's okay, sir. Lt. Matthias here was just dazzling me with her engineering acumen. She's not bad, for someone from security.

Erickson GRINS, nodding, as Brnash hands him the PADD.

ERICKSON

Yes, our Tactical Officer is a dab hand with a sonic screwdriver, I've seen it myself.

BRNASH

Besides, I'm glad it was you and not me meeting her, I hate all that pomp and circumstance!

Erickson's grin quickly FADES, as he FROWNS instead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON

Actually, it was very low key, just me and Kellinnin to welcome her aboard. Her and the new Science Officer.

MATTHIAS

Word on the rumor mill is that he's also her husband?

Erickson SHRUGS, nonchalant.

ERICKSON

Can't say I listen to rumors myself. I'm more concerned with the fact that Command has seen fit to send us a desk jockey as our new skipper.

BRNASH

What do you mean, a 'desk jockey'?

ERICKSON

This T'Sara, she hasn't had an active command assignment for six years! She served out the Dominion War on a cushy posting in Starfleet Operations on Earth.

BRNASH

(unsure)

Well, someone has to do that kind of thing, don't they?

ERICKSON

(doubtful)

Still, she hasn't seen proper starship combat in over half a decade, and now she's taking over while we're still trying to clean up this whole sector? Seems a bad call to me.

MATTHIAS

(neutral)

Respectfully, Commander, but maybe we should let her show us what she's capable of before we condemn her?

BRNASH

Yeah, Command wouldn't have assigned her to *Courageous* if she wasn't capable.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRNASH (cont'd)

I mean, we should be thankful that we have someone with actual command experience. Most ships out there are crewed by cadets!

ERICKSON

(unconvinced)

I'm not holding my breath waiting to be impressed. Something tells me this is going to be a long tour.

As he peruses the PADD, he misses the WORRIED LOOK that Matthias and Brnash exchange.

INT. MAIN SICKBAY, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - DAY SHIFT (LATER)

The spacious medical facility is all state of the art, but the design echoing familiar design lineage seen in other ships of the era. There is the central EXAMINATION TABLE, a large wall display for readouts, and several benches of equipment.

Along the walls, the remaining space is filled with BIO-BEDS for patients to get comfortable on. Various blue-uniformed officers and crew see to the needs of the smattering of patients already waiting on the beds for them.

No one pays any head as the main entrance opens to admit DA COSTA, who looks around briefly before heading out to a smaller area off the main ward.

INT. C.M.O.'S OFFICE, MAIN SICKBAY - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the desk is a tall, attractive, dark skinned DELTAN woman (completely bald, empathic, almost sensual) her attention split between the desktop monitor and a PADD in hand as she reads them both - DR. NYIA LANJAR, the Chief Medical Officer.

DA COSTA (O.S.)

So, do I get on a bed, or do you want to examine me right here?

Lanjar LOOKS UP, startled, but quickly breaks into a dazzling smile as Da Costa enters. She stands and they embrace briefly, but with warmth and affection.

LANJAR

Your sense of humor hasn't improved at all, Leo. Where's T'Sara?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DA COSTA

Busy, already. She says she'll swing by for her physical once she's up to date on ship status reports.

LANJAR

She'd better. I mean, I haven't seen either of you since our deployment on the *Agamemnon*.

DA COSTA

Hey, it's not like we haven't stayed in touch!

LANJAR

I'm Deltan, Leo. Subspace messages, real-time or no, aren't the same as actually having physical contact with a person.

(beat)

I've missed you. Both of you.

DA COSTA

And we've missed you. Why do you think T'Sara asked you to take this assignment?

LANJAR

Well, I was happy to, even though I was finished with starship service. Speaking of which, I'm surprised you're back on a ship again.

Da Costa simply shrugs.

DA COSTA

It's my time to do a little compromising in our relationship, I guess. T'Sara only stayed with Starfleet Operations for so long to let me focus on *my* career. Now, it's my turn to change it up while she focuses on *hers*.

He GRINS.

DA COSTA (cont'd)

Besides, this opportunity was too good to pass up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DA COSTA (cont'd)

Sure, we may have to deal with the occasional pirate ship or whatever, but this region is filled with scientific anomalies and wonders that have only been given a cursory examination. I can't wait to get properly mapping and detailing this sector!

LANJAR

(laughs)

Ah, see I figured there had to be some self-serving reason you'd give up your plush lab at Starfleet Cartography.

Da Costa adopts a 'what-can-you-do?' pose and expression, before grinning again and Lanjar SHAKES her head, before looking CONCERNED.

DA COSTA

Something wrong?

LANJAR

Not wrong, per se, just a sense I've gotten since coming aboard. You know what happened to the previous captain?

Da Costa NODS, before FROWNING.

LANJAR (cont'd)

Well, he was a very popular commanding officer. I'd even go so far as to say he was almost 'beloved'. He pushed the crew hard but with care and affection, so he was popular, and his death has been a lot for them to take.

DA COSTA

(crossing his arms)

Yeah, I think we got a glimpse of that from the way Commander Erickson behaved when we boarded.

LANJAR

They've been through a tremendous ordeal, loosing a cherished and respected Captain. It's lot to deal with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DA COSTA

(sighs)

Damn. She's going to have a lot to prove, isn't she?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. READY ROOM, DECK TWO, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara, a steaming cup of herbal tea in hand she gently sips, is at her desk. It's covered with various sized data display devices, called PADDs, most piled near to her desktop monitor, while a smaller more organized pile rests on the other side of the desk.

The room is very spartan, lacking any real touches of character yet, aside from a large portrait of the *Courageous* herself, hanging in space, on the wall between the main door and the entrance to the head.

DA COSTA (V.O.)

I wonder if she knows what she's let herself in for?

There is the sudden SOUND of the intercom alert.

ERICKSON

Bridge to T'Sara.

T'SARA

(looks up, curious)

Yes, Commander?

ERICKSON

Incoming transmission from Starbase 19, ma'am. Admiral Sawyer for you.

T'SARA

Acknowledged. Put him through in here, please.

She places the tea down, and presses a control on her monitor.

CLOSE ON: The dark screen, as the image of an older, dark skinned human male appears - GREGORY SAWYER, wearing an Admiral's uniform, the tabs on each side of his collar showing his rank of VICE-ADMIRAL.

T'Sara smiles warmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA (cont'd)  
Hello, Gregory.

SAWYER  
Hell, T'Sara. It's good to see you  
back on a starship again.

T'SARA  
It *feels* good to back on one again.  
(beat)  
To what do I owe a call from my  
Sector Commander?

SAWYER  
I just wanted a chance to remind you  
about the importance of the  
*Courageous*' presence in the region.

T'Sara arches an eyebrow.

