

BEYOND

"End of the Search"

#001

Story by

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FADE IN:

ON THE SCREEN

"Earth is the cradle of humanity, but mankind cannot stay in the cradle forever. - TSIOLKOVSKY"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLLAPSING STAR - SPACE

A medium-sized vessel with ISC-Hemingway and an orange bi-plane painted on the hull exits a space fold with a SNAP and a flash.

INT. HEMINGWAY - BRIDGE - DAY

LT. CARTER, 20s, blue hooded shawl, works a console on a two-tiered bridge with sharp, industrial features. SGT. BUTALA, 20s, an undead armored behemoth, watches closely with a look of distrust.

The large view screens display galactic positioning.

LT. INGRAM, 20s, blue and grey flight suit, turns her chair from a busy console display and faces CAPTAIN BATLEY, late 30s, white naval uniform.

INGRAM

Captain, we're arriving at our destination. S190814BV.

The Hemingway shudders, then shakes violently. A distress signal BLARES. Bright red lights flash. The crew braces.

Lt. Ingram looks over the information on her console.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

What's happening out there, Ingram?

INGRAM

Displaying it on the screen now.

A small stone colored saucer-shaped vessel drifts towards a colossal blue star.

The crew turns to take in the awe-inspiring image.

CARTER

The circular design of that vessel is reminiscent of ancient Earth stories of alien abductions.

SGT. BUTALA

I don't recommend being abducted.

LT. CMDR. END, late 20s, straight faced, blue officer's jacket, adjusts her cap as she enters the room.

END

Sorry, Captain. Pnednusesese lesson with the new recruits.

Captain Batley acknowledges End, then pulls out a locket from below her jacket. She turns the locket so the photo of children faces the stars.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

(whispers)

I wish you all could see this.

CARTER

Space time will disperse our atoms across dimensions should we be around when the star collapses.

End gives Carter an annoyed look from across the bridge. Butala stands annoyed. Ingram engages the pulse engines.

END

Pilot, what are you doing?

INGRAM

I'm taking us in for a better look.

Captain Batley snaps out of her contemplation.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Commander End, while we wait to see what just happened, what do you suggest?

END

That is an unknown ship, so it could be damaged, powered down, or a trap.

SGT. BUTALA

We could introduce the big greens over there to my bigger blaster.

Lt. Cmdr. End glares at Butala.

END

Captain, I hope you do not plan to follow advice from a reanimated corpse.

CARTER

Agreed, Commander End. Perhaps we should engage the ship at an angle to allow for acquisition using our tractor beam?

Carter looks at Sgt. Butala with contempt.

CARTER (CONT'D)

And yes. If they are hostile, we could introduce them to your "Bigger Blaster," as you say it.

INGRAM

I'll invert the thrusters to allow for a quicker turn radius. Sergeant, keep the weapons hot.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Proceed with caution, Lt. Ingram.

Ominous MUSIC swells

EXT. COLLAPSING STAR - SPACE

The ISC-Hemingway speeds towards the alien ship.

The collapsing star shoots out solar a flare. It grabs the alien ship and pushes the Hemingway off course.

INT. HEMINGWAY - BRIDGE - DAY

Defense system warnings RING as the crew frantically works to find out what just happened.

CARTER

The star will soon reach critical mass, at which point it will exude radioactive elements thousands of AU from the epicenter before gravimetric forces rip the fabric of space time.

SGT. BUTALA

In English, egghead.

Agitated, Lt. Carter pushes a button on his console and brings up a holographic display of the star's condition.

CARTER

As shown here, the star will expand before rapidly compressing and forming a blackhole that will send us to our undeniable doom.

Carter points out the information he just relayed.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Can we rescue the ship in time?

INGRAM

I will get to them or die trying

END

How long can this ship survive before
it's torn to shreds?

Butala looks over his readings with a cold stare at End.

SGT. BUTALA

Till we're torn apart limb by limb.

Captain Batley looks down at the locket again. Lt. Cmdr.
End glances at her. The two share a look.

END

You're going to try and rescue them,
aren't you?

