

Enterprise
"Broken Bow"

by

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&

Rick Berman

Based on "Star trek" created
by Gene Roddenberry

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK: CLOSE ON A STARSHIP HULL (OPTICAL)

White, featureless. We hear the sound of a TICKING CLOCK. A PAINTBRUSH held in a BOY'S HAND enters frame and begins to apply gun metal gray paint to the hull. We realize that the ship is actually a scale MODEL of an early 22nd century Starfleet transport. Its name and number are painted on the hull. The boy makes some rocket-like whooshing noises, then:

YOUNG ARCHER

"Where no man has gone before. "

FATHER

Doctor Cochrane would be proud of you.

YOUNG ARCHER

I know the whole speech by heart

FATHER

(re: model)

Watch out... you're painting over the Captain's windows.

YOUNG ARCHER

Sorry

FLASHBACK: WIDER ANGLE -YOUNG ARCHER AND FATHER (OPTICAL)

are working on the starship model at a table in the SUN PORCH of an APARTMENT in SAN FRANCISCO. Sunlight is pouring through the windows, which overlook the CITY. An old pendulum CLOCK ticks on the wall. YOUNG ARCHER is age nine; his FATHER is in his 40's; both are wearing 22nd century civilian clothing.

YOUNG ARCHER

When's it gonna be ready to fly?

FATHER (SMILES)

Let the paint dry first.

YOUNG ARCHER

No. I mean the ship.

FATHER

Not for a while.

It hasn't even been built yet.

YOUNG ARCHER

How big will it be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER

Pretty big

FLASHBACK: CLOSE ON A JAR OF BLUE PAINT (OPTICAL)

as the father opens it, and Young Archer dips his brush inside.

YOUNG ARCHER

Bigger than Ambassador Pointy's ship?

FATHER

His name is Soval... and he's been very helpful... and I've told you not to call him that.

As they talk, Young Archer paints the leading edge of a nacelle.

YOUNG ARCHER

Billy Cook said we'd be flying at warp five by now if the Vulcans hadn't kept things from us.

FATHER

They have their reasons.
(wry)
God knows what they are.

As they work on the starship...

DISSOLVE TO

CRANE SHOT -MOVING ACROSS CORN FIELDS - DAY (OPTICAL)

SUPER: Broken Bow, Oklahoma -30 Years Later

CAMERA stops on the jarring sight of a smoking CRASHED KLINGON SHUTTLECRAFT.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORN FIELD -GROUND LEVEL -DAY (OPTICAL)

KLAANG, a seven foot tall Klingon Warrior, is running desperately through the rows of corn. We only catch glimpses of him, but we can tell from his breathing that he's running for his life. The BLAST from an alien weapon flashes past him, searing the stalks.

NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two humanoid FIGURES are chasing Klaang, weapons drawn. We'll come to know that these are SULIBAN --a genetically engineered species with an unusual dappled texture to their skin. They continue to FIRE.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE -DAY

A middle-aged FARMER steps out the front door, looking in the direction of the weapons fire.

HIS POV (OPTICAL)

We see flashes of LIGHT and MOVEMENT in the cornfield, as well as a plume of SMOKE from the crashed shuttle.

THE FARMER

urgently heads back into the house.

KLAANG

breaks into the clear, quickly surveys the scene. He spots a nearby SILO and runs toward it with intent.

THE TWO SULIBAN

emerge from the field and see Klaang.

AT THE SILO

Klaang quickly opens a large DOOR and steps inside. We hear the door LOCK.

THE FARMER

steps out of his house, armed with a 22nd century PLASMA SHOTGUN. He runs down the porch steps and heads toward the cornfield...

THE- SULIBAN (OPTICAL)

have reached the locked silo door. One of them lowers himself to the ground and proceeds to DISLOCATE his SKELETAL STRUCTURE. His SKULL flattens as his BODY slithers beneath the six inch opening at the bottom of the door.

THE SILO DOOR

unlocks from within. The Suliban who crawled inside opens the door and his partner enters.

WIDE SHOT -THE SILO (OPTICAL)

Klaang breaks out another DOOR fifteen feet above ground. He LANDS on a nearby SHED, LEAPS to the dirt and draws his DISRUPTOR. He runs twenty feet, spins, and FIRES a single SHOT at the broken door he just came out of.

BOOOM! (OPTICAL)

The SILO EXPLODES in a FIERY EXPLOSION!

KLAANG (OPTICAL)

who has been blown to the ground, stands and staggers away from the BURNING silo.

FARMER (O.C.)
Stop right there!

Klaang looks up to see the farmer, who is approaching him, shotgun raised.

FARMER (CONT'D)
(very nervous)
I mean it!

Klaang, who doesn't understand the farmer, responds in Klingon:

KLAANG
Ro~nuh, t2ag:h ~oH! Mang: juH!

The farmer is terrified --he's never seen an alien before, not to mention a Klingon Warrior with a disruptor in his hand.

FARMER
I have no idea what you're saying... but
I guarantee you, I know how to use this.

Klaang continues to rant as he steps closer.

KLAANG
Qag:h DoQ! RIch ghaH!

The farmer tenses, then FIRES an elongated FLASH of ENERGY which HITS Klaang square in the chest, BLASTING him backward into the corn! OFF the farmer's shaky reaction...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A STARSHIP HULL (OPTICAL)

CAMERA PULLS BACK slightly to reveal we're in SPACEDOCK in orbit of EARTH. We only see a small section of what we'll learn is the STARSHIP ENTERPRISE. A tiny ORBITAL INSPECTION POD enters frame and flies along the underside of the hull.

INT. ORBITAL INSPECTION POD (OPTICAL)

CAPTAIN JONATHAN ARCHER and CHIEF ENGINEER, COMMANDER CHARLIE (CHARLIE) TUCKER sit side by side in the cramped cockpit. Archer, early 40's, is in civilian clothing. Unlike the Starfleet Captains in centuries to come, he exhibits a sense of wonder and excitement. Charlie, early 30's, is a Southerner who enjoys using his offbeat, often sarcastic sense of humor to disarm people.

They're both looking straight up through a ceiling PORTAL at a section of the HULL.

CHARLIE

The Ventral Plating Team says they'll be done in about three days.

ARCHER

Be sure they match the color to the nacelle housings.

CHARLIE

You aiming to sit on the hull and pose for some postcards?

ARCHER

Maybe...

He continues to look upward and inspect the hull.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

God, she's beautiful

CHARLIE

And fast.

(beat)

Warp four point five next Thursday.

ARCHER

(awed)

Neptune and back in six minutes.

(beat)

Let's take a look at the lateral sensor array.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Give me a sec.

Charlie whips the control throttle to his left (intentionally harder than he needs to).

EXT. SPACEDOCK (OPTICAL)

The orbital pod ROLLS steeply to a 90 degree angle as it continues along the side of the hull.

INT. ORBITAL INSPECTION POD (OPTICAL)

Archer looks a little queasy --he's obviously not comfortable in such a tiny vessel. Charlie is enjoying this --he likes to get a rise out of people.

CHARLIE

If I didn't know better, I'd think you were afraid of flying.

ARCHER

If I'm afraid of anything, it's the scrambled eggs I had for breakfast.

CHARLIE

Pretty soon you'll be dreaming about scrambled eggs. I hear the new resequenced protein isn't much of an improvement.

ARCHER

My number one staffing priority was finding the right chef. I think you'll be impressed.

CHARLIE

Your galley's more important to you than your warp core. That's a confidence-builder.

ARCHER

A starship runs on its stomach, Charlie.
(sees something)
Slow down. There. Those are the ports that buckled during the last test. They need to be reinforced.

Charlie grabs a high-tech stylus and pad, makes a note. With his hands off the controls, the pod drifts slightly toward Enterprise.

EXT. SPACEDOCK (OPTICAL)

The pod gently BUMPS into the hull.

INT. ORBITAL INSPECTION POD (OPTICAL)

CHARLIE

Sorry.

Archer cranes his neck to inspect the point of impact

ARCHER

Great. You scratched the paint.

A COM CHIRP goes off. Charlie taps a control.

CHARLIE

(to com)

Orbital Six.

COM VOICE

Captain Archer, sir?

ARCHER

Go ahead.

COM VOICE

Admiral Forrest needs you at Starfleet
Medical right away.

OFF Archer.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -NIGHT (OPTICAL)

The 22nd century skyline.

INT. STARFLEET MEDICAL - ICU ANTEROOM -NIGHT

A dimly-lit chamber with a large window looking into a 22nd century intensive care unit. Klaang is lying on a bed, unconscious, with myriad tubes and monitoring devices attached to his gigantic body. A small team of doctors and nurses are busily tending to him. Two armed Security Guards stand watch.

In the anteroom, a heated discussion is taking place between three Starfleet Officers (ADMIRALS MAXWELL FORREST and DANIEL LEONARD, and COMMANDER WILLIAMS) and three Vulcan dignitaries (AMBASSADOR SOVAL, TOS and a striking young female named T'POL).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CMDR. WILLIAMS
Who was chasing him?

SOVAL
We don't know. They were incinerated in the methane explosion, and the farmer's description was vague at best.

ADMIRAL LEONARD
How did they get here? What kind of ship?

TOS
They were using some kind of stealth technology. We're still analyzing our sensor logs.

CMDR. WILLIAMS
I'd like to see those logs.

SOVAL
(patronizingly calm)
The Klingons made it very clear... they want to expedite this.

ADMIRAL LEONARD
It happened on our soil.

TOS
That's irrelevant

ADMIRAL FORREST
(interrupting, to Soval)
Ambassador... with all due respect, we have a right to know what's going on here.

SOVAL
You'll be apprised of all pertinent information.

CMDR. WILLIAMS
And just who gets to decide what's pertinent?

At this point, the door opens and Archer ENTERS, still in civilian clothes. The conversation stops as everyone turns to him.

ARCHER
(to Forrest)
Admiral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADMIRAL FORREST

Jack... I think you know everyone.

Archer sees the unconscious Klaang through the window.

ARCHER

(walking to the window)

Not everyone.

ADMIRAL LEONARD

He's a Klingot.

TOS

A Kling-Qn.

ARCHER

Where'd he come from?

CMDR. WILLIAMS

Oklahoma.

Archer reacts.

ADMIRAL FORREST

A corn farmer named Moore shot him with a plasma rifle... says it was self-defense.

TOS

Fortunately, Soval and I have maintained close contact with Kronos since the incident occurred.

ARCHER

Kronos?

ADMIRAL LEONARD

It's the Klingon's homeworld.

ADMIRAL FORREST

(re: Klaang)

This gentleman is some sort of courier. Evidently, he was carrying crucial information back to his people.

SOVAL

(pointed)

When he was nearly killed by your "farmer."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADMIRAL FORREST

(carefully)

Ambassador Soval thinks it would be best if we push off your launch until we've cleared this up.

ARCHER

(dry)

Well, isn't that a surprise? You'd think they'd've come up with something a little more imaginative this time.

SOVAL

Sarcasm aside, Captain, the last thing your people need is to make an enemy of the Klingon Empire.

TOS

If we hadn't convinced them to let us take Klaang's corpse back to Kronos, Earth would most likely be facing a squadron of Warbirds by the end of the week.

ARCHER

Corpse? Is he dead?

Archer walks to the door leading to the ICU, opens it and signals to one of the doctors, who approaches.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Excuse me... is that man dead?

PHLOX, an exotic-looking alien physician wearing hospital garb, responds in a hurried voice and slight, distinctive accent:

PHLOX

(quickly)

His autonomic system was disrupted by the blast but his redundant neural functions are still intact which --

ARCHER

Is he going to die?

PHLOX

Not necessarily.

Archer turns back to the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARCHER

(to Vulcans)

Let me get this straight... you're going to disconnect this man from life support... even though he could recover. Where's the logic in that?

SOVAL

Klaang's culture finds honor in death. If they saw him like this he'd be disgraced.

Archer remains puzzled.

TOS

They're a warrior race... they dream of dying in battle. If you understood the complexities of interstellar diplomacy you would --

ARCHER

(interrupting, temper rising)

So your "diplomatic" solution is to do what they tell you... pull the plug?

TOS

Your metaphor is crude, but accurate.

ARCHER

(back at him)

We may be crude, but we're not murderers.

(then to Forrest)

You're not going to let them do this, are you?

SOVAL

(to Forrest)

The Klingons have demanded that we return Klaang immediately.

ARCHER

(ignoring him, to Forrest)

Admiral?

ADMIRAL FORREST

We may need to defer to their judgement.

ARCHER

We've been deferring to their judgement for a hundred years!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ADMIRAL FORREST

(a warning)

Jack...Archer knows he's crossing the line, but he can't help himself.

ARCHER

How much longer?

T'Pol steps toward Archer. She's a science attache with the Vulcan contingent headquartered in San Francisco. Her look is severe yet sensual. Although she's been living amongst humans for several months, she is cautious and guarded around them.

T'POL

Until you've proven you're ready,

ARCHER

Ready to what?

T'POL

To look beyond your provincial attitudes and volatile nature.

ARCHER

Volatile? You have no idea how much I'm restraining myself from knocking you on your ass.

T'Pol raises an eyebrow at this. Archer turns to Forrest.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

These Klingons are anxious to get their man back? Fine. I can have my ship ready to go in three days.

(to Vulcans, pointed)

We'll take him home... alive.

SOVAL

This is no time to be imposing your ethical beliefs.

Forrest considers, turns to Admiral Leonard.

ADMIRAL FORREST

Dan?

ADMIRAL LEONARD

(to Archer)

What about your crew? Your Comm Officer's in Brazil... you haven't selected a Medical Officer yet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ARCHER

Three days, that's all I need.

The Vulcans can't believe what they're hearing.

SOVAL

(protesting)

Admiral...

ADMIRAL FORREST

We've been waiting nearly a century,
Ambassador... this seems as good a time
as any to get started.

SOVAL

(agitated, louder)

Listen to me. You're making a mistake!

ARCHER

(calmly, chiding him)

When your logic doesn't work, you raise
your voice? You have been on Earth too
long.

Displeased, Soval realizes the debate is over, EXITS with his colleagues. Forrest turns to Archer with a slight twinkle in his eye. We get the sense that he invited Archer knowing that he'd provoke this very outcome.

ADMIRAL FORREST

I had a feeling their approach
wouldn't sit too well with you.

(then)

Don't screw this up.

As they EXIT, Archer walks to the large window and raps on the glass. Phlox and a couple of nurses turn to look. Archer gestures Phlox over. Phlox looks surprised -- "me?" As he moves to Archer, curious...

EXT. SPACEDOCK (OPTICAL)

in orbit of Earth, as before. The Starship Enterprise is docked inside, but just barely visible at this angle.

INT. ENTERPRISE -TRANSPORTER ALCOVE (OPTICAL)

TACTICAL OFFICER, LIEUTENANT MALCOLM REED and the HELMSMAN, LIEUTENANT TRAVIS MAYWEATHER are standing by the transport platform as a shipment of CARGO CONTAINERS MATERIALIZE.

Reed is a buttoned-up Englishman in his 30's; Mayweather is an African-American in his 20's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the beam-in ends, they step up and begin to examine the cargo. Both men are in Starfleet uniform.

MAYWEATHER

I heard this platform's been approved for bio-transport.

REED

I presume you mean fruits and vegetables.

MAYWEATHER

I mean Armory Officers and Helmsmen.

REED

I don't think I'm quite ready to have my molecules compressed into a data stream.

MAYWEATHER

They claim it's safe.

REED

Do they indeed? Well, I certainly hope the Captain doesn't plan on making us use it.

MAYWEATHER

Don't worry, from what I'm told, he wouldn't even put his dog through this thing.

Reed has opened a canister and breathes a sigh of frustration.

REED

This is ridiculous. I asked for plasma coils and they sent me a case of valve sealant. There's no chance I can have the weapons on-line in three days.

MAYWEATHER

We're just taking a sick man back to his homeworld... why do we need weapons?

REED

Didn't you read the profile report on these Klingons? Apparently, they sharpen their teeth before they go into battle.

Mayweather gives him an uneasy half-smile.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -CORRIDOR

Minutes later. Reed and Mayweather are walking along. Crewmembers are putting finishing touches on the ship, working at wall panels and opened deck plating.

REED

No doubt Mister Tucker will reassure me
that my equipment will be here tomorrow.
(imitating Charlie's Southern
accent)
"Keep your shirt on, Lieutenant. "

MAYWEATHER

Is it me, or does the artificial gravity
seem a bit heavy?

Reed takes a few measured steps.

REED

Feels all right... Earth sea level.

MAYWEATHER

My father always kept it at point eight
G. He thought it put a little spring in
his step.

REED

After being raised on cargo ships, it
must've felt like you had lead in your
boots when you got to Earth.

MAYWEATHER

It did take some getting used to.

Reed pauses at an opened wall panel, where a young female CREWMAN is "tuning" a series of power conduits with a small device.

REED

You may find that if you re-balance the
polarities, you'll get that done a bit
faster, Crewman.

They continue down the corridor

INT. ENTERPRISE - MAIN ENGINEERING

Unlike the spacious, brightly-lit engine rooms of future starships, this is more like the cramped, red-lit nerve center of a nuclear submarine. We see crewmembers busily getting the ship ready for launch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie is in his element --he's working atop the WARP CORE, which extends horizontally across the room.

