Space Beavers Intro

NARRATOR

A small spacecraft pursues Dr. Shamanistikov's fleet of warships as they navigate through the confusion of the battle. Simultaneously, an ominous vortex of purple and green shifts like a typhoon, looming ever closer beyond the ships.

Despite the fighting all around them, the fleet seems to have chosen a pivotal moment when both factions are too preoccupied to engage this new force, let alone figure out what it may be doing.

However, the pilot of the pursuing mining craft, a bulldozer class ship, already knows Shamanistikov's plan, and the minions carrying it out.

Her flowing red hair threatens to burst from the shroud of her space helmet, and her eyes seems shadowed in their sockets as she stares intently at one particular ship among the fleet ahead.

Her nose twitches as if to catch a scent of the breeze, and she lets out a slight yip sound as the first ship disappears into the wormhole.

She paws at the computer console frantically. The computer says, as if it were a 16-bit dishwasher...

FOXCOMP

Five of ten ships have entered wormhole. Target ship is 8th in line.

SCARLETT

I know, I know...Give me a lock onto their port side warp field signatures and tell me when the seventh ship has gone through.

FOXCOMP

Yes, ma’am… would you like to set the auto-pilot program to battlefield procedures?

SCARLETT

Not yet, I need all the power I can get to targeting and vectors. But, once they see us, I might change my mind.

FOXCOMP

Yes, ma’am.

NARRATOR

The radio suddenly crackles and the red-haired pilot yips again. On the other end is a gruff male voice.

TIM

I know you're out there. What are you trying to do? Where have you been?!

SCARLETT

Dr. Shamanistikov is insane! Tim, please...don't go through that wormhole.

TIM

Scarlett...If I could live with myself for throwing it all away to stay with you...I would in a heartbeat. But, you know I can't. I've...I've gotta--

SCARLETT

--I know. Save the world.

TIM

I wasn't going to say that.

SCARLETT

What are we, Tim? What have we become? Can we ever go back to civilization like this?

TIM

If I don't do this...If we don't do this...there won't be any civilization left to go back to!

SCARLETT

But where? When? You don't know what's on the other side of that thing. After you pass through, you could...just be living out the rest of you weird, hairy life in some simulation created by Shamanistikov! You wouldn't even know it!

TIM

I don't think that's even possible.

SCARLETT

You weren't there for everything, Tim. You haven't seen what I've seen.

TIM

I know what I've seen.

SCARLETT

You don't even know what you're seeing now!

TIM

Look, I know you don't think I know what you think you're telling me, but I do. It can't be like that. It can't!

SCARLETT

What?

FOXCOMP

Pardon my interruption. Seventh ship entering wormhole. Lock acquired. Awaiting orders.

SCARLETT

I don't care about the others. And I'm gonna stop you, Tim. I can't let you throw away what little we have left.

TIM

Scarlett, please don't do this. Listen to me. Please!--

SCARLETT

Fire, computer!

NARRATOR

The muted low frequency of the phasers humming through the hall of the ship resound around the cockpit. The horizon is suddenly obscured by a blinding explosion. The seventh ship narrowly disappears through the wormhole behind the phaser blast.

FOXCOMP

Sensors show that the gravitational pull of the wormhole is too great to verify a velocity modifying impact.

SCARLETT

No. What does that mean?

FOXCOMP

It suggests that the ship has passed through the wormhole.

NARRATOR

The eighth and last of Dr. Shamanistikov's warships closes in on the edge of the wormhole. On the metallic side of the ship is stamped the emblem of a beaver sporting a space helmet. From the bridge, well concealed within the center of the ship, Captain 707, an android created by Shamanistikov, heads the crew. The nature of 707 allows him to communicate directly with the ship's computer so that he requires no display or tactile controls. He paces the bridge to remain directly in contact with the immediate mammalian crew. The officers of the bridge are comprised of the Beaver Clan, Werebeavers genetically modified by Dr. Shamanistikov. They man the various stations around the bridge working furiously at their analog consoles. As the monitor the ship's vitals, numerous printers pump out roll after roll of computer jargon and images of lumber. Commander Beaverly reports hesitantly to Captain 707.

BEAVERLY

We're 60 kilometers from point of contact, sir.

707

I am aware. Everyone begin preparations for wormhole entrance.

BEAVERLY

Operations is on the commlink. Seems urgent.

707

Put them on. Speak, mortal.

OPERATIONS

Captain, the wormhole is showing a trajectory pull rating that we did not previously anticipate--

707

How does that affect us?

