

STAR TREK: FINAL FRONTIER

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Based on "Star Trek" created by Gene Roddenberry

Zero Room Productions  
zereroomproductions.com

PART ONE

EXT. SPACE

The velvet black of space. In the distance, a breathing nebula churns with color and light.

SUPER: FEDERATION BORDER - SECTOR 542

A small alien vessel speeds forward. Sparse, utilitarian design worn ragged with use, the ship bears no recognizable markings. STATIC bursts as it transmits:

ORDRIN PILOT  
(filtered transmission)  
Ka-ree dora-tral-kech. Ulana-kech  
xant-ri Fed-er-a-shun far.

SUBTITLE: "We are unarmed. Federation, we seek your aide."

PULL OUT along the ship's trajectory to reveal a metallic sphere with smooth thruster grooves across its surface. A pulsing blue light turns red. Its symbols clearly indicate this as Starfleet technology: a Federation sentry probe. As the alien transmission begins again, we PUSH INTO

THE SENTRY'S POV, accompanied by BEEPS and TONES. We are seeing the sentry's various semi-opaque readouts. The alien vessel at the center of the display, the words "UNIDENTIFIED VESSEL" above it.

ORDRIN PILOT  
(filtered transmission)  
Ka-ree dora-tral-kech. Ulana-kech  
xant-ri Fed-er-a-shun far.

A sine wave in the upper corner of the display bounces as the transmission plays. Below that, the words "TRANSLATION FAILURE: MATRIX UNKNOWN" appear. Beneath the image of the alien ship, the readout is replaced by the words "UNKNOWN SIGNAL - INITIATE CONTACT PROTOCOLS." They flash red as various POWER UP NOISES are heard and we go

BACK TO SCENE as the sentry's thrusters FIRE, spinning it to face the incoming ship. Suddenly, it splits open with a WHIR, four pulse phaser cannons extending from its interior.

A THUNDERING VOLLEY of pulse phaser fire ERUPTS from the drone, cascading upon the alien vessel and tearing it apart in mere moments. After a beat, the sentry retracts its weaponry. A gentle blue light pulses on its surface as the wreckage of the alien vessel blooms in cold silence.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

On a similar blue light, we PULL OUT to reveal a control panel, CREWMAN JAX working the controls. Alien female. Tall, alluring and exotic, she carries herself with the poise and grace of age, yet her physical appearance puts her much younger. The bridge of this vessel is more military in appearance than the opulent command centers of Enterprises past; it belies the more martial nature of modern Starfleet. VARIOUS CREW at stations.

JAX

Arrival at border sentry in four minutes.

Reveal EXECUTIVE OFFICER BARRIC HOLDEN. Early thirties, African-American, Holden exemplifies strength and command. At ease in the captain's chair, he oozes calm and cool.

We may notice that he, as well as the rest of the bridge crew, all wear phaser sidearms.

HOLDEN

No other information?

JAX

Only what we initially received. An alien vessel of unknown configuration entered Federation space. Sentry drone engaged and eliminated the target.

HOLDEN

Mister Blake, bring the ship to red alert. Arm all weapons.

Holden hits a button on the arm of the captain's chair.

HOLDEN

Captain Chase to the Bridge.

EXT. SPACE

Quiet is broken as the USS ENTERPRISE drops out of warp, the name emblazoned on her hull in full view. The distinct, graceful design elements of past Starfleet vessels are gone, replaced by hard angles and intimidating authority. In the distance, we see the sentry drone and the wreckage of the alien vessel, silhouetted by the roiling nebula.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

As before, Holden in the center seat.

HOLDEN

Scan the debris field. That ship could have been a pirate decoy, let's keep an eye out.

The turbolift doors WHOOSH open to reveal CAPTAIN ALEXANDER CHASE. In his late thirties, Chase is Starfleet's wildcard. Thoughtful and charming with an easy attitude, he nevertheless commands the respect of his crew. His confident poise lets us know he belongs here.

CHASE

Report.

HOLDEN

Border sentry signaled it had engaged and destroyed an alien craft crossing into Federation space. Further analysis revealed the target was transmitting a Starfleet transponder signal. The signal profile was centuries old, but it was definitely Starfleet.

CHASE

What do you make of it?

HOLDEN

An unarmed vessel using an outdated Starfleet signal to attempt to cross the border? Flypaper.

CHASE

Jax, any other ships on sensors?

JAX

No contacts, Sir.

CHASE

Maintain red alert. Prepare a salvage team.

Jax reacts to a BEEP from her console.

JAX

Captain, I'm picking up an alien lifesign in the wreckage. It's alive... barely.

Chase considers the information a moment.

CHASE

Lock on to that signal, Mister Jax. Transport directly to Sickbay. Have Donal there with a security team and alert Protocol Officer Preston we're on our way.

Chase and Holden make their way to the turbo-lift.

HOLDEN

Beaming an unknown alien aboard?  
Preston's going to have a field  
day with this.

Chase throws Holden a look as they enter the turbolift.  
Both men spin toward the Bridge.

CHASE

Jax, you have the Con.

The doors WHOOSH closed.

INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR

The corridors of Enterprise echo the militaristic lines of her bridge. WILLIAM PRESTON, ship's Protocol Officer, stands waiting by the turbolift. Older and worn, Preston has seen it all. At this moment however, it's obvious Captain Chase's decision is tasking him. The lift doors open. As Chase and Holden exit, Preston falls in line. His tone tells us that these men have a familiarity beyond the service; they're friends.

PRESTON

With all due respect, have you  
lost your mind? Aside from the  
fact that this goes against every  
protocol in the book, you don't  
know the first thing about this  
alien!

CHASE

I know it's dying, Bill. That's  
enough for now.

INT. ENTERPRISE - SICKBAY

Sickbay is spacious and sleek. At its center, bent over the scarred and broken body of the alien lifeform, is DOCTOR CAMERON PROWSE. Human, early fifties, he's experienced and driven, perpetually burdened with the demands of his station.

Holographic displays float next to him, moving in sync, always at his fingertips. NURSES aid Prowse as he works on his patient, the ORDRIN PILOT. The creature is vaguely humanoid in body, its head crowned by a set of seven insect-like eyes. It's in pain, writhing, missing an arm.

On either side of the alien stand TWO RED SHIRTS, their rifles pointed directly at it. These are part of the Enterprise security force, named for their seemingly disposable predecessors from earlier series.

However, these are not men in pajama tops. With intimidating body armor and nasty looking weapons, this group of highly trained combat soldiers is exactly who you'd want leading the charge.

Standing nearby is their leader, SECURITY CHIEF KALEN DONAL. Raven black hair, emerald eyes, beautiful. Donal has a ruggedness about her that's softened in all the right places. All have blinking BUG (Bio Utility Graft) attachments on the base of their skulls. This technology allows instant telepathic communication between Donal and her men.

The doors open to reveal Chase and Holden, Preston following. Chase approaches the doctor as Holden addresses Donal.

HOLDEN  
Report, Chief.

DONAL  
Quarantine fields in place. My people are positioned at key areas nearby. We're ready for anything.

Holden nods and approaches the exam table with Chase.

CHASE  
Doctor?

Prowse throws a look to the Red Shirts.

PROWSE  
For starters, I don't need these Red Shirts in here pointing weapons. I don't know much about this creature's physiology, but it's apparent it's not going anywhere.

HOLDEN  
Then there's no harm in them staying.

PRESTON  
Thank you Mister Holden. At least someone on this ship has a regard for regulations.

Chase presses the Doctor.

CHASE  
"It," Doctor?

PROWSE  
I haven't been able to ascertain gender.

(MORE)

PROWSE (cont'd)

It's lost a lot of fluid - fluid  
I don't know how to replace. It  
also has three organs I can't  
even begin to guess about. For  
all I know I may be killing it  
instead of saving it.

The alien MOANS, its multiple eyes locking onto Chase. It tries to move up a bit, in obvious pain. Donal and her team all move closer, weapons ready. Chase leans in a little as the alien speaks.

ORDRIN PILOT

Ulna-kech... far. Ven-tur-eee.  
Assiiisst. Xanta-far.

PROWSE

Translator's taking its sweet  
time. We won't have a full grasp  
on the language for another few  
hours.

(beat)

I don't know if my patient will  
be around to benefit.

The alien writhes, raising a clenched hand toward Chase.

ORDRIN PILOT

Staaarfleeet. Assiiisst.

The alien goes into seizures, letting out a DEATH CRY before the medical scanners announce its death with a flat-line BEEP. As the alien slumps down, its hand uncurls to reveal a communicator badge from the Next Generation era, one hundred and fifty years prior!

Chase takes the commbadge. He stares at it a moment, then looks to the lifeless alien. With his eyes on it...