CHARLIE
(shouting down)
Okay, Alex, give it some juice!

A crewman below throws a series of levers, and a pulsing pillar of PLASMA courses through the warp core.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(shouting down)
Beautiful! Lock it off right there!

Charlie ducks and weaves through various outcroppings and slides down an access ladder, dropping to the deck below. He eyes the warp core, notices something, reaches in his pocket, pulls out a handkerchief and polishes off a small smudge on the casing. As he proudly inspects his work...

REED (O.C.)
I believe you missed a spot.

Charlie turns to see Reed and Mayweather standing at the rail.

REED (CONT'D)
(making the introductions)
Commander Tucker, Lieutenant Travis
Mayweather. He just arrived.

Charlie, ducking under the rail, extends his hand.

CHARLIE
Our "Space Boomer."

Mayweather shakes his hand, but can't keep his eyes off the engine.

MAYWEATHER
How fast have you gotten her?

CHARLIE
Warp four... we'll be going to four-five
as soon as we clear Jupiter. Think you
can handle it?

MAYWEATHER
(in awe)
Four point five...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REED

(all business)

Pardon me, but if I don't realign the deflector, the first grain of space-dust we come across will blow a hole through this ship the size of your fist.

CHARLIE

Keep your shirt on, Lieutenant. Your equipment'll be here in the morning.

Reed gives Mayweather a look.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMAZON UNIVERSITY -DAY (OPTICAL)

A series of futuristic structures set in the Brazilian jungle.

EXT. CLASSROOM- DAY (OPTICAL)

Twenty or so human college STUDENTS are sitting in an open-air classroom, the lush jungle visible beyond. They're speaking in unison. The refrain they repeat is in a very alien language containing clicks and bizarre guttural sounds.

STUDENTS

Ghlungit !tak nekl.ee!c.

HOSHI (O.C.)

Very good. Again.

STUDENTS

Ghlun~it !tak nekleet.

At this point, we reveal ENSIGN HOSHI SATO, a spirited young woman. Hoshi is an exo-linguist and the Enterprise COM OFFICER. At the moment, she's teaching alien language. On a blackboard behind her, we see alien writing.

HOSHI

(prompting)

Carlos.

CARLOS recites the next phrase alone.

CARLOS

Ltrunghi !krgl!tt!

Hoshi corrects one specific word. She does so with a sound that seems almost impossible for a human to make.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOSHI
!krgltt!

Carlos attempts to repeat it, but can't quite get it right.

CARLOS
!krgltt!

HOSHI
Tighten the back of your tongue
(demonstrating)
!kr~ltt!

As Carlos futilely attempts to get the word right, Hoshi notices Captain Archer standing at the back of the class. He's wearing a muted Hawaiian shirt, jeans and tennis shoes.

HOSHI (CONT'D)
Keep trying. You've almost got it.
(to all)
I'll be right back.

As Hoshi heads toward Archer...

CUT TO:

EXT. AMAZON UNIVERSITY -JUNGLE PATH -DAY

Archer and Hoshi are walking along, mid-conversation

HOSHI
There's two more weeks before exams. It's impossible for me to leave now.

ARCHER
You've got to have someone who can cover for you.

HOSHI
If there was anyone else who could do what I do, you wouldn't be so eager to have me on your space ship.

ARCHER
Hoshi...

HOSHI
I'm sorry, Captain. I owe it to these kids.

ARCHER
I could order you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOSHI

I'm on leave from Starfleet, remember?
You'd have to forcibly recall me, which
would require a reprimand which would
disqualify me from serving on an active
vessel.

ARCHER

I need someone with your ear.

HOSHI

And you'll have her... in three weeks.

Archer removes a small DEVICE from his breast pocket, and
taps a button on it. We HEAR the sound of a voice speaking
the Klingon language. Hoshi reacts, intrigued.

HOSHI (CONT'D)

What's that?

ARCHER

Klingon.

(beat)

Ambassador Soval gave us a sampling of
their linguistic database.

HOSHI

I thought you said the Vulcans were
opposed to this.

ARCHER

They are. But we agreed to make a few...
compromises.

Hoshi listens to the Klingon voice

HOSHI

What do you know about these... Klingons?

ARCHER

(seductively)

Not much. An empire of warriors with
eighty poly-guttural dialects constructed
on an adaptive syntax.

HOSHI

Turn it up.

Archer taps a control, and the Klingon voice gets louder. As
Hoshi listens...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER

Think about it. You'd be the first human
to talk to these people.

(beat)

Do you really want someone else to do it?

Hoshi looks at him, breathes a sigh. They both know she's
been hooked.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACEDOCK (OPTICAL)

in orbit. Enterprise is barely visible docked inside.

INT. ENTERPRISE -READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

Archer and Charlie are standing at the window, looking at a
section of the Spacedock.

CHARLIE

Since when do we have Vulcan Science
Officers?

ARCHER

Since we needed starcharts to get to
Kronos.

CHARLIE

So we get a few maps... and they get to
put a spy on our ship?

ARCHER

Admiral Forrest says we should think of
her more as a "chaperone."

CHARLIE

I thought the whole point of this was to
get away from the Vulcans.

ARCHER

Four days there, four days back... then
she's gone. In the meantime, we're to
extend her every courtesy.

CHARLIE

I don't know... I'd be more comfortable
with Porthos on the Bridge.

The door CHIMES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

Here we go.
(to com)
Come in.

T'Pol ENTERS from the Bridge, wearing her Vulcan uniform, holding a PADD.

T'POL

(hands Archer a PADD)
This confirms that I was formally
transferred to your command at oh eight
hundred hours. Reporting for duty.

Archer eyes the PADD. There's an uncomfortable pause. T'Pol sniffs the air and glances about --it's obvious something smells unpleasant to her. She looks to one corner, where PORTHOS, the Captain's DOG, lays sleeping. Archer looks up from the PADD and notices her nasal distress.

ARCHER

Is there a problem?

T'POL

No, sir

Archer realizes he's found a button to push.

ARCHER

Oh, I forgot... Vulcan females have a
heightened sense of smell.
(re: dog)
I hope Porthos isn't too offensive to
you.

T'POL

(with attitude)
I've been trained to tolerate offensive
situations.

CHARLIE

I took a shower this morning... how about
you, Captain?

ARCHER

I'm sorry. This is Commander Charles
Tucker.
(to Charlie)
Sub-Commander T'Pol.

Charlie extends his hand

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE
I'm called Charlie.

T'POL
(dry)
I'll try to remember that.

Archer eyes T'Pol.

ARCHER
While you may not share our enthusiasm
about this mission, I expect you to
follow our rules... what's said in this
room and out on that Bridge is
classified... privileged information.
(beat)
I don't want every word I say being
picked apart the next day by the Vulcan
High Command.

T'POL
My reason for being here is not
espionage. My superiors simply asked me
to assist you.

ARCHER
Your superiors don't think we can flush a
toilet without one of you to "assist" us.

T'POL
(cool)
I didn't request this assignment,
Captain... and you can be certain that
when the mission's over, I'll be as
pleased to leave this ship as you'll be
to have me go.

She glances down at Porthos, who is sniffing at her leg.

T'POL (CONT'D)
If there's nothing else...

Archer waits a beat, letting Porthos sniff away.

ARCHER
Porthos!

The dog obediently moves back to its bed.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
That'll be all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As T'Pol EXITS...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACEDOCK- OBSERVATION DECK (OPTICAL)

Admiral Forrest is addressing a large group of invited guests, including various Starfleet brass, a contingent of Vulcan dignitaries, and the senior staff of Enterprise: Archer, Charlie, T'Pol, Reed, Mayweather, and Hoshi. Part of ENTERPRISE can be seen out the observation window.

ADMIRAL FORREST

When Zefram Cochrane made his legendary warp flight ninety years ago... and drew the attention of our new friends, the Vulcans, we realized that we weren't alone in the galaxy.

(beat)

Today we're about to cross a new threshold. For nearly a century, we've waded ankle-deep in the ocean of space... now it's finally time to swim.

The crowd applauds enthusiastically. The Vulcans observe them stoically.

ADMIRAL FORREST (CONT'D)

(continuing)

The warp five engine wouldn't be a reality without men like Doctor Cochrane and Henry Archer, who worked so hard to develop it. So it's only fitting that Henry's son, Jonathan Archer, will command the first starship powered by that engine.

Forrest nods to Archer, who leads his crew toward a nearby set of doors.

ADMIRAL FORREST (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Rather than quoting Doctor Cochrane, I think we should listen to his own words from the ground breaking ceremony for the Warp Five Complex... thirty-two years ago...

Forrest looks toward the large window, which also serves as a VIEWSCREEN. It comes alive with ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of an elderly ZEFAM COCHRANE giving a speech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing beside him at a construction site are a number of fellow scientists, including Archer's father, Henry, who is only a few years younger than when we saw him in the opening scene.

COCHRANE

On this site, a powerful engine will be built... an engine that will someday let us travel a hundred times faster than we can today.

As the speech continues...

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Far more basic than future starships, this command center lacks the "airport terminal" feel of Enterprises A through E. A central Captain's chair is surrounded by various stations, the floors and walls, are mostly steel, with source light coming from myriad glowing panels. No carpets on the floors, no wood paneling on the walls, high-tech gauges, dials.

COCHRANE (O.C.)

(continuing)

Imagine it. Thousands of inhabited planets at our fingertips.

T'Pol, Reed, Mayweather and Hoshi take their stations... and Archer takes the Captain's chair...

COCHRANE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And we'll be able to explore those strange new worlds... and seek out new life and new civilizations.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK (OPTICAL)

Cochrane on the Viewscreen...

COCHRANE

This engine will let us go boldly... where no man has gone before.

EXT. SPACEDOCK (OPTICAL)

Mooring lines SNAP AWAY in bursts of frozen vapor.

INT. ENTERPRISE -MAIN ENGINEERING

Charlie stands before the now throbbing warp core.

INT. BRIDGE

Archer and his crew, as before. Archer leans forward in the Captain's chair.

FLASHBACK: CLOSE ON YOUNG ARCHER'S FACE (OPTICAL)

as a tiny ANTI-GRAV UNIT the size of a Dixie cup floats up into frame. The humming unit hovers before the transfixed child.

FLASHBACK: CLOSE ON ARCHER'S FATHER (OPTICAL)

working a small control unit, smiles warmly at his son.

FLASHBACK: WIDER ON YOUNG ARCHER'S FACE (OPTICAL)

as the anti-grav unit settles back on the table. The father plucks the unit out of the air and hands it to the boy, who inserts it into the starship model.

RESUME CAPTAIN ARCHER

as he reflects a beat, then:

ARCHER
Take her out... straight and steady,
Mister Mayweather.

EXT. SPACEDOCK (OPTICAL)

The great ship is moving out of its berth. On the hull, we see the name ENTERPRISE - NX-01.

EXT. SPACE -ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Our first full view of the majestic ship as it clears the dock and moves into open space. Enterprise is lean and masculine, yet its twin warp nacelles suggest the shape of Starfleet vessels to come.

INT. BRIDGE

Archer taps a button on the arm of his chair.

ARCHER
How are we doing, Charlie?

INT. MAIN ENGINEERING

Charlie working at the warp core, which is now pulsing at full power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Ready when you are.

ARCHER'S COM VOICE

Prepare for warp one.

INT. BRIDGE

MAYWEATHER
Course laid in, sir.
(beat)
Request permission to get underway.

T'Pol studies her console and turns to Archer.

T'POL
(critical)
The coordinates are off by point two
degrees.

Archer won't let her spoil the moment he's waited so long
for.

ARCHER
Thank you.
(to Mayweather)
Let's go.

EXT. SPACE- ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

A crescent of EARTH is seen as the ship BLASTS to WARP.

CUT TO:

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -TEMPORAL CHAMBER (OPTICAL)

Dimly-lit, filled with labyrinthine technology. The room is bisected by an archway that creates a rippling BARRIER of ENERGY. This is a place where people from two different time frames can briefly coexist; the Suliban come here to meet with visitors from a distant century.

Two men stand on opposite sides of the barrier. On our side is a Suliban named SILIK; on the other, we can barely make out the image of a HUMANOID FIGURE. Both men stand at identical high-tech podiums.

As they speak, their WORDS and IMAGES seem to PRE-ECHO in a strange effect -- we can see and hear things a split-second before they happen. It's a disquieting and eerie feeling of two worlds slightly out of phase with each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silik, in his fifties, has the same dappled skin as the Suliban we briefly saw at Broken Bow. He's a high-ranking member of the Suliban Cabal. The Humanoid Figure who faces him is a male of indeterminate age; we can barely make out his appearance or his words. Mid-scene:

HUMANOID FIGURE
Where's Klaang?

SILIK
The humans have him.

HUMANOID FIGURE
Did you lose anyone else?

SILIK
Two of my soldiers were killed. One of them was a friend. Can you prevent it?

HUMANOID FIGURE
Our agreement doesn't provide for correcting mistakes.
(firm)
Recover the evidence.

SILIK
I will... I promise you.
(beat)
When will we speak again?

HUMANOID FIGURE
Don't be concerned with when.

The figure vanishes... and a moment later, so does the barrier of energy. OFF Silik...

EXT. SPACE -ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

as it dramatically flies past at warp.

CLOSE ON ARCHER'S FACE

distorted through a JAR he's holding that's filled with viscous pink fluid. Tiny corkscrew ORGANISMS flit through the liquid. As he turns the jar back and forth, studying the tiny creatures...

ARCHER
Love what you've done with the place.

PHLOX (O.C.)
Those are immunocytic gel worms... try not to shake them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEAL we're in --

INT. ENTERPRISE -SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

Where Phlox (the quirky alien seen at Starfleet Medical) is carefully placing various medical paraphernalia on shelves. The jars and tools are definitely not Starfleet issue. In the b.g., Klaang (the Klingon) is lying on a bio-bed, unconscious. Archer hands Phlox the jar of pink fluid, and continues to pass him other articles out of a large packing case during the conversation.

ARCHER

So what'd you think of Earth?

PHLOX

Intriguing. I especially liked the Chinese food. Have you ever tried it?

ARCHER

I've lived in San Francisco all my life.

PHLOX

Anatomically, you humans are somewhat simplistic... but what you lack biologically you make up for with your charming optimism... not to mention your egg drop soup.

(re: his medical gear)

Be very careful with the blue box.

Archer gingerly passes him a small blue box with breathing holes on either side. Some unseen creature skitters within.

ARCHER

What's in there?

PHLOX

An Altarian marsupial... their droppings contain the greatest concentration of regenerative enzymes found anywhere.

ARCHER

(uncomfortably)

Their droppings?

PHLOX

(philosophical)

If you're going to try to embrace new worlds... you must try to embrace new ideas. That's why the Vulcans initiated the Interspecies Medical Exchange... there's a lot to be learned!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I'm sorry I had to take you away from your program... but our doctors haven't even heard of a Klingon.

PHLOX

Please, no apologies! What better time to study human beings than when they're under pressure? It's a rare opportunity.

(re: Klaang)

And your Klingon friend... I've never had a chance to examine a living one before.

ARCHER

Lieutenant Mayweather tells me we'll be to Kronos in about eighty hours. Any chance he'll be conscious by then?

PHLOX

There's a chance he'll be conscious within the next ten minutes... just not a very good one.

ARCHER

Eighty hours, Doctor. If he doesn't walk off this ship on his own two feet, he doesn't stand much of a chance.

PHLOX

I'll do the best I can.
(off his doubtful look)
Optimism, Captain!

Phlox SMILES a grin of inhuman proportions (and with the help of a VISUAL EFFECT, it will be like no smile we've seen before). Archer realizes he's gotten all he's going to get out of his new doctor. He walks to Klaang, stops for a beat, then heads for the door...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - CRAMPED CRAWLSPACE (OPTICAL)

Charlie is climbing up a ladder through a narrow passageway. As he reaches the top, he stares above him. ..

CHARLIE

You're upsidedown, lieutenant.

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal Mayweather comfortably sitting on what appears to be the CEILING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYWEATHER

Yes, sir.

CHARLIE

Care to explain why?

MAYWEATHER

When I was a kid, we called it the "sweet spot. " Every ship's got one.

CHARLIE

(intrigued)

Sweet spot.

MAYWEATHER

It's usually about halfway between the grav-generator and the bow plate.

He points to a thin conduit that crosses below him.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

Grab hold of that conduit.

Charlie reaches for the conduit.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

Now swing your legs up.

Charlie hesitates.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

Swing your legs.

Charlie swings his legs up, and to his amazement, they stay up -- his curled body floating in ZERO G.

CHARLIE

Wow.

MAYWEATHER

Now let go.

Charlie releases his grip, and his entire body FLOATS in mid-air. Charlie laughs in delight as he slowly turns. He tries to control his movements, but CRASHES onto the "ceiling" where Mayweather is sitting.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

Takes practice.

As Charlie settles in next to him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)
Ever slept in zero G?

CHARLIE
Slept?

MAYWEATHER
Like being back in the womb.

Charlie eyes him, curious.

CHARLIE
Captain tells me you've been to Trillius Prime.

MAYWEATHER
Took the fourth, fifth and sixth grades to get there. I've also been to Draylax and both the Andorian Moons.

