

STAR TREK[®]

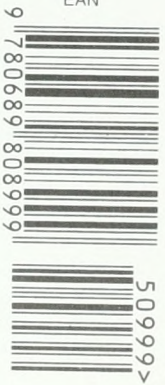
FIRST CONTACT[™]

The Movie Storybook



JANE B. MASON

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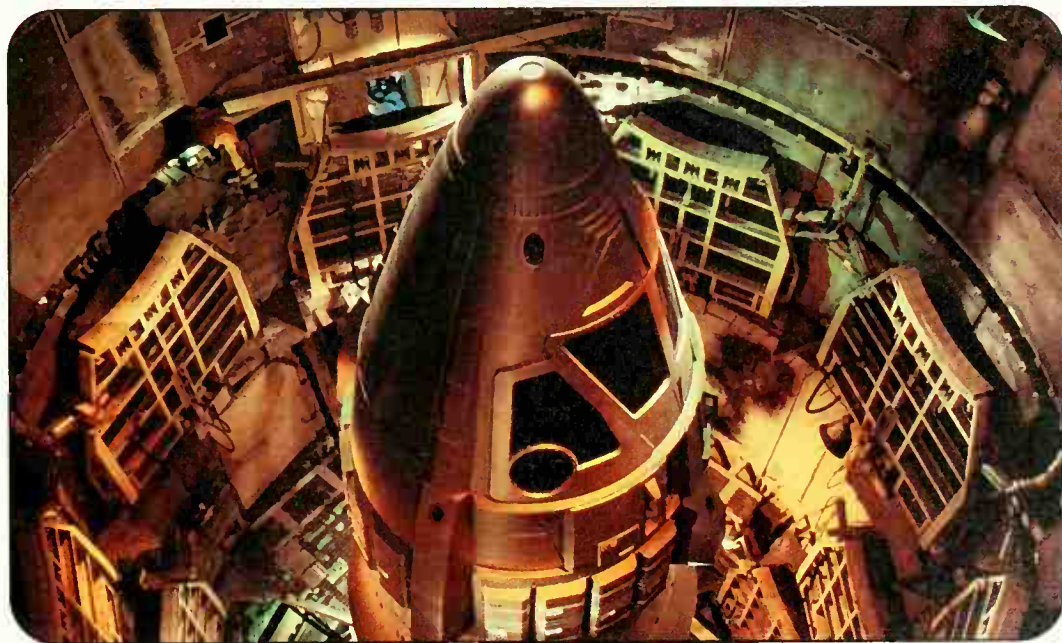


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The Movie Storybook



Adapted by Jane B. Mason

Screenplay by Brannon Braga & Ronald D. Moore

**Story by Rick Berman & Brannon Braga
& Ronald D. Moore**



Aladdin Paperbacks



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half-machine drones who want to control every species in the universe.

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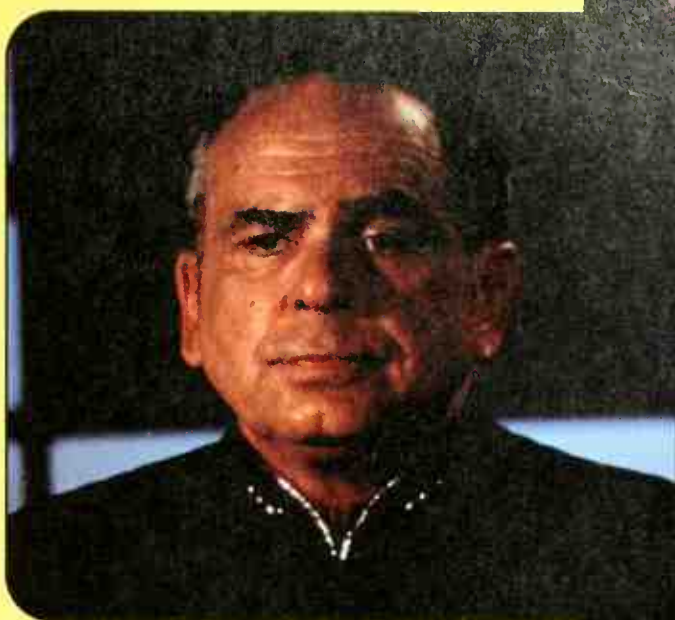
Captain Jean-Luc Picard bolted awake. His heart was thudding in his chest. His forehead was sweaty. His breath was coming in hard, quick gasps.

