

ST:TOS PROVISIONAL CONSIDERATION

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FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

Spock stares into raised sensor readout as Kirk sits in his captain's chair.

KIRK (V.O.)

Captain's log. Stardate 5945.5.
Having just barely escaped with our
lives from a long abandoned class M
planet, it's sun has gone super
nova behind the Enterprise to
unnecessarily hasten our
departure.

McCoy enters through the turbo lift just as...

SPOCK

These readings are phenomenal,
Captain. The combined data
gathering capabilities of the
Enterprise and proximity to Beta
Niobi will provide astrophysicists
enough data to sift through for
decades.

MCCOY

If I didn't know any better I'd say
you were giddy, Spock.

SPOCK

Any giddiness I might be
experiencing Doctor is tempered by
the damage our instruments are
receiving from the super nova's
radiation.

MCCOY

I'm still so cold from Sarpeidon I
may be tempted to stick my hands
out the stern porthole to warm them
up some!

McCoy and Kirk exchange smiles.

SPOCK

Doctor, of all people I shouldn't
have to remind you--

MCCOY
Oh put a sock in it.

KIRK
Put in a heading for the nearest
starbase, mister Sulu. Warp four.

SULU
Aye, Captain.

KIRK
Miss Uhura, alert them of our
arrival for minor repairs and some
well deserved R & R.

UHURA
Aye, captain. However, the super
nova is creating subspace
interference. Communication is
limited... Sir?

KIRK
Yes?

UHURA
Off port bow I'm receiving what
appears to be a distress call. It
seems somehow alien.

MCCOY
Out of the frying pan...

SPOCK
More apt would be from one fire to
the next.

KIRK
Mister Spock, if I may tear you
away from your scientific
endeavors, what can your sensors
tell us of the craft?

SPOCK
Long range sensors are impaired due
to proximity to the super nova,
however it does appear to be a
vessel of unknown origin and design
with an unstable, anti-matter drive
engine. It's pace and erratic
movement suggest evasion maneuvers,
although from what, if any, I
cannot determine.

CHEKOV
Unidentified ship now in visual
range, sir.

KIRK
On screen.

The battle scarred alien spacecraft streams yellow
anti-matter behind it.

KIRK
Hail the ship, ask if we can help.

UHURA
Hailing on all channels, sir. No
reply. Subspace interference is
making it difficult.

SPOCK
There appears to be no one
commanding the ship's bridge.

KIRK
Perhaps autopilot, mister Spock?

SPOCK
Likely, sir. Captain, I'm picking
up faint life signs on the ship
from what appear to be a dozen
beings not in Starfleet's database.

KIRK
Mister Sulu--

SULU
Aye, sir. Already on it. We'll be
within transporter range in
minutes.

TITLE SEQUENCE

KIRK (V.O.)
Space: the final frontier. These
are the voyages of the starship
Enterprise. Its five-year mission:
to explore strange new worlds, to
seek out new life and new
civilizations, to boldly go where
no man has gone before.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

Spock looks into raised sensor readout.

SPOCK

Life support systems on board are operational.

Kirk keys communications.

KIRK

Scott. Meet me in the transporter room. You'll be accompanying Spock, McCoy and myself to do a little rescue and repair.

SCOTT (COMMUNICATOR V.O)

Aye, sir.

KIRK

Mister Sulu, you're in command.

SULU

Aye, sir.

KIRK

Be on the lookout for whomever may be chasing.

SULU

Aye, sir.

KIRK

Gentlemen.

All get up to leave on the turbo lift.

EXT. ENTERPRISE - SPACE

The enterprise pulls up alongside the smaller alien craft.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Scott and red-shirt security guard stand on transporter disks.

Kirk taps his communicator.

KIRK

Miss Uhura, still no reply from the vessel?

UHURA (COMMUNICATOR V.O)
No, sir.

KIRK
(to transporter engineer)
Energize.

INT. ALIEN CRAFT PASSAGEWAY

They beam in, half-lit by a downed overhead light and across from venting exhaust. Kirk points back the aft passageway.

KIRK
Bones, you, Spock and Lieutenant
Chomsky head to whom or whatever
needs our help back there.

Tricorders and phaser at the ready, the three go.

KIRK
Mister Scott, you and I are heading
to the bridge to gather all the
data we can before this thing
blows.

SCOTT
Aye! Bite your tongue, Captain! She
may be banged up a bit but it's
only a little anti-matter leaking
out. I may save her yet!

KIRK
Scott, your confidence is always
inspiring. But first things first.

They trot up the forward passageway.

INT. ALIEN CRAFT BRIDGE

They enter a damaged bridge with displays that flutter and spark behind a haze of smoke.

KIRK
Tricorder readings, Mister Scott.
Life detection.

Scott scans the room with the tricorder, shakes his head.