T'SARA  
(puzzled)  
I'm well aware that we're 'showing  
the flag' as it were, Gregory. We  
need to remind the Syndicate and  
other criminal groups like it that  
Starfleet and the Federation is here  
to stay once again.  
(beat)  
What are you really concerned about?

SAWYER  
(sighs, worried)  
Look, the truth is, I've heard rumors  
from Intelligence that the Syndicate  
is strengthening their holdings  
through the entire sector. Not only  
that, but many of the worlds we're  
trying to reaffirm of Federation  
commitment heard about the attack on  
the *Courageous* and have expressed  
doubts about the job we're doing.

T'SARA  
(realizing)  
Meaning, their confidence in us  
lowers while their fear of the  
Syndicate grows.

SAWYER  
Exactly. That's the last thing we  
need.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAWYER (cont'd)

This region, the entirety of Sector 27, has been part of the Federation since it's original inception. We need to show we can keep our space clear and our worlds protected, especially while we rebuild the fleet and recover from the war effort.

T'SARA

So, have our overall mission parameters changed?

SAWYER

No. You're still to carry on with the scientific surveys and cartographic updates, as well as run convoy protection duty with other ships in the sector. But you're also there to actively discourage the Syndicate. I've managed to convince Command to assign a couple more combat-ready ships to the purview of Star Station Theta, but the *Courageous* will still be the biggest threat to them, so fair warning.

T'SARA

I appreciate the heads up, Gregory.

(beat)

Hopefully, given the deployment of convoy runs, we'll get an opportunity to visit Starbase 19 at some point.

SAWYER

I look forward to it. I still want that rematch at our last game of *kal-toh*.

A slight smile forms on T'Sara's lips, before she nods.

SAWYER (cont'd)

Be seeing you, T'Sara. Starbase 19 out.

Sawyer's image is replaced with the Starfleet emblem before the screen blacks out, showing T'Sara's CONCERNED reflection, as she contemplates her friend's words.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. STAR STATION THETA - LATER

The work-bees and assorted maintenance vehicles make a quick retreat. A variety of spotlights on the *Courageous* activate.

SLOWLY, the docking arms that have held the ship in place detach and move away from the hull, allowing the *Courageous* to float free, for the first time in six months.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The Main Bridge, the nerve center of the mighty ship, where all her main functions are controlled from. It's a completely different design to her previous bridge module.

Circular in design, large consoles cover the walls, at one of which, the SCIENCE STATION, LEO DA COSTA sits, checking his monitors. Next to him stands DR. LANJAR.

On the lower level, two stand-alone consoles face the forward viewscreen. One of them, the FLIGHT CONTROL STATION, is manned by a young human woman of Indian descent - LT, J.G, ASEEMA SINGH, barely suppressing a grin of excitement.

The OPERATIONS STATION next to her is manned by an older-looking Andorian (blue skin, white hair, twin antennae). LT, J.G, JHISINSHER CH'LENE wears a more somber expression, his fingers work his controls, antennae twitching ever so.

Behind and slightly raised, so it's level with the upper ring of bridge consoles, is the Captain's chair, where T'SARA sits, looking calm and serene. Standing on either side of her are ERICKSON and KELLINNIN.

Behind them, is a free-standing two-man TACTICAL CONSOLE situated in front of a large WALL DISPLAY that shows a schematic of the *Courageous*. MATTHIAS stands at readiness between the display and the console.

There is a BLEEP from the Ops console, which ch'Lene quickly silences before turning to T'Sara.

CH'LENE

Docking controls report we are clear of all moorings, Captain.

T'SARA

Thank you, Mr. ch'Lene. Signal we are ready to depart.

Ch'Lene NODS and works his console, as T'Sara looks at her eager helms-woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA (cont'd)

Lt. Singh, thrusters ahead until we clear the docking apparatus, then take us to one-quarter impulse.

SINGH

Aye, Captain. Thrusters ahead now.

EXT. SHIPYARDS, STAR STATION THETA - CONTINUOUS

The *Courageous* slowly slips out of the maintenance berth and pulls away from the docking area, heading into open space.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara allows herself a small smile.

T'SARA

Nicely done, Lieutenant.

Erickson moves over to join Matthias at Tactical, looking down at a display before tapping some controls.

ERICKSON

We are free and clear to navigate, Captain. Transferring heading for our rendezvous with the convoy ships to the helm.

T'SARA

Thank you, Commander.

SINGH

I have the coordinates, ma'am. Setting a course.

T'Sara taps at her chair controls.

T'SARA

Engineering, are we ready for warp?

INT. MAIN ENGINEERING, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

Brnash sits at a console, fingers working the panel with a flurry, that faces towards the end of the engineering compartment. He looks up and GRINS at something, expression one of sheer delight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There stands the large, powerful WARP CORE, the engine that drives the starship through space, so large that it's bulk stretches up and drops down out of sight into the floors above and below.

It pulses at a steady rhythm, illuminating the engine room with it's almost-eerie blue light.

BRNASH

Engines ready, Captain. Let's get this old lady back where she belongs.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The bridge personnel all exchange amused looks at the engineer's affectionate comment.

SINGH

Course set and ready to engage.

T'Sara LEANS FORWARD, her smile growing, before she looks over at Da Costa at his station, her excitement mirrored in her husband's eyes. She turns back forward, and NODS.

T'SARA

Execute.

EXT. SPACE.

The *Courageous* turns to her port side, her impulse engines and warp nacelles glowing with power and purpose, free from the confines of dry-dock.

The nacelles FLASH and the *Excelsior*-class starship SHOOTS into the distance, disappearing into a BURST OF LIGHT.

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The *Courageous* coasts through space at low impulse, no longer alone, as it is accompanied by a *CENTAUR-CLASS STARSHIP*, a smaller vessel of similar design lineage, including identical saucer and engines, but more compact.

Together, they watch over a small group of *CARGO VESSELS*, all of them looking very blocky and cumbersome, almost like boxes that someone stuck warp engines on to, to get from A to B as quickly as possible.

T'SARA (V.O.)

Captain's Log, stardate 53784.9. The *Courageous* has rendezvoused with the U.S.S. *Leicester* and taken up our part in the convoy run escorting needed supplies and resources to several Federation colonies and bases within Sector 27.

INT. MESS HALL TWO, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - DAY SHIFT

The spacious facility boasts an assortment of tables and chairs, with replicator units lining the walls. A softer seating area allows people to gaze out of the large forward facing windows. Officers and crew mill about freely.

Sitting alone at one of the tables, a cup of coffee and a plate of something unidentifiable forgotten in front of him, is JHISINSHER CH'LENE. His attention is focused on reading a PADD he holds, as TWO HANDS suddenly cover his eyes.

He SIGHS.

CH'LENE

It wasn't easy to guess who this was the first time you did it. Why would now be any different?

