Star Trek: First Contact

By Brannon Braga
Locutus.
I am Locutus of Borg.
Resistance is futile.
Authorization, Picard 4-7-alpha-tango.
- Admiral.
- Catch you at a bad time, Jean-Luc?
No, of course not.
I've just received a disturbing report from Deep Space Five.
Our colony on Ivor Prime was destroyed this morning.
- Long-range sensors have picked up...
- Yes, I know. The Borg.
Captain's Log, Stardate 50893.5.
The moment I have dreaded for nearly six years has finally arrived.
The Borg, our most lethal enemy, have begun an invasion of the Federation, and this time, there may be no stopping them.
- How many ships?
- One.
And it's on a direct course for Earth.
They will cross the Federation border in less than an hour.
Admiral Hayes is mobilizing a fleet in the Typhon sector.
At maximum warp, it will take us three hours, 25 minutes...
- We're not going.
- What do you mean, we're not going?
Our orders are to patrol the Neutral Zone in case the Romulans decide to take advantage of the situation. The Romulans?
Captain, there has been no unusual activity along the Romulan border for the last nine months. It seems highly unlikely they would choose this moment to start a conflict. Does Starfleet feel we need more shakedown time?
Captain, we've been out in space nearly a year now. We're ready. The Enterprise-E is the most advanced starship in the fleet. We should be on the frontline. I have gone over all this with Starfleet Command. Their orders stand. Number One, set a course for the Neutral Zone.

- Bizet?
- Berlioz. What do you have?
We finished our first sensor sweep of the Neutral Zone.
Fascinating.
Twenty particles of space dust per cubic meter,
fifty-two ultraviolet radiation spikes and a class-2 comet.
This is certainly worthy of our attention.
Captain, why are we out here chasing comets?
Let's just say that Starfleet has every confidence in the Enterprise and her crew. They're just not sure about her captain. They believe that a man who was once captured and assimilated by the Borg should not be put in a situation where he would face them again.
To do so would introduce an unstable element to a critical situation. That's ridiculous. Your experience with the Borg makes you the perfect man to lead this fight. Admiral Hayes disagrees.
- Bridge to Captain Picard.
- Go ahead.
We've just received word from the fleet. They've engaged the Borg.
Mr. Data, put Starfleet frequency 1-4-8-6 on audio.
Aye, sir.
Flagship to Endeavor,
stand by to engage at grid A-15.
Defiant and Bozeman,
fall back to mobile position one.
Acknowledged.
We have it in visual range. A Borg cube
on course 0 mark 2-1-5, speed warp...
We are the Borg. Lower your shields
and surrender your ships.
We will add your biological
and technological distinctiveness
to our own.
Your culture will adapt to service us.
Resistance is futile.
All units, open fire. Remodulate shield...
They've broken through
the defense perimeter...
...toward Earth. Pursuit course...
The cube is changing course.
Defiant, continue to attack.
Flagship to Starfleet Command.
We need reinforcements.
Casualty report is coming in...
...96 dead, 22 wounded
on the Lexington.
Lieutenant Hawk, set a course for Earth.
- Aye, sir.
- Maximum warp.
I'm about to commit
a direct violation of our orders.
Any of you who wish to object
should do so now.
It will be noted in my log.
Captain, I believe I speak
for everyone here, sir, when I say
to hell with our orders.
Red alert! All hands to battle stations!
Engage.
- Report!
- Main power is off-line.
We've lost shields and
our weapons are gone.
Perhaps today is a good day to die.
Prepare for ramming speed!
Sir, there's another starship coming in.
It's the Enterprise.
The Defiant's losing life support.
Bridge to Transporter Room 3.
Beam the Defiant survivors aboard.
Captain, the Admiral's ship has been destroyed.
What is the status of the Borg cube?
It has sustained heavy damage to its outer hull.
I am reading fluctuations in their power grid.
Onscreen.
Number One, open a channel to the fleet.
Channel open, sir.
This is Captain Picard of the Enterprise.
I'm taking command of the fleet.
Target all of your weapons onto the following coordinates.
- Fire on my command.
- Sir.
The coordinates you have indicated do not appear to be a vital system.
Trust me, Data.
The fleet's responded, sir.
They're standing by.
Fire.
- Mr. Hawk, pursuit course. Engage.
- Aye, sir.
What?
I can hear them.
I have a patient here who insists on coming to the Bridge.
Welcome aboard the Enterprise-E, Mr. Worf.
Thank you, sir.
- The Defiant?
- Adrift but salvageable.
- Tough little ship.
- Little?
Mr. Worf, we could use some help at tactical.
You do remember how to fire phasers?
Sensors show chronometric particles emanating from the sphere.
- They're creating a temporal vortex.
- Time travel.
Data, report.
We appear to be caught in a temporal wake.
Captain. Earth.
The atmosphere contains high concentrations of methane, carbon monoxide and fluorine.
- Life-signs?
- Population, approximately 9 billion.
All Borg.
- How?
- They must've done it in the past.
They went back and assimilated Earth, changed history.
But if they changed history, why are we still here?
The temporal wake must have somehow protected us from the changes in the timeline.
- Sir, the vortex is collapsing.
- Hold your course, Mr. Hawk.
We must follow them back, repair whatever damage they've done.
- Come on.
- Good night, Eddie.
Go home.
You're gonna regret this tomorrow.
One of the things you should have learned about me by now is that I don't have regrets.
- Come on, Lily. One more round.
- Z. Z, you had enough.
I'm not going up in that thing with a drunken pilot.
I sure as hell am not going up there sober.
What is that?
That is the constellation Leo.
No. That.
- It's an ECON!
- After all these years?
We gotta get to the Phoenix.
To hell with the Phoenix.
- Help! Help!
- Hurry! Move out! Move!
This way! Zefram!