SCOTT
No life forms here, sir.

KIRK
As suspected. Autopilot.

From a hidden chair, rises a beautiful silver and white humanoid female. She turns to them.

SCOTT
What a lovely autopilot this ship has, Captain. She's beginning to look much more easy to repair than I first thought.

She smiles before she speaks lovely gibberish.

A light shines overhead of Kirk and Scott. They look up, then back at her.

ORVOS-E
Aaaadjusting... I am Orvos-E of the ship Orvos Do you require medical attention?

KIRK
Orvos-E, I am Captain James T. Kirk of the starship Enterprise. We do not require any medical attention. However, your ship's distress beacon and extensive damage leads us to believe your ship may be in need of medical attention. Mister Scott.

SCOTT
Aye. (to Orvos-E) Could you save me the trouble and point me to your ship's computer? Maybe provide a little help? I think I can patch you up well enough.

She steps to a central console.

ORVOS-E
I may be accessed here. I've just configured an interface program to parse with common diagnostics, assuming your qualifications are sufficient.

Scott eyes Kirk then approaches to the console.

SCOTTY
I'll manage.

KIRK

You don't register on our instruments as living and you refer to you and your ship as "I", as if you and it were the same. Are you a machine?

ORVOS-E

Yes and no.

KIRK

What is your primary function?

ORVOS-E

I am a medical ship forced to repair damage to beings used in bloodsport.

KIRK

You say "forced" which implies will and self awareness.

ORVOS-E

For all practical purposes, yes. I have grown distressed over repairing and caring for beings only to have them returned to me again and again. Or not at all, knowing their fate.

KIRK

A machine with feelings. Oh, Spock will love this.

ORVOS-E

The Raubtiere now pursue us. Are you familiar with them?

KIRK

I'm afraid not. Why do they do not recognize your state of sentience?

ORVOS-E

Owning self-aware beings as slave property is common in the outer systems. My situation is even more tenuous than most.

KIRK

And you have escaped?

ORVOS-E

While in the Zeta2 Reticuli system collecting game specimens on LV-429 the Raubtiere experienced a significant emergency event. While distracted I slipped away inside a class-T planet's atmosphere until I thought they had left.

KIRK

Patient, were they?

ORVOS-E

After a centuries of working for them I should have learned. Yes. They hid on the far side of the sun. Their own medical ship became their next great hunt. I think they rather enjoy the novelty of it.

KIRK

Yes. I imagine they do.

ORVOS-E

But the novelty is long lost on me. I seek asylum with those strong enough to withstand those that would continue to enslave me as property. As a machine.

KIRK

The Enterprise has encountered many androids and even several silicon based lifeforms before. But obviously you were manufactured or built by someone, making your claim for asylum, to life itself, somewhat of a grasp.

ORVOS-E

Long ago, yes. Your point would have been correct. But over centuries of exposure to many alien technologies I've replaced much of my original materials while repairing myself, making upgrades whenever possible.

KIRK

A variant of Theseus' paradox. Replace enough parts with new parts over time and what you have is not the same what you began with.

KIRK
Scott, what can you tell over
there?

SCOTT
She's a complicated thing of
beauty, sir. A combination of
mechanical, electrical and
chemical. Much of it alien tech I
haven't the foggiest idea of what
it is.

KIRK
Does it appear to be alive?

ORVOS-E
I am not an "it", James T. Kirk of
the starship Enterprise. My name is
Orvos.

KIRK
My apologies. Mister Scott. Does
Orvos appear to be alive?

Scott steps up beside Orvos-E, they inspect one another.

SCOTT
Aye, sir. But I'm very partial to
seeing these things different than
most. I don't know if Starfleet
would call her alive or not, but...

He looks back around the ship.

SCOTT
... strong as she is, I know she's
hurt fairly well. That I can tell
ya.

KIRK
Can you repair the damage?

SCOTT
Aye. If I can get back to that
ruptured anti-matter pod the rest
will fall in place right as rain.

KIRK
Please do so.

SPOCK (COMMUNICATOR V.O)
Captain.

KIRK
Yes, Spock?

SPOCK (COMMUNICATOR V.O)
Please meet me in the ship's
primary medical bay

Scott smiles, holds out a crooked arm to Orvos-E.

SCOTT
Escort me? Now, what can you tell
me of your electro-chemo relay
systems?

INT. ORVOS MEDICAL BAY

With their tricorders, McCoy examines the exotic alien species while Spock examines the ship's technology.

Phaser in hand, the red-shirt guard, Lieutenant Chomsky, inspects the area.

Many aliens are encased in horizontal wall chambers behind glass. Gas surrounds them, tubes inserted into them.

A large, dark, shaggy-headed alien is suspended in a vertical chamber, also with gas and inserted tubes.