He'd been having a nightmare.

Across the room, his computer crackled to life. The screen flashed the Starfleet logo and the image of a high-ranking officer appeared.

"I just received a disturbing report from Deep Space Five," the officer said. "It seems their sensors have picked up—"

Captain Picard's dream flashed in his mind. He'd been captured by the Borg, an alien race of half-human, half-machine drones who wanted to control every species in the universe. The dream had once been true. He had once been captured by the Borg.



Sometimes he could still hear Borg voices in his head.

"I know," the captain replied. "They're coming."

The Borg were on their way.



Within hours, several Starfleet ships were battling the Borg ship which resembled a giant cube. Captain Picard had been ordered to keep his ship, the *Enterprise*, in the Neutral Zone, away from the war. He and his crew listened to the battle over the ship's communication system.

"Surrender your ships," a Borg voice—thousands of voices speaking as one—said over the airwaves. "Your culture will adapt to serve us. Resistance is futile. We are the Borg."

There was a loud explosion. "They've broken through the defense perimeter!" a Starfleet officer exclaimed. "They're heading toward Earth!"

Captain Picard scowled. He'd been ordered to stay away from the war, away from the Borg. But his ship was ready to fight. And so was he.

Picard looked at his Bridge crew: his first officer, Commander William Riker, the android, Lieutenant Commander Data, and Deanna Troi, the ship's counselor. They were all waiting for him to speak.

Picard cleared his throat. "I'm about to commit a direct violation of our orders. Any of you who wish to object, do so now and I'll note it in my log. Set course for Earth. Maximum speed."

The crew looked at each other—no one objected.



As the *Enterprise* raced toward Earth, the crew kept tabs on the raging battle. One of the Starfleet ships, the *Defiant*, was under heavy fire.

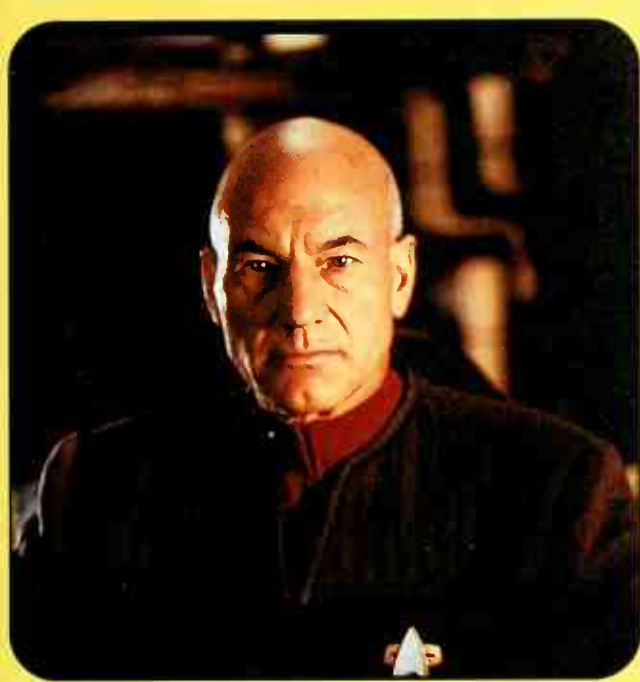
"Main power's off line! We've lost shields and our weapons are gone!" an officer reported.

The commanding officer of the ship, a Klingon named Worf, gritted his teeth. "Then today is a good day to die. Get ready to ram the Borg ship!"

The officer checked his monitor. "Sir—there's another Starship coming in. It's the *Enterprise*!"

Captain Picard had the *Defiant* survivors beamed aboard. The *Enterprise* swooped toward the cube, unleashing a barrage of fire, but the Borg ship seemed indestructible.





"This is Captain Picard of the *Enterprise*," Picard spoke to the fleet. "Target your weapons on the following coordinates, and fire on my command." He listed the coordinates and gave the ships a few moments to prepare.

"Fire!"

The entire Starfleet fired at a single spot on the Borg cube. The cube exploded with a giant blast.

