



STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

“Solitude”

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE - AN UNIDENTIFIED SYSTEM

We open with a starfield. In the near distance (relatively, anyway), we can see a dull white star. As we FOCUS on this star, a starship enters the frame. It has a spherical primary hull, with a deflector dish embedded in the lower part of the sphere. Everything about this ship seems to indicate an older time.

As the ship passes through the scene and into the swirling Oort Cloud at the periphery of the star system, we can see its hull registry for the first time:

UES EAGLE

Dust from the Oort Cloud begins to conceal the pale white star and we can just make out what appears to be a large asteroid deep within the cloud. This asteroid appears to be their destination...

INT. *EAGLE* - BRIDGE CORRIDOR

This corridor is brightly lit with an odd bluish-white tint to the illumination. Various signs on the walls and panels intended to direct visitors to important locations can be seen. Into the scene, CREWMAN THOMAS EDWELL enters, carrying a workbag and seeming to be in a hurry; there is nothing remarkable about his appearance aside from his relative youth (he looks no older than 17 or maybe 18) and he is dressed in a utility jumpsuit. We follow him up the short stairs into...

INT. *EAGLE* - BRIDGE

The bridge is small and, unsurprisingly, circular in shape. A large viewport is on the far wall, unlike the normal viewscreen we're accustomed to seeing. There are four officers present, each dressed in UESPA uniforms that look outdated compared to the uniforms we're accustomed to seeing, sort of like comparing a World War II uniform to a modern one.

COMMANDER BENITEZ is issuing instructions to his pilot, LIEUTENANT SMYLE, while the first officer, LIEUTENANT MONTAGU, and the science officer, DOCTOR MARKHAM, observe from their stations.

BENITEZ

Take us in carefully.

(to Markham)

Keep monitoring those distortion waves.

(to Montagu)

Let's send a message to Earth about this.

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SMYLE & MONTAGU

(simultaneously)

Aye, sir.

Benitez settles back in his command chair as he studies the viewport with a no-nonsense expression on his face. Noticing the arrival of Crewman Edwell, he gives the younger man a glance and appears about to speak when...

MARKHAM

Sir! We have-

With a BOOM, something large impacts against the ship with such force that the ship appears to shake. Edwell is knocked from his feet and grabs a railing. As he staggers back to his feet, he looks up at the viewport and gapes in horror as a massive asteroid comes spinning toward the ship. Before he can shout a warning, the slab of rock SMASHES into the bridge! Lieutenant Smyle is crushed almost instantly and, before they are even really aware of it, Lieutenant Montagu and Commander Benitez are ripped free from their seats and sending tumbling into space.

We focus briefly on Edwell as he struggles to hold onto the railing. He's screaming something but we can't hear it over the wail of escaping oxygen. To one side, the science officer Markham is also trying to cling to his handhold, but is ripped free after a BEAT!

SUDDENLY, a hand reaches through the bridge doorway and grabs Edwell's arm. Straining against the pressure, MASTER CHIEF PETTY OFFICER GRANHOLM pulls the crewman from the bridge before kicking a door release button that seals off the bridge. Both men collapse on the deck, gasping at their near escape. More booms echo through the ship and alarms are shrieking.

INT. *EAGLE* – BRIDGE CORRIDOR

EDWELL

Chief ... the captain...

The terror from the near-death experience is stamped on the young man's face and his voice starts to break. Gruffly, the master chief clamps his hand down on the crewman's shoulder.

GRANHOLM

I know.

(with a determined look)

Let's get below before we follow them.

They quickly climb to their feet as the *Eagle* continues to shake.

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EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

No longer under any real control, the *Eagle* slowly begins to tumble deeper into the Oort Cloud as a number of smaller asteroids impact along the hull, ripping free large chunks of metal. The nacelles appear to have already been damaged beyond salvage and we can see the lights on the ship flickering from the damage. An even larger asteroid looms behind the ship, backlit by the system's star. Despite the situation, it's an awe-inspiring sight.

INT. *EAGLE* - EVACUATION DECK

The doorway leading to the emergency escape area is only partially intact, appearing to have warped and knocked askew by the damage they've taken so far. Two pairs of hands appear as the master chief and Edwell strain to open the door. A BEAT passes as they push it open and then enter the bay. Sparks explode overhead and the ship is still shaking. Lighting is erratic but we can see a row of cryogenic sleeper tubes that double as escape pods.

GRANHOLM

Get into a pod! Hurry!

The two men sprint to some pods and, at a look, we can tell that Edwell is about to completely lose it. He is trying to manipulate the controls on the pod he is standing before but, in his terror, doesn't seem to know what he's doing. The master chief notices and gives his own pod another look: at a glance, we can tell that he's weighing whether he should help.

Moving quickly, Granholm steps over to the crewman's pod and rests a hand on the younger man's shoulder in an attempt to calm him down. With that hand, the master chief pushes Edwell toward the pod, a clear indication for the younger man to get in. With expert ease, Granholm begins inputting commands.

GRANHOLM

(soothing)

Get in. I'll take care of it.

Edwell obeys, so clearly stressed out and terrified that he can barely think straight. As the pod seals itself shut, there is another loud BOOM. A large interior hull strut is torn free and IMPALES Granholm! He jerks in agonized surprise before glancing down and looking at the slab of metal that has punched through his chest. Through the transparent pod cover, we can see the horrified expression of Crewman Edwell.

GRANHOLM

(through bloody lips)

Well...shi...

He falls forward onto the pod and we can see Edwell trying to get free, screaming something that is muted and we can barely make it out.

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EDWELL

(muted)
Chief!

With a HISS, the cryogenic pod activates and the crewman's efforts to get free slow as his body slips toward slumber. His eyes only partially close as we begin to PULL BACK, and we can tell that his attention is still locked on the corpse of the master chief, now pinned to the pod. Sparks continue to rain down from overhead.

There is a whirl of motors as the pod tries to deploy through the launch tube underneath it, but the large metal girder that has punched through Granholm holds it in place. Smaller sparks can be seen as the motors quickly burn themselves out and we continue to PULL BACK from the scene before we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

Battered under the onslaught, the *Eagle* continues to drift deeper into the cloud. We PULL BACK to...

EXT. DEEP SPACE - AN UNIDENTIFIED SYSTEM

A shot looking at the Oort Cloud. In the distance, the white star twinkles, unconcerned at the tragedy that has just taken place. And, off that, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE - AN UNIDENTIFIED SYSTEM

We open with a starfield. In the near distance (relatively, anyway), we can see a dull white star. As we FOCUS on this star, a starship enters the frame. In a virtually identical approach as the *Eagle* made in the teaser, the EX-01 *Enterprise* slowly approaches.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Most of the central characters are present, with the notable exception of the ship's chief engineer, as they study the image of the Oort Cloud on the main viewer. CAPTAIN ARCHER is in his command chair for once, but leans forward as if he were eager to spring into action. Of the other officers present, only ENSIGN MAYWEATHER seems to share the captain's almost giddy joy at the image on the screen.

MAYWEATHER

(fascinated)

Boy, that is one pretty sight.

Archer gives the ensign's comment a smile.

ARCHER

Don't get too attached, Travis. With those gravimetric distortions, we're not getting any closer than we have to.

(to T'Pol)

Sub-Commander, what do you have for us?

SUB-COMMANDER T'POL is leaning toward her holographic imager as the captain speaks and light from the imager plays across her eyes. She looks up and gives the captain a flat look.

T'POL

Alpha Probe's readings are no different than our own sensor reports. Beta Probe stopped sending a signal one minute ago.

ARCHER

Why?

T'POL

Unknown.

She returns her attention to the imager without additional comment, prompting the captain to shoot her back a slightly annoyed look. Almost at the same time, a beeping sounds from her console and she spends a BEAT examining the different data, ignorant of (or possibly ignoring)

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the curious looks from the bridge staff. The captain frowns as she continues to work without comment. Finally, he loses patience with waiting for her to finish her analysis.

ARCHER

(slightly annoyed)

Report.

He stands as he speaks, almost as if he feels the need to address her from a position of strength. It's a subtle reminder that these two are not friends.

T'POL

Alpha Probe is no longer sending telemetry. Prior to its failure, it detected a large gravimetric wave.

(beat, off the data)

I have a visual of its last readings.

ARCHER

Let's see it.

In response, T'Pol inputs commands on her console and the viewscreen shifts to display a distorted image from within the Oort Cloud. We can see a large asteroid moving quickly toward the image and, as the probe begins to maneuver around the incoming chunk of rock, we catch a glimpse of a warp nacelle. In the seconds after we realize what we're seeing, the image abruptly dissolves into static. ENSIGN HOSHI SATO is the first to speak.

SATO

(surprised)

Was that what I think it was?

She glances around at the surprised (except in T'Pol's case) expressions of the other bridge officers. Archer looks at his Vulcan science officer, an unspoken command in his body language, but the sub-commander is already focused on her console. On the main viewer, the image again changes to a grainy view of within the Oort Cloud. Once more, we see a nacelle but this is from a different angle. As we PAN AROUND, we can see that the entire bridge staff has stopped what they're doing and are staring at the screen.

T'POL

These images are from the Beta Probe.

ARCHER

(staring at the screen)

Can we get closer?

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T'POL

(off her data)

At two thousand, five hundred kilometers, the gravimetric distortions are potentially lethal to *Enterprise*.

ARCHER

Right.

(beat)

Travis, keep us at safe distance from them then.

MAYWEATHER

Aye, sir.

Archer considers the image now frozen on the main viewer for a BEAT.

ARCHER

Hoshi.

(off her look)

Department heads to the briefing room in one hour.

Off her nod of acknowledgement, the captain gives T'Pol another look.

ARCHER

Get as much data as you can.

(beat, off her raised eyebrow)

It looks like this mission just got more interesting.

As he turns away, we focus again on the image of the nacelles before we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

It's a packed house as the department heads are present. Unsurprisingly, Captain Archer is at the head of the table with COMMANDER TUCKER seated to his immediate left. An empty seat is between Tucker and LIEUTENANT GARLA. There are a few new faces here as well, including a man of Oriental descent, LIEUTENANT KAMAGAWA, and man with a clear Middle Eastern look to his features, CHIEF PETTY OFFICER AL-TAGRIB. Sub-Commander T'Pol is standing before the monitor at the far end of the room while a young-looking woman, PETTY OFFICER 1ST CLASS MARKHAM, is at her side and uploading files to the monitor.

T'POL

The data streams from the two probes are incomplete, but we are able to offer certain theories at this time.

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She gestures to the monitor which is now showing a bunch of data that we don't really understand. As Archer observes with surprising interest, Tucker keeps glancing back and forth between the monitor and a PADD that he is making annotations on.

T'POL

As you can see, the gravimetric distortions are off all known scales. My theory-

TUCKER

(interrupting, teasing)

All known scales? Including Vulcan?

She gives him a flat look that, on anyone but a Vulcan, would be annoyance.

T'POL

(monotone)

Yes, Commander. That includes Vulcan scales of measurement.

The captain smirks with amusement at Trip's comment.

ARCHER

Is there any way that *Enterprise* could navigate this distortion field?

T'POL

Based on our current data, I theorize that any attempt to enter this field will result in the destruction of *Enterprise*.

The assembled crew shift uneasily at that, exchanging glances and frowns. Archer turns his attention to Ensign Sato.

ARCHER

Hoshi, I want you to send a message to Command about this. Let's let them know what we've found.

The ensign shifts slightly and offers her commanding officer an apologetic expression.

SATO

The transmitters aren't working right, sir. Ever since we arrived in-system, communications have been down.

The captain frowns at that and we get the feeling this is the first he's heard of it. He glances in Tucker's direction.

ARCHER

Something wrong?

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TUCKER

(shrugging)

We're still working on it. Everything is reading green; we're just not getting a signal out.

T'POL

The gravimetric distortions affecting sensors are likely affecting the communication array as well.

As the captain digests this information with a frown, a crewman enters the room and quickly approaches Commander Tucker. He is carrying a PADD that he gives to the engineer and the two have a quick, hushed conversation that attracts everyone's attention for a BEAT. With a quick nod to the crewman, Tucker passes the PADD to T'Pol.

TUCKER

(with a nod to the retreating crewman)

We just got the new probe readings in.

T'Pol gives the commander a look complete with raised eyebrow as she begins to input the new data into the main monitor; she makes no comment about the fact that she should have been the one receiving this data, not Tucker. As a map of the distortion field appears on the viewer, Tucker continues.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

There's a series of...currents for lack of a better word, that run through the field to the heart of this system.

(beat, with a nod to the screen)

There's one current that goes straight to a large asteroid and right by our mystery ship.

T'POL

I have already examined them. *Enterprise's* mass is too great for them to be of any use.

TUCKER

(smirking at her)

Which is why we use a shuttlepod instead.

(off her eyebrow raise)

We can piggyback that current straight to our ghost ship.

(with a frown)

It'll be trickier on the way back, but I think we can manage.

He nods to Lieutenant Kamagawa who immediately stands and approaches the main monitor. T'Pol hesitates for a BEAT, then stands aside to allow the lieutenant to input his own data. The monitor split-screens to display a diagram of a shuttlepod.

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KAMAGAWA

As Commander Tucker pointed out, the return trip will be a little...

(beat)

Bumpy.

As Kamagawa speaks, the schematic of the shuttlepod changes, highlighting the changes needed.

KAMAGAWA (CONT'D)

The pod's life support will have to be removed to make space for the additional power requirements of the hull integrity grid.

A collective groan is heard from the conference room because the trip will now be made in EVA suits. Archer looks around the room and the unspoken "be quiet" in his body language is obeyed.

Archer studies the display for a BEAT before glancing at T'Pol; the Vulcan is wearing her usual stoic look with no indication about what she thinks.

ARCHER

(to Tucker, amused)

When exactly did you and Lieutenant Kamagawa come up with this?

Tucker responds with a smirk of his own.

TUCKER

About twenty minutes ago.

(beat, suddenly serious)

I think that's the *Eagle*, sir.

Everyone takes notice of that and give him surprised looks. Even T'Pol raises an eyebrow at the name.

TUCKER

We're pretty close to where the *Eagle* was last heard from and...

(with a glance toward T'Pol)

...it's only logical to assume that they got sucked into this thing.

The Vulcan frowns slightly but no one really notices, being too focused on the captain as he nods.

ARCHER

Agreed.

(with a look that encompasses the rest of the staff)

This is a chance for us to remind the people of Earth that we are ready for this.

That this job is worth the time and effort and blood of those who came before.

(beat)

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ARCHER (CONT'D)

The loss of the *Eagle* was one of the prime examples that the Vulcans used to slow our advance into space. We were told that we were too hasty, too emotional, too human to visit the stars.

T'Pol is once more a picture of stoic indifference as the captain speaks, but everyone is too focused on him as he warms to the subject to notice.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

This is an opportunity for us to prove that the *Eagle* was not lost because of human ignorance.

(beat, with a proud smile)

I will stake my life on that.

TUCKER

So will I, sir.

(with a gesture that takes in the crew)

So will all of us.

UESPA and UEM personnel are nodding in agreement, the fire of excitement about just what this mission means burning brightly in their eyes. To many of them, especially the older members of the crew, it seems that they are taking this as though the sacred honor of not just past generations is at stake, but of future ones as well.

T'POL

Captain.

The Vulcan's comment seems to only stoke the fire a little bit more and Archer gives her an openly annoyed look that she ignores.

T'POL (CONT'D)

Commander Tucker's...

(with a hint of distaste)

...plan is flawed and unnecessarily hazardous. He has utilized questionable decision-making processes in-

TUCKER

(heating up)

Questionable?

T'POL (CONT'D)

-arriving at the theories that he did.

TUCKER

Look, just because you didn't think of it-

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T'POL

This is not a river, Commander.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

-first doesn't mean - I know it's not a damned river!

T'POL

Labeling the gravimetric streams "currents" is attempting to put the unfamiliar in a context you are familiar with.

(off Tucker's glare)

We have no data supporting your theory that a shuttlepod can retrace its path or if its engines are capable of providing sufficient thrust.

Now several of the crew are giving her dark looks, apparently interpreting her comments on an attack against the capability of their equipment.

TUCKER

So, we should just sit here on our asses and do nothing?

The Vulcan pins the engineer with a cold look.

T'POL

(cooly)

This is why Vulcan believes humanity is ill-prepared for space exploration. You are unwilling to study a situation before taking action.

(beat, snidely)

It is no wonder that so many humans have died.

The intensity of her comments and the sharpness of her tone cause Tucker to draw back in slight surprise. It isn't that she is emotional as she speaks - far from it - but the harsh logic of her comments do have an impact on a number of the personnel present.

Archer, however, appears to dismiss her comments out of hand. He is wearing an annoyed expression on his face, as if he's heard this argument many, many times before. Her logic falls on deaf ears.

ARCHER

Sub-Commander T'Pol, how many Vulcan vessels have been lost in the past decade?

T'POL

Ten.

The captain gives her a smug look, as if he's just won the argument, and begins issuing orders.

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ARCHER

Trip, the shuttle bay team is to start modifications of Shuttlepods Two and Three using your specs.

(to Mayweather)

Travis, I want you to start training on the simulators as soon as Commander Tucker gives you the new modification parameters.

(to Markham)

Petty Officer, I want you and T'Pol to use the sensor array to map out the safest route to the *Eagle* and back to *Enterprise*.

The sub-commander visibly stiffens at his comments to Markham although there is no change in her expression.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(to Sato)

Hoshi, I want you to keep trying to send a message out. Coordinate with Trip about finding a way through the interference.

He stands which everyone takes as an unspoken instruction to stand themselves.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I know how dangerous this mission is, and that if we fail-

(with a half glance toward T'Pol)

We'll have twice as many Vulcan you-are-not-ready-in-space speeches than before.

(beat, confident)

When we do succeed, however, we'll have one more thing to point to that proves that they. Are. Wrong.

(beat, off of several nods and smiles)

I want full mission briefings on my desk by 1300. Dismissed.

Everyone heads toward the door, except for MAJOR REED. With a frown, the major approaches the captain, although he is forced to weave his way through the stream of departing officers and NCOs. Archer notes his approach even as we see Sub-Commander T'Pol disappear through the doorway, her features frozen in mask of stoicism.

ARCHER

Something on your mind, Major?

REED

Security, sir.

(off of Archer's sigh)

You failed to mention a security contingent.

ARCHER

It's a fifty-year old derelict in the middle of nowhere. How is that a security risk?

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REED

No disrespect intended, sir, but going aboard a derelict fifty-year old starship without any knowledge why it is a derelict is something of a...

(beat)

Security risk.

Archer smiles at that, acknowledging the tactical officer's point with a nod.

ARCHER

You do have a point there.

The captain pauses a BEAT, when he sees the look of non-amusement on Major Reed's face.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I want you to prepare a security plan for three security crewmembers. Have it submitted to me by 1300. Dismissed.

The major does a perfect about-face and walks out of the conference room, leaving Archer alone. Off his expression, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ENGINEERING

We enter through the door with Commander Tucker. The warp core hums gently as he enters, although he pauses and gives it a mildly confused look before shaking his head and continuing toward the area that acts as his office. He's barely taken three steps when LIEUTENANT KELBY approaches him, holding a clipboard in one hand and a PADD in the other.

KELBY

Sir!

Tucker takes the offered PADD and immediately begins looking at it.

KELBY (CONT'D)

I was running the diagnostic when I noticed it.

TUCKER

(muttering)

That can't be right.

(beat, to Kelby)

Have you double-checked this?

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KELBY

Yes, sir.

(with a worried look)

Something's draining our power!

And, off of Tucker's look, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE - AN UNIDENTIFIED SYSTEM

We open with a different shot of *Enterprise* before the Oort Cloud. Based on this angle, we get a clue of just how massive the cloud is. Unlike most Oort Clouds, it is cluttered with massive amounts of stellar debris, almost appearing to be an asteroid field at the system periphery.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CAPTAIN ARCHER'S OFFICE

His expression turned down in a frown, Captain Archer studies a PADD. In front of his desk are his two senior-most engineers, with Trip appearing to be the more comfortable of the two. Lieutenant Kelby, on the other hand, stands in an awkward "attention" stance.

ARCHER

Am I reading this correctly? The asteroid that the *Eagle* is orbiting is draining power from our warp core?

Kelby gives Tucker a look, clearly waiting for the chief engineer to jump in with the explanation.

TUCKER

Not exactly.

(off Archer's look)

It's an incremental drain, from our bussard collectors.

(with a nod to Kelby)

If it wasn't for the lieutenant here, we'd probably never have seen it.

Kelby straightens slightly at the compliment.

ARCHER

(concerned, to Tucker)

Will it be a problem? Will you need to stay aboard to take care of it?

A BEAT passes as Tucker considers it.

KELBY

I don't think so, sir.

(off Tucker's sidelong glance)

It's not that big a deal. I can handle it.

ARCHER

Trip?

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TUCKER

Jacob's right, sir. We waste more power than this on a good day.

(beat)

We'll continue to monitor it to keep it from becoming a problem.

ARCHER

(nodding)

Good. Let me know the minute it starts to become a problem.

TUCKER

Aye, sir.

The two engineers turn to depart, and we quickly...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - LAUNCH BAY

The two shuttlepods being prepped for launch are swarming with activity. We can see the members of the expedition carrying gear and equipment into their respective pods; everyone is wearing EV suits but do not currently have their helmets on. Into the scene, Captain Archer and Sub-Commander T'Pol arrive, also wearing the environment suits. The captain does not look happy.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol, annoyed)

Excuse me?

T'POL

It is illogical for you to endanger yourself or Commander Tucker on this mission, Captain.

(off his glower)

The captain and the chief engineer are not expendable members of the crew.

ARCHER

(tight)

No one on my crew is expendable, Sub-Commander. No one.

(off her look)

I make the decisions around here. And both me and Trip are going.

The Vulcan gives him another flat look as he turns away and heads toward his shuttlepod. From the numbers on the hulls, we can see that this is Shuttlepod Two. Before he can enter, Trip emerges from the 'pod and the two have an awkward moment as they try and figure out who goes where. Finally, with a smile, Archer backs up.

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ARCHER

Everything good to go?

TUCKER

Yes, sir.

(beat)

I want to keep an eye on the regulator pump on Shuttlepod Three so I'll be on it with Travis.

ARCHER

(sourly)

And T'Pol.

Tucker pauses, then shrugs, the excitement of this mission still glittering in his eyes. He heads toward the other shuttlepod as Archer enters Two.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 02

Weaving his way through the jammed 'pod, the captain takes the pilot's seat and begins flipping buttons. The control panel comes alive and he pauses to put his helmet on. Behind him, we can see the crew in the pod doing the same. Ensign Sato reaches forward to help him and he gives her a thumbs up before glancing to the rear of the shuttlepod. Everyone is giving him a thumbs up and he hits a button on the control panel.

ARCHER

This is Shuttlepod Two. We are green for launch.

MAYWEATHER (COMM. VOICE)

This is Three. We're green for launch.

A BEAT passes during which time Hoshi can be seen fidgeting slightly. Archer gives her a smile that is meant to be reassuring. It's only partially successful.

KAMAGAWA (COMM. VOICE)

Shuttlepod Two, you are cleared for launch. Shuttlepod Three, stand by.

Refocusing his attention on his controls, Archer begins to apply thrust and we can see through the forward viewport that they are in motion.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - AN UNIDENTIFIED SYSTEM

The two shuttlepods move away from the EX-01 and loop around toward the Oort Cloud. Their engines flare briefly as they begin to accelerate.

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INT. SHUTTLEPOD 02

Captain Archer continues to manipulate his controls as they approach the cloud.

ARCHER

Enterprise, this is Shuttlepod Two. We are on approach now.

There is a BEAT before the voice of LIEUTENANT TSIEN LI MING responds.

TSIEN (COMM. VOICE)

Copy, Shuttlepod Two. Good luck.

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Shuttlepod Two, this is Sub-Commander T'Pol. I am uploading a revised flight path. Do not deviate from this path.

Archer flashes an annoyed look at the comm. button, but says nothing. On his primary display, a graphical map appears. Beyond the viewport, we can see the Oort Cloud looming ever closer. We hear soft THUNKS as the first chunks of debris begin impacting against the hull and, with each impact, Hoshi winces slightly. We focus on her as the whine of the engine spikes slightly.

UNSEEN CREWMAN

(soft)

Sure hope those hull modifications hold up...

At that, Hoshi closes her eyes tightly and clings to the safety harness as the sound of impacts grows exponentially. SUDDENLY, the 'pod begins to shake and her hand tightens on the harness even more.

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

The two shuttlepods race through the cloud, dipping and weaving around larger chunks of rock and ice. Both of the 'pods appear to be shaking really hard, although we can't really see why they're shaking, only that they are shaking. Little chunks of rock and ice continually pelt the hulls of the small 'pods, and we see a moderately-sized slab of rock smash into the port-side winglet on Shuttlepod Two, ripping it free with a screech of metal.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 02

Alarms are blaring and Captain Archer's expression is tight as he visibly fights the controls. The crewman at the engineering board, CREWMAN DAVID HOLTZ, checks his data.

HOLTZ

We lost the port thrusters!

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ARCHER

(tight)

I know.

(beat, composed)

Shut those alarms off.

The engineer obeys and, as the 'pod jerks around again, we PAN to reveal the tense expressions on the faces of the expedition. Once more, we focus on Archer as he grins.

ARCHER

(loudly, mocking)

This is the captain speaking.

(beat)

It looks like we're in for some chop ahead so please make sure your seats are in the upright position and your tray tables are stored.

His comments break the tension and several crewmembers chuckle. In his seat near the access door, LIEUTENANT PICARD speaks up.

PICARD

(faux anger)

The service on this flight stinks. I didn't even get an in-flight movie! I'm not flying Pan-Archer again!

There is another HARD jolt to one side that causes the lieutenant to hit his EV helmet against the hull. He shoots a not-so faux glare at the captain.

PICARD

(muttering)

He did that on purpose.

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

The two 'pods continue their approach and we PAN OVER them, revealing the wreck that is the *Eagle*. Despite the damage we saw it take in the teaser, it's still relatively intact. One of the nacelles is completely gone while the other appears almost entirely intact.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 03

As Ensign Mayweather pilots, Commander Tucker and Sub-Commander T'Pol are peering over his shoulder. Trip quickly points to something on the *Eagle*.

TUCKER

There. That should be a docking port.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

T'Pol inputs commands into the science board before her and a high resolution image of the *Eagle* appears on her screen. As Trip stated, that is indeed a docking port.

T'POL

It appears to have sustained damage.

T'POL (CONT'D)

(off her readings)

I am detecting another docking port on the opposite side of the vessel that is undamaged.

TUCKER

Most of the old X-35s had two docking rings.

(beat)

Tucker to Archer.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

Archer here.

TUCKER

Sir, we've got a visual on some docking rings and are moving in.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

It looks damaged, Trip. Are you sure it'll hold?

TUCKER

(grinning)

Guess we'll see. Tucker out.

(to Mayweather)

Ease us in, Travis.

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

Thrusters flare as Shuttlepod 03 slowly approaches the wreck of a starship. It slowly settles upon the hull. There is a hiss as the universal docking ring extends from the 'pod.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 03

Trip is checking his engineering board as PETTY OFFICER ROSTOV manipulates the airlock controls. Tucker gives him a look.

ROSTOV

We have hard seal, Commander.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

TUCKER

(almost gleeful)
Well, open her up.

T'Pol gives the commander a look that he senses and returns. At the same time, a flashing light on the pilot's board draws Ensign Mayweather's attention and he taps it, as if trying to make it stop flickering. We can hear the BOOM of Rostov opening the *Eagle's* airlock hatch.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

Archer to Tucker.

Trip hits the comm. button on his panel, still frowning at the look that T'Pol gave him. Behind them, the light on Mayweather's console has stopped flashing.

TUCKER

Tucker here, sir.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

We've got hard seal and are entering the ship.

TUCKER

Same here, Cap'n. See you inside.

He stands, gestures toward the open airlock that the rest of the expedition is filing through.

TUCKER

(to T'Pol, grinning)
Ladies first.

The Vulcan gives him a raised eyebrow but does head toward the hatch anyway.

MAYWEATHER

Commander?

Trip pauses, gives the ensign a look.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

I'm reading some odd power drains across the board, sir.

TUCKER

From where?

MAYWEATHER

I don't know, sir. It's like the power cells just started to die.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

For a BEAT, Trip stares at the ensign's pilot console as he thinks. He rolls his tongue against the inside of his cheek.

TUCKER

Let's shut everything down and pull the cells. It may just be a short in the 'pod, but...

(beat, with a look out the viewport)

Better safe than sorry, huh?

MAYWEATHER

Yes, sir.

Trip turns away but, from his expression, we get the feeling he's still a little concerned.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *EAGLE* - BRIDGE CORRIDOR

A bright beam of light slices through the darkness and we can hear the thump of mag-boots. More lights appear and we can see Captain Archer's party as they make their way through the corridor. Lieutenant Picard and PRIVATE WARREN are in the front of the small party, rifles held mostly at the ready. Archer isn't paying them a great deal of attention as his focus is riveted on the damage around them. At his side, Ensign Sato is using her scanner.

They come to a stop in front of a familiar-looking sealed door and Archer pushes by Picard to examine an access panel.

PICARD

The bridge is through there?

He doesn't sound like he is entirely convinced and the captain gives him an amused look.

ARCHER

Yes, Lieutenant.

(beat)

Standard UESPA design for a ship of this age.

PICARD

It's a design flaw.

At that, Archer stops and gives the lieutenant his full attention.

ARCHER

What is?

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

PICARD

Putting the bridge on the very top of the ship.

(beat)

That's the first place someone's going to shoot.

He suddenly seems to remember that he's talking to the captain and tenses up.

ARCHER

We try to avoid getting shot at, Lieutenant.

Picard says nothing and gives the captain a look as if to remind Archer how many times that they have been shot at since launching. Into that moment, Ensign Sato's scanner beeps.

SATO

According to my readings, Captain, the bridge is open to vacuum.

The captain glowers, though whether it is over Picard's point being borne out or Hoshi's comment isn't immediately clear.

ARCHER

Then we won't find out much there.

(beat, considering)

Okay. I want us to split up into teams of three. Hoshi, Private Warren, you're with me. Holtz, you take Sakharov and Mitscher with you and try to find their central computer.

(to Picard)

I want you, Kerensky and Zu to try and track down their astrometrics lab.

As the assigned teams turn to obey, Hoshi looks the captain.

SATO

Where are we going, sir?

ARCHER

We're going to look for the captain's quarters.

(beat, with a smile)

It might give us a clue about what happened here.

The ensign nods in understanding and they begin to retrace their steps.

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)

Tucker to Archer.

The captain quickly presses the comm. button on his the wrist plate of his EV Suit.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER

This is Archer. What is it, Trip?

CUT TO:

INT. *EAGLE* - EVACUATION DECK

Commander Tucker stands in the evacuation deck. At his side is Sub-Commander T'Pol and Major Reed. All three are looking at something off-camera, with the sub-commander glancing toward her hand scanner.

TUCKER

Sir, I really think you need to see this.

We PAN AROUND to reveal exactly what we expected to see: the cryo-freezer/escape pod containing Crewman Edwell. It is still pinned in place with the girder that has punched through Master Chief Granholm.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

I'm on my way.

Trip exchanges a look with Major Reed as T'Pol continues to scan the pod. SUDDENLY, Edwell's eyes flicker slightly and the Vulcan looks up, one eyebrow skyrocketing in surprise.

T'POL

He's alive.

The shock on the faces of the two humans is immediately apparent and, on that, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FOUNDATIONS: “Solitude”

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

We open with an establishing shot of the mostly derelict *Eagle*, now with two UESPA shuttlepods attached to the hull. The glitter of light from the star briefly back-lights the nearby asteroid.

INT. *EAGLE* - AIRLOCK

Rectangular-shaped, the airlock looks as old as every other part of this ship but is currently occupied by a feverishly working Commander Tucker and Petty Officer Rostov. Armed with fusion welders and vacuum sealant, they are assuring that the airlock hatch leading to space is entirely airtight. Three large cylinders that look like oversized oxygen tanks are against one wall, with a number of tubes running from to the tanks into the central console. On the opposite wall are two older-looking EV suits.

Behind them, we can see several members of the crew - including Archer and Reed - manhandling the massive cryo-freezer toward the airlock. Sub-Commander T'Pol is behind the unusual gathering; she is carrying what looks to be a generator of some sort that has connections leading to the cryo-freezer.

ARCHER

Trip!

TUCKER

Almost there!

With a flourish, he pulls back from his work and gives Rostov a look; the petty officer nods and they turn to face the entrance.

TUCKER

Done!

As the two engineers gather their tools to make room in the airlock, the rest of the group begin pushing the cryo-freezer in. It's going to be a tight fit but the team manages it with some effort. We can now see that Crewman Edwell is semi-conscious. T'Pol places the generator thing at the head of the cryo-freezer before backing up to allow the rest of the team to exit the airlock. They mill around, clearly waiting for something. A BEAT passes before we hear the clump-clump-clump of an approaching crewman. Carrying a large case with a distinctive stylized caduceus emblazoned upon it, CORPORAL MITSCHER is speaking into her comm. as she approaches.

MITSCHER

Say again, Doctor! You're breaking up!

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

PHLOX (COMM. VOICE)

...razine. Repeat, only three cc's of...

The hiss and crackles on the comm.-line make it nearly impossible to figure out what the doctor is saying and the frustration on Mitscher's face is clear. She doesn't even look at Archer as she walks into the airlock.

LUCAS (COMM. VOICE)

Red phial. Use the red...

T'Pol is right behind the corpsman, pulling the door shut and sealing it with a quick spin of the manual crank. She gives Tucker a look and he begins fiddling with the tanks. Instantly, a hiss begins sounding and T'Pol pulls her scanner from the holster at her side. A LONG BEAT passes before she quirks an eyebrow.

T'POL

Pressure has been equalized. Oxygen levels are acceptable.

Without hesitation, she reaches back and removes her EV suit helmet. Tucker exchanges a quick look with Rostov before the two men do the same. Through the transparent porthole in the airlock door, we can see the captain and the rest of the team trying to get a look into the cramped airlock.

TUCKER

Rostov, you've got the bottom.

Trip hefts a power tool that is very much like a drill and attacks the top of the cryo-freezer. Within seconds, the two engineers have removed the casing and are straining to pull the lid free. T'Pol steps closer to Tucker and lends her assistance; with a loud groan of protesting metal, the top part of the freezer is lifted free.

Mitscher steps forward with a hypo and presses it against Edwell's neck and then quickly consults a medical scanner.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

How is he?

MITSCHER

He's going into arrest!

The corpsmen roots through the medical case that Rostov is now holding for her and pulls out a large and very recognizable needle: adrenaline. Recognizing what she is about to do, T'Pol reaches forward to rip Edwell's shirt open. Her fingers briefly touch the young man's chest.

And Edwell screams.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

T'Pol yanks her fingers back, shock written on her face, even as the other three humans visibly jump in surprise. Edwell bolts upright to a seated position, clutching his head as he continues to scream.