Report.

Shields are down, long-range sensors are off-line, main power's holding.
According to our astrometric readings, we are in the mid-21st century.
From the radioactive isotopes in the atmosphere, I would estimate we have arrived approximately
Makes sense. Most of the major cities have been destroyed,
very few governments left,
- No resistance.
- Captain.

Mr. Worf, quantum torpedoes.
- Ready, sir.
- Fire.

They were firing at the surface.

Location?

Western hemisphere,
North American continent.
Looks like a missile complex in central Montana.

Missile complex.

The date.

Data, I need to know the exact date.

April 4th, 2063.
- April 4th, the day before first contact.
- Precisely.

Then the missile complex must be where Zefram Cochrane is building his warp ship.
That's what they came here to do, stop first contact.

How much damage, Lieutenant?

Can't tell.

Long-range sensors are still off-line.
We have to go down there, find out what happened.
Data, Beverly, you're with me.

Have a security team meet us in Transporter Room 3.

Computer, mid-21st century civilian clothing.

Number One, you have the Bridge. Over here.

They're all dead.

See if one of them is Cochrane.

Data, let's go check the warp ship.

The structural integrity of the missile appears to be intact, but there is significant damage to various sections of the fuselage and primary intercooler system. We should have the original blueprints in the Enterprise computer.

Commander La Forge will need to bring a team down here...

- Hold your fire! We're here to help you!
- Bullshit!

Captain, I believe I can handle this.

Greetings.

Captain, this woman requires medical attention. Severe theta radiation poisoning. Radiation is coming from the damaged throttle assembly.

We're all gonna have to be inoculated, and I have to get her to Sickbay.

- Doctor...

Please, no lectures about the Prime Directive. I will keep her unconscious.

Very well. Tell Commander Riker to beam down with a search party. We need to find Cochrane.

Crusher to Enterprise, two to beam directly to Sickbay. We have less than 14 hours before this ship has to be launched.

- Picard to Engineering.
- La Forge here.