SINGH (O.S.)

Spoilsport.

ASEEMA SINGH removes her hands and comes around to sit down in front of ch'Lene, looking at him with disapproval.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINGH

Another night of technical manuals,  
Jhish? Have I taught you nothing?

CH'LENE

I like reading tech manuals, it  
relaxes me, going over the  
mathematics and the engineering  
principles. You know this, Aseema.

SINGH

Yeah, I know, I know! But come one,  
our first night out of dock, in free  
and open space, it's something to  
celebrate!

ch'Lene's lips squirm ever so slightly.

CH'LENE

We have very different ideas when it  
comes on how to 'celebrate', Aseema.  
Besides, I'm sure you made up for me  
by yourself.

Singh GRINS WIDELY.

SINGH

You bet I did. Me and some of the  
shuttlebay crews threw an impromptu  
party in Holodeck 2, invited some of  
the engineering and maintenance  
techs, since they've been slaving  
away with the refit.

CH'LENE

I'm sure a good time was had by all.

SINGH

(amused)

Something like that, yeah...

She trails off, as a handsome, well built man in  
engineering/security gold wanders over and places a tray,  
with a cup of hot coffee and a plate of scrambled eggs, down  
in front of her.

Singh BEAMS at him, while ch'Lene's antennae curl down, and  
he quickly looks away and back towards his PADD.

OFFICER

Here you go, Aseema.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINGH

Thanks, Guy.

(beat)

Listen, do you mind if I eat with  
Jhish alone? I'll call you later  
after my shift, okay?

OFFICER

Sure, no problem. See you later.

He turns to go, but Singh GRABS hold of his uniform and  
pulls him down into a brief but passionate KISS. They both  
GRIN as they break apart, and he heads away.

ch'Lene rolls his eyes as he looks up from his PADD, and  
fixes an ANNOYED look at Singh.

CH'LENE

One night out of dock, and you've  
already found yourself a 'man-  
friend'? Why am I not surprised?

SINGH

Hey, I'm an independent girl, but I  
still like to have some fun now and  
again.

CH'LENE

More 'now', then 'again', I think.

SINGH

(teasing)

Prude.

(beat)

Don't ever change.

CH'LENE

(resigned)

I wouldn't know how to.

(beat)

Eat your eggs before they go cold.

Singh SMILES, and picks up her fork.

INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS - CONTINUOUS

The Astrometrics Lab is a large oval shaped room, with a  
massive central VIEWSCREEN atop a large raised stage.  
Several consoles stand in front of the stage itself, while  
smaller ancillary ones line the walls of the lab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the stage itself are two small free standing consoles on the stage itself, situated near a semi-transparent dome at the center of the stage - a HOLO-PROJECTOR.

The large viewscreen shows a constantly moving and rotating image of a SECTOR MAP, with various planets and stars being highlighted at different times.

Standing on the raised stage is LEO DA COSTA, in front of a HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE of the *Courageous* and her convoy group being projected from the center of the platform.

DA COSTA  
Resolution looking good. What does  
the diagnostic say?

A young CAITIAN (cat-like, with thick fur and a tail) ensign works the main panel in front of the raised stage, then shakes her head.

ENSIGN  
(purring speech)  
Still getting conflicting rreadings,  
sirr.

DA COSTA  
(sighs, frustrated)  
Damn it.

The doors to the lab open, admitting LT. COMMANDER BRNASH, carrying a TOOL KIT and looking around the room, IMPRESSED.

BRNASH  
Looking good in here. The refit team  
did a great job.  
(beat, calling out)  
Someone call for an engineer?

Da Costa looks over at him, SURPRISED.

DA COSTA  
Uh, yeah. Honestly, though, I was  
expecting a maintenance tech, not the  
Chief Engineer, to come by.

BRNASH  
I started my career as a sensor  
maintenance specialist, sir. Back in  
the days before I went to the  
Academy.

DA COSTA  
You were an enlisted man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRNASH

(nodding, nostalgic)

Ah, those were the days. I like to go on the odd repair job, just to remind myself how I got started in all this craziness.

DA COSTA

(laughs)

Well, glad we could be of service.

BRNASH

So, what's the problem?

DA COSTA

Faulty and conflicting sensor relay input in our long range scans. We've reset the system several times. We can see the image fine, but there are bit errors that are compounding to create false readings.

BRNASH

Well, then, let's have a look.

Getting down on his knees, Brnash PULLS off the cover on the base of the main control panel. Opening his kit, he pulls out a TRICORDER, flips it open with ease and starts to scan.

BRNASH (cont'd)

If I can ask, sir, why ARE you conducting long-range scans? I mean, this is just a convoy run, right?

DA COSTA

(resigned)

I'm a scientist stuck on a milk run, Mr. Brnash. I needed something to do.

(beat, chuckles)

Besides, there are some interesting spatial areas that we'll be passing, I wanted to see what scans I can get, since I have the time.

BRNASH

Fair enough I suppose.

The tricorder BEEPS. Brnash glances at it, and NODS.

BRNASH (cont'd)

Ah, got it! Faulty ODN connection, shouldn't take long to fix.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls out a work-tool, and begins prodding it inside the open panel, as it WHIRS away. He leans deeper into it, head fully inside, as Da Costa raises an eyebrow in a very Vulcan-lie fashion.

DA COSTA

So, are you really here just out of a sense of nostalgia, or is there something else?

BRNASH

(muffled, puzzled)  
What do you mean?

DA COSTA

(mock serious)  
Well, I just wondered if this is a ploy to get on the captain's husband's good side.

BRNASH

(startled)  
What?! No, I-

THWACK! Brnash slowly emerges from the console, his free hand held to the back of his head. Eyes closed, he gingerly touches where he just rather unceremoniously banged his head.

BRNASH (cont'd)

(pained)  
Ow.

Da Costa quickly kneels down besides the dazed engineer, CONCERNED.

DA COSTA

Oh, god! I'm sorry, I was just winding you up! You okay?

Brnash calmly waves him away, as he pulls himself to his feet.

BRNASH

Eh, I'm a Tellarite, remember. We have incredibly hard heads, I'll be fine.

(beat, grins)  
Besides, that was kinda funny.

Da Costa grins back at the Tellarite, and LAUGHS.

EXT. DECK TWO, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: The ready room window, as T'Sara stands looking out into the stars, expression thoughtful, hands clasped behind her back, as she contemplates the darkness.

R'NARA (PRE-LAP)

The crew suffered some enormous blows to their emotional stability, but they're recovering. Slowly, but surely.

INT. READY ROOM, DECK TWO, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara turns to face her guest, COUNSELOR KELLINNIN, who sits by the ready room's desk, legs crossed, at ease.

T'SARA

I understand Captain Windsor was very well respected, even cared for, by those crew who have served under him.