CHASE

Have the wreckage beamed aboard  
and analyzed. I want to find out  
everything we can about these  
people.

PRESTON

Captain, I -

CHASE

(interrupting, to Holden  
and Preston)

Meet me in my ready room in one  
hour. I'm going to have a look at  
the sentry logs.

HOLDEN

(beat)

Yes, Sir.

PRESTON  
(not happy)  
Aye, aye, Captain.

Chase looks back down at the commbadge in his palm as we PUSH IN to a tight shot of it.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE

Enterprise holds position near the sentry drone. The alien wreckage is mostly gone.

INT. ENTERPRISE - CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

The Captain's office. Monitors take up the majority of wall space and display stellar maps, each with large red areas highlighted across them. A model of Magellan's ship Trinidad sits on display in a corner along with various alien artifacts. Chase, Holden, and Preston are mid-conversation. Preston's posture indicates his discomfort.

CHASE  
You read the translated logs.  
That being came here looking for  
us. Looking for our help... and  
we blew it up.

Holden sits forward, adamant.

HOLDEN  
The sentry attacked, not us.

CHASE  
Don't split hairs with me. Tell  
me Commander, what would your  
response have been?

HOLDEN  
Unknown ships barreling across  
our borders don't exactly inspire  
my confidence.

CHASE  
You would have attacked.

HOLDEN  
(pointed)  
I would have done my duty, sir.

CHASE  
Our duty...

Preston straightens for one last plea.

PRESTON  
(interrupting)  
Captain... Alex... listen to me.  
I admire your intent here. I do,  
but deserting our patrol route to  
charge out on some half-cocked  
mercy mission is not the  
prescribed course of action.

Chase bristles at this.

CHASE  
No, the prescribed course of  
action was to blow that innocent  
creature out of the stars.

Preston throws up his hands, turns to Holden beside him.

PRESTON  
(to Holden)  
Barric, you can't allow this.  
Surely you can see that...

Much to Holden's relief, Chase interrupts.

CHASE  
Your concern is noted. Now, I  
suggest you begin studying  
Starfleet First Contact  
protocols. No doubt you'll find  
those books gathering dust on the  
back shelf.  
(beat)  
You may go.

Preston seems about to argue.

CHASE  
Dismissed.

Preston rises and exits. Holden remains seated.

HOLDEN  
Are you sure this one's worth it?

Chase stares at the old-style commbadge sitting on his desk  
for a moment before picking a PADD up off the desk.

CHASE  
The transponder signal. The  
commbadge... there's more to this  
than flypaper.  
(re: PADD)  
Jax has tracked the alien ship's  
point of origin to Omega Field  
one-three-one. Set a course.

Holden considers for a moment, then stands.

HOLDEN

Aye, sir.

He exits, leaving Chase alone with his thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE

A beauty pass of the majestic vessel arcing through space.

INT. ENTERPRISE - SICKBAY

Doctor Prowse slides the alien corpse into a glowing stasis chamber. Over this we hear...

CHASE (V.O.)

This is the Captain. Analysis of the alien vessel's logs indicates it was on a mission of peace. The actions of our border sentry, operating under Starfleet protocol, have left us with no way to verify the creature's intent.

INT. ENTERPRISE - HANGAR BAY

Amidst the sprawling space of the hangar bay, filled with all manner of smaller Starfleet craft, CREWMEN pause.

CHASE (V.O.)

However, I am convinced that this new alien race was asking for our help. To that end, I am ordering Enterprise across the Federation border to investigate and render aid.

INT. ENTERPRISE - CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

Lights dimmed. PUSH IN on the display behind the now empty desk chair, where a map of Federation space is seen, scarred by bright red areas strewn across it.

CHASE (V.O.)

Sixty-five years ago, a devastating attack fractured not only the space we travel through but also our ideals as a people.

As he speaks, we PAN DOWN to the commbadge on Chase's desk.

CHASE (V.O.)

In that time, we've convinced ourselves that the mission of starships is to police Federation space and its borders.

INT. ENTERPRISE - ENGINEERING

As CREWMEN listen, we move through various levels of engineering. It's a visually impressive sight. We find the ship's Chief Engineer, MISTER ZERO, busy tinkering with the alien wreckage. Zero's true form unknown, he resides in a hi-tech containment suit. He works at an open panel.

CHASE (V.O.) CONT'D

However, I believe our destiny in space is not to look back, toward home, but to once again look outward, toward the unknown. An alien species has sought us out and asked for our help. It's time again to extend our hand in friendship. To prove to them, and to ourselves, what our high ideals really mean.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

A wide shot of the bridge, crew at stations. We move in, settling on Chase in the center seat.

CHASE

We're Starfleet officers and it's time to do our jobs. Captain out.

Chase hits a button and the intercom BEEPS off. He looks ahead at the viewscreen and the unknown expanse ahead.

CHASE

Helm, take us out. Ahead full.

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise moves away from camera, into the final frontier...

END PART ONE

PART TWO

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise rockets through space on its mission of mercy.

INT. ENTERPRISE - ENGINEERING

The heart of the ship: a cavernous, multi-tiered space filled with pulsing lights and the powerful HUM of the enormous warp core. STARFLEET PERSONNEL perform various tasks. At the base of the mighty core, Holden and Mr. Zero are studying the analysis of the Ordrin wreckage on a holographic console.

HOLDEN

Are those isolinear chips?

ZERO

Yes, but they're just a relay.  
The interesting part is here.

(points to screen)

Those magnetic coils turn the whole structure of the ship into a massive data storage and retrieval system, allowing it to process the calculations needed to navigate an Omega field at low warp. This technology could have proved invaluable after the war.

Holden drifts away for a moment, Zero still reading from the panel.

ZERO

Something on your mind,  
Commander?

Holden turns back to face Zero.

HOLDEN

You served with Captain Chase on board the Horizon, so you know his history. He's taking an enormous risk.

ZERO

Risk is, as you well know, part of the captain's personality, as is his passion. It's where those two qualities intersect that the he is at his best.

HOLDEN

(wry)

It's always about equations for  
you isn't it, Zero?

Holden's trying to be funny, but he's hit Zero where he  
lives. Zero's tone turns serious, but he keeps working.

ZERO

Commander, Enterprise is  
currently traveling at warp eight  
point six through subspace. This  
improbability of physics is made  
possible by one single, beautiful  
equation. One minute  
miscalculation and this ship and  
everyone on it turn into a ten  
light-year skid of subatomic  
particles across the galaxy.

HOLDEN

(stoic)

Sounds painful.

Zero's armored head turns ALL THE WAY AROUND to face  
Holden, his expressionless face revealing nothing.

ZERO

It feels like a strong wind.

There's an small beat before the sound and color of the  
engine changes. Zero swivels his head back towards the  
panel.

ZERO

We're dropping out of warp.

A loud KLAXON blares as red lights flash.

JAX (OVER COMM)

Red alert! Red alert! All crewmen  
to their stations. Repeat...

Holden exits quickly as others react.

EXT. SPACE

A small Ordrin ship, very similar to the vessel destroyed  
by the sentry probe, is under attack from a fearsome  
looking Verlicon Battleship, a roughly-hewn but  
intimidating opponent. The smaller ship is trying to evade,  
but it is clearly out-matched and will not last long.  
Enterprise approaches the skirmish.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Holden emerges from the turbolift. On the bridge, Jax, BLAKE, SANDOVAL, and Preston are at their stations. Chase in the captain's chair.

CHASE

Helm! Put us between those ships.  
Jax, warn that ship off!

JAX

Hostile vessel...

INT. VERLICON BATTLESHIP - BRIDGE

The bridge of the Verlicon battleship in shadow, lit mainly by their viewscreen, which displays Enterprise moving to shield the smaller vessel. Jax's VOICE comes over the comm.

JAX (O.S.)

...this is the USS Enterprise.  
Break off your attack or prepare  
to be fired upon.

An INSECTOID limb glides across the controls in silhouette. The high pitched alien CHATTER of the crew is uncomfortable. On the viewscreen, a target reticule appears over Enterprise.

EXT. SPACE

The battleship FIRES a single disruptor beam; Enterprise's shields glow on impact.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

The ship shakes slightly from the blast.

JAX

Direct hit! Shields holding.

HOLDEN

They can't be serious.

EXT. SPACE

Suddenly, the alien battleship ERUPTS with a hail of disruptor beams. Enterprise buckles with each hit, her shields dancing with light.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

SANDOVAL

I think you got their attention.

CHASE

So much for diplomacy. Return  
fire!