Captain Picard watched the explosion. Then, all of a sudden, a smaller Borg sphere emerged from the center of the explosion. . . . and headed straight for Earth!





Captain Picard leapt to his feet. "Pursuit course!" he ordered. He wasn't sure why the Borg were going to Earth, but he knew that he had to stop them.

As the Borg raced toward Earth, it left strange particles in its path. The particles formed a kind of cloud around the ship. The Borg had created a temporal vortex—they were traveling back in time!

"Data, hold your course," Captain Picard said. "We have to follow them back. . . . stop them from changing the past."

The *Enterprise* shook as it roared through the vortex. When it got to the other side, the vortex disappeared.



The year was now 2063, three hundred years in the past. Most of Earth and its people had been destroyed by nuclear war. One of the survivors was Zefram Cochrane.

Zefram was a scientist on a mission. He'd built the world's first warp ship—a ship that could travel faster than the speed of light. This ship would make history. It would take humanity to the stars—and bring intelligent alien beings back to Earth, establishing “first contact” between people from different worlds.

But Zefram didn't care about that. He just wanted to get rich. And after he and his partner Lily flew that ship tomorrow, they'd be just that.

Lily and Zefram walked through the missile complex they called home. They looked up at the nighttime stars. “Hey, what's that?” Lily suddenly asked. A glowing ball of light was moving across the sky. And then—WHAM! A giant explosion ripped a hole in the ground nearby.





On board the *Enterprise*, the crew saw the Borg vessel firing at Earth.

"Fire quantum torpedoes!" Captain Picard ordered.

The crew watched as five torpedoes sped toward the Borg vessel. They smashed into it, blowing it to pieces.

"They were firing at the surface," Captain Picard said. "Where?"

"Looks like some sort of missile complex in Montana," Commander Riker reported.

Captain Picard turned to Data. "The date. I need to know the exact date."

Data worked his console. "It's April 4, 2063."

"That's one day before humans and alien beings made their first contact," Picard said. "The Borg must be trying to stop Zefram Cochrane from flying the *Phoenix*, his warp ship!"

A few minutes later, Picard, Data, and Dr. Beverly Crusher materialized at the edge of the missile complex. They'd come to investigate the damage. If the *Phoenix* didn't make its flight the next day, the future of mankind would be changed forever.

The complex was a mess. Debris was everywhere. Smoke billowed in the air, and huge craters ripped up the ground.

Right away Picard spotted a metal staircase leading downward. "Let's check this ship," he said. "Beverly, you try to find Cochrane. Make sure he's all right."

Picard and Data made their way down a long corridor and into a huge room. The towering warp ship stood in the center, surrounded by a series of catwalks.

From one of the catwalks, Lily watched the two strange men. Who were they? What did they want? Did they have anything to do with the attack?

She tried to focus, but she couldn't.

All of a sudden, everything went black.





Back on board the *Enterprise*, an engineer named Porter wiped his sweaty brow. The ship's temperature and humidity were rising quickly.

"Maybe it's a problem with the EPS circuitry," he said to Eiger, another engineer. "I'm going to investigate." Porter crawled into a maintenance area—and gasped. A bizarre network of cables cluttered the passageway. Tubes pulsed with a strange liquid. There was no sign of the neat and orderly Starfleet technology.

Eiger heard a strange thump and looked up into the Jefferies tube, where Porter had just been. "Porter?" she called. Something dark rushed at her. It was the last thing she saw.



In Sickbay, Dr. Beverly Crusher leaned over Lily's unconscious form. Data had found Lily on the catwalks and she and Dr. Crusher had been beamed back to the ship so Crusher could treat her for radiation poisoning.

"I'm going to run some tests on her," Dr. Crusher said. "I wonder why it's so hot in here."

Just then the power went out. Communication to the Bridge was cut off. Strange skittering sounds echoed in the hall. The Borg was out there, trying to get in.

"We need to get off this deck," Beverly said. "Alyssa, take Lily and go!"

Patients and nurses rushed through a small hatch, escaping into a Jefferies tube. Just as Beverly shut the hatch behind her, the Borg smashed through the doors.