R'NARA

(nodding)

Yes, ma'am. He was a very popular commanding officer to many of the crew.

T'SARA

I trust the change of command has been accepted though? I am hesitant to have to deal with the ghost of my predecessor.

R'NARA

The crew are professional, ma'am. They've accepted that changes in command can and will happen, and that although, Captain Windsor's death is tragic, we have a duty to perform and he had to be replaced.

T'Sara NODS, before moving to take her seat behind the desk.

T'SARA

Are there any particular crewmembers I should be concerned about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

R'NARA

(hesitant, but firm)

With respect, ma'am, unless I feel it's a danger to the ship, I cannot discuss patients with you.

A small SMILE forms on T'Sara's lips.

T'SARA

Of course, I'm not asking for details. I simply wish to understand which officers I may have to make an extra effort with.

Kellinnin FROWNS for a moment, before she realizes what T'Sara is angling at.

R'NARA

You're referring to Commander Erickson.

(beat)

He and Windsor were very close, both professionally and personally, he's taken it hard, I admit. But he's committed to this ship and crew, Captain. Whatever issues he has won't affect his performance or loyalty to you.

T'SARA

That's good to here. He's an incredibly capable officer, I'm lucky to have him as an X.O. I'm sure Command will have a captaincy ready for him in the next few years.

R'NARA

I think he'd be happy to hear that, ma'am.

(beat)

Permission to speak freely?

T'SARA

Always, Counselor. What is it?

R'NARA

I'm surprised you've taken such an interest in the crews emotional well-being.

T'SARA

(curious)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

R'NARA

To be blunt, it's not something I would expect from a Vulcan. You don't seem as distant from emotion as other Vulcans I've met.

As if to agree with her point, T'Sara SMILES.

T'SARA

I suppose you could blame the fact I'm half human, really. I'm not as emotionally suppressed as many of my brethren. But that was actually my mother's influence.

R'NARA

She was human?

T'SARA

Actually, my father is. My mother is full Vulcan, but she grew up as an adherent to the *V'tosh ka'tur*.

R'NARA

The "Vulcans without logic"? I read about them at the Academy. I thought the movement died out after the discovery of Surak's *Kir'Shara*?

T'SARA

It didn't die out, but rather faded into obscurity as it reevaluated itself along with the rest of Vulcan during the 22nd century. My mother's family had blood ties back to a group that had learned ways to balance logic with emotions.

R'NARA

Fascinating.

(beat)

If I may also ask, you reassigned me back to bridge duty, even though Captain Windsor dismissed me from those duties.

T'SARA

Yes, I'm aware that you and Windsor had several clashes of sorts, but that was then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA (cont'd)

Experience has shown me that having a counselor's opinion on the bridge has improved many a commanding officer's relationship with the crew, as well as with other command decisions.

(beat)

Especially one as qualified as you, Counselor.

R'NARA

(embarrassed)

Oh. Thank you, Captain. I appreciate that. I have to admit, Captain Windsor may have been popular with the crew, but he and I never 'clicked'. I never felt like he valued my opinion, he left it clear he felt my presence on the bridge was a waste of my time.

T'SARA

Trust me, Counselor. My opinion is quite the reverse. Your input on the bridge is welcomed and expected, understood?

R'NARA

(smiling, genuine)

Yes, ma'am. Thank you.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

Erickson has the center seat. He looks relaxed. COMFORTABLE. Born to sit in it.

Around him, various ND crewmembers work their stations. Matthias is at Tactical, Singh at Conn, Ch'Lene at Ops.

The Ops panel BEEPS. Ch'Lene studies his readings. FROWNS.

CH'LENE

Sir?

ERICKSON

Yes, Lieutenant?

CH'LENE

It may be nothing, but I've got a odd sensor echo to our port aft side.

MATTHIAS

Checking.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTHIAS (cont'd)

(beat)  
Confirmed, Commander.

ERICKSON  
Opinion on it's origin?

MATTHIAS  
It could be a vessel shadowing us in our impulse wake, using some kind of low-grade cloaking technology to hide from passive scans.

ERICKSON  
Bring active scanners to bear on it, Mr. ch'Lene.

CH'LENE  
Yes, sir.  
(beat, surprised)  
It's gone, sir.

ERICKSON  
Gone?

CH'LENE  
Confirmed, sir. It's just vanished.

Erickson rises from the command chair and heads on over to the Ops console, leaning over the Andorian officer to study the readouts.

ERICKSON  
Show me.

ch'Lene tries not to show his agitation, but his antennae give him away.

CH'LENE  
(uncomfortable)  
I'm sorry, sir. As you can see-

ERICKSON  
Easy, Mr. ch'Lene, I'm not doubting your skills or work.  
(beat, curious)  
Hmm, strange, though. Run a diagnostic on the sensor array, just to be sure.

He stands and turns to face Matthias at Tactical.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON (cont'd)  
Matthias, keep an eye out for this shadow just in case it is a cloaked vessel.

MATTHIAS  
Yes, sir.

She touches several controls, before quickly silencing a different part of her panel as it chirps several times.

MATTHIAS (cont'd)  
Sir, we're picking up a distress call, an old-style emergency disaster beacon call out, by the looks of it.

ERICKSON  
From?

MATTHIAS  
The S.S. *Redoubtable*, sir.

ERICKSON  
Mr. ch'Lene?

CH'LENE  
Searching now, sir.

ERICKSON  
(tapping comm-badge)  
Captain to the bridge.

Seconds later, T'SARA and KELLINNIN enter through the starboard door, and move to the command area.

T'SARA  
Report, Commander?

ERICKSON  
(bluntly)  
Distress call, ma'am.

CH'LENE  
I have it, sir. The *Redoubtable* is a private trading and transport vessel, registered out of the New Miranda colony.

MATTHIAS  
I've sent the coordinates the transmission came from to the navigation computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINGH

Coordinates locked and course set, sir. She's about 30 minutes away at warp 9.

T'SARA

Very well, engage when ready, Lieutenant.

SINGH

Aye, sir.

T'SARA

Lieutenant Matthias, signal the *Leicester* and inform them of our reason for leaving the convoy.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE, PRIVATEER VESSEL - CONTINUOUS

The compartment is dark. Cramped. Consoles of a decidedly older design with non-Federation style control interfaces are dotted around the room.

At the MAIN CONSOLE, located just in front of the small, angular viewscreen, stands a tall, hulking figure, with an almost demonic appearance.

Shaggy hair, sickly pale green/yellow skin, and several sharp looking facial spikes around his recessed mouth - a NAUSICAN male, GRAEVEN. He wears tight fitting leather that resembles armor, complete with blades on his shoulders.

The other consoles are manned by a GORN (tall, lizard-like, barely humanoid, could give the Hulk a run for his money) and a LETHEAN, (leathery skin, red eyes, bald with scary facial spikes down the center of his head and around his mouth).