Geordi, Cochrane's ship was damaged
in the attack.
Get down here with an engineering
detail. We have work to do.
Right. I'm on my way, Captain.
Alpha team, let's assemble
in Transporter Room 3.
We're heading down to the surface.
Porter, you're gonna be in command
till I get back.
- Aye, sir.
- And, Porter,
check out the environmental controls
while I'm gone.
It's getting a little warm in here.
All right, let's go.
Looks like a good spot right here.
Isn't it amazing?
This ship used to be a nuclear missile.
It is an historical irony
that Dr. Cochrane would choose
an instrument of mass destruction
to inaugurate an era of peace.
It's a boyhood fantasy, Data.
I must've seen this ship
hundreds of times in the Smithsonian,
but I was never able to touch it.
Sir, does tactile contact alter
your perception of the Phoenix?
Oh, yes.
For humans, touch can connect you
to an object in a very personal way,
make it seem more real.
I am detecting imperfections
in the titanium casing,
temperature variations
in the fuel manifold.
It is no more real to me now
than it was a moment ago.
Would you three like to be alone?
What have you found out?
There's no sign of Cochrane
anywhere in the complex.
He has to be here.
There was nothing more important
to him than this ship. 
This flight, it was his dream. 
Captain, we should consider 
the possibility 
that Dr. Cochrane was killed 
in the attack. 
If that's true, 
then the future may die with him. 
What do you think? 
It's like the entire 
environmental system's gone crazy. 
It's not just Engineering. 
It's the entire deck. 
Maybe it's a problem 
with the EPS conduits. 
Hello? 
- Hey! 
- Are you talking to me? 
Is there anyone else 
working maintenance in this section? 
Not that I know of. 
Paul? 
Paul? Are you okay in there? 
Captain? What is it? 
Picard to Enterprise. 
Mr. Worf, is everything all right 
up there? 
Yes, sir. We are experiencing some 
environmental difficulties on Deck 16, 
but that is all. 
- What kind of difficulties? 
- Humidity levels have risen 73% 
and the temperature has jumped 
- Mr. Data and I are returning to the ship. 
- Understood. 
- Number One, take charge down here. 
- Aye, sir. 
Damage to her cell membranes 
is repaired. 
She should be fine, 
but I'd like to run another test 
on her spinal tissue. 
And find out why it's so hot in here. 
Now what?
Crusher to Engineering.
Crusher to Bridge.
Commander Worf, I need to know
exactly what's been happening.
We just lost contact with Deck 16.
Communications, internal sensors,
everything.
I was about to send a security team
to investigate.
No! Seal off Deck 16.
Post security teams
at every access point.
- Aye, sir.
- Mr. Hawk.
Before we lost internal sensors,
what were the exact environmental
conditions in Main Engineering?
Atmospheric pressure
was two kilopascals above normal,
ninety-two percent humidity,
Thirty-nine-point-one degrees Celsius.
Like a Borg ship.
They knew their ship was doomed.
Our shields were down.
Somehow they transported over here
without being detected.
They'1l assimilate the Enterprise,
and then Earth.
Picard to Riker.
Enterprise to away team.
Respond!
Sir, main control is being rerouted
through Main Engineering.
Weapons, shields, propulsion.
Quickly, Mr. Data!
Lock out the main computer!
I have isolated the main computer
with a fractal encryption code.
It is highly unlikely
the Borg will be able to break it.
The Borg have cut primary power
to all decks except 16.
The Borg won't stay on Deck 16.
Wake up. You're all right.
Come on. Come on. Wake up.
Take it easy. Stay calm.
You are all right!
- Now, listen to me. Look at me.
- No!
You are gonna be fine.
I need you to do as I say.
Alyssa, is the EMH program still online?
- It should be.
- That's it. That's a girl.
I swore I'd never use one of these.
Computer, activate the EMH program.
Please state the nature
of the medical emergency.
Twenty Borg are about
to break through that door.
We need time to get out of here.
Create a diversion!
This isn't part of my program.
I'm a doctor, not a doorstop.
Well, do a dance, tell a story.
I don't care. Just give us a few seconds.
According to Starfleet medical research,
Borg implants can cause
severe skin irritations.
Perhaps you'd like an analgesic cream?
Which way?
We need to get off this deck.
Follow me.
First thing they'll do in Engineering
is establish a collective,
a central point
from which they can control the hive.
The problem is, if we begin firing