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise's phaser banks glow to life, issuing forth a BARRAGE of energy that pummels the alien battleship, giving us a glimpse of what this powerful new ship can do. The enemy tries to return fire, but within moments the it is left powerless, SPARKING in space.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

JAX

I'm reading a core breach on the  
enemy vessel.

INT. VERLICON BATTLESHIP - BRIDGE

Covered in smoke and fire, bizarre ALARMS sounding. Shadowy insectoid limbs move across consoles. The static-twinged viewscreen indicates Enterprise is being scanned, the data transmitted to a location unknown. An EXPLOSION rocks the bridge. ALIEN SQUEALS intensify.

EXT. SPACE

A small EXPLOSION from the battleship's flickering engines blossoms to a MASSIVE BLAST, destroying the ship. Nearby, the Ordrin vessel banks away.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Chase is now standing.

JAX

(reading display)

Sir, the other ship has jumped to  
warp.

(turning to Chase)

It's gone into the distortion.

The course of action Chase must now follow is not what he would prefer, but he is left with no alternative.

CHASE  
 (to Holden)  
 Have Lt. Donal put together a  
 squad and meet me in hangar two.

HOLDEN  
 Sir?

CHASE  
 We're going after them.

Chase moves towards the turbolift.

PRESTON  
 (sotto)  
 Dear god, what has he gotten us  
 into now?

INT. ENTERPRISE - HANGAR BAY

As before, CREWMAN working. Settle on a pair of "Dragonfly" ships. Small and sleek, designed for the rigors of travel through Omega distortions, the ships get their name from their distinct appearance. Donal and HER SQUAD are loading on board. Chase and Holden are in mid discussion as Chase dons his gear for the journey.

HOLDEN  
 You sure about this?

CHASE  
 You saw that ship, something's  
 after those people and they need  
 our help. Have we got a way to  
 trace them?

HOLDEN  
 Their ship's unique magnetic  
 signature should leave an imprint  
 in subspace that you can follow.  
 It won't last long, though.

CHASE  
 Then we better get going.

Preston enters, clumsily trying to put on his gear as he calls out to the group.

PRESTON  
 You can add one to this little  
 trip.

Chase and Holden can't believe what they are seeing. Preston approaches as he secures his belt. He reacts to their look.

PRESTON

Starfleet regulations strictly require the presence of a Protocol Officer at first contact.

(beat, smug)

You can't go without me.

Donal approaches the group.

DONAL

The alien body is loaded on board, sir. I'll be riding with you on Dragonfly One.

CHASE

Sorry, Lieutenant. You'll have to ride in Dragonfly Two. We have a new passenger.

EXT. SPACE

The twin Dragonfly ships glide out of the hangar doors, passing in front of camera. Through the front window we can see Preston looking out, a little nervous.

INT. DRAGONFLY ONE

PERRY (Dragonfly pilot, young, ambitious) at the helm, Preston beside him, Chase and N.D. REDSHIRTS behind.

CHASE

First time in a Dragonfly, Mr. Preston?

Preston is visibly anxious, trying to keep his composure.

PRESTON

No sir.

(beat)

It's my second.

Chase smiles.

CHASE (TO COMM)

Chase to Donal

INT. DRAGONFLY TWO

PILOT 2 at the helm. Donal next to him, RED SHIRTS behind.

CHASE (OVER COMM)

Are we ready Lieutenant?

Donal is all business.

DONAL  
 Ready, sir. Entry coordinates  
 locked in. We are good to go.

INT. DRAGONFLY ONE

CHASE  
 (to Perry)  
 Start your countdown.

PERRY  
 Coordinates matched and locked.  
 Acquiring magnetic signature. In  
 three... two...

PRESTON  
 (nervous)  
 Here we go.

PERRY  
 ... one... warp speed!

The quad-engines of the Dragonfly ships flash and pulse with energy. The ships surge forward, striking the barrier of the Omega field, leaving ripples in space as they breach.

EXT. OMEGA FIELD

Huge, surreal, colorful masses of energy CRACKLE around the two ships as they weave their way through the distortion. It's a violent, chaotic ride.

INT. DRAGONFLY ONE

Heavy shaking. Preston hangs on as Perry focuses on the task at hand.

PERRY  
 Dragonfly One to Dragonfly Two.  
 Picking up a subspace spike  
 ahead. Alter course bearing one  
 five zero in five seconds...  
 mark.

PILOT 2 (OVER COMM)  
 Copy. Turning in three... two...  
 one... hang on!

EXT. OMEGA FIELD

The two ships make a wicked turn in order to make their next opening.

As Dragonfly Two banks, a spike of distorted subspace lashes out and strikes the ship with a CRACK. One of the engines flickers, SPARKS, and dies.

INT. DRAGONFLY TWO

Alarms RING throughout the ship. If the ride before was rough, this is worse.

PILOT 2  
Warp field destabilizing. Engine out! If that goes we'll be trapped here for a long time.

Donal jumps to the controls, cool under pressure.

DONAL  
Or worse. Re-routing damaged systems.  
(working)  
Restarting engine three.

EXT. OMEGA FIELD

The dead engine PULSES back to life and the little ship corrects its course, getting back in with the lead dragonfly.

INT. DRAGONFLY TWO

PILOT 2  
Warp field stable. We're right behind you.  
(to Donal)  
That was close.

From the back of the ship, one of the Red Shirts leans forwards and vomits on the floor. Donal keeps her eyes forward.

DONAL  
Rookie.

EXT. OMEGA FIELD

The two ships rocket past camera.

INT. DRAGONFLY ONE

Perry checks his readout, a bit confused.

PERRY  
Distortion barrier ahead,  
Captain!

CHASE  
(worried)  
That can't be right, it's too  
soon.

EXT. SPACE

A ripple in the field appears as the two ships break out of the distortion and back into normal space.

INT. DRAGONFLY ONE

PRESTON  
Scanning. I've got something.  
Multiple readings.

Chase looks up.

EXT. SPACE

Intangible at first, but as we get closer a shape emerges from the dark. A large object with a familiar outline.

INT. DRAGONFLY TWO

Donal leans forward, eyes widening.

DONAL  
Now there's something you don't  
see every day.

EXT. SPACE

The Dragonflies turn into the direction of the shape.

INT. DRAGONFLY ONE

The occupants stare forward, transfixed.

CHASE  
Incredible.

EXT. SPACE

Reveal... a Galaxy Class starship! It's clearly damaged, ravaged by time, but it's unmistakably a Starfleet vessel of the same design as Star Trek: The Next Generation's Enterprise. Small Ordrin ships buzz around it like flies.

The twin Dragonflies cruise into view as they head toward the massive ship and the mysteries it holds.

END PART TWO

PART THREE

EXT. SPACE

The ravaged hull of the Galaxy Class vessel looms before us, majestic even in disrepair. A large gash across the bridge. Our two Dragonflies SWOOP in.

PRESTON (O.S.)  
I'm reading a Starfleet  
signature, sir. It's the USS  
Venture.

INT. DRAGONFLY ONE

Perry at the helm, Preston beside him, Chase and RED SHIRTS behind.

CHASE  
(re: alien's word)  
VEN-tur-EEE.

PRESTON  
She disappeared in the Omega  
Event, near Tau Ceti. Life  
support's working, but that's  
about it.

CHASE  
That's a long way from here.  
Where's she been for sixty-five  
years?

A BEEP from the dragonfly assails the moment.

PERRY  
We've received docking clearance  
sir, main shuttle bay.

Chase leans forward, keys the comm control.

CHASE  
Chase to Dragonfly Two. Follow us  
in.

EXT. SPACE - USS VENTURE

Closer now, our vessels banking toward the main shuttlebay.

DONAL (OVER COMM)  
Acknowledged.

INT. VENTURE - MAIN SHUTTLEBAY

Extensive damage can be seen as the dragonflies touch down. Chase is out first, Preston behind him. Donal is quickly by the Captain's side, her men in defensive positions behind her. They scan every angle, weapons drawn. BUGs blink.

Movement is HEARD from behind debris. The security team registers this, each looking in different directions. Donal knows what they've found without being told.

DONAL

At least nine. We're surrounded.

CHASE

(to security)

Lower your weapons.

DONAL

Sir...

CHASE

We tried it this way last time  
Lieutenant, and the outcome was  
unfortunate.

Donal acquiesces. The entire team lowers their weapons but remains vigilant. Chase raises his voice.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I am Captain Alexander Chase of  
the USS Enterprise.

A still beat, and then MOVEMENT.

ABIN (O.S.)

You destroyed our vessel,  
Captain.

ABIN, the Ordrin leader, emerges from behind an overturned shuttlecraft. He approaches cautiously. From various points around our team, N.D. ORDRIN emerge wielding crude weapons.

ABIN (CONT'D)

This ship's records indicated  
your... "Starfleet" would be more  
understanding.

