

Space: the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship Enterprise. Its continuing mission: to explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life and new civilizations. To boldly go where no one has gone before!

pull back to show the Enterprise is underway on its journey into new space, as it plows through space, we hear a continuous whine in the background. The whine grows louder, growing in volume, and begins to fade away. We're back with the crew. Kirk is absorbed in his studying. Spock, concentrating on his reading, unconsciously broods. widen to show Kirk seated at a table, looking through papers and notes, and working at various consoles. The whine has now disappeared completely, but Spock is still brooding. Kirk looks up at Spock. "Dragon Skin" Orbs by David Rokeby 1/15/02  
100 The door swings open and Kirk enters, carrying a Starfleet walking stick, the top of the stick has been modified by using some leather strips to make flat lugs across the bottom, and the modified end is carved and studded to function as a claw, which he hangs on the end of the stick. He walks in a menacingly manner, nearly to Spock's groin. McCoy enters behind Kirk.

You seem tense, Sulu. How you doin'?  
Not very well. Sylvie, i hope you  
have been doing better with the  
pre-flight exercises. And with  
Kirk's studies, don't you worry:  
you'll be studying our new mission  
too.

As McCoy leaves Kirk, the station shakes slightly. The walls begin to rattle. Spock doesn't seem to notice. He continues brooding. Kirk just sits. He begins working on the console in front of him as a Klingon officer enters. He seems to speak in perfect English.

i'm Commander Malcolm Raddle.

Kirk turns around, half expecting to be face to face with an impossible being, but the Klingon seems to materialize out of thin air. Kirk is momentarily startled, then manages a smile.

Raddle. Well, well: back in action  
at last. What brings you here?  
Your old pals under the volcanoes?

Kirk reaches over for his cane and picks it up. He eyes Raddle warily. Suddenly, the Klingon suddenly attacks Kirk, with krak! krak! Kirk dodges, sidestepping the blows and ducks the swings. The Klingon slashes Kirk across the back with his knife, krak! It cuts into the skin under his vest. Kirk, grimacing, and holding back the pain from his shoulder, parries the attack by putting his right hand on the wrist. The Klingon spins around, and whips the knife across Kirk's chest, krak! This time, it slices above the vest, the force of the swing ripping open the top edge of Kirk's shirt. Kirk stays on his feet and grins, gesturing with his hand to Raddle.

Is this your doing, Sarge?