particle weapons in Engineering,
there's a risk
that we may hit the warp core.
I believe our goal should be to puncture
one of the plasma coolant tanks.
- Data?
- Excellent idea.
Plasma coolant will liquefy
organic material on contact.
But the Borg are not entirely organic.
True, but like all cybernetic life-forms, they cannot survive without their organic components. I have ordered all weapons to be set on a rotating modulation. The Borg will adapt quickly. We will be able to fire 12 shots at most. One other thing. You may encounter Enterprise crew members who've already been assimilated. Don't hesitate to fire. Believe me, you'll be doing them a favor. Let's go. Deanna! Deanna! No, no! Don't turn off the... Who is this jerk? Who told him he could turn off my music? Will Riker, Zefram Cochrane. - Is he a friend of yours? - Yes. - Husband? - No. Good. - Now, this, Deena... - Deanna. - This is the good stuff. - Dr. Cochrane... To the Phoenix, may she rest in peace. Okay, that wasn't so good. Will, I think we have to tell him the truth. - If we tell the truth, the timeline... - Timeline? This is no time to argue about time. We don't have the time. - What was I saying? - You're drunk. - I am not! - Yes, you are. Look, he wouldn't even talk to me unless I had a drink with him. And then it took three shots
of something called tequila
just to find out
he was the one we're looking for.
And I've spent the last 20 minutes
trying to keep his hands off me.
So don't go criticizing
my counseling technique.
Sorry.
It's a primitive culture.
- I'm just trying to blend in.
- You're blended, all right.
I already told him our cover story.
He didn't believe me.
We are running out of time.
Now, if we tell him the truth,
do you think he'll be able to handle it?
If you're looking for my professional
opinion as ship's counselor,
- he's nuts.
- I'll be sure to note that in my log.
Captain, I believe I am feeling anxiety.
It is an intriguing sensation.
A most distracting...
Data, I'm sure
it's a fascinating experience,
but perhaps you should deactivate
your emotion chip for now.
Good idea, sir.
Done.
Data, there are times that I envy you.
It's only me!
- Doctor, are you all right?
- Yes, but we have wounded here.
Lopez, get these people
back to Deck 14.
There was a civilian,
a woman from the 21st century.
- We got separated.
- We will watch for her.
Worf, she has no idea what's going on.
Try to find her.
Lower your weapons.
They'll ignore us
till they consider us a threat.
The manual release.
Mr. Worf, hold this position.
Manual release is online.
Perhaps we should just knock.
Data.
Ready phasers!
Data, cover me.
Captain, they've adapted!
Regroup on Deck 15.
Don't let them touch you!
- Captain!
- Data!
Here!
Captain!
Help.
Please, help.
- You! How the hell did you...
- Back off!
- Calm down!
- Shut up!
- Who are you?
- My name is Jean-Luc Picard...
No! Who are you with? What faction?
I'm not a member
of the Eastern Coalition. Listen...
I said shut up!
I don't care who you're with.
Get me the hell out of here.
Now!
That isn't going to be easy.
Well, you better find a way
to make it easy, soldier,
or I'm gonna start pushing buttons.
All right!
- Follow me.
- Slow!
Your efforts to break
the encryption codes
will not be successful.
Nor will your attempts to assimilate me
into your collective.
Brave words.
I've heard them before,
from thousands of species
across thousands of worlds
since long before you were created.
But now, they are all Borg.
I am unlike any life-form
you have encountered before.
The codes stored in my neural net
cannot be forcibly removed.
You are an imperfect being
created by an imperfect being.
Finding your weakness
is only a matter of time.
Let me just make sure
that I understand you correctly,
Commander.
A group of cybernetic creatures
from the future
have traveled back through time
to enslave the human race,
- and you're here to stop them?
- That's right.
Hot damn. You're heroic.
We're gonna prove it to you. Geordi!
- There she is. Beautiful!
- Here we go.
- All right, take a look.
- Well, well, well.
What do we got here?
I love a good peep show.
That's a trick.
- How'd you do that?
- It's your telescope.
That's our ship, the Enterprise.
- And Lily's up there right now?
- That's right.
Can I talk to her?
We've lost contact with the Enterprise.
We don't know why yet.
So, what is it you want me to do?
Simple. Conduct your warp flight
tomorrow morning just as you planned.
Why tomorrow morning?