A BEAT later, he slumps back, unconscious and Mitscher reacts with slight surprise at the med-scanner's readings.

MITSCHER

He's...stabilized.

Trip glances once at T'Pol, noting that she is holding her fingers as if she had just burned them. Her eyes are still wider than normal and her attention is fixed on the unconscious human.

TUCKER

You okay?

She gives him a rattled look before blinking it away. Once more, she is the stoic Vulcan.

T'POL

If Corporal Mitscher is satisfied that her patient will survive, you should get him into an environment suit.

Tucker frowns slightly, noting instantly that she didn't answer his question.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

Good idea, Trip. We don't know how long those O2 tanks will last.

Tucker nods and, after giving T'Pol one last look, turns toward the EV suits hanging on the wall. With that, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *EAGLE* - RUINED GALLEY

Crewman Edwell, now wearing an old EV suit and a very haunted expression on his face, is seated in front of a table. Directly across from him is Captain Archer, an awkward but compassionate expression on his own face. Around them, we can see signs that the *Enterprise* crew have been through here as several hand lamps are attached to the ceiling to provide light for what's left of this part of the ship. Edwell looks up from the table.

EDWELL

(disbelieving)

2152?

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER

August 29th, to be precise.

For a moment, Edwell looks like he's about to be sick.

EDWELL

(hushed)

That's...fifty-three years. I...I can't believe it...

Wincing with empathy, the captain rests a hand on the younger man's shoulder. Edwell immediately tenses at the touch, then just as visibly relaxes.

ARCHER

(soft)

I know it's a lot to take in, Thomas.

(off the young man's look)

It is Thomas, right?

EDWELL

Yes, sir. But everyone calls me Tommy...

His face tightens up and, for a BEAT, he looks like nothing more than the terrified 17 year old that he is. Archer tightens his grip and smiles.

ARCHER

Well then, Tommy...

(off of Edwell's half smile)

...how about you tell me what *Eagle* was doing out here?

And, off the young man's hopeful look, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *EAGLE* - SENSOR CONTROL

This is clearly the central hub for sensor operation aboard the *Eagle*. Although it isn't very large, it has two large monitors on opposing walls in addition to several computer consoles. We can see two legs sticking out from under one of the computers and several grumbles in what sounds like German let us know that this is one of *Enterprise's* crew.

Sub-Commander T'Pol appears at the open doorway and gives the room a quick once-over, noting instantly the legs protruding from under the computer array. She inclines an eyebrow.

T'POL

Petty Officer Markham, do you require assistance?

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

A BEAT passes as Markham emerges from underneath the array holding a long, narrow object.

MARKHAM

No, ma'am. I've got the memory core for this thing.

As she straightens, T'Pol quirks an eyebrow at a non-regulation patch on the environmental suit; we immediately recognize it as a stylized German flag.

T'POL

How long will it take you to decipher the data?

MARKHAM

I have no idea.

(off T'Pol's look)

Do you know how many software upgrades we've gone through since this thing launched? It'll be amazing if I can find something to interface with it at all.

T'POL

Very well. Keep me apprised.

(beat)

The patch on your environment suit is non-regulation. Do you have Captain Archer's permission to wear it?

MARKHAM

(surprised)

Not exactly.

T'POL

Then it will need to be removed.

The Vulcan turns to depart.

MARKHAM

Why? It's just a symbol to show that I'm proud of my heritage.

T'Pol gives her another look.

T'POL

A national symbol?

(off Markham's nod)

Such a symbol would appear to be contrary to the purpose of a United Earth.

MARKHAM

Having pride in my heritage doesn't mean I'm against Earth unity.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

MARKHAM (CONT'D)

(sullen)

It means I'm proud of being German, that I still remember where I come from even when I'm part of something greater.

(beat)

You wouldn't understand.

The Vulcan quirks an eyebrow.

T'POL

Emotional attachments to one's place of origin are illogical and unnecessary.

(beat)

Captain Archer will want a status report on your findings.

She strides from the sensor control room. And, off of Markham's glare, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 03

Travis Mayweather is at the back of the shuttlepod, kneeling before one of the seats that have been lifted up to expose what looks to be power cells. He is testing them with a tool of some sort by touching their connectors and consulting an attached readout. From his expression, he doesn't like what he sees.

EDWELL (OS)

Um...hi.

Mayweather glances up to see the recently revived crewman of *Eagle* standing in the access way to the ship. A big smile crosses Travis' face.

MAYWEATHER

Tommy, right?

EDWELL

Right.

(noting Mayweather's rank)

Sir.

MAYWEATHER

Don't do that.

(off Edwell's look)

You call me sir and I look around for the captain.

(off Edwell's smile)

I'm Travis. Travis Mayweather.

FOUNDATIONS: “Solitude”

He offers his hand and, after a brief hesitation, Edwell takes it.

EDWELL

Captain Archer told me to check with you about my suit. For oxygen.
(beat, uncomfortable)
The...sub-commander needed to talk to him and I...

He looks embarrassed.

MAYWEATHER

Trust me. She makes us all feel like first graders.

Again, Edwell smiles although it looks a little forced. Travis stands up and gestures.

MAYWEATHER

Turn around. Let me get a look at your