On the Bridge, Captain Picard tried to sort out the situation. He'd had a bad feeling about his ship and had come back aboard. He had sent Lieutenant Geordi La Forge, Riker, and Troi to find Zefram.

"We've lost all contact with Deck Sixteen," Worf reported.

Picard thought for a minute. "What were the environmental conditions just before we lost contact?"

"Ninety-two percent humidity. Thirty-nine point one degrees Celsius," Hawk answered.

"Just like a Borg ship," Picard said slowly.

Everyone on the Bridge froze. It was a terrifying thought.

Borg . . . on the *Enterprise*.





Captain Picard knew that the Borg were trying to take over the ship. "The first thing they'll do is establish a collective," he told the crew, "a central point from which they'll try to control the hive."

A few minutes later, Picard and a small crew made their way toward Main Engineering, the room that housed the ship's engines. It was the obvious place for the collective.

The ship's corridors were now covered with the strange liquid-filled cables. Phaser rifles were ready; the crew moved forward. They braced themselves for a fight. And then two Borg came right at them!





The Borg were a hair-raising sight. Their bodies were part metal plates and part human skin. They walked like robots.

All at once, the crew raised their weapons.

"Hold your fire," Picard ordered. "They'll ignore us until they consider us a threat."

The Borg continued down the hall as if Picard's crew wasn't there. Outside Main Engineering, the Borg slipped into two of many alcoves and assumed a "sleeping" position.

Data reached behind the strange Borg cabling to the doors' access panel. But as he pulled the "open" lever, it broke off in his hand. Suddenly, there were sounds of clamps being released and dozens of Borg emerged from their alcoves. They moved toward the crew.

"Ready phasers," Worf instructed. "Fire!"

The crew fired, and several Borg dropped to the floor. But no matter how many they stopped, more Borg kept coming.

While Picard tried to pry open the door, a Borg rushed at him. Luckily, Data saw him coming. Using his android strength, he hurled the Borg across the hall.

But by now the Borg had adapted to the crew's phaser fire. The weapons didn't even hurt them.

"Captain," Worf called out. "They've adapted!"

"Regroup on Deck Fifteen!" Picard ordered. "Don't let them touch you!" All at once the crew scattered.

But for Data, it was too late. Two Borg grabbed him and pulled him into Main Engineering. The doors swooshed closed.

Data was gone.





Picard scrambled into a Jefferies tube. Heaving a sigh of relief, he rounded a corner. . . .

And felt a cable go around his neck! Instinctively, Picard shoved his attacker into the wall. The cable loosened, and Picard whirled around.

He was face-to-face with Lily. She'd escaped from the group leaving Sickbay and had struck out on her own. Weapon raised, she came at him again.

"Wait!" Picard shouted. "I'm not your enemy! I'm not a Borg!"

Lily blinked in confusion. "What's a Borg? Where the heck am I?"

Picard sighed. *That wasn't going to be easy to explain.*



Meanwhile, on Earth, Riker, Geordi, and Troi were explaining the situation to Zefram Cochrane.

"Let me get this straight," Zefram said sarcastically. "A group of aliens from the future has traveled back in time to enslave the human race, and you're here to stop them."

"Right." Riker pointed to a telescope. "And this will prove it."

Cochrane stepped over and looked through the eyepiece. Floating in the center of the viewfinder, out in space, was the *Enterprise*!

"I don't believe it!" Cochrane said. But there it was, visible through *his* telescope. He looked up at Riker. "What do you want me to do?"

"Conduct your warp flight as planned," Riker replied. "Tomorrow morning."



In *Enterprise* Main Engineering, Data lay strapped to a table. The walls, ceiling, and floor were covered with alcoves that made up the Borg hive. Liquid-filled cables ran through the alcoves, connecting the drones to various equipment.

A strange female form drifted down from the ceiling—the Borg Queen. Her head and shoulders were that of a woman, but her body was made up of cables and tubes.

"Your attempts to assimilate me into your collective will not be successful," Data said. "I am unlike any life-form you have encountered."

"You are an imperfect being," the queen replied. "Finding your weakness is only a matter of time."

A group of Borg drones attached pieces of human skin over Data's android machinery. Soon he would be a mixture of machine and man.

Soon he would be a Borg.





Picard and Lily were trying to get back to the Bridge. The problem was, Borg were everywhere.

