

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

# **STAR TREK VS. STAR WARS**

## **~ A NEW HOPE ~**

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## **AT LAST THEY MEET!**

**Photo-Illustrated Script**

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## **PROLOGUE**

A long time ago in a galaxy far,  
far away . . .

It is a period of civil war.  
Rebel spaceships, striking  
from a hidden base, have  
won their first victory  
against the evil Galactic  
Empire.

During the battle, Rebel  
spies managed to steal  
secret plans to the Empire's  
ultimate weapon, the  
DEATH STAR, an armored  
space station with enough  
power to destroy an entire  
planet.

But in this critical hour of their  
conflict, neither the Empire  
nor the Rebels realize that  
something has happened  
**that will change everything!**

## **CHAPTER 1: ARRIVAL**

Captain's Log, Star Date 43947.5: We were on a scientific mission in the Beta Quadrant to study a newly discovered Black Hole, when suddenly . . .



*The underside of the Enterprise-D is shown in three sections as it enters the Star Wars universe, mimicking the opening of "A New Hope."*



*Illustration of the Bridge. The crew is either on the deck or struggling to stand. They have obviously experienced something disruptive. Commander Data is helping Captain Jean-Luc Picard to his feet. Commander William Riker is holding on to the arm of his chair. Counselor Deanna Troi is seated at her usual spot with her elbows on her knees, holding her head in her hands. Lieutenant Worf and Ensign Wesley Crusher are at their respective stations, looking groggy and disorientated.*

*Picard is now on his feet, tugging at his tunic.*

PICARD: "What just happened, Data?"

DATA: "I believe we were drawn into the Naked Singularity."

*Picard looks to Riker who's embarrassed. Off to the side, we see Data walking back to his station.*

PICARD: "Number One, I thought you said it was stable, and that we were well outside the Event Horizon."

Evidently I was wrong, Captain.



I am at a loss to explain it as well, sir. According to everything we know about the laws of physics, this should not have happened.



Did we black out?



Yes, for approximately 1.38 minutes.



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Worf, damage report!



Minor damage being reported on decks 9 through 14, but no structural damage to the hull.



Engineering, report!

*Taps his communicator.*



I'll start with the good news, Captain. That was quite a jolt, but all systems are online.



And the bad news?

There's a crack in the dilithium crystal and, if you remember sir, we don't have spare! Until we get another one, we can't go to warp without risking a core breach.

You WERE told, sir.



One more thing, Captain, we should have been torn apart when we went through, but we sustained only minor damage. That was no ordinary black hole!



*Tapping his communicator again.*



Understood. Medical, report!

Crusher here. We have a few cuts and bruises and some cases of nausea, but nothing serious.

Good to hear, Doctor. Counselor?



I sense the crew is a bit rattled, but confident in their ability to perform to expectations.

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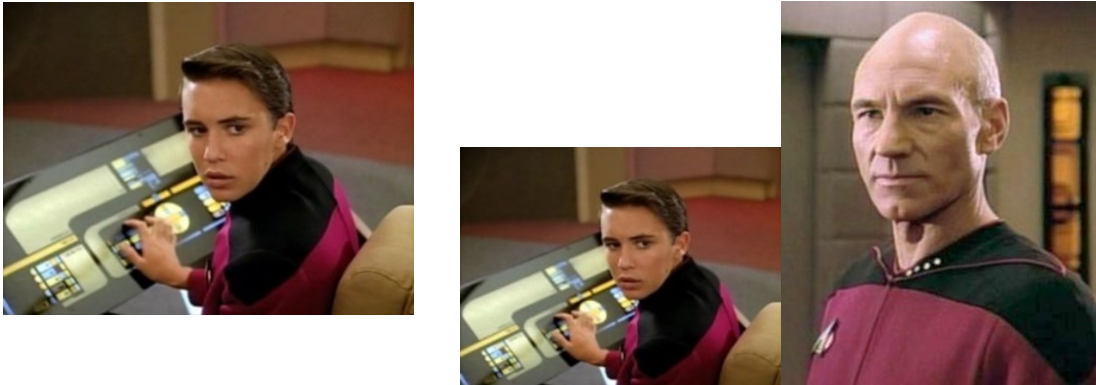
Data, where are we?

At the moment it is impossible to tell, sir. These stars are not in our databanks. Without stellar references we cannot tell where we are, or even the stardate.



There's no sign of a black hole nearby, or a white one for that matter. How are we going to get home?

First things first! We need to find another crystal. Mr. Crusher, scan for any planets nearby that might have dilithium deposits.



After our encounter with the Borg, I don't like being less than 100 percent ready for any contingency.



I quite agree, Captain.



*Wesley looks at his instruments  
and dramatically points his finger in the air.*

WESLEY: "BINGO!"

There's a small deposit of dilithium on the first planet of this system. It's a Class-M with three moons.



Bingo, Mr. Crusher?

Sorry, sir. I've been studying old forms of gaming. It's something the winner says to end the game of BINGO.

Keep your mind on your duties, Ensign, not your recreation!

Yes sir.



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Set a course, Mr. Crusher, and proceed at one quarter impulse. Then scan the planet for signs of civilization, and its moons for any bases or colonies. I want to avoid showing ourselves.



Of course, the Prime Directive. Very good, Captain.

We also know nothing about where we are, Will. They say that knowledge is power, and right now we have little of either. We're just too vulnerable to show ourselves.



Sir, I don't think the Prime Directive will be a problem.

Why's that Ensign?

Because scans are showing a space faring civilization on the planet, but there's no signs of life on any of its moons.



That's right, Captain. I'm picking up transmissions from a spaceport called Mos Eisley.



Still, I don't want to make our presence known until we can assess the situation. Number One, form an Away Team and transport down to the planet. Find out what you can about where we are, and how we can acquire another crystal. Keep in touch, but encrypt your communications.



Data, you're with me. Mr. Crusher, this will be a good opportunity to further your training. To the Replicators, gentlemen. We need to dress appropriately.



*Riker, Data and Wesley walk to the turbolift as two other crewmen move to take their positions. Wesley's replacement is Ensign Gates, an African-American woman. Data's is an Asian man, also an Ensign.*

Once the Away Team has transported to the surface, Ensign, put us in a stationary orbit on the far side of its closest moon. We'll want to keep them within easy reach.

Aye, Captain.



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*A download is completed.*



We  
got  
to  
go,  
now!



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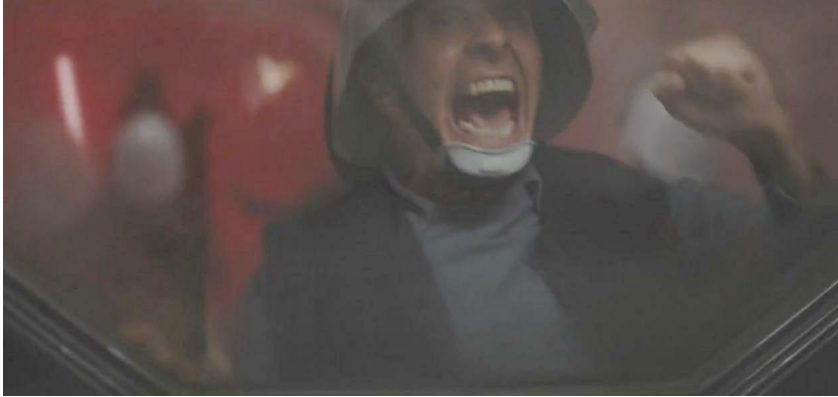
Open fire!



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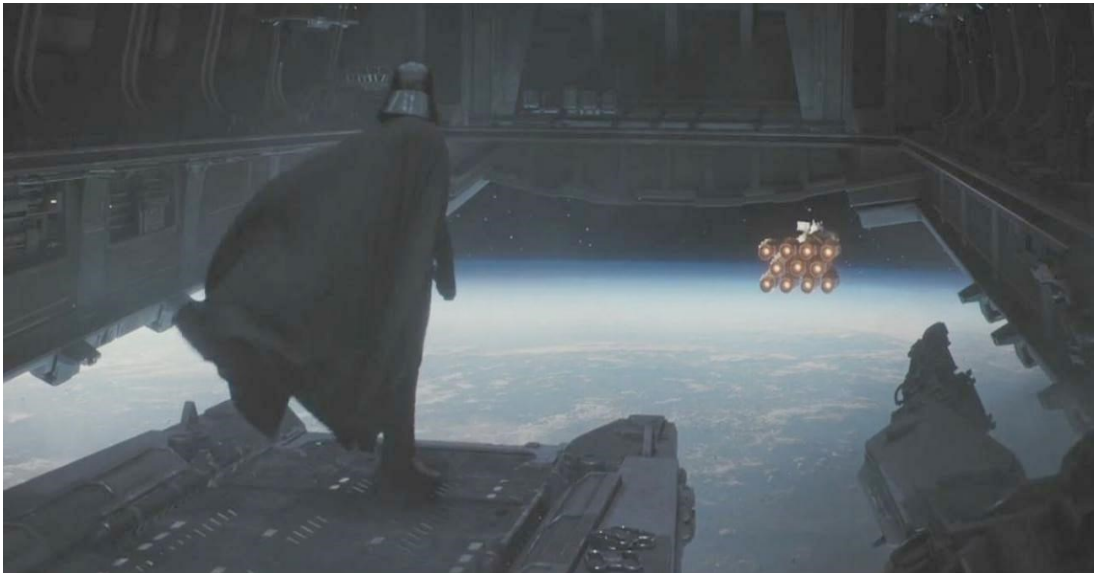
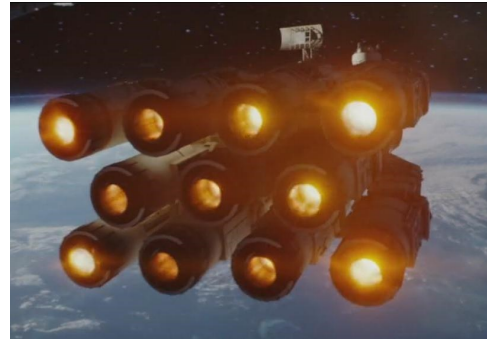
Help!



Take this to the Princess!



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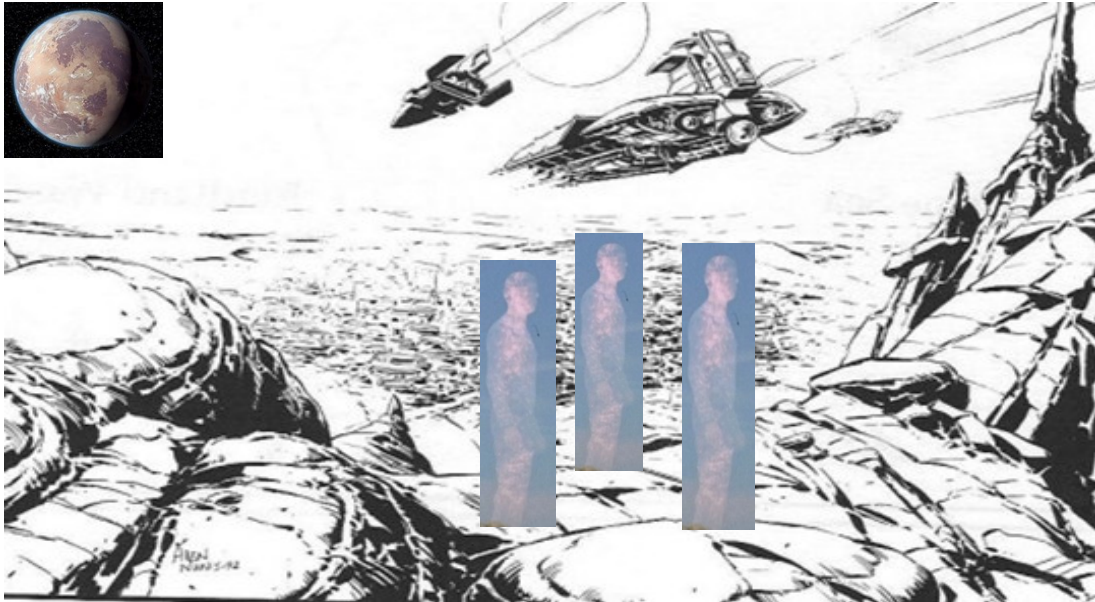
Your Highness, the transmission we received. What is it they sent us?

A chance.





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*The Away Team has now fully materialized. They're dressed in tunics, jackets and desert boots. Each carries a satchel across his shoulder.*

***Illustration of Wesley and Riker.***

WESLEY: "Why didn't we just beam directly into the city?"

RIKER: "You were quick to say that the Prime Directive doesn't apply here because this is a spacefaring civilization, but did you stop to consider that they might not have transporter technology? Not all societies advance in the same way, Wesley. Don't be so quick to jump to conclusions."

***Illustration of Data and Riker.  
Data looks down at Mos Eisley in the distance.***

DATA: "I estimate . . . 2.57 kilometers to the edge of the settlement."

RIKER: "Only two decimal places, Data?"

***Data looks up at Riker.***

DATA: "If you wish, I will endeavor to be more precise."

***Another illustration of Data and Riker.***

RIKER: "No, two is just fine!"

***Illustration of the Away Team. Wesley holds up the waist of his tunic.***

WESLEY: "Why does my tunic seem heavier than it should?"

DATA: "A recent Starfleet directive, Wesley, mandated that Away Teams operating in unfamiliar territory carry with them strips of gold-pressed latinum, to use as currency if needed."

RIKER: "The Captain thought they'd be easier to carry and less conspicuous if they were concealed in our clothing."

We should turn on the translators before we go any further. If we keep them in our satchels, out of sight, they'll still be effective.



*The translator is smaller than Kirk's (depicted here), showing the advances in technology since then.*

*Data looks down with his hand in his satchel as Wesley kneels, rummaging in his.*

*Illustration of the Away Team with Mos Eisley in the distance.*  
RIKER: "OK, let's get going. We have a bit of a hike ahead of us."



*On the Bridge of a Tantive IV, Princess Leia and the ship's Captain are standing with the First Officer at his station.*  
FIRST OFFICER: "They sent a Star Destroyer after us! They're firing!"  
CAPTAIN: "Shields up! Return fire!"

*The Bridge shakes violently.*

*Illustration of the Captain and Leia.*  
CAPTAIN: "We don't have much time. They'll have us in their tractor beam any minute now."

We can't let them get that data file! Do what you can, Captain, to keep from being boarded for as long as possible. I'm going to see that those plans get off this ship!



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Captain, I'm sensing something, something I've never felt before.

It's almost like it's alive, but . . . not alive.

From where, down on the planet?

No, that's just it. It's . . . it's everywhere.



What do you mean everywhere?

It's IN the Enterprise. It's OUTSIDE the Enterprise. It's . . . it's everywhere!

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Captain, sensors show two ships, 12 million kilometers off our starboard bow, one in pursuit of the other.



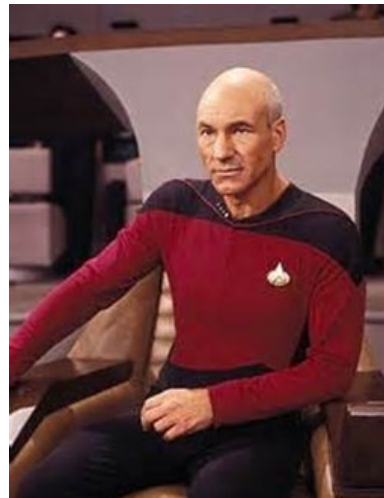
On screen.



Good heavens, that ship is huge!

Go to Red Alert, Captain?

We don't know what's happening here, but you're right, we should be cautious. Shields up. Go to Yellow Alert.



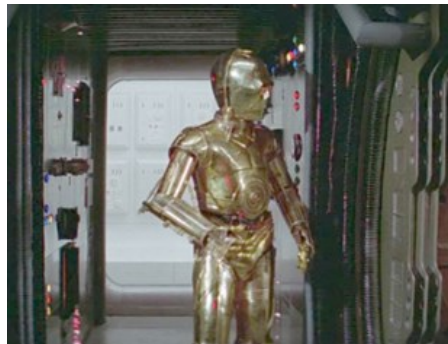
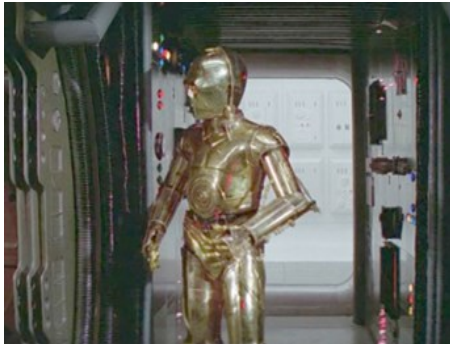
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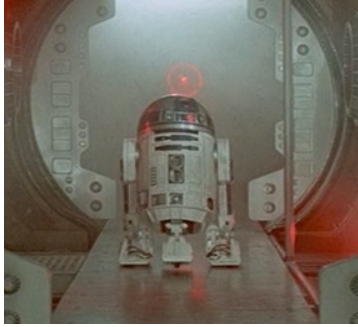
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At last, where have you been? They're headed in this direction.



Wait a minute. Where are you going?

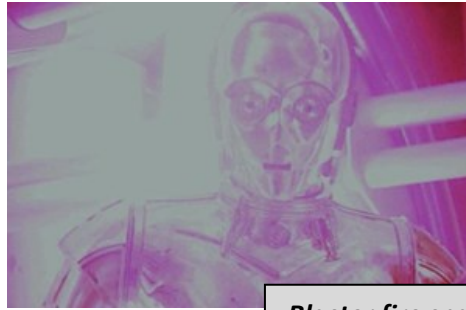


You're not permitted in there. It's restricted. You'll be deactivated for sure!



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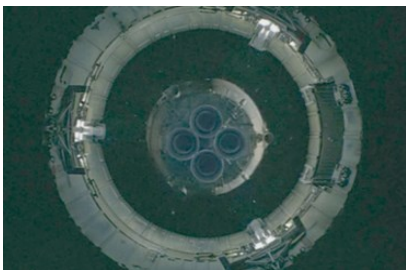
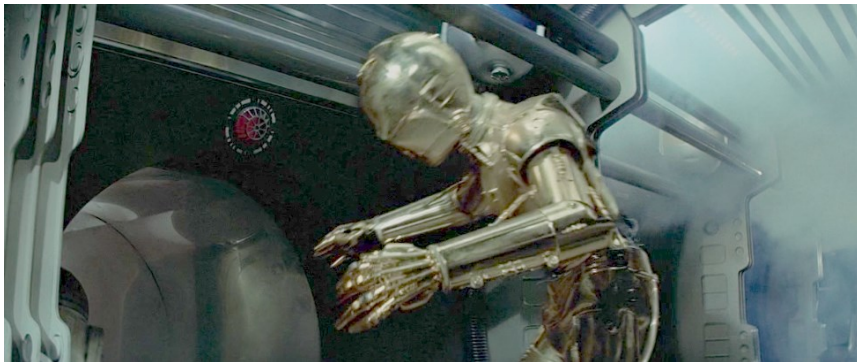
Secret Mission? What Plans? What are you talking about? I'm not getting in there!



*Blaster fire sparks all around C3PO.*



I'm going to regret this.