MCCOY
Fascinating. I've never seen
anything like these.

SPOCK
Quite the menagerie, Doctor.

MCCOY
I don't know what kind of fighting
they've been through, but their
basic cellular tissues indicate
almost perfect repair of laser and
radiation burns, limb and major
organ replacement.

SPOCK
Indeed. Starfleet has far inferior
medical capabilities than present
here.

McCoy stops and looks over at Spock.

MCCOY

You know, I'm standing right here.

Spock stops and looks over at McCoy.

SPOCK

Yes, Doctor. Indeed, you are.

Spock resumes tricorder scans of the ship. McCoy grimaces and scowls before he returns to his own work.

The dark alien in the vertical chamber opens it's eyes.

It watches the three crewmen move about the medical bay, grips it's black clawed hands into fists.

Spock raises the tricorder to a wall.

SPOCK

There appears to be another being behind this bulkhead undergoing what can only be described as an automated surgical procedure.

MCCOY

What? Well that's some feat.

McCoy raises his tricorder to view, grimaces.

MCCOY

Is there a window or monitor? I'd love to see--

Chomsky trips over some equipment which falls, it strikes and breaks the glass on one of the horizontal wall chambers.

The creature inside begins to shudder and shake. It screams.

SPOCK

Doctor.

McCoy looks into his tricorder, frustrated.

MCCOY

I don't even know where to begin!

McCoy pushes a wall button, the creature slides out on a platform bed.

McCoy pulls a hypo, calibrates.

Just as he's about to give the hypo a figure steps through the solid surgical suite wall.

It's another beautiful silver and white humanoid female, identical to Orvos-E.

She turns to them.

Light shines down on them from overhead. They look up.

ORVOS-A

Stop!

Faster than they can follow, she pushes away McCoy's hand then produces her own hypo and other tools.

In a blur she administers medicine to the creature, begins surgical work, moves things about, flashes lights inside, closes up, flashes light across skin again then slides the bed back into the wall.

She presses a button, the chamber fills with gas.

ORVOS-A

Please. I'm sure this is all very fascinating to you but I'm busy with another patient.

She looks at the dark alien, notes it's closed eyes.

She then points to the chamber just closed and looks at Chomsky.

ORVOS-A

I've already repaired this being four times after regeneration from it's original's tissue culture. Twice. Please try to be careful and stay out of trouble. I'll be done shortly.

Again, she looks at the dark alien, then turns to the wall.

MCCOY

Wait! Who are you?

ORVOS-A

Orvos-A of the ship Orvos.

She eyes McCoy up and down and then the others.

ORVOS-A

You require no medical attention. Please wait.

She turns and disappears in a glow through the surgical suite wall. McCoy steps to it, touches it solidity.

MCCOY

Well that was impressive. Spock, I thought you said there was only one being behind that bulkhead.

Spock inspects his tricorder.

SPOCK

Indeed.

MCCOY

Surely that was not the surgical patient.

SPOCK

Correct. Either that is an android or my tricorder is not calibrated to register it as living. Fascinating, in either case.

MCCOY

She, it, whichever is clearly a better surgeon than I am.

SPOCK

Or ever will be, considering your human limitations.

MCCOY

I hate to say it but you're possibly right.

SPOCK

Possibly. It's only a matter of time before technology surpasses biology.

MCCOY

I'm feeling a little threatened already.

SPOCK

That is only natural.

MCCOY

Being out developed by other beings millions of years ahead of us is one thing. I'm not so sure about this.

SPOCK

It is a very interesting
development indeed.

Kirk rounds the corner and enters the medical bay.

KIRK

Gentlemen, what seems to be of
interest in here...

Kirk stops in his tracks at the menagerie of aliens.

SPOCK

Perhaps more interesting than the
bevy of beasts, sir, are the
medical technologies present in
this ship.

MCCOY

It's fantastic, Jim. I--

McCoy is taken aback as a jovial Scott and Orvos-E round the
corner.

McCoy double-takes the surgical suite wall then Orvos-E.

MCCOY

How... ? Didn't... ? Androids.

SCOTT

Not quite, Doctor. We may have just
encountered an emerging
electrolytic life form. The first
of it's kind!

SPOCK

Fascinating.

SCOTT

Aye, Commander. Seems Orvos has had
exposure to technology throughout
the outer rim. Over quite a bit of
time she has upgraded herself from
a regular electro-mechanical ship
to something of a hybrid mish-mash
of alien technologies.

McCoy gestures at Orvos-E

MCCOY

So these are... the children? Of
the ship?

SCOTT

So, you met Orvos-A, did ya? No, Doctor. They're not exactly children.

ORVOS-E

Dynamic aspects of the whole.

MCCOY

The muscle to the bone.

ORVOS-E

Precisely.

