



STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

“Recalcitrant Matter”

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. ALIEN SHIP – CORRIDOR

The corridor is dark and covered with grime. We begin to move through it, soon approaching one of the few working lights. This gives us a slightly better view of our surroundings, and we can see that the walls and ceiling are covered in burn marks; spatters of multi-colored fluids also cover the walls, and stain the floor.

Soon we approach a door at the end of the corridor, admitting us to...

INT. ALIEN SHIP – BRIDGE

...the equally dark and decrepit bridge of a ship that has definitely seen better days, many years ago. We pan, taking in as much of the alien bridge as we can, noticing the antiquated computer consoles, most of which are damaged by the same kind of burn marks we saw in the corridor, or just simply don't work. Viewports line the front of the small room, and we can see the stars streaking lazily by. Panning further, we finally see the room's only two occupants; a poorly-clad, middle-aged Suliban man named DANIK, and a barely-clad young Tandarman woman named KEYLA, both sitting at a large console that can only be the ship's flight controls. Both have a curious piece of metal on their right temples.

Abruptly we change angles to see that this has all been a POV shot of a muscular young Enolian man named KURODA, who now impatiently waits for Danik to acknowledge him. He too has the strange metal object at his right temple. From their demeanor, we can tell that Kuroda and Danik don't particularly like each other. With a sigh, Danik finally takes his eyes away from the flight controls to look at Kuroda with his strange yellow eyes, giving him his full attention. Keyla spares a moment to glance between the two of them, then goes back to the flight controls.

DANIK

(in Orion, impatiently)

[What is it?]

KURODA

(also in Orion)

[OsMorri wanted me to tell you to stop putting so much strain on the engines.]

(beat)

[This bucket wasn't designed to go that fast to begin with, but with the damage we've sustained....]

DANIK

(interrupting, sarcastically)

[Is something wrong with the comm. system now?]

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KURODA

(glowering)

[No....he just doesn't want to talk to you....]

Danik shows a flicker of regret, but it is soon replaced by anger.

DANIK

[I can't help what happened, just like I can't help our situation now.]

(beat, sighing)

[I shouldn't have to explain to anyone the importance of getting out of this area.]

Before Kuroda can answer, there's a dull thunder, followed by a huge shudder, sending Kuroda sprawling to the floor and making Danik and Keyla cling on to their respective consoles to avoid doing the same. We quickly change angles to the front viewports, and watch as the stars suddenly stop streaking.

Embarrassed but otherwise unhurt, Kuroda picks himself up off the floor.

Danik exchanges a concerned look with Keyla, whose eyes are wide with fear. He pushes the comm. button.

DANIK

[Engine room, what happened?]

INT. ALIEN SHIP – ENGINE ROOM

Like the bridge, the ship's engine room is dark and grimy. Broken parts lie scattered about, giving a cluttered feel, and just making the place look even more dirty and non-functional. Alarms are sounding, but they sound weak and pathetic. Sparks fly from what little equipment appears to be anywhere near functional. We pan, until we can see two younger-looking men working on what can only be this ship's warp core, a tall, narrow, ungainly piece of equipment, which features the same burn marks and spatters of colored fluids that we've seen throughout the rest of the ship.

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

(concerned, angry)

[Engine room, what's going on down there!?!]

Suddenly, a figure slides down a ladder leading to the upper part of the warp core. We see that he's also an Enolian, but much older, with graying hair. This is OSMORRI, the man Kuroda mentioned to Danik, and he, like every other character we've seen, has the metal object on his temple as well.

OsMorri gives a frustrated sigh as he rapidly makes his way to the nearest comm. panel.

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OSMORRI

(also in Orion, growling slightly)

[We’re a little busy trying to keep this ship from blowing up in our faces Danik.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

(annoyed)

[Are you going to answer my question or not?]

OSMORRI

(very angry)

[You want to know what happened!?! Exactly what I warned you would happen!]

(beat, taking a deep breath)

[This worthless piece of excrement would have had a hard time keeping these kinds of speeds up when it was brand new and in perfect repair! It’s too old and too damaged!]

OsMorri takes another breath that almost sounds like a sob; in that moment, his face contorts, changing abruptly from anger to despair.

OSMORRI

(choking up)

[There’s nothing I can do! It’s damaged beyond repair!]

The two men in the background look up from what they’re doing and look at OsMorri at this, then exchange stunned looks with each other.

INT. ALIEN SHIP – BRIDGE

Danik looks like he’s completely lost in the situation. His expression tells us that the situation is very dire and hopeless. His hand hovers above the comm. panel for a LONG BEAT, and there is complete silence and stillness on the bridge. Finally, Danik’s finger depresses the button.

DANIK

[What about the sublight engines?]

OSMORRI (COMM. VOICE)

[The port impulse manifold is cracked. We sealed it, and it’s holding for now, but I don’t know how long it’ll hold. The starboard side....]

DANIK

(interrupting)

[Has been out for days.]

(beat, sighing)

[How long will the port engine last?]

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OSMORRI (COMM. VOICE)

[Maybe a few more days....]
(growing angry gain)
[Just don't push it, or it won't even last that long!]

The comm. channel abruptly closes. Danik turns to face Keyla, who is just shy of a mental breakdown.

DANIK

[I need you to resume our course at one third engine power.]

Keyla's breathing becomes more rapid; her hand reaches up and touches the strange piece of metal on her temple.

KEYLA

(also in Orion, hysterical)
[They're going to find us. They're going to catch us!]
(beat)
[They'll kill us!]

Danik puts his hands on either of her arms and holds her, trying to calm her down and comfort her.

DANIK

[That's not going to happen Keyla; I won't let it happen. I'm going to get you back to your family, just like I promised.]

We change angles and focus on Kuroda, who has finally come out of shock himself.

KURODA

[She's right you know. They catch us; they'll kill us, and sell our bodies for food.]

Danik glares over his shoulder at Kuroda.

DANIK

[Stop it...]

Kuroda is apparently still in a state of shock; he goes on like Danik never said anything, almost like no one else was even there.

KURODA

[If we're lucky, they'll even do it in that order, or at least kill us before they butcher us...]

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DANIK

[Silence!!!!]

Kuroda finally shuts his mouth and looks at Danik.

KURODA

[But I’ve seen it happen, that’s what they did to my brother when he tried to escape. They made me watch...]

DANIK

(desperate)

[We all knew the consequences before we acted, but I’m not going to let that happen to us.]

Kuroda says nothing in reply, standing there listlessly.

DANIK

[Don’t just stand there, go help OsMorri, or find something to do.]

Kuroda seems to regain his earlier attitude, and though he says nothing, he glares very intensely at Danik before turning and leaving the room.

EXT. SPACE

We finally get a look at the strange alien ship, now hanging dead in space. Its exterior is every bit as old and battered as the interior. We can tell that it’s been through a lot, with burns that could have only come from weapons fire, and other impact damage pockmarking the hull, including what can only be the ship’s warp nacelles. We zoom out, and pan slightly, showing that the small ship is all alone in the vastness of space as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

We fade in on a different angle of the same strange alien ship, now moving very slowly forward. Suddenly, there’s a flash of light in the distance, and a streaking of color and light that coalesces into a shape we recognize – *Enterprise* has just dropped out of warp nearby, and now approaches the alien ship at impulse.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

CAPTAIN JONATHAN ARCHER looks thoughtfully at the damaged alien ship being displayed on the viewscreen.

ARCHER

Looks like someone worked them over pretty good.

(beat)

Analysis?

SUB-COMMANDER T’POL makes a few adjustments to her science panel and looks into her holographic scanner for a BEAT.

T’POL

(still looking into scanner)

The vessel has taken heavy damage to their hull from what appears to be several impacts with dense objects, as well as damage caused by disruptor fire.

(beat, scanning deeper)

Internal systems appear to be damaged as well.

(sitting up and looking at Archer)

Radiation from their warp core is preventing more detailed scans.

Archer’s features grow concerned. He faces MAJOR MALCOLM REED, sitting at the Tactical station, apparently engrossed in his panel, as usual.

ARCHER

Major, do a long range scan and see if whoever did this might still be nearby.

(beat, almost forgetting)

Should probably do a threat analysis of the unknown vessel too.

REED

(without even looking away from his panel)

Already on it, Sir.

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Reed inputs a few more commands and watches a radar-like monitor for several moments. As Reed continues to watch, making adjustments as he does, Archer turns his attention briefly back to T'Pol, barely looking over his shoulder at her from his command chair.

ARCHER

Survivors?

T'Pol doesn't even bother to run another scan; she simply looks blankly at Archer.

T'POL

As I reported earlier, radiation from the warp core-

ARCHER

(interrupting, with a hint of irritation)

Is interfering with detailed scans...