Because at 11:
begin passing through this solar system.
Alien. You mean extraterrestrials?
- More bad guys?
- Good guys.
They're on a survey mission.
They have no interest in Earth.
Too primitive.
Doctor, tomorrow morning, when they
detect the warp signature from your ship
and realize that humans have
discovered how to travel
faster than light,
they decide to alter their course.
They make first contact with Earth,
right here.
- Here?
- Actually, over there.
It is one of the pivotal moments
in human history, Doctor.
You get to make first contact
with an alien race,
and after you do,
everything begins to change.
Your theories on warp drive
allow fleets of starships to be built,
and mankind
to start exploring the galaxy.
It unites humanity in a way
that no one ever thought possible
when they realize
they're not alone in the universe.
Poverty, disease, war, they'll all be gone
within the next 50 years.
But unless you make that warp flight
tomorrow morning before 11:15,
none of it will happen.
And you people, you're all astronauts
on some kind of star trek.
Look, Doc, I know
this is a lot for you to take in,
but we're running out of time here.
We need your help.
What do you say?
Why not?
It's pretty bad, sir.
It looks like they control Decks 26 up to 11. But when they took Deck 11, they just stopped. The Borg have assimilated more than half the ship in a matter of hours. Why stop there? What is on Deck 11? Hydroponics, stellar cartography, deflector control.
- No vital system.
- They would not have stopped there unless it gave them a tactical advantage.
Return to your checkpoint.
- Send reports every 10 minutes.
- Right, sir.
Something must've happened in Sickbay. Where are Dr. Crusher and the others? Why did you break the cease-fire?
- We didn't attack you!
- Who did?
There's a new faction that wants to prevent your launch tomorrow morning, but we are here to help you. This may be difficult for you to accept, but you are not in Montana anymore. You're on a ship, a spaceship orbiting the Earth at an altitude of... You wanna help me, get me out of here. All right. You want a way out. Here it is. What is this? Australia, New Guinea, the Solomons. Montana will be up soon, but you may want to hold your breath. It's a long way down. Now, listen to me. I'm not your enemy, and I can get you home, but first you must put that weapon down and trust me. Jean-Luc Picard. My name. That's my name.
What's yours?
Lily.
Welcome aboard, Lily.
Thank you.
Maximum setting. If you'd fired this,
you would've vaporized me.
It's my first ray gun.
There's no glass.
Force field.
I've never seen that kind of technology.
That's because
it hasn't been invented yet.
What?
There's more I have to tell you.
Come on.
Are you ready?
- Who are you?
- I am the Borg.
That is a contradiction. The Borg
have a collective consciousness.
There are no individuals.
I am the beginning, the end,
the one who is many.
I am the Borg.
Greetings.
I am curious.
Do you control the Borg collective?
You imply a disparity where none exists.
I am the collective.
Perhaps I should rephrase the question.
I wish to understand
the organizational relationships.
Are you their leader?
I bring order to chaos.
An interesting if cryptic response.
You are in chaos, Data.
You are the contradiction.
A machine who wishes to be human.
Since you seem to know
so much about me,
you must be aware that I am
programmed to evolve, to better myself.
We, too, are on a quest
to better ourselves,
evolving toward a state of perfection. 
Forgive me, but the Borg do not evolve.
They conquer.
By assimilating other beings
into our collective,
we are bringing them closer
to perfection.
Somehow, I question your motives.
That is because
you haven't been properly
stimulated yet.
You have reactivated my emotion chip.
- Why?
- Don't be frightened.
I am not frightened.
Do you know what this is, Data?
It would appear you are attempting
to graft organic skin
onto my endoskeletal structure.
What a cold description
for such a beautiful gift.
Was that good for you?
How many planets
are in this Federation?
Over 150,
spread across 8,000 light-years.
You must not get home much.
Actually, I tend to think of this ship
as home.
But if it's Earth you're talking about,
I try to get back whenever I can.
Good. They haven't broken
the encryption codes yet.
Who, those bionic zombies
you told me about? The...
- Borg.
- Borg? Sounds Swedish.
- How big is this ship?
- There are 24 decks,
  almost 700 meters long.
It took me six months
to scrounge up enough titanium
just to build a four-meter cockpit.
How much did this thing cost?
The economics of the future are somewhat different. You see, money doesn't exist in the 24th century. No money? You mean you don't get paid? The acquisition of wealth is no longer the driving force in our lives. We work to better ourselves and the rest of humanity. Actually, we're rather like yourself and Dr. Cochrane.