Hold your fire. There're no lifeforms. It must have short circuited.



Yes, Commander.

The Battle Station plans are not aboard this ship and no transmissions were made. An escape pod was jettisoned during the fighting. No life forms were onboard. However the ship's manifest shows that two droids are missing.



She must have given the plans to the droids before they escaped in the pod. Send a detachment down to retrieve them. See to it personally, Commander.

There's one more thing. We've detected an unknown starship. It's in a parking orbit around one of the moons of the planet nearby. They engaged their shields when they saw us.

Then they must be with the rebellion!

The ship's design does not match anything in our databanks.



She might have recruited a world from beyond the Outer Rim to the rebel cause. The Princess could have transmitted the plans to them, and then erased the computer logs to cover her tracks.

In any case, we must find out! After you dispatch your troopers to the surface, Commander, set an intercept course for that starship and pursue at full speed. There will be no one to stop us this time!

Yes, my Lord.



## CHAPTER 2: CLASH OF THE TITANS



Captain, the larger ship has changed course and is coming straight at us.

On screen. Open a hailing frequency.



*Tugs at his tunic.*

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They're refusing our hail, and charging their weapons!

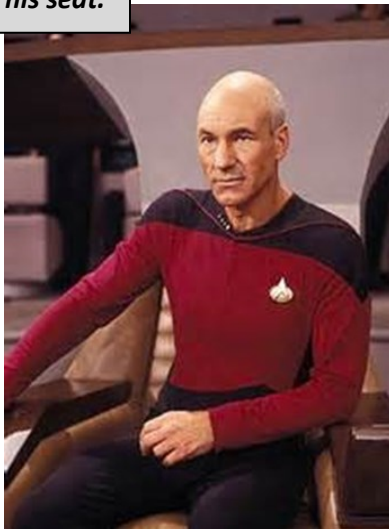
Go to Red Alert! What kind of weapons do they have?

They appear to have a combination of old fashion laser and ion cannons.



Well, that shouldn't be too much of a problem.

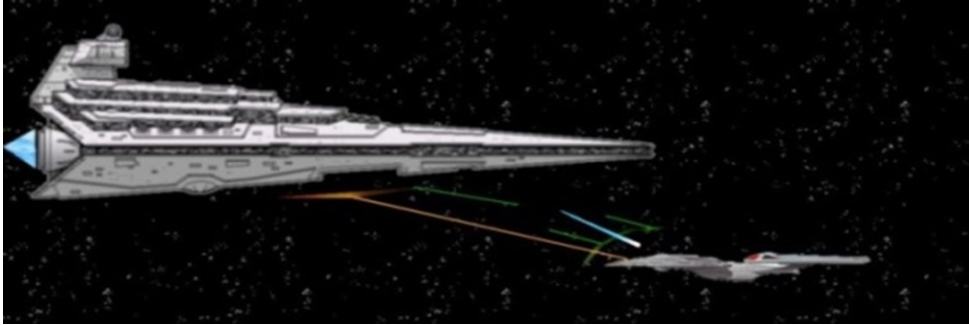
*Picard takes his seat.*



They're firing.



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*The Bridge shakes violently.*

Shields down to 50 Percent!



*Picard leaps to his feet.*



Lock on phasers and fire!

I thought you said their weapons are obsolete!

They are! It's just that . . . they have a lot of them!



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Direct hit! Their shields are offline and a third of their cannons have been destroyed!

Try hailing them again.



They're still refusing to answer. More incoming!

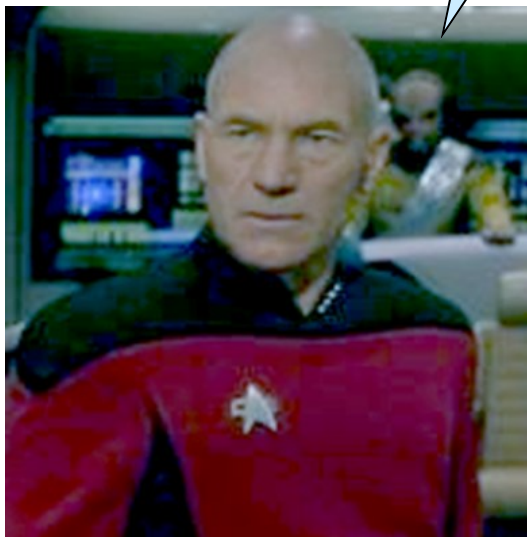


*The Bridge shakes violently.*

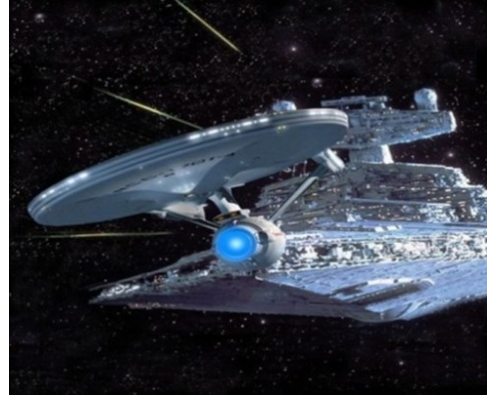
Shields are down to 20 percent! We can't take another barrage like that!

And we can't risk significant damage, without a Starbase for repairs. Let's see if we can outrun them.

Hard about, all power to rear shields, and ahead at full impulse!



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They're gaining on us! They're firing again!

*The Bridge shakes violently.*

Shields are offline, and we've lost impulse power! We're dead in space!

Captain, we're being hailed.





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*Tugs at his tunic again.*



On screen.

I'm Jean-Luc Picard, Captain of the USS Enterprise. We come in peace. Why have you attack us?



I am Lord Vader, in service to the Emperor! Who you REALLY are will soon be determined. Prepare to be boarded!



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Emperor?

Evidently, he represents the local authority. Worf, stand down from Red Alert.

They've launched two large shuttles and are demanding we receive them.



Open up shuttle bays 3 and 4, Lieutenant.

***Picard addresses the Bridge Crew and tries to put the best light on the situation.***

PICARD: "They're certainly an aggressive civilization, I'll give you that, but they didn't destroy us when they had the chance, so perhaps they can be reasoned with. I expect that once we explain ourselves they'll be more amenable. Who knows, they might even help us get home."

DEANNA: "Let's hope so, Captain."



***In a back alley, the Away Team talks to a Punk Rocker with a red Mohawk haircut and spiked leather bracelets. Standing beside him is his main man, Hammer. Four other members of his crew are standing to the side. Two are not human.***

***Illustration of the Punk Rocker, Hammer and Riker.***

PUNK ROCKER: "The name's Spikes. I understand from my man here that you're looking for some dilithium."

RIKER: "Yes, we are. Do you know where we can find a good sized crystal?"

***Illustration of Spikes and Riker.***

SPIKES: "You gotta pay for everything around here, including information."

RIKER: "I'm sorry, but we need to save what we have to pay for the crystal. Is there any other way we can come to terms?"

***Another illustration of Spikes, Hammer and Riker.***

HAMMER: "No money, no way!"

SPIKES: "Hold on, Hammer. If they don't go through us, they'll find someone else, and then we get nothing. We'll claim our cut at the other end with a finder's fee."

***Spikes looks annoyed.***

HAMMER: "Why don't we just take them down now? Then ALL their money is ours."

SPIKES: "Because Jabba would found out! He always does, and he wouldn't like losing out on a business deal. He'd come looking for us and take the money anyway."

***Spikes turns to face Riker.***

SPIKES: "There's only one way to get a crystal and that's from Jabba the Hutt. He owns the only dilithium mine in this sector."

RIKER: "Where do we find him?"

***Close-up of Spikes.***

SPIKES: “You don’t! He lives way out in the desert, and doesn’t like strangers. He’s the ‘Big Guy’ around here. Runs this town, if you know what I mean. But some of the deputies don’t want to take his money, so he’s cautious. Anyone who wants to do business with him needs an introduction from someone he trusts.”

***Illustration of Spikes and Riker.***

RIKER: “How about you? Can you introduce us?”

SPIKES: “He don’t trust me, but Greedo’s in good with him. He might let you use his name.”

RIKER: “So where do we find this Greedo?”

***Another close-up of Spikes.***

SPIKES: “You don’t! Not now anyway. He’s away on business, but he’ll be back in a couple of days. When he’s in town, Greedo hangs out at a bar just down the street.”

***Hammer looks sternly at Riker.***

HAMMER: “When you see him you better say we sent you, or we’ll come looking for our money!”

RIKER: “We’ll be sure to do that. Thank you for your help.”

HAMMER: “Arrrr!”

***Spike and his crew turn to leave.***

SPIKES: “Come on boys. Let’s go.”

***Illustration of the Away Team, as Spikes and his buddies walk off in the distance.***

WESLEY: "That was close! I thought for a minute we were going to have to fight them."

RIKER: "We should report in and let the Captain know of our progress."

***Riker holds open his jacket and taps his Communicator.***

RIKER: "Away Team to Enterprise."

***He taps it again, while Data takes a tricorder from his satchel.***

RIKER: "Away Team to Enterprise. Come in Enterprise."

***Data holds his tricorder up to take a reading.***

DATA: "There is no electronic jamming, or anything native to the planet that would interfere with our communicators."

***illustration of the Away Team.***

RIKER: "Something must have happened. We'll have to continue with our mission, and hope we can reestablish contact once we've obtained a crystal. It's getting dark. Right now we need to find lodging for the night."

WESLEY: "For two nights, it looks like."

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***Vader's shuttle has landed aboard the Enterprise. He disembarks and is followed by many Stormtroopers.***



***The turbolift opens showing Vader and Commander Jir, with several troopers standing behind them.***

***From Picard's perspective, we see Vader as he storms down the ramp to meet him.***

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Where are those plans?

I don't know what you're talking about. *(gasp)* We're on a mission of exploration. *(gasp)*

I don't believe you. If you're peaceful as you claim, you wouldn't have raised your shields when you saw an Imperial ship! You obviously have something to hide!



*Worf moves to defend his Captain, but is held at bay by a trooper with a laser rifle.*

I won't ask again. Where are the plans?



Perhaps, if you were . . . more specific.



*Vader charges toward Deanna, leaving Picard still dangling in the air and gasping for breath, as a demonstration of his power with the force.*

VADER: "The blueprints to the Death Star, where are they?"

We don't know anything about a Death Star, or your Empire for that matter. As our Captain said, we're explorers . . .

*Vader towers over Deanna.*



Enough! Right now, you're my prisoners!



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Perhaps . . .

you ARE from somewhere else.



*Vader raises his hand  
and releases Picard who falls  
to the deck in the background.*

*Picard stands and tugs at his tunic.*

Of course,  
Captain,  
you deserve  
to know  
your fate.



What are  
you going  
to do  
with us?

Your ship looks to be  
quite advanced in  
some ways. It will  
be towed back to  
our Battle Station  
and, after we search  
it for the plans, I'll  
have it dismantled  
to learn its secrets.



There goes the  
Prime Directive!



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In the meantime, your crew will be placed in your ship's brig, while you and a couple of your officers remain on the Bridge, under guard, to maintain essential systems.

You are an unknown species. You will be handed over to our medical staff and dissected so we can learn your biology.



The rest of your crew will likely be sent to the spice mines of Kessel, where they will be worked to death so as to make room for more rebel scum like yourselves. But that will be up to the Emperor to decide.



***Vader looms over Picard.***  
VADER: "Does that satisfy your curiosity, Captain?"

Commander, get a tech crew over here and start downloading their databanks!

Yes, my Lord.





Right now, I have a Princess to attend to attend to.



*The Away Team stands at the check-in counter of the Lucky Lodger Hotel and Casino. The Manager inspects a strip of gold-pressed latinum with his hand-held scanner. In the background, we see the casino area with several gaming tables and a card dealer.*

*Illustration of the Away Team standing at the counter.*

MANAGER: "I don't know. I guess it's worth something. The room's a hundred a night. This might pay for one night, but not two. Do you have any more?"

RIKER: "Give him your strip, Data."

*Data pulls a thin strip of latinum from the lining of his tunic . . .*

*and hands it to the manager, who just stares at him.*

*Illustration of Riker, Data and the manager, who still stares at Data.*

RIKER: "He's not from around here."

***The Manager addresses Data.***

MANAGER: "Sorry for staring. It's just I never saw your kind before, not even out here on the rim."

***The manager turns to Riker.***

MANAGER: "Alright, I'll let you have two nights with a double bed."

***Wide shot of the Away Team with the Manager.***

WESLEY: "But there are three of us!"

MANAGER: "You got another one of these?"

RIKER: "It's OK, we'll take it."

***The Manager has handed Riker a key card.  
Riker looks confused.***

RIKER: "What's this for?"

MANAGER: "It's the key to your room, of course. Number 9, it's up the stairs and down the hall. The bathroom's across the way."

***As the Away Team  
climbs a flight of stairs,  
the Manager calls after them.***

MANAGER: "If you have any more of that stuff, you might try your luck at the tables!"



***Deanna approaches Picard.***

DEANNA: "Captain, may I have a word with you?"

PICARD: "What is it Deanna?"

You know that all pervasive presence I feel? Well, it seemed at first to be neutral in that it didn't have any polarity, positive or negative, until now.

What do you mean?

When Vader came onboard, I suddenly felt it concentrated in him as . . .

As what?



As intense evil! I'm not exaggerating, Captain.

Picard holds his hand to his throat.

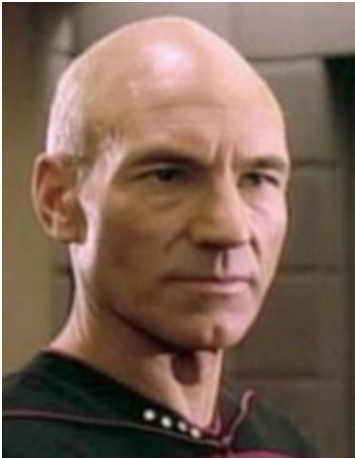


I would think that's obvious.

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Sir, I sense he's even more evil than that entity who killed Tasha.

Really? His ability to suspend me in mid-air was a surprise, too. Who knows what other Q-like powers he might have? Thank you for your insight councilor.



Come with me!

Where are taking her!



She's going to the brig with the others.

It's OK, Deanna, go with him. You'll be all right.

EVERYONE will be all right!



*Jir turns Deanna over to a Stormtrooper.*

*The Trooper escorts her up the ramp to the turbolift.*

*Eight Imperial computer technicians emerge from the turbolift.*

*They rush to take up positions at the 2 forward stations, the 5 aft stations, and Worf's position.*

*The technicians have all turned to face Commander Jir to receive their instructions.*

JIR: "This ship has an unknown computer system. You will need to determine how to best interface with it for a full transfer of data."

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We're going to need your security password, Captain.



And if I don't give it to you?



Then we will kill a member of your crew every minute until you do! We've found that is usually persuasive. Procedure says that we start with senior staff first, then work our way down the chain of command. It's your choice, Captain, your crew or the password.

You can't do it, sir!

We have to live to fight another day, Worf.



***Captain Picard and Commander Jir look sternly at each other.***

PICARD: "OK, I'll enter the code!"

JIR: "Then do it!"



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Computer, this is Captain Jean-Luc Picard, Security Access Level 7.

Identification confirmed.  
Security Access granted.



Omicron-Omicron-Delta-Blue-Daystar-5-9.

Security protocols are now suspended.



We'll soon be ready to start the transfer. Then we'll know everything about you and whatever world you come from!



I look forward to adding it to our Empire.



***The Away Team walks down the hallway looking for room number nine.***

WESLEY: "He robbed us!"

RIKER: "Gold and latinum have value to us, Wes, but it appears not as much for them."

WESLEY: "Maybe you're right."

***At room Number 9 Riker looks at the key card.***

RIKER: "Now what do we do with this?"

DATA: "I believe it is supposed to be inserted into that slot."

*Riker's hand inserts the key card.*

*Illustration of the hotel room from hell, as seen through the open door. It's dark and dingy with bugs on the walls. The only furnishing is a bed with two broken springs sticking out the top of the mattress.*



I don't like this!



Well, I'm not too happy about it, either!

Now they'll know everything about Federation weapons, tactics, defenses!

The ENTIRE knowledge base of the Federation is in our computers!

I know, but I couldn't let them kill everyone! At least it buys us some time, but at this point I'm out of options. I'm open to suggestions, gentlemen.



Actually, Captain, a thought did cross my mind. If I could gain access to one of the stations on the Bridge, I think I can set it up so that while they're downloading our computers, we'll be simultaneously uploading theirs.

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Won't they notice that?

Not if I hide it in the emergency back-up buffers. Since they're hardly ever used, they won't think to look there.



I love the way your mind works, Geordi.

But we can't do anything with that data while we're still held captive. Even if we're able to somehow break their tractor beam, we're dead in space. We don't even have impulse power.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

We still have warp capability.

With a cracked crystal! If we go to warp, there's an 80 percent chance it'll trigger a core breach!



Worf's right. That still leaves us with a 20 percent chance of success. As captain, I can't let the crew die on a prison planet without any hope of rescue. If we're able to, we're going to take that 20 percent chance.

It will be an honorable death, Geordi. There is no honor in dying as a slave.

Suicide? Are you both crazy?



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

But I do see your point. Blowing up in a core breach is at least a quick death.

Trying to dissect you wouldn't do them any good, though. I don't think they could EVER crack that head of yours!



Worf looks indignant. Picard and Geordi are smiling.



But, what do we about the guards?

Their technology is obsolete in many ways, and they used shuttles to board us. I suspect they don't know about transporters. They're not going to let us near the Engineering Station, that's for sure.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Geordi, can you reroute commands from one of the other stations on the Bridge, and then program all the transporters to work in unison?

Yah, I should be able to do that.



If we then scan the ship and tag everyone NOT wearing a Communicator, when we energize using Point to Point beaming . . .

All the guards disappear!

BINGO!



Bingo, sir?

Something Wesley said about winning a game.





But how do we access the computer to do any of this?

They left us on the bridge to keep essential systems running, so they're going to have to allow us access, even if just to monitor them.

Let me test your theory, Captain.



*Geordi walks over to the Imperial Technician at the aft Environmental Station.*



GEORDI: I have to monitor the onboard life-support systems. We were having problems with them, even before you attacked us. Who knows what condition they're in now? They could go at any time!

TECHNICIAN: "Go ahead."

*Close-up of Geordi.*

GEORDI: "See, what did I tell you? It's a good thing I caught this!"

*Geordi goes about programing the transporters and initiating the data transfer.*



***The Away Team enters their hotel room.***

WESLEY: "That smell! What died?"

RIKER: "Data, turn that mattress over so the springs don't stab Wesley and me tonight."

***Data takes the end of the mattress with one hand,  
and quickly flips it over.***

***Two more springs pop out the top.***

***He sits and tries to stuff them back in.***



**Wesley with an “I told you so” look on his face.**

WESLEY: “Yeah, we were robbed!”

**Illustration of Riker and Data who’s still focused on the springs.**

DATA: “As we only have one strip of latinum left, and it seems to have little value here, we may not have enough to purchase the dilithium we need.”

RIKER: “Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

**Illustration of the Away Team. Data has apparently repaired the springs. He looks up at Riker.**

DATA: “The casino at the Hotel Royale.”

WESLEY: “The hotel what?”