"In here." Picard led Lily into a holodeck and began to work the computer panel.

A second later, the room became a 1930s nightclub. Fancy dressed patrons mingled. A brass band played. Picard and Lily tried to blend in with the other people as they saw two Borg entering.

"Try to act like you're having a good time," said Picard. He took her in his arms and began to dance.

The maître d' stopped the Borg at the door. But it didn't take them long to figure out that he was just a hologram—an image of a real person. The Borg tossed him aside and began to search for Lily and Picard.

Suddenly, Picard stopped dancing and made his way over to a couple of gangsters—and a violin case. Opening it, he pulled out a machine gun. And fired.



The room erupted in chaos. Patrons screamed. Tables tipped over. The Borg crumpled to the floor.

"Give me a hand," Picard said. While the patrons went back to their evening, Picard and Lily lifted one of the dead Borg onto a table. Picard popped open a panel on his stomach and reached inside. "If I can find his neuroprocessor, I might get some idea of what they're planning."

Picard pulled a small chip out of the Borg and slipped it into his tricorder. Right away the machine started to process the information.

"We've got to get back to the Bridge," he said. He walked toward the room's exit, Lily following.





When they arrived at the Bridge, Worf, Dr. Crusher, and Hawk were relieved to see them. But Picard knew their troubles were far from over.

"The Borg are planning to transform our deflector dish into a kind of transmitter," he said. "If they succeed, they'll be connected to the Borg of this century."

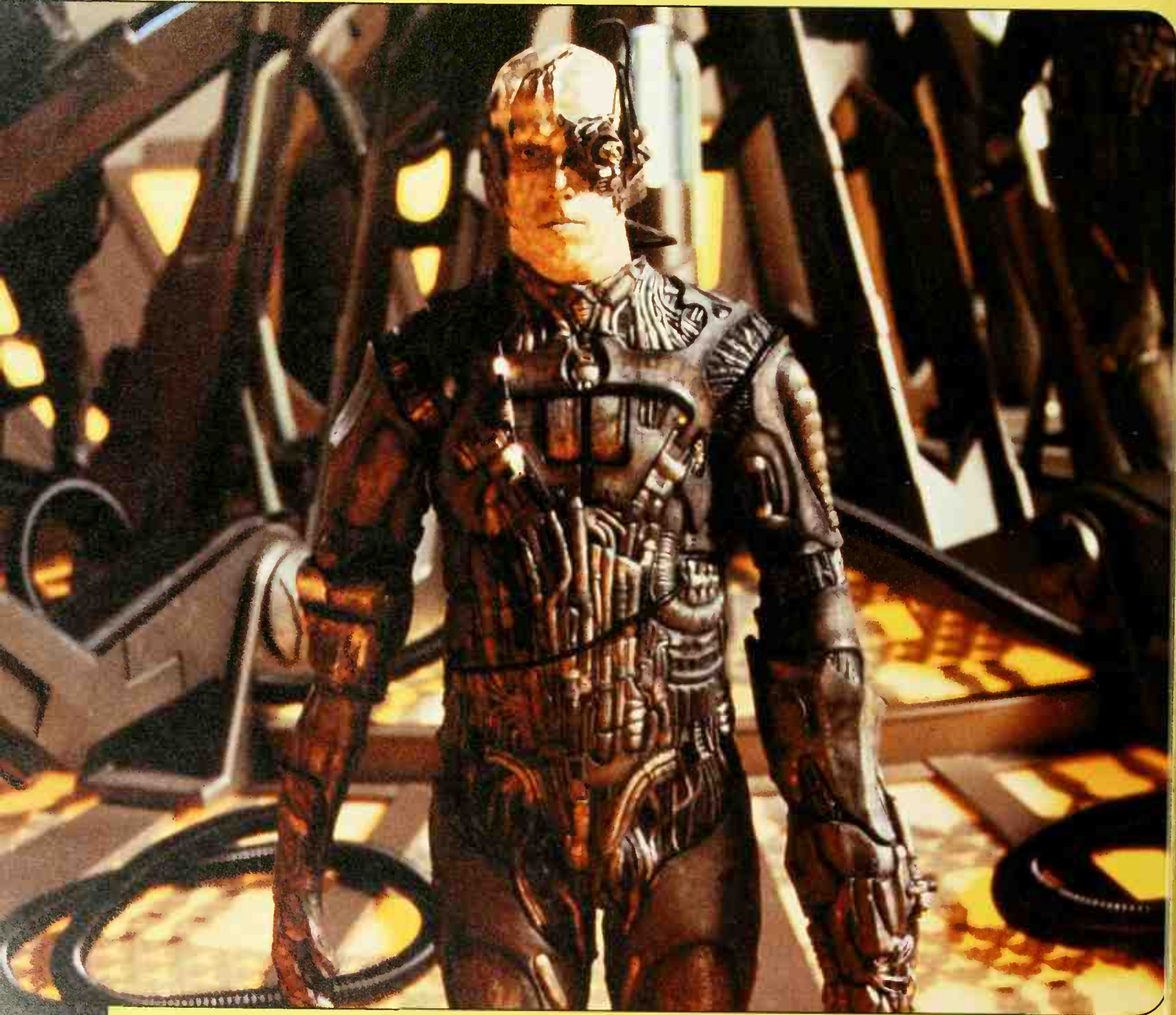
"And they'll send reinforcements," Worf finished.