All right! All right.
- Come on.
- Is there another way around?
I know what I'm doing. Definitely not Swedish. What the hell are you doing? I'm sorry, gentlemen, but we're closing. And you do understand we have a strict dress code, so if you boys don't leave right now, I'll... I'm looking for Nicky the Nose. The Nose? He hasn't been here in months. This is the wrong chapter. Computer! Begin chapter 13. Try and look as if you're having a good time. No, no, no, look at me! Try to act naturally. There he is. Ruby, this is not a good time. It's never the time for us, is it, Dix? Always some excuse, - some case you're working on. - I have to talk to Nicky. I'll see you later. Okay, but watch your caboose. And dump the broad. Well, well, well. Look what the cat dragged in. What's shaking, Dix? The usual, Nick. Martinis and skirts.
Excuse me.
Hey, I'm going to take that personal in a second.
No offense.
Hey!
Hey!
I think you got him.
I don't get it.
I thought you said this was all just a bunch of holograms.
- If it's holograms...
- I disengaged the safety protocols.
Without them, even a holographic bullet can kill.
- What are you doing?
- I'm looking for the neuroprocessor.
Every Borg has one.
It's like a memory chip.
It will contain a record of all the instructions this Borg has been receiving from the collective.
Oh, my.
Jean-Luc, it's one of your uniforms.
Yes, this was Ensign Lynch.
Tough luck, huh?
I've gotta get to the Bridge.
Good morning, sir.
Doctor?
- Yeah?
- Would you mind taking a look at this?
Yeah.
I tried to reconstruct the intermix chamber from what I remember in school.
Tell me if I got it right.
School?
- You learned about this in school?
- Oh, yeah.
Basic Warp Design is a required course at the Academy.
The first chapter is called "Zefram Cochrane".
Well, it looks like you got it right.
Commander, this is what we're thinking of using to replace the damaged warp plasma conduit. Yeah, Reg. Yeah, that's good, but you need to reinforce this copper tubing with a nanopolymer. Dr. Cochrane, I know this sounds silly, but can I shake your hand? Thank you, Doctor. I can't tell you what an honor it is to work with you on this project. - Reg. - I never imagined that I'd be meeting the man who invented warp drive. I... - Reg! I'm sorry. Right. Thanks. Do they have to keep doing that? It's just a little hero worship, Doc. To tell you the truth, I can't say I blame them. We all grew up hearing about what you did here. Or what you're about to do. You know, I probably shouldn't even tell you this, but I went to Zefram Cochrane High School. Really? You know, I wish I had a picture of this. - What? - Well, you see, in the future, this whole area becomes an historical monument. You're standing almost on the exact spot where your statue's gonna be. - Statue? - Oh, yeah! It's marble, about 20 meters tall, and you're looking up at the sky, and your hand's sort of reaching toward the future. I gotta take a leak.
Leak? I'm not detecting any leak.
Don't you people from the 24th century ever pee?
Leak! I get it.
That's pretty funny.
Excuse me.
Commander?
- Captain.
- Jean-Luc.
Reports of my assimilation are greatly exaggerated.
I found something you lost.
- I am a Klingon.
- Mr. Worf, report.
The Borg control over half the ship.
We have tried to restore power to the Bridge and the weapon systems,
- but we have been unsuccessful.
- We have another problem.
I've accessed a Borg neuroprocessor, and I've discovered what they're trying to do.
They're transforming the deflector dish into an interplexing beacon.
Interplexing?
It's a subspace transmitter.
If they activate the beacon, they'll be able to establish a link with the Borg living in this century.
But in the 21st century, the Borg are still in the Delta Quadrant. They'll send reinforcements.
Humanity will be an easy target.
Attack the Earth in the past to assimilate the future.
Then we must destroy the deflector dish before they can activate the beacon.
We can't get to deflector control or a shuttlecraft...
Mr. Worf, do you remember your zero-g combat training?
I remember it made me sick to my stomach.
What are you suggesting?
I think it's time that we took a little stroll.
Hang on.
There's a humanoid life-sign up ahead.
Five hundred eleven meters.
Cochrane?
It's him, all right.
I've re-modulated the pulse emitters,
but I do not believe we will get
more than one or two shots
- before the Borg adapt.
- Then we must make every shot count.
Magnetize.
- Watch your caboose, Dix.
- I intend to.
- How are you doing, Mr. Worf?
- Not well, sir.
Try not to look at the stars.
Keep your eyes on the hull.
Let's go.
Tell me, are you using
a polymer-based neuro-relay
to transmit the organic nerve impulses
to the central processor
of my positronic net?
If that is the case,
how have you solved the problem
of increased signal degradation
inherent to organo-synthetic
transmission...
Do you always talk this much?
Not always, but often.
Why do you insist on utilizing
this primitive linguistic communication?
Your android brain is capable
of so much more.
Have you forgotten? I am endeavoring
to become more human.
Human. We used to be
exactly like them. Flawed, weak,
organic.
But we evolved to include the synthetic.
Now we use both to attain perfection.
Your goal should be the same as ours.
Believing oneself to be perfect
is often the sign of a delusional mind.
Small words from a small being
trying to attack
what he doesn't understand.
I understand that you have
no real interest in me,
that your goal is
to obtain the encryption codes
for the Enterprise computer.
That is one of our goals, one of many.
But in order to reach it,
I am willing to help you reach yours.
Is it becoming clear to you yet?
Look at yourself,
standing there, cradling the new flesh
that I've given you.
If it means nothing to you,
why protect it?
I am simply imitating
the behavior of humans.
You're becoming more human
all the time, Data.
Now you're learning how to lie.
My programming was not designed
to process these sensations.
Then tear the skin from your limb
as you would a defective circuit.
Go ahead, Data. We won't stop you.
Do it. Don't be tempted by flesh.
Are you familiar
with physical forms of pleasure?
If you are referring to sexuality,
I am fully functional,
programmed in multiple techniques.
How long has it been
since you've used them?
Eight years,
seven months, 16 days,
four minutes, 22...
Far too long.
- We should bring reinforcements.
- There's no time.
It looks as if they're building the beacon
right on top of the particle emitter.
Once all the transponder rods are in place, the beacon will be activated.
Well, if we set our phasers to full power, we can...
No. There's a risk that we hit the dish. It's charged with antiprotons.
We could destroy half the ship.
We have to find another way.
Come on, come on.
- Doctor!
- Sir?
You still looking for the bathroom?
- I'm not going back.
- Look, Doc, we can't do this without you.
I don't care. I don't wanna be a statue.
- Doctor...
- You stay away from me.
We don't have time for this.
You told him about the statue?
For this to work, all three maglocks will have to be released.
Magnetic constrictors are disengaged.
They've adapted.
Warning. Decompression in 45 seconds.
Hawk!
We've had a change of plans, Data.
Assimilate this.
Only got an hour to go, Doc.
How you feeling?
I got a four-alarm hangover, either from the whiskey or your laser beam, or both, but I'm ready to make history.
- Troi to Commander Riker.
- Riker here.
- We're ready to open the launch door.
- Go ahead.
Look at that.
What, you don't have a moon in the 24th century?
Sure we do. It just looks a lot different.
There are 50 million people living on the moon in my time.
You can see Tycho City, New Berlin, even Lake Armstrong on a day like this.