The rest of the stations are manned by several ORIONS, being supervised by a KLINGON (large, powerfully built, dark hair in dreadlock style, cranial ridges coming down across his forehead).

They're all MEN. All strong and well built, wearing civilian ragtag clothing, but with a uniform-like quality to it. They also each have a DISRUPTOR or KNIFE at their hips.

The Gorn - SAZAALAR - works his panel as a sensor alarm Bleeps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAZAALAR

The larger Federation ship is powering up it's warp drive.

On the viewscreen, the *Courageous* pulls away from the convoy and quickly JUMPS to warp, disappearing from sight.

SAZAALAR (cont'd)

Their course suggests they are heading towards that emergency disaster beacon we picked up.

GRAEVEN

Set your course to follow. Maintain a discreet distance, as ordered.

Sazaalar NODS. On the screen, the stars DISTORT and become streaks of light as the vessel jumps to warp.

GRAEVEN (cont'd)

Re'Kan, get down to the engine room, keep an eye on that cloaking device. I do NOT want a repeat of earlier.

The Klingon - RE'KAN, grunts, annoyed, before leaving the bridge. The Lethean - VEVOZK - turns from his own panel, confused.

VEVOZK

I don't get it. Why are you even risking being caught so close to a Starfleet battleship?

GRAEVEN

(laughs)

'Starfleet battleship'? Kind of a contradiction in terms, isn't it? They still refuse to call their 'escort' vessels warships.

VEVOZK

(unimpressed)

That's an *Excelsior*-class starship out there. On a good day, maybe we could hold our own, for a while, but she's just finished a massive upgrade, remember?!

GRAEVEN

(growls)

What I 'remember' is the captain's orders to keep an eye on the sector's new 'watchdog'.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEVEN (cont'd)

(beat)

What I also vividly remember, was what happened to the last crew-mate on board this ship that questions his orders. Do you?

Vevozk, suddenly nervous, swallows. *Nods.*

GRAEVEN (cont'd)

Good. So I trust you know to keep your worries to yourself.

Vevozk nods again, TURNS to his console and busies himself with it. Graeven grunts, *satisfied*, as we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

A FLASH. The *Courageous* slips out of warp and comes to a dead stop.

Floating in front of it, is the S.S. *REDOUBTABLE*. Clearly, it's an older style of ship, and much smaller. It's hull is pitted and burnt in too many places to count, while large chunks of the exterior have been torn or sheared away.

MATTHIAS (PRE-LAP)

She's dead in space.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

Every pair of eyes is fixed to the sight of the *Redoubtable* on the main view-screen, as she slowly tumbles off-axis, even more battle wounds becoming visible.

T'Sara rises from her command chair, and inches forward slightly. Tense. ANGRY. She looks briefly over at DA COSTA, who is sat at the Science Station.

T'SARA

Mr. Da Costa, Lieutenant ch'Lene, what are your sensors readings showing?

CH'LENE

Negligible power readings, Captain. All systems appear dead. But I am picking up some faint life signs in one of the aft cargo compartments in the secondary hull.

DA COSTA

Whoever attacked them completely severed their plasma transfer systems, the entire area is flooded with radiation. It's making it very difficult to get clear readings of the immediate vicinity.

ERICKSON

Any idea who attacked her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DA COSTA

Not as of yet, but I'm working on it, it's just might take a while, is all. There's a lot of data to sort through, and then I have to figure out what's relevant and what isn't.

T'SARA

Understood. Can we beam those life-signs to sickbay?

CH'LENE

I wouldn't advise it, ma'am. That radiation is causing too much sensor interference. The lock wouldn't be clean or stable.

ERICKSON

Can we beam in? Set up pattern enhancers to facilitate a beam out?

CH'LENE

That would be the best option, sir.

T'SARA

Very well. Mr. Erickson, your choices for an away team?

ERICKSON

Myself, Lieutenant Matthias and Mr. Brnash, alongside Dr. Lanjar and her emergency medical teams.

T'SARA

Very good.

ERICKSON

Also, I'd like to have Mr. ch'Lene join us as well.

Ch'Lene REACTS. Singh gives him a quick THUMBS UP and a supportive smile. He swallows. *Nervous.*

ERICKSON (cont'd)

He might be able to access sensor data on the attackers. That could help Mr. Da Costa in his efforts.

Da Costa nods in agreement, as T'Sara looks over at ch'Lene.

T'SARA

Mr. ch'Lene?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He NODS. STANDS.

T'SARA (cont'd)

Very well, but remember, your first duty is to find and help any survivors. Sensor data is secondary.

(beat)

Snap to it, people.

Matthias, Erickson and ch'Lene all quickly hand over their stations to the various ND crewmembers that move in to take over. They head to the port-side turbo-lift and EXIT.

INT. CARGO CONTROL BAY, S.S. *REDOUBTABLE* - LATER

Debris and charred remains of deck plates litter the large spacious cargo area as the away team MATERIALIZES out of the transporter beam.

Matthias and Erickson both draw their PHASERS and survey of the room, while BRNASH pulls out his tricorder and begins scanning. DR. LANJAR and the emergency medical team (two medics, all carrying gear) begin setting up a triage area.

BRNASH

Atmosphere's stable. Emergency bulkheads would have sealed off any hull breaches in the area.

LANJAR

Commander, where are my patients?

ERICKSON

Lieutenant?

Ch'Lene flips open his own tricorder, and briefly scans the room. He moves towards a large DOOR, typical interior cargo bay style.

CH'LENE

The life-form readings are coming from in here, sir. This cargo bay.

MATTHIAS

Makes sense, I suppose. We're in the deepest interior section of the ship. They must have holed themselves up in there for safety during the attack.

Brnash moves to a PANEL by the door, tries a few experimental presses. NOTHING. He then quickly removes a section of the wall, and peers into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRNASH

Hmm, looks like this ODN relay was taken out during the attack. I should be able to get it to open up.

Lanjar opens her own tricorder and scans the cargo bay door. SHAKES her head.

LANJAR

I can't get a clear reading as to how many people are actually inside. These readings could suggest a group of 10, maybe 15 people.

CH'LENE

The crew complement is twelve, at their last inspection. But they are licensed as a passenger ship as well.

MATTHIAS

So what now?

Lanjar TURNS.

LANJAR

Stephens, Carter, take a look around the neighboring corridors, see if you can find any bodies.

CH'LENE

Sensors did not pick up any organic readings that would suggest bodies, Doctor.

BRNASH

That could be the interference, Mr. ch'Lene. Not to mention all the exposed duranium this hulk has shed.

MATTHIAS

Recommend I accompany the medics, Commander.

