

STAR TREK: FINAL FRONTIER

PART ONE

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Based on "Star Trek" created by Gene Roddenberry

Zero Room Productions
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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 (CONT'D)
(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. 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.

(MORE)

PROWSE (CONT'D)

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

Ulana-kech... far. Ven-tur-eee.
Assiiissst. 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. Assiiissst.

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.

(MORE)

PRESTON (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

Helm, take us out. Ahead full.

EXT. SPACE

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

END PART ONE