KIRK

Orvos seeks asylum with the Federation from its... her previous owners, from whom she has escaped.

SCOTT

Speaking of children, sir, actually the Orvos' lack of reproductive capability may be one of the sticking points with Starfleet before official recognition of life.

KIRK

Spock, what are Starfleet's criteria for classification of life?

SPOCK

Much the same as recognized throughout the galaxy. The basic six questions begin with does it react to it's environment?

Orvos-E, Kirk and Scott nod in agreement.

KIRK

Go on.

SPOCK

Does it adapt to it's environment?

Orvos-E and Scott nod in agreement.

SPOCK

Does it reproduce?

Orvos-E exchanges a concerned look with the others.

SPOCK
Does it grow?

ORVOS-E
I do have the capability to expand facilities, although have not had the need.

MCCOY
We could argue the same for your reproductive capabilities. Environmental stasis.

SPOCK
Does it obtain and use energy.

SCOTT
Aye, that she does.

SPOCK
Is it made of cells.

They all exchange concerned looks. McCoy then grins.

MCCOY
Maybe consider you a rather large amoeba.

SPOCK
Three out of six criteria strongly met. Three rather subjective. The argument for life is--

KIRK
I'll do it.

SPOCK
Sir?

KIRK
I'll suggest a provisional consideration.

SPOCK
It is a weak argument, sir.

KIRK
Orvos isn't just flashy lights and complex programming, mister Spock. I sense something... unique here.

SULU (COMMUNICATOR V.O.)
Sulu to Captain.

KIRK
Yes, mister Sulu?

SULU (COMMUNICATOR V.O.)
Sir, sensors indicate another vessel approaching fast from the same origin as this ship. It may be within firing range momentarily.

ORVOS-E
The Raubtiere are here.

KIRK
Mister, Sulu, how did it get so close?

SULU (COMMUNICATOR V.O.)
The super nova has damaged long range sensors. We're practically flying blind, sir.

KIRK
Thank you, mister Sulu. Mister Scott, how long will it take to stabilize that ruptured anti-matter pod?

SCOTT
A full repair would take days, sir. However, I could simply shunt the anti-matter into a containment field as a temporary measure.

KIRK
Is that safe?

SCOTT
Aye, sir, as long as it's left undisturbed it should be fine.

KIRK
Do it. Then get back to the Enterprise and repair those sensors.

SCOTT
Aye, sir.

Scott leaves.

KIRK

What can you tell me of the Raubtiere's battle capabilities?

ORVOS-E

The Raubtiere have limited space fighting experience but make a very strong opponent hand to hand.

KIRK

Suggestions?

ORVOS-E

Anticipate boarding attempts. In negotiations do not be interesting. Neutrality is best. Inferiority invites enslavement. Superiority invites interest which is to be avoided at all costs. For me, they will fight hard. I am one of a kind in their world as well as yours.

Kirk taps his communicator.

KIRK

Mister, Sulu. Lock onto this ship with the tractor beam, come about aft placing the Enterprise between the two ships. Just as soon I come aboard activate defensive screens.

SULU (COMMUNICATOR V.O.)

Aye, aye, Captain.

MCCOY

Can we evacuate these patients before someone becomes interesting?

KIRK

Orvos-E, can you leave the ship with your patients?

ORVOS-E

I don't know. I've never left the ship.

KIRK

Doctor, you and Spock figure a solution, gather what data you can then get back to the Enterprise.

Kirk taps his communicator.

KIRK

Transporter room, beam me directly
to the bridge.

Kirk beams away as McCoy and Spock turn to Orvos-E.

SPOCK

The Captain will go to great
lengths to secure your desired
independence from your owners--

ORVOS-E

I am owned by no one no more than
you are owned by your captain.

SPOCK

None the less, independence is not
guaranteed.

ORVOS-E

Does the word of one of your
starship captains carry so little
weight?

SPOCK

As it currently stands you remain
the property of the Raubtiere until
asylum has been granted.

MCCOY

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.
We haven't even made it out of
harms way, yet.

SPOCK

A valid point, Doctor.

ORVOS-E

So you're just going to stall for
time, take what data you can then
hand me back over to the Raubtiere.

MCCOY

No. We won't. You need to trust us.

ORVOS-E

It seems I have no alternative.

SPOCK

None with more favorable outcomes.

Orvos-E looks at McCoy.

ORVOS-E
Will you take our patients?

MCCOY
I can't even pretend to know how to
take care of these beings. They
need you to go with them.

Light shines over McCoy's head.

ORVOS-E
There is much medical data aboard.
Although superior to many beings,
human brains remain limited in
their synaptic linkages.

MCCOY
I think I've just been insulted,
mister Spock. How about his brain?

He gestures to Spock.

