

STAR TREK: FINAL FRONTIER

PART THREE

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Based on "Star Trek" created by Gene Roddenberry

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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 Ordrin, 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 Ordrin 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