Archer stops looking in her direction and looks up at the viewscreen again. T'Pol closes her mouth and continues to look blankly at Archer, giving away only the slightest indication that Archer's interruption had any effect on her.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I heard you the first time, Sub-Commander. I was just hoping you could at least tell me if anyone's actually still flying that thing.

(beat, to Reed)

Major?

REED

(off console)

There don't appear to be any other vessels in our scanning range Captain.

(beat, looks into holo-scanner)

The unknown vessel appears to be a straight-forward transport; no armaments detected, but as the sub-commander said, radiation from their damaged warp drive is interfering with scans.

Sitting back in his chair, Reed finally looks back at Archer for a moment to see if the captain has any more instructions for him.

ARCHER

Are they still transmitting that distress signal Ensign Sato?

ENSIGN HOSHI SATO looks back at her captain, ear receiver firmly in place.

SATO

Aye, Captain; it's been retransmitting in a constant loop since we picked it up.

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ARCHER

(at Reed)
Any sign that they’ve detected our approach?

T’POL

(before Reed can answer)
If they have, they have given no indication.

Reed and Archer briefly look over at T’Pol, who looks as confident and centered as ever.

REED

There’s been no change in course or speed, sir.

ARCHER

Then, I think it’s about time we offered a helping hand...
(beat, to Sato)
Open a channel.

There’s a tone from the Communications console as Sato inputs the proper command.

SATO

Channel open.

Archer sits up straight in his chair as he focuses on the alien ship on the viewscreen.

ARCHER

This is the United Earth Ship *Enterprise*. We picked up your distress call and stand ready to render assistance.

There’s a BEAT with nothing but static coming from the Communications console.

SATO

(off Archer’s questioning look)
They are receiving.

ARCHER

We can only presume that you require medical attention because of the radiation leak in your warp core.

(beat)
If this is the case, we could send over a medical team.

Suddenly, there’s a beep as the other ship engages their comm. system.

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

(in Orion)
[Whoever you are, we don’t need any help. Just leave us alone.]

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Captain Archer exchanges a confused look with Ensign Sato.

ARCHER

Can you make any sense of that, Hoshi?

Creases form in Sato’s brow as she replay’s the alien transmission, concentrating on what few words were offered. She enters a few commands into her console, letting the computer chew on it for a BEAT. Finding nothing, she shakes her head in frustration.

SATO

I need more, Captain. There simply isn’t a large enough sample in that transmission to even attempt any translation.

Reluctantly, Archer turns his attention to T’Pol.

ARCHER

I don’t suppose that language sounds familiar to you?

T’POL

No.

ARCHER

(to Sato)

Reestablish a channel.

Sato inputs the proper command and we hear the tone of a comm. channel opening again. She nods at Archer.

ARCHER

Unknown vessel, unfortunately we can’t understand your last transmission. Are you able to understand us? Do you require assistance?

BEAT

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[Look, I don’t know who you are or what you’re saying, but we’d really rather be left alone.]

(beat, under his breath)

[It’s like I’m talking to a ship full of imbeciles.]

Archer again looks questioningly at Sato, who’s concentrating as hard as she can on what Danik is saying, as well as entering her best guesses into the computer translation matrix. We change angles briefly to see Sato’s console more clearly. We can’t make the words themselves out but we can see them move around within a matrix, attempting to match up with each other.

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ARCHER

My Communications Officer is trying to work on a translating what you’re saying so we can understand each other, but she needs you to keep talking.

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

(to Keyla)

[I don’t even know why I’m bothering talking to these aliens. We’re just lucky it’s not the Orions.]

KEYNA (COMM. VOICE)

(more quietly, also in Orion)

[Maybe they can help us.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[How can they? We can’t even understand each other.]

(cynically)

[For all our luck, they’ll probably try to make us their slaves.]

Sato continues to concentrate as she begins to put it together. She makes a point of checking and double checking her translation matrix each time she speaks to the aliens.

SATO

(in broken Orion)

[We...] Earth [ship] *Enterprise*.

(beat)

[We here...help you.]

T’Pol arches an intrigued eyebrow as the young woman displays her amazing abilities. Archer watches on with pride, confident in Sato’s abilities.

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[Help us? How? You wouldn’t happen to have a spare drive core on you...]

SATO

[No.]

(beat, getting frustrated as she tries to find the right word)

[Fixers help.]

(beat)

[Need you talk more. We understand more.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[Uhhh ... I guess I’m not real sure what to talk about.]

(beat, thinking)

[I guess I’d like to get to know you more before I let any of you on my ship.]

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KEYLA (COMM. VOICE)

[You have to admit that it’s pretty impressive that they’re trying.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[Unless it’s a trick...]

ARCHER

(confused)

Hoshi?

Sato puts her hand up, indicating that she needs everyone else to be quiet.

HOSHI (COMM. VOICE)

[We hear ... help ... signal. You need help? Ship looks heavy... broke.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

(confused)

[Help signal? A distress signal? I never sent a distress call...]

KEYLA (COMM. VOICE)

[I did.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

(shocked, slightly angry)

[What!?!]

Danik and Keyla start to argue, but their words fade into the background as we focus on Sato. As if sensing Archer’s growing frustration at being kept in the dark, Sato takes this opportunity to fill him in.

SATO

The captain doesn’t seem to be the one who sent the distress call. The female must have sent it without his knowledge and now they’re ... discussing their situation.

(beat, smiles)

And I’m learning more about their language as they do it.

ARCHER

(uncomfortable)

All the same, we need to know if they need our help or if we should resume our heading.

(beat, sighing)

As much as I’d like the chance to learn more about them, I wouldn’t want to impose.

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T’POL

There are no systems in the area they could reach at the speed they are currently capable of. It is unlikely that we would be “imposing” on them if you wish to render assistance.

ARCHER

They could already have one of their own ships on their way.

(beat)

We really need to talk to them to find out though. Ensign, if you would?

Sato nods and turns back to her console.

SATO

[Sorry to ... speak, but need to know ... you need help?]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[I don’t like the idea of letting people we don’t know on my ship.]

SATO

[This ship ...] *Enterprise*. [We first deep space...]

(beat, trying to find the right word)

Exploratory [vessel.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

(confused)

[Deep space what vessel?]

SATO

(frustrated, apologetic)

[Sorry, I not ... I don’t know the word.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[Are you a military ship, or some kind of merchant? We’d be happy to trade you for some parts.]

SATO

[No. We just... look at space, see what’s there.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[What species are you?]

SATO

Human.

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DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

Hew-men.

(beat, thinking)

[Never heard of your species before. What planet are you from again?]

SATO

Earth.

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[Well, whoever you are or wherever you come from, I’m not really sure you could help us, my engineer tells me that our ship is too heavily damaged to repair.]

INT. ALIEN SHIP – ENGINE ROOM

OsMorri listens intently to the conversation taking place over the engine room’s comm. panel.

SATO (COMM. VOICE)

[Our ... engineers are good; they could help to ... fix your ship.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[I’m not entirely convinced I want strangers poking around my ship.]

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The crew watches and listens to Ensign Sato as she carries on a conversation in for what all they know could be gibberish. Even Reed manages to spare the occasional fleeting moment to look away from his monitors to look in the communication officer’s direction. T’Pol watches with surprisingly open interest. Hoshi runs Danik’s last communication through her translation matrix before quickly drafting an appropriate reply.

SATO

[I do not think they cause more ... break.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[I’ll relay your offer to my engineer, and he can decide. We’ll contact you shortly.]

INT. ALIEN SHIP – ENGINE ROOM

OsMorri smirks to himself.

OSMORRI

(under his breath)

[Coward.]

OsMorri waits by the comm. panel for a BEAT.

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DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[So, do you think it’s worth the risk?]

(beat)

[Their ship is pretty well armed; they could be pirates.]

OSMORRI

[If they were pirates, they wouldn’t have to pretend to be anything else. This heap doesn’t have any weapons, and there’s no way we could run now.]

DANIK (COMM. VOICE)

[But-]

OSMORRI

(interrupting)

[Look, we don’t have much choice now, Danik. We aren’t going to make it much further before the port engine gives out. When that happens we’ll be adrift and even more helpless than we are now.]

(beat, sighing)

[We need to take a chance on this one Danik.]

INT. ALIEN SHIP – BRIDGE

Danik glowers.

DANIK

[Coming from you, that’s really saying something.]

OSMORRI (COMM. VOICE)

(gruffly)

[Let’s just hope this time it doesn’t get the rest of us killed.]

OsMorri cuts the comm. before Danik can reply, not that he can say anything at the moment anyway. OsMorri’s last statement has clearly had an effect on him, and he sighs heavily, reflecting inward for a BEAT. Keyla puts her hand on his shoulder to comfort him. He nods that he’s okay and she goes back to her controls.