ORVOS-E
Although possessing greater
synaptic linkages, Vulcans lack the
empathic sensitivities of medicine
as humans have.

SPOCK
I believe I've just been insulted
as well, Doctor.

ORVOS-E
It's more art than science than
your kind can appreciate.

SPOCK
So you have met both humans and
Vulcans before?

ORVOS-E
The Raubtiere that pursues us is
T'Mos. Ten generations ago his
tribal ancestors collected
specimens of several species in
this region.

MCCOY
Game specimens? To hunt? For
trophies?

ORVOS-E

Yes. But the Raubtiere were not impressed. They grew bored quickly.

MCCOY

And you repaired them? The humans and Vulcans?

Orvos-E looks at McCoy, then at his skull.

ORVOS-E

Orvos-A did.

MCCOY

What are you looking at?

ORVOS-E

With a direct synaptic augmentation you will be outfitted with supplemental data to both take care of these patients as well as craft the tools and supplies they require.

SPOCK

How shall we begin?

MCCOY

Whoa, just hold onto your pointy little Vulcan ears one minute! What do mean by "direct synaptic augmentation"? You're not cutting into my brain quite so easily.

ORVOS-A

She won't. I will.

All turn to Orvos-A just stepping into the room from the surgical suite.

ORVOS-E

Orvos-A is more experienced therefor more qualified than I.

ORVOS-A

A permanent trans-oral probe will be inserted directly into the hippocampus for rapid transfer of new information, underutilized sections of the cortex will be removed and replaced with crystal storage for deep memory and another probe will be placed into the

ORVOS-A
cerebellum to maximize
surgical-motor performance.

MCCOY
Great! How long do my dilithium
batteries last with all of that?

ORVOS-A
Understood. You are nearing the end
your expected lifespan. In your
crystal storage I will include
surgical instructions for repeating
this procedure in a younger human.

MCCOY
No, you don't understand.

SPOCK
Are you confident of the
procedure's success and safety?

MCCOY
Spock?!

ORVOS-A & E
Completely.

SPOCK
Doctor?

MCCOY
No. Not in a thousand years, no.

SPOCK
Doctor, you will not live that
long, and these patients
considerably less.

MCCOY
Look, I am not volunteering to
become some cyborg monstrosity for
the rest of my life just to tend to
a dozen aliens I've never met.

ORVOS-E
You do not wish to be a slave to
strangers?

MCCOY
Correct.

ORVOS-A

As we are?

All stare at one another at impasse.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

On the main screen approaches a coal-red ship.

KIRK

Any communications yet from it,
miss Uhura?

UHURA

Still receiving a lot of subspace
interference from the super nova,
sir. The sensor damage is
worsening.

KIRK

Mister Scott needs to get back here
immediately. Hail the incoming ship
on all frequencies with an
invitation to come aboard,
immediately.

All turn to Kirk.

UHURA

Sir?

KIRK

You heard me. Mister Chekov, have
the galley send to the bridge
gelatin fish. A dozen big ones.
Make it two dozen.

CHEKOV

Any particular color, Captain.

KIRK

Surprise me.

CHEKOV

Aye, sir.

Kirk keys communications.

KIRK

Mister Scott, how are you doing on
that containment field?

INT. ORVOS ENGINE ROOM

Scott works amongst a collection of glowing tubes and wires.

SCOTT

I've just about got her set up,
sir. Any minute, now and she'll be
ready.

He presses a button and a containment field flickers on.

Then off. Scott grunts with disgust.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

KIRK

Make it half a minute. I need you
aboard the Enterprise to fix these
sensors. Kirk out.

UHURA

Receiving reply transmission from
the approaching craft, sir.

KIRK

On screen.

On the main screen three large, dark, shaggy-headed
Raubtiere stare back.

T'MOS (ELECTROLYZED VOICE)

T'mos of ship Teer'nán. Decline
invitation. Surrender Orvos.

From the turbo lift enter galley crew rolling serving tables
with large, wiggly, pink and green gelatin fish.

KIRK

I am Captain James T. Kirk of the
starship Enterprise. There seems to
have been an accident. We're
embarrassed, really.

T'MOS

Surrender Orvos or be boarded, Kirk
of Enterprise.

KIRK

This is all that remains of the
occupants of Orvos.

He points to the large gelatin fish.

KIRK

We were about to eat it and thought
we should share them with you.

The screen goes blank.

UHURA

They've terminated their--

A loud BONG resonates through the ship.

CHEKOV

I think we've just been scanned,
Captain.

KIRK

Indeed we have.

Kirk keys communications.

KIRK

Engineering, lock onto Chief
Engineer Scott. (presses another
button on armchair console) Mister
Scott?

INT. ORVOS ENGINE ROOM

Scott, panicked sweat on his face, leans back against the
wall.