ERICKSON

Okay, go. Keep a comm-line open with Dr. Lanjar as you go. Mr. ch'Lene, we'll head to the engineering bay. Mr. Brnash, work on getting those doors open.

NODS all around. Lanjar and Brnash focus on the cargo door, as Erickson and ch'Lene move off in one direction, while Matthias and two ND medics head off in another. They EXIT.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Leo Da Costa, fingers flying across his panels, as various screens display one scan result or another, before another one replaces it. He glances up. FROWNS.

DA COSTA  
(surprised)  
Huh. Okay, then.

T'SARA  
You have something?

She LEANS in close, hand on his shoulder, CASUAL. He points to one of the overhead displays on his console.

DA COSTA  
Maybe. According to this, the energy signatures of the weapons fire indicate a type-2 disruptor.

T'SARA  
Meaning the attackers were either Orions, Gorn or Tholians? The Orions makes sense, but the other two?

Da Costa points to a different screen display.

DA COSTA  
Then there's this other reading. That indicates some of the hull damage was the result of spatial torpedoes.

T'SARA  
*Spatial* torpedoes? That technology's beyond outdated! No space-faring race uses them anymore. That makes no sense.

DA COSTA  
Exactly.  
(beat)  
There's still something that's bothering me, though.

T'SARA  
Which is?

DA COSTA  
This was a hell of a firestorm that was unleashed on this vessel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DA COSTA (cont'd)

I get why we haven't picked up any traces of damage or debris from the attacker - the *Redoubtable* barely has any armament. But given how much energy was poured into the attack...

T'SARA

What?

DA COSTA

Why isn't there any indication of that radiation in the surrounding space? This area should be flooded with energy weapon discharges!

INT. ENGINEERING BAY, S.S. *REDOUBTABLE* - CONTINUOUS

In the hexagonal shaped room, which looks as battered and damaged as the rest of the ship, Ch'Lene is underneath a console, buried in the circuitry, as Erickson stands over him.

ERICKSON

(impatient)

Anything?

CH'LENE

One more moment, please.

A SURGE of power. The console comes to life, flickering randomly but active. Ch'Lene emerges from underneath, and seats himself in front, tapping at controls.

CH'LENE (cont'd)

Accessing main computer now.

ERICKSON

Nice work, Lieutenant. What do the sensor logs say?

CH'LENE

(sighs)

Nothing.

ERICKSON

Explain?

CH'LENE

Aside from the basic operating system needed to keep the ship functional, the computer core has been completely wiped.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CH'LENE (cont'd)

(beat)

It's all gone, sir.

*THWACK!* Erickson SLAMS his clenched fist into the console facing. FURIOUS.

ERICKSON

Hell!

(beat, sighs)

Okay, is it a result of the attack?  
Some kind of surge wiped it?

CH'LENE

I don't believe so, sir. That would have caused major corruption to all the files, not simply wipe them. It would also have affected the basic systems as well. This is too clean, too precise.

ERICKSON

Meaning it was deliberate?

CH'LENE

Yes, sir. Perhaps a forensics team could come over and investigate-

*CHIRP! CHIRP!*

Ch'Lene turns back to the panel, touches some controls.  
*Intrigued.*

CH'LENE (cont'd)

Curious. Some kind of subroutine has activated inside the computer core.

ERICKSON

(wary)

What *kind* of subroutine?

CH'LENE

Unknown. It does not appear to have triggered any programs as such. Perhaps it is an error reading due to the erasure of the core.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara sits, looking contemplative, in her command chair, as the bridge carries on as normal around her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DA COSTA (O.S.)

Captain!

She TURNS, to see the look of PANIC on her husband's face.

DA COSTA

The antimatter containment system on the *Redoubtable* is failing!

T'Sara LEAPS from her seat and quickly joins Da Costa at his station, *stunned*.

T'SARA

What happened?

DA COSTA

No idea! One minute everything was reading as stable, the next, the magnetic bottles began to suddenly degrade!

(beat)

We've got less than five minutes before a warp core breach.

T'Sara looks over at the ND crewman manning the Tactical console.

T'SARA

Open a channel to Commander Erickson and the away team.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING BAY, S.S. *REDOUBTABLE* - LATER

Ch'Lene and Erickson are still at the console they've activated.

T'SARA (O.S.)

*Courageous* to away team, prepare for emergency evacuation.

ERICKSON

Erickson here, Captain. What's wrong?

T'SARA

Sensors show you're moments away from a warp core detonation, Commander. We need to get you out of there, now.

SURPRISED, Erickson looks to ch'Lene, who is checking the console displays. The Andorian shakes his head, nonplussed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON

We're not reading anything on this end, ma'am. Are you sure it's not a sensor glitch?

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

Da Costa CURSES under his breath, as T'Sara shoots him a look.

DA COSTA

I'm telling you, we've got three and a half minutes before catastrophic failure!

(beat, low voice)

Maybe he'd like to come over here and check for himself?!

T'SARA

I trust my Science Officer, Mr. Erickson. Stand by for transport.

INT. CARGO CONTROL BAY, S.S. *REDOUBTABLE* - CONTINUOUS

Brnash is still working on the wall controls, elbow deep into it, various tools on the floor around him. Working furiously.

LANJAR

Captain, we've still not been able to get to the survivors! We need more time!

T'SARA (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Doctor, but we don't have any more time to give. Can you get them open in the next two minutes?

Lanjar looks back to Brnash. He shoots Lanjar a look. Shakes his head. *It can't be done.*

LANJAR

(defeated)

No, ma'am.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara closes her eyes for a moment. SIGHS, resigned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA

Then I'm sorry, but there's nothing we can do. Stand by for-

SINGH

Captain, the view-screen!

CLOSE ON: One of the nacelles of the *Redoubtable* has begun the release a steady stream of a SILVER/GREY liquid matter.

SINGH (cont'd)

The port nacelle is venting plasma!

DA COSTA

Captain, the core breach just accelerated! 25 seconds till magnetic containment failure!

T'SARA

Dammit!

(beat, urgent)

Away team, prepare for emergency transport, now!

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM TWO, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

In the transporter room, built in the style of the *Intrepid*-class, a mature Bolian woman (blue skin, bald, with a central bifurcating facial ridge) - SENIOR CHIEF PETTY OFFICER RANIA LERO - works the console. *Frustrated*.

T'SARA (O.S.)

Transporter Room Two, get the away team back, now!

LERO

I'm trying, Captain, but the plasma has corrupted the signal look. I'm refocusing the targeting scanners!

(beat, relieved)

Lock restored. Energizing now!

INT. ENGINEERING BAY, S.S. *REDOUBTABLE* - CONTINUOUS

Erickson and ch'Lene are both engulfed by the transporter effect...

INT. CARGO CONTROL BAY, S.S. *REDOUBTABLE* - CONTINUOUS

...as are Brnash and Lanjar...