DANIK

[Throttle back; let’s stop so these people can come aboard.]

Keyla pulls back on a throttle-like device on the helm. Danik flips a few switches on his control panel and activates the comm. again.

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DANIK

(reluctantly)

[*Enterprise*, we accept your offer for assistance. You can come alongside and dock with us.]

There is a short BEAT before there is a response.

SATO

[We hope ... can help. *Enterprise* out.]

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The turbolift opens and COMMANDER CHARLES “TRIP” TUCKER III strides onto the bridge, a smile on his face and a slight bounce in his step. He glances at the ship on the viewscreen as he walks up beside Archer

TUCKER

Is that it, Cap’n?

Archer glances at Tucker briefly before returning his gaze to the viewscreen.

ARCHER

Yeah, that’s it.

(beat)

Doesn’t look like much, does it?

Trip doesn’t look disappointed at all; he continues to smile and stare at it.

TUCKER

Appearances can be deceiving, sir. You know that.

(beat, off Archer’s smirk)

Besides, it might be an old piece of junk, but it’s an old alien piece of junk, and I wanna check it out to see how it works.

ARCHER

(smiling)

I guess you’ll get a chance. I want you to assemble an engineering team to assist them in repairs; provided it isn’t a lost cause like its “captain” told us.

(beat)

Helm, initiate docking procedures.

ENSIGN TRAVIS MAYWEATHER begins to work his controls, and we can see the alien ship getting closer on the viewscreen as the helmsman maneuvers *Enterprise* into position

MAYWEATHER

Aye Captain, initiating docking procedure.

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ARCHER

(to Tucker)

I think I'll have to go over and check it out with you, just to satisfy my own curiosity.

Reed, having been listening to the conversation between the captain and the chief engineer, turns to face them now.

REED

I'd advise against that, sir. It'd really be better if you remained aboard *Enterprise* for the time being.

Archer and Tucker both lose their smiles and stare blankly at Reed.

ARCHER

Why's that?

REED

To be perfectly blunt sir, we simply don't know enough about them yet. We don't know who they are, where they come from, or why they were attacked.

ARCHER

(forcing a smile)

That's what we're out here to find out, Major. We're out here to make contact with other civilizations in the interest of learning more about them. How better to learn more about them than walking up to them and saying "hi"?

REED

It's difficult to say "hi", Captain, if you're dead or injured.

(nodding toward Tucker)

I'm sure the commander will be able to find all that out for you, though I'd like to send a few of my people with his people, just in case.

Archer and Tucker exchange looks with each other briefly, both their eyebrows raised in mild surprise, and self-admission that Reed may have a point.

ARCHER

All right. We'll play it your way this time, Major, but I want your people to keep a low profile; after all, we don't want to make a bad first impression.

Reed nods, assenting to his commanding officer's wishes.

T'POL

I believe it would be appropriate for me to accompany the boarding party as well, Captain, as both first officer of *Enterprise*, and the senior science officer.

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Archer’s expression sours, and he doesn’t even bother looking at her as he replies.

ARCHER

(mildly annoyed)

I suppose it is logical for you to lead the boarding party.

(beat)

But stay out of Commander Tucker’s way, and don’t interfere with the repair operations.

T’Pol raises an eyebrow.

T’POL

I had presumed to assist the repair efforts.

ARCHER

I’ll leave that up to Trip, as chief engineer.

(beat, snidely)

It might be more useful if you could interact with the crew, learn what you can about them in your capacity as “science” officer.

Tucker looks over T’Pol, clearly not liking the idea of working with the Vulcan when he’s hoping to have fun exploring the alien ship, but also not dismissing the idea out of hand either. He continues to look at her though he speaks to Archer. T’Pol returns his gaze, giving no indication of her own thoughts, though Tucker’s rudeness isn’t lost on her.

TUCKER

The sub-commander was pretty helpful when we were patching up the hull. I’ll decide if I need the extra pair of hands once I’ve looked things over on that ship.

T’POL

May Ensign Sato accompany me? Her linguistic skill would be useful when interacting with the transport ship’s crew.

The young ensign perks up at the mention of her name, and grows excited at the prospect of joining the boarding party.

ARCHER

No, I want her here, in case another ship shows up.

(to Sato)

Ensign, load your translation matrix onto padds for each member of the boarding party.

Sato only shows a little of her disappointment.

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SATO

I’ll do my best Captain, but it won’t be as complete as I’d like it to be.

ARCHER

It’ll have to do.

(beat)

And Major, since you brought it up, I’d like you to find out who attacked them and why.

REED

Yes sir.

(switching on comm. panel)

Lieutenant Picard, report to the Tactical station on the bridge.

Tucker, feeling in a considerably less enthusiastic mood, looks over the bridge one last time.

TUCKER

(sarcastically)

Well, you all have fun; I’m going to go get my team together.

T’Pol watches with a hint of confusion at what the engineer meant as he turns and reenters the turbolift. Archer watches too, and his face brightens again slightly. He chuckles a little to himself as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ALIEN SHIP – BRIDGE

Keyla is still at the helm, turning now to see Danik lead T’Pol and Reed in. She’s definitely curious to check out the new arrivals, but they don’t look all that different from herself so she isn’t awestruck or anything.

Danik motions toward the station we’ve seen him sit in since we first saw him. T’Pol readies her padd, as does Reed.

DANIK

[This is the navigation console. I’ve been having trouble with navigation lately, but it doesn’t seem to be damaged on this end, so it must be somewhere else in the system.]

(indicating Keyla’s position)

[Keyla there is sitting at the flight controls, which still work, but ever since the engines got damaged she hasn’t had much to do.]

Reed and T’Pol read the translation on their padds, but Reed is a bit quicker to reply than T’Pol.

REED

[How did ship get damaged?]

Keyla looks nervously to Danik, but the Suliban man keeps his cool.

DANIK

[I suppose it’s only fair to tell you since you’re helping us.]

(beat, thinking)

[We were attacked by a Nausicaan privateer, and suffered heavy damage before we were able to evade them in an asteroid field.]

REED

[The blood?]

DANIK

(coolly)

[They were able to board us, and inflicted many casualties before we were able to repel them.]

Reed reads his padd and digests the information.

REED

[I see. My condolences.]

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Danik bows his head out of respect for the dead. When he looks back up, T’Pol is already scanning the navigation console, which looks surprisingly complicated for such an old ship, with few labels, or at least few legible labels.

T’Pol sets her scanner down on the console itself and we can see a diagram of the console, with labels in Vulcan indicating each control’s function. T’Pol notes Danik tense up and checks her padd again.

T’POL

[I am checking the function of each control so I can operate this console.]

(off Danik’s still concerned expression)

[Do you have a course laid in for your home port?]

DANIK

[Not really. We don’t really have a “home port”, we simply seek work wherever it is.]

T’POL

Enterprise [contains a library of local systems in this area, if we could be of assistance...]

DANIK

(forcing a smile)

[I don’t think that will be necessary.]

For a moment, Keyla looks pleadingly at Danik, but when she notices that she has T’Pol’s scrutinizing eyes on her, she pretends to go back to her flight controls.

DANIK (CONT’D)

[We’d really appreciate it though if you could help find the damage to the navigation systems and repair it.]

T’POL

[I believe that is possible.]

T’Pol takes out her communicator and opens it.

T’POL

Sub-Commander T’Pol to Commander Tucker.

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)

Tucker here, go ahead.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

T’POL

I require assistance and equipment to diagnose this ship’s navigation systems. Could you or a member of your team report to this ship’s bridge?

TUCKER

(mildly annoyed)

Not at the moment, no. I’d tell you to come down here to get any tools you need, but I need to check out the propulsion systems first to get a better idea of what I need myself.

T’POL

Understood. T’Pol out.

T’Pol abruptly closes the communicator and puts it away.

REED

So what’s the plan, Sub-Commander?

T’POL

For now I will scan their systems for malfunctions that interfere with their navigation systems and catalog them for Commander Tucker’s team to inspect at a later time.

T’Pol retrieves her scanner from the navigation console and begins to scan the surrounding area, beginning the process she just laid out to Reed. Danik watches on with much interest, and perhaps even a little annoyance. Reed puts together a new translation on his padd to feign disinterest in what’s going on, but keeps a stealthy eye on everyone in the room.

REED

(to Danik)

[What species are you?]

DANIK

(distracted)

[What?]

REED

[Your people, I do not think my people have ever encountered yours before.]

DANIK

[I’m Suliban, and Keyla is Tandarani. Most of the others are Tandarani or Enolian.]

(beat)

[There are a few others who have kept the name of their species to themselves though, but it’s a very diverse crew.]