Picard nodded. "We have to keep them from transforming the dish," Picard said. "It's time we went for a little stroll."

A few minutes later, dressed in space suits, Picard, Hawk, and Worf walked across the outer surface of the *Enterprise*. The earth and stars loomed around them.

The deflector dish came into view, and the men gasped in surprise. Six Borg were working furiously on modifying the dish.

Thinking fast, Picard came up with a plan. He gave his men instructions, and they split up. Each one moved toward an access panel in the ship's hull, each labeled MAGLOCK PORTAL.





Bending over his panel, Picard saw three Borg leave the dish. One was headed right for Hawk. "Hawk!" Picard shouted. But it was too late. A second later he was dragged out of view.

Across the hull, Worf had his panel open. He pulled a lever, and a large clamp depressurized deep within the ship.

Picard pulled his lever, too. Again, a clang and hiss were heard from somewhere within the ship. But one of the Borg was just a few feet away. Hitting a magnetic control on his thigh, Picard leapt into space—right over the Borg's head!

Picard landed near the panel where Hawk had been working and quickly pulled the lever. The ship shuddered, and sparks flew from the deflector dish. The entire dish began to separate from the ship!

"Assimilate this," Worf said.

Picard watched the Klingon fire at the dish. It exploded into tiny pieces. And so did the Borg standing on it. Picard and Worf exchanged a smile. They'd done it.



When Picard and Worf returned to the Bridge, they were greeted with bad news.

"The Borg just overran three of our defense checkpoints. They've taken Decks Five and Six. They keep adapting to our weapons."

"Captain, I am afraid we've lost the *Enterprise*," Worf said. "I suggest we use the escape pods to evacuate, and destroy the ship."

"We have *not* lost the *Enterprise*. Not to the Borg, and not while I'm in command," Picard replied.

Worf lowered his voice. "With all due respect, sir, I believe you are allowing your personal experience with the Borg to influence your judgment."





On Earth, Cochrane, Riker, and Geordi were getting ready for their launch. It had taken a lot of hard work, but the *Phoenix* was ready to fly. It was just thirty seconds to take-off.

"Everyone ready to make a little history?" Riker asked.

"I think I'm forgetting something," Cochrane said.

Counselor Troi's voice came over the radio. "Fifteen seconds . . ."

"We can't take off without it!" Cochrane searched the cockpit frantically.

"Ten, nine, eight . . ."

"I found it!" Cochrane slipped a disk into a slot on the control panel.

"Three, two, one . . ."

As the roar of the engines filled the cabin, a rock and roll song blared from the speakers. Riker and Geordi exchanged a look, and Cochrane smiled.

"Let's rock."



On board the *Enterprise*, Picard reconsidered evacuating the ship. If the Borg took over, his crew and everyone on Earth would become part of the Borg. Picard couldn't let that happen.

"Prepare to evacuate the *Enterprise*," he instructed.

The crew heaved a sigh of relief as Picard sat down in the Captain's chair. "Computer, this is Captain Jean-Luc Picard," he said. "Begin auto-destruct sequence."