INT. CORRIDOR, S.S. *REDOUBTABLE* - CONTINUOUS

...and finally Matthias and the two medics, shimmering out of existence.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara looks back at Da Costa. Apprehensive.

T'SARA  
How long until-

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The *Redoubtable* EXPLODES! KA-BOOM!

The field of warp plasma IGNITES and increases the strength of the SHOCK WAVE that pummels the *Courageous*!

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The whole ship SHAKES from the impact of the shock wave. T'Sara is thrown back into her seat, while other crew ride the wave out by clinging onto their stations.

SINGH  
Engaging stabilizing thrusters!

DA COSTA  
The shock wave is dissipating!

The shaking eases off, finally. The crew resume their duties. T'Sara stands, approaching the forward consoles, gaze fixed on the view-screen.

CLOSE ON: The slowly drifting remains of the former cargo ship...

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE.

The *Courageous* remains nearby the expanding debris field that used to be the *Redoubtable*.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The eyes of the entire bridge crew are still fixed on the main screen. T'Sara stands in front of the forward consoles.

T'SARA

Mr. Da Costa?

Da Costa tears his eyes from the screen and works his console. Shakes his head.

DA COSTA

I'm sorry, Captain. I'm can't detect any survivors. Fallout from the core breach is obscuring the sensors.

T'SARA

Transporter Room Two, did the away team make it back?

Silence. Then..

ERICKSON (V.O.)

We made it, Captain.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM TWO, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

The away team, all seven members, are either standing or sitting on or near the transporter platform. Lanjar and the two medics are scanning the others, as Brnash confers with a relieved-looking Chief Lero.

ERICKSON

A little crisp, but intact.

T'SARA (V.O.)

Good to hear, Commander. Report to the bridge at your earliest convenience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lanjar finishes her examination of ch'Lene, closing her tricorder. She shakes her head, *despondent*.

LANJAR  
(emotional)  
All those people. We left them to die.

ERICKSON  
We did all we could in the time we had, Doctor.

BRNASH  
(defensive)  
I tried to get to doors open, but the system was more damaged than I realized..

LANJAR  
I'm sorry, I'm not blaming anyone. I just-  
(beat, sighs)  
I've never been able to accept loosing a patient. It just seems so unfair that they got this far, only to be killed like this.

ERICKSON  
If anyone is to blame, it's the bastards that attacked them in the first place.

He puts a hand on the Deltan's shoulder.

ERICKSON (cont'd)  
We'll get them, I promise, Doctor.

Lanjar shoots him a look. Almost resigned.

LANJAR  
Space is incredibly big, Commander.

She heads out the transporter room doors.

LANJAR (cont'd)  
Don't make promises you might not be able to keep.

She EXITS.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara moves to stand by the Science station, as Da Costa continues working.

T'SARA

Mr. Da Costa, once the radiation has cleared, I want you to scan the area for any bodies.

(beat, sadly)

We should retrieve what we can for burial. They may have family back on New Miranda.

DA COSTA

(solemn)

Yes, Captain.

(beat)

Request permission to also beam aboard some samples of the ship itself. It might help better identify the weapons discharges by examining the hull directly.

T'SARA

Granted.

(beat)

Lieutenant Singh. How far away is the New Miranda colony from our patrol route?

SINGH

(taps controls)

At warp six, about 13 hours, ma'am. Should I set a course?

T'SARA

Yes, but don't engage until Mr. Da Costa's examination is complete.

SINGH

Understood, ma'am.

T'SARA

Very good.

(beat, heavy)

I'll be in my ready room.

She quickly EXITS.

Off Da Costa's LOOK...

FADE TO:

EXT. SPACE - LATER

The *Courageous* continues to sit in space near the remains of the *Redoubtable*.

T'SARA (V.O.)  
 Captain's Personal Log, supplemental.  
 (beat)  
 Although we were unable to save any survivors from the S.S. *Redoubtable*, we are continuing our efforts to identify the ship's attackers, as well as retrieving any remains in the debris.

INT. READY ROOM, DECK TWO, USS *COURAGEOUS* - LATER

T'Sara stands at her forward-facing window, looking out at the debris of the cargo ship.

T'SARA  
 The professionalism exhibited by my people at this time has made me proud, although the deaths of the cargo vessel's crew is weighing heavy on me at the moment. I've already sent a message to New Miranda's central government to let them know about the destruction of their ship and the loss of her crew.

BA-BA-BEEP!

T'SARA (cont'd)  
 Computer, end log.  
 (beat)  
 Enter.

Da Costa walks in, wearing a TIRED smile.

DA COSTA  
 Hey, gorgeous.

T'SARA  
 (smiling, pleased)  
 Hey, handsome. What you doing here?

DA COSTA  
 Taking a needed break. I have my science teams going over the hull samples we retrieved. We should have some results soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA

And the remains?

DA COSTA

We've found several organic readings that suggest the presence of bodies in the debris. Nyia asked to take over the coordination of their retrieval and interment before we take them back to New Miranda.

Da Costa heads to the replicator.

DA COSTA (cont'd)

One coffee, black. One Vulcan spiced tea, with mint. Oh, and a slice of pecan pie with two forks.

The replicator HUMS, and the ordered items MATERIALIZE on a tray.

T'SARA

Pecan pie?

DA COSTA

When was the last time either of us ate, huh?

T'Sara's mouth opens. Closes. She FROWNS.

DA COSTA (cont'd)

Exactly, right.

He picks the tray and carries it over to her desk, putting it down.

DA COSTA (cont'd)

So, here. Eat.

Smiling softly, T'Sara joins him at the desk, taking a sip of her tea, as he drinks his coffee. They then start on the pie together.

T'SARA

I love you.

DA COSTA

(matter-of-fact)

I know.

(beat, affectionate)

I love you too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They eat for a moment in silence, before Da Costa affectionately plays with T'Sara's hair.

DA COSTA (cont'd)  
How are you feeling?

T'SARA  
(sighs, sadly)  
About as well as you, I'd wager.

DA COSTA  
Hey, none of us are happy about what happened. Nyia's kicking herself, like she always does, and I know you always mull over your command decisions when loss of life occurs.

T'SARA  
Do you blame me?

DA COSTA  
Hey, you did everything you could, and nothing went wrong with what you did do. It was just, I don't know, the luck of the draw, I guess.  
(beat)  
You know we can't save everyone, Sara.

Their eyes LOCK for a moment. Their lips MEET in a tender kiss for a second before parting.

T'SARA  
You know I'm always going to try though, right?

DA COSTA  
It's one of the things I love about you, babe.

T'Sara smiles, before a CHIRP sounds.

LANJAR  
Lanjar to Da Costa!

DA COSTA  
Go ahead, Doctor?