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

DANIK (CONT'D)

(considering Reed)

[What did the other say you were?] Hew-men?

On what looks like a blossoming conversation we

CUT TO:

INT. ALIEN SHIP – ENGINE ROOM

The engineering team, all in radiation suits, takes equipment out of its carrying cases and arranges it in an organized manner. The SFs, led by 2ND LIEUTENANT AMANDA COLE, hang back and keep an eye on the alien engineers, trying to stay out of the way. Unfortunately, they look exactly like the military personnel they are and this causes many of the alien engineers to appear uncomfortable around them. OsMorri walks up to join them.

OSMORRI

[Welcome aboard. I hope you know what you're getting yourselves into.]

OsMorri's mouth turns up at the corners, indicating his humor. Trip takes a moment to translate, but smiles as he understands.

TUCKER

[I've always liked a challenge.]

The engineer takes a moment to look at his surroundings, and is awed by the sight of the ship's large warp core, which is every bit as large as the one in his own engine room, but without much of the external equipment. It's plainly damaged, but still impressive to look at nonetheless.

TUCKER

Wow....

Tucker anxiously keys up several questions he wants to ask; OsMorri smiles at the human's eagerness.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

[Where are your injectors at? How do you control your reaction?]

OSMORRI

[Most of it is damaged, but I'd be happy to show you how it all works.]

OsMorri leads Tucker to the core itself and points at a part of it.

OSMORRI (CONT'D)

[The injectors are built into the core itself with extra reinforcement to help contain the reactants.]

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

Tucker pulls out a scanner and eagerly watches as OsMorri gives him the nickel tour.

OSMORRI (CONT'D)

[The reaction is controlled in here...]
(opening a portion of the core)
[...in its own magnetically contained chamber.]

We notice the lack of any kind of crystal in the chamber, the matter and antimatter swirling and mixing together as if by magic.

Tucker quickly types up something to say.

TUCKER

(reading carefully from padd)
[That is amazing, but how is the reaction itself...]
(having trouble with wording)
[How do you mix without a] dilithium [crystal?]

OSMORRI

(confused)
[Pardon?]

TUCKER

[On my ship. we use a] dilithium [crystal to control the reaction. Otherwise the reaction wouldn't be stable.]

OsMorri grunts.

OSMORRI

[I know other ships that do that, but I've seen more engines that work this way.]

TUCKER

[That's impressive; I'd like to learn more about this.]

OsMorri shrugs and looks cynical.

OSMORRI

[I'll do my best, but I never was much of an instructor, even without the language barrier.]
(pointing at Tucker's padd)
[I'm betting that toy of yours won't work when we get into the more complicated stuff.]
(beat, sighing)
[For that matter we'll probably have a hard enough time as it is repairing this worthless heap.]

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

TUCKER

(smiling)

[Maybe we can try after we’re done.]

OsMorri nods in agreement and perks up a little. Tucker takes this opportunity to look over some of the damage to the warp core, admiring the durability of the alien equipment.

TUCKER

[It took a lot of damage and didn’t breach. Not sure if my engine would do that.]

OSMORRI

[It didn’t hold up well enough though.]

(indicating their radiation suits)

[It’s spewing radiation into this compartment and the reaction is barely generating enough power to recharge emergency power.]

TUCKER

[How did it get shot up anyway?]

OsMorri is suddenly nervous. His body goes rigid and his face goes slack. He simply stares at a confused Tucker for a LONG BEAT before answering.

OSMORRI

(evasively)

[It’s a ... long story, and I’d rather not go into it.]

(beat, collecting himself)

[We lost a lot of good people.]

TUCKER

[Fair enough.]

(beat, pointing toward control consoles)

[We should probably get to work.]

OsMorri nods and leads Tucker to the console. They join the rest of the engineering team, who now have various scanning devices in hand and are running them over the engine components.

INT. ALIEN SHIP – BRIDGE

T’Pol finishes her scan and types up a translation. When finished, she looks intently at Danik.

T’POL

[There does not appear to be any damage to your navigation systems on this level.]

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

DANIK

(grudgingly)

[I guess I’ll have to show you where the rest of the system is routed.]

T’POL

(raising an eyebrow)

[If you would like it repaired.]

Danik’s eyes change slightly as he glares at T’Pol. T’Pol stands her ground, but Reed can’t suppress a grimace at the Suliban’s strange appearance, especially his multi-pupiled eyes.

DANIK

[Follow me.]

Danik opens the hatch and leads them back out into the corridor.

INT. ALIEN SHIP – CORRIDOR

T’Pol pauses a moment, and Danik looks back at her.

T’POL

[I am curious; how is it you are all able to speak the same language? You are clearly of different species yet each of you appears to be fluent.]

Danik harrumphs.

DANIK

(sarcastically)

[You may have noticed the shiny pieces of metal we all have in our foreheads...]

(beat, off T’Pol’s minimal acknowledgement)

[They’re implants that tap into the language centers of our brain, so basically they process everything for us so we all hear and speak the same thing. There, is your curiosity satisfied?]

T’Pol gives him a look that lets him know that she acknowledges his rudeness, but refuses to be affected by it. She makes a point of being slower than normal in keying up a response.

T’POL

[Yes.]

Danik frowns hard and motions for T’Pol and Reed to follow him down the corridor.

INT. ALIEN SHIP – (ANOTHER) CORRIDOR

Danik impatiently leads his two “guests” down the corridor. T’Pol and Reed both eye the many burn marks and colored stains that cover the walls and floor. T’Pol pulls out her scanner and

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

focuses it along one of the walls as she walks. Danik gives her a sour look, but says nothing as he continues to lead them down the corridor.

REED

(pensively)

Is that what I think it is, Sub-Commander?

T’POL

Readings do seem to indicate a copper-based hemoglobin, as well as samples of iron-based, and even lithium-based hemoglobin, all from different donors.

Reed grunts.

REED

So it is blood.

T’POL

I believe I just said that, Major.

Reed allows himself a small smile.

REED

That you did.

(beat, serious again)

I don’t suppose any of it is Nausicaan, is it?

T’Pol checks her scanner briefly, typing in a few commands.

T’POL

No.

REED

(grimly)

Didn’t think so; it always left a pretty unique stain.

We change angles to view the trio from the front as Danik leads them to a hatch with a label written in Orion on it. Danik grunts with effort as he pulls on the latch and pushes the hatch open. There is an odd rush of air as the pressure equalizes between the room and the corridor, an obvious sign that the door hasn’t been opened in a long time.

INT. ALIEN SHIP – NAVIGATION ROOM

What little light there is in the corridor filters through the door. Danik fumbles along the wall for a BEAT, until he finds what he’s looking for. The lights come on suddenly, brightly at first, but soon most of them go out, and the few that remain on only glow dimly. Both T’Pol and Reed

FOUNDATIONS: "Recalcitrant Matter"

squint against the sudden brightness, and again at the sudden darkness as their eyes try to adjust to the different levels of light in the strange room.

DANIK

[This is the main processor for the navigation system. It links the raw feed from the sensors to the console on the bridge after it's been processed.]

T'Pol and Reed take in their new surroundings. The room itself isn't very large, and the computer equipment takes up most of the room, making it seem that much smaller.

Danik punches a few buttons on the attached console, bringing the attached monitor to life.

T'Pol trains her scanner on the equipment, running a few diagnostics on it before placing the scanner on the processor's console. As on the bridge, we see a diagram of the console appear her scanner's screen. T'Pol works the console, and diagrams begin to appear on the monitor.

T'POL

[There does appear to be a discrepancy in the system, but I am having difficulty isolating it.]

Danik nods, only half-interested. He appears more concerned with watching exactly what it is that T'Pol does to the console.

Reed takes a place close to T'Pol's right side, and she appears to grow slightly uncomfortable at his proximity. Reed remains oblivious, other things on his mind.

REED

(whispering)

Something isn't right here.

(beat, off T'Pol raised eyebrow)

There's too many discrepancies between what they've told us and what we've seen for ourselves.

T'POL

Agreed.

REED

I think we need to do a little investigating here.

T'POL

It is not our place to do so, Major.

REED

(growing angry)

It is if we're helping pirates or murderers repair their ship.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

T’Pol stops working the console to give Reed an icy look, but he stands his ground. After a BEAT, her expression softens slightly.

Danik is growing concerned at watching the display, partly because he can’t understand what Reed and T’Pol are saying, and partly because they are trying to whisper while obviously having some kind of disagreement.

DANIK

[Is there a problem?]

T’POL

[No. The major and I are discussing what to do next.]

DANIK

(not buying it)

[I see.]

Danik turns and heads back for the door as Reed starts to resume his conversation with T’Pol; this time, however, they are clearly conspiring. Their discussion fades into the background.

Danik activates the comm. panel on the wall.

DANIK

[Kuroda, I need you in the navigation room.]

KURODA (COMM. VOICE)

[On my way.]

INT. ALIEN SHIP – (ANOTHER) CORRIDOR

T’Pol takes the lead this time, following her scanner. Danik follows behind, concern on his face, and a grimly determined Reed brings up the rear, keeping his hand near his sidearm.

DANIK

(panicked)

[But none of the navigation systems are down this way!]

T’Pol ignores his plea.

Soon they round a corridor and come to another hatch, just as Kuroda comes running down the corridor.

KURODA

[What’s going on?]

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

DANIK

[I don't know; they suddenly stopped working and came here!]

(beat, eyeing the hatch)

[I think they know.]

Kuroda's eyes grow wide, and he stands in front of the hatch just as T'Pol reaches for the handle.

DANIK

(aggressively)

[You're not allowed in there!]

(off T'Pol's icy glare)

[You're going to have to leave now.]

T'Pol starts to read off her padd to translate what was just said when Reed suddenly pulls his plasma pistol.

REED

Back up! Move away from the hatch!

Both Danik and Kuroda are dumbstruck and freeze, not sure what to do, and afraid.

KURODA

[Look, we don't want any trouble here...]

Reed pulls out his communicator with his free hand and opens it.

REED

Major Reed to Security Forces, I need reinforcements at my position straight away.

PICARD (COMM. VOICE)

Deploying Bravo Team to your position now, sir.

REED

Alert Delta Team, too; tell Lieutenant Cole to be on her guard.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

What's going on, Major?

REED

We're about to find out, Captain.

Kuroda and Danik are still frozen in place. T'Pol eyes both of them.

T'POL

[I advise you to move.]

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

Reed motions for them to do so with his plasma pistol and the men comply, defeated expressions on their faces.

T’Pol opens the hatch and walks inside. She disappears off to the side momentarily, and suddenly the lights come on, revealing dozens of bodies. Some the species within we recognize, but the ones that stand out are the strangely dressed green men.

T’Pol steps back into view, scanning the bodies.

REED

(sarcastically)

And to think, you didn’t even want to look into this.

Off T’Pol’s raised eyebrow, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIEFING ROOM

1ST LIEUTENANT SUN CHEN enters the room, leading their four prisoners: Danik, Keyla, Kuroda, and OsMorri. They are followed by SERGEANT MAJOR JACK HAYES and two other SFs, all dressed in full combat gear. They keep their plasma rifles trained on the aliens.

We change angles to see Captain Archer sitting at the head of the table, looking very upset, and flanked on either side by Sub-Commander T’Pol and Major Reed. Ensign Sato stands slightly behind Archer, and quietly translates everything being said.

ARCHER

(harshly)

So am I dealing with pirates, or mutineers?

Danik and the others exchange glances; all of them look forlorn and resigned to whatever fate awaits them.

DANIK

[I guess you could call us mutineers.]

Archer’s disposition does not change, not in the least.

ARCHER

Then whose ship is that? Whose jurisdiction are you under?

DANIK

(growing angry)

[That ship was owned by the Orions, as were we.]

Archer loses a little of his anger to confusion. He looks at Sato for confirmation of her translation and she nods.

ARCHER

(slightly uncomfortable)

I think we may have a translation problem here...

(beat)

Maybe I should contact these Orions and ask them about you.

Keyla’s eyes grow wide.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

KEYLA

(terrified)

[No! Don't, they'll kill us! They'll do horrible things to us!]

ARCHER

I may not agree with other cultures, but it's not my place to dictate how they treat their prisoners, and if they still use capital punishment...

Danik laughs, somewhat sadistically.

DANIK

[Do I have to spell it out for you?]

(beat)

[They'd kill us just for being escaped slaves and sell our bodies for food. But since we killed our Orion slave masters, they'll torture us first, in the most sadistic manner they can think of. And they'd make you their slaves for your trouble.]

(beat)

[They view all other species as livestock, hew-men, you would be no different. You should thank whatever deity you believe in that you haven't made contact with the Orion Syndicate yet, and pray you never do, because once you do they will hunt all of you until they have enslaved or killed all of your kind.]

Everyone in the room is clearly taken aback by this revelation; even one of T'Pol's eyebrows is raised.

ARCHER

I hope you'll understand that I won't just take your word for it. I'll hear you out, but I want evidence to back it up.

OSMORRI

(grimly)

[The computer core might have something on it, but it got damaged during the takeover.]

REED

Just how did you manage to overthrow them if they're so terrible?

DANIK

[Because they're also arrogant.]

OSMORRI

[It wasn't easy. These things they put in our skulls might help us to communicate, but they also act as punishment devices.]

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "Recalcitrant Matter"

OSMORRI (CONT'D)

[But since they were arrogant enough to enslave a brilliant engineer like me, it was only a matter of time before I figured out how to disable their remote link to these devices.]

KURODA

(cynically)

[And since they'd gotten used to being able to control us at the push of a button, we had surprise on our side.]

REED

It all sounds a little convenient to me, Captain.

(beat)

Surely the Orions had other weapons if they were actually slave masters.

Wisely, Hoshi doesn't translate this but Danik reacts anyway.

DANIK

(angry)

[You don't believe us! I can see it in your eyes! Don't you remember the bodies in the hold?!!]

Reed and Danik glare at each other.

ARCHER

I believe it would be prudent to give them the benefit of the doubt, Major.

(off Reed's unfavorable reaction)

But before I'll grant asylum, I want to make sure the evidence backs up what's been said this time. I won't make the same mistake twice.

(to Chen)

Put them in the brig for the time being.

Chen looks at Reed for confirmation, which he gives, along with a disapproving look for good measure.

CHEN

Yes Sir.

Chen exits first, followed by the others in the same order they entered.

ARCHER

Major Reed, I'm placing you in charge of this investigation. Find out what happened on that ship.

Reed straightens and faces Archer.

FOUNDATIONS: "Recalcitrant Matter"

REED

I'll get to the bottom of it, sir.

Archer nods, and Reed quickly turns and walks briskly out of the room. As Reed leaves, Archer grudgingly looks in T'Pol's direction, but he makes a point about not looking up at her face.

ARCHER

I'd like you to coordinate with Commander Tucker; see if you can repair their computer core and find any records that would corroborate their story.

T'POL

And if I find evidence that does so?

ARCHER

Then I'll deal with that when it happens. I'll probably grant them asylum and try to get them someplace safe.

T'POL

And if these Orions come looking for their escaped slaves?

Archer glares at her, losing his patience.

ARCHER

You let me worry about that. You have your orders, Sub-Commander.

T'POL

And I shall carry them out, Captain, but as your first officer, I am obligated to inform you of any possible ramifications that your decisions may have on this ship and its crew.

And on that, T'Pol turns on her heel and exits before Archer can think of anything to say back. After a BEAT, he stands and activates the comm. panel on the wall.

ARCHER

Archer to Tucker.

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)

Go ahead.

ARCHER

(with a sigh)

I hate to do this to you Trip, but I need you to work on the aliens' computer core ... with...

(distastefully)

The sub-commander.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

BEAT

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)

(reluctantly)

I guess I can do that; she has proven useful before.

ARCHER

And she knows her way around a computer.

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)

Yeah....

(beat)

I'll do my best, Cap'n.

ARCHER

(smiling)

I know you will. Archer out.

INT. ALIEN SHIP – CARGO BAY

Doctor Phlox kneels next to the body of one of the Orions. It isn't a pretty sight, there are ugly bruises and cuts all over his mangled body, and pieces of metal appear to be randomly stuck into his skin all over his head and upper torso. Dried green blood covers the deck, which Phlox has been careful to avoid as he runs a scan over the Orion's body.

Major Reed steps into the frame, and we pan up to see him better. He looks down, watching Phlox work. We change angles to over his shoulder to see more of what he sees. We can see a few other med techs working in the background.

REED

How's it coming, Doctor?

PHLOX

So far, the most common causes of death have been blunt force trauma, deep lacerating wounds resulting in massive hemorrhaging, or a combination of both.

REED

What other causes of death were there?

Phlox finishes his scan and stands up.

PHLOX

A number of the, uh, non-Orions died from wounds caused by a small yield disruptor.

FOUNDATIONS: "Recalcitrant Matter"

REED

(curious)

Disruptor? I've heard the sub-commander reference that weapon before. What exactly is it?

PHLOX

A directed energy weapon infamous for causing the vaporization of its victims at higher settings.

REED

A powerful weapon then.

(beat, looking over the bodies)

Why weren't any of them vapourized then?

PHLOX

(somewhat distastefully)

In my experience, disruptors are typically used at lower settings.