Chase looks around at the old-style ship.

CHASE

Times have changed. We've  
returned the body of your pilot.

Abin considers, hesitant. Preston steps forward, somewhat to Chase's surprise, and his own.

PRESTON

The incident was an unfortunate accident. Our intentions are peaceful, I assure you.

(collects himself)

We greet you on behalf of the United Federation of Planets.

It's affecting him, this first contact, more than he thought it would. Only a beat and then, with a wave of Abin's hand, his men lower their weapons.

ABIN

I am Abin, leader of the Ordrin people. This ship is our home. Come, we must speak.

INT. VENTURE - CORRIDOR

Abin leads Chase, Preston, and Donal through the ship, two Red Shirts tailing them. The Starfleet personnel look at this relic of the past with wonder.

CHASE

This was quite a find.

ABIN

We see it as our salvation.

ORDRIN are seen wandering about. The corridor looks lived in, dirty.

ABIN

Life support was active on only two decks, which we have remedied. The vessel still lacks propulsion. We seek your help in this matter.

PRESTON

Even with engines, I don't know where you'd go. There's no way a vessel of this size could escape the Omega field.

ABIN

We thought the same. However, this ship may have the solution.

Chase and Preston share a look as the group arrives at

INT. VENTURE - TEN FORWARD

The Ordrin have made this their makeshift bridge. Alien star charts cover tables and N.D. ORDRIN bustle about. Abin leads the group to a computer terminal.

ABIN

We discovered an extensive database of information on the Omega fields in the ship's computer. Detailed analysis, advanced mapping algorithms. Most of it was encrypted, but not all.

Abin touches the flickering LCARS display and a map of the surrounding distortion is displayed, crisscrossed by lines and symbols. Chase peers at it, confused.

CHASE

This is impossible.

ABIN

It is escape. A corridor of sufficient stability to take a ship of this size through at low warp. It would not be easy, but it is certainly possible.

CHASE

(to Donal)

Lieutenant, have one of your techs download the ship's database. We're taking it with us. And see what state engineering's in.

DONAL

(a nod)

Done.

Donal leaves. Chase presses a few buttons, bringing up more detailed information. He peers at it, working.

PRESTON

(to Abin)

Before entering the distortion, our ship fought off an attacker.

ABIN

We are in no danger from them here, their ships cannot reach us.

PRESTON

They didn't seem too happy with your people.

ABIN

The Verlicon consider us their property.

Chase turns to Abin, curious.

CHASE

Property?

ABIN

We are their primary food source at the moment, and they seek our return.

Chase reacts as Abin tells his story...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ORDRIN HOMEWORLD (FLASHBACK)

An idyllic countryside, semi-industrious cities visible in the distance. N.D. ORDRIN work the fields.

ABIN (V.O.)

Two years after our first venture outside our solar system, their ships came without warning.

The sky DISSOLVES to blood red, the Ordrin in silhouette. A massive black shape now fills the sky.

ABIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They took us, forcibly, to their vessels. Slaughtered all who resisted.

The red sky now DISSOLVES TO black with Verlicon ships. The cities in ruin. Terrifying INSECTOID SHAPES are seen in silhouette. The Ordrin flee, fall, disappear.

ABIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There was no diplomacy, no communication. Our entire population abducted.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP (FLASHBACK)

Silhouettes, stylized. A massive holding area containing seemingly thousands and thousands of beings. Verlicon troops herding them, assaulting them.

ABIN (V.O.)

We had no identity on the Verlicon ship, no hope. We became livestock along with so many others. Food for a stronger race.

MOVE UP to a massive figure standing above the chaos. Nine feet tall, bristling with spikes and pain, ASCENDANT KURU XUN lords over the herd. He devours a helpless Ordryn, then leans forward, smiling. A horrifying sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VENTURE - TEN FORWARD

ABIN

One of the ships suffered a core meltdown. A group of us escaped and made our way here.

As Chase takes this in, an ALARM sounds. He looks up to an ORDRIN LIEUTENANT at a nearby comm panel.

ORDRIN LIEUTENANT

It's transport four, sir. Reading them about to breach the inner boundary, but their profile is off.

(beat, working)

Something's wrong. They're coming through.

He looks up to the window and all eyes follow his. In the distance, the surface of the distortion flickers to life. Glowing, pulsing. Something's coming out.

EXT. SPACE

As it reaches the edge it resolves into an Ordryn vessel, spinning wildly out of control. The ship is leaking plasma, crumpled and ruined. Hurtling toward the Venture.

INT. VENTURE - TEN FORWARD

Abin stands beside his Lieutenant, their attention divided between the view out the window and the panel before them. GARBLED and frantic communication is heard.

ORDRIN PILOT (OVER COMM)

Our navigational drive has demagnetized. We're flying blind, damage to all systems. Trying to correct.

ABIN

They're on approach.

(keys comm, frantic)

Turn off! Divert your course!

ORDRIN LIEUTENANT

It's no good sir, their  
communication system is  
overloaded.

The Lieutenant looks up to the forward windows. One of the Ordrin vessel's engines BLOWS OFF the main body, EXPLODING behind it, skewing the ship's trajectory. It's still hurtling toward Venture. Abin closes his eyes, places his hands in an Ordrin prayer formation.

ABIN

In endings, solace. From solace,  
life.

The savaged remains of the transport rush toward them, sailing under the saucer section, impacting somewhere below with a CRUNCH, sending a light tremble through the ship. Abin CHANTS lightly.

ORDRIN LIEUTENANT

Impact occurred in an  
unpressurized location. Minimal  
damage.

Abin opens his eyes. Raises his head. Turns to Chase.

ABIN

Excuse me, Captain, I have  
matters to attend to.

Chase nods, understanding, as Abin leaves. Preston moves beside him, speaks softly.

PRESTON

Captain, these people require  
help we may not be able to  
render.

CHASE

We're not abandoning them, Bill.  
It'll take some time for Donal's  
techs to get that data, I see no  
reason we can't take a look at  
their engines.

Preston considers, seems about to argue, but stops.

PRESTON

I served as Chief Engineer on the  
Endeavor, sir, before entering  
the program. I've only seen the  
Galaxy in holo-simulations, but  
the old design is fairly  
straightforward.

Chase looks at him, taken a bit off guard.

CHASE

Donal's men are at your disposal.  
Get down to engineering and keep  
me updated. I'm going to have a  
closer look at this data.

PRESTON

Aye, sir.

Preston departs. Chase turns to the data, intent.

EXT. SPACE - USS VENTURE

Main shuttlebay. A lone dragonfly arcs outward from the  
majestic saucer, ROARING past camera and out of frame.

CHASE (V.O.)

Assuming we actually make it out  
of here, Enterprise will have our  
exit position. Luckily, that's  
far from where the Verlicon were  
looking. My ship will be able to  
conduct emergency repairs. I have  
a feeling we're going to need  
them.

INT. VENTURE - MAIN SHUTTLEBAY

Chase stands with Abin at the bay doors as the dragonfly's  
engine glow shrinks in the distance. The FLICKER of the  
environmental field is occasional.

ABIN

I am most appreciative of your  
aid. It is our only chance at a  
future.

CHASE

Where will you go?

Abin makes a grand gesture to the emptiness beyond the  
shuttlebay doors.

ABIN

Somewhere. Anywhere. The galaxy  
is vast, Alexander Chase, and  
there is much to see.

Chase shares the moment.

CHASE

Indeed there is. Let's get to  
work.

Chase and Abin turn from the doors and walk toward camera  
as MUSIC RISES.

## INT. VENTURE - ENGINEERING

Damaged. Preston works near the warp core, giving orders to three security officers and a handful of Ordrin. He's driven and focused. The core pulses with slow blue lights. There is a sudden SPARK from a nearby panel and the core stops pulsing. Preston looks up, frustrated.

## INT. VENTURE - CORRIDOR

Donal is welding debris over a large hole torn in a pressure door at the end of the corridor. Her BUG blinks.

## INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

Another BUG blinks. A RED SHIRT stands in darkness, working with a flashlight to hot-wire a panel near the door. He finishes his work and looks up as lights BLINK ON all over the battle bridge. LCARS displays FLICKER on.

## INT. VENTURE - TEN FORWARD

Abin, Chase, and TWO ORDRIN stand at a table near the window. Paper charts before them, all showing the surrounding area. Chase shakes his head. MUSIC LOWERS, but can still be heard.

CHASE

It's shrinking.

ABIN

The rate of closure has accelerated. We may not have another chance.

CHASE

Then I guess we'd better go.

ON CHASE, resolute. The background DISSOLVES TO:

## INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

...and we WIDEN as Chase sits down in the captain's chair. Ordrin man some stations. Donal at tactical, Perry at the helm.