Captain Batley looks up at the view screen.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Lieutenant Carter, have doctor McHugh go
to the docking bay. There may be
casualties. Lieutenant Ingram, proceed.

Lt. Ingram engages the ship's thrusters.

EXT. COLLAPSING STAR - SPACE

The Hemingway's engines fire, and it speeds toward the
alien vessel. The star grows more volatile.

Another solar flare bursts out of the star's corona and
flies just above the ships, barely missing them.

The Hemingway's front docking bay door opens.

Energy pulses from the front of the Hemingway.

Electricity courses across the alien ship freezing it
though it were trapped in a net.

Beams of light extend out to capture the alien vessel.

With its dying breath, the star releases a frighteningly
beautiful burst of energy.

A terrifyingly dark whirlpool settles into view.

INT. HEMINGWAY - BRIDGE - DAY

Crewmen rush about the bridge as alarms BLARE. Captain Batley rushes to Sgt. Butala's station.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Damage report.

Carter removes his hood.

CARTER

Minimal damage to the ship, Captain.
However, all signs of life have been
extinguished in engineering.

A distraught, grief stricken look washes over the crew.

DR. MCHUGH (O.S.)

(over coms)

I see something moving. It's a survivor
from the other ship.

Lt. Carter's interest is peaked.

Captain Batley composes herself.

DR. MCHUGH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(over coms)

He can't speak but is responding to my
telepathy. He appears to be an engineer
of some kind.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Doctor, I need you to get to engineering.
There was an incident. See if the alien
can assist you.

DR. MCHUGH

We are on our way, Captain.

INGRAM

Captain, we've lost aft thrusters.

Captain Batley walks up to the view screen. Her gaze fixates on the swirling abyss that has formed.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Sargent Butala, begin evacuation.

SGT. BUTALA

SNAFU, Captain. Evac ships ain't fast.

CARTER

He is right. We would need to fold for any chance to escape.

Captain Batley walks to the intercom and pushes a button.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Crew, we've lost power. Unfortunately, evacuation isn't possible. Please contact your loved ones. We only have minutes.

INT. HEMINGWAY - BRIDGE - DAY

The crew resigns to their imminent demise. Carter looks at his screen and cracks a smile.

CARTER

Captain, my sensors are indicating life forms in the engineering sector.

EXT. BLACKHOLE - SPACE

The Hemingway begins to glow the same color as the blackhole. They both flash. The Hemingway blinks out of existence. The singularity remains.

INT. HEMINGWAY - BRIDGE - DAY

The crew looks like they just rode the tilt-a-whirl.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Status report.

CARTER

Impossible! We appear to have traveled 25,000 light years and are in the Canis Major Dwarf Galaxy.

DR. MCHUGH (O.S.)

(over coms)

Is everyone okay?

CAPTAIN BATLEY

We are fine. What happened down there?

INT. HEMINGWAY - ENGINEERING - DAY

DR. MCHUGH, 20s, tactical scrubs, stands near SMYTH, an alien, stone-skinned with lava oozing from his neck.

DR. MCHUGH

I don't know how, but the alien used our fold engine to get through the blackhole.

INT. HEMINGWAY - BRIDGE - DAY

Lt. Carter stands in disbelief of the events.

CARTER

That can't possibly be it. The amount of power needed would rip a hole in the space time continuum.

Captain Batley walks towards the view port.

INT. HEMINGWAY - ENGINEERING - DAY

Smyth gestures that they should look with their eyes.

DR. MCHUGH

He wants you to look outside.

Smyth touches the console. His hands glow with static as the intercom CRACKLES.

INT. HEMINGWAY - BRIDGE - DAY

The crew stands at the ready, unsure of what is to come.

SMYTH (O.S.)

(Telepathically)

Behold the constructs of creation.

CAPTAIN BATLEY

Lieutenant Ingram, open the Viewport.

Lt. Ingram pushes a button. The view port slides open. The awestruck crew can't believe their eyes.

EXT. ALIEN GALAXY - SPACE

The ISC-Hemingway cruises towards a system of ring worlds and mega structures.

SMYTH (V.O.)

We begin a journey to the outer of limits of human imagination and beyond.

CUT TO BLACK