RIKER: “Hotel Royale. Data and I were once stuck in a hotel with a casino attached, much like this one.”

DATA: “Except the rooms were nicer.”

**Illustration of Riker and Wesley.**

RIKER: “The point is we weren’t allowed to leave until we bought the place, so Data ‘adjusted’ the dice at the craps table so that we could win the money we needed.”

WESLEY: “You cheated?”

RIKER: “I prefer to say that we adapted to the situation.”

Let’s go do it again.

**Another illustration of Data and Riker. Riker looks annoyed. Data is looking at the springs that have just popped out again.**

DATA: “No, we cheated.”

RIKER: “OK, we cheated!”





*A technician confers with Commander Jir, but we don't hear what he says. Picard stands nearby. Geordi is at the aft Environmental Station.*

The data transfer is complete. Your ship's secrets are now ours!



It's been a pleasure working with you., Captain.



*In the background, Geordi points his finger in the air. Picard looks at Jir with a vengeful smile.*

GEORDI: "BINGO!"

PICARD: "Believe me, Commander, the pleasure is all mine."

*Close-up of Picard.*

PICARD: "ENERGIZE, GEORDI!"

*Commander Jir begins to beam out with a shocked look on his face, along with a trooper and technician in the background.*

***Three Stormtroopers are walking through a hallway when they begin to dematerialize .***



***Three technicians are in Engineering when they begin to dematerialize.***



***A Stormtrooper is behind the bar in 10-Foward pouring drinks for two of his friends who are seated on the barstools, holding their helmets in their laps. The bartender has his on the counter. They're in the process of beaming.***



***Picard and Worf walk up the ramp.***

PICARD: "Remind me to ask Wesley to teach me that game."

***They join Geordi at the Engineering Station.***

PICARD: "Cross your fingers for luck, gentlemen."

***Picard holds up his hand with fingers crossed.***

***Worf tries to cross his fingers, but he has trouble . . .***

***until he uses both hands to do it.***

***Picard and Worf hold up their hands with their fingers crossed and look at Geordi.***

GEORDI: "OK, OK!"

*Geordi crosses his fingers.*

*Illustration of Picard, Worf and Geordi, who's obviously still reluctant.*

PICARD: "Go to Warp Factor one, Geordi."

GEORDI: "Aye, Captain."

*Close-up of Geordi's finger pressing a button with its safety lid in the up position. Next to it is a keypad labeled "Warp Factor" with a screen that displays "1.0000."*



*On the Bridge of his Star Destroyer, Vader watches with Captain Wermis as the Enterprise goes to warp.*



***Illustration of Wermis and Vader.***

WERMIS: "They've broken free and gone into hyperspace!"

VADER: "After them!"

WERMIS: "We can't."

What?



***Another Illustration of Wermis and Vader.***

WERMIS: "They didn't use any of the hyper-lanes."

VADER: "You're saying they went into hyperspace unprepared?"

***Wermis is obviously frightened.***

WERMIS: "I'm afraid so, my lord. But with any luck they'll come out inside an asteroid field, or even a supernova."

You had better hope so!



***Profile of Vader as he storms across the walkway, his cape billowing behind him.***



***On the Bridge, Picard stands near his seat. Worf is at his post. Geordi is standing at the aft Engineering Station.***

PICARD: "Did they follow us?"

WORF: "No, sir."

PICARD: "Geordi, you can drop out of warp now."

GEORDI: "That's one order I'm happy to obey."



We DID cross our fingers, Captain!



***Picard talks to himself, but is overheard.***

We were damn lucky.



***Picard looks at Geordi.***

PICARD: "Geordi, get to work on repairing impulse power, so we can go back and pick up the Away Team."

GEORDI: "And hopefully a dilithium crystal! I'll get right on it."

PICARD: "Before you do, though, run down to the brig and let everyone out so they can resume their duties."



Aye, Captain. I bet Beverly's so mad, she's spitting latinum!



***The Away Team stands in the lobby.  
Riker hands the Manager their last strip of latinum.  
Data has his jacket draped across his shoulders.***

RIKER: "You were right. We have one more strip of latinum to sell. I assume that you'll give us more in chips than you will in cash. My friend here feels lucky."

MANAGER: "Sure. Everyone needs some recreation, it's so dull around here! I'll give you 200 in chips for it, or half in cash."

RIKER: "We'll take the chips."

***Close-up of Data  
acting like a high roller.***

DATA: "Do you play with dice in this town?"



***A large green hologram of Grand Moff Tarkin  
shimmers on its platform. It's smaller than  
the Emperor's hologram, denoting his lessor rank.  
Vader stands before it.***

VADER: "I'm returning to base with the Princess now."

TARKIN: "Have you retrieved the plans?"

***Close-up of Vader.***

VADER: "No, but there has been a development that could prove useful. I discovered an ally of the rebellion, a civilization new to the Empire that has superior technology. Their starship was nearby when we overtook the Princess."

***Illustration of Vader and the hologram.***

TARKIN: "She probably transmitted the plans to them, so they could take it to the rebel base."

VADER: "That was my thought, as well, so I took pursuit and captured them. I had their ship in tow, but unfortunately they escaped."



***Close-up of Tarkin's angry holographic face.***

TARKIN: "Unfortunate indeed! How is your bungling of this matter going to prove useful?"

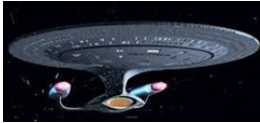
***Tarkin is pleased with Vader's answer.***

VADER: "Because I had the foresight to download their computers. I said they had superior technology. Now, we have it as well."

TARKIN: "Excellent, Vader! I look forward to your full report. Tarkin, out."

***Vader holds up a clinched fist.***

VADER: "One day his arrogance will be his undoing!"



***The turbolift opens.  
Standing in front are Ensign Gates and Data's replacement.  
Behind them are Deanna and Beverly.***

***The two Ensigns exit to their stations.***

***Deanna and Beverly  
walk down the ramp to meet Picard.***

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Welcome back, ladies. I trust you enjoyed your time off duty?



*Picard's smile is met with stern looks.*



I gather not.

Did we go to warp?

Yes I felt it too, but I heard we had a cracked dilithium crystal and didn't have a spare.



We do, and we don't.

Huh?



We DO have a cracked crystal, and we DON'T have a spare.



You went to warp with a cracked crystal? What were you thinking, Jean-Luc? It's a miracle we're alive!

We had no choice, Beverly. You wouldn't have liked the alternative.

At least we're far away from that Vader person. The sense of pure evil that he emanates was overpowering, even when he left the Enterprise and was aboard his own ship.



Tell me if you feel his presence again, Deanna. Maybe we can use that as a canary in the coal mine.

Canary in the coal mine, sir?

An old Earth expression, Worf, meaning a way to indicate imminent danger.





Then we should  
FILL the Bridge  
with canaries!

*Picard looks surprised while Deanna and Beverly try to keep from laughing out loud.*



## CHAPTER 3: RIKER'S BIG BLUFF



*The Away Team stands at the end of one of the gaming tables at the hotel's casino. The Pit Boss has just pushed three dice across the table to Data, who reaches to pick them up.*

DATA: "I've been observing their game of dice. It appears to be more like slots than craps.

RIKER: "Do you think you can still win?"

***Illustration of Riker and Data who weighs the dice in his hand.***

DATA: "Yes, but these dice are out of balance."

RIKER: "You're saying they're loaded?"

DATA: "Heavily, in the house's favor."

RIKER: "Do what you can, Data, to MORE than even the odds for us."

***Data's open hand holds  
three dice that have symbols  
instead of dots.***

***He makes a fist.***

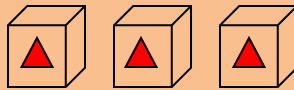
***Riker puts all their chips on the table, as Data prepares to roll the dice.  
A few people stand and watch.***

PIT BOSS: "Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen, place your bets."

*Illustration of the gaming table in long perspective  
as Data stands at the far end and throws the dice.*

DATA: "Come on, baby needs a new pair of shoes!"

*The dice tumble across the table.*

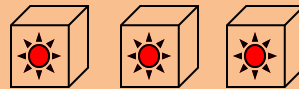


*They land showing three triangles.*

*The Pit Boss pushes a large stack of chips across the table to Data.  
More people have gathered to watch.*

*Data throws the dice again.*

*The dice tumble across the table.*

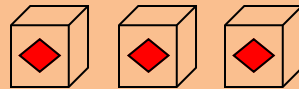


*They land showing three star bursts.*

*The Pit Boss pushes another stack of chips across the table to join Data's growing pile of winnings. The crowd has doubled and they give Data a big cheer.*

***Data throws the dice again.***

***The dice tumble across the table.***



***They land showing three diamonds.***

***The Pit Boss pushes a huge pile of chips toward Data.  
The mountain of winnings now threatens to spill off the table.  
Everyone in the casino has gathered around and gives Data a rousing cheer.  
One patron, obviously drunk, stands beside Data  
with a drink in his hand and slaps him on the back.***

***AN ALIEN IN THE CROWD: "Wow, a grand slam!"***



***The Manager stands nearby.***

MANAGER: "That's enough! You're obviously cheating somehow. I'm calling the deputies!"

***Riker leans in to talk with Data and Wesley.***

RIKER: "We have to nip this in the bud right now!"

***Riker strides over to the Manager . . .***

***and puts his hand on the Manager's arm as he leads him aside.***

RIKER: "I can't believe you would do such a thing! Jabba would be most displeased to learn that you called the deputies on us. In fact, I'm not supposed to tell you this, but he sent us to see if your establishment, how shall I put this . . . still deserves his protection."

***The Manager is suddenly frightened.***

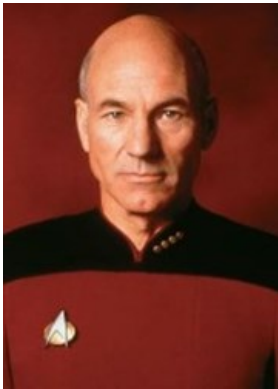
MANAGER: "I might have been a little hasty! Let me make it up to you. I'm upgrading you to the best suite of rooms we have. They're very comfortable. In fact, it's where Jabba stays when he comes to gamble. Come, let me show you."

***Data and Wesley scoop up their winnings . . .***

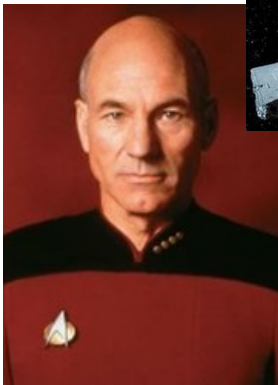
***and run after Riker and the Manager.***



*The Enterprise Briefing Room is packed, with standing room only. All the major officers are there, including many people we've never seen. Picard stands at the head of the table.*

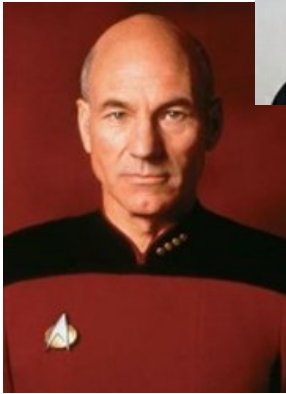


I want to bring the department heads up to speed so that you can, in turn, brief your staff. Here's a summary of our situation. Although we should have been destroyed when we were sucked into that black hole, we suffered little damage except for a cracked dilithium crystal. I sent Number One with an away team to a nearby planet to obtain a replacement.



*Picard presses a button on the table. The screen behind him displays Vader's ship.*

We were then chased and eventually boarded by someone named Lord Vader, a representative of "The Empire," the established authority in this part of space.

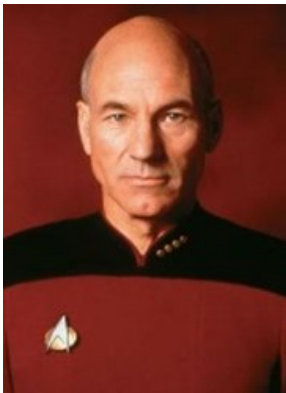


*Picard presses the button again and the screen changes to show Lord Vader.*

He accused us of taking sides in their civil war, and of stealing the blueprints to something called a Death Star. This Vader person then threatened to have the entire crew worked to death on a prison planet because we were, in his words, “rebel scum.”

***Worf leans in to comment to Beverly.***

WORF: “He said I was an unknown species, and would be dissected instead!”

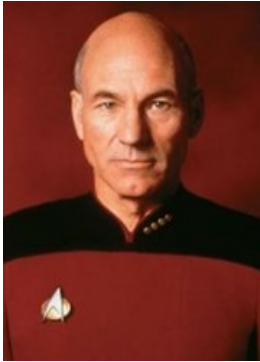


While we were in tow he downloaded our ship’s databanks, a serious breach, of course, of the Prime Directive. I then made a command decision to risk a core breach by going to warp. I felt that the 20 percent chance we had of survival was worth the risk, when weighed against the 100 percent certainty of never getting home. We’re now proceeding to planet Tatooine to pick up the Away Team. We estimate that at full impulse it will be another 36 hours before we arrive.

Geordi, please tell us what you’ve learned.



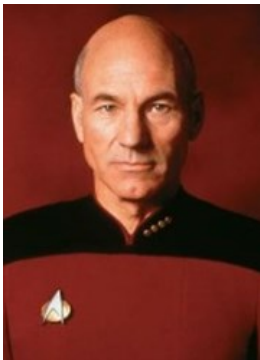
While they were downloading our computer banks, I was able to upload theirs. So although they know everything about us, we now know everything about them! I'm reviewing the Empire's research of black holes, hoping to find something useful. It seems that they're studying the subject from a totally different perspective. All their data is stuff we haven't researched, and vice versa. They haven't as yet discovered what we've learned. I'm thinking that by combining what we know with what they know, we might find a way to get home.



Thank you, Geordi. Councilor?



As soon as we entered this part of space, I felt something I've never sensed before. It's an omnipresent energy field of some kind that seems almost to be alive. It's everywhere. It permeates everything and everyone. Generally it feels neutral, but whenever Vader is nearby, I sense it in him as intense evil! Just as that was no ordinary black hole we fell into, I sense that this is no ordinary region of space we're in, either.



Thank you Deanna. Before we adjourn, does anyone have a question? Yes, Beverly.



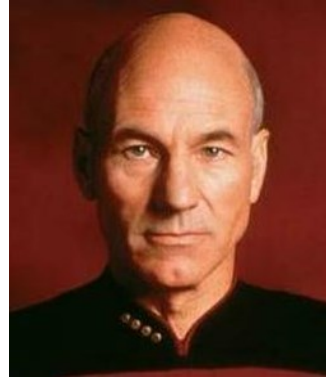
What happened to the guards?

***Illustration of Picard and Beverly.***

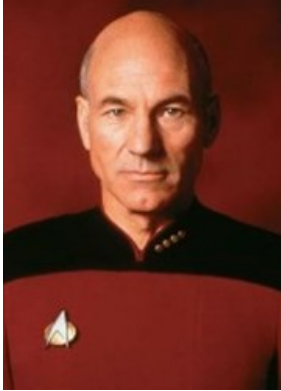
PICARD: "Geordi was able to program the ship's transporters to work in unison to beam everyone not wearing a communicator off the ship."

BEVERLY: "Lucky for them there was a planet nearby."

Quite frankly, Beverly, I didn't check. There wasn't time, and we had to get them off the ship, regardless.



Any other questions? . . .  
Dismissed.



***Everyone leaves the Briefing Room,  
except Dianna and Beverly.***



I can't believe he didn't even look!

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



That's why he's the Captain. You and I are doctors. We're concerned with the physical and mental well-being of our patients. He's responsible for the entire crew. Someone has to make the hard decisions. I'm just glad it's not me.

He may be the Captain, but I'm the Chief Medical Officer, and it's my duty to speak up when people are harmed!



You're right of course, but I sense there's something more. You're worried about Wesley, aren't you?



Yes, I am. He wants a career in Star Fleet like his father. I'll always support him in whatever he does, but I wish he'd choose something less dangerous. I don't want to lose him, too.

I hope he's all right.



***Illustration of Wesley sitting chest deep in bubbling water.***

WESLEY: "This is the life!"

***It's the morning of the next day. The Away Team is in their new, upgraded hotel suite. It's much nicer and much more spacious. In the background we see that there are two separate bedrooms and, through their open doors, that two of three beds have been slept in while the third has not. There are paintings of Jabba in various poses on every wall. Wesley sits in a Jacuzzi, with Data standing nearby. Riker stands before an "extending" mirror mounted on the wall, trimming his beard.***

DATA: "The life of a crime boss!"

WESLEY: "I might do a little crime to live like this."

***Data has a shocked look on his face.***

***Illustration of Wesley and Data.***

WESLEY: "I'm just joking with you, Data."

***Riker continues trimming his beard.***

RIKER: "Greedo won't be back until tomorrow, so we should spend the day finding out what we can before we meet with Jabba."

WESLEY: "I hope there's public transportation out there, like a shuttle or something. I don't relish the idea of trekking through the desert."

***Riker turns to look at Wesley.***

RIKER: "We can always have Data carry us."

WESLEY: "Yeah, one in each arm!"

***Data first looks bewildered . . .***

***but is suddenly quite pleased with himself.***

DATA: "Ah, this is another example of humor is it not? I do believe I am beginning to recognize a joke when I hear one!"

***The scene shifts to the hotel lobby where the Manager stands next to the check-in desk.***

***Illustration of the Away Team as they walk past the Manager.***

RIKER: "We're going out for a while, but we'll be back before dark."

***The Manager bows slightly as they leave.***

MANAGER: "I'll have someone make your beds, and lay out fresh towels."





*Illustration of the Away Team  
as they walk through the streets of Mos Eisley,  
looking very much like tourists.*

*The Away Team stops at an Imperial kiosk  
as people walk by.*

*The kiosk displays holograms of  
R2D2 and C3PO. A Speaker barks loudly.*



... designated R2D2 and C3PO belong to the Rebellion. If they are spotted, notify the nearest representative of the Empire. Failure to do so will result in prosecution for treason. To repeat, these two droids designated R2D2 and C3PO . . . .



***Illustration of the Away Team  
with the kiosk in the background.***

WESLEY: "Rebellion, against what?"

DATA: "By definition, Wesley, a rebellion  
is against established authority."

***Illustration of the Away Team.***

WESLEY: "It refers to something called,  
The Empire."

RIDER: "That sounds like 'established  
authority' to me. It looks like  
we've stumbled into a civil war.  
We need to be careful whom we  
talk to."

DATA: "And what we talk about."

***As they continue their walk, they're followed  
by a band of four Jawas. The leader is taller  
than the others, and points at the Away Team.***



***The Away Team turns a corner onto  
a smaller, more isolated street.***



***They are confronted by the Jawas who stand in their way.***

***Illustration of Riker with Data standing next to the Jawa leader who has stepped forward to scan Data with his handheld device.***

RIKER: "Go ahead and let him scan you, Data. We don't want any trouble with the locals."

DATA: "Understood."

***Close-up of the Jawa leader as he scans Data.***

JAW LEADER: "T\$PY&@XU."

***Another illustration of Riker and Data, standing with the Jawa Leader.***

RIKER: "No, I'm sorry, he's not for sale. He's not a robot; he's a person."

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

*The leader  
shrugs his shoulders.*

*He starts to walk away . . .*

*but stops and calls to  
his comrades.*

LEADER: "XU@&Y%/wt"

*The Jawas pull blasters from their  
hoodies and fire at the Away Team.*



*The Away Team lies on the ground unconscious, as the Jawas go through their satchels. One of the Jawas finds data's tricorder and excitedly shows it to a comrade.*

*Illustration of Data lying unconscious on the ground with a restraining bolt attached to his chest.*

*Close-up of his face with eyes closed.*

*Suddenly, they open.*

*Data struggles to get up, but he can't move.*

*With effort, he's able to raise an arm and pluck off the restraining bolt.*

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

*Data jumps up, startling the Jawas.*

*He attacks them.*

*One Jawa is tossed high in the air  
to the left.*

*Another is tossed high in the air  
to the right.*

*Wide shot of the street as the Jawas run off in different directions.*

***Wesley sits on the ground holding his head. Data helps Riker to stand.***

DATA: "Are you all right?"

***Illustration of the Away Team.***

RIKER: "I don't know. I feel woozy. How about you, Wes?"

WESLEY: "Me, too."

***The Away Team is now on their feet.***

DATA: "I believe we were hit by disrupters of some kind."

RIKER: "They thought you were a robot, Data, and wanted to buy you."

DATA: "I heard. I wonder how much money I would have fetched."

***Wesley checks his satchel.***

WESLEY: *(to himself)* "Probably more than strips of latinum."

***Another illustration of the Away Team.***

RIKER: "We'd better get back to the hotel. It might take us a while to fully recover, and we want to be ready for tomorrow."

*The Hotel doorman holds open the door for the Away Team,  
as they enter the hotel lobby.*

*They walk unsteadily  
past the Manager . . .*

*and climb the stairs,  
as he calls after them sarcastically.*  
MANAGER: "Had a rough day?"

*The hotel doorman holds open the door for Bib Fortuna,  
as he enters the Hotel lobby.*

*He approaches the counter.*



***Illustration of Bib Fortuna and the Manager.***

FORTUNA: "Jabba sent me ahead to tell you he'll be in town tomorrow. He'll check in sometime in the afternoon, after he takes care of some business with one of his smugglers."

MANAGER: "Jabba's coming here tomorrow?"

***The Manager begins to realize that he was duped.***

MANAGER: "So he DIDN'T send three enforcers to check-up on me?"

***Another illustration of Fortuna with the Manager.***

FORTUNA: "Why would he do that? You're profitable."

MANAGER: "When you see Jabba, you tell him there are three guys here who say they work for him."

***The Manager looks up at the ceiling and points his finger.***

MANAGER: "And they're staying in his room!"

"I'll tell him when he arrives. He'll want to arrange something special for them, I'm sure. Keep them here! Don't let them check out!"



***It's the morning of the next day. Riker and Data stand nearby as Wesley packs his satchel.***

RIKER: "Are you about packed, Wes? I want to check out and get there before the bar opens. We don't want to miss meeting Greedo."

WESLEY: "I'm almost done."

***A hand knocks on the door. A small sign on the wall reads "Reserved for Jabba."***

RIKER'S VOICE: "Who is it?"

***The Manager stands at the door.***

RAJA: "It's Raja, the Manager."

***Riker is seen through the open door. Two men in white jackets are with Raja in the hallway. One holds a folding table. The other has a cart of covered food dishes.***

***They rush into the room.***

***The man sets up his folding table, while the other takes plates and utensils from underneath his cart.***

RAJA: "Breakfast on the house!"

***Riker stands by the door.***

RIKER: "I'm not sure we have time for this."

***Wesley lifts the lid of one of the food dishes.***

WESLEY: "I'm famished, and we've already gone through our rations."

DATA: "Wesley is correct, and because of the events of yesterday our bodies most likely require nourishment."

***Riker pushes past Raja to inspect the food himself.***

RAJA: "Does he always talk like that?"

***Riker raises the lid of another dish, and shows great delight at what he finds.***

RIKER: "Pancakes! Well, I guess we have time. And they DO say that breakfast is the most important meal of the day."

***Illustration of Riker and Raja.***

RIKER: "Thank you. We'll be sure to tell Jabba how well you manage your establishment."

***Close-up of Raja's smirking face.***

RAJA: "I'd be most grateful!"

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



*Vader has arrived at the Death Star. He walks down the ramp with Princess Leia, followed by two armed guards. Grand Moff Tarkin is there to receive them.*



We meet at last, Princess. You've led us on a merry chase, but that's over now. We'll soon retrieve the plans you've stolen, and your friends will have died for nothing.

You've done it now, Tarkin! When the Senate hears about this . . .



The Senate has been dissolved by decree of the Emperor!

We just received word, Vader. The Governors now have complete control over their territories.

*Tarkin looks up at Vader.*



So you see, my dear, you have no legal status now. No one will speak for you. No one will come to your aid.



No one will even claim your body! You are utterly alone, now. You WILL tell us the location of your rebel base . . . after you beg us to KILL you!



Take her to Detention, and prepare her for enhanced interrogation!





***A hand knocks on the door  
of Jabba's suite.***

***In the hallway are four of Jabba's goons.  
Goon #1 stands at the door. Goon #3 is not human.***

RIKER'S VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR: "Who is it?"

GOON #1: "Room Service."

***Riker opens the door.***

RIKER: "What now?"

***Goon #1's fist  
smashes into Riker's mouth.***

***The goons rush in, knocking over the service cart.***

***Data stands next to Goon #2 who points his blaster at Riker  
(who's fighting Goon #1 and Goon #3),  
while in the background Wesley is wrestling with Goon #4.***

*Data grabs Goon #2 . . .*

*and throws him across the room.*

*He hits the wall, knocking a hole in it.*

*Goon #2 lies unconscious against the wall,  
as Data and Riker fight Goons #1 and #3, respectively.  
Wesley continues to spar with Goon #4.*

*Data head butts Goon #1.*

*Goon #1 lies on the floor.  
Riker puts down Goon #3.*

*Wesley throws Goon #4  
high into the air.*

*He lands on the table,  
breaking it in two.*

*The room is in shambles. The four goons lie unconscious on the floor.*



***Illustration of  
Riker and Wesley.***

RIKER: "Way to go, Wes!  
You held your own  
today."



Just standard  
martial arts  
training.

***Illustration of the Away Team.***

RIKER: "I think we've worn out our welcome here. It's time to  
leave."

***In the hotel lobby, the Away Team  
walks past an astonished Raja.***

***Riker tosses the key card on the desk.***

RIKER: "I take it back. Your room service  
stinks!"

***The hotel doorman holds the door open for the Away Team,  
as they exit to the street.***

***The Away Team stands just outside the Hotel entrance.***

WESLEY: "Do you think Jabba knows we were staying in his room?"

***Illustration of Riker and Wesley.***

RIKER: "I doubt it. It's more likely Raja was trying to recoup his losses. He could say they were guys who saw us win all that money, and then tried to rob us."

***Illustration of Data.***

DATA: "I suggest that we proceed directly to the tavern to meet Mr. Greedo."

***Another illustration of the Away Team.***

RIKER: "You're right, let's get going. We've already wasted too much time."

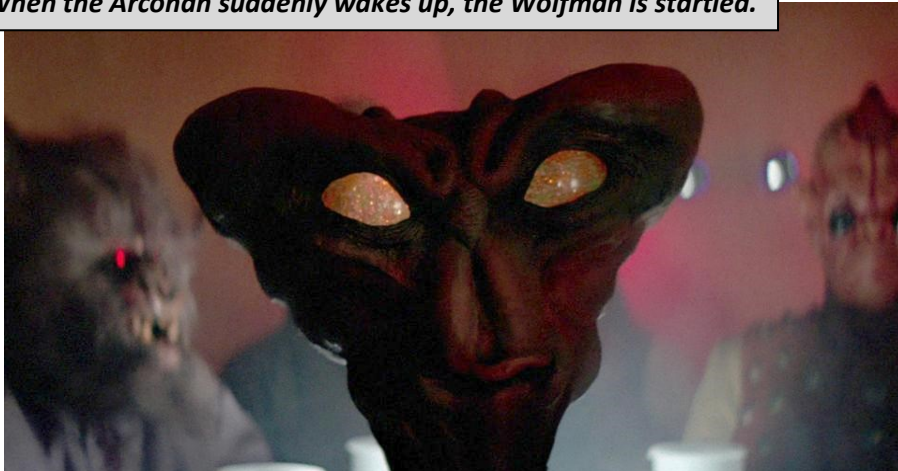
## CHAPTER 4: IN SEARCH OF A CRYSTAL

*An Arconan has passed out and lies face down on a table.  
His drink, still in his hand, is bubbling and smoking.  
In the background are four cantina aliens sitting at a table.*

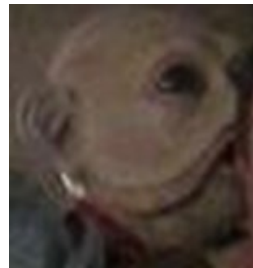
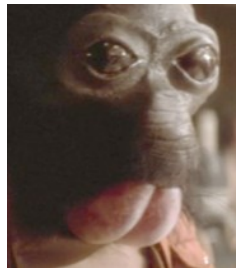
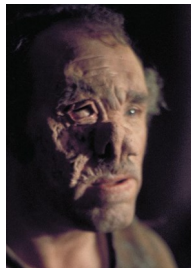
*A closer view of the four aliens.*



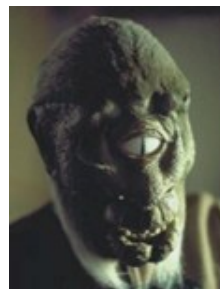
*When the Arconan suddenly wakes up, the Wolfman is startled.*



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE





*The Away Team stands in the doorway of the cantina.*

*They approach the bar.*

*Riker puts money on the counter.*

RIKER: "I'll have whatever the house recommends."

I understand Greedo spends a lot of time here. We have some business to discuss with him. Will you please let us know if you see him come in?

Maybe.



**Riker has put more money on the counter.  
The bartender gives Riker his drink  
with one hand and takes the money  
with the other.**

BARTENDER: "OK."

Hay, we don't serve their kind here!  
Your droids, they'll have to wait outside.

Riker and Data are  
standing at the bar.



Why don't you wait out by the speeder?  
We don't want any trouble.

I heartily agree  
with you, sir.



**Riker leans in to Data and Wesley.**  
RIKER: "Let's move away from the bar  
and take a seat. We don't  
want any trouble either, and  
Data's already been mistaken  
for a robot."

**The Away Team take their seats at nearby table.**

***Wesley looks at Riker's drink.***

WESLEY: "That looks good. I'm going to get me one."

RIKER: "I don't know what your mother would say about that."

***Wesley protests.***

WESLEY: "I'm not a boy anymore! I'm an ensign in Starfleet, and I'm going to get me a drink."

***Illustration of the bar, as seen from their table. It's crowded with the only available space between Luke and Doctor Evazan.***

***Wesley approaches the bar.***

***Wesley stands at the bar and addresses Luke Skywalker.***

WESLEY: "How old do you have to be to get a drink around here?"

LUKE: "Just old enough to raise a glass. The name's Luke."

***Wesley and Luke shake hands.***

WESLEY: "Wesley, but my friends call me Wes."



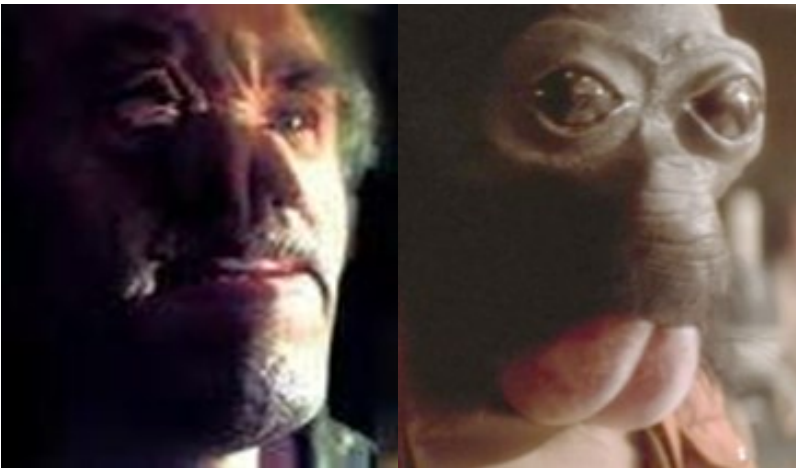
STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

I'll have whatever  
you gave my friend.

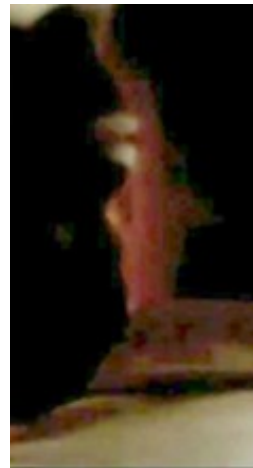


*A hand taps Wesley on the shoulder.*

He doesn't like you!



Sorry.



I don't like you, either! You just watch  
yourself. We're wanted men! I have  
the death sentence on twelve systems!

I'll be careful.

You'll be dead!

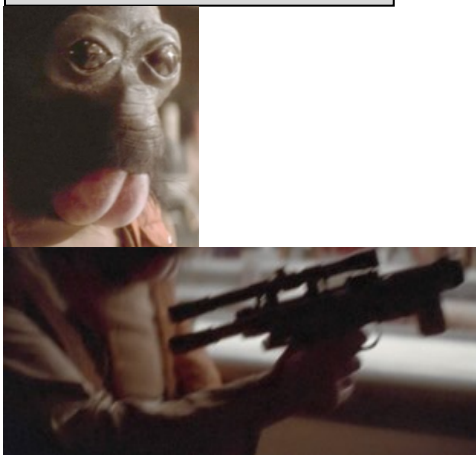


This little one's not worth the effort. Come, let me get you something.

*Wesley, not Luke.*



*Ponda Baba lunges forward with his blaster in hand.*



*Obi-Wan's hand reaches for his lightsaber.*

BARTENDER: "No blasters! No blasters!"

*With one stroke Obi-Wan slices through Ponda Baba's arm at the elbow.*



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



***Wesley has returned to the table and is badly shaken. In the background, we see Luke and Obi-Wan sitting with Han and Chewbacca in a corner booth.***

WESLEY: "Did you SEE that?"

RIKER: "Calm down, Wes. Are you OK?"

WESLEY: "Yah, I guess. I just didn't expect things to get violent!"

***Wesley has taken his seat.***

RIKER: "This is a rough town. We have to be on our toes."

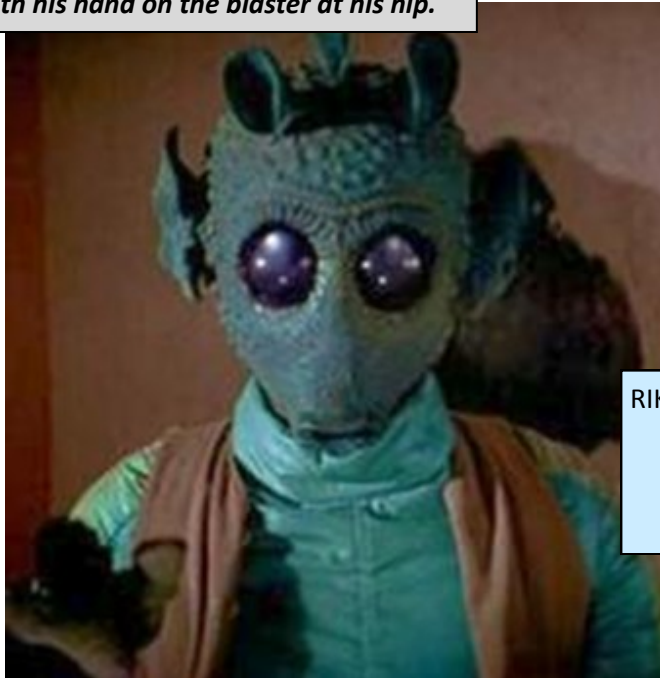
DATA: "Interesting weapon, though, and one with which I am not familiar."

RIKER: "There are a lot of things around here you could call interesting."

*From their table, the Away Team sees Greedo in the distance talking with the bartender, who points at them.*

*He walks toward the Away Team.*

*Greedo stands in front of their table, with his hand on the blaster at his hip.*



I hear you want to talk to me.

RIKER: We have a business proposition for Jabba the Hutt. Please, have a seat.

*Greedo sits with the Away Team.*

GREEDO: "Jabba won't talk with anybody he doesn't know."

RIKER: "That's what we've heard. Spikes said that you might provide us with an introduction."

GREEDO: "That would depend on how much you're willing to pay."

*Riker places a wad of bills on the table.*

RIKER: "Will this be enough?"

***Greedo takes the money  
from the table.***

GREEDO: "OK, Jabba will talk with you if  
you say I sent you."

***Illustration of everyone at the table.***

RIKER: "Where can we find him? We  
understand he lives out in the  
desert."

GREEDO: "That will cost you extra."

***A disgruntled Riker  
places more money on the table.***

RIKER: "Spikes was right, nothing's free  
around here!"

***Greedo takes the money.***

GREEDO: "You're in luck. Jabba's in  
town today on business. He's  
at Space Dock, Bay 94."

***Greedo sees Chewbacca leaving in the  
distance and Han standing alone.***

***Greedo stands up.***

GREEDO: "If you wait a few minutes I'll  
take you there. First, I have  
some business to take care  
of."

RIKER: "Fine, we'll wait."

***Illustration of the Away Team.***

RIKER: "It looks like you won't have to carry us after all."

DATA: "Ah, another joke! Although I would not mind, if it would lessen your discomfort in the hot sun."

RIKER; "That's why we love you, Data."



***The sound of a blaster pierces the din of the crowd. All eyes have turned to the booth in the corner where Greedo is slumped over dead.***

Sorry about the mess.

***The Away Team watches as Han tosses a coin to the bartender and leaves.***



***Again,  
people turn back . . .***

***to what they  
were doing . . .***

***as things return  
to normal.***

***Illustration of the Away Team at their table.***

WESLEY: "He just shot Greedo!"

DATA: "Yes, but I could not see from here who was the aggressor."

RIKER: "Doesn't matter. Let's get out here!"

***Data and Wesley walk to the door, while Riker stops at the bar.***

***Riker lays more money on the counter.***

RIKER: "Which way to Space Dock?"

BARTENDER: "Just follow the main road out the door, till there's no more road."

RIKER: "Much obliged."

***From over his shoulder, we see the Away Team exit in the background as the Bartender pockets the money.***



Her resistance to the mind probe is considerable. It will be some time before we can extract any information from her.



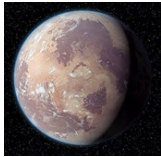
The final check-out is complete. All systems are operational. What course shall we set?



Perhaps she will respond to an alternative form of persuasion. I think it is time to demonstrate the full power of this station.

Set your course for Alderaan.

With pleasure.



*Bib Fortuna stands guard outside Bay 94 at Space Dock.*

Who's we?

*The Away Team approaches Fortuna.*  
RIKER: "Excuse me, we're looking for Jabba the Hutt. We were told he might be here."



Did he now? Wait here!

*illustration of Fortuna and the Away Team.*  
RIKER: "My name is Will Riker. This is Wesley and Data. Greedo told us we could use his name as an introduction."





***Illustration of the Away Team.***

RIKER: "Well it looks like we might get a crystal after all. Let's hope the Enterprise contacts us soon. I don't want to spend any more time here than we need to."

***Wesley with a melodramatic look on his face.***

WESLEY: "Yah . . . Mos Eisley, a retched hive of scum and villainy!"



I concur, Wesley, but I am surprised at your choice of words.

***Illustration of Wesley.***

WESLEY: "Something I heard someone say back at the bar."

***Illustration of the Away Team as Fortuna returns.***

FORTUNA: "Jabba will see you now."

***Inside the hanger, Bib Fortuna escorts the Away Team to Jabba.***

***The Away Team stands before Jabba.***

RIKER: "Greetings to the great and exalted Jabba the Hutt!"

I don't know you, so why do you flatter me?



***Riker is a bit taken back by the question.***

RIKER: "Ah . . . you're right of course. Diplomacy can be used to hide ulterior motives, but we come in peace with a business proposition."

***Illustration of Jabba and Riker.***

JABBA: "Go on."

RIKER: "We wish to purchase a large dilithium crystal, and we understand that you might have one to sell."

And if I do, why should I sell it to you?



***Another illustration of the Away Team with Jabba.***

RIKER: "Because our need is great, almost as great as the amount of money we brought with us to purchase the crystal. Open your satchel, Data, and show him."

*Data's hands hold open the satchel full of bundles of cash.*

***Illustration of the Away Team and Jabba.***

JABBA: "Perhaps we can make a deal. I live in the desert, and keep my crystals in a vault at home, so we'll have to conclude our business there. Do you have a speeder?"

RIKER: "If you mean private transport, no we don't."



Then you will travel with me as my guests. Come.

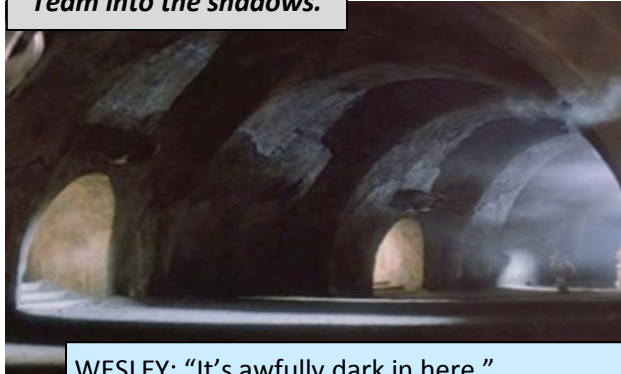


***Jabba and the Away Team have arrived at Jabba's palace. The Away Team stands at the huge front door, which is partially open. Jabba is slower to disembark the sail barge, and leaves a slime trail behind him wherever he goes.***

*A housekeeping droid scrubs away Jabba's slime trail . . .*



*as Jabba leads the Away Team into the shadows.*



WESLEY: "It's awfully dark in here."

DATA: "It is Jabba's home, Wesley, and slugs are not known for their eyesight."

*Jabba slithers up a ramp to take his seat.*

Go to the vault and bring back a good sized crystal for our guests.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



My friend's not from around here.

That is obvious, and neither are you for that matter, but in business I've learned not to ask too many questions.



They've never seen a droid as advanced as Data before. Is he for sale?



Ah . . . he's a new prototype, and no he isn't.

Too bad.



*Fortuna returns with a large crystal  
in his arms . . .*

*and sets it down beside Jabba.*

Now down to business. Give the money to my man, please.”



*Illustration of Riker, Data and Fortuna.*

RIKER: “Give him the satchel, Data.”

*Data hands Fortuna the satchel.*

*Close-up of the boots of the Away Team  
as they stand on Jabba's trapdoor.  
Wesley is standing just outside of it.*

You, boy, my eyesight isn't that good. Please step a little closer so I can see you better.



*Wesley's steps on the trapdoor.*

A word of advice, the next time you're in Mos Eisley . . . stay in a different hotel.



*Jabba presses a button.*

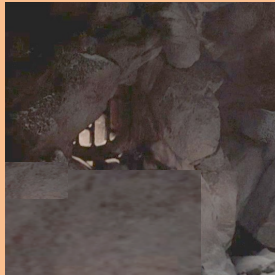


*The Away Team drops into the pit, arms flailing in the air.*

*It's dark in the pit, but there's some light from a small iron grating in the wall.  
Riker and Wesley are struggling to stand. Data has landed on his feet.*

RIKER: "Get the crystal!"

DATA: "Understood."



*Data first crouches . . .*

*and then jumps up.*



*Data lands at the feet of an astonished Jabba.*

*He grabs the crystal . . .*

*and jumps back in the pit.*

Release the Rancor!



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



***The Rancor approaches.  
Data is crouching, ready to jump.***

RIKER: "Data do something!"

***Data leaps on the Rancor's back.***

*He raises the crystal  
high above its head.*

*The crystal impacts hard  
on the head of the Rancor.*

*Data rides the Rancor . . .*

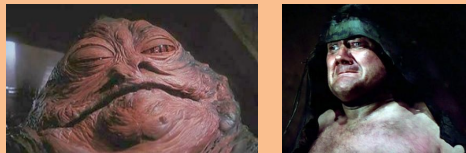
*as it collapses . . .*

*to the floor.*

***Data pulls the iron grating from its masonry.***



***He helps Wesley climb through the opening while Riker stands guard.***



***Jabba boards his sail barge, accompanied by the Rancor's keeper.***

JABBA: "They can't get far on foot. We'll have them soon, and then I'll make them pay for what they did to your Boopsy!"



***Illustration, from Jabba's perspective, as he looks at the Away Team seen running in the distance.***

*Wesley is on his knees, gasping for air.*

*Riker is standing, but has his hands on his knees and is breathing hard.*

*Data, who holds the crystal, kneels down next to Riker.*

DATA: "Get on my back!"

*With Riker on his back, Data hands Wesley the crystal.*

DATA: "Hold this!"

*Data runs across the desert at top speed, holding Wesley in his arms, who holds the crystal in his. Riker's trying to hold on, while bouncing around riding piggyback.*

*Jabba stands with the Rancor Keeper and one of his henchmen on the deck of the sail barge, looking out across the desert at the Away Team. The henchman is taking aim with his blaster rifle.*

JABBA: "Don't Shoot! I want that droid in one piece."



We're within sensor range of Tatooine, sir.

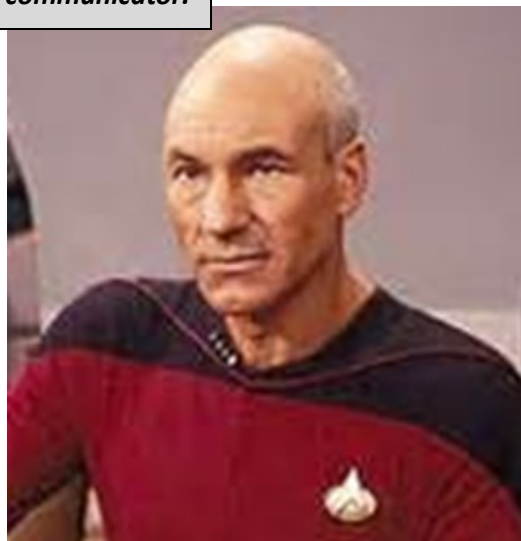
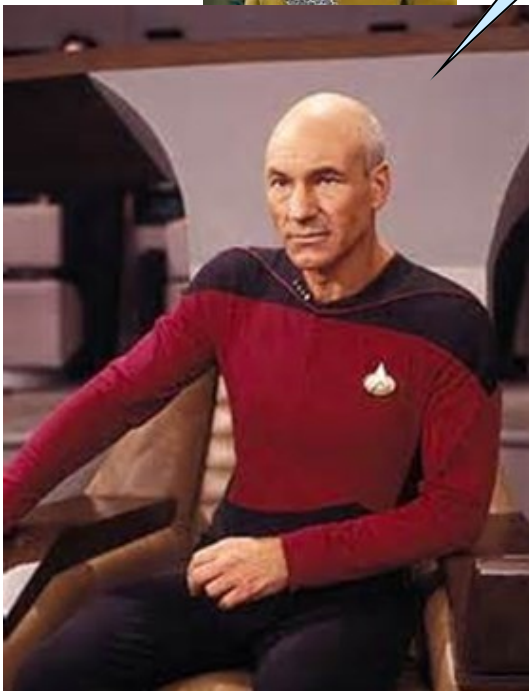
Scan for the Away Team.

I already have a lock.



Picard to Riker, sorry we were out of touch for so long, but . . .

Taps his communicator.

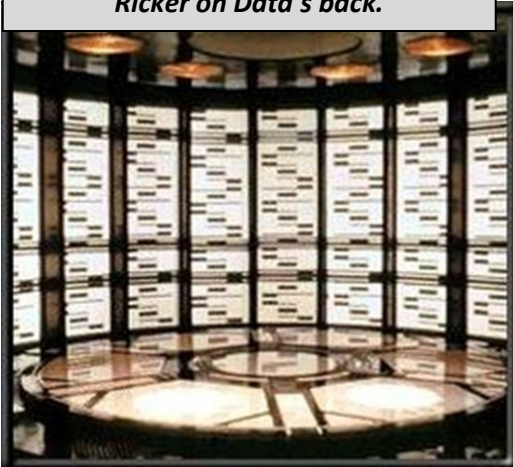


*Riker has his jacket pulled back, revealing his Communicator. He's barely able to hang on to Data, but manages to tap it.*

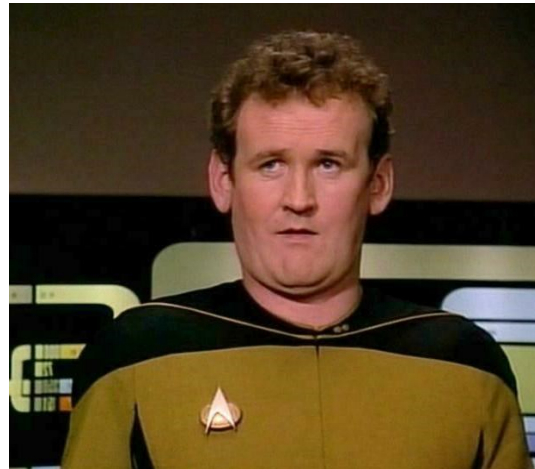
RIKER: "Three to beam-up, NOW!"

*The Away Team dissolves into thin air, just as an astonished Jabba catches up with them.*

*The Away Team is on the transporter pad with Wesley in Data's arms and Ricker on Data's back.*



I'm not EVEN going to ask.



*The turbolift opens with the Away Team inside.*

***Wide shot of the Bridge as Wesley approaches the aft Engineering Station where Geordi is standing, still holding the crystal in his arms. Riker and Data walk down the ramp to meet Picard at the bottom. Worf is at his station. Everyone is smiling broadly.***

PICARD: "Excellent work, Will!"

***Geordi now holds the crystal. Wesley stands nearby.***

GEORDI: "Request permission to install this in Engineering."

***Picard stands with Riker. Data has taken his seat at the forward station.***

PICARD: "Permission granted!"

***Picard's demeanor has suddenly turned serious.***

RIKER: "You were right to be cautious, Captain. This area of space is evidently engaged in a civil war."

PICARD: "Old news, Number One. Much has happened while you were away."

I look forward to being briefed.

No you don't.





## CHAPTER 5: IN SEARCH OF AN ALLY



***At the Rebel Command Center on Yavin 4, General Jan Dodonna greets Mon Mothma in front of the Tactical Display Table.***

DODANNA: "Mon Mothma, it's so good to see you! When the Emperor disbanded the Senate, we feared you'd be arrested."

MOTHMA: "I received advanced warning, so I left before he made the announcement. I doubled back to cover my tracks, so I don't think I was followed."

DODANNA: "Well, at least you're safe here."

MOTHMA: "For the time being, perhaps, but I have bad news."

Our spies report that Tarkin has taken Princess Leia prisoner.

That pig!  
The  
Force be  
her! But  
I don't  
think  
she'll  
betray  
us, even  
under  
torture.



You're right.  
She's one  
tough lady!  
But that's not  
the worst of  
it. Alderaan  
has been  
completely  
destroyed!

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

What? But how is that possible?

The Death Star is now fully operational. It was their final test.



Do you bring nothing but bad news?

Fortunately, there is something encouraging that I can tell you. Apparently there's someone else fighting the Empire. Vader recently attacked and boarded an unknown starship that reportedly has superior weapons. It somehow broke free of Vader's tractor beam, and went into hyperspace. No one knows where it came from, but if it tangled with Vader we may have found ourselves an ally.

Any idea where it is now?



*She takes a data disk from her clothing . . .*

No, but I obtained an image of the ship.



*and inserts it into a slot on the Display Table.*

***A hologram of the Enterprise appears above the table.***



Distribute this to all units, and tell them to look for this starship. They're to report back immediately if they find it. If we can make contact, maybe we can convince them to join the rebellion.

Let us hope so. Right now, we can use all the help we can get!



They have the ENTIRE Federation database?



***Illustration of the Briefing Room.  
Picard is seated at the head of the table.***

PICARD: "I'm afraid so, Will."

***Worf leans into Geordi.***  
WORF: "I told him he wouldn't like it."

What are we going to do?



As bad as it is, Will, it's not as bad as you might think.

Tell them what you've been doing, Geordi.



While Vader was downloading our databanks, I was able to upload his. Now we know everything the Empire does, so we've leveled the playing field.

I would not think by much, considering the present state of their technology.

You might be right, Data, but using the new information we've gained, I think I might have found a way to get home.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Really? That's great news!  
What do you have, Geordi?

It appears that black hole was in the process of becoming a wormhole, when the Event Horizon expanded and sucked us in. It shouldn't be too long before I'll be able to figure out when and where it will open again, but at this point I can't tell if it will reconnect to our galaxy or not.



Good work, Geordi. Let me know when you have something further to report. Any questions before we adjourn?

Yes,  
Wesley.



So again, sir,  
what happened  
to the guards?

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



Captain, an unknown ship has come within visual range, and they're hailing us.

*Stands, tugging his tunic.*

On screen.



Greetings, Captain. I assume you are the Captain.



I am Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the USS Enterprise. To whom am I speaking?



I am Mon Mothma. Captain, we need to talk. Although we do not know each other, I believe we have a mutual enemy.



Whom might that be?

Lord Vader.



Excuse us for a moment.  
Worf, pause transmission.



*Picard confers with his officers.*

PICARD: "Comments?"

WORF: "It might be a trap!"

DEANNA: "I don't sense she's trying to deceive us."

RIDER: "I don't see any harm in hearing what she has to say."

PICARD: "Neither do I. Resume transmission, Worf."

When you're ready, we'll guide your shuttle into one of our service bays.

Thank you,  
Captain.



## CHAPTER 6: A NEW HOPE

*Picard and his Bridge officers meet with Mothma and Dodanna.*





So you see, Captain, we're hoping you'll lend your support to our cause. The Empire is a threat to all civilized peoples. Its hunger for new resources is insatiable, so it's always seeking to expand its domain. Even worlds beyond the Outer Rim aren't safe. Eventually the Empire will control everything and everyone in the galaxy! So by helping us, you'll actually be helping yourselves.



Our spies tell us that the Empire is moving the Death Star to attack our base. We estimate it'll arrive sometime tomorrow afternoon. It's already destroyed an entire planet, and that was just a test! Rather than evacuate, we've decided to stand and fight. Your weapons are more advanced than anything we have. With your help, we could win the day.



I'm sorry, but we can't intercede. We have a strict code called the Prime Directive that prevents us from exposing our technology to less developed societies. We're not EVEN from your galaxy. Right now, my priority is finding a way to get back to ours.

***Illustration of Picard and Riker.***

RIKER: "Captain, this may be an opportunity to redeem ourselves."

PICARD: "What do you mean, Number One?"

***Riker turns to General Dodanna.***

RIKER: "General, didn't you say that Vader's ship is based at the Death Star?"

DODANNA: "Yes, it is."



I need to confer with my officers. Please wait here.

*Illustration of Picard and Riker.*

PICARD: "I think I know what you're getting at, Will."



*Illustration the Briefing Room.  
Picard is standing.*

PICARD: "Everyone else, come with me."

*Picard and his officers  
exit the Briefing Room . . .*

*and reemerge on the Bridge.*

***Everyone has gathered in front of the Captain's Seat.***

PICARD: "Number One, is it your recommendation that we try to destroy the Death Star?"

RIKER: "Yes sir, it's the only way to protect the Prime Directive."

GEORDI: "Even with our superior weapons, I doubt we could do it. It's just too big."

WESLEY: "If it destroyed an entire planet, think what it could do to us!"

DATA: "If we are to save the Prime Directive we will need to do it soon, before they have an opportunity to download to another location."

PICARD: "I understand, Data, but if we interfere in their civil war and don't succeed, we'll have made matters even worse."

Anything you want to add, councilor?

Captain, the evil that I sensed in Vader was intense, to be sure, but it's not just him. It's pervasive throughout the Empire. My sense is this galaxy is in the grips of something truly malevolent. Sir, if we don't help them their entire rebellion will be crushed. Even if they somehow survive tomorrow, once the Empire starts producing our superior weapons the resistance won't have a chance, and the rest of their galaxy will certainly be enslaved.



Captain,  
we can't  
let their  
revolution  
die!  
We're  
their only  
hope.

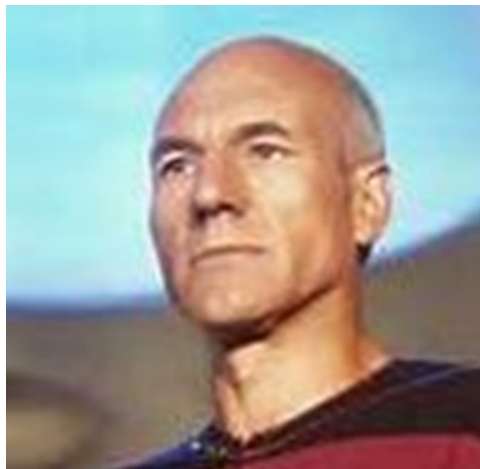
You and Will make a compelling case for joining their fight. But Geordi's correct, too, in his assessment of our chances. This isn't an easy decision.



Sometimes, though, when faced with a difficult choice it's best to disregard the arguments and instead try to answer a simple question, "What is the right thing to do?" My priority has always been the safety of this ship and its crew. My every instinct tells me that we should concentrate on getting home, but is that the right thing to do? We've always responded to distress calls, regardless of who sought our help. Is this really any different? And of course, there is the Prime Directive. This may be our only chance to rectify our mistake.



Tomorrow we attack the Death Star . . . because it is the right thing to do!



***Illustration of everyone on the Bridge.***

PICARD: "Now let's go back and give them the good news."

***Picard and his officers  
return to the Briefing Room . . .***

***and take their seats.***



We will help you, but on one condition. We attack, not just defend. It's our intent to destroy the Death Star, nothing less.

Agreed! We would like nothing more!

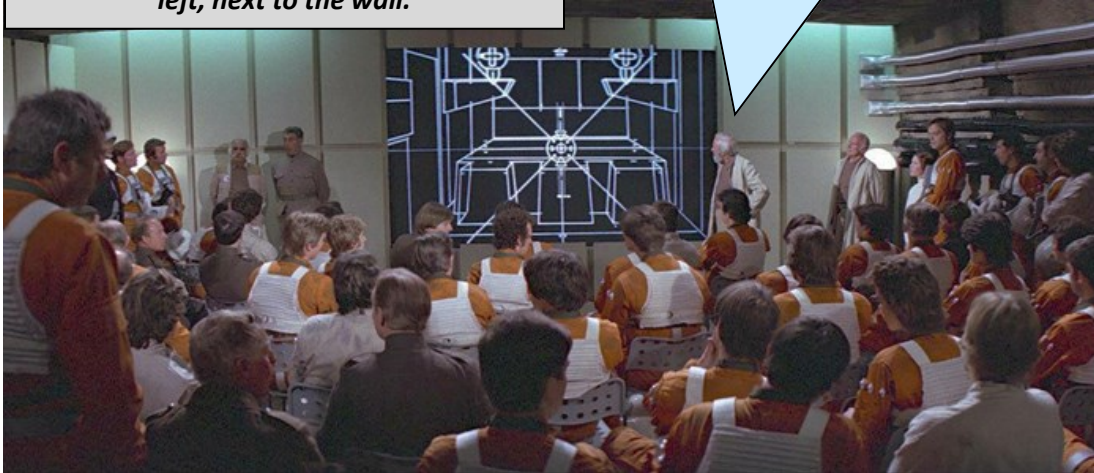


I don't know why you changed your mind, Captain. I'm just grateful that you did. On behalf of freedom-loving people everywhere, I thank you.

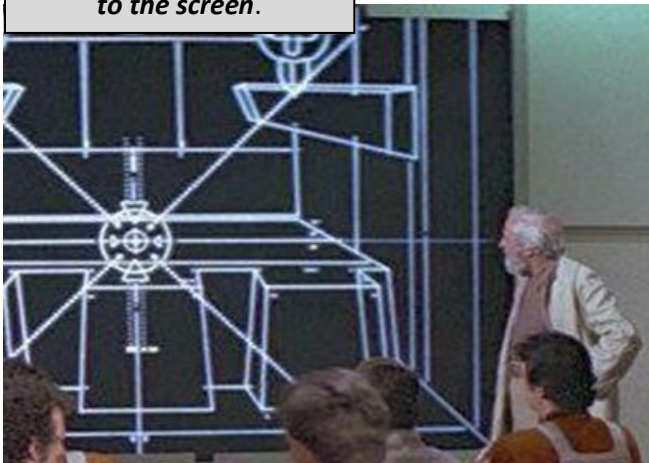


The defenses of the Battle Station are designed around a direct, large scale assault. The empire doesn't consider a small one man fighter to be any threat, or they would have a tighter defense. An analysis of the plans provided by Princess Leia has demonstrated a weakness in the station's design.

*Mon Mothma, Picard, Riker, Data, Geordi, Deanna, Worf and Wesley stand to the left, next to the wall.*



*Dodanna holds a pointer to the screen.*



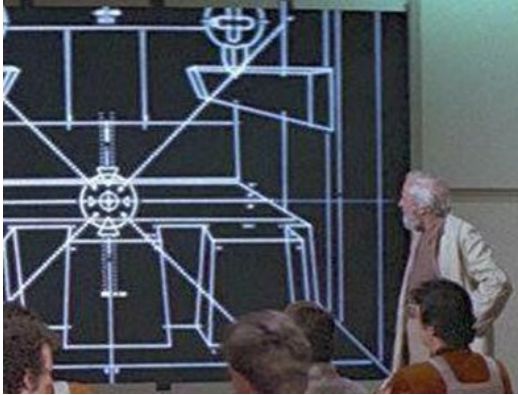
You are required to maneuver down this trench and skim the surface to this point, an exhaust port that leads directly to the reactor system. The target area is only two meters wide, but a precise hit will start a nuclear chain reaction, which should destroy the station.

That's impossible, even for a computer!

But it's not impossible! I used to bullseye Womp Rats in my T-16 back home, and they're not much bigger than two meters.



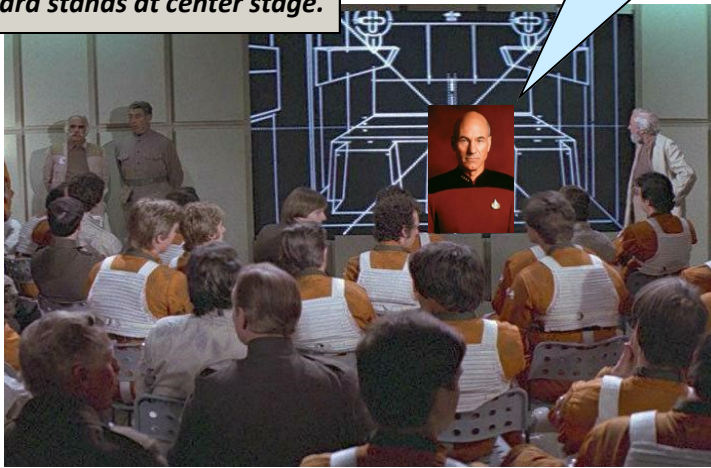
STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



I'm going to turn this over now to Captain Picard, who will explain how he and his crew will help with our attack. Captain?

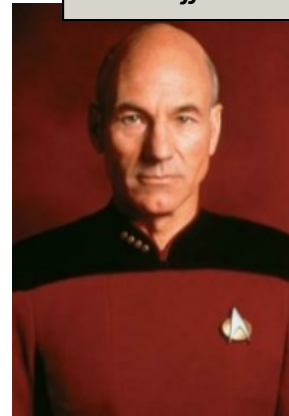
Thank you General. As some of you have probably heard, I'm the Captain of a starship.

*Picard stands at center stage.*

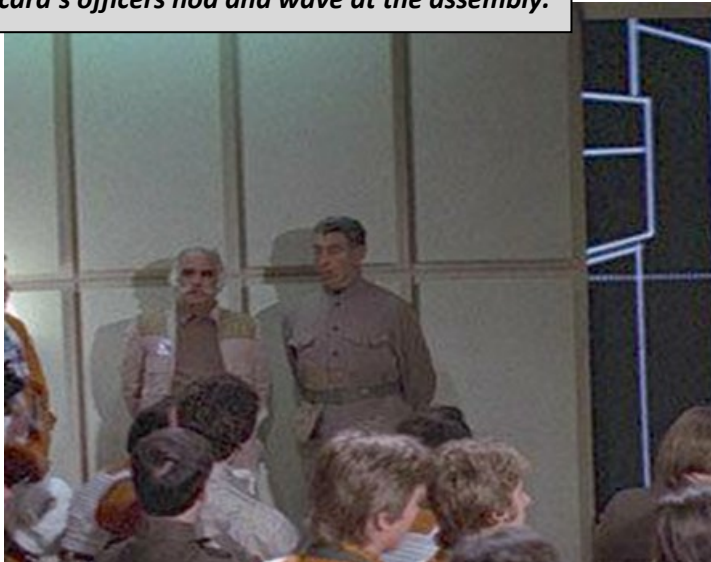


*Picard gestures to his officers.*

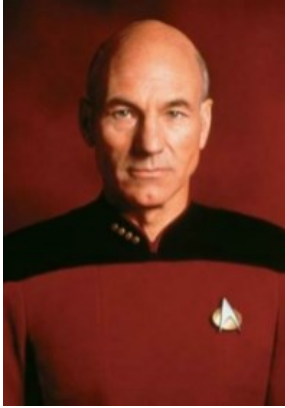
My officers and I have agreed to join your attack on the Empire's battle station.



*Picard's officers nod and wave at the assembly.*

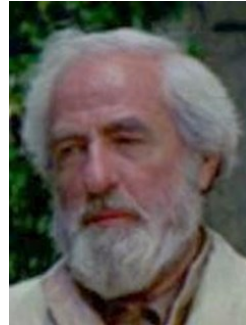


STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

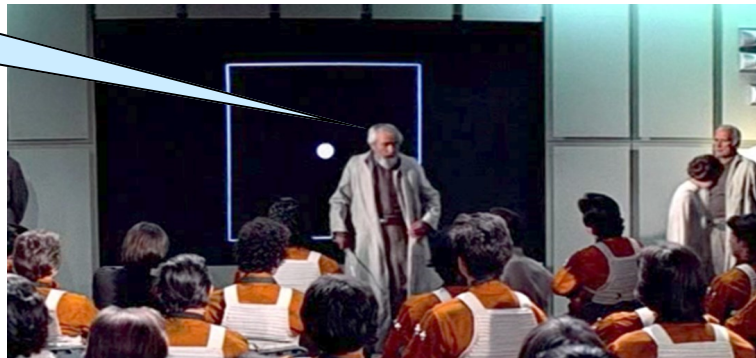


We know little of the Empire, or of your civil war, but we have reasons of our own for wanting to destroy the Death Star. During the attack my ship will conduct strafing runs against their cannons, while fending off as many enemy fighters as we can. Hopefully, we'll be able to provide enough cover for you to get to your target and achieve your objective. Back to you, General.

Thank you Captain. Your help will no doubt be crucial to our success.



Pilots, man your ships, and may the Force be with you.



Weapons status, Worf.

All phaser banks are fully charged, and all torpedo tubes are loaded.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Good! Since the Death Star is spherical, if we conduct our strafing runs near the surface, it will limit the number of cannons they can aim at us.

Torpedoes are most effective at close range, so that will also allow us inflict maximum damage.



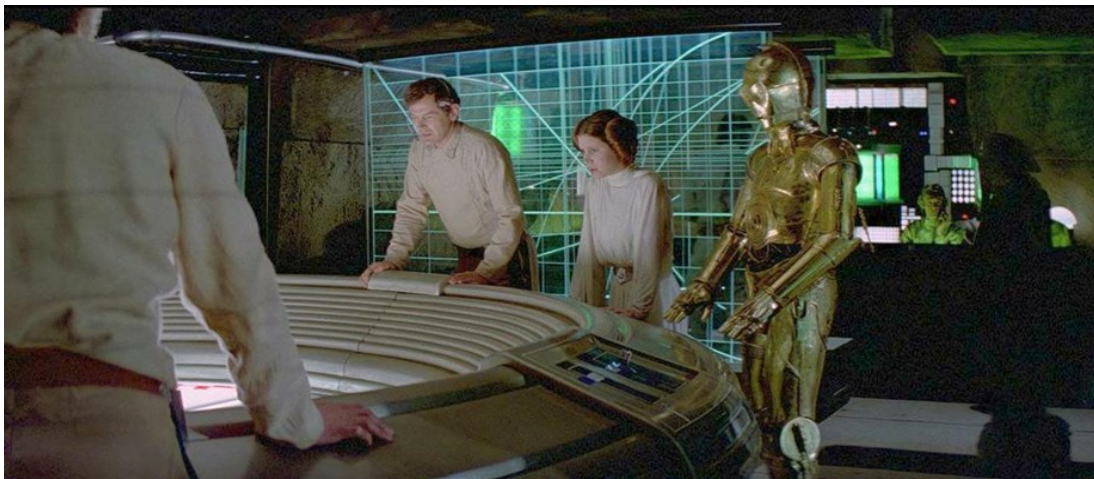
Right you are, Number One.

Worf, take us to Red Alert. Mr. Crusher, move us into formation with the rebel fighters.





*The Enterprise is clearly seen in the far distance leading the formation.*



Standby alert! Death Star approaching.  
Estimated time in firing range, 15 minutes.



*The Enterprise leads the X-wing fighters.*



Lock S-foils into  
Attack Position.

*The Enterprise is seen far in the distance.*



We're passing  
through the magnetic  
field. Hold tight.

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Red Squadron, help the Enterprise draw their fire while we start our attack run.



Copy that, Gold Leader.



Red Leader: Garven Dreis

*Cannons fire at the Enterprise.*



Shields are down to 60 percent!

Mr. Crusher, get us in as close to the surface as you can while still being able to freely maneuver, and then KEEP us there!

*Picard and Riker are standing.*



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



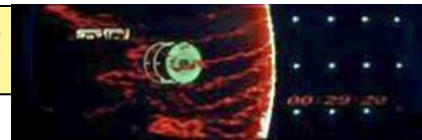
We count 30 rebel fighters in addition to their starship, Lord Vader, but the fighters are so small they're evading our Turbo Lasers.



We'll have to destroy them ship to ship. Get the crews to their fighters.



The Rebel Base will be within firing range in 7 minutes.



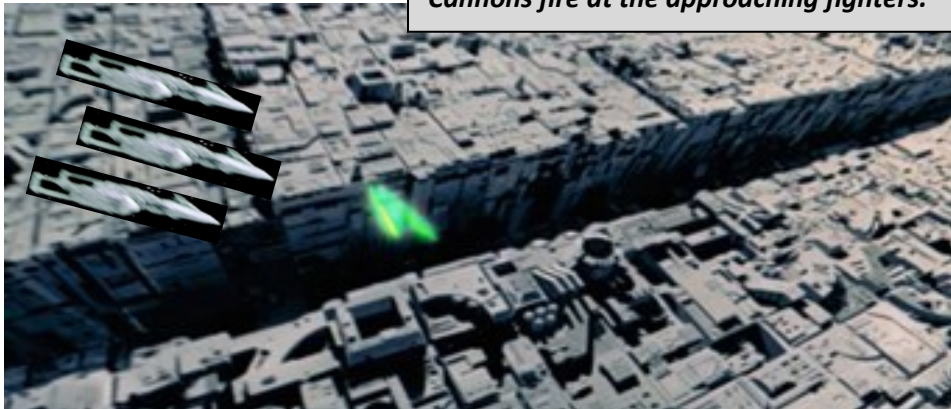
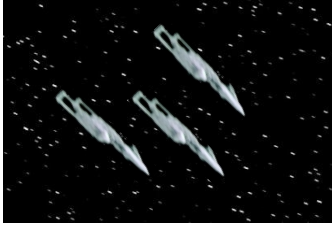
Red Leader, this is Gold Leader. We're starting our attack run.

***Vader stands with two suited Tie Fighter pilots in a hallway on the Death Star.***

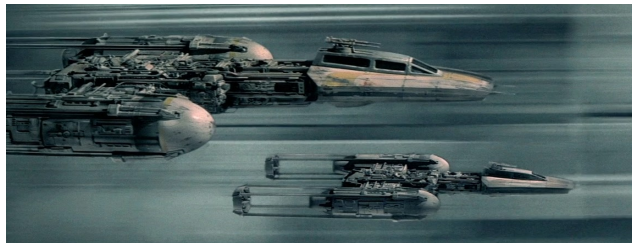
VADER: "Several fighters have broken off from the main group. Come with me."



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



*Cannons fire at the approaching fighters.*



*Vader and his escorts leave the hanger bay.*



Stay in attack formation.



Death Star will be in range in 5 minutes.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

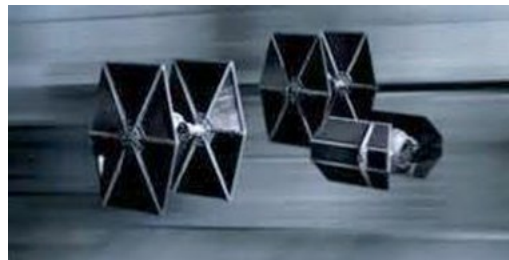
Switching to targeting computer. Watch for enemy fighters.



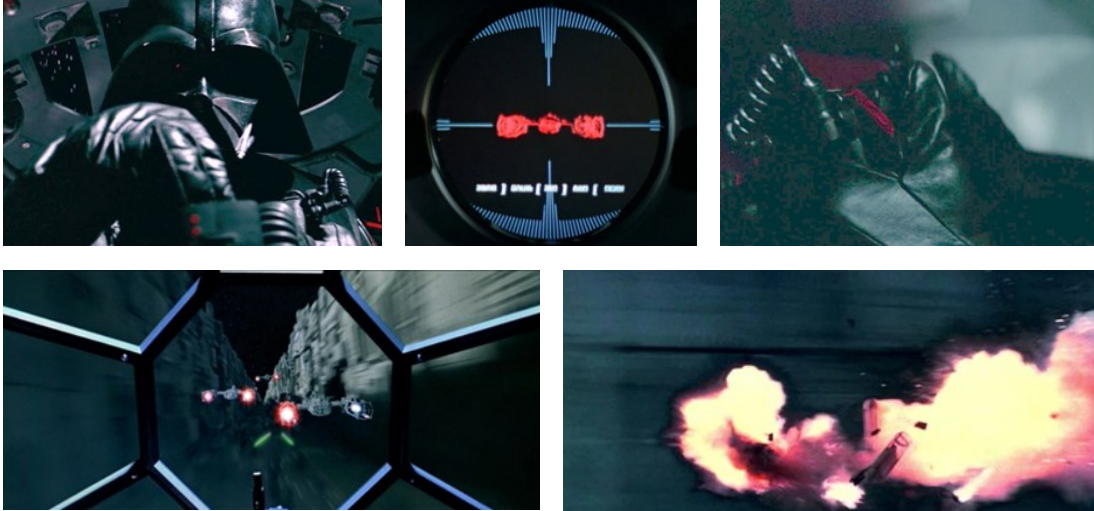
They're coming in!



I'll take them myself. Cover me.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



Stay on target.  
Stay on target.

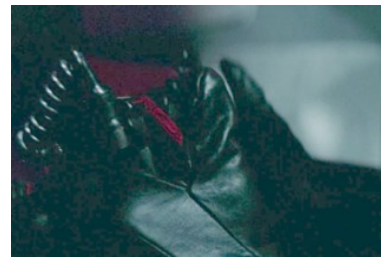


STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Gold Leader to Base One.  
Lost Harry. Lost Hutch.



They came  
from behind.



Rebel Base, 3 minutes  
and closing.





STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



We've analyzed their attack and there IS a danger. Should I have your ship standing by?



Evacuate? . . . in our moment of triumph? I think you overestimate their chances!

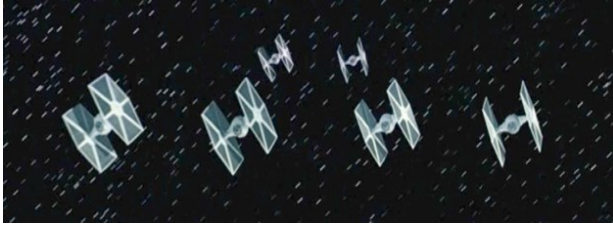


Enemy fighters approaching.

On Screen.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



Worf, lock phasers on them and fire, but save the torpedoes for their cannons!



The fighters are destroyed!  
shields down to 40 percent!

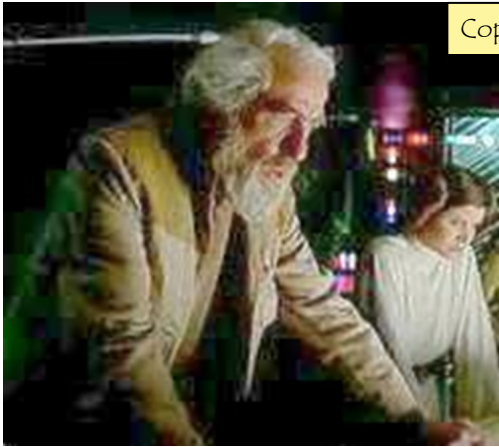
Now, while the phaser banks  
are recharging, fire torpedoes  
at those cannons!

*The Enterprise fires a torpedo.*



*The surface of the Death Star has a new crater  
next to the edge of the trench.  
It's deep, having taken out several decks,  
such is the power of a single Federation torpedo.*

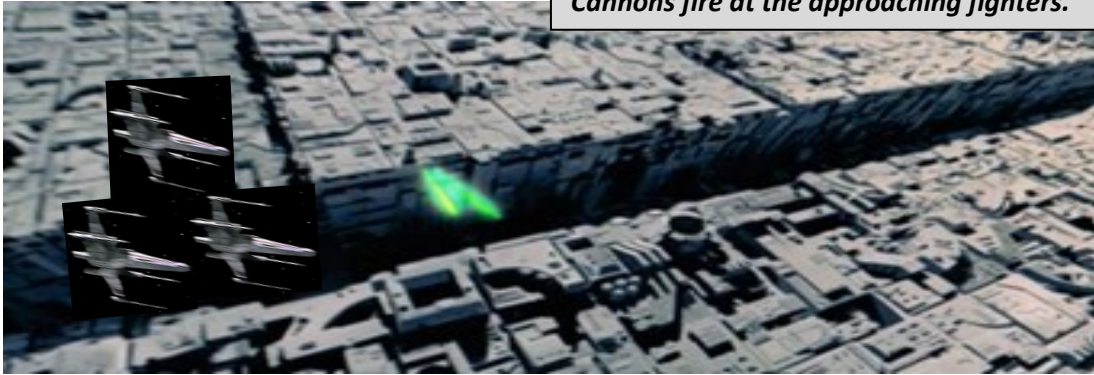
Red leader, this is Base One. Prepare your squadron for the next run.



Copy Base One.



*Cannons fire at the approaching fighters.*



Keep your eyes open  
for those fighters!



Red Leader: Garven Dreis

No sign of any . . .  
wait! Coming in  
at point 35!



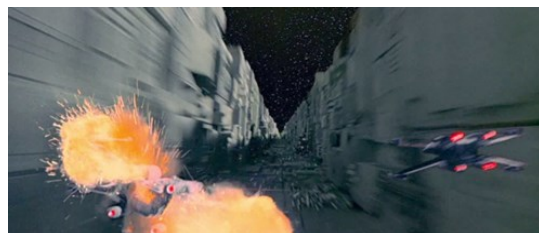
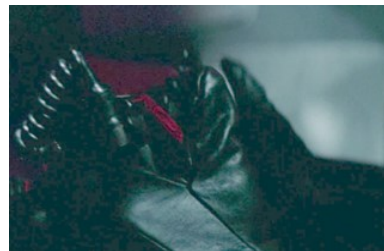
STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



I'm in range. Target coming up. Just hold them off for a few seconds.

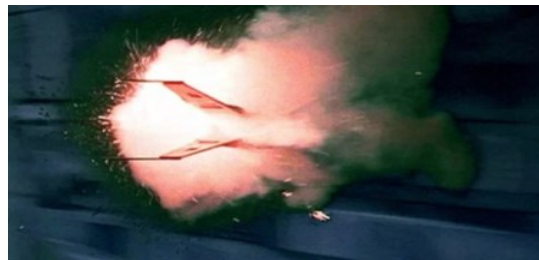
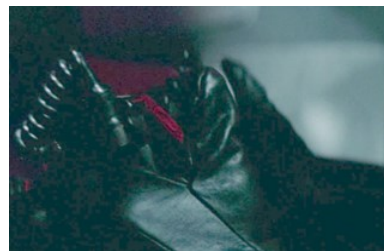
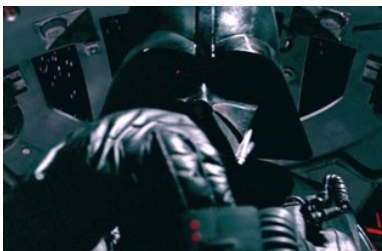
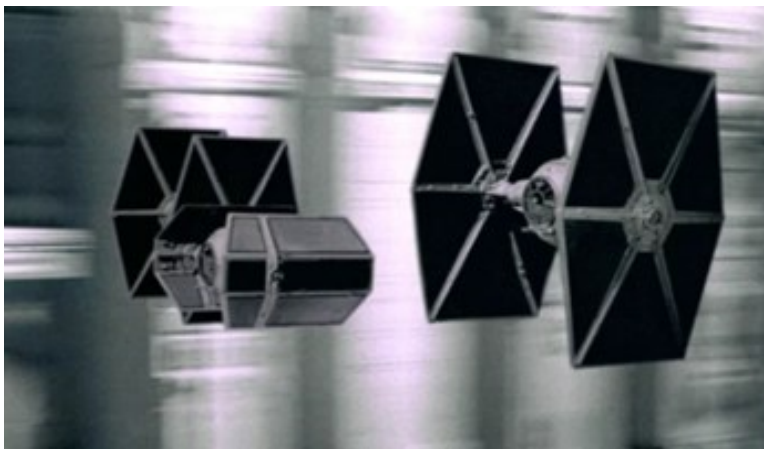


Red Leader: Garven Dreis



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Almost there.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Targeting computer is extended.



Red Leader: Garven Dreis



Hits away!



Did it go in?



Negative, negative, it just impacted on the surface.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



I just lost my starboard engine. Red Five, Get set up for another attack run.



I'm hit!



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

We're going in full-throttle. That should keep those fighters off our backs!

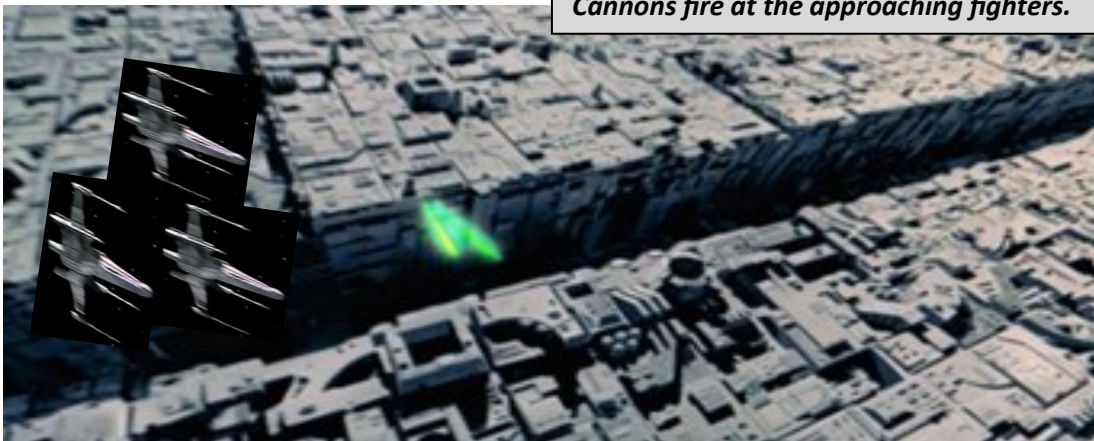
It'll be just like Beggar's Canyon back home.



Luke, at that speed will you be able to pull out in time?



*Cannons fire at the approaching fighters.*





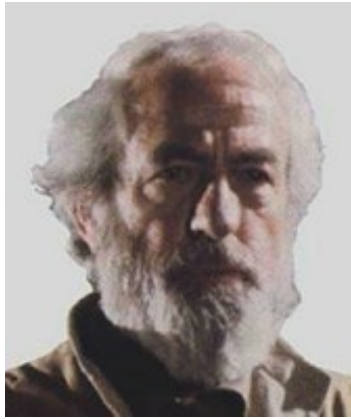
STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



We're being hailed by Rebel Command.

On screen.

Our first two attempts have failed, Captain. We're attempting one last run at the target.

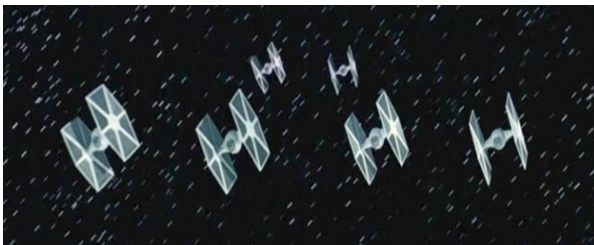


Understood, General. We'll provide support. Picard out.

More incoming fighters!



As before, Worf, lock on and fire phasers, but save the torpedoes for the cannons!



Fighters destroyed, shields down to 20 percent!

Target nearby cannons, and fire!



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



*The Enterprise fires torpedoes.*



*Illustration shows the back of the two nacelles of the Enterprise as it exits the frame. Another crater scars the Death Star. In this wide shot we see that many other craters line the trench on both sides. In the distance are three X-wing fighters (Luke and his escorts), following behind in the trench.*

The cannons, they've stopped!

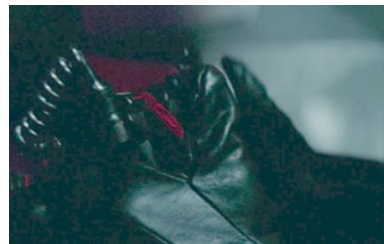
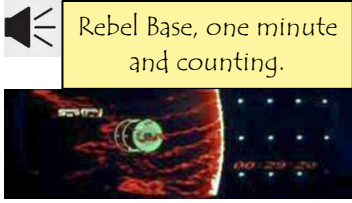


Wedge looks up.

Fighters coming in a point 3.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



I'm hit! I can't stay with you!

Get clear, Wedge. You can't do anymore good back there.

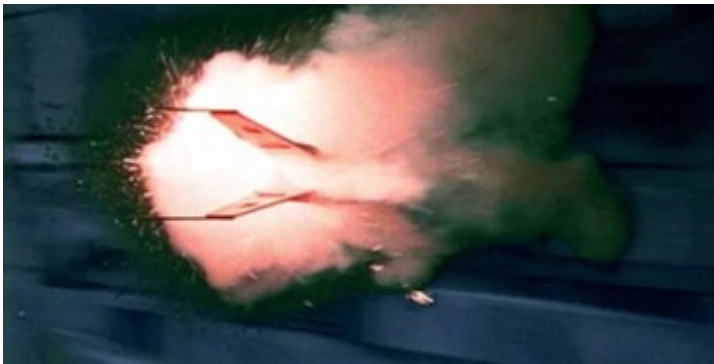
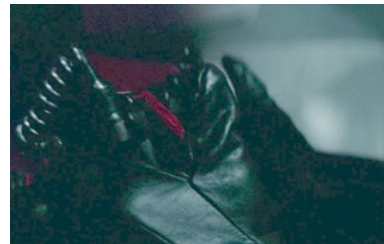


STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

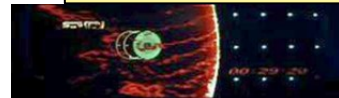
Sorry Luke.



Let him go. Stay on the leader!



Rebel Base, 30 seconds and closing.



I'm on the leader.



Use the Force, Luke. Let go!



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



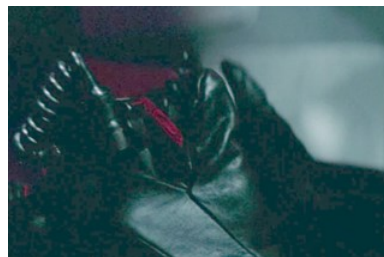
Luke, you switched off your Targeting Computer. What's wrong?



Nothing, I'm all right.



The Force is strong with this one.



Screech!



I've lost R2.

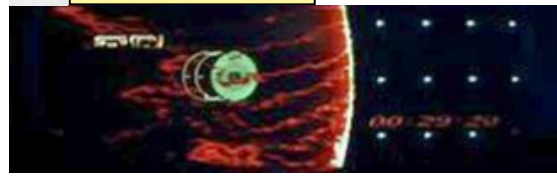


STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

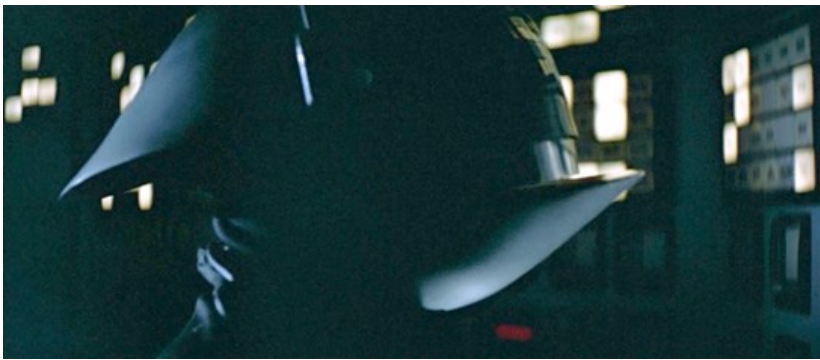
The Death Star has cleared the planet.



Rebel Base in range.



You may fire when ready.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

I have you now!



YAHOO!



A Tie Fighter is about to attack the Millennium Falcon, as it fires again, when the Enterprise comes to the rescue.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

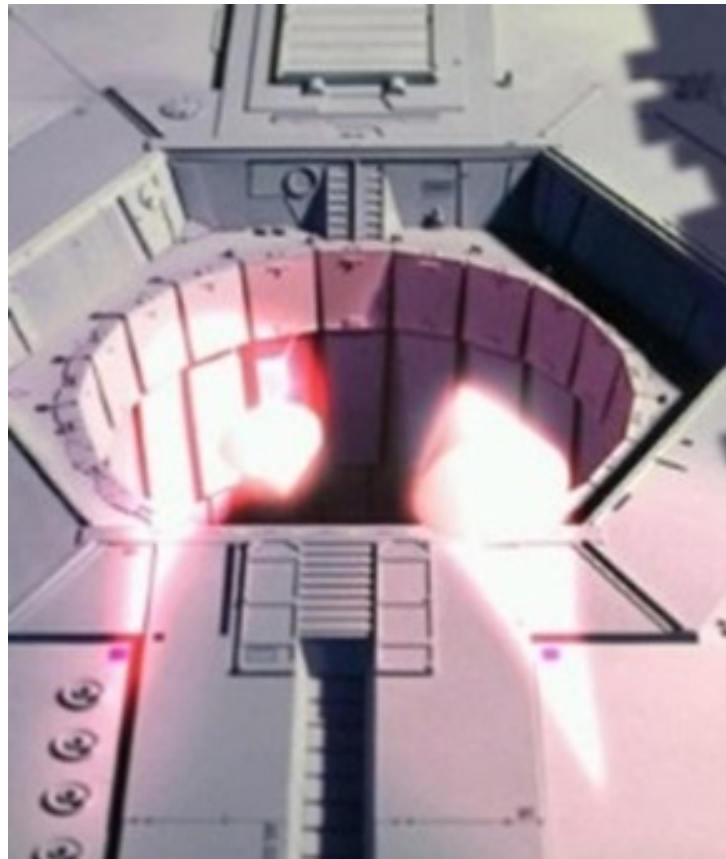
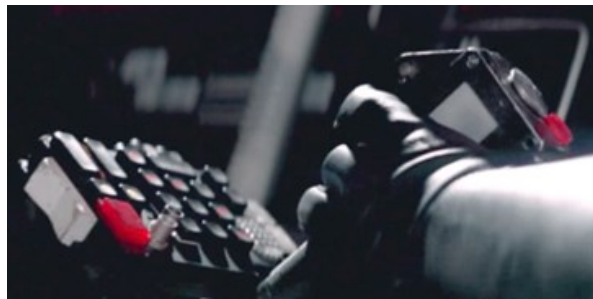
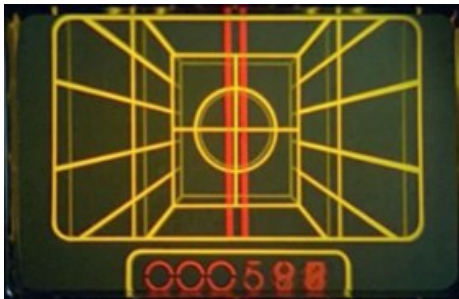


You're all clear kid.  
Now, let's blow this  
thing and go home!





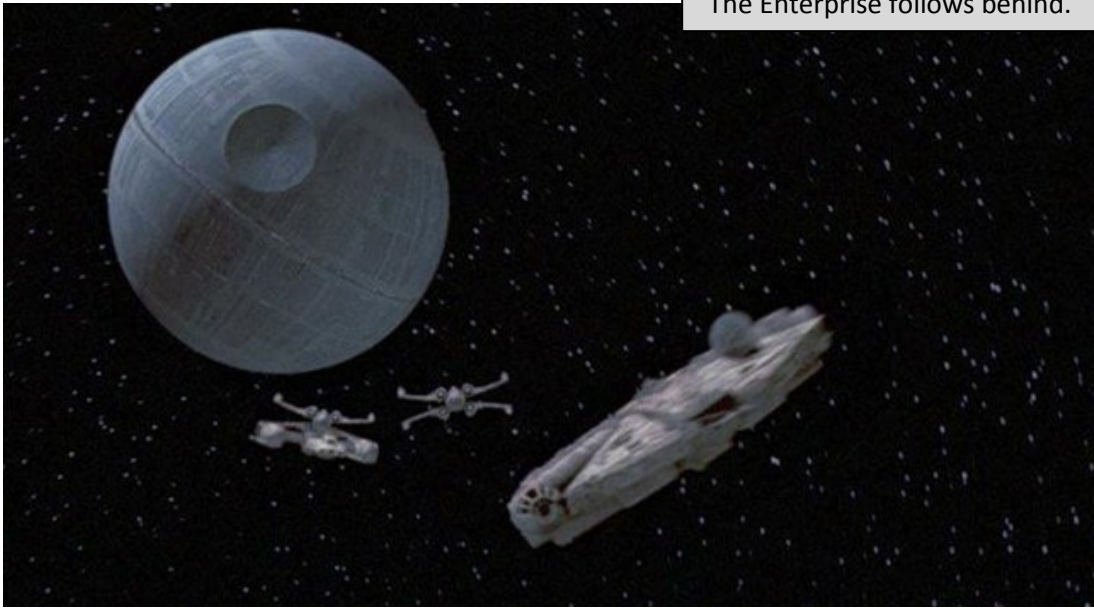
STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



The Enterprise follows behind.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



As they march down the isle the heroes are flanked on their left by rebels, and on their right by the crew of the Enterprise.



Picard and his Bridge officers follow behind Han, Luke and Chewbacca.





*Ten heroes (Han, Luke, Chewbacca, Picard, Riker, Data, Geordi, Worf, Deanna, and Wesley) climb the steps and line up to face Leia, who stands with R2D2 and C3PO.*



*Leia places a medal around Luke's neck as the other heroes watch.*

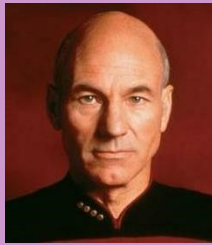
*Illustration shows the audience from the view of the stage. Beverly is in the front row. They're giving the heroes a standing ovation.*

*The heroes turn and face their audience.*



*R2D2 also wears a medal.*

## HEROES OF THE REBELLION



*This “bird’s eye” illustration is from the ceiling looking down over the entire banquet hall, as the Enterprise crew and the rebels mill about talking and drinking champagne. At one end Deanna faces Riker, clutching her medal in her hand. At the other, Wesley gets a hug from Beverly. Picard stands with Mon Mothma, Princess Leia, and General Dodanna. Luke is seen with Han and Chewbacca. Worf is with Geordi. Throughout the room groups of Enterprise crew and rebels are engaged in conversation.*

*Illustration of Deanna and Riker.  
She clutches her medal defensively.*

RIKER: “Maybe we can have them  
bronzed and use them as  
bookends.”

DEANNA: “You keep your mitts off my  
medal!”

*They laugh heartily.*

*A closer “Bird’s eye” illustration of Enterprise crew talking with rebels.  
Beverly gives Wesley an embarrassing hug in the background.*

***Beverly hugs Wesley.  
He holds a Styrofoam cup.***

BEVERLY: "I am so proud of  
you!"

WESLEY: "Please mom, not  
here!"

***Luke approaches and points to Wesley's cup.***

LUKE: "I see you finally got to have that drink."

WESLEY: "Ginger Ale, actually. Let me introduce  
you. Mom, this is Luke Skywalker."

***Beverly, extends her hand.***

BEVERLY: "Call me Beverly. Way to go,  
Luke! That was some  
shooting."

***They shake hands.***

LUKE: "Just a lucky shot. Your people  
really helped, giving us cover and  
all. We can breathe easier now,  
without that Death Star  
threatening us."

BEVERLY: "I can't go into detail, but let  
me say that because of your  
'lucky shot' we can ALL  
breathe easier today."

***Another transitional "bird's eye" illustration shows crew members  
interacting with rebels. In the background Picard is with  
Mon Mothma, General Dodonna and Princess Leia.***



***Illustration of Picard, Mothma, Dodanna and Leia.  
Picard is talking with the Princess.***

PICARD: "I was truly saddened when Mon Mothma told me of the loss of your parents, along with your entire home world."

LEIA: "After the destruction of Alderaan, morale had gotten pretty low, mine included I admit. This is the first time in a long while that we've had something to celebrate, Captain. You've given us a new sense of optimism. I doubt this victory will be our last."

***Worf approaches Picard.***

***Illustration of Worf, Picard and Leia.***

WORF: "Sir, may I have a word with you?"

PICARD: "Yes, of course, Worf."

***Picard turns to face the Princess***

PICARD: "Please excuse us for a moment."

***Illustration of Picard and Worf, with Mothma, Dodanna and Leia in the background.***

WORF: "As Security Officer, I recommend that we leave this system as soon as possible. Although the Death Star has been destroyed, the Empire is sure to strike back. We shouldn't be here when they do."

PICARD: "This is the first time the crew has had a chance to relax since we arrived in this galaxy. Let's not rain on their parade just yet."

***Picard gives a regretful sigh.***

WORF: "I'm sorry, Captain, but I must insist!  
They could already be on their way.  
Also consider, sir, that the longer we  
stay the more inebriated the crew will  
become, and therefore less effective in  
battle."

PICARD: "You're right, Worf. We're not at full  
strength."

***Illustration of Picard and Worf  
walking toward Mon Mothma,  
as Picard extends his hand.***

PICARD: "Thank you for your  
hospitality."

***Picard and Mon Mothma shake hands.***

PICARD: "I apologize for having to leave so  
soon, but we have repairs we need to  
make."

MOTHMA: "I understand, Captain. Because of  
you, we were able to strike a major  
blow for freedom today. For that,  
we are eternally grateful."

***General Dodanna  
shakes Worf's hand.***

DODANNA: "I understand you're  
from a warrior race.  
You fought well  
today, Lieutenant.  
I wish I had a dozen  
like you."

WORF: "Thank you, sir."

***Illustration of Leia and Picard,  
with Worf, Dodanna and Mon Mothma standing behind them.***

LEIA: "May the Force be with you and your valiant crew, Captain."

PICARD: "My people know nothing of the Force, but thank you. We'll need all the help  
we can get to find our way home."



*On the bridge of an Imperial Star Destroyer, the Captain stands near the pit where his Communications Officer looks up at him.*

We have an incoming message from Imperial Command.

Display it, Lieutenant.



*A hologram of Commander Praji appears next to the Captain.*

Lord Vader commands that you proceed to planet Tatooine, where you will pick-up a squadron of Troopers and return them to base.

Why send a Star Destroyer on such a mission?



The rebels have attacked and destroyed the Death Star. Lord Vader is preparing a massive counter-attack, and wants every available unit in the battle. Your ship will be reassigned after you deliver the Troopers. One more thing, all Imperial units are to be on the lookout for an unusual rebel starship. I'm transmitting the image now.


***A hologram of the Enterprise replaces that of the Commander.***

Understood. I shall proceed to Tatooine at once.



This ship led the attack on the Death Star, and the Emperor wants it destroyed.



Beep. Beep. 

***Picard is at his desk in his Ready Room.***



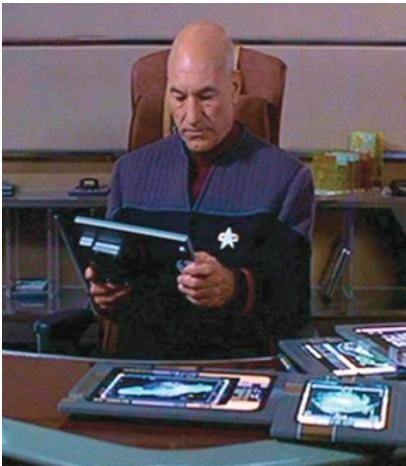
PICARD:  
Come.

***Illustration of Geordi standing in the doorway.***

Ah, Geordi, do you have something to report?



Yes sir, I do! The wormhole will open again in about twelve hours, but I don't know for how long. It could stay open for days or minutes, I can't tell.



***Geordi stands in front of Picard's desk.***

PICARD: "Where?"

GEORDI: "That's the thing, it's going to open at exactly the same coordinates it did before. Now that's both a good thing, and a bad thing."

PICARD: "How's that?"

GEORDI: "It's good in that it should connect again to our own galaxy, but it also means that it's stable and won't shift in space."



Oh, I see.

***Another illustration of Geordi and Picard.***

GEORDI: "When it's open, anyone can use it. Think of what would happen if the Empire found it!"

PICARD: "Then we'll have to find a way to keep that from happening. Do you think we'll black out again when we enter the wormhole?"

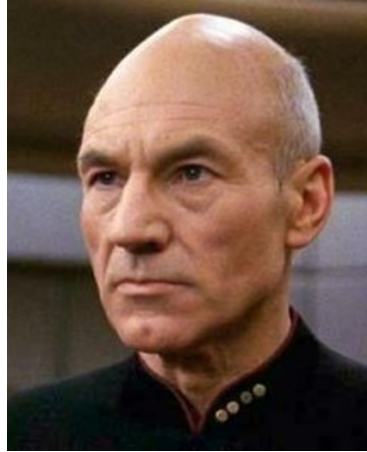


I doubt it, Captain. We were sucked in at the moment it was created. This time we'll be going in after it opens, under controlled impulse.

*Illustration of Geordi and Picard.*

PICARD: "How long do you estimate it'll take us to get there?"

GEORDI: "At maximum warp, we should arrive with about a half hour to spare."



Make it so.

**CHAPTER 7: THE BATTLE OF TATOOINE**



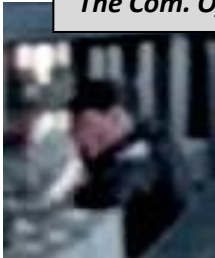
*A Star Destroyer orbits Tatooine.*



Good. Set a course for . . .

The shuttle has docked, and all troopers are onboard.

*The Com. Officer looks up at the Captain.*



Sir, that rebel starship just came out of hyperspace, 23 million kilometers off our port bough!



Pursue at full speed!

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



Sir, there's another Imperial Destroyer on an intercept course!



Go to Red Alert!

Councilor, how's our canary?



I don't sense that Vader's onboard.

That's a relief!

Worf, how soon until they're within range?



In about 5 minutes.



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Geordi, how soon until the wormhole opens?



*Picard taps his communicator.*

In about 10 minutes, Captain. Assuming we can hold them off for that long, how are we going to keep them from following us in?



What would happen, Geordi, if we laid down a spread of mines at the mouth of the wormhole, and detonated them after we entered the conduit?



"I see what you're getting at. If we're lucky, it'll seal the opening."



And if we're not?

It could destroy the wormhole with us inside it.

Understood.



Worf, prepare to lay down a spread of mines when I give the word. Right now, the best defense is a good offense.



*Picard stands and tugs at his tunic.*



All power to forward shields. Mr. Crusher, plot an intercept course and proceed at full impulse.



Captain, the rebel starship has altered course and is headed directly toward us!

They're either incredibly stupid, or incredibly brave. When ready, fire full volleys of all cannons!



They're firing their cannons!



*The Bridge shakes violently.*

Shields are down to 50 percent!



Fire Phasers!

Geordi, how much time do we have?

*Taps his communicator.*



Less than three minutes, Captain!



Direct hit! Their shields are down and half of their cannons are offline. They're firing again!



*The Bridge shakes violently.*

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

Shields are down to 25 percent!



Fire Phasers!



Direct hit! Their weapon systems have been destroyed, but they're still coming!



I think they're going to try to ram us!

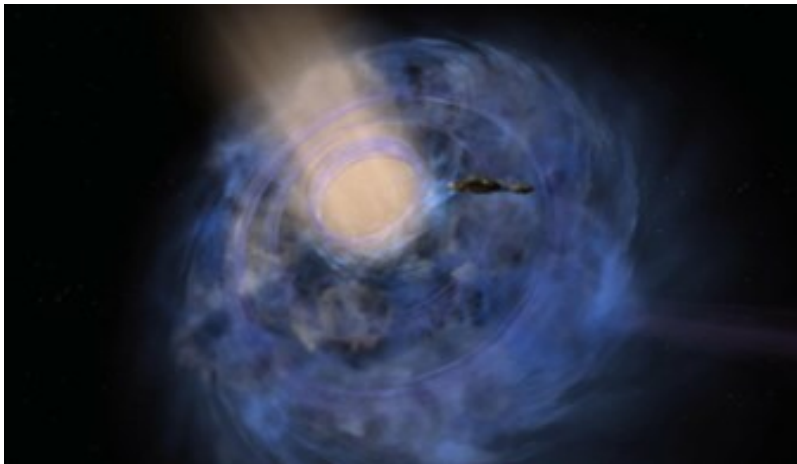
They're either incredibly foolish or incredibly brave. Fire phasers again!



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

The wormhole just opened.

On screen.



Direct hit! Their main power is offline and they've switched to backup systems, but they're still coming.

Incredibly brave, I think. However we don't have time for this! The wormhole could close at any moment. Mr. Crusher, hard about and head for the opening at full impulse!



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

They're going to ram us  
in less than 60 seconds!

We're about to enter the wormhole.

Lay down the mines, Worf, but wait  
to detonate on my command!

We just entered  
the wormhole!



Rear view on screen!

Now, Worf!



*The Star Destroyer is ripped apart by the exploding mines .*

STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

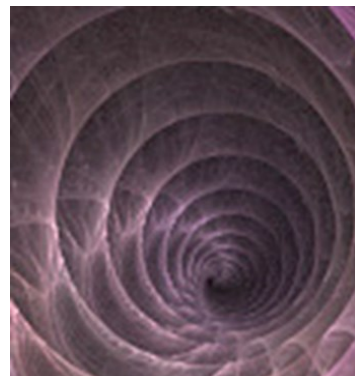
We did it!

Captain, we sealed the wormhole, but the conduit is showing signs of collapsing.



*Wesley, pointing at the screen.*

WESLEY: "Look!"



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

*Tapping his communicator.*



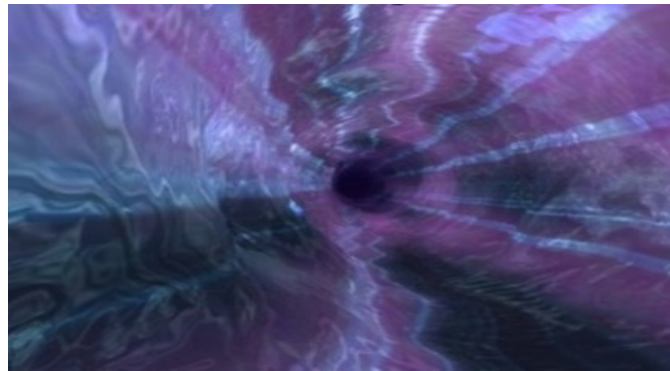
Geordi, maximum warp NOW!

The end of the wormhole is within visual range.

Forward view, on screen!



Geordi, how much longer until we're out of this?



*Tapping his communicator.*

Less than 60 seconds, Captain!



STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE

It's still gaining on us!

How much longer before it catches us?

In about one minute!



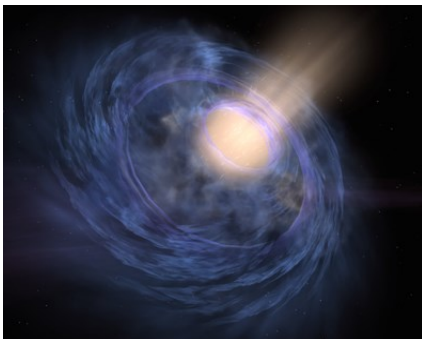
**Data tapping at his instruments.**

DATA: "Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen, place your bets!"

We're not going to make it, are we?

**Worf crosses his fingers using both hands.**

I'm betting on the Captain. He's been pretty lucky so far.





STAR TREK vs. STAR WARS — A NEW HOPE



Data, where are we?

We are back at our original position before the wormhole opened.



Counselor, do you sense anything?

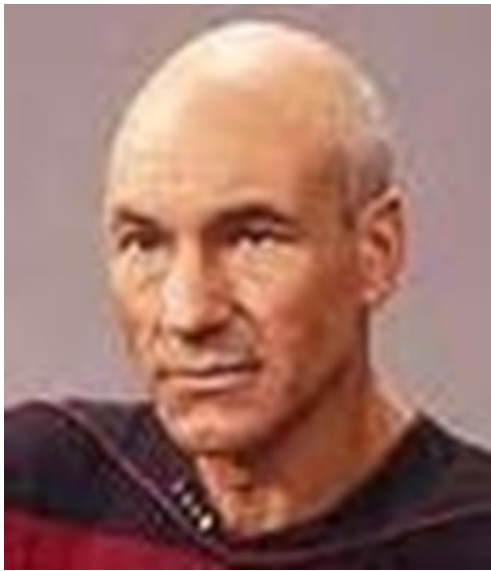
No, the Force is gone. I don't feel it at all.

Then, Worf, cancel Red Alert.



What course should I lay in, sir?

Right now . . . anywhere but here.



*Illustration of 10-Forward, and it's standing room only. There's a jubilant celebration in progress. In the foreground, we see Riker is standing at the bar talking with Guinan. Beverly and Deanna are standing at the far end. Wesley and his friends are seated at a table in the distance.*



I've never seen this place so packed! It was good of the Captain to schedule this shift with a skeleton crew, so more people could attend the party.



The party was actually Deanna's idea. Moral had gotten pretty low, and there were many who thought we'd never get home. When we did, she felt they needed a way to release their tension.

*There's a loud burst of laughter from across the room. Guinan and Riker have turned to look. In the distance, we see Wesley seated at a table with a female Ensign, Data, Geordi, and Worf. Everyone is laughing (except Data). Beverly and Deanna stand at the end of the bar watching.*

You should have seen the look on O'Brian's face when we materialized!



*Illustration of everyone at the table, laughing.*



**Wesley stands up.**

I'm getting another one of these. Anyone else want a fresh one?

*The Ensign looks up at him rapturously as she hands him her glass.*

FEMALE ENSIGN: "Oh yes, please!"

*Wesley approaches the bar near where Beverly and Deanna are standing.*

*From Beverly's perspective, we see Wesley standing at the bar. He nods to his mother and Deanna as Guinan approaches.*

WESLEY: "Oh, hi mom, Deanna."



I'll have another screwdriver, please, and a Pina Colada for my friend.

*Beverly is about to say something to Wesley when Deanna takes her arm and leans in to say . . .*

He's not a boy anymore, Beverly. He's an officer in Starfleet. Let him be a man tonight.



*Illustration of the room from over Beverly's shoulder, as Wesley takes the drinks back to his table.*

*He hands the Ensign her drink.*

*Wesley sits and holds hands with her as they listen to Worf. Everyone is laughing.*

*The doors to 10-Forward are open.  
Picard has just entered the room.*

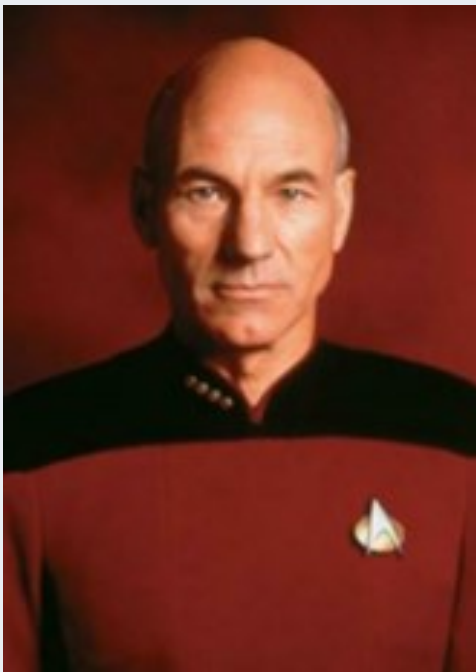
*Wide shot of the room,  
as everyone gives him a standing ovation.*

*Picard holds up his hands.*

PICARD: "No please, continue with  
what you're doing."

*The crowd chants . . .*

CROWD: "Speech, Speech, Speech."



OK, OK! But I'll make this brief. I learned two things on this mission. The first is that there is a reason the Prime Directive supersedes all others. We almost caused . . . no . . . I almost caused the worst breach of the directive in history, even worse than anything James Kirk ever did. If we hadn't destroyed that Death Star, the harm that would have resulted would have been immeasurable.

***Extreme wide shot of 10-Forward.  
Someone way in the back has his hand raised.***

VOICE IN THE CROWD: "What's the second thing you learned?"

Always  
carry a  
spare  
dilithium  
crystal!



Bird's eye illustration of 10-Forward from the ceiling.  
Everyone has circled around Picard. They're smiling broadly and applauding.  
Throughout the crowd we see all the crewmembers of the Enterprise-D  
whom Trek fans have come to know and love over the years.

## EPILOGUE

When we transferred their data to the Battle Station, I took the precaution of keeping a copy in the computers of my flag ship. Fortunately I saw the danger inherent in the rebel plan of attack, and ordered it into hyperspace to keep it from being destroyed. We've gained a latinum mine of information! I have an army of scientists going over it now. We'll soon have all their advanced technology.



Well done, Vader!  
Perhaps we'll find something to help us expand that wormhole.

Perhaps.



**THE END** (Or is it?)