DONAL

Outer decks are sealed, she should be able to handle a breach or two.

Chase hits a button on his armrest.

CHASE

Mr. Preston?

PRESTON (OVER COMM)  
I wouldn't take her over half  
impulse, Captain. And warp two is  
about the best we'll manage.

CHASE  
Understood.  
(beat)  
Mister Perry, ahead warp one.  
Watch your vectors in there.

EXT. SPACE - USS VENTURE

The warp nacelles glow to life and the reaction from the Omega field is immediate. The edge glows red hot, energy snaking across the Venture's oval shaped warp field. The ship trembles, pulls to one side, corrects, and warps into the field with a CRACK and an impressive display.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

All hands bracing themselves. TREMORS shake the bridge. Lights flicker and dim, a HORRIBLE RENDING SOUND is heard as the ship's hull fights against outside forces.

PUSH IN on Chase, leaning forward, determined.

CHASE  
Godspeed.

END PART THREE

PART FOUR

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise drops out of warp, settling to impulse power. We PUSH IN, THROUGH the hull and into

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Holden in command. Standing, nervous, peering at the viewscreen and its numerous displays.

JAX

These are the correct coordinates, sir. According to the captain's message, this is where they'll come out.

HOLDEN

(doubtful)

Out. Of an Omega Field. In a Galaxy Class starship.

(beat)

Are you reading anything? Any sign of this corridor?

JAX

Negative. Field one thirty-one reads normal.

The first officer shakes his head, sits down.

HOLDEN

I hope he knows what he's doing.

As he peers forward, worried, we SMASH TO:

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

The bridge is currently PITCH BLACK. LCARS panels blink here and there, casting an eerie glow. The ship is SHAKING violently and a cacophony of noise can be heard: ALERT SIRENS, VENTING GAS, RENDING METAL. Over this:

PERRY

(frantic)

We've lost manifolds one, four, six, and seven! Two and five are in the red! Trying to compensate!

AN EXPLOSION from behind tactical suddenly illuminates the bridge, sending up a backlit vision of Chase in the captain's chair. Perry mans the helm, Abin at ops, Donal at tactical. The shaking lessens, but is still prevalent.

DONAL  
Auxiliaries are coming back.

Red light bathes the scene as a light POWER ON NOISE is heard. The emergency lighting shows us the chaotic scene. Another BEEP and the viewscreen comes to life, bathing Chase in an odd, pulsing blue light.

REVERSE ANGLE on the viewscreen. The sight is hypnotic. A pulsing, swirling energy corridor, continually shifting form. We PUSH IN and are then...

EXT. SPACE - CORRIDOR

...and SOUND LOWERS to match transition as the Venture, trembling, sails through. Ripples of light cast glimpses into the vastness of subspace beyond, and vibrant tendrils of energy snake around, some lashing out near our ship as its warp field passes by. Violent, dangerous, and beautiful. A pulse of energy RIPS OUT of the surroundings, striking the Venture's warp field with a flash and buffeting the ship.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

We're back inside, SOUND UP again, a MASSIVE JOLT.

DONAL  
Structural integrity failure on  
deck fourteen, port side.

ON PERRY AND ABIN as they react to an ALARM. Looks grave. Abin's fingers dart across the display.

PERRY  
We're losing cohesion!

REVERSE ANGLE, viewscreen in the background, our people in the fore. Our trajectory is no longer straight down the pipe. It dips slowly to port. ALERT KLAXONS erupt.

BACK TO CHASE, leaning forward, eyes intent, willing the ship to reach journey's end.

CHASE  
(to ship and self)  
Almost there...

Off the chaos we CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Silence. A serene and soothing starscape. But only for a beat before we see a SUDDEN BURST of energy. The edge of Omega Field 131 is suddenly visible, energy ROILING.

Amidst the currents, what looks like a tear in the skin can be seen: the corridor's end. From within, a glow is closing fast, bolts of energy casting off it, dancing across the inner boundary of the field and then...

A CRACK, and the WARP DRIVE EFFECT is heard as the Venture seems to be literally spit forth from the mouth of the distortion, which disappears behind it. Venture is listing, spinning toward camera, and looking bad. Glowing fissures are seen across the hull. Lights blink and flicker. Thrusters FIRE, steadying the mighty ship as she fills the frame.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

Calmer now, and no shaking. ALERT SIRENS have lessened. Panels still blink, and the bridge has looked better. Red lighting replaced by normal.

PERRY

Secure from warp speed, sir.

Chase keys the comm.

CHASE

Chase to Engineering.

PRESTON

(from comm)

Go ahead, sir.

CHASE

Give my regards to the chief engineer, Bill. Damn fine work.

INT. VENTURE - ENGINEERING

Preston is exhausted but smiling. In the background, several ORDRIN are putting out a plasma fire.

PRESTON

Thank you Captain. Warp core's just about had it, but nothing we can't fix with some time.

CHASE

(from comm)

Acknowledged. Bridge out.

Preston lets out his breath and steps from the panel to survey the area. He wipes his brow.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

As before, though calmer. A collective breath.

CHASE

Well, let's never do that again.

Chase stands. Abin's panel BEEPS, catching his attention.

ABIN

Sensors have something.

CHASE

That'll be Enterprise.

More BEEPS. Abin works, his face betrays panic.

ABIN

Multiple contacts! All Verlicon!

(turns to Chase)

Captain, they've found us!

EXT. SPACE - USS VENTURE

Our crippled ship before us, we rapidly PULL OUT, the Venture shrinking as we reveal three Verlicon ships. Two are identical to the ship destroyed earlier, but the third is bigger and meaner, tribal markings on its side.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

The same ships now on the viewscreen, with occasional static. Chase's relief is long gone.

CHASE

Red alert!

As Perry works, RED ALERT klaxons sound.

PERRY

Shields are non-responsive.

The viewscreen comes on with a BEEP to reveal KURU XUN. The Verlicon leader is massive and intimidating, all teeth and fury. His bridge is sparse. INSECTOID SHAPES can be seen in the background.

KURU XUN

(on viewscreen)

I am Ascendant Kuru Xun. We read tracking devices for eight hundred and fifty-three escaped prisoners aboard your vessel.

CHASE

Captain Chase. USS Venture. These people are under our protection. We seek passage...

KURU XUN  
 (on viewscreen)  
 Denied. Comply or perish.

CHASE  
 I represent the United Federation of Planets. I'm afraid our cultures have differing ideals on property. We will protect these people and their right to freedom. Any act of aggression against this vessel will be met with retribution.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - BRIDGE

Functional and sparse. VERLICON and their INSECTOIDS at stations. Kuru Xun stands in the center of it all, speaking to Chase's image on the screen. His grotesque features contort into a vague smile.

KURU XUN  
 (mocking)  
 Federation. We are familiar with this name, Captain Chase. You are far from the border your people cower behind; there will be no retribution.

He cuts the transmission with a wave of his hand, Chase's image replaced by that of the Venture hanging wounded in space. Addresses his men.

KURU XUN (CONT'D)  
 Send a harvester pod. Leave our property alive.  
 (beat)  
 Kill the rest.

EXT. SPACE - VERLICON FLAGSHIP

A launch port on the front of the ship glows with energy before a massive gelatinous projectile THOOMS forth, headed for the Venture.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

Perry reacts.

PERRY  
 One projectile. Slow moving... it reads as organic.

CHASE  
 Evasive maneuvers.

EXT. SPACE - USS VENTURE

The blob approaches from behind as the starship banks. As it gets closer, we see dozens of shapes in the pulsing goo. Venture dodges. The projectile passes it, seemingly missing.

ON BLOB as it changes course, darting in front of the ship, where it EXPLODES with a SPLAT. The goo dissipates to reveal DOZENS OF INSECTOID HARVESTERS. They writhe with life as they burst forth, heading toward the saucer, some clawing their way into the ravaged main bridge, disappearing inside.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

PERRY

I read lifeforms. They're mobile.  
They've attached themselves to  
the saucer!

ABIN

(to Chase)  
You can't let them take us!

CHASE

(to Donal)  
Have your people evacuate the  
Ordrin. Get them as far from the  
outer hull as possible.

DONAL

Done.

With that, Donal exits to the turbolift.

INT. VENTURE - TEN FORWARD

Two RED SHIRTS are herding Ordrin out of the large room as red alert SIRENS SOUND. An ORDRIN LIEUTENANT is gathering charts near the window.

RED SHIRT #1

Move out!

The Ordrin Lieutenant looks up, turning his back to the window, where AN INSECTOID SHAPE appears, crawling over the outer hull. It brings one of its massive talons SMASHING down to the window, which spider-fractures with a CRACK!