- And you know, Doctor...
- Please!

Don't tell me it's all thanks to me.

I've heard enough about the great Zefram Cochrane.

I don't know who writes your history books or where you get your information from, but you people got some pretty funny ideas about me.

You all look at me as if I'm some kind of saint or visionary or something.

I don't think you're a saint, Doc, but you did have a vision. And now we're sitting in it.

You wanna know what my vision is? Dollar signs. Money.

I didn't build this ship to usher in a new era for humanity.

You think I want to go to the stars? I don't even like to fly! I take trains!

I built this ship so that I could retire to some tropical island filled with naked women.

That's Zefram Cochrane. That's his vision.

This other guy you keep talking about, this historical figure, I never met him. I can't imagine I ever will.

Someone once said, "Don't try to be a great man. Just be a man, and let history make its own judgments."

That's rhetorical nonsense.

- Who said that?
- You did, 10 years from now.

You got 58 minutes, Doc. You better get on that checklist. They're on the move again.

The Borg just overran three of our defense checkpoints.
They've taken over Decks 5 and 6. They've adapted to every modulation of our weapons. It's like we're shooting blanks. We'll have to work on finding another way to modify our weapons so they'll be more effective. In the meantime, tell your men to stand their ground.

- Sir...
- Fight hand-to-hand if they have to.

Aye, sir.

Wait. Captain, our weapons are useless. We must activate the auto-destruct sequence and use the escape pods to evacuate the ship.

No! Jean-Luc, if we destroy the ship, we destroy the Borg. We're gonna stay and fight.

Sir, we have lost the Enterprise. We should not sacrifice...

We have not lost the Enterprise, Mr. Worf. We are not going to lose the Enterprise. Not to the Borg, not while I'm in command.

- You have your orders.
- I must object to this course of action.
- It is...
- The objection is noted.

With all due respect, sir, I believe you are allowing your personal experience with the Borg to influence your judgment. You're afraid. You want to destroy the ship and run away. You coward. Jean-Luc.

If you were any other man, I would kill you where you stand.
Get off my Bridge.
- So what do we do now?
- We carry out his orders.
Dyson, Kaplan,
- start working on a way to modify...
- Wait!
...the weapon systems.
- This is stupid!
If we can get off this ship
and then blow it up, let's do it!
Once the Captain's made up his mind,
the discussion is over.
Lily!
- You son of a bitch.
- This really isn't the time.
Okay, I don't know jack
about the 24th century,
but everybody out there thinks
that staying here
and fighting the Borg is suicide.
They're just afraid to come in here
and say it.
The crew is accustomed
to following my orders.
They're probably accustomed
to your orders making sense.
None of them
understand the Borg as I do.
No one does.
No one can.
What is that supposed to mean?
Six years ago,
they assimilated me into their collective.
I had their cybernetic devices
implanted throughout my body.
I was linked to the hive mind,
every trace of individuality erased.
I was one of them.
So you can imagine, my dear,
I have a somewhat unique perspective
on the Borg,
and I know how to fight them.
Now, if you will excuse me,
I have work to do.
I am such an idiot.
It's so simple.
The Borg hurt you,
and now you're going to hurt them back.
In my century,
we don't succumb to revenge.
We have a more evolved sensibility.
Bullshit! I saw the look on your face
when you shot those Borg
on the Holodeck.
You were almost enjoying it!
- How dare you.
- Oh, come on, Captain.
You're not the first man
to get a thrill from murdering someone.
I see it all the time!
- Get out!
- Or what?
You'll kill me
like you killed Ensign Lynch?
- There was no way to save him.
- You didn't even try.
Where was
your evolved sensibility then?
- I don't have time for this.
- Hey.
I'm sorry. I didn't mean
to interrupt your little quest.
Captain Ahab has to go hunt his whale.
What?
You do have books in the 24th century?
- This is not about revenge.
- Liar!
This is about saving
the future of humanity!
- Jean-Luc, blow up the damn ship!
- No!
No!
I will not sacrifice the Enterprise.
We've made too many compromises
already, too many retreats.
They invade our space and we fall back.
They assimilate entire worlds
and we fall back.
Not again.
The line must be drawn here.
This far, no further!
And I will make them pay
for what they've done.
You broke your little ships.
See you around, Ahab.
"And he piled upon
the whale's white hump
"the sum of all the rage and hate
felt by his whole race.
"If his chest had been a cannon,
he would have shot his heart upon it. "
What?
Moby-Dick.
Actually, I never read it.
Ahab spent years hunting
the white whale that crippled him,
a quest for vengeance,
but in the end,
it destroyed him and his ship.
I guess he didn't know when to quit.
Prepare to evacuate the Enterprise.
- ATR setting?
- Active.
- Main bus?
- Ready.
Initiate pre-ignition sequence.
Begin auto-destruct sequence.
Authorization, Picard 4-7-alpha-tango.
Computer,
Commander Beverly Crusher.
Confirm auto-destruct sequence.
Authorization, Crusher 2-2-beta-charlie.
Computer,
Lieutenant Commander Worf.
Confirm auto-destruct sequence.
Authorization, Worf 3-7-gamma-echo.
Command authorization accepted.
Awaiting final code
to begin auto-destruct sequence.
This is Captain Jean-Luc Picard.
Destruct sequence alpha-one.
Fifteen minutes, silent countdown.
Enable.
Self-destruct in 15 minutes.
There will be no further audio warnings.
So much for the Enterprise-E.
We barely knew her.
Think they'll build another one?
Plenty of letters left in the alphabet.
Mr. Worf.
I regret some of the things
I said to you earlier.
Some?
As a matter of fact,
I think you're the bravest man
I've ever known.
Thank you, sir.
See you on Gravett Island.
Captain.
Data?
Control to Phoenix. Final
launch sequence checks are complete.
Good luck.
- Everybody ready to make some history?
- Always am.
- I think I forgot something.
- What?
I don't know. It's probably nothing.
Begin ignition sequence.
- 20, 19...
- Oh, God!
- Now I remember!
- What?
- Where is it?
- What?
- We can't lift off without it!
- Geordi, we've got to abort.
No! No, wait, I found it.
...12, 11, 10,
- Let's rock and roll!
- 7, 6...
Turn that down a little?
Hey! We've got a red light
on the second intake valve.
Ignore it. We'll be fine.
Prepare first stage shutdown
and separation on my mark.
mark!
Okay, let's bring the warp core online.
You ain't seen nothing yet.
If you see Commander Riker
or any of my crew, give them this.
What is it?
Orders to find a quiet corner
of North America
and stay out of history's way.
Well, good luck.
To both of us.
You're not leaving, are you?
Lily, when I was held captive
on the Borg ship,
my crew risked everything to save me.
There is
someone
still on this ship,
and I owe him the same.
Go and find your friend.
What's wrong, Locutus?
Isn't this familiar?
Organic minds are such fragile things.
How could you forget me so quickly?
We were very close, you and I.
You can still hear our song.
Yes, I...
I remember you.
You were there all the time.
But that ship
and all the Borg on it were destroyed.
You think
in such three-dimensional terms.
How small you've become.
Data understands me.
Don't you, Data?
What have you done to him?
Given him what he always wanted,
flesh and blood.
Let him go. He's not the one you want.
Are you offering yourself to us?
Offering myself?
That's it. I remember now.
It wasn't enough that you assimilate me.
I had to give myself freely to the Borg.