CHARLIE
I've only been to one inhabited planet besides Earth... nothing there but dust-dwelling ticks.
(beat, curious)
I've heard the women on Draylax have...

MAYWEATHER (NODDING)
Three... it's true.

CHARLIE (IMPRESSED)
You know that first-hand?

MAYWEATHER
First-hand, second-hand, and third-hand.

CHARLIE
I guess growing up a boomer has its advantages.

They share a smile...

CUT TO:

INT. CREW MESS

Busy. A dozen or so CREWMEMBERS are sitting at long, metal tables, helping themselves at the food line, and getting drinks at a row of high-tech beverage dispensers. Charlie ENTERS and starts walking across the room, passes a group of crewmen having dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CREWMAN FLETCHER
(to Charlie)
Got an empty seat here, Commander.

CHARLIE
Sorry. Dinner with the boss tonight.

Charlie heads toward a small door at the end of the room...

INT. CAPTAIN'S MESS

A small, nicely-appointed room with a table for four (six in a pinch) that is covered by a white tablecloth. The room is warmly lit by two candles at the center of the table. Archer and T'Pol are seated across from each other, mid-conversation.

ARCHER
The Grand Canyon?

T'POL
No.

ARCHER
Big Sur Aquarium?

T'POL
Sightseeing was not one of my assignments.

ARCHER
All work and no play...
(off her puzzled look)
Everyone should get out for a little R&R now and then.

T'POL
All our recreational needs are provided at the Compound.

The door CHIMES.

ARCHER
Come in.

Charlie ENTERS from the Mess Hall.

CHARLIE
You should've started without me.

Archer indicates the chair to his left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

Sit down.

Charlie takes a seat and reaches for a bread stick, starts chomping. T'Pol raises an eyebrow at his noisy eating habits. Archer extends the basket to T'Pol, who removes a bread stick and places it on her plate.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

T'Pol tells me she's been living at the Vulcan Compound in Sausalito.

CHARLIE

(chomping away)

No kidding. I lived a few blocks from there when I was at the Academy.

(sarcastic)

Great parties at the Vulcan Compound.

T'Pol doesn't respond to this --she's too busy trying to cut the bread stick with her knife and fork. But it's too crisp, and crumbles.

ARCHER

(diplomatic)

It might be a little easier using your fingers.

T'POL

Vulcans don't touch food with their hands.

She changes her tack-- holds the bread stick with her fork, gently sawing it with the edge of her knife.

CHARLIE

Can't wait to see you tackle the spare ribs.

T'Pol glances at Archer.

ARCHER

Don't worry. We know you're a vegetarian.

At this point, the door leading to the kitchen opens and a STEWARD enters carrying three plates of food. As he places them down, we see that Archer and Charlie are being served meat, while T'Pol receives a platter of grilled vegetables.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE
Looks delicious.
(to Steward)
Tell Chef I said thanks.

The steward nods and EXITS. As the two men begin to eat,
T'Pol continues to methodically saw at the bread stick.

T'POL
You humans claim to be enlightened, yet
you still consume the flesh of animals.

CHARLIE
(mouth full, wry)
Grandma taught me never to judge a
species by their eating habits.

ARCHER
"Enlightened" may be too strong a word,
but if you'd been on Earth fifty years
ago, I think you'd be impressed by what
we've gotten done.

T'POL
You've yet to embrace either patience or
logic... you remain impulsive carnivores.

CHARLIE
Yeah? How about war... disease... hunger?
Pretty much wiped 'em out in less than
two generations. I wouldn't call that
small potatoes.

T'POL
It remains to be seen whether humanity
will revert to its baser instincts.

CHARLIE
(tweaking her)
We used to have cannibals on Earth. Who
knows how far we'll revert? Lucky this
isn't a long mission.

ARCHER
Human instinct is pretty strong -- you
can't expect us to change overnight.

She finally saws off a section of bread stick, and gracefully
slides it onto her fork.

T'POL
With proper discipline, anything's
possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As she places the bread into her mouth

EXT. SPACE- ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Streaking at warp. The ship seems to pick up speed and RACES past CAMERA.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Archer, T'Pol, Reed, Mayweather, Hoshi and various crewmembers at their stations. Everyone is quiet, as though anticipating something. We hear the low HUM of the ship at warp.

ARCHER
Seems okay to me.
(to Mayweather)
Why don't you try four-three?

Mayweather works the helm. There's a slight change of pitch in the sound of the ship's engines.

MAYWEATHER
Warp four point three, sir.

Another quiet moment as they all listen, waiting for something to happen.

REED
Not much of a change.

HOSHI
I don't know... does anybody else feel that?

ARCHER
Feel what?

HOSHI
Those... vibrations... like little tremors.

T'POL
(cool)
You're imagining it.

ARCHER
(to Mayweather)
Bring us to four-four, Lieutenant.

Mayweather works. A tiny SHUDDER and the deep sounds of engines working as the ship accelerates. Hoshi grabs the sides of her seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOSHI
There! What do you call that?

T'POL
The warp reactor was recalibrating. It
shouldn't happen again.

A small ALARM sounds at Reed's station.

HOSHI
(anxious)
Now what?

REED
The deflector's sequencing. It's
perfectly normal.

T'POL
(dry, to Hoshi)
Perhaps you'd like to go to your quarters
and lie down?

Hoshi doesn't like T'Pol's slightly condescending attitude.

HOSHI
(in Vulcan, an insult)
Ponfo mirann.

T'POL
(with matching attitude)
I was instructed to speak English during
this voyage. I'd appreciate it if you'd
respect that.

Archer, who's concerned these two aren't getting along, tries
to change the subject.

ARCHER
(lightly)
It's easy to get a little jumpy when
you're travelling at thirty million
kilometers a second. Should be old-hat in
a week's time.

Another TONE is heard. Hoshi tenses. Archer taps a button on
the arm of his chair.

ARCHER (TO COM) (CONT'D)
Archer.

PHLOX'S COM VOICE

This is Doctor Phlox, Captain. Our patient is regaining consciousness.

ARCHER

On my way.
(stands)
Hoshi.

Hoshi joins him and they head for the Turbolift

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY

TIGHT ON KLAANG

seated on the bio-bed, babbling in Klingon. (See ADDENDUM for any unscripted Klaang dialog.) We will shortly learn that he's delirious and not making any sense.

KLAANG (SHOUTING)

Pung: g:hap HoS!

WIDEN to see --

Archer, Hoshi and Phlox are gathered around the bio-bed. A SECURITY GUARD armed with a PLASMA RIFLE stands watch. Hoshi is working a PADD.

ARCHER

(to Hoshi)
What's wrong?

HOSHI

The translator's not locking onto his dialect... the syntax won't align.

KLAANG

(shouts)
DujDaj Hegh!

Hoshi hesitates, finding the words.

ARCHER

Tell him we're taking him home.

HOSHI

(to Klaang, in Klingon)
Ingan Hoch... juH.

Klaang responds:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KLAANG
Tujpa'qyl Dun?

HOSHI
(to Archer)
He wants to know who we are

Archer nods -- tell him.

HOSHI (TO KLAANG) (CONT'D)
Ou'ghewme~ Enter~rise. PugloD.

KLAANG
Nenta~ lu~Hom.

HOSHI
"LupHom" ... "ship" ...
(to Archer)
He's asking for his ship back.

ARCHER
Say it was destroyed.

HOSHI
(to Klaang)
SonchI~.

KLAANG
Vengen Sto'vo'kor Dos!

Hoshi frowns, puzzled.

HOSHI
I'm not sure... but I think he's saying
something about "eating the afterlife."

ARCHER
(frustrated)
Try the translator again.

Hoshi works the PADD, shakes her head.

HOSHI
I'm going to need to run what we've got
through the phonetic processor.

KLAANG
(urgent)
MajOa blmoHgu!

HOSHI
He says... "his wife has grown ugly."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Archer sighs.

HOSHI (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Captain... I'm doing the best
I can.

PHLOX
Excuse me.

They turn to him. Phlox is checking an alien scanning device.

PHLOX (CONT'D)
His pre-frontal cortex is
hyperstimulated... I doubt he has any
idea what he's saying.

KLAANG
HljolOaOqu'na~!

HOSHI
I think the Doctor's right,
Captain...unless "stinky boots" has
something to do with all this.

Suddenly, the ship SHUDDERS as it drops out of warp. Hoshi
instinctively grabs the Captain's arm.

HOSHI (CONT'D)
That's the warp reactor again, right?

KLAANG
OaOgu'na~!

Concerned, Archer taps a nearby com button.

ARCHER
Bridge, report.

T'POL'S COM VOICE

We've dropped out of warp, sir. Main power is --

A brief burst of static, then the com goes dead. The lights
start to FLICKER and the consoles begin to GO OUT one by one.

INT. BRIDGE

T'Pol, Reed, Mayweather and assorted crewmembers react as the
lights and consoles continue to GO OUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REED

(confused, re: his console)
I think I saw something off the starboard
bow...

T'POL

What?

REED

I don't know... it may've just been the
sensors going down...

EXT. SPACE -ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The few remaining lights GO OUT, leaving the ship in total
darkness.

INT. ENGINEERING

Darkness. A handheld BEACON lights up, following by three
more. Charlie and several crewmembers are working at the now
inactive warp core. Charlie leans over to a com panel and
taps it.

CHARLIE

Captain.
(taps it again)
Captain!

He realizes it's dead.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(to crewman)
Lock off the coolant tanks!

INT. CORRIDOR -SULIBAN "NIGHT VISION" POV (OPTICAL)

A pixilated, monochromatic POV moving quickly through the
corridor. We see the grainy image of another SULIBAN moving
ahead of us...

INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

Darkness. Archer, Hoshi and Phlox have beacons. Klanng
continues to bellow over the scene (see ADDENDUM). Chirps
and whistles come from the various alien lifeforms the doctor
has brought with him.

ARCHER

Auxiliary power should've kicked in by
now...

Another outburst from Klaang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(to Hoshi)

Do you know how to tell him to shut up?

Hoshi, who's growing more nervous, flashes her beacon from wall to wall.

HOSHI

(to Klaang)

Shut up!

Klaang continues to shout.

ARCHER

(to Phlox)

Sedate him if you have to. I need to get to the Bridge.

Archer heads for the door.

HOSHI

(sotto, urgent)

Captain!

He turns. Hoshi is moving her beacon across a wall.

HOSHI (CONT'D)

(sotto)

There's someone here.

ARCHER

(doubtful)

Hoshi...

HOSHI

I'm telling you, there's someone --

She stops as her beacon illuminates a HUMANOID FORM. Like a chameleon, it has taken on the appearance of its background and is barely visible. Once discovered, the figure LEAPS back into the darkness.

A glimmer of recognition falls over Klaang's face as he shuts up for the first time.

KLAANG (QUIETLY)

Suliban.

Archer's beacon finds a second SULIBAN perched like a spider high on a WALL (he is not camouflaged like the first Suliban).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER
(to guard)
Crewman!

As the guard raises his rifle, the Suliban LEAPS to the ground, where we see a third SULIBAN quickly dart into the shadows.

The guard FIRES toward them! Bright red PLASMA BULLETS illuminate the room in a series of quick, stroboscopic FLASHES!

RAPID CUTS:

KLAANG

looks around in confusion, shouting in Klingon!

HOSHI

is crouching low to avoid the gunfire, erratically scanning with her beacon.

THE GUARD

senses motion behind him, turns to take aim --

HIS POV

Of a Suliban lunging toward him!

THE GUARD

HITS the deck hard --his weapon goes sliding across the floor!

ARCHER (OPTICAL)

reacts quickly, LUNGES and ROLLS toward the weapon, GRABS it and whirls toward the Suliban. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! He FIRES!

THE SULIBAN IS HIT (OPTICAL)

and goes flying backward!

KLANNING

senses movement above, looks up to see --

A SULIBAN ON THE CEILING

directly over him! The creature DROPS into CAMERA!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILENCE

No movement. All we can hear is the agitated clicking and chirping of the alien lifeforms.

HOSHI (O.C.)
(worried)
Captain?

Suddenly, we hear the SURGE of warp power coming back on-line... and the lights and consoles begin to COME ALIVE one by one.

ANGLE- THE ROOM

The Guard is lying on the floor, dazed. Phlox rushes to help him. Hoshi is crouching on the deck, as before. She glances down, sees a DEAD SULIBAN sprawled just inches from her! Disgusted, she edges away.

Archer is staring at the bio-bed, which is now empty. Klaanq and the Suliban are gone. OFF his reaction...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE (VPB)

Archer is on his feet, pacing, agitated. T'Pol, Reed, Mayweather, Charlie, Hoshi and crewmembers at their stations. Mid-scene, tense:

ARCHER
(frustrated)
We've got state-of-the-art sensors... why the hell didn't we detect them?

MAYWEATHER
Mister Reed thought he detected something right before we lost power...

Archer turns to Reed, who's working his console.

REED
The starboard sensor logs recorded a spatial disturbance.

Charlie looks over Reed's shoulder.

CHARLIE
Looks more like a glitch.

HOSHI
Those weren't glitches in Sickbay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER
(to Charlie)
I want a complete analysis of that
disturbance.

Charlie heads for the door...

ARCHER (TO REED) (CONT'D)
Where do we stand on weapons?

REED
I still have to tune the targeting
scanners...

ARCHER
What're you waiting for?

Reed joins Charlie and they EXIT together. T'Pol crosses to
Archer.

T'POL
Captain...

ARCHER
(ignoring her, to Hoshi)
The Klingon seemed to know who they were.
See if you can translate what he said.

HOSHI
Right away.

Hoshi turns to go.

T'POL
Captain.

He turns to her.

T'POL (CONT'D)
(consoling)
There's no way you could have anticipated
this. I'm sure Ambassador Soval will
understand.

ARCHER
(an order)
You're the Science Officer. Why don't you
help Charlie with that analysis?

T'POL
The astrometric computer in San Francisco
will be far more effective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER

We're not going to San Francisco, so make-do with what we've got here.

T'POL

You've lost the Klingon. Your mission is over.

ARCHER

I didn't lose the Klingon... he was taken. And I'm going to find out who took him.

T'POL

How do you plan to do that?

(slightly patronizing)

Space is very big, Captain... a shadow on your sensors won't help you find them. This is a foolish mission.

Archer heads for his Ready Room.

ARCHER

Come with me.

T'Pol follows...

INT. READY ROOM

As Archer and T'Pol ENTER...

ARCHER

(continuing)

I'm not interested in what you think about this mission. So take your Vulcan cynicism and bury it along with your repressed emotions.

T'POL

Your reaction to this situation is a perfect example of why your species should remain in its own star system.

ARCHER

(heated)

I've been listening to you Vulcans tell us what not to do all my life. I watched my father work his ass off while your scientists held back just enough information to keep him from succeeding.

(beat)

He deserved to see that launch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER (CONT'D)
You may have life spans of two hundred
years... we don't.

A tense moment. T'Pol can see she's not going to win this argument.

T'POL
You are going to be contacting
Starfleet... to advise them of our
situation.

ARCHER
No, I'm not. And neither are you

T'Pol raises a skeptical brow.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Now get the hell out there and make
yourself useful.

T'Pol EXITS. Archer watches her go... then walks to the window and stares out into space...

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL/VPB)

Dimly-lit, except for a single bright surgical lamp shining down on the dead Suliban. Although we can't see it clearly, Phlox's hands are busy inside the opened chest of the Suliban. He's enthusiastically picking through the entrails. Archer looks on.

PHLOX
Mister Klaang was right about one
thing... he's a Suliban. But unless I'm
mistaken, he's no ordinary one.

ARCHER
Meaning?

PHLOX
His DNA is Suliban... but his anatomy has
been altered.
(re: corpse)
Look at this lung.

Archer peers into the open chest cavity.

PHLOX (CONT'D)
Five bronchial lobes.

Phlox points to a monitor at the head of the bio-bed, which shows an intricately complex biological diagram.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHLOX (CONT'D)

You see? It should only have three.

(back to the corpse)

And look at the alveoli clusters...
they've been modified to process
different kinds of atmospheres.

ARCHER

Are you saying he's some kind of mutant?

PHLOX

Yes, I suppose I am. But this was no
accident, no freak of nature. This man
was the recipient of some very
sophisticated genetic engineering.

Phlox is like a kid in a candy store. He picks up a thin
instrument and activates it. A deep red light comes on. Phlox
shines the light on the Suliban's dappled face.

He moves the light away, revealing that the skin has CHANGED
COLOR, perfectly matching the hue and intensity.

PHLOX (CONT'D)

Watch this.

He taps a control on the instrument, and the color of the
light changes to BLUE. He shines the light on the Suliban's
clothing, moves it away --the clothing has ADAPTED to the
color.

PHLOX (CONT'D)

(re: dappled skin)

Subcutaneous pigment sacs.

Archer reacts.

ARCHER

(re: clothing)

A bio-mimetic garment.

PHLOX

The eyes are my favorite.

Phlox lifts an eyelid, exposing a super-dilated pupil glowing
with phosphorescence.

PHLOX (CONT'D)

Compound retinas. He most likely saw
things even your sensors couldn't detect.

ARCHER

It's not in their genome?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PHLOX

Certainly not. The Suliban are no more evolved than humans.

(re: corpse)

Very impressive work, though. I've never seen anything quite like it.