LANJAR  
Can you and T'Sara come down to Cargo Bay One? We've found something... odd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off their shared curious look...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. CARGO BAY ONE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - LATER

CLOSE ON: A rectangular DEVICE, tossed onto a console surface. It's scorched, pitted and cracked open, circuitry exposed.

BRNASH (O.S)  
Meet one of our 'life-signs'.

PULL BACK to reveal Brnash, Da Costa, Dr. Lanjar and T'Sara standing around one of the small control consoles in Cargo Bay One. Various ND science and engineering crew work on the debris that is scattered around the spacious bay.

Da Costa immediately pulls his tricorder out and starts scanning the device.

T'SARA  
Explain, Mr. Brnash.

BRNASH  
We finished our scans, and beamed in the organic remains in order to identify and inter the bodies.  
(beat)  
This is what we found instead.

DA COSTA  
Intriguing. It appears to be some kind of bio-sign mimicking device.

LANJAR  
We found the remains of at least a dozen of these, alongside containers of organic residue.

T'SARA  
Residue?

LANJAR  
A mixture of proteins and amino acids, the building blocks of carbon-based life. Put one of those devices onto one of those containers, and as far as sensors are concerned, you've got a living, breathing person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRNASH

You wouldn't know it wasn't until you laid eyes on it.

T'SARA

But why? What's the point of that?

Da Costa REACTS.

DA COSTA

(realizing)

Oh no...

(beat, louder)

Ensign? Show me the reconstructions, please.

A young ENSIGN walks over and hands a PADD to Da Costa with a NOD. He quickly scrolls through it, his jaw clenching.

DA COSTA (cont'd)

Damn, I was afraid of this.

He offers the PADD to T'Sara.

DA COSTA (cont'd)

Look at the decay age of the hull burns, and the placement of the disruptor blasts.

T'SARA

Is this confirmed?

Da Costa just gives her a LOOK.

T'SARA (cont'd)

Right, sorry, of course.

(beat, under breath)

Damn it. We've been played.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

Erickson has the center seat. Singh and ch'Lene are at Conn and Ops, Matthias mans Tactical.

MATTHIAS

Sir? I'm picking up a strange echo on the sensors, directly ahead.

Erickson stands, moves to Tactical, CURIOUS.

ERICKSON

Same as before?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTHIAS

No, sir. This one is more distinct,  
but still unable to get a positive  
read on it.

ERICKSON

Keep an eye on it, Lieutenant.

MATTHIAS

Aye, sir.

ERICKSON

Mr. ch'Lene, see if you can refine  
the sensors to-

T'SARA (O.C.)

Yellow Alert!

T'Sara and Da Costa EXIT the turbo-lift, moving to their  
positions. The main lights DIM as alert lights blink on.

ERICKSON

(bewildered)

Captain?

T'SARA

Some one is playing us for fools,  
Commander.

(beat)

Mr. ch'Lene, anything unusual on the  
sensors? Anything at all?

CH'LENE

Uh, actually, Captain...

T'Sara FROWNS. Notices the looks being exchanged between  
ch'Lene, Matthias and Erickson.

T'SARA

What? What is going on?

ERICKSON

We picked up a sensor echo, a  
possible cloaked ship, a few moments  
ago, Captain...

(beat)

It appears to be the same one that we  
detected earlier, before we answered  
the *Redoubtable's* distress call.

T'SARA

What 'sensor echo' from before? Why  
was I not informed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON

I didn't deem it relevant to bring to your attention, ma'am. Especially since we had a ship in distress to deal with.

T'Sara, STOIC, walks up to Erickson. She stands CLOSE.

T'SARA

(cold, firm, quiet)

Next time, Commander, I would appreciate a heads up on any and all 'sensor ghosts' we encounter during our patrols. I will be the judge of what is 'relevant', understood?

ERICKSON

Perfectly.

(beat)

Sir.

T'Sara TURNS to Matthias.

T'SARA

Lieutenant, is it definitely the same 'echo' as before?

MATTHIAS

I can't be certain, Captain. Not without bringing active scanners to bear on it, but that would tip them off again.

T'SARA

Again? No, wait, never mind.

DA COSTA

They'll have noticed we've energized defensive systems by now, Captain.

ERICKSON

Who will? What's going on?

DA COSTA

The *Redoubtable* was - *is* - a trap, Commander. The torpedo damage was low-yield and days old, the disruptor blasts all aimed at non-critical areas. She was put here to lure us in - the emergency distress call was the final icing on the cake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINGH

But what about all the survivors? The life-signs?

DA COSTA

Decoys, Lieutenant. All window dressing for the main attraction, to get us to play hero.

ERICKSON

Oh, hell. You're thinking that echo is a cloaked ship, waiting to strike?

T'SARA

The question now, though, is why haven't they, already?

CH'LENE

Perhaps they just want to see how we operate? I mean, I know the *Courageous* is well known throughout the sector, but given the fact she was out of action for six month, maybe they're seeing what she can do?

T'SARA

(considering)

Then, why don't we show them?

(beat)

Raise shield, arm all weapons. Mr. Da Costa, commence active scans of this so-called 'echo'.

DA COSTA

Aye, Captain. Commencing scans.

MATTHIAS

Shields up, phasers and torpedoes on-line, ready for targeting.

T'Sara moves to her command chair. Erickson quickly intercepts.

ERICKSON

(low, questioning)

Captain, is this wise? We don't know what we're dealing with.

T'SARA

That's what I intend to find out, Mr. Erickson. I won't be intimidated out here. We need to remind the sector as a whole just what this ship can do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON

With all due respect, ma'am... that's exactly how Captain Windsor felt.

(beat)

Just before it got him killed.

T'Sara REACTS, and looks at the Executive Officer with sudden clarity.

DA COSTA

(urgent)

Captain! Multiple subspace surges to fore, port and starboard. Vessels de-cloaking!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

In front of the *Courageous*, space SHIMMERS and forms into the shape of THREE Orion Marauders, each glistening with active weapons ports.

Two of them maneuver so that they are crowding the *Courageous* from all around.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. *COURAGEOUS* - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: The main screen shows the image of the prow of the closest Marauder, it's forward weapons ports aimed straight ahead.

There is a BEEP from Ops. Ch'Lene quickly checks his console, before turning to T'Sara. Nervous.

CH'LENE

The lead marauder just sent a message.

(beat)

'Surrender or be destroyed'.

Everyone on the bridge REACTS.

T'Sara simply TURNS and takes her seat. She meets Erickson's searching gaze - a LOOK of understanding passes between them.

They both NOD.

She fixes the forward screen with a STOIC look.

T'SARA

All hands to battle stations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA (cont'd)  
(beat)  
Red Alert.

The lights dim further, as BLOOD RED lighting engages...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE