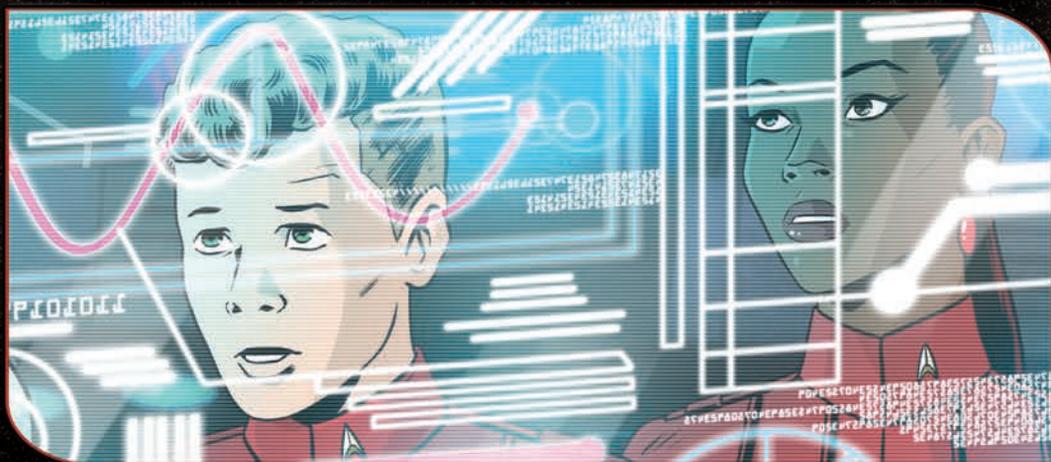


STAR TREK

PART 1 OF 5

STARFLEET ACADEMY

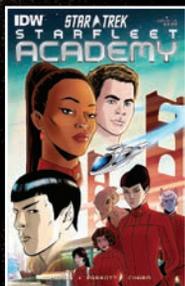


written by
MIKE JOHNSON and **RYAN PARROTT**

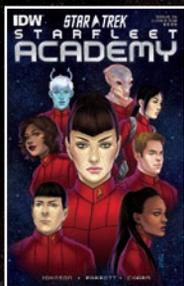
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2258.

SAN FRANCISCO.

IT WAS FAINT, BUT—I SWEAR THAT THE SIGNAL I PICKED UP IN THE LONG-RANGE SENSOR LAB TODAY WASN'T JUST NATURALLY OCCURRING.

IF I CONTACTED COLUMBIA HILLS—DO YOU THINK THEY'D GRANT ME ACCESS TO THEIR ANTENNA ARRAY? MARS HAS FAR LESS DISTORTION.

NYOTA... OVER THE LAST YEAR I HAVE FOUND OUR TIME TOGETHER DEEPLY FULFILLING.

UNFORTUNATELY OUR RELATIONSHIP DOES NOT EXIST WITHIN A VACUUM. IT IS UNUSUAL GIVEN OUR ROLES AS INSTRUCTOR AND CADET.

I KNOW, SPOCK. I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING IN ANY TROUBLE TRYING TO HELP ME. IT'S JUST, IF I KNEW A LITTLE MORE—

I'M SURE I COULD TRACE THIS SIGNAL BACK TO ITS SOURCE.

IT IS FOR THAT REASON THAT I BELIEVE OUR BEST OPTION IS TO TEMPORARILY SUSPEND OUR INTERACTION. FOR THE MOMENT.

WAIT.

ARE YOU BREAKING UP WITH ME?



REGARDLESS OF THE POSITIVES, OUR DISPROPORTIONATE STATUS WITHIN STARFLEET ACADEMY AND THE SECRECY WITH WHICH WE COMMUNICATE PRESENT THE ILLUSION OF IMPROPRIETY.

SPOCK, WE AREN'T DOING ANYTHING WRONG. YOU'RE NOT ON FACULTY. YOU TAUGHT ME *ONE CLASS*—WHEN YOU WERE A *GRAD STUDENT*—AND WE DIDN'T EVEN START SEEING EACH OTHER UNTIL IT WAS OVER. IF IT'S THE FACT WE'RE KEEPING IT A SECRET, LET'S JUST COME OUT AND TELL PEOPLE.



INVITING UNWARRANTED SPECULATION IS ILLOGICAL.



IT'S FUNNY, WHENEVER YOU SAY "ILLOGICAL," ALL I HEAR IS "HUMAN."

AS YOU ARE HUMAN, THAT IS TO BE EXPECTED.



WELL, IF THAT'S HOW YOU "FEEL," MAYBE TAKING A BREAK IS THE MOST LOGICAL ACTION.

AND IF THAT'S THE CASE, I THINK I'D PREFER TO FINISH THIS MEAL ALONE.



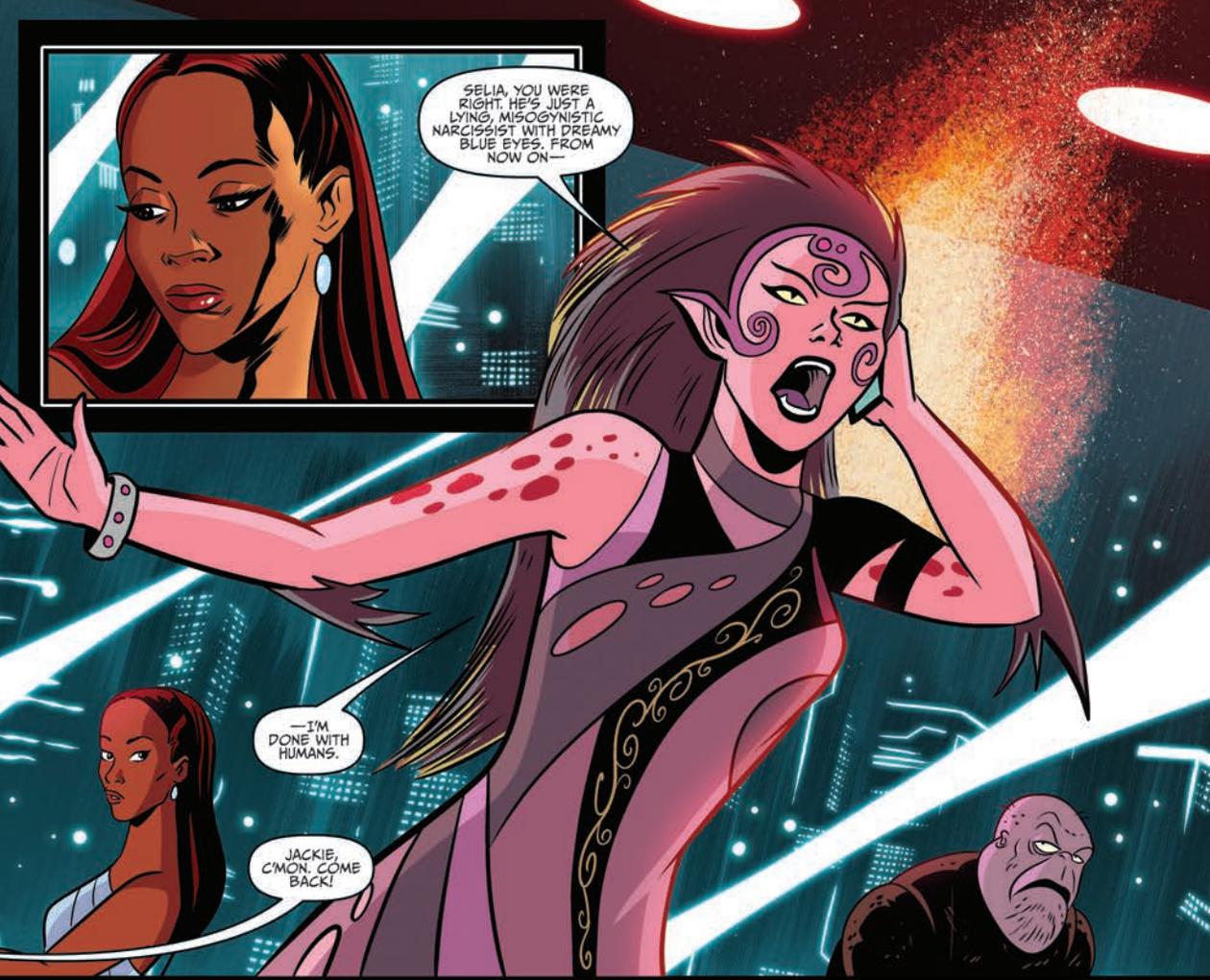
...UHURA, I...



...I HOPE OUR INTERACTIONS IN THE FUTURE REMAIN CORDIAL.

GOOD NIGHT.





SELIA, YOU WERE RIGHT. HE'S JUST A LYING, MISOGYNISTIC NARCISSIST WITH DREAMY BLUE EYES. FROM NOW ON—

—I'M DONE WITH HUMANS.

JACKIE, C'MON. COME BACK!



I WASN'T FLIRTING WITH OUR WAITRESS! THAT'S JUST HOW I TALK! ASK ANYBODY. ASK...



ASK UHURA! SHE'S—

—ACTUALLY A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE. DON'T ASK UHURA.



THAT SEAT'S TAKEN.

FROM THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE, I'M GUESSING IT WAS TAKEN. NICE TO KNOW SOMEONE ELSE IS HAVING THE SAME KINDA NIGHT.



HEARD THE END OF YOUR LITTLE MELODRAMA BACK THERE. I THINK YOU PUT THAT POOR GIRL OFF OUR ENTIRE SPECIES.



EH, SHE'S PROBABLY BETTER OFF WITH A KLINGON ANYWAY. MORE HER PERSONALITY TYPE.

AND BETTER LOOKING.



WAIT—ARE YOU STILL MAD AT ME FOR THE WHOLE BAR FIGHT* THING A WHILE BACK? I APOLOGIZED FOR THAT, DIDN'T I?

NO, YOU DIDN'T.

WELL, I MEANT TO.

*AS SEEN IN THE 2009 STAR TREK FILM!



LET ME MAKE IT UP TO YOU THEN. I KNOW A GREAT LITTLE DIVE BAR RIGHT DOWN THE STREET. DECENT MUSIC. PERFECT ICE CUBES. PLENTY TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF MR. EMPTY CHAIR BACK THERE.



SORRY, I'VE ALREADY GOT A DATE WITH MR. LONG RANGE SENSOR LAB.

SOUNDS LIKE A FUN GUY...

LATER THAT NIGHT.

ACADEMY LONG RANGE SENSOR LAB.

UHURA, COME GRAB A LATE-NIGHT SNACK WITH ME. YOU CAN'T SPEND ALL NIGHT IN HERE!

THIS SIGNAL IS DRIVING ME CRAZY. THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY TO FILTER OUT ALL THIS DISTORTION...

IT WILL STILL BE HERE IN THE MORNING.

AND EVEN YOU CAN USE A FEW HOURS OF SLEEP.

OKAY. LET ME JUST CLOSE UP REAL—

...HELLLP...



WHAT WAS THAT?



...HELLLP USSS...

...SSSS SSLAYTON...