Archer doesn't share his excitement about this discovery. He's uneasy.

ARCHER

What do you know about them? Where do they come from?

PHLOX

They're nomadic, I believe. No home world. I examined two of them years ago... a husband and wife... very cordial.

As Archer considers...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ENGINEERING

Charlie and T'Pol are working at a station that displays various sensor data. Charlie is upbeat, T'Pol is detached.

CHARLIE

(points at some data)

How about this?

T'POL

It's just background noise. Your sensors aren't capable of isolating plasma decay.

CHARLIE

How can you be so damn sure what our sensors can do?

T'POL

Vulcan children play with toys that are more sophisticated.

As they work...

CHARLIE

(fed up)

You know, some people say that you Vulcans do nothing but patronize us... but if they were here now...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
if they could see how far you're bending
over backwards to help me, they'd eat
their words.

T'POL
(pointed)
Your Captain's mission was to return the
Klingon to his people. He no longer has
the Klingon.

CHARLIE
I realize he's only a simple
Earthling...but did it ever occur to you
that he might know what he's doing?

T'Pol is silent.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It's no secret Starfleet hasn't been
around too long... God knows you remind
us of that every chance you get... but
does that mean the man who's been put in
charge of this mission doesn't deserve
our support?
(pointed)
Then again, loyalty's an emotion, isn't
it?

T'Pol glances at him, but before she can respond, the door
opens and Archer ENTERS.

ARCHER
Having any luck?

CHARLIE
(re: T'Pol, ironic)
Not really.

T'POL
(to Archer)
My analysis of the spatial disturbance
Mister Reed saw indicates a stealth
vessel with a tricyclic plasma drive.

CHARLIE
(off that)
If we can figure out the decay rate of
their plasma, we'll be able to find their
warp trail.

T'POL
Unfortunately, your sensors weren't
designed to measure plasma decay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Over the above exchange, we see Hoshi ENTER the room. It's obvious she hasn't been to Engineering before. She glances around, intrigued, but gets a little hesitant as she approaches the pulsing warp core.

HOSHI

(re: warp core, half-joking)
Are you sure it's safe to stand so close
to that?

ARCHER

What've you got?

HOSHI

I've managed to translate most of what
Klaang said. But none of it makes sense.

She hands him a PADD.

ARCHER

Nothing about the Suliban?

HOSHI

Nope.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)
That name ring a bell to you?

T'POL

They're a somewhat primitive species from
Sector Three Six Four One. But they've
never posed a threat.

ARCHER

Well, they have now.
(to Hoshi)
Did he say anything about Earth?

HOSHI

The word's not even in their database.

Archer eyes the PADD.

HOSHI (CONT'D)

It's all there. There were only four
words I couldn't translate. Probably just
proper nouns.

Archer carefully pronounces the words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARCHER
(off PADD)
"Jelik...Sarin...Rigel...Tholia."

Archer looks up to T'Pol.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Anything sound familiar?

T'Pol hesitates. Clearly, something has rung a bell. In typical fashion, she tries not to show it.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
T'Pol?

She pauses again... glances at Charlie, who says nothing but gives her a pointed look. Finally:

T'POL
(to Archer)
Rigel is a planetary system...
approximately fifteen light years from
our present position.

ARCHER
(sensing more)
Why the hesitation?

T'Pol realizes she's about to piss Archer off.

T'POL
According to the navigational logs
salvaged from Klaang's ship... Rigel Ten
was the last place he stopped before
crashing on your planet.

As angry as Archer is, he's not surprised.

ARCHER
Why do I get the feeling you weren't
going to share that little piece of
information?

T'POL
I wasn't authorized to reveal the details
of our findings.

Charlie and Hoshi exchange a look --they're uncomfortable with the tension.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARCHER

(controlled anger)

The next time I learn you're withholding something... you're going to spend the rest of this voyage confined to some very cramped quarters. Understood?

T'Pol's reaction is hard to read. Archer hits a com panel.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Archer to helm.

MAYWEATHER'S COM VOICE

Aye, sir.

ARCHER

Go into the Vulcan starcharts and find a system called Rigel... then set a course for the tenth planet.

As Archer gives T'Pol a final look...

EXT. SPACE -ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

jumps to warp.

CUT TO:

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -INTERROGATION ROOM

Klaang is restrained in an elaborate chair. Two SULIBAN DOCTORS monitor sinister-looking tubes and devices that are connected to the Klingon's body. Source light from an off-camera window bathes the scene in a steely BLUE GLOW. Silik, the Suliban seen earlier, is questioning Klaang. It's clear that Klaang has been drugged. Mid-scene.

SILIK

(in Klingon)

ReH suvro~?

(subtitle reads)

Where is it?

KLAANG

Du bog:h.

(subtitle reads)

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILIK

Chonta~ qhe'tor. Q.a!

(subtitle reads)

We're not going to harm you. Tell me
where it is.

KLAANG

Du Bog:h.

(subtitle reads)

I don't know.

Silik looks to one of the Doctors.

SILIK

Are you certain he's telling the truth?

SULIBAN DOCTOR

Absolutely certain.

Silik turns back to Klaang.

SILIK

Hovme~ lup;Hom. Pente daO? Enter~rise
DaHjaj?

(subtitle reads)

Did you leave it on your ship... did you
hide it somewhere... is it on Enterprise?

KLAANG

Du boqh g:uch.

(subtitle reads)

I don't know what you're looking for.

SILIK

B1Heqh Rigel wo'tul?

(subtitle reads)

What were you doing on Rigel Ten?

KLAANG

MajQa tlharn.

(subtitle reads)

I was sent to meet someone.

SILIK

Doh?

(subtitle reads)

Who

KLAANG

MajQa rot. Sarin Poh nI.

(subtitle reads)

A Suliban female... named Sarin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Silik's expression darkens. He recognizes the name.

SILIK
Dah Sarin saj'Kogh?
(subtitle reads)
And what did Sarin give you?

KLAANG
RQgh.
(subtitle reads)
Nothing.

Silik turns to the Doctors

SILIK
Keep him alive while I'm gone.

As Silik EXITS with intent...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

drops out of warp distance.

We PAN to reveal RIGEL TEN in the distance.

INT. ENTERPRISE -LAUNCH BAY

TWO SHUTTLEPODS can be seen in the b.g. Archer, T'Pol, Charlie, Reed, Mayweather and Hoshi are wearing jackets for their Away Mission. T'Pol is handing out communicator/translation devices to the crew...

ARCHER
(mid-speech, to all)
Once we've disembarked, we'll be descending into the trade complex. It's comprised of thirty-six levels...

T'POL
Your translators have been programmed for Rigelian. However, there are numerous other species working on the colony. Many of them are known to be impatient with newcomers. None of them have seen a human before. You have a tendency to be... gregarious. I suggest you try to restrain that tendency.

CHARLIE
You forgot to warn us about drinking the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'POL
{not getting it}
Doctor Phlox isn't concerned with the
food and water. But he does caution
against intimate contact.

An amused glance between Charlie and Mayweather.

ARCHER
(all business)
The Vulcans told us Klaang was a courier.
If he was here to get something, then
whoever gave it to him might know why he
was taken.
(trying to be optimistic)
That was only a few days ago... a seven
foot Klingon doesn't go unnoticed.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIGEL TEN -TRADE COMPLEX -NIGHT (OPTICAL)

This towering, weather-worn, multi-leveled structure looks as though it's been constructed over many decades. It sits among the icy crags of inhospitable ARCTIC TERRAIN. The upper-level is comprised of a series of DOCKING PORTS where ships of varying shapes and sizes are coming and going. Huge plumes of STEAM blast out of GEOTHERMAL VENTS lining the top of the structure.

CLOSER ANGLE -DOCKING PORT (OPTICAL)

Enterprise's six-passenger, sub-warp SHUTTLEPOD swoops into position and settles onto the busy, snow-blown landing deck.

CUT TO:

INT. TRADE COMPLEX -LEVEL TWO - NIGHT (OPTICAL)

A dark, cavernous thoroughfare of concrete and iron. Latticeworks of conduits criss-cross the damp, poorly-lit concourse. A haze hangs in the air, punctuated by shafts of artificial light. Aliens from myriad species go about their business, moving in and out of concealed trading alcoves. Some are in uniform, some aren't, many carry sidearms.

T'Pol and Charlie are moving through the strange setting. T'Pol, who has been here before, is taking everything in stride. For Charlie, it's an extraordinary yet disorienting experience.

As they duck under an unusually low support beam, a large ALIEN INSECT lands briefly on Charlie's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Startled, his body jerks in response and the insect flies away. T'Pol shoots him a look, disapproving of his childish reaction.

As they keep walking, eerie, dissonant ALIEN TONES catch Charlie's attention...

CHARLIE'S POV

The sounds are coming from inside a NARROW DOORWAY. We can't see clearly into the room beyond, but we catch glimpses of frenetic movement within.

CHARLIE

is drawn toward the doorway.

CHARLIE
(curious)
What in the world...?

T'POL
It's nothing that concerns us.

As they keep moving...

CUT TO:

INT. DOCK MASTER'S CONTROL TOWER -NIGHT (OPTICAL)

Through large windows we can see the landing lights of alien ships coming and going through the snowy air. The room is lit only by the monitors of various control stations, and the occasional sweep of a landing light from outside. Archer and Hoshi are talking to the DOCK MASTER, a burly alien who is preoccupied monitoring the traffic.

DOCK MASTER
Five or six days ago? Do you realize how much traffic we process in a single day?

ARCHER
You must keep records. This was a one-man, Klingon scout ship.

DOCK MASTER
(eyes him)
What species are you?

ARCHER
Human. We're called humans.

Beep-beep! An alarm sounds. The Dock Master speaks into a microphone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCK MASTER
(into mic)
Elkan nine, raise your approach vector by
point two radiants.

Archer and Hoshi are frustrated by his seeming lack of
attention. The Dock Master checks a monitor.

DOCK MASTER (CONT'D)
(to Archer, off monitor)
It was seven days ago... a K'toch Class
vessel.

ARCHER
(encouraged)
Does it say who he was here to see?

DOCK MASTER
(doesn't have time for this)
What it says is that he arrived at
docking port six... and was given a level
one bio-hazard clearance.

ARCHER
You don't seem to be very interested in
what people do here

DOCK MASTER
(getting pissed)
Our visitors value their privacy. It
wouldn't be very --
(suddenly in alien)
--tusorop ko tuproya plo --
(back to English)
--business they're in.

Archer looks to Hoshi, who's adjusting the
communicator/translation device she has taken out of her
jacket pocket.

HOSHI
It's all right. Rigelian uses a
pronominal base. The translator's just
reprocessing the syntax.

ARCHER
(to Dock Master)
Do you have any records of a Suliban
vessel coming in around the same time?

The Dock Master reacts to this, but quickly covers:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCK MASTER
(evasive)
Suliban? I don't know that word. Your
device must still be malfunctioning.

As he goes back to work...

CUT TO:

INT. TRADE COMPLEX -LEVEL FIVE -NIGHT

Reed and Mayweather are following a furtive ALIEN MAN. This section of the structure is filled with a cacophony of strange sounds and deep, blue-green lighting.

MAYWEATHER
Shouldn't we call the Captain?

REED
Maybe we should wait.

MAYWEATHER
(to Alien Man)
How much longer?

ALIEN MAN
It's not very far. I promise you.

REED
Are you sure his name was Klaang?
Couldn't it have been another Klingon you
saw?

ALIEN MAN
It was Klaang. I'm certain. I'll show you
exactly where he was.

As they keep moving.

CUT TO:

INT. TRADE COMPLEX -LEVEL TWO -SITTING AREA -NIGHT

A small "rest stop" off the main thoroughfare with a few benches and chairs. Charlie sits among a bizarre assortment of aliens, waiting, uncomfortable.

He glances at a nearby WINDOW, where we can see T'Pol through the glass, talking to a uniformed "alien official." The sound of CRYING draws Charlie's attention...

AN ALIEN CHILD

is nearby, wearing an exotic BREATHING APPARATUS. The MOTHER is tweaking a small control on the device, seemingly taunting the child, who is crying.

CHARLIE

is unsettled. He glances back at the window. T'Pol finishes talking to the official, exits through a small door, and heads toward the sitting area. She motions to Charlie, who joins her. T'Pol removes her communicator and flips it open.

T'POL
(to com)
T'Pol to Archer.

ARCHER'S COM VOICE
Go ahead.

Charlie glances back at the alien child, who is in increasing distress. He can no longer control himself.

CHARLIE
(to mother)
Hey...

The woman shoots him a dirty look and ignores him

T'POL
(to com)
Central Security claims to have no record of Klaang. But they told me about an enclave on Level Nineteen where Klingons have been known to go. Something about live food.

ARCHER'S COM VOICE
Where on Level Nineteen?

T'POL
The easternmost subsection... by the geothermal shafts.

ARCHER'S COM VOICE
I'll meet you there as soon as I can.
Archer out.

The alien child is now nearly hysterical. The mother has disconnected the breathing tube and the child appears to be suffocating. Charlie instinctively moves to help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
(on the move)
What're you doing? Leave the kid alone!

T'Pol grabs him by the arm.

T'POL
Don't get involved.

CHARLIE
(protesting)
Do you see what she's doing? He's going
to suffocate!

T'POL
They're Lorillians. Before the age of
four, they can only breathe methyloxide.
(pointed)
The mother is simply weaning her son.

CHARLIE
(beat)
Could've fooled me.

He notices that the child is beginning to breathe on his own.
As they exit the sitting area...

T'POL
Humans can't refrain from drawing
conclusions.
(sharply)
You should learn to objectify other
cultures... so you can determine when to
interfere, and when not to.

Charlie glances back at the child. He doesn't like being
lectured to, but realizes he's made a mistake.

NEW ANGLE - A FIGURE

is watching them from the shadows. The figure steps into the
light, revealing dappled flesh and dilated pupils... Suliban.
OFF the ominous moment...

CUT TO:

TWO BEAUTIFUL ALIEN WOMEN (OPTICAL)

scantily clad, exotic features, swaying to an alien rhythm.
Hanging between them is a thin, undulating lantern,
surrounded by dozens of flitting butterflies. The women
slowly move closer to the lantern... seductively, one of them
opens her mouth and arches her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An eight-inch TONGUE quickly darts out and snares a butterfly. The other woman does the same -thwiip

REVEAL we're in -

INT. TRADE COMPLEX -LEVEL FIVE -RED LIGHT DISTRICT -
NIGHT(OPTICAL)

Reed and Mayweather are standing in a crowd of spectators, watching the butterfly-women with a mixture of arousal and disgust. The Alien Man seen earlier stands nearby, eyeing them.

ALIEN MAN

Would you like to meet them? I can
arrange it.

MAYWEATHER

Is this where you saw Klaang?

ALIEN MAN

No, no, not here. I'll show you where.
But first, you should enjoy yourselves!
(to Reed, re: butterfly- women)
Which one would you prefer?

Reed is uncomfortable in this setting... but he's intrigued by it all despite himself.

REED

We're here to learn about the Klingon...
(eyes women)
Are those real butterflies, or some kind
of holograms?

MAYWEATHER

We should get going, sir.

REED

Yes, absolutely, you're right.

They start walking through the narrow arcade filled with erotic pleasures... including a topless fire-eater who we only see from behind.

ALIEN MAN

(sensing they're getting away)
Gentlemen, gentlemen! Perhaps you'd
prefer to watch the inter-species
performance!

MAYWEATHER

You don't know anything about Klaang, do
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALIEN MAN

Of course I do, but there's no reason to hurry.

REED

"Inter-species performance?"

MAYWEATHER

Lieutenant... this man has no intention of helping us.

REED

(to Alien Man, politely)
Perhaps another time

The Alien Man shakes his head, disappointed, and disappears into the crowd. As the two of them move away from the action...

MAYWEATHER (RE: ALIEN MAN)

I can't believe we fell for that.

REED

(glancing back over his
shoulder)
We are explorers.

CUT TO:

INT. TRADE COMPLEX -LEVEL NINETEEN - NIGHT

In contrast to the lively "red light district", this level is desolate and eerie. Deep grinding noises from the power generators below can be heard echoing through the damp floors. Archer and Hoshi are moving cautiously past rows of GEOTHERMAL DUCTS which are violently venting STEAM.

HOSHI

Isn't an enclave supposed to have people?

ARCHER

"Enclave" could mean a lot of things.

They keep walking. Hoshi is getting a little spooked.

HOSHI

T'Pol said something about "live" food. I don't see any restaurants...

Archer's senses are at full alert. He sees something.

In the distance, two KLINGONS are quickly moving through the shadows away from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER
(calls out)
Hello... excuse me!

The Klingons don't respond, but continue to move away with urgency. Archer doesn't like what he's seeing.

HOSHI
(calls out, in Klingon)
Ha'quj jeg!

Silence. They're gone.

HOSHI (CONT'D)
They looked Klingon to me.

Odd scratching sounds cause them both to look about. Something isn't right here. Archer flips open his communicator.

ARCHER (TO COM)
Archer to T'Pol.
(beat)
T'Pol, come in.

No response. A noise above causes them both to look up.

HOSHI
(anxiety rising)
Maybe we should get back to where there
are more people.

Archer draws his pistol.

ARCHER
There are plenty of people right here.
(quietly)
Stay behind me.

Archer and Hoshi move through the shadows. The pounding machinery below seems accentuated. They pass by an erupting geothermal duct... steam billowing around them... when suddenly:

A SULIBAN

emerges from the steam and grabs Hoshi, who screams! Archer whirls to take aim, but TWO more SULIBAN quickly rush at him from different directions! Archer's pistol is KNOCKED from his hand. He swings and gets off a couple of good PUNCHES at one of the attackers, but the Suliban is unfazed and they quickly immobilize him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Archer and Hoshi are pulled into the darkness...

CUT TO:

INT. TRADE COMPLEX - GEOTHERMAL ACCESS LEVEL - UNDERGROUND
(OPTICAL)

A steamy maze of vertical, diagonal and horizontal conduits. Archer and Hoshi are led in by the three Suliban, who now hold the plasma pistol. They're brought into a small open area, where T'Pol and Charlie are being held. One of the Suliban works a hand-held device, and we see an ENERGY FIELD flash OFF. Hoshi is led into the energy field. The guard exits and we see the field flash ON again. (NOTE: These Suliban are dressed differently than the ones we saw on Enterprise.

Our people have now begun to sweat from the intense heat. The Suliban are unaffected by the temperature.

As Archer is led away by two of the Suliban, T'Pol's look toward him says "I told you so" in no uncertain terms.

NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

Archer is led into an area with beds, tables and chairs, as well as a few high-tech computers. This underground level serves as the base of operations for a small group of Suliban dissidents.

The two Suliban EXIT the area, leaving Archer alone in the peculiar setting. After a beat, a quiet female VOICE is heard:

SARIN

(O.C.)

You're looking for Klaang... why?

ARCHER

(glancing around)

Who the hell are you?

SARIN steps out of the shadows. She's strikingly beautiful and appears to be human.

SARIN

My name is Sarin.

(beat)

Tell me about the people who took Klaang off your ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I was hoping you could tell me... they
looked a lot like your friends outside.

Sarin steps toward him...

SARIN

Where were you taking him?

ARCHER

How come you don't look like your
friends?

She's uncomfortably close now...

SARIN

Would you prefer I did?

ARCHER

What I'd prefer is that you give me
Klaang back.

SARIN

So you could take him where?

ARCHER

Home...we were just taking him home.

Sarin is now inches away... she seems to be gauging him...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(wry)

You'd better be careful. I'm a lot bigger
than you are.

Sarin moves her face close to his...

SARIN

If you're thinking about harming me, I'd
advise against it.

She runs the back of her hand along his jaw line.

ARCHER

What are you doing?

SARIN

Why were you taking Klaang home?

She moves her fingers across his face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER

You know, under different circumstances,
I might be flattered by this, but...

She kisses him on the mouth. After a couple of seconds, she steps a few feet back... and her face and arms TRANSFORM into the dappled, creepy appearance of a SULIBAN. Archer reacts.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

That's never happened before.

SARIN

I've been given the ability to...measure
trust... but it requires close contact.

ARCHER

You're Suliban...

SARIN

I'm a member of the Cabal... but not any
longer. The price of evolution was too
high.

ARCHER

Evolution?

SARIN

(carefully)

Some of my people are so anxious to
"improve" themselves that they've lost
perspective.

Archer, baffled by what she's saying, gets to the point.

ARCHER

So you know I'm not lying to you... now
what?

SARIN

Klaang was carrying a message to his
people...

ARCHER

How do you know that?

SARIN

I gave it to him.

ARCHER

What kind of message?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARIN

The Suliban have been staging attacks within the Klingon Empire... making it appear that one faction is attacking another.

(beat)

Klaang was bringing proof of this to his High Council. Without that proof, the Empire could be thrown into chaos.

ARCHER

Why would the Suliban want that?

SARIN

The Cabal doesn't make decisions on its own. They're simply soldiers... fighting a Temporal Cold War.

ARCHER

Temporal? You've lost me.

SARIN

They're taking orders from the distant future.

ARCHER

(baffled)

What?

Over the following, we SEE one of Silik's Suliban skitter across the ceiling in the b.g. He goes unnoticed and slips into shadow.

SARIN

(changing subject)

We can help you find Klaang... but we don't have a starship. You'll have to take us with you.

Suddenly, there's a blinding FLASH of blue light as a Suliban weapons DISCHARGE strikes the nearby computer station, blowing it apart! They react, startled.

Another weapons BLAST hits closer to them. Sarin and Archer rush out of the area just as two SULIBAN ATTACKERS move into view and start FIRING toward them!

NEW ANGLE -GEOTHERMAL ACCESS LEVEL - ON THE AWAY TEAM
(OPTICAL)

All hell is breaking loose. T'Pol, Charlie and Hoshi are trapped within the energy field as a BATTLE RAGES nearby -- Suliban versus Suliban! In the b.g., we can hear weapons fire and people yelling.

One of Sarin's Suliban lies dead nearby... while another is exchanging weapons FIRE with two Suliban Attackers. Sarin's Suliban BLASTS one attacker, who falls to the ground... but he is KILLED by the second!

The Suliban Attacker then turns on the Away Team. He starts FIRING at the energy field, trying to disrupt it! The field flashes and fritzes, terrifying!

Sarin steps into view. She takes aim and FIRES at the Attacker, who's blown off his feet. She rushes to a control panel and works it. The field FLASHES OFF. Sarin opens a nearby locker and starts handing the crew their phase-pistols.

SARIN
(to Archer)
Where's your vessel?

ARCHER
On the roof... Docking Port three.

Hoshi glances up to see --

TWO SULIBAN (OPTICAL)

One is chasing the other along the underside of a diagonal conduit high above the ground. Both appear to defy gravity, rapidly crawling along the pipe.

HOSHI

reacts.

SARIN
This way.

As Sarin leads them off... a SULIBAN ATTACKER drops into CLOSE UP, threatening!

TWO OF SARIN'S SULIBAN (OPTICAL)

are ducking and weaving through the maze of conduits with heightened agility, firing at off-camera assailants. One is struck down by a weapons blast!

HIGH ANGLE -ARCHER AND SARIN (OPTICAL)

In the distance, we can see FLASHES of WEAPONS -- the battle rages on. We BOOM DOWN to find Archer and Sarin on the move with T'Pol, Charlie and Hoshi. Tension as they navigate the jungle of pipes, weapons fire in the b.g.

Sarin reaches a massive VERTICAL CONDUIT, hits a control, which opens a HATCH leading into the large pipe. Inside we see a circular PLATFORM a couple of feet above the deck.

Sarin goes to a control mechanism and stands by as Archer helps Hoshi climb onto the platform... followed by T'Pol...

Distant weapons fire STREAKS by! Everyone tenses. Charlie jumps up onto the platform, followed by Archer.

Sarin pulls a series of LEVERS, and we HEAR the rushing sound of thermal energy... and the platform begins to TREMBLE slightly.

Sarin moves toward the platform when WHAM! she's hit in the back by a weapons blast! REVEAL --

SILIK (OPTICAL)

who has just fired the shot from across the room, weapon trained on Sarin. He FIRES again!

SARIN (OPTICAL)

falls! The points of impact glow and sizzle as they BURN their way into Sarin's writhing body.

ARCHER AND CHARLIE (OPTICAL)

jump off the platform! As Archer moves to Sarin... Charlie takes aim and starts FIRING his pistol at the (off-camera) attacker.

SILIK (OPTICAL)

takes cover behind an outcropping of pipes

ARCHER (OPTICAL)

kneels down to help Sarin, who is dying

SARIN
(ragged, to Archer)
Find Klaang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarin starts to lose consciousness. Archer realizes there's nothing he can do and stands.

ARCHER
(calls out)
Charlie!

Archer jumps back onto the trembling platform, quickly followed by Charlie. A weapons blast strikes nearby!

Archer slides the hatch SHUT, and the moment he does --

INT. VERTICAL SHAFT -LOOKING DOWNWARD (OPTICAL)

Archer and his team react as the platform BLASTS UPWARD through the shaft, shooting PAST at rapid speed, propelled by a roiling pillar of steam!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRADE COMPLEX -ROOFTOP DOCKING PORT -NIGHT (OPTICAL)

A ferocious ARCTIC STORM blankets the scene. An ACCESS PORT on the deck OPENS automatically. We HEAR the roaring sound of the approaching platform. Seconds later, the PLATFORM EMERGES, stopping two feet above the deck. STEAM blasts out in all directions from the opening below the platform, billowing into the freezing air.

ARCHER AND HIS TEAM

still covered with sweat from the heat below, react to the frigid wind and snow. Archer jumps off the platform.

ARCHER
(over wind)
Let's go!

Charlie, T'Pol and Hoshi follow him onto the deck,

Hoshi is a bit overwhelmed by the last few minutes, but manages to hold herself together.

HOSHI
(over wind)
Where's the pod?

CHARLIE
(over wind)
Over here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'POL
(over wind)
No, it's this way!

Archer quickly weighs the two options, and chooses to go in T'Pol's direction.

ARCHER
(pointing, over wind)
Come on!

The four of them start heading toward an obscured shape with two light sources -- what they believe is their shuttle. Archer removes his communicator and flips it open.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(over wind, to com)
Lieutenant Reed, this is Archer! Come in!

A beat, then we hear a heavily fritzed voice:

REED'S COM VOICE
(unintelligible)
zzzzzzzk-gggggguzzzzzzt

ARCHER
(over wind)
We're on the roof! You need to get up
here as quickly as --

INT. ENTERPRISE SHUTTLEPOD - NIGHT

Reed and Mayweather are warm and dry, as the snow storm rages outside the window. The shuttle is parked on the landing deck. Reed is working the com. Archer's unintelligible voice is heard:

ARCHER'S COM VOICE
(continuing)
--zzzzzzzzk

REED
(to com)
We've been trying to reach you, Captain --
we're back in the shuttle.

Mayweather is at a monitor.

MAYWEATHER
Ask him where they are. This storm's
getting worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REED (TO COM)
Captain, what's your location? The
weather is --

EXT. ROOFTOP DOCKING PORT -NIGHT (OPTICAL)

Archer and the others still on the move.

REED'S COM VOICE
(continuing)
--gzzzzzzt --zzzzzk

Archer closes his communicator in frustration as he approaches the two lights. They move closer to the obscured shape... until they see that it's nothing more than an empty DOCKING PORT.

HOSHI
(over wind)
Great!

CHARLIE
(over wind)
Like I said, it's over there!

Suddenly, a Suliban WEAPONS BLAST shoots past them, blowing one of the lights off the docking port!

ARCHER
Weapons!

They draw their pistols and follow Archer across the icy deck...

ANGLE- SILIK (OPTICAL)

and two of his men FIRE their weapons at the distant figures of Archer and his team, who vanish into the storm. The Suliban move after them...

ARCHER AND HIS TEAM (OPTICAL)

Running, searching for the shuttle. Suliban weapons fire STRIKES nearby and our team is forced to SCATTER! In the darkened storm, the FIRE-FIGHT takes on an almost eerie beauty. Starfleet pistols firing deep red plasma bullets; Suliban weapons firing hot blue beams; all of it cutting through the swirling snow.

INT. ENTERPRISE SHUTTLEPOD -NIGHT

Reed and Mayweather, as before. There's a muted FLASH of LIGHT outside the window. They react.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REED

I've never seen lightning in a snowstorm before.

MAYWEATHER

(works)

The storm's kicking up too much interference... I can't isolate human bio-signs. They could be anywhere in the complex.

There's a slight THUMP from outside. Reed turns for an instant, but returns to his work.

REED

Try Vulcan bio-signs

Mayweather works. THUMP-THUMP! He turns at the sound and sees...

T'POL AT THE WINDOW

being battered by the storm outside

MAYWEATHER

I found her.

Reed looks over. Both men quickly move to an EMERGENCY HATCH on the side of the ship and fire the release mechanism. The door pops out a few inches and slowly begins to lower, a gush of cold air blowing into the shuttle...

EXT. ROOFTOP DOCKING PORT -NIGHT (OPTICAL)

Our three other people, shivering cold, are looking for cover as the Suliban weapons fire strikes around them.

CHARLIE (OPTICAL)

ducks behind a low wall, continues to FIRE back.

ARCHER AND HOSHI (OPTICAL)

on the move. Archer has one hand on Hoshi's arm, while he FIRES toward the Suliban.

THE SHUTTLE HATCH

is lowering into place

SILIK AND HIS MEN

are closing in on our people. Suddenly, a loud ROARING SOUND from above! Silik looks up to see -

ANGLE -A DEPARTING ALIEN VESSEL (OPTICAL)

is PASSING slowly OVERHEAD! Only its running lights can be seen through the storm. The blast from its THRUSTER EXHAUST blows wildly across the deck!

SILIK AND HIS' MEN

squat down and protect their faces

T'POL (OPTICAL)

is directly below the passing ship, caught in its powerful exhaust. She's KNOCKED OFF HER FEET and BLOWN ACROSS the slippery deck!

ARCHER AND HOSHI

watch the (off-camera) ALIEN SHIP as it moves away. The roar dies down. Archer turns to see that T'Pol is now isolated halfway between the shuttle and the Suliban.

T'POL

is lying on the deck, dazed. She's alone... unarmed... an easy target.

SILIK AND HIS MEN

stand and see the defenseless woman.

ARCHER REACTS (OPTICAL)

He turns to Hoshi.

ARCHER
(over wind)
Get to the ship --now!

Hoshi moves toward the shuttle. Archer raises his pistol and starts FIRING as he RUNS directly at the Suliban!

ONE OF SILIK'S MEN (OPTICAL)

is HIT! Silik and his remaining cohort take cover...

ARCHER (OPTICAL)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

reaches T'Pol's weapon and scoops it up without missing a beat.

ARCHER
(over wind, to T'Pol)
Go!

T'POL
(over wind)
Enterprise needs its Captain! Give me the weapons!

ARCHER
(over wind)
I said go!

Their eyes meet for a brief instant, and T'Pol realizes she's not going to change his mind. She takes off toward the shuttle. Archer provides cover for her, edging toward the shuttle while FIRING BOTH WEAPONS!

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Charlie and Hoshi are now on board. Mayweather's at the helm, preparing for launch. Reed reaches out of the open hatch and pulls T'Pol inside to safety.

ROOFTOP DOCKING PORT (OPTICAL)

Archer is getting closer to the shuttle, firing shot after shot...

SILIK AND HIS MAN

have now separated, forcing Archer to choose a target.

ARCHER (OPTICAL)

has almost reached the shuttle. He aims slightly left and is HIT in the LEG by a blast from Silik's weapon! He falls and grimaces as the point of impact BURNS its way into his flesh. Another SHOT hits nearby, barely missing him!

Charlie and Reed jump onto the deck. Reed OPENS FIRE as Charlie pulls Archer through the hatch!

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Mayweather working the helm. We HEAR the hatch CLOSE and the WHINE of the ENGINES.

MAYWEATHER
The starboard thruster's down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'POL
(taking charge)
Ignore it. Take us up.

Mayweather works. Hoshi kneels by Archer, who is badly wounded, lying on the floor, barely conscious. The shuttle JOLTS slightly... then again! Hoshi grabs hold of a bulkhead.

EXT. ROOFTOP DOCKING PORT (OPTICAL)

Silik and his man are FIRING at the SHUTTLE, which disappears into the storm above. They lower their weapons. Silik turns to his cohort, grim-faced.

SILIK
(over wind)
We need instructions.

OFF his concern...

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Mid-flight, trembling from the storm, lights flickering. Mayweather at the helm. T'Pol, Charlie and Reed are seated, Hoshi beside Archer on the floor.

T'POL
(to Mayweather)
Open a channel.

He hits a control.

T'POL (CONT'D)
(to com)
Sub-Commander T'Pol to Enterprise.

COM VOICE
Go ahead.

T'POL
We'll be docking in four minutes. Have Doctor Phlox meet us in Decon.

COM VOICE
Acknowledged. Is someone wounded?

T'POL
(matter-of-fact)
The Captain. I'm taking command of Enterprise.

CLOSE ON ARCHER

as he hears this, far too weak to respond. We PUSH IN on his face as he slowly loses consciousness...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK: A WINDY BEACH - DAY (OPTICAL)

Billowy clouds and trees swaying in the stiff breeze.

Young Archer stands working a small control unit, while his father sits in the sand beside him.

FATHER

Your pitch is too low. Bring up the nose.

THE STARSHIP MODEL (OPTICAL)

is buffeted by the wind, hits the branches of a tree and crashes into the sand.

YOUNG ARCHER (OPTICAL)

looks frustrated.

FATHER (CONT'D)

It's okay, you almost got it. Try again.

Young Archer works the controls...

THE MODEL (OPTICAL)

is airborne again, but wavers as it heads toward the sand.

YOUNG ARCHER (OPTICAL)

works the device, frustrated.

YOUNG ARCHER

I can't do it!

FATHER

Yes, you can. Take her up... straight and steady.

THE MODEL (OPTICAL)

smashes into a sand dune.

YOUNG ARCHER

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Young Archer kneels at the slightly bruised model, his father beside him.

FATHER

You can't be afraid of the wind...learn
to trust it.

The boy hears something and turns his head.

HIS POV - T'POL (OPTICAL)

is standing silently against the bright sky, watching them.

FADE TO BLACK.

A long beat, then within the darkness, a small METAL SLAT slides open. Doctor Phlox peers in through a window, his voice amplified over the com:

PHLOX

It shouldn't take more than a few
moments.

REVEAL we're in --

INT. ENTERPRISE -DECON CHAMBER

Charlie and T'Pol are standing in the small room, dimly-lit by ultraviolet light. Their uniforms are still wet from the blowing snow.

CHARLIE

(impatient)

Is this really necessary?

PHLOX

The others scanned negative. You two,
unfortunately, were exposed to a
protocystian spore. I've loaded the
appropriate decon-gel into compartment-B.

Resigned, Charlie and T'Pol begin to undress...

T'POL

(to Phlox)

Tell Mister Mayweather to prepare to
leave orbit.

CHARLIE

How's the Captain?

PHLOX

I'm treating his wound

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Will he be all right?

PHLOX

Eventually.

The metal slat slides SHUT. Charlie and T'Pol open small LOCKERS. T'Pol places her uniform on a hook,

while Charlie simply tosses his in. Charlie strips down to his shorts; T'Pol, to a pair of underwear and a short-cropped tee-shirt. They open a compartment labeled "B" and remove two small CANNISTERS containing a deep blue gelatinous compound.

Over the following scene, they begin applying the gel to their bodies. It's obvious that this is a part of their training... modesty is not a question. The phosphorescent gel glistens on their skin in the ultraviolet light.

CHARLIE

Correct me if I'm wrong, but aren't you just kind of an "observer" on this mission? I don't remember anyone telling me you were a member of Starfleet.

T'POL

My Vulcan rank supersedes yours.

CHARLIE

Apples and oranges. This is an Earth vessel. You're in no position to take command.

T'POL

As soon as we're through here, I'll contact Ambassador Soval. He'll speak to your superiors and I'm certain they'll support my authority in this situation.

Charlie knows that if she makes that call, the mission is over.

CHARLIE

You must really be proud of yourself. You can put an end to this mission while the Captain's still unconscious in Sickbay. You won't even have to look him in the eye.

They continue rubbing their bodies with the glowing gel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

T'POL

Your precious "cargo" was stolen... three Suliban, perhaps more, were killed... and Captain Archer has been seriously wounded. It seems to me this "mission" has put an end to itself.

(beat)

Turn around.

Charlie turns and T'Pol begins to smear the gel on his back, rhythmically rubbing it slowly down to the waistband of his shorts. As sensual as this might seem, they continue talking as though it's business as usual.

CHARLIE

Let's say you're right... let's say we screwed up just like you always knew we would.

(beat)

It's still a pretty good bet that whoever blew that hole in the Captain's leg is connected somehow to the people who took Klaang.

T'POL

I fail to see your point.

She finishes with the back of his thighs, stands and turns. As Charlie begins to rub decon-gel on her back, she raises the tee-shirt up to her shoulders.

CHARLIE

Captain Archer deserves a chance to see this through. If you knew him, you'd realize that's what he's about. He needs to finish what he starts.

(pointed)

His daddy was the same way.

T'POL

You obviously share your Captain's belief that my people were responsible for impeding Henry Archer's accomplishments.

CHARLIE

He only wanted to see his engine fly... they never even gave him a chance to fail.

(beat)

And here you are, thirty years later, proving just how consistent you Vulcans can be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

T'Pol takes this in, affected by his words but revealing nothing...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON CAPTAIN ARCHER

as he opens his eyes, regaining consciousness. He's lying on a bio-bed. He grimaces in pain, looks down toward his legs. REVEAL we're in --

INT. ENTERPRISE -SICKBAY

Archer is partially reclined on the bio-bed. Doctor Phlox is working on Archer's left thigh, carefully removing a saucer-sized, leech-like ALIEN CREATURE from the now-healing wound.

PHLOX
(sees he's awake)
Very nice, very nice... your myofibers
are fusing beautifully.

Phlox places the creature into a jar of liquid.

ARCHER
How long have I been...?

PHLOX
Less than six hours. I thought it best to
keep you sedated while the osmotic eel
cauterized your wound.

Archer looks at the creature swimming in the liquid.

ARCHER
Thanks.

T'Pol and Charlie ENTER and move to the bio-bed.

CHARLIE
How are you doing, Captain?

ARCHER
That depends. What's been going on for
the last six hours?

Charlie glances at T'Pol.

T'POL
As your highest ranking officer, I
assumed command while you were
incapacitated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archer senses that the ship is moving.

ARCHER
(to Charlie)
Are we underway?

Charlie nods.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(to T'Pol)
You didn't waste much time, did you?

T'POL
(to Phlox)
Is he fit to resume command?

PHLOX
As long as he returns for more eel
therapy tomorrow.

ARCHER
(to Charlie)
How long before we get back to Earth?

CHARLIE
Earth, sir?

T'POL
We're currently tracking the Suliban
vessel that left Rigel shortly after you
were injured.

Archer is surprised and a little skeptical.

ARCHER
You got their... plasma decay rate?

T'POL
With Mister Tucker's assistance, I
modified the sensors. You now have the
resolution to detect their warp trail.

Archer is bolstered by this, tries to sit up, wincing a
little.

ARCHER
What happened to "this is a foolish
mission?"

T'POL
It is a foolish mission. The Suliban are
clearly a hostile race with technology
far superior to yours.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

T'POL (CONT'D)

(beat)

But as Acting Captain, I was obligated to
anticipate your wishes.

ARCHER

As Acting Captain, you could've done
whatever the hell you wanted to do.

T'Pol doesn't respond. After a beat:

T'POL

I should return to the Bridge.

ARCHER

(still skeptical)

Dismissed.

T'Pol turns and EXITS.

CHARLIE

(carefully defending T'Pol)

Modifying the sensors was her idea, sir.

OFF Archer's puzzled look...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A TACTICAL MONITOR (VPB)

which shows a complex TRACKING PATTERN. We HEAR the "pings"
of various SENSORS .

HOSHI (O.C.)

What are the symptoms of frostbite?

We're in -

INT. BRIDGE

T'Pol in the Captain's chair, Mayweather and crewmembers at
their stations. Reed and Hoshi sit together at tactical.

REED

Your "appendages blister, peel, turn
gangrenous..."

HOSHI

(staring at her right hand)

I think I have frostbite.

REED

Let me see.

She holds out her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REED (CONT'D)
(tongue in cheek)
Doctor Phlox may have to amputate.

HOSHI
(still eyeing her fingertips)
I never had to worry about frostbite in
Brazil.

Suddenly, the "pings" take on a different sound.

MAYWEATHER
(off console)
They're getting too far ahead of us...

T'POL
Match their speed.

MAYWEATHER
I'm not authorized to go beyond four-
four.

T'Pol taps a button.

CHARLIE'S COM VOICE

Engineering.

T'POL
(to com)
Mister Tucker, would you please give the
helmsman permission to go to warp four
point five.

CHARLIE'S COM VOICE

It's okay, Travis. I'll keep an eye on the engine.

Mayweather works. As the "pinging" returns to normal...

EXT. SPACE- ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

at warp.

ARCHER (V.O.)
Enterprise Starlog, Captain Jonathan
Archer. Date: xxxx.x...

INT. ARCHER'S QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

Archer is sitting in a chair with his injured leg up on a
pillow. He's wearing a dark tee-shirt and pair of pants. WARP
STARS streak by outside the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER
(continuing, to com) No, no, delete that.
(thinks)
Begin recording...
(computer beeps)
Captain's Starlog, Date xxxxx.x.
(beat)
We've been tracking the Suliban's ship
for ten hours, thanks to our... Science
Officer, who came up with a way to tweak
the sensors.
(beat)
Computer, pause.

The computer beeps. Archer glances at someone off-camera.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(venting)
I save her life, and now she's helping us
with the mission. "One good turn deserves
another" ... doesn't sound very Vulcan.

The off-camera person is silent.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(to com)
Resume log.
(computer beeps)
I have no reason to believe Klaang is
still alive...but if the Suliban woman
was telling the truth, it's crucial that
we try to find him.
(beat)
Computer, pause.

Archer stands, thoughtful, tries out his foot, which seems to
be fine, moves across the room.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
{to off-camera person)
Have you ever known a Vulcan to return a
favor?

The CAMERA PANS to reveal that Archer is talking to his dog,
Porthos.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(after a beat)
No, neither have I.
(to com)
Resume log.
(computers beeps)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARCHER (CONT'D)
I still haven't decided whether to ask
Sub-Commander T'Pol about this "Temporal
Cold War." My instincts tell me not to
trust her.

A beat, then Archer senses something. He glances out the
window to see the ship is dropping OUT OF WARP.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Computer, pause.
(a beep, then to com)
Archer to T'Pol. Report.

T'POL'S COM VOICE
If you're feeling well enough to come to
the Bridge, Captain, now would be a good
time.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

T'Pol in the Captain's chair, others at their stations.
Everyone is looking at the VIEWSCREEN, which shows a distant
ORANGE PLANET. As Archer ENTERS from the Turbolift, T'Pol
rises.

T'POL
It's a gas giant.

ARCHER
(nodding)
From the looks of it, a Class Six or
Seven.

T'POL
Class Seven.
(beat)
The Suliban vessel dropped to impulse a
few hours ago and altered course. Their
new heading took them through its outer-
radiation belt.

ARCHER
(realizing what this means)
We've lost them?

T'Pol reluctantly nods.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(to Mayweather)
Move us in closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mayweather works. Archer paces as the orange planet grows LARGER.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(to Reed)
Anything?

REED
(working)
The radiation's dissipated their warp trail. I'm only picking up fragments.

Archer turns to T'Pol.

ARCHER
You finished helping us?

T'Pol walks to Reed's station and hits a control. The Viewscreen shows a new GRAPHIC of the GAS GIANT --above it we can see a FRAGMENTED ION TRAIL, like a contrail that's been broken up by winds.

T'POL
(eyes graphic, to Reed)
Run a spectral analysis of the fragments.

Reed hits a series of controls. On the graphic, a sequence of NUMBERS appears by each fragment; the sequences are all different.

REED
(re: graphic, discouraged)
There's too much distortion... the decay rates don't even match.

T'Pol reacts to this, realizing something... she steps toward the Viewscreen.

T'POL
(to Reed, re: graphic)
Calculate the trajectory of each fragment.

Reed looks a bit confused, looks to the Captain. Archer, catching on, steps forward next to T'Pol.

ARCHER
(to Reed)
You heard her.

Reed works --he doesn't have a clue what they're looking for. Archer and T'Pol exchange a look: despite their mistrust of each other, they're both thinking alike for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Viewscreen graphic now displays TELEMETRY for each of the fragments. Archer nods to T'Pol, who moves to a nearby station and starts working. Over this:

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(to Crewman)
Recalibrate the sensor array -- narrow-band, short-to-mid-range.

CREWMAN
Aye.

T'POL
(to Mayweather)
Measure the particle density of the thermosphere.

ARCHER
(to all, re: graphic)
Those "fragments" weren't from one Suliban ship...

T'POL
(off console)
...they were from fourteen... and all within the last six hours. I believe we've found what we're looking for.

Archer takes a beat, then makes a difficult decision:

ARCHER (TO REED)
How are your targeting scanners?

REED
Aligned and ready, sir.

ARCHER
(nods)
Bring the weapons on-line...and polarize the hull plating.

Reactions all around. No one expected an armed conflict during during this journey. As they brace themselves...

ARCHER (CONT'D)
(to Mayweather)
Lay in a sixty degree vector. We're going in.

INT. SULIBAN HELIX - TEMPORAL CHAMBER (OPTICAL)

As seen earlier. Dimly-lit, cylindrical, bisected by a barrier of energy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silik is reporting to the murky Humanoid Figure. As they speak, their words and images PRE-ECHO in the strange, time-shifting effect:

HUMANOID FIGURE
Did Sarin give them anything?

SILIK
I don't know.

HUMANOID FIGURE
What do you know?

SILIK
They followed us here.

HUMANOID FIGURE
Looking for Klaang, or for you?

SILIK
I don't know... but I'll destroy them
before they locate the Helix.

HUMANOID FIGURE
We didn't plan to involve the humans or
the Vulcans... not yet .
(an order)
Sarin's message cannot reach Kronos. If
the humans have it, you must stop them.

As Silik takes this in...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS GIANT - UPPER-ATMOSPHERE (OPTICAL)

ENTERPRISE is moving slowly through the orange gas, its
running lights cutting through the dense layer.

INT. ENTERPRISE -BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Archer in command, others at their stations. The Viewscreen
shows the gaseous layer rushing past. Everyone's tense:

HOSHI
Sensor resolution's falling off at about
twelve kilometers...

ARCHER
(concerned)
Travis?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYWEATHER
(intensely working helm)
I'm okay, Captain...

T'Pol is busy at her console.

T'POL
Our situation should improve. We're about
to break through the cyclohexane layer.

All eyes on the Viewscreen as the orange layer of gas gives way to an even DENSER LAYER of ROILING BLUE LIQUID. The ship instantly begins to TREMBLE violently.

ARCHER
(holding on)
I wouldn't exactly call this an
improvement.

T'Pol, calm and fascinated, activates a small viewer at her station and peers into its eyepiece.

T'POL
Liquid phosphorous. I wouldn't have
expected that beneath a layer of
cyclohexane.

The ship continues to buffet. Hoshi's doing her best to cover her white-knuckle anxiety.

HOSHI
(to Archer)
You might think about recommending seat
belts when we get home.

ARCHER
It's just a little bad weather.

A few more seconds of intense shaking... and then: PERFECT CALM as Enterprise descends into a CLEAR LAYER. On the Viewscreen, we see roiling gasses above. Beep-beep-beep!

HOSHI
We've got sensors!

ARCHER
(to Mayweather)
Level off.
(to Hoshi)
Go to long-range scans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

T'POL

I'm detecting two vessels... bearing one-one-nine mark seven.

ARCHER (TO HOSHI)

Put it up.

Hoshi works, and the Viewscreen changes to show TWO SULIBAN CELL SHIPS moving away in the distance. The unique vessels are quite small, about twice the size of one of our shuttlepods.

REED

(working fast)

Impulse and warp engines.

ARCHER

What kind of weapons?

REED

We're too far away.

MAYWEATHER

(off console)

Sir, I'm picking up something at three-forty-two mark twelve... it's a lot bigger.

Hoshi works the Viewscreen, which now shows the SULIBAN HELIX.

ARCHER

(quickly, to T'Pol)

All sensors --get whatever you can!

T'Pol works, rapidly gathering data on the Helix.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Go tighter.

Hoshi taps a control, and we get a CLOSER VIEW of the HELIX. It's comprised of hundreds of smaller, modular Suliban ships which are interlocked to form a massive, spiral-shaped space station. A few individual CELL SHIPS are seen engaging and disengaging from the Helix.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(to Hoshi)

Bio-signs?

HOSHI

Over three thousand... but I can't isolate a Klingon, if there is one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A sudden JOLT!

REED
That was a particle weapon, sir.

BOOM! We're HIT again!

INT. MAIN ENGINEERING

Mid-emergency, trembling. A couple of conduits are spewing GAS. Charlie has his hands wrapped around a pressure VALVE that's HISSING ominously.

CHARLIE (TO COM)
Bridge, we're taking damage down here!
What's going on?

ARCHER'S COM VOICE
Just a little trouble with the bad guys.

INT. BRIDGE

T'POL
(calmly)
I suggest we return to the phosphorous layer.

Another HIT!

ARCHER
(to Mayweather)
Take us up.

EXT. GAS GIANT - CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

ENTERPRISE rapidly ASCENDS into the roiling LIQUID-BLUE LAYER above, vanishing from view. The approaching Suliban CELL SHIP breaks off its pursuit, and heads back toward the distant HELIX.

INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Trembling. Archer's crossing to T'Pol, who is now working a monitor near Hoshi.

ARCHER
What've you got?

The monitor displays an IMAGE of the Suliban HELIX from directly above. T'Pol taps the controls, and the image SHIFTS so we can see it from the side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'POL

(off monitor)

It appears to be an aggregate structure... comprised of hundreds of vessels. They're held in place by an interlocking system of magnetic seals.

Hoshi's been busy working, as well. On the monitor, a column of bio-data appears next to a small section of the Helix.

HOSHI

There, right there!

(re: monitor)

These bio-readings are not Suliban.

T'POL (EYES THEM)

We can't be certain they're Klingon.

Hoshi shoots her an irritated look.

ARCHER

Even if it is Klaang, we'd have a tough time getting him off of there...

REED

We could always try the transporting device...

ARCHER

No. We've risked too much to bring him back inside-out.

(an idea, to Reed)

Would the grappler work in a liquid atmosphere?

REED

I believe so...

ARCHER

Bring it on-line.

(heading to his chair,
determined)

One more time, Mister Mayweather

OFF Archer's intent -- he's got a plan...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS GIANT -CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

THREE CELL SHIPS are patrolling just beneath the LIQUID SURFACE. Suddenly, ENTERPRISE BURSTS into the CLEAR!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the hull, two hatches open and a pair of LAUNCH TURRETS emerge, swiveling toward their target. They fire futuristic TORPEDOES, rapid blasts of energy that resemble luminous artillery shells. Their weapons STREAK toward --

THE CELL SHIPS (OPTICAL)

But our weapons miss their targets. The cell ships return FIRE!

INT. BRIDGE

A JOLT as we're HIT!

REED

The ventral plating's down!

(works, frustrated)

I'm having trouble getting a weapons lock... these scanners weren't designed for a liquid atmosphere.

Another HIT!

REED (CONT'D)

(wry)

Evidently, theirs were.

WHAM! A hard SHAKE causes a console to SPARK near Hoshi, who leaps back, startled.

ARCHER

(to Mayweather))

Hold your position...

REED

The lead ship's closing... seven thousand meters... six thousand...

WHAM! The hardest HIT yet!

T'POL

We should ascend!

ARCHER

Hold your position!

REED

One thousand meters...

Another JOLT!

REED (CONT'D)

Forward plating's off-line!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER
Now, Mister Reed!

EXT. GAS GIANT -CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

A CELL SHIP is closing on ENTERPRISE when suddenly --

A DOCKING ARM (OPTICAL)

is lowering from the Launch Bay on the bottom of Enterprise.
Two GRAPPLING DEVICES shoot out of ports on the arm, trailing
THIN CABLES!

THE CELL SHIP (OPTICAL)

is HIT by the two "grapplers", which magnetically LATCH onto
its hull!

CLOSER ANGLE -CELL SHIP COCKPIT (OPTICAL)

The cockpit hatch springs open and a SULIBAN PILOT EJECTS
from the ship in a blast of vapor! As the pilot TUMBLES
through the clear layer below...

ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

swiftly ascends into the roiling layer above, REELING IN the
cell ship like a spider with its prey!

INT. ENTERPRISE -BRIDGE

Mild trembling begins as we re-enter the turbulent layer.
Reed eyes his station.

REED
(a little cocky)
Hello!
(turns to Archer)
Their ship's in the Launch Bay.

Archer nods to him -- good work. OFF Reed, pleased.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE- SITUATION ROOM (VPB)

A tactical center off the Main Bridge, filled with various
read-outs and a large TABLE GRAPHIC. Archer, Charlie and
Mayweather are huddled around the table, which shows numerous
graphics of the CELL SHIP -- different angles of the
exterior, engine schematics, flight controls, etc. Mild
trembling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYWEATHER (POINTS TO GRAPHIC)
All right, what's this?

CHARLIE
(smiles with confidence)
The pitch control.

MAYWEATHER
(pointing to another spot)
No, that's the pitch control. This is the
guidance system.

CHARLIE
Pitch control... guidance system...got
it.

MAYWEATHER
(to Archer)
The docking interface.

How do you deploy it?

ARCHER
(using graphic)
Release the inertial clamps here, here,
and here... then initialize the coaxial
ports.

MAYWEATHER
Good.
(to Charlie)
Where's the auxiliary throttle?

Charlie hesitates.

CHARLIE
(points)
Hmm. It's not this one...

MAYWEATHER
(to Archer)
With all due respect to Commander
Tucker... I'm pretty sure I could fly
this thing, sir.

ARCHER
I don't doubt it, but I need you here...

CHARLIE
(points)
There... that's it... the auxiliary
throttle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The scene is interrupted by a low-frequency boom... which grows louder and then WHAM! The ship is JOLTED!

T'POL (O.C.)

Captain.

They turn to see --

NEW ANGLE -INCLUDING THE MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

T'Pol is at her station, looking to Archer with concern.

T'POL

That charge contained a proximity sweep.
If we remain here, they're going to
locate us.

Archer nods, turns to Mayweather.

ARCHER

You're gonna have to speed this up a
little, Travis.

CHARLIE

How complicated can it be? Up, down,
forward, reverse... we'll figure it out.

Archer's look tells us he doesn't share Charlie's
confidence...

EXT. GAS GIANT - CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

Two larger Suliban CELL SHIPS are cruising side by side
directly below the blue phosphorous layer. After a beat, they
each release inverted DEPTH CHARGES, which slowly rise into
the clouds above.

EXT. GAS GIANT - PHOSPHOROUS LAYER (OPTICAL)

ENTERPRISE can barely be seen through the murk. The two DEPTH
CHARGES rise into frame in the foreground... and DETONATE.

INT. READY ROOM

Two low-frequency booms are heard, followed by two JOLTS more
quickly than before. Over this, Archer is giving T'Pol final
instructions. There's a sense of urgency:

ARCHER

We'll be back before you know it. Have
Mayweather plot a course for Kronos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'POL

There's a Vulcan ship less than two days away. It's illogical to attempt this alone.

ARCHER

I was beginning to think you understood why we have to do this alone.

T'POL

You'll have other opportunities to demonstrate your... independence.

ARCHER

Never put off 'til tomorrow...

T'POL

You both could be killed.

ARCHER

Am I sensing concern? Last time I checked, that was considered an emotion.

T'POL

(covering)

If anything happens to either of you, the Vulcan High Command will hold me responsible.

Archer smiles. The door CHIMES.

ARCHER

Come in.

Reed ENTERS, carrying two silver equipment cases.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(to Reed)

You're finished?

As Reed sets the cases on the desk, and flips the lid on one of them to reveal a RECTANGULAR DEVICE.

REED

(re: device)

It should reverse the polarity of any maglock within a hundred meters.

(indicating the controls)

Once you've set the sequence, you'll have five seconds.

Archer nods, studying it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REED (CONT'D)
One more thing.

He flips open the other equipment case, and pulls out two Starfleet HAND PHASERS with pistol-grips. He gives them to Archer.

ARCHER
Ah. Our new weapons.

REED
They're called phase-pistols. They have two settings: stun and kill. It would be best not to confuse them.

Another low boom... then a startling JOLT!

ARCHER
(to T'Pol)
The ship is yours.

He turns for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS GIANT -PHOSPHOROUS LAYER (OPTICAL)

ENTERPRISE moving slowly through the blue gas. The Suliban CELL SHIP LAUNCHES from the Shuttlebay and heads downward.

INT. SULIBAN CELL SHIP (OPTICAL)

Cramped, trembling. Archer and Charlie are sharing the single cockpit bench; surrounded by alien technology. Their visibility through the blue gas is non-existent.

A light on a side panel begins to blink, and an ALARM is heard.

ARCHER
What's that?

CHARLIE
Travis said not to worry about that panel.

ARCHER
That's reassuring.

The ship is buffeted by a sudden pocket of turbulence, and the two men are knocked together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie, holding an alien steering mechanism with both hands, overcompensates, and the ship weaves for a moment before it stabilizes. Archer looks a bit queasy.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

They sure didn't build these things for comfort.

CHARLIE

Wait 'til we get the Klingon in here with us.

(off panel)

If I'm reading this right, we should be about twenty kilometers from Enterprise.

ARCHER

Drop the pitch thirty degrees.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

We hear the low-frequency boom of a depth charge...

REED

(to all)

Hold on.

Everyone braces as the ship JOLTS.

MAYWEATHER

That one was a lot closer...

REED

If we change our position, they'll have to start from scratch.

T'POL

If we change our position, the Captain will have no way of finding us.

OFF the tension...

INT. SULIBAN CELL SHIP (OPTICAL)

Trembling, as before...

CHARLIE

I think we're there.

ARCHER

Bring the docking interface on-line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie goes to press a button, thinks better of it, then presses another one. The interface HUMS to life.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Coaxial ports.

Charlie hits another control. We hear a brief HISSING sound.

CHARLIE
Open.

Archer takes a deep breath.

ARCHER
Let's go.

Charlie takes the steering mechanism in both hands, and gently begins to ease the ship downward. Through the windows, we see the blue phosphorous clouds begin to thin out... and we abruptly BREAK THROUGH into CLEAR SPACE. The trembling stops.

CHARLIE
(looking around, confused)
Where is it? It was right here.

Archer studies an alien graphic.

ARCHER
Bank starboard, ninety degrees.

Charlie moves the steering controller, and the ship BANKS SHARPLY, dizzily revealing the huge SULIBAN HELIX directly below them.

CHARLIE
(jazzed)
There you are!

ARCHER
(indicating)
That's the upper-support radius. Drop down right below it... and start a counter-clockwise sweep.

Archer removes a hand-held scanner from his belt and starts working it.

EXT. GAS GIANT -CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

The tiny CELL SHIP descends down past the numerous levels of the HELIX. Other CELL SHIPS, mostly larger, engage and disengage from the huge structure.

INT. SULIBAN CELL SHIP (OPTICAL)

Charlie slows their descent, and begins maneuvering the ship horizontally, the hull of the HELIX moving past the windows.

ARCHER
(still working his scanner)
A little more... more...

Scrr-r-aape! The ship abruptly BUMPS into the Helix and both men are again thrown together. Archer shoots Charlie a look, recalling their moment on the inspection pod.

ARCHER (OFF SCANNER) (CONT'D)
Right here.

The ship STOPS. Through the window, we see a circular AIRLOCK protruding from the Helix. They exchange a look, then Archer nods. Both men begin to carefully manipulate the alien controls, as the ship edges SIDEWAYS toward the airlock.

CHA-CHUNK! The ship jolts slightly and we hear a series of whirring mechanical sounds as the docking ports lock into place.

A beat, then the HATCH OPENS to reveal a darkly-lit CORRIDOR. As both men react...

CUT TO:

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -CORRIDOR

Archer and Charlie on the move, phase-pistols drawn. Charlie carries the silver equipment case; Archer eyes his scanner. They round a corner...

ANGLE - A SULIBAN (OPTICAL)

is caught by surprise. He draws his sidearm, but Archer FIRES first and the Suliban is knocked to the ground, unconscious.

ARCHER
(re: weapon)
Stun seems to work.

They keep moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS GIANT -CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

As two CELL SHIPS fly by camera, they each release an inverted DEPTH CHARGE into the clouds above.

INT. BRIDGE

Everyone's tense, waiting for Archer's return. Hoshi presses a small, hand-held EARPIECE to her left ear.

T'POL
(to Hoshi)
Anything?

HOSHI
(listening, shakes her head)
The phosphorous is distorting all the EM
bands...

Suddenly, something causes Hoshi to jerk the earpiece away.

HOSHI (CONT'D)
(to all)
Grab on to something --

Two rapid booms are followed almost instantly by two powerful JOLTS! Bulkheads BLOWOUT and consoles GO DOWN. DEBRIS and streams of spewing GAS envelop the Bridge. A beat as everyone recovers.

Reed, Mayweather, Hoshi and two crewmembers start working their stations... the spewing gas subsides and consoles flicker back to life.

REED
This is ridiculous! If we don't move the
ship, Captain Archer won't have anything
to look for when he gets back.

T'Pol hesitates, realizing he's right.

T'POL
(to Hoshi)
We're going to need that ear of yours.

Hoshi presses the device to her ear.

T'POL (CONT'D)
(to Mayweather)
Move us away, five kilometers.

MAYWEATHER
In what direction?

T'POL
Any direction.

CUT TO:

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -INTERROGATION ROOM

Klaang is alone, restrained in the elaborate chair seen earlier; tubes and devices are still connected to his body. He's semi-conscious. Steely blue light from the phosphorous layer above pours in through a window.

THE DOOR

slides open. Archer and Charlie rush in, pistols drawn. They both seem surprised and relieved that there's no one here but Klaang.

Archer stands guard at the door, while Charlie moves to the chair and begins to unstrap Klaang. The Klingon stares at him.

CHARLIE

(to Archer, low)

This is gonna be easier than I thought.

(to Klaang)

It's okay. We're getting you off this thing.

As Charlie releases the third and final restraint, Klaang swings his arm up and KNOCKS Charlie across the room!

Klaang gets to his feet, savagely pulling the tubes and wires from his body. Archer locks his stance and takes aim at Klaang with both hands.

ARCHER

(to Klaang)}

I really don't want to have to carry you out of here.

Klaang eyes Archer, hesitant.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

I think he gets the idea. Give him a hand.

Charlie pauses, not too anxious to get close to the Klingon again, but steels himself and helps Klaang follow Archer out the door...

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -CORRIDOR (OPTICAL)

Archer, pistol at-the-ready, is leading the way. Charlie follows, bearing part of the weight of the enormous Klingon, who again begins to bellow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KLAANG
Qu'taw bob

ARCHER
Be quiet.

KLAANG
Muh tok!

They keep moving... until a Suliban weapons BLAST tears away a large chunk of the wall! The three men DIVE for cover!

KLAANG (CONT'D)
(screaming obscenities at the
Suliban)
Dajvo tag:h! Borat!

CHARLIE
You tell him, big guy.

ARCHER (TO CHARLIE)
Give me the box.

Charlie takes the silver case off his shoulder and hands it to him. Just then, a SULIBAN ATTACKER rushes into view from an adjoining corridor, catching them by surprise! As the Suliban takes aim at Archer and Charlie.

WHAM! Klaang STRIKES the creature with Klingon force, knocking him into a bulkhead! He grabs the Suliban and POUNDS him with a couple of powerful blows, knocking him unconscious! A beat, then he turns to Archer and Charlie with a triumphant smile.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

Another Suliban weapons BLAST whizzes by!

ARCHER
Get to the ship. I'll be right behind
you.

As Charlie and Klaang take off down an adjoining corridor, Archer opens the case and removes the RECTANGULAR DEVICE seen before. He activates it and attaches it to the wall. He works a series of controls, and goes to his knees, covering his head. We hear a low-pitched whine... and then the device emits a BLINDING ENERGY PULSE that RADIATES in all directions!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As the light recedes, Archer gets to his feet. The corridor begins to TREMBLE, and we hear the sounds of docking ports UNLOCKING. He looks down to see --

THE FLOOR (OPTICAL)

is SEPARATING before him!

THE ENTIRE CORRIDOR (OPTICAL)

SPLITS APART! FORCEFIELDS flash on as the interlocking elements making up this section of the Helix lose their cohesion.

ARCHER (OPTICAL)

realizes he's been cut off from Charlie and Klaang. A Suliban weapons BLAST strikes nearby. He has no choice but to turn and run.

EXT. GAS GIANT -CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

The entire UPPER-SECTION of the HELIX is DISMANTLING. Some sections are huge, comprised of dozens of CELL SHIPS still connected to one another. Other sections are made of only one or two ships. The myriad sections tumble slowly away from the core.

INT. SULIBAN CELL SHIP

Trembling. Charlie and Klaang are cramped into the tiny cockpit. Charlie talks into his communicator:

CHARLIE

Captain?

ARCHER'S COM VOICE

It worked.

CHARLIE

Where are you?

ARCHER'S COM VOICE

I'm still on the central core. Get Klaang back to Enterprise.

CHARLIE

What about you, sir?

ARCHER'S COM VOICE

Get him to the ship. You can come back for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

It's going to be hard to isolate your bio-signs... so stay as far away from the Suliban as you can.

ARCHER'S COM VOICE

Believe me, I'll try.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS GIANT -CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

The tiny CELL SHIP disengages from a large, floating section of the Helix and begins to wend its way UPWARD through the chaos.

INT. SULIBAN HELIX - CORRIDOR

Archer is cautiously moving along, rounds a corner... stops when he sees two SULIBAN moving down the adjoining hall, their backs turned to him. He quickly pulls back... waits a beat... then pulls out a hand-held SCANNER. He activates it, then starts moving in the opposite direction...

CUT TO:

INT. SULIBAN CELL SHIP

Charlie at the controls, Klaang cramped in next to him. Klaang, still somewhat delirious, bellows at Charlie. Neither man understands a word the other says:

KLAANG

RaQ~o jadICH!

CHARLIE

I don't particularly like the way you smell, either.

Klaang bangs the bulkhead with his fist

KLAANG

MajQa!

Charlie checks a reading.

CHARLIE

I don't get it, this is right where they're supposed to be...

OFF Klaang's growing agitation...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

A low-frequency boom... followed a few seconds later by a moderate JOLT.

REED

The charges are getting closer again...

T'POL

(to Mayweather)

Another five kilometers, Lieutenant.

MAYWEATHER

(working))

At this rate, the Captain'll never find us.

HOSHI

Wait a minute... I think I've got something...

Everyone turns to her. She's holding the earpiece tightly to her left ear.

T'POL

Amplify it.

Hoshi taps a control, and we hear a CACOPHONY of radio signals, background noise, and distortion.

HOSHI

(listening)

It's Commander Tucker

REED

All I hear is noise

HOSHI

Sshh... listen... it's just a narrow notch in the mid-range...

(hearing him)

He says he's about to ignite his thruster exhaust...

T'Pol quickly moves to her viewing device and peers inside. A long, tense beat.

T'POL

(to Mayweather)

Coordinates: one fifty-eight mark one three.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYWEATHER
(works)
Laid in.

T'POL
Ahead, fifty KPH

She turns to Hoshi, guardingly appreciative

T'POL (CONT'D)
(in Vulcan, thank you)
Esparan.

It's the first time T'Pol has acknowledged Hoshi's abilities.
Hoshi offers a slight smile.

HOSHI
You're welcome.

CUT TO:

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -CORRIDOR

Two armed Suliban are searching for Archer. As they move down the hall and out of view...

CLOSE ANGLE -SCANNER (OPTICAL

Two BLIPS representing the Suliban are moving away from a central indicator.

ARCHER

is watching the scanner. He's squatting on a metal BEAM eight feet off the floor. He JUMPS to the deck, holds up his scanner...