REED

Could that be the cause of all the burn marks in other parts of the ship?

PHLOX

(shrugging)

I suppose. I've been focusing on running forensic scans on the bodies in the cargo bay.

Reed pulls out a scanner and activates it, showing Phlox the display.

REED

I took the liberty of running a few scans.

(beat)

Didn't know what to make of it; I haven't ever seen a weapon have that effect before.

PHLOX

(nodding, grimly)

Yes, I know that signature all too well.

REED

Thank you Doctor. And might I say that I appreciate having someone with your knowledge and experience around.

PHLOX

(grimacing)

More than I'd like unfortunately.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

PHLOX (CONT'D)

(off Reed's concerned look)

Suffice to say that I saw my fair share of this

(motioning to indicate the bodies that surround them)

During my time in the Denobulan infantry.

REED

(slightly uncomfortable)

I see....

(beat)

Well, I'll let you get back to work, Doctor.

Phlox nods absently and moves on to the next body. Reed takes one last sweeping look of the room, turns, and leaves.

INT. ALIEN SHIP – COMPUTER ROOM

Like the Navigation Room, the Computer Room is fairly small, and dominated by the large computer core. T'Pol works on one of the many interfaces; lines of text scroll down the monitor for her efforts, while her scanner sits unobtrusively to the side.

We hear a grunt and an electrical short and pan down to follow T'Pol's eyes and see that Tucker has opened an access panel and is partially inside the computer core itself. A few wisps of smoke from the short make their way out of the access tube and dissipate.

TUCKER

Dammit!

T'POL

Commander, it will only hamper our progress if you continue to cause more damage.

TUCKER

(frustrated)

Look, I'm trying my best here; computers aren't exactly my specialty.

The engineer fumbles around in his toolbox for a different tool and uses it to apply force to another part of the computer's innards.

T'POL

There are computer specialists on board *Enterprise*. Why did Captain Archer assign you to this task?

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

TUCKER

(grunting with effort)

Probably because he trusts me.

(beat, putting tool down and digging for another)

Besides, I thought you were something of a computer expert yourself.

T’POL

I am a science officer; I have received extensive training in many areas of that discipline.

Tucker finds the tool he’s looking for and smiles to himself.

TUCKER

(wryly)

I’ll bet...

(beat)

But, all the same, if I can’t get this working again pretty quick, I think I’ll call in Chief Gomez and one of his people to help out.

T’Pol raises her eyebrows slightly, then goes back to work on the computer interface.

We change angles and focus on Tucker as he takes his tool and applies it to a part of the computer’s innards. It makes a hissing sound, like a soldering gun, and Tucker inspects his work with satisfaction. He repeats the action on several more locations within the crawlspace.

The engineer smiles as the computer starts to hum, building up its power level. He extracts himself from the crawlspace and gives T’Pol a grin.

TUCKER

I don’t know if I’m good or lucky, but I’ll take either one.

T’Pol raises an eyebrow.

T’POL

“Luck” is an illogical concept. Your education and training allowed you to affect repairs.

Trip continues to smile broadly.

TUCKER

Why thank you, Sub-Commander.

(beat, before T’Pol can respond)

So, how long do you think it will take to access their internal sensor logs?

T’Pol directs her attention back at the interface she’s working at.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

T’POL

Unfortunately, it will likely take at least ten-point-five hours to sift through these records in order to find relevant information.

Tucker starts to work at another interface.

TUCKER

If we can even manage to make heads or tails of this.

(beat, checking translation on padd)

This translation matrix is based off of the verbal pronunciations; they don’t match up with what’s written here.

T’POL

Indeed. However, I believe that my scanner may assist our progress.

(beat, of Tucker’s questioning look)

I have been able to decipher several base-line commands.

Trip looks uncomfortable.

TUCKER

That’s a nice toy you have, but I think it’ll take us a lot longer than ten and a half hours if we have to depend on that.

(beat)

We should focus our efforts on downloading the core’s memory and give it to Ensign Sato; she’ll have a better chance of translating this than we will, even with that Vulcan hardware of yours.

T’Pol considers his assessment for a BEAT.

T’POL

Agreed.

T’Pol begins to work again, but stands to the side slightly, allowing Tucker to stand next to her at the interface to help her. Neither of them looks particularly happy to be so close to each other, but their work soon makes them forget.

We change angles to see Reed enter the room. He waits a moment, but Tucker and T’Pol are too engrossed in their work to notice his presence. He clears his throat to attract their attention.

TUCKER

How goes the investigation, Major?

REED

Forensic evidence appears to support the aliens’ claim for the most part so far, but they did leave out the fact that they had directed energy weapons on board.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "Recalcitrant Matter"

REED (CONT'D)

How's the computer coming?

T'POL

Commander Tucker was successful in repairing the memory pathways, but we require Ensign Sato's linguistic skills to decipher the information we are retrieving.

TUCKER

We're working on copying the computer memory right now so she can look it over.

REED

(confused)

Why not just use that portable alien to English dictionary the good ensign gave us?

T'POL

As her initial translation matrix was based on the verbal communication with this ship's crew, there is no basis for the written language.

REED

I see.

(beat)

I'm about to return to *Enterprise*, is there anything you'd like me to report to the Captain?

TUCKER

Not much to report right now, Major; just what we told you.

REED

I'll pass it along, Commander.

Reed starts to leave again, but he notices that Tucker and T'Pol are quickly engrossed in their work again. He allows himself a small smile.

REED

(dryly)

You know, the two of you work rather well together when you're not arguing.

The two of them turn to look at him, each giving him their own version of "huh?" before exchanging looks with each other as if they think the other knows what Reed means.

None of them has a chance to follow it up, however, as suddenly all of their communicators go off at once:

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

All hands to General Quarters.

Reed’s face slackens and he quickly turns and rushes out of the room. Tucker and T’Pol only hesitate a moment before following him.

EXT. SPACE

From an angle just over *Enterprise*’s starboard nacelle, we can see the newly arrived ORION INTERCEPTOR. Though it’s actually slightly smaller than *Enterprise*, the green-hulled ship still manages to look menacing.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The commander of the Orion Interceptor, HARRAD-SAR glowers at the crew from the viewscreen. Archer stares right back at him from the command chair. 1ST LIEUTENANT GEORGES PICARD sits at Tactical, and LIEUTENANT RAKEE GARLA sits at Science in place of the regulars.

Hoshi turns to Archer, her face showing the severity of the situation.

ARCHER

Well? What did he say Ensign?

HOSHI

(nervously)

He told us to surrender ourselves and our ship, and that we’re now the property of the Orion Syndicate.

An alarm sounds from Tactical.

PICARD

(off console)

They’re arming their weapons, Sir!

ARCHER

(grimly)

Battle stations.

The klaxon begins to sound as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: "Recalcitrant Matter"

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

We return to just after we left off from. Picard, Archer, and Garla are as we last saw them. The klaxon has stopped sounding, but the lights have dimmed and the dominant color is red.

PICARD

(urgently)

Captain! We need to get clear of the other ship so or we're fish in a barrel!

ARCHER

Have all our people made it back aboard yet?

Garla checks her console.

GARLA

No, sir.

PICARD

Captain, if we don't do it now, they won't have a ship to come back to!

(beat, checks another alarm on his console)

They're locking on to us!

ARCHER

Damn!

(to Sato)

Contact our boarding party and tell them to stay where they are!

(to Mayweather)

Seal the airlock and cut us loose, then take us out a few clicks.

(to Picard)

Lock lasers and missiles on the hostile but hold fire until my command.

EXT. SPACE

Extreme close up: The gangway between *Enterprise* and the alien ship unclamps and retracts.

We pan to a position on the port nacelle as the ship's thrusters fire with ferocity to quickly put distance between it and the alien ship. Space twists sickeningly around us as the ship reorients itself, taking up a position high above the other ship. The upper missile racks open and train on their new target.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Picard looks through his holo-targeter and places his finger over the “fire” button.

PICARD

Target acquired, Captain; ready to fire on your command.

Harrad-Sar, still on the viewscreen, looks mildly surprised at *Enterprise*'s quick response.

ARCHER

(to Sato)

Advise our new visitors that we don't respond well to threats.

The young woman nods nervously and composes herself a little before turning to her console and doing as she's told.

INT. ORION INTERCEPTOR – BRIDGE

Harrad-Sar angrily slams his fist down on his console, ending the transmission with *Enterprise*. He glares at the image of the Earth ship, weapons still ready to fire.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The turbolift opens, depositing Reed, Trip, and T'Pol onto the Bridge. Archer looks to see who it is, and is mildly surprised to see the three officers.

ARCHER

(mostly to Tucker)

Glad to see you made it.

TUCKER

Just barely.

The three recently arrived officers eye the Orion Interceptor on the viewscreen.

REED

(wryly)

We've met some new friends, I see.

T'Pol discreetly relieves Garla and takes her place at the Science console. Reed puts his hand on Picard's shoulder, letting him know that it's safe for them to switch places as well. Reed quickly takes Picard's place at Tactical. Tucker stands next to Archer, the relieved officers walking behind him and exiting into the still open turbolift.

FOUNDATIONS: "Recalcitrant Matter"

TUCKER

We were just starting to download their computer core, but now it looks like we don't have to.

ARCHER

(to Reed)

Tactical analysis; I want to know what we're up against.

(to T'Pol)

Activate electronic countermeasures.

(to Trip)

What makes you say that?

Reed and T'Pol enter commands into their consoles.

TUCKER

(indicating the viewscreen)

These ... Orions have shown up, and they must've said or done something pretty serious to make you leave most of the boarding party on the other ship.

ARCHER

(nodding, grimly)

They told us to surrender because we're now their "property".

TUCKER

So those people were telling the truth.

ARCHER

(reluctantly)

So it seems. But now we have a new situation to deal with.

(beat)

I don't think we're going to walk out of this unscathed.

TUCKER

(half serious)

You better not get my ship all shot up again, Cap'n. We just her back together!

Trip smirks and Archer gives him a sour look, but before he can say anything...

REED

I'm detecting high output directed energy weapons and some kind of missile launching system.

T'POL

(off console)

Curious.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

Archer and Trip look at T’Pol in unison.

ARCHER

What is it?

T’POL

This “Orion” ship appears to be a heavily modified Andorian frigate, and includes technology from several species, including Vulcan.

(beat, a hint of sarcasm)

Though sensor jamming technology does not appear to among them.

ARCHER

(suspiciously)

I thought you said you didn’t recognize them.

T’POL

I do not.

(beat)

The Vulcan High Command has no record of these Orions, but we have lost ships without a trace over the centuries. Apparently the Andorians have as well.

Archer seems to be satisfied, and turns back to the viewscreen.

REED

Those “disruptors” they have don’t appear to be Andorian, but they do have more power output than our lasers.

(beat)

Still, with our electronic countermeasures, we do have a slight advantage, Captain.

ARCHER

I just hope they realize that.

INT. ORION INTERCEPTOR – BRIDGE

An Orion crewman works his console.

ORION 1

[We can no longer get a clear reading, Harrad-Sar. They must have some kind of jamming equipment.]

Harrad-Sar snarls at the news.

HARRAD-SAR

[What about your previous scans?]

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

ORION 1

[They are a threat. There is substantial risk of damage if we attack them.]

Though obviously angry at the situation, Harrad-Sar glares at *Enterprise* with a purpose, carefully thinking out his next move.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The Communications console beeps, indicating an incoming transmission.

SATO

(pressing her ear receiver)

Captain, we’re receiving a transmission from the Orions, audio only this time.

Hoshi listens for a BEAT, then enters what she’s heard into her translation matrix.

SATO (CONT’D)

They say that we can recover our people from the cargo ship and leave, but we must return the escaped slaves to them.

(beat)

He also says we have to decide quickly, before he decides that the risk of “acquiring” us and our ship is worth the risk.

Archer definitely doesn’t look happy at that.

T’POL

Captain, we should consider his demands.

ARCHER

I would have thought you of all people would recognize the implications here.

T’Pol raises an eyebrow and looks at him questioningly.

ARCHER

Slavery was rightfully banned on United Earth, and unless I’m mistaken it’s a crime on Vulcan as well.

T’POL

It is, but we are not on Vulcan, nor are we on Earth. We are outside space controlled by either United Earth or the Vulcan Alliance. We have no authority over the Orions.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

TUCKER

(incensed)

I can't believe anyone can be so cold about this!

(beat, straightening)

These people are slaves! We should do everything we can to free them, whether we have authority over the Orions or not!

ARCHER

Commander Tucker is right; I see no reason why we should give into their demands.

T'POL

If *Enterprise* and the crew were not at considerable risk, an exception-

ARCHER

(interrupting, sternly)

This ship and its crew are already at risk.

(beat)

We have people trapped on that transport, which can barely move under its own power; did you forget that?

(beat, rhetorically)

And what makes you think, that these Orions won't attack us as soon as we dock to recover our boarding team?

T'POL

That is a strong possibility. Logic dictates that you consider sacrificing those crewmembers to prevent further threat to *Enterprise*.

This elicits a negative reaction from everyone on the bridge.

ARCHER

We don't leave our people behind.

TUCKER

(angrily)

I have a lot of good people stuck on that ship.

(beat, snidely)

Maybe you'd feel different if you were trapped on that ship with them.

T'POL

(coldly)

No, I would not. In fact, I would insist that you leave me to preserve the rest of the crew.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

T’POL (CONT’D)

The logical course of action is to place the needs of the many above the needs of the few. A Vulcan crew would accept their losses and retreat before incurring more.

ARCHER

(snidely)

This isn't a Vulcan crew, Sub-Commander. We don't leave our people behind. Period.

TUCKER

(interjecting)

Cap’n, you could give them asylum. That would put ‘em under United Earth protection...

(beat, looking coldly at T’Pol)

Then they’d be under our “jurisdiction”.

ARCHER

I’m already considering it, but the truth is, it’s not quite that simple, Trip.

(beat, of Tucker’s confusion)

We’re not in much of a position to enforce it beyond the four we have in our brig, and we still can’t risk docking with the other ship to recover any of our own people, let alone all the other slaves.

Trip nods in understanding.

ARCHER

(looking right at his friend)

I need you in engineering in case this turns into a shooting match.

TUCKER

(disappointed)

I understand, Sir.

The engineer’s demeanor makes him look like he feels a bit defeated. Tucker turns to face the turbolift, and gives T’Pol one last icy glare before exiting. Archer can’t help but give her one too, but he stops himself from holding it more than a moment.

REED

(impatiently)

Captain, I think we should attack them while we still have the initiative, take them by what little surprise we can.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

ARCHER

I'm not willing to open fire unless they fire first. We're not out here to start a war. Diplomacy is our best option to get out of this mess.

(to Sato)

Open a channel; tell them we want to negotiate.

SATO

Aye Sir.

INT. ORION INTERCEPTOR – BRIDGE

There's a beep from one of the consoles, and another Orion crewman checks it.

ORION 2

[Harrad-Sar, the aliens are contacting us again.]

(beat, listening to transmission)

[They say they want to negotiate.]

Harrad-Sar sneers at that.

HARRAD-SAR

[We've wasted enough time trying to negotiate with these creatures.]

(to third crewman)

[Open fire; try to avoid critical systems; I want that ship and all its contents as undamaged as possible.]

The third Orion crewman nods.

EXT. SPACE

The Orion interceptor opens fire, sending pulses of green disruptor fire at *Enterprise* before quickly maneuvering, trying to gain a better position.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The ship shudders under the impact of the Orion weapons.

ARCHER

Helm, evasive action! Draw their fire away from the transport!

MAYWEATHER

Aye, Captain!

The stars on the viewscreen move about sickeningly.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

ARCHER

Major, give them everything we’ve got!

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise exchanges fire with the Orion Interceptor, giving it a blast from its lasers and firing a volley of missiles at it, most of which hit their target, despite the attempts of the Orion ship to destroy them with their disruptors. The Orion Interceptor returns fire, and though a few blasts hit *Enterprise*, most of them miss due to the Earth ship’s maneuvering and jamming technology.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Orion Interceptor is slightly more maneuverable than *Enterprise*, and is able to get into some good firing positions on the Earth ship, which does its best to give them hell. More and more disruptor hits are finding their mark. The Orion ship makes the mistake of getting closer, and *Enterprise*'s plasma batteries open up on it, forcing it to back off. *Enterprise* fires another volley of missiles at the Interceptor, giving the other ship a distraction while *Enterprise* moves into position.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

We focus on Major Reed, who's looking through his holo-targeter with his finger over the “fire” button.

REED

Firing laser cannons....

Reed depresses the button, and we change angles to the viewscreen. Three red beams of light instantly lash out and connect with one of the Orion Interceptor's impulse engines. We change angles to Reed again as he checks his console for a damage assessment before Captain Archer can even ask for one.

REED

Their starboard impulse engine is disabled.

(beat, smirking)

That ought to make them a little less sappy.

We change angles back to the viewscreen, watching the missiles *Enterprise* unleashed earlier track on the Orion ship as it desperately tries to fire its disruptors at the incoming warheads as it maneuvers. It does manage to take about half of them out, but thanks to the damage Reed just inflicted, they're too slow to avoid the rest, and they impact against the Interceptor's hull.