The Ordrin spins, his eyes going wide. The Red Shirts push the others out the door. One turns, raises his gun.

RED SHIRT #1 (CONT'D)

Get down!

But he's too late. Two more rapid SMASHES and the Ten Forward window SHATTERS outward. The Ordrin is swiftly blown out into space as chairs and tables follow, ATMOSPHERE SWIRLING, venting around them. The first Red Shirt is lifted off the ground, but he spins, managing to grab the door frame. His rifle flies out of his hand as he turns to see...

Chaos at the breach, but the Harvester is still there. It fights the venting air, inching forward with heavy claws. Outside, other Harvesters can be seen.

ON RED SHIRT, his grip slipping. Suddenly, a hand grabs his. It's the second Red Shirt, bracing himself.

He reaches to his comrade and pulls him into the corridor, sealing the door behind them as we PAN to reveal the Harvesters clawing their way into the ship.

INT. VENTURE - ENGINEERING

Preston at a rear engineering console. A flashing schematic of the ship before him, many sections blinking red. Behind him, a Red Shirt TECH is evacuating the Ordrin from the room.

CHASE  
(from comm)  
Bridge to Engineering. We have  
hostiles aboard.

PRESTON  
We're doing what we can, sir.  
Residual energy in the phaser  
banks might give us a few shots.

CHASE  
(from comm)  
I'll need more than a few shots.

The schematic is perplexing.

PRESTON  
Tactical control is down. The  
main computer's not fully  
online... something's been  
keeping it busy since we left the  
Omega field.

Preston kneels before the controls and pulls an access panel away to reveal the inner workings.

PRESTON (CONT'D)  
Might take some time, but I'll  
fix it.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

CHASE  
I'll get you some help. Be  
careful.

PRESTON  
(from comm)  
Aye, sir.

EXT. SPACE - USS VENTURE

We follow three Harvesters, claws gripping the hull, as they scramble down to the Venture's neck, find a tear and begin rending at it.

INT. VENTURE - CORRIDOR

Donal is checking one of the welded door sections we saw earlier. FAINT SOUNDS can be heard around her, like termites in the walls.

CHASE  
(from comm)  
Lt. Donal, Mr. Preston could use  
some help in main engineering.

DONAL  
(to comm)  
Understood, sir. I'll go myself.  
Luckily the seals we put up  
should stop them from getting too  
far up here.

She turns, heading for the end of the hall. Suddenly, from behind her, TWO MASSIVE CLANKS are heard as the welded section buckles! Donal spins as the third strike rips through, flattening the door with a BANG and revealing a SNARLING HARVESTER behind. It jumps at her.

Donal dodges right, pulling her sidearm. As the creature passes her, she kicks it against the bulkhead, brings her weapon up, and FIRES. The Harvester HOWLS as it disintegrates. From the end of the corridor, SIX MORE Harvesters leap around the corner. Donal fires again, taking out one more, then turns and sprints away.

The lead Harvester surges, leaping fifteen feet forward, razor-sharp claw outstretched. It's going to be close...

Her BUG blinking, Donal ducks into a door frame just before... ZAP! A bolt of phaser fire impacts the Harvester, DISINTEGRATING it in mid-air!

THREE OF DONAL'S MEN have responded, firing from the cover of a juncture at the other end of the corridor.

They DISINTEGRATE the remaining Harvesters with quick, accurate shots. Donal emerges from cover. She strides past and her men fall in line behind her. All business. Two turn away down a corridor, the other stays with Donal as she steps into a turbolift. From somewhere above them, an ALIEN SHRIEK and a HORRIBLE CRASH echo through the shaft. Donal looks up.

DONAL (CONT'D)  
Good thing we're going down.

The doors SWISH shut.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

Perry works frantically; Abin is quite worried.

PERRY  
Hull breaches on decks thirty-four and nineteen.  
(re: an alarm)  
Captain, I'm reading Verlicon life signs in turbolift shaft four!

Chase turns his head, looks at the turbolift doors at the rear of the battle bridge.

PERRY (CONT'D)  
Climbing. Deck eighteen.

CHASE  
Do we have people near shaft four on any of those decks?

PERRY  
Negative, sir. We've sealed off decks nine through twenty.

Chase draws his phaser and begins programming it. He heads for the turbolift. Reaching the door, he enters an override command into the control panel and the door WHOOSHES open, revealing the empty shaft. He ducks his head in, peers downward. HIGH PITCHED SHRIEKS echo forth.

He pauses, then hits the last button on his phaser, which begins BEEPING. He holds it a moment, looking down the shaft at NINE HARVESTERS, far below, climbing. Counting in his head, he reaches into the shaft, holding the phaser in his outstretched hand.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Deck fifteen!

CHASE  
Let's hope my math is right.

INT. VENTURE - TURBOLIFT SHAFT

The phaser, BEEPING faster now, falls from Chase's hand. ON PHASER as it falls, tumbling through the shaft, BEEPING increasing. The Harvesters claw their way up, getting closer.

They SNARL as the phaser drops between them, falling past, the BEEPING becoming one SOLID, HIGH PITCHED TONE. They watch it go, then turn toward their goal.

BOOM!

The phaser overloads a deck below them, causing a massive energy explosion, which quickly engulfs the Harvesters.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

Chase ducks his head back in as the explosion ECHOES up.

CHASE

Why doesn't he just destroy us?

ABIN

If he wants us dead it'll be by his own hand, not his minions.

CHASE

Well at least we've got that going for us.

INT. VENTURE - ENGINEERING

Preston is on his back underneath a panel, working frantically, isolar chips and components scattered about. He reacts to a BEEPING from one of the doors. He scrambles for his pistol, spins around...

It's Donal, striding into the room.

DONAL

Commander.

PRESTON

Some warning would've been nice.

DONAL

I've seen your pistol range scores, I wasn't at any risk.

Preston smiles slightly, frustrated. He resumes his work.

PRESTON

I'm having problems getting the core freed up. There's something big running.

(MORE)

PRESTON (cont'd)

Some sort of embedded command. It started the moment we dropped out of warp.

A CLANK from the depths of Engineering takes Donal's attention. She peers up into the darkness.

DONAL

Try to hurry. I've got reinforcements en route, but we may have company before they get here.

More HARVESTER SOUNDS. They seem to be fading, but Donal's not convinced.

INT. VENTURE - BRIDGE

Chase stands beside Perry, leaning down and checking the console with him. Mid-conversation.

PERRY

We'd have to vent the whole deck, us included. I can't isolate the corridor with our internal sensors in their current state.

A deep CRASH can be heard from somewhere behind the door.

CHASE

Once tactical's up we can throw up some force fields... if we survive that long.

Perry's panel BEEPS as the viewscreen comes to life.

KURU XUN

(from viewscreen)

I give you one last chance, Captain. These beings are our property. Return them and I will spare your lives.

CHASE

(to Perry)

Cut him off.

Perry severs the link, the screen goes black.

CHASE (CONT'D)

The more upset he is the less clearly he'll think.

(beat)

Ensign, I need your sidearm.

Perry hands him his pistol. Chase changes the setting as he walks back to the door, still giving orders.

## CHASE (CONT'D)

Make for the border. The moment  
we have warp drive, we're getting  
out of here.

Chase begins using his phaser to seal the door to the  
corridor, directing it down the seam.

## EXT. SPACE - USS VENTURE

The crippled ship banks and heads off, looking bad.

## INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - BRIDGE

As before. Kuru Xun stares at Venture on his screen. One of  
his men emerges from shadow.

## VERLICON COMMANDER

We should destroy them.

Kuru Xun lashes out, shattering a nearby power node with a  
sweep of his mighty arm.

## KURU XUN

NO! I will suck the meat from  
Abin's bones as he breathes his  
last breath. Send the rest.

## VERLICON COMMANDER

My lord, I do not...

## KURU XUN

ALL OF THEM!

## EXT. SPACE - VERLICON FLEET

Venture is moving away, albeit slowly. The massive forward  
launcher on the Verlicon flagship glows to life.

THOOM! THOOM! THOOM! THOOM!

Four massive blobs issue forth! Hundreds of Verlicon shapes  
inside. They sail toward Venture, large and intimidating,  
growing in frame!

END PART FOUR

PART FIVE

EXT. SPACE - VERLICON FLEET

As before, four massive blobs bear down on the Venture. Hundreds of Harvesters raise their claws in anticipation.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

Chase braces himself.

CHASE  
Get ready!

PERRY  
(reading from panel)  
Captain, contact dropping out of  
subspace. It's Enterprise!

CLOSE ON Chase as he reacts.