ON THE SCANNER -(OPTICAL)

Archer hits a button, which gives a WIDER VIEW of the vicinity. Other BLIPS representing other Suliban can be seen. There is a large area with no bio-signs.

ARCHER

takes this in, figures out which way to go to find the empty area, then heads down the corridor...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

As before.

MAYWEATHER
(working helm)
Two kilometers, dead ahead.

T'POL
Initiate docking procedures.

HOSHI
I'm only picking up two bio-signs.
(worried)
One Klingon... one human.

OFF T'Pol's impenetrable look...

CUT TO:

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -TEMPORAL ENTRYWAY (OPTICAL)

A narrow passageway that looks completely different than the corridors we've seen so far. It ends at a single DOOR. Archer reaches the entrance to this strange hallway... glances at his scanner, which is now heavily DISTORTED. This piques his interest... and he cautiously approaches the door, which OPENS automatically. As he tentatively moves inside...

INT. TIME-LOCK (OPTICAL)

A small vestibule. As soon as the door LOCKS and SEALS, a TEMPORAL COMPRESSION sequence begins: reverberating sound echoes through the room, and the lights begin to flash. Archer's movements are SLOWED DOWN as time shifts and equalizes... he can barely move... it's like being underwater.

As the sequence gradually ENDS, Archer's movements return to normal. Another door OPENS leading to a dimly-lit chamber. Archer steps through...

INT. TEMPORAL CHAMBER (OPTICAL)

The dark, labyrinthine room seen earlier, but the energy barrier is inactive. Archer takes a few steps inside, until he notices something odd. As he walks, his arms BLUR in a PRE-ECHO EFFECT, swinging upward a split-second before the real arm does the same.

He looks down at his feet, and realizes that the sounds of his footsteps precede the actual step.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Puzzled, he stops and gently claps his hands together -- again, the sound precedes the action.

Unnerved, Archer slowly begins to explore the room. The architecture is unlike anything he's seen before... the futuristic alien technology is undecipherable...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Everyone looks on as Charlie reports to T'Pol, mid- conflict, urgent:

T'POL

Our mission is to return the Klingon to his homeworld. Another rescue attempt could jeopardize that mission.

CHARLIE

The Captain specifically told us to come back for him.

T'POL

As Commanding Officer, it's my job to interpret the Captain's orders...

CHARLIE

(passionate)

I just told you his orders! What's there to interpret?

T'POL

Captain Archer may very well have told you to return for him later because he knew how stubborn you can be.

CHARLIE

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

T'POL

You might've risked Klaang's life in a foolish attempt to swing back and rescue the Captain.

CHARLIE

I can't believe this!

Over the above, a low boom... then JOLT! Tension rising:

T'POL

The situation must be analyzed logically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I don't remember the Captain "analyzing"
anything when he went back for you on
that roof.

T'POL

That's a specious analogy.

CHARLIE

Is it?

OFF T'Pol's unreadable expression...

CUT TO:

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -TEMPORAL CHAMBER (OPTICAL)

Archer is inspecting the podium that we saw Silik standing at earlier. The opposing podium is not present. He eyes the metallic archway overhead...

Suddenly, we hear the low, reverberating sound of the time-lock. Archer draws his weapon and turns for the door, which is OPENING. The dark vestibule beyond appears empty as the door closes and seals.

Archer slowly backs away, silently listening, senses heightened. After a long beat, he hears a very quiet pre-echoing effect, followed by another... and another... he realizes they're the footsteps of an unseen assailant.

Archer ducks behind one of the sides of the archway. We hear Silik's VOICE pre-echoing:

SILIK'S VOICE

You're wasting your time. Klanng knows
nothing.

The eerie sounds of Silik's footsteps can again be heard. Archer tries to track the sound with his raised pistol.

SILIK'S VOICE (CONT'D)

It would be unwise to discharge that
weapon in this room.

ARCHER

What is this room? What goes on in here?

SILIK'S VOICE

You're very curious, Jack. May I call you
Jack?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The footsteps continue, Archer trying to follow them with his weapon...

ARCHER

Am I supposed to be impressed that you know my name?

SILIK'S VOICE

I've learned a great deal about you... even more than you know.

ARCHER

Well, I guess you have me at a disadvantage. So why don't you drop the invisible man routine and let me see who I'm talking to?

Silence. OFF the tension...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -BRIDGE

T'Pol in command. Reed, Mayweather, Hoshi, crewmen all working their stations.

REED

Hull plating's been re-polarized.

T'POL

(to Mayweather)

Stand by impulse engines.

(taps a control)

Mister Tucker, status?

CLOSE ANGLE - ON CHARLIE

working in another part of the ship. We can't tell where he is.

CHARLIE

The auto-sequencer's on-line... but annular confinement's still off by two microns.

T'FOL'S COM VOICE

That should suffice.

CHARLIE

Easy for you to say.

INT. BRIDGE

T'POL

(to com)

If the Suliban have re-established their defenses, we'll have no other option.

INT. SULIBAN HELIX - TEMPORAL CHAMBER (OPTICAL)

Archer searching the darkness for signs of movement, pistol raised...

SILIK'S VOICE

You wouldn't have come looking for Klaang if Sarin had told you what she knew.

(beat)

That means you're no threat to me, Jack... but I need you to leave this room.

The time-lock door hisses OPEN.

SILIK'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Now.

Archer hears the footsteps again, but this time he sees something --a slight DISTORTION against the far wall. He quickly FIRES! A blurred PRE-ECHO of the shot precedes the blast itself.

Both miss Silik, and STRIKE the far wall. A jagged WAVE of temporal energy emanates from the point of impact and sweeps across the room. Archer is knocked against a bulkhead, where he holds his head in pain until the wave dissipates.

SILIK'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I warned you not to fire the weapon.

Archer again sees the slight distortion as Silik moves across the room...

ARCHER

This chameleon thing... pretty fancy.

(pointed)

Was it payment for pitting the Klingons against each other? A trophy from your Temporal Cold War?

Suddenly, a BLUR of PRE-ECHO MOTION rushes at Archer, immediately followed by Silik, who becomes VISIBLE and SMASHES into him! Archer is knocked hard to the ground, his pistol slides away...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archer quickly gets to his feet. Silik trains the pistol on him.

SILIK

I was going to let you go, Jack.

ARCHER

(slowly backing away)

Really? Then you obviously don't know as much about me as you thought you did.

SILIK

On the contrary. I could've told you what day you were going to die... but I suppose that's about to change.

Silik FIRES the pistol! The PRE-ECHO HITS Archer square in the chest, but before the real beam can reach him, Archer DARTS to his left and the blast MISSES him by inches!

As Archer LEAPS behind a large bank of alien consoles, the SHOCK WAVE of temporal energy sweeps across the room, knocking Silik to the ground!

Archer glances around the room, trying to figure out how to get to the open time-lock.

ARCHER

What's the matter? No genetic tricks to keep you from getting knocked on your butt?

As Silik gets into position to make his next move...

SILIK

What you call tricks we call progress.
(beat)

Are you aware that your genome is almost identical to that of an ape? The Suliban don't share humanity's patience with natural selection.

ARCHER

So to speed things up a little, you struck a deal with the devil?

During the above speech, Archer has positioned himself between Silik and the open time-lock. Still hidden behind the consoles, he's removed the communicator from his belt. Carefully calculating the next trajectory of the temporal wave, he THROWS the communicator against a monitor on the far wall!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Quick action:

-- The PRE-ECHO effect of the communicator flying through the air draws Silik's attention!

-- On impact, the monitor SPARKS! Silik whirls and FIRES the pistol!

The SHOCK WAVE emanates outward! Silik braces himself against the wave of temporal energy, and manages to remain standing!

-- Archer, however, has situated himself in the perfect spot to be THROWN into the open time-lock! The door begins to CLOSE...

INT. TIME-LOCK - CONTINUOUS (OPTICAL)

An instant before the door shuts, Silik slips inside! The door LOCKS and SEALS and the temporal decompression sequence begins.

Archer and Silik are momentarily disoriented, their movement SLOWED by the forces in the room. Each man is desperately trying to be the first to regain control of his body...

Slowly, Silik is raising the weapon.

Archer, using every ounce of strength, manages to push against the wall behind him and SMASHES into Silik in eerie SLOW-MOTION. The pistol is jarred out of Silik's hand and tumbles toward the floor...

The SOUND of it hitting the deck signals that time is gradually returning to normal.

The two men begin to struggle...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS GIANT - CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

ENTERPRISE is roaring toward us, directly below the roiling blue clouds. Several CELL SHIPS are strafing it, firing weapons. We PAN with Enterprise to see it's heading toward the HELIX, FIRING TORPEDOES as it goes!

INT. BRIDGE

Continuous SHAKES and JOLTS from the attack outside.

REED

We have four more coming up off
starboard!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'POL
(to Mayweather)
Can we dock, Lieutenant?

A huge SHAKE !

MAYWEATHER
(urgently working helm)
These aren't ideal conditions!

T'POL
(taps con button)
Mister Tucker... we're going to Plan B.

INT. SULIBAN HELIX -TIME-LOCK (OPTICAL)

Archer and Silik on the floor, locked in combat. Time has returned to normal. As the sound of the temporal decompression comes to an end, the outer-door begins to OPEN...

The men struggle for the nearby pistol. Archer gets the upper-hand and forces Silik to the floor, pinning his upturned wrists. A tense beat, then Silik begins to DISLOCATE his wrist in a grotesque rotation, allowing him to reach the gun!

Archer realizes he's no match for this... PUNCHES Silik hard in the face, which gives him the opportunity to leap off him and BOLT out the door! As Silik grabs the pistol and heads after him --

INT. TEMPORAL CORRIDOR -CONTINUOUS

Archer on the ' run, coming directly toward us! In the b.g., we see Silik coming out of the time-lock...

INT. BRIDGE

Shaking!

T'POL
(an order)
Now.

INT. TEMPORAL CORRIDOR (OPTICAL)

Archer, running right at us, begins to DEMATERIALIZE in MID-STRIDE! Silik takes aim and FIRES! But the blast passes harmlessly through the Transporter effect and whizzes past camera!

INT. ENTERPRISE- TRANSPORTER ALCOVE (OPTICAL)

Archer MATERIALIZES on the Transporter pad. He stumbles forward, stopping his forward motion, glances around, startled... slowly realizing what's just happened. Charlie approaches from the Transporter control station.

CHARLIE

(to com)

Bridge, we've got him!

(to Archer)

Sorry, Captain. We had no other choice.

There's a strong SHAKE from the attack outside. Archer is oblivious to it, as he pats down his body, checking that he's in one piece.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS GIANT - CLEAR LAYER (OPTICAL)

ENTERPRISE veers off, roaring BACK UP into the blue layer!

EXT. SPACE -GAS GIANT, OUTER-ATMOSPHERE (OPTICAL)

Our ship BLASTS into normal space and JUMPS to WARP!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KRONOS - DAY (OPTICAL)

The gothic towers of the Klingon High Council Chamber rise above the smoggy yellow haze of the teeming capital city.

INT. KLINGON HIGH COUNCIL CHAMBER (OPTICAL)

The ancient room is constructed of stone and wood beams; huge torches create eerie shadows. Four KLINGON COUNCIL MEMBERS sit on raised thrones above the chamber floor. They wear ceremonial regalia adorned with primitive weapons. Twenty or so other Klingons stand below them, including numerous armed guards. The Council Members are in the middle of a heated debate, yelling at each other in Klingon (see ADDENDUM). We get the feeling that there is great strife among them.

There's a knock at a large wooden door. One of the members, the CHANCELLOR, stands and calls an order to the guards below.

CHANCELLOR

Malja'gor!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Three of the guards move to the door; one works a huge latch, while the other two pull it open. FOUR FIGURES stand silhouetted against the outer-chamber. One of them steps forward... shakily...

It's Klaang. He walks toward the dais and stops. We reveal that his silhouetted colleagues are Archer, T'Pol and Hoshi. Archer and Hoshi are taking in the scene with fascination and awe --it's the most alien environment they've seen yet. T'Pol, however, is unfazed.

Klaang tries to muster as much strength and dignity as he can.

KLAANG
(to Chancellor)
Wo'mig:h Oag:h! Q'a121a

Hoshi leans in to Archer:

HOSHI (SOTTO)
Something about disgracing the Empire...
he says he's ready to die.

The Chancellor stands and slowly walks down the great stone steps, pulling a jagged DAGGER from its sheath. Klaang tenses as the Chancellor stops before him and raises the knife...

Archer, T'Pol and Hoshi look on, fearing the worst...

The Chancellor grabs Klaang's wrist and draws the blade across his palm. Klaang looks puzzled. The Chancellor calls to a nearby aide:

CHANCELLOR
Pog!

The aide approaches with a small VIAL. He holds it up, as the Chancellor turns Klaang's hand, allowing a few drops of BLOOD to fall into it.

The aide carries the vial to a large APPARATUS, which seems far more high-tech than anything else in the chamber. He pours a drop of blood onto a sensor pad, and inserts it into the apparatus. A large SCREEN illuminates, displaying highly magnified KLINGON BLOOD CELLS. As the aide works the controls, the image continues to MAGNIFY.

The Council Members mutter guttural sounds of approval.

The enlarging image now shows spirals of DNA, which continue to magnify... until we can see a new, distinctive PATTERN taking form within the MOLECULES themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The High Council continues to mutter in anticipation. Archer, T'Pol and Hoshi watch silently.

The aid keeps working the controls, and each piece of the molecular pattern begins to ROTATE, revealing hidden SULIBAN DATA: coordinates, maps, text, schedules, etc.

The chamber ERUPTS with shouts of gruff approval! The room quiets as the Chancellor turns and walks toward our team. He lifts the dagger to Archer's throat.

CHANCELLOR (CONT'D)
(to Archer)
ChugDah heg:h... volcha va~.

With that, the Klingon lowers the blade and walks away.

ARCHER
(sotto, to Hoshi)
I'll take that as a thank you.

HOSHI
I don't think they have a word for thank you.

ARCHER
What'd he say?

HOSHI
(unnerved)
You don't want to know.

As Archer takes this in...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit of KRONOS.

INT. READY ROOM

Porthos is lying on his back, his four legs in the air, while Archer scratches his belly. The door chimes.

ARCHER
(standing)
Come in.

T'Pol and Charlie ENTER, having been summoned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I've just gotten a response to the message I sent to Admiral Forrest. He enjoyed telling the Vulcan High Command about the Suliban we ran into.

(tweaking T'Pol)

It's not every day he gets to be the one dispensing information.

T'Pol raises an eyebrow.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I wanted you both to hear Starfleet's orders before I inform the crew.

CHARLIE

Orders?

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)

Your people are sending a transport to pick you up.

T'POL

I was under the impression that Enterprise would be taking me back to "Earth."

ARCHER

It would be a little out of our way.

(to Charlie)

Admiral Forrest sees no reason why we shouldn't keep going.

CHARLIE

(enthused)

Son of a bitch!

ARCHER

I have a feeling Doctor Phlox won't mind staying around for a while. He's developing a fondness for the human endocrine system.

CHARLIE

I'll get double shifts on the repair work.

ARCHER

I think the outer-hull's going to need a little patching up. Let's hope that's the last time somebody takes a shot at us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

Let's hope

Charlie and T'Pol turn for the door.

ARCHER

T'Pol... would you stick around for a minute?

She stays behind as Charlie EXITS. Archer takes a moment...

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Ever since I can remember, I've seen Vulcans as an obstacle... always keeping us from standing on our own two feet.

T'POL

I understand.

ARCHER

No, I don't think you do.

(beat)

If I'm going to pull this off, there are a few things I have to leave behind. Things like preconceptions. Holding grudges... mistrust...

(pointed)

This mission would've failed without your help.

T'POL

I won't dispute that

Archer resists the temptation to retort... he's getting used to her dry humor.

ARCHER

I was thinking a Vulcan Science Officer could come in handy, but if I asked you to stay, it might look like I wasn't ready to do this on my own.

T'POL

Perhaps you should add pride to your list.

ARCHER

Perhaps I should.

T'Pol considers, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

T'POL

(letting him off the hook)
It might be best if I were to contact my
superiors and make the request myself...
with your permission.

ARCHER

Permission granted.

OFF the moment between them...

INT. BRIDGE

Archer and T'Pol ENTER from the Ready Room. Reed, Mayweather,
Hoshi, crewmembers at their stations.

ARCHER

I hope nobody's in a big hurry to get
home.

(to all)

Starfleet seems to think we're ready to
begin our mission.

Excited reactions

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I understand there's an inhabited planet
a few light years from here.

REED

(checks station)

Sensors show a nitrogen-sulfide
atmosphere.

HOSHI

Probably not humanoids.

ARCHER

That's what we're here to find out.

(to Mayweather)

Prepare to break orbit and lay in a
course.

As Mayweather works, Archer takes his chair.

MAYWEATHER

(off station)

I'm reading an ion storm on that
trajectory, sir... should I go around it?

As we PUSH IN on Archer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER
We can't be afraid of the wind,
Lieutenant.
(beat)
Take us to warp four.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: THE MODEL STARSHIP (OPTICAL)

flies across the morning sky! Young Archer and his Father are running along a sand dune, trying to keep up with the tiny ship. Young Archer holds the control unit.

As the starship sails gracefully into the distance father and son chasing their dream...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END