REED

They are getting better Captain, and they're a tough nut to crack at that.

(beat, dryly)

They also appear to have found a way to cut through our sensor jamming.

ARCHER

How? I thought you said we had an advantage because of our countermeasures.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

T’POL

I believe I have an explanation, Captain.

(beat)

Their sensors appear to be from a Vulcan ship, and are far more advanced than human technology.

ARCHER

(sourly)

Then why did our jamming help before?

T’POL

Obviously the Orion crew is inept at handling their stolen equipment.

ARCHER

(sarcastically)

Right.

(beat, serious again)

Is there anything you can do to improve our countermeasures against them?

T’POL

Not with this equipment.

(beat, inclining her head thoughtfully)

However ... if their sensors are from one of our older generation starships, I may be able to disable them.

ARCHER

(without hesitation)

Do it. Anything you can give me.

T’Pol nods and starts to work on her console.

REED

(warning)

They’re coming right at us.

(beat, into comm. panel)

Standby plasma batteries.

ARCHER

Helm, hard-a-starboard!

(beat, to Reed)

Fire missiles!

We watch the viewscreen as *Enterprise* takes a hard banking turn to the right, the Orion ship disappearing quickly from the screen.

FOUNDATIONS: "Recalcitrant Matter"

REED

(looking through holo-targeter)
Missiles away.

The ship is rocked by several disruptor hits. ENSIGN JANE TAYLOR, sitting at Damage Control, checks the alarms on her console.

TAYLOR

Ventral plating damaged, E and F Deck!
(beat)
Another hit like that could cause a breach, Sir!

ARCHER

(to Reed)
Are the lasers recharged yet!?

REED

(calmly)
Thirty more seconds, Sir.

We focus on T'Pol as she looks through her holo-viewer, a rectangle of light framing her eyes as she focuses in on something. We change angles again as she looks up at one of her monitors, which is now displaying something that looks like a wiring diagram. She enters some commands into her console.

EXT. SPACE

We appear to be in a fixed position on *Enterprise's* hull, aft of the bridge dome. The stars spin around us and the Orion Interceptor flashes by, several disruptor hits just barely missing the ship. Several antennae begin to push out of the hull on the aft portion of the bridge dome itself.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

T'Pol enters more commands into her console.

T'POL

Initiating High Command override.
(beat, looking through holo-viewer)
Command successful; the Orion sensors are now disabled.

ARCHER

They're blind?

T'POL

Yes.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

Archer allows himself a small smile.

ARCHER

Helm, bring us up behind them.

(beat)

Let’s finish this.

Mayweather manipulates the helm controls, bringing the ship about.

MAYWEATHER

Coming up behind them now, Captain.

EXT. SPACE

The Orion ship continues to make random evasive action, and fires its disruptors wildly in random directions. *Enterprise* moves up behind the Interceptor and dodges the occasional disruptor blast sent in its direction.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

We focus on Archer as he gives the viewscreen a resolute stare.

REED (OFFSCREEN)

Laser cannons charged and ready to fire, Sir.

ARCHER

Target their remaining impulse engine and fire.

INT. ORION INTERCEPTOR – BRIDGE

The room shudders hard under the impact of *Enterprise*’s lasers. One of the consoles explodes, sending the Orion crewman manning it to the floor in a shriek of pain. Harrad-Sar picks himself up off the floor in a flurry. He glares at his crew, as if it’s their fault he was thrown from his seat.

HARRAD-SAR

[Damage!?!]

ORION 3

(checking console)

[Propulsion has been disabled!]

HARRAD-SAR

[What is the other ship doing? Give me a visual!]

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

ORION 1

[I’ll try, but-]

HARRAD-SAR

(interrupting)

[Don’t try, do! Or so help me, I’ll sell you in compensation for your incompetence!]

Very afraid now, the Orion crewman works his console.

ORION 1

[They’re moving off, back toward the slave transport.]

The frightened Orion punches in another command and the viewscreen sputters to life, giving us a static-filled view of *Enterprise* as she moves off and away from the disabled Orion Interceptor. Harrad-Sar glares at the second Orion crewman.

HARRAD-SAR

[That transmission for reinforcements had better have gotten through.]

Harrad-Sar takes one last look at *Enterprise*.

HARRAD-SAR

(softly, to the image of the *Enterprise*)

[You will pay for this...]

Harrad-Sar storms out of the room, leaving behind a terrified crew.

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise warps through space, pulling the Alien Ship closely behind with several tow cables.

ARCHER (V.O.)

Captain’s Log: 1654 hours, 7 July, 2152. We’ve taken the former Orion slave ship under tow and have set course for an uninhabited system we passed a few days ago to complete repairs.

INT. ALIEN SHIP – ENGINE ROOM

Enterprise engineers and former slaves work on the various equipment in the room, now no longer wearing radiation suits. The engine core in particular looks in much better shape.

ARCHER (V.O., CONT’D)

I’ve given the ship’s crew asylum, and repair efforts continue even as we hope to find a safe haven for these people. Chief Engineer Tucker tells me that their warp drive should be back online by the end of the day.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

INT. ALIEN SHIP – BRIDGE

We pan from Danik and Keyla to see Tucker rooting around in one of the consoles’ access areas, lying on his back, holding a flashlight in his mouth.

ARCHER (V.O., CONT’D)

Commander Tucker has been keeping himself busy with repairs himself, having concentrated his engineering team on repairing the alien ship’s propulsion systems.

We pan again, to see T’Pol standing nearby, using her scanner to help him, but we can’t hear anything she says as the log entry continues.

ARCHER (V.O., CONT’D)

Even Sub-Commander T’Pol has been spending most of her time helping the repairs along.

(beat, reluctantly)

I must admit, she has been invaluable during this incident. Without her, it would have been much more difficult to beat the Orion frigate sent to recover the escaped slaves, and we probably would have taken far heavier damage and suffered casualties. As it is, there were only a few minor injuries reported, and damage is minimal.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – CAPTAIN’S OFFICE

Captain Archer sits at his desk, talking into his computer terminal. A mostly empty cup of coffee sits on the desk, not far from Archer’s clinched hand. There is some short stubble visible on his face, and he’s obviously fatigued.

ARCHER

(tersely)

Still, if she’d had her way, we’d have run away with our tails between our legs, and left ten members of Commander Tucker’s engineering team and eleven members of Major Reed’s Security Forces behind.

(beat, taking a sip of coffee)

I have no regrets handling the situation the way I did. It appalls me that there are still people who enslave other people. My only concern now it that we may have awakened a new threat, one that could make the continuing Nausicaan raids look like a school-yard bully by comparison.

(beat)

This “Orion Syndicate” is a serious threat, one that should be brought to the attention of the military. I’d hate to think what these Orions could do if nothing is done about them.

(beat)

End Log.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

The computer beeps its obedience and Archer finishes off the last of his coffee. Standing up, he slowly makes his way to the door on the far end of his office (to our left when facing the interior wall). Pushing a button, the door obediently unlocks and opens, revealing Captain Archer’s quarters.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – ARCHER’S QUARTERS

We follow Archer through his quarters, getting a look at its layout. A twin-sized bed along the wall shared by his office, a small table under some bookshelves, which are filled with books and binders, a large closet, and a door leading to a bathroom. Archer opens the door, and we watch from his quarters as he opens a drawer under the sink and pulls out the 22nd century version of an electric razor. He runs it over his face, shaving the stubble we saw earlier off of his face. He’s just about done when the comm. channel opens.

GARLA (COMM. VOICE)

We’re approaching the system, Captain.

Archer finishes up and makes his way to his room’s comm. panel.

ARCHER

I’ll be there shortly.

Leaving his “razor” on the small table, he exits and we

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Two more Orion ships have joined Harrad-Sar’s disabled Interceptor as it slowly drifts.

INT. ORION INTERCEPTOR – BRIDGE

Harrad-Sar looks at the static-filled image of one of the other Orion Captains on his viewscreen. It’s obvious that the other Orion man isn’t pleased, and that Harrad-Sar is in a difficult position, the conversation having gone on for some time now.

HARRAD-SAR

[You will be compensated, Captain. The slaves may have escaped, but I have detailed scans of a ship that will lead us to a new source of slaves and other goods.]

ORION CAPTAIN

[So give them to me now, and we’ll tow you into port in return.]

Harrad-Sar’s face contorts with anger.

FOUNDATIONS: “Recalcitrant Matter”

HARRAD-SAR

[No!]

(beat)

[I found them, not you. In return for towing me to port, I will share this information with you. When my ship is repaired, we can begin raiding these “humans”.]

ORION CAPTAIN

(smugly)

[We’ll consider it.]

The Orion Captain cuts the transmission, leaving Harrad-Sar to fume as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

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