EXT. SPACE

The still of space is broken as the Enterprise drops out of warp and roars past camera. The ship's forward arrays glow as a hail of phaser and pulse cannon fire ERUPT from the ship.

CLOSE ON the Harvester Pods, hundreds of Harvesters within...

ZRRAAAANKKKK!

A single beam of bright, glowing red phaser fire fills the screen. The silhouettes of the Harvesters hang for a split-second in the light before they are all vaporized. PULL OUT to see the remaining blobs destroyed by Enterprise's fire before the mighty vessel swings to a stop between the Venture and the Verlicon fleet.

INT. VENTURE - ENGINEERING

Donal is still keeping an eye out. Her BUG blinks.

DONAL  
Enterprise is here.

Preston, still on his back, plugs a final component into the panel's circuitry.

PRESTON  
About time. There!

The LCARS panel lights up. A forcefield appears, sealing off the entrance to Engineering.

Preston crawls out from under the console and stands, pleased with his work.

PRESTON (CONT'D)  
Well that should keep those things out.

ANGLE ON THREE HARVESTERS, as they drop in from the upper levels towards Donal and Preston, their large claws ready for the kill. Preston reacts, reaching for his phaser.

PRESTON (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant!

He's too late. The Harvesters land on him with a bone crushing, deadly CRASH that sends the gun flying to the floor by Donal's feet. They start to flay at Preston as he lays trapped under them.

As Donal reaches for her sidearm, two RED SHIRTS materialize behind her, weapons drawn. They all take aim and fire in one fluid, practised motion. The Harvesters are disintegrated, revealing Preston's broken body.

Donal picks up Preston's phaser as she moves to him. She looks over his damaged form. Her BUG blinks. The result is as expected. She stands and holsters Preston's sidearm opposite her own, then activates her comm.

DONAL  
Captain...

INT. VENTURE - BRIDGE

DONAL (O.S.)  
(over comm)  
Commander Preston is dead.

Off Chase's pained face...

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

The bridge is rocked by incoming fire. ALARMS sound in the background.

JAX  
Shields at ninety percent.

HOLDEN  
Helm, hold our position, defend the Venture. Open a channel to their bridge.

INT. VENTURE - BATTLE BRIDGE

Holden appears on the viewscreen.

CHASE  
(stern)  
You're late Commander. Report!

HOLDEN  
It took longer to find you than  
you thought. We've beamed a  
security team on board to secure  
the ship. Enterprise is holding a  
defensive position.

CHASE  
Acknowledged.  
(to Perry)  
Keep her away from their guns.  
(reassuring)  
See you back on Enterprise.

Chase turns to the viewscreen.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Two ready for transport.

Holden nods and Chase and Abin start to dematerialize in  
the glow of the TRANSPORTER EFFECT. Chase is still barking  
out orders as he beams out.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Jax, scan their lead ship..

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

It's a bustle of action and movement. Holden in command,  
Jax at ops. Sandoval at helm, Blake at tactical. On the  
viewscreen the battle unfolds as Chase and Abin  
materialize.

CHASE  
...for Ordrin biosigns. They  
won't travel far without their  
food supply.

JAX  
Scanning.

Chase moves towards command.

CHASE  
(an order)  
Mr. Blake!

Holden rises to meet Chase. The ship shakes as it gets hit  
with another blast. Blake works his holographic panel.

BLAKE  
Tactical display online.

In the center of the room, a 3D holographic sphere appears. It's a virtual representation of the battle unfolding. All of our ships are represented. Various readouts give us information about each of the contacts. Chase approaches the sphere. Jax reads from her panel.

JAX  
I've got them. I detect over five-thousand Ordryn lifesigns, and sir... I've got human lifesigns as well.

HOLDEN  
We going in after them?

CLOSE ON Chase. Determined. His look says it all.

INT. VENTURE - HALLWAY

Donal and two of her men are walking, weapons at the ready. BUGs blink rapidly.

DONAL  
Understood.

Donal and her team dematerialize in a transporter beam.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - VARIOUS

We're inside the guts of the Verlicon Flagship. At various points throughout the ship we see each member of Donal's team materialize on board. They move with purpose and direction.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - CORRIDOR

Donal materializes in the center of a corridor. She looks ahead, determined. As her BUG blinks. We PUSH IN QUICKLY THROUGH HER EYE and into...

DONAL'S P.O.V. On the left side we see a constantly scrolling window of information. At right, three small windows show the other Red Shirts' views. The center represents Donal's view. Overlaid on top of that, a graphic representing the schematic of the ship appears. The image constantly changes to show the route to a mechanism that is identified as DOCKING CLAMP CONTROLS, then fades away from view.

BACK TO DONAL

As before. Donal draws her phaser and moves out.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Chase in his chair. Holden looks at a holographic representation of the BUG interface hanging in the air in front of him.

HOLDEN

We're in. Once they disable the docking clamp control grids, the pod should break free of the ship.

Chase turns to his crew.

CHASE

Mr. Sandoval, bring us to broadsides with the Verlicon battle cruiser. Starboard cannons stand by.

(to Holden)

Time these things realize who they are dealing with.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise arcs around and comes alongside one of the Verlicon battleships.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

CLOSE IN on Chase.

CHASE

Fire!

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE

The starboard emitter array glows. Hundreds of small phaser bursts rain on the Verlicon battleship, turning it into a fiery wreck as Enterprise completes its strafing run.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

The Verlicon battleship disappears from the tactical display. Chase still focused on the battle at hand.

CHASE

Bring us around. Ready torpedo tubes two and five.

ON CHASE as he reaches in and touches the image of the second battleship. BEEP! The target lights up with his touch.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - BRIDGE

Kuru Xun watches as one of his ships explodes on screen. His commander reads from a panel next to him.

VERLICON COMMANDER  
Ascendant, their people have  
infiltrated the ship.

KURU XUN  
Alert the troopers. I want their  
bodies brought here.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - CORRIDOR

SIRENS as armor-clad VERLICON TROOPERS march out in search of the intruders.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - CORRIDOR

A RED SHIRT runs down a corridor, ducking laser fire from a team of TROOPERS hot on his tail. He fires back a couple of shots, disintegrating one. He looks forward to see a "T" intersection ahead. PUSH IN to...

BUG P.O.V. On the main part of the screen, a map of the area appears. His goal is indicated on the other side of the wall ahead. The map shows hostiles approaching from all corridors. He's trapped.

BACK TO SCENE as the Red Shirt reaches into his belt and grabs a small device. He throws it and it sticks to the wall ahead. Suddenly a section of the wall DEMATERIALIZES with the transporter effect. He dives through the hole, the wall again SHIMMERING to normal, sealing off the danger.

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise, still under fire from the remaining two ships, arcs left and takes aim on the second battleship.

BAM! BAM!

Two torpedoes fire from Enterprise. The bright colored crackling energy masses dart across space and strike the battleship, a violent explosion accompanying each hit. The enemy is severely damaged but still lives. Enterprise continues toward it.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

CHASE  
Helm, Z minus twenty-five  
hundred. Maintain bearing.

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise bears down toward the battleship as if to ram it, then dives underneath.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

CHASE

Now!

EXT. SPACE

As Enterprise flies under the ship, a single phaser blast shoots straight up from her hull, cutting the battleship in half. The two sides of the ship fall away, SPARK wildly, and EXPLODE as the Enterprise flies past.

ON ENTERPRISE as the massive ship slows down and fires its port thrusters, causing it to do a slide, turning around to face off squarely with the Verlicon Flagship. The enemy FIRES, striking the Enterprise shields, which briefly flash.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Another blast rocks the bridge. Chase and Holden exchange a look. Jax is working at her controls.

JAX

Shields at thirty percent!

HOLDEN

The shields can't take this for much longer

CHASE

This will be over soon.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - VARIOUS

We see two Red Shirts planting and activating their explosive devices on the docking clamps.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - CORRIDOR

Two Verlicon troopers stand guard at a door. FOOTSTEPS are heard. The guards look around but see no one. LOUDER now. The guards raise their weapons, confused.

GUARD P.O.V. of an empty hallway, FOOTSTEPS echoing louder. Out of nowhere, a pair of blue phaser beams ZAP into camera view. We can just barely make out the distorted and transparent image of Donal as she fires.

BACK TO SCENE as the shocked guards disintegrate. The shimmering image of Donal resolves to normal as she disengages her cloaking field. She looks down at the electronic lock on the door.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - FOOD POD

The other side of the door starts to glow red and then melts away, opening a hole that Donal steps through. This is a massive, cavernous, circular space. All around her, Ordrin are trapped in cages, stacked in boxcar-like compartments as far as the eye can see. HUMAN PRISONERS visible as well. A transport tube, glowing with light, sinks deep into the floor at the center of the room.