SCOTT

Whatever that was, sir, don't ever
do it again.

KIRK (COMMUNICATOR V.O)

Is the anti-matter containment
field up? Are you done?

SCOTT

Aye and aye, sir. I was just about
to--

Scott beams out.

INT. ORVOS MEDICAL BAY

The five look around the ship and at each other. Orvos-A
looks at the alien patients.

The large, dark Raubtiere in the vertical suspension chamber
pulls tubes from it's body while it watches Orvos-A.

KIRK (COMMUNICATOR V.O)
Spock. Bones. Get those patients
ready to beam aboard immediately.

SPOCK
Our options for resolution narrow
as we speak.

MCCOY
Narrowed is right.

KIRK(COMMUNICATOR V.O)
Make it fast, gentlemen. Kirk out.

SPOCK
How much of this ship is integrated
into your dynamic aspect?

ORVOS-E
I don't understand?

MCCOY
I believe he means how much of your
ship can be left behind.

ORVOS-A
How much of you would you chose to
be left behind?!

The Raubtiere removes it's breathing mask, eyes the
red-shirt's phaser, then a large piece of medical equipment.

MCCOY
We don't really have time for a
philosophical debate.

ORVOS-A
There's nothing philosophical about
it at all. I am asking you for your
assistance in attaining freedom
from slavery. You yourself, Doctor,
have refused to enter into this
state by your own free will. Surely
you see where I stand.

MCCOY
Unfortunately I certainly do.

ORVOS-E
But you ask me which part to cut
and carve to be left behind as if
any of myself is less valuable than
your own appendages or skin. This

ORVOS-E
is not philosophical in the least
bit.

SPOCK
We cannot beam your entire ship or
being aboard the Enterprise. You
need to decide your own sacrifice
for freedom.

MCCOY
Desperate times. Desperate
measures.

Orvos-A and E give hard eyes to McCoy and Spock.

The suspended Raubtiere breaks out of it's chamber in a
colored cloud of gas.

It rips a heavy metal strip from a piece of equipment as a
sword, threatens them all.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

KIRK
Mister Scott, I need those sensor
arrays repaired immediately or we
won't see what's--

Several loud CLANGs ring out, the bridge crew look up.

KIRK
All hands, this is the Captain. All
hands to battle stations. Red
alert. I repeat, red alert. This is
no drill. This is no drill.
Transporter room. Lock onto enemy
boarders and beam them into the
brig.

TRANSPORTER ROOM(COMMUNICATOR V.O)
Sir, they've already--

CHEKOV
Exterior hull breach on starboard
decks four and five, sir!

KIRK
Transporter room. Can you get a
lock on them?

TRANSPORTER ROOM(COMMUNICATOR V.O)
 Negative, sir. They have some kind
 of phasing armor we cannot lock
 onto.

KIRK
 Keep trying. Security. Seal off
 starboard decks three through six.
 Send four heavy armed units to
 decks four and five. Set your
 phaser rifles on stun. Do not kill.
 I repeat. Do not kill!

INT. ORVOS MEDICAL BAY

The Raubtiere sways then steps toward Chomsky. He backs up,
 phaser aimed at the beast.

ORVOS-A & E
 Don't. Run!

Chomsky raises his phaser to fire. McCoy holds his arms out
 to him to stop.

MCCOY
 No!

The Raubtiere staggers forward.

Chomsky fires, the gas ignites, the explosion throws all to
 the deck, Spock into the passageway.

The Chomsky rises and runs over to McCoy, rolls him over,
 sees McCoy's forearms both burnt to a smokey crisp.

MCCOY
 Aghhh! My hands! My Hands!

CHOMSKY
 I'm so sorry, sir!

MCCOY
 Watch out!

The Raubtiere looms over Chomsky, grabs then hurls him
 across the medical bay.

Chomsky grabs his phaser lying on the deck, fires it again
 at the monster.

It bends in pain but recovers with little effect.

The Raubtiere strips a long wire from the ceiling, whips the phaser from Chomsky's hands, takes the phaser and fires at him.

Chomsky falls forever.

The Raubtiere looks about the medical bay then turns the phaser at McCoy on the deck.

Orvos-A and E rise behind McCoy, dazed as they recover.

RAUBTIERE (VERY GARBLED)

Run.

ORVOS-E

Don't!

MCCOY

No!

RAUBTIERE

Run!

MCCOY

I won't.

RAUBTIERE

You may live if you run. But you will die here. Run!

MCCOY

Never!

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

UHURA

Security has engaged Raubtiere boarders on decks four and five. No casualties, sir.

KIRK

Transporter room. Any progress on locking onto our unwanted guests?

TRANSPORTER ROOM(COMMUNICATOR V.O)

Negative sir.

KIRK

Then lock onto these gelatin fish and send them to the Raubtiere ship.

The gelatin fish beam out.

KIRK

Uhura. Open a channel to their ship.

UHURA

Aye, Captain. Open.

KIRK

We've had another accident and insist on sharing with you our bounty, as is our custom.

On screen T'mos and the others appear. The red and green gelatin fish behind them.

T'MOS

We do not eat the kill of others. Surrender Orvos, Kirk of Enterprise.

SULU

Enemy ship has just fired on us, sir!

The Enterprise bridge shakes.

INT. ORVOS MEDICAL BAY

Large equipment falls from the ceiling, crushes the Raubtiere at McCoy's feet.

McCoy breaths a sigh of relief.

Then it's hand strikes out, grasps McCoy by the throat, McCoy chokes.

MCCOY

Ack!

McCoy screams as he grabs at the strong forearm with his burnt hands.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CHECKOV

Minmal damage sir, but transporters are now inoperative.

SULU

Captain, shall I return phaser fire?

KIRK

No, mister Sulu! They know we have screens up. That was a warning shot. We are being tested on our level of aggression. Not only do they want their medical ship they are also assessing us as sport game.

To respond to their threat with an attack invites unwanted interest. Aikido rather than boxing. Deflect rather than retaliate, mister Sulu.

Sulu nods with understanding.

INT. ORVOS MEDICAL BAY

The Raubtiere pulls itself out from under the equipment as Orvos-E pulls at it's hand from McCoy's throat.

Orvos-A races to grab a hypo across the room, McCoy's eyes flutter.

Spock leaps over Orvos-E, knocks out the Raubtiere with a neck pinch.

McCoy coughs as he regains his senses.

ORVOS-A

Fast and effective. We have failed at learning that technique ourselves.

SPOCK

There are perhaps many techniques we could exchange if you will come with us.

MCCOY

What took you so long?

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

Kirk keys communications.

KIRK

Mister Scott. We need to get Spock and Bones back onboard with or without Orvos. I need you to repair the transporter immediately.

SCOTT(COMMUNICATOR V.O)
 I can't replace sensor
 instrumentation and fix the
 transporter at the same time, sir.
 Which do you want first?

KIRK
 Both!

SCOTT(COMMUNICATOR V.O)
 Aye, Captain.

INT. ORVOS MEDICAL BAY

Spock and Orvos-A examine's McCoy's burnt forearms.

SPOCK
 Can you repair his arms?

ORVOS-A
 If I repair your ship's only doctor
 can you guarantee my freedom?

MCCOY
 My God! This is no time to barter
 over a patient's life!

ORVOS-A
 Desperate times. Desperate
 measures, Doctor.

KIRK (COMMUNICATOR V.O)
 Mister Spock. Bones. Are you ready
 to transport your patients?

SPOCK
 We have complications, sir.

KIRK (COMMUNICATOR V.O)
 Well, resolve them immediately.
 We've got to get you two and anyone
 else out of that ship, now.

SPOCK
 Sir, Ten generatios ago ancestors
 of this tribe hunted specimens in
 this region. They were not
 impressed.

KIRK(COMMUNICATOR V.O)
 Thank you, mister Spock. The
 feeling is mutual. Kirk out.

MCCOY

Doesn't sound like negotiations are going well.

ORVOS-E

On the contrary. No one has ever withstood a standing confrontation with the T'Mos this long.

Orvos-A looks at Spock and McCoy a long moment. Then at Orvos-E.

ORVOS-A

E, do you trust them?

Orvos-E weighs the question as she looks Spock and McCoy over.

ORVOS-E

Completely.

ORVOS-A

Then prep all patients and databanks for immediate transport. Mister Spock. I'm relaying the metrics of my critical functional elements to your recording device. Doctor. Come with me.

They lift McCoy up, walk him to the surgical suite wall.

ORVOS-A

Mister, Spock.

SPOCK

Yes?

ORVOS-A

Give me provisional consideration with your Starfleet. Give me a chance at freedom.

SPOCK

Yes, Orvos, I will.

Orvos-A and McCoy step through the solid wall.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

KIRK

Mister Sulu, arm two photon torpedos and target a thousand and five-hundred meters one second apart above their bridge. Fire when ready. Miss Uhura. Hail our guests.

EXT. ENTERPRISE - SPACE

Two photon torpedos loose. First detonates then second.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

UHURA

Raubtiere ship hailed, sir.

KIRK

On screen. T'Mos. That isn't very sporting of you to fire upon an old friend.

T'Mos laughs. Behind him many Raubtiere scramble about, the gelatin fish spilled on the deck.

T'MOS

What old friend? Kirk of Enterprise unknown. Return Orvos.

KIRK

Not I. Your ancestors. We tell our children stories of the great strength and bravery of your ancestors that traveled through our region. We trade in epic tales of the great beasts they hunted and killed. Throughout many worlds here you are renowned for unsurpassed gamesmanship. Your mythic skills have not fallen so far that you now fire upon still prey, have they?

T'mos turns a sideways glare at Kirk, considers.

T'MOS

No, Kirk of Enterprise.

KIRK

I had hoped not. It would be a shame to strike from our rich story

KIRK
 telling history of your tribe's
 legendary achievements. In fact, it
 has been so long since we've
 crossed star paths. Would you care
 to tell us a new tale of a great
 hunt?

T'mos stares at Kirk. Grunts.

KIRK
 I'll give you Orvos for a story.

T'mos confers with another Raubtiere. They disagree on
 something, ask another crew member.

T'MOS
 No new stories. Give us Orvos.

Kirk feigns concern.

KIRK
 Would you like to hear our stories?

Two raubtier nod heads "yes", another "no". T'mos undecided.

T'MOS
 No. Give us Orvos, Kirk of
 Enterprise.

KIRK
 That is very disappointing. Tell me,
 if can you even confirm to me the
 name of your tenth generation
 father and I will return Orvos to
 you. For a single name you will
 have your ship returned and
 legendary status maintained
 throughout this region.

On screen T'Mos and the others confer again. Crew member
 departs.

KIRK
 I'll even include recordings of our
 stories of your ancestors.

T'mos snarls at Kirk, resumes conference.

KIRK
 (discreet aside)
 Where are they!

UHURA

Captain? Receiving transporter metrics from Commander Spock, sir. A rather large mass to the shuttle bay.

KIRK

(keys communications)

Mister Scott. What is the status of those transporters?

SCOTT(COMMUNICATOR V.O)

They are just now back in full operation, sir.

KIRK

Uhura's sending you transporter metrics from Spock. Lock onto it and transport directly to the shuttle bay the moment screens drop.

SCOTT(COMMUNICATOR V.O)

Aye, sir.

INT. ORVOS MEDICAL BAY

McCoy walks through the Surgical Suite wall, forearms coated in long white gloves, is greeted by Spock and Orvos-E.

MCCOY

You should have seen what she did in there, Spock! It was amazing! I've never seen anything like it! There's enough medical data here to learn from for decades.

SPOCK

If I didn't know any better I'd say you were giddy, Doctor.

McCoy's childish grin evaporates.

SPOCK

Will Orvos-A be with us shortly?

MCCOY

Yes. She's cleaning her work area and some other things.

Orvos-E looks concerned.

KIRK(COMMUNICATOR V.O)
 Mister Spock. Transporter is
 standing by to beam your metrics to
 the shuttle bay. Are you ready?

Orvos-E nods to Spock.

SPOCK
 Yes, sir. Standing by.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

And agitated T'mos and others stir about on screen.

T'MOS
 Tenth ancestor before T'mos was
 Gee'ger. Return Orvos!

KIRK
 Very well! She is yours. Fare well,
 new friends. Mister Checkov, drop
 screens. Give T'mos of ship
 Teer'nan their ship back.

INT. ORVOS MEDICAL BAY

Spock, McCoy, Orvos-E, the aliens in their wall chambers
 along with much of the equipment all beam out.

INT. ENTERPRISE SHUTTLE BAY

The huge mass of exposed internal workings of the Orvos
 materialize.

EXT. ENTERPRISE - SPACE

The smaller Orvos glides to the Raubtiere ship as the
 Enterprise departs.

INT. ENTERPRISE SHUTTLE BAY

From a hatch Spock, McCoy and Orvos-E step out into the bay.

MCCOY
 Are you okay?

ORVOS-E
 I'm... different. Sad. Glad to
 taste freedom. Sad for my loss. Too
 many emotions. I feel sick.

McCoy gives a hopeful look to Spock who looks about. Kirk
 and Scott enter the bay, run over to greet them.

Scott and Orvos-E stand very close to each other. The others
 don't seem to notice.

KIRK
 Bones! What's happened to your
 arms?

MCCOY
 They were burnt to a crisp from an
 explosion, but Orvos-A repaired
 them. It was incredible. I've never
 seen anything like it.

Spock continues to look about.

SPOCK
 Speaking of which, where is
 Orvos-A?

Kirk looks at Orvos-E.

KIRK
 Well, how does freedom feel?

INT. ORVOS ENGINE ROOM

Orvos-A aims the dropped phaser at the containment field
 surrounding the leaking anti-matter.

She fires.

EXT. ENTERPRISE - SPACE

Far behind the Enterprise a second bright flash burns.

INT. ENTERPRISE SHUTTLE BAY

The flash fades through the shuttle bay windows.

ORVOS-E
 Freedom feels bitter. Desperate
 times.

MCCOY
Desperate measures.