- To you.
- You flatter yourself.
I've overseen the assimilation
of countless millions.
- You were no different.
- You're lying.
You wanted more
than just another Borg drone.
You wanted a human being
with a mind of his own
who could bridge the gulf
between humanity and the Borg.
You wanted a counterpart.
But I resisted.
I fought you.
You can't begin to imagine
the life you denied yourself.
It's not too late.
Locutus could still be with you,
just in the way you wanted,
an equal.
Let Data go,
and I will take my place at your side,
willingly, without any resistance.
Such a noble creature,
a quality we sometimes lack.
We will add your distinctiveness
to our own.
Welcome home, Locutus.
Data, you are free to go.

- Data, go.
- No.
I do not wish to go.
As you can see,
I have already found an equal.
Data, deactivate
the self-destruct sequence.
Data, no. Don't do it.
Data, listen to me.
Auto-destruct sequence deactivated.
Now enter the encryption codes
and give me computer control.
Data!
Data.
He will make an excellent drone.
Plasma injectors are online.
Everything's looking good.
I think we're ready.
They should be out there right now.
We better break the warp barrier
in the next five minutes
if we're gonna get their attention.
- Nacelles are charged and ready.
- Let's do it!
Engage!
Warp field is looking good.
Structural integrity is holding.
- Speed?
- 20,000 kilometers per second.
Sweet Jesus!
Relax, Doctor. I'm sure they're just here
to give us a send-off.
I am bringing
the external sensors online.
Thirty seconds to warp threshold.
Approaching light-speed.
We're at critical velocity.
- Quantum torpedoes locked.
- Destroy them.
Watch your future's end.
Data!
Resistance is futile.
That should be enough.
Throttle back. Take us out of warp.
Is that Earth?
That's it.
It's so small.
It's about to get a whole lot bigger.
Captain.
Data.
Are you all right?
I would imagine I look worse than I
feel.
Strange.
Part of me is sorry she is dead.
She was unique.
She brought me closer to humanity than I ever thought possible, and for a time, I was tempted by her offer. How long a time? Zero-point-six-eight seconds, sir. For an android, that is nearly an eternity. Captain's Log, April 5th, 2063.
The voyage of the Phoenix was a success, again. The alien ship detected the warp signature and is on its way to rendezvous with history. My God. They're really from another world. And they're going to want to meet the man who flew that warp ship. Live long and prosper. Thanks.
I think it's time we made a discreet exit. Riker to Enterprise, stand by to beam us up. You gotta go? I envy you, the world you're going to. I envy you, taking these first steps into a new frontier. I shall miss you, Lily. Picard to Enterprise. Energize.
- Report.
- The moon's gravitational field obscured our warp signature. The Vulcans did not detect us. Captain, I've reconfigured our warp field to match the chronometric readings of the Borg sphere. Recreate the vortex, Commander.
- Aye, sir.
All decks report ready. Helm standing by. Mr. Data,
lay in a course for the 24th century.
I suspect our future is there
waiting for us.
Course laid in, sir.
Make it so.