DONAL

My god...

Overwhelmed, she backs into one of the containers. A small arm reaches out and tugs at her. She reacts, spinning around, twin phasers drawn at...

A SMALL ORDRIN CHILD, dressed in rags. Donal lowers her phasers.

ORDRIN CHILD

Who are you?

DONAL

I'm with Starfleet...

(beat)

and we're here to help you.

The child's eyes are happy for a moment, but quickly grow wide with horror as she looks over. Reveal Kuru Xun in all his massive, horrible beauty, directly behind Donal.

KURU XUN

What a tasty little morsel.

Xun strikes Donal, sending her sailing across the room, into a control panel that SPARKS as she impacts it. Suddenly, the cages open and Ordrin prisoners start flooding out of their prisons, panicked and confused.

Donal, dazed by the attack, looks to Kuru Xun across a sea of fleeing Ordrin. Xun starts to sweep the Ordrin aside with his powerful arms as he charges toward her. Donal can't get a clear shot. She reaches for her belt...

Kuru Xun sweeps aside a few more SCREAMING Ordrin as he reaches Donal. He throws a massive punch towards her, but she ducks out of the way, his fist striking the wall with such force that the metal dents. Donal tries to move away, but Xun's too fast. Donal looks out to the sea of scrambling, scared Ordrin and focuses on the child from earlier, lost in the panic.

DONAL  
(to the Ordrin)  
Run away! Get back... akkk...

Her last word gets caught in her throat as Xun wraps his clawed hand around her throat, pinning her to the control panel. He leans in close, baring his hideous teeth.

KURU XUN (CONT'D)  
You should have stayed on your  
side of the galaxy.

With one mighty sweep, he tosses her against a wall.

KURU XUN (CONT'D)  
There is only death for your kind  
here.

A BEEPING is heard. Xun looks down at the console to see the explosive device Donal has set. It EXPLODES, stumbling him as he looks up to see...

DONAL, her body sailing across the room. She turns to land with her feet on the wall and push off, launching herself at Xun. Before he has time to react, Donal tackles him, sending them both over the railing and into the transport chasm, falling to their deaths.

INT. VERLICON FLAGSHIP - CHASM

Donal, her body falling backwards through the chasm. Xun, just a few feet above her, dives at her through the air.

KURU XUN  
I will consume you!

Donal's BUG starts to blink.

She smiles.

Donal gives Xun a goodbye salute as she is engulfed in the light of the TRANSPORTER EFFECT and disappears. Xun dives through the now empty space, hurtling toward oblivion.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

The bridge shakes under Verlicon fire. Chase is focused on the action. Holden looks at his screen.

JAX  
Shields at fifteen percent!

Holden reads from the BUG panel.

HOLDEN  
Charges placed. Security team all  
accounted for.

CHASE  
Detonate!

EXT. SPACE - VERLICON FLAGSHIP

Three explosions appear underneath the Verlicon flagship. The explosive force of the blast separates the pod, which floats free from the hull of the ship.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

JAX  
The pod is clear of the Verlicon  
ship.

CHASE  
Fire.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE

The Enterprise ERUPTS with a ferocious volley of torpedo, cannon, and phaser fire. It's as beautiful as it is deadly.

EXT. SPACE - VERLICON FLAGSHIP

The deadly volley strikes the flagship, which EXPLODES in a gigantic fireball.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Chase watches as the flagship explodes. After a beat, Abin approaches him

ABIN  
Thank you, Captain. This is a  
great day. Our people will never  
forget your sacrifice for our  
freedom.

Chase sits in his chair, overwhelmed, events finally hitting him.

CHASE  
Neither will I.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - SICKBAY

Chase looks through a glass pane at Preston's body. Dr. Prowse works. A somber moment. Holden, a holographic display floating in front of him, reads.

HOLDEN

Chang and Preston are down as casualties. Reporting three serious injuries, though nothing the Doc couldn't fix.

(beat)

This is why we don't get involved.

CHASE

If we followed the rules, the Venture would still be lost to us, and we wouldn't have discovered the anomaly in field 131. This is the start of something. I can feel it.

HOLDEN

Two good men died today. Could have been more. Was it really worth it?

Chase keeps his eyes forward. He doesn't want to look at Holden.

CHASE

They died saving a race from extinction. They died for the principles that Starfleet was founded upon. If that's not worth breaking the rules...

(beat)

Then what do we stand for anymore?

Holden turns and walks away, leaving Chase looking through the glass as Dr. Prowse finishes his work and draws a blanket over Preston for the last time.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise and Venture hang in space side by side. We can see some of our personnel in space suits working on the hull of the Venture. Over this we HEAR Chase.

CHASE (V.O.)

Captain's Personal Log, Stardate  
62275.4

INT. VENTURE - TEN FORWARD

The broken window now fixed, we see the captive ORDRIN reunited with their people. A father reunited with his family. Friends, once lost, now found.

CHASE (V.O.)

The Ordriin have been returned to the Venture.

INT. ENTERPRISE - HANGAR

Federation shuttles touch down. Their ramps descend revealing the HUMAN CAPTIVES. They are met by Starfleet PERSONNEL, who quickly render aid.

CHASE (V.O.)

Debriefing of the human captives has revealed them to be Federation citizens abducted by the Verlicon in their pirate attacks on sector 542.

INT. VENTURE - ENGINEERING

Enterprise personnel work alongside Ordriin.

CHASE (V.O.)

Repairs on the Venture are nearly complete and the ship's sensor logs have been downloaded to Enterprise for analysis.

Zero is hunched over a panel, where a flurry of code flashes across the screen. Zero intently analyzes it.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - JAX QUARTERS

CLOSE ON a monitor, the same code flashing across the screen. PULL BACK to reveal JAX, sitting at a desk, looking at the information stream across a PADD.

CHASE (V.O.)

Hopefully this data will help to explain the Venture's mysterious past.

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise and a repaired Venture. The Venture's engines glow to life as the ship peels away.

CHASE (V.O.)

I have decided to turn the Venture over to Abin and his people. She was built as a ship of exploration.

(wistful)

It seems fitting that someone should carry on in that tradition while we head home to answer for my actions.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE.

Enterprise at warp.

ADMIRAL BENSON (O.S.)

You handed over a Galaxy Class starship?

INT. ENTERPRISE - CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

Chase stands before ADMIRAL BENSON, PADD in hand.

CHASE

We downloaded its database, deactivated all sensitive technology, and furnished Command with enough data to reconstruct a class one holo-simulation...

(beat)

That ship was their only home, Admiral.

ADMIRAL BENSON

You disobeyed a standing order that resulted in the deaths of three of your men, including a senior officer. What do you have to say for yourself?

CHASE

Given the circumstances, I would do it again. Sir.

ADMIRAL BENSON

(still angry)

I'm sure you would.

(beat)

Starfleet wants your head, Chase, and they've given me the axe.

The admiral softens, begrudgingly. Even through his anger, he has a certain admiration for Chase.

ADMIRAL BENSON

However, I feel we could use a man with your... talents. I've put myself out on a limb for you, Captain.

CHASE

Thank you, Sir.

ADMIRAL BENSON

Don't thank me until you hear your orders. You've been reassigned to sector two eight one four.

Chase is all ears.

CHASE

The frontier...

ADMIRAL BENSON

Six months ago we picked up a signal fragment similar to the one you reported came from the Venture. I want you to track it down.

Chase looks over the data. Benson stands

ADMIRAL BENSON (CONT'D)

We have very little information on that sector. There's bound to be lots of... unknowns.

(a knowing smile)

While you're there, you may as well have a look around.

This is the moment that Chase has dreamed of. He does his best to temper his excitement, but Benson sees right through it.

ADMIRAL BENSON (CONT'D)

That region was one of the hardest hit by the Omega distortions. A bear to navigate, spotty communications, and little support. You'll be alone out there, Captain.

CHASE

Understood, sir.

Chase and the Admiral exchange a look.

ADMIRAL BENSON

Your have your orders.

(beat)

Don't let me down, Alex.

Benson's image breaks up and disappears in a holographic effect.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

The crew at their stations. Chase steps out. All eyes on him.

HOLDEN

So?

(beat)

Did they bust you down to ensign?

Chase takes his seat.

CHASE

Mr. Sandoval, set a course for sector two eight one four.

SANDOVAL

Aye, Captain.

Sandoval works.

SANDOVAL

Course plotted.

HOLDEN

We're not going to be standing around anymore, are we?

CHASE

Time to move forward. Helm, ahead warp five.

(leans forward)

The frontier awaits.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE

Enterprise's engines glow to life as she goes to warp with a flash and a SNAP, racing towards the unknown.

THE END