OPERATIONS

Sir, we believe we'll be fine once we're inside of the wormhole. It's the point of contact that's got us worried. Current simulations show our ship being ripped to shreds upon approach due to the wormhole's unpredictable gravitational pull.

707

Please hold while I tether with the ship's computer to predict probability of failure.

BEAVERLY

Captain, sensors are picking up some sort of explosive activity in front of the wormhole.

707

What? 1st Lieutenant Vasily, munitions report. Did the wolf ship eject something?

VASILY

Not possible. Captain 704 would have contacted us beforehand. You know how he is.

NARRATOR

Vasily's thick Russian accent enveloped the words and curled them into a river of velvet.

VASILY

Commander Beaverly, help me to form a point of origin of the disturbance. Those explosions didn't come from any of our ships.

NARRATOR

2nd lieutenant Beavan, his relatively high post granting him some confidence to speak freely, responds uneasily.

BEAVAN

Is it somebody, or God forbid, something else out here?

VASILY

All too likely, my furry friend.

NARRATOR

2nd lieutenant Beavara, a tiny but quirky stick of dynamite, chimes in.

BEAVARA

Captain, sensors show a small Dozership class vehicle in the area. It is probable that they are the cause of the disturbance.

VASILY

Why would Dozership be firing on fleet of Destroyers? Do they have death wish? Smells oddly familiar.

707

They must be looking for an explosive exit from existence. Hail them.

NARRATOR

Communications 3rd Lieutenant Beavis responds, as if he had been waiting for his single line the entire mission.

BEAVIS

Yes, sir! Hailing underway!

SCARLETT

You bastards… you ruined me and you brainwashed my only friend!

VASILY

Oh! This is very interesting. I regret to meet you again under these circumstances, little girl, then again, maybe not.

707

You know this lifeform?

VASILY

Unfortunately, sir. You know, little girl, the doctor has been looking everywhere for you and I'm sure he'd have no problem with me turning your little asteroid pusher into stardust.

707

I make the decisions around here, Vasily, and I expect a full report on your relationship with this entity

VASILY

I was just stating possibility, captain.

NARRATOR

Just then, the bridge is jostled back and forth, and the muffled sound of an explosion echoes around the bridge as a shockwave moves throughout the ship! The radio crackles back to life with the sound of Scarlett's delirious voice.

SCARLETT

To hell with your damn mission!

BEAVERLY

She's firing on us captain.

707

We don't have time for this human irrationality. Prepare to engage

VASILY

(LAUGHING) Gladly, captain.

BEAVERLY

Direct hit on the enemy ship. It's on a collision course for the wormhole.

VASILY

Looks like you'll be meeting your maker, little girl.

BEAVIS

Captain! The Dozer took out the communications array!

707

Notify engineering.

VASILY

Another shot, captain?

707

Quickly.

VASILY

(mischievous, drunken laughing) Direct hit. Her ship is inactive. There's no way she can be a threat now.

707

Confirmed. Inter-ship communication has failed. I cannot make contact with any of my 700 brothers.

VASILY

Her phasers may have caused an EMP when she fired on the wormhole. It should be temporary.

BEAVIS

Sir! We are the final ship approaching the wormhole! Everyone has successfully entered!

NARRATOR

Walking about the bridge, 707 begins to speak with an emotional prosody which must have been specifically programmed for this pivotal moment of the mission.

707

Everyone, strap in. Calm yourselves. Move slowly and with deliberation, or not at all. Restrain your emotions. We don't know how unstable the wormhole may be. You must center your entire being. Your training has prepared you for this. You will all do fine.

NARRATOR

The radio crackles one last time with Scarlett's glitched out laughter as her ship descends into the unknown. The signal stretches out through time and space, between the Beaver ship and her tiny Dozer ship, between that and earth, between the earth and the galaxy, between the galaxy and the gal we see. Inside of the small craft, Scarlett is thrown violently by another explosion. Laughing turns into sobbing. Her computer, the foxcomp, despondently presents new information.

FOXCOMP

Ma’am. 6% onboard power remaining. All available power is being diverted to life support. We are on a trajectory that is sending us into the worm hole. Good luck, ma’am. It was an honour to serve with you.

NARRATOR

Scarlett looks dazed staring out through the cockpit window towards oblivion.

SCARLETT

I couldn't save you, Tim, but I'll blast these bastards for you.

NARRATOR

She fires the proton missiles. It impacts to the port side of the Beavership, nudging it just the slightest to starboard as it passes through the edge of the wormhole. Scarlett's tiny ship follows the rest of the ships, collapsing into the swirling vortex to be sucked millions of whatever-the-fucks away.

END INTRO