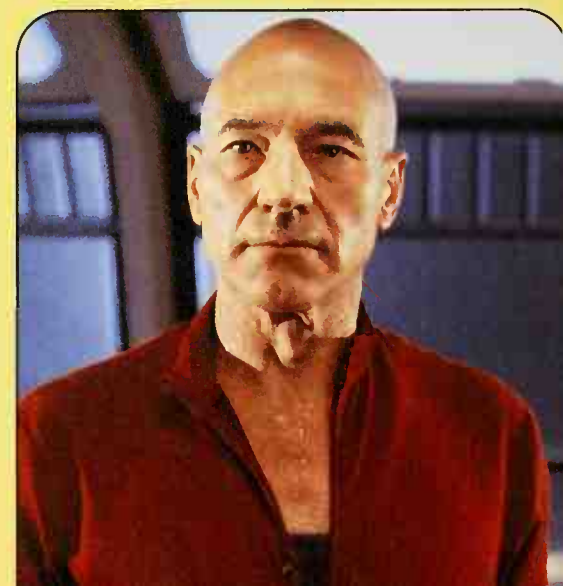
Beverly and Worf confirmed the order. The ship was set to self-destruct.

"Self-destruct in fourteen minutes, fifty-five seconds," the computer said.

Captain Picard took a long look around the Bridge. He'd just given his last order on this ship. Soon it would no longer exist.

Suddenly Borg voices echoed in his head. They were jumbled, confused. Then a single word cut through the others: "Captain."

It was Data.





A few minutes later, the *Enterprise* crew was closing the hatch doors on the evacuation pods. Two pods stood empty.

"You're not going, are you?" Lily asked.

Captain Picard shook his head. "I have to help a friend."

Lily got into one of the pods and closed her hatch, and Captain Picard pressed a button on a control panel.

Out in space, fifteen escape pods ejected from the ship and rocketed toward Earth.

Picard took a deep breath and stepped into what used to be Main Engineering. All around him, alcoves lined the walls. The air was hot and humid. Something moved behind him, and Picard froze.

"What's wrong?" the Borg Queen mocked. "Don't you recognize me?"

Picard steeled himself as it all came flooding back. The memory of being a Borg still made him sick. But he had to ignore it. He was here to help Data.

But when Data stepped out of a Borg alcove, Picard gasped. He was almost human!

"Let him go, and I will assume my place as your equal, by your side," Picard said.

"I do not wish to go," Data said.

The queen smiled. "As you can see, I already have an equal. Data, deactivate the self-destruct sequence. We will destroy the warp ship."

Data punched in a series of commands. "Resistance is futile," he said. But instead of firing at the *Phoenix*, he punched his fist into a tank of plasma coolant.

Whoosh! The tank exploded, spewing deadly gas across the floor. All living matter began to fizzle and melt.

The queen reached upward, and three cables snaked down from the ceiling to rescue her.

Before they could reach her, Picard jumped on a table and threw himself on the descending cables. Catching one, he began to climb toward the ceiling. Data hurled himself onto the queen, dragging her into the swirling, deadly gas.

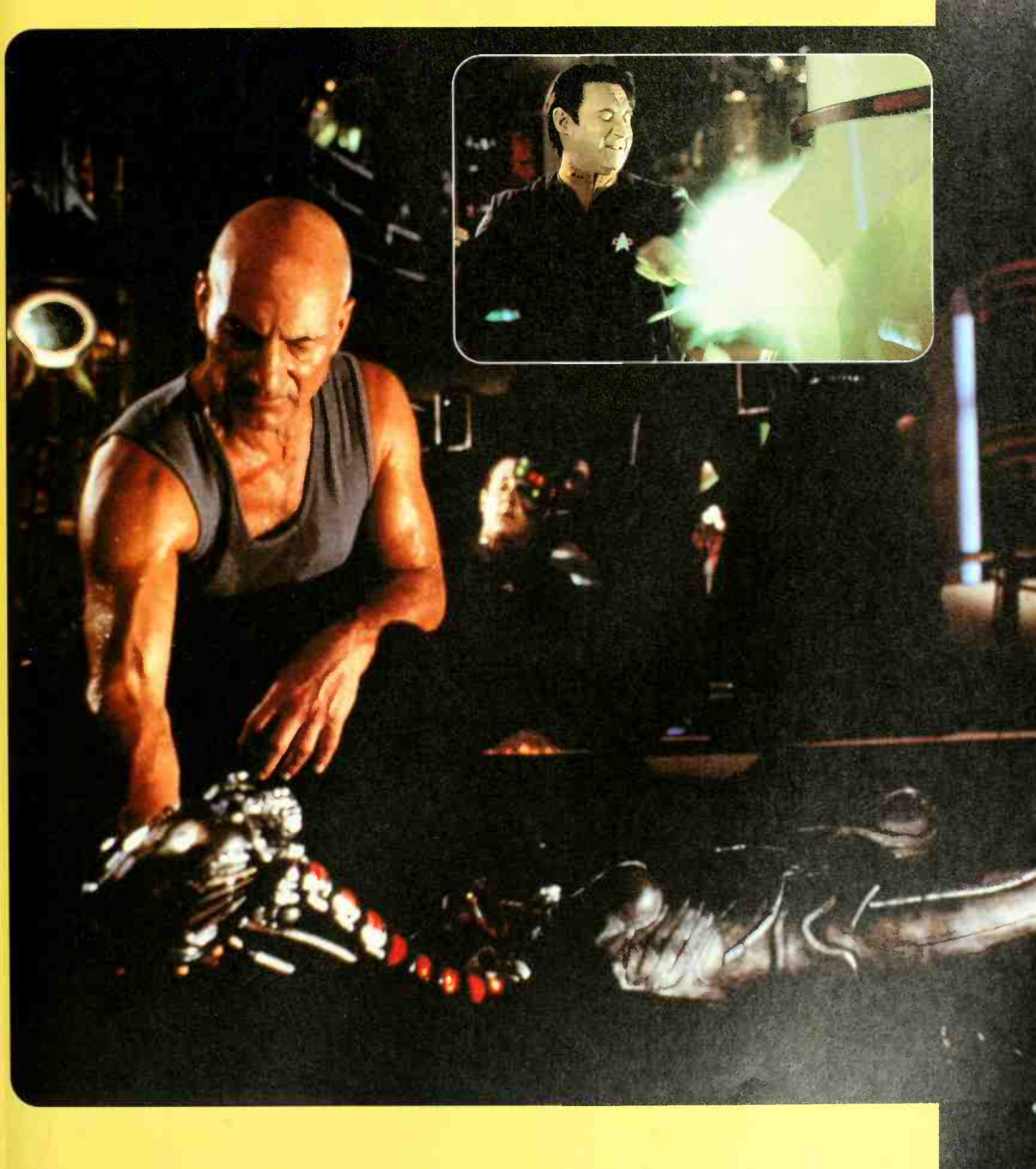
Captain Picard continued climbing to a catwalk and pressed a control. Whoosh! The deadly gas was instantly sucked out of the room.

Below him, the Borg Queen was a mechanical skeleton, surrounded by the remains of lifeless Borg drones. Without her, they could not survive.

Picard scrambled back down and leaned over Data. His friend's human skin had melted away, revealing raw android machinery. "Are you all right?" Picard asked.

Data smiled. "I imagine I look worse than I feel."





On Earth, the missile complex was buzzing with activity. Cochrane had brought his ship back to Earth and he and Lily watched the glowing night sky, while the *Enterprise* crew stood nearby.

Suddenly bright lights cut through the darkness. An alien ship descended, and the ship's hatch opened.

Three hooded beings stepped out, ready to meet the man who had flown the warp ship.

Geordi nudged Cochrane forward. "Doctor, you're on."

Cochrane stepped forward, his mouth gaping in wonder.

One of the creatures pulled back his hood, revealing himself to be a Vulcan. He spread his fingers in the traditional Vulcan greeting. "Live long and prosper," he said.

Cochrane waved awkwardly. "Um, thanks," he said.

First contact had been made.



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The Borg™, Starfleet's most feared enemy, has set a direct course for Earth. Their mission: to assimilate humanity. Only one man can stop them. Only one man knows their weakness. Captain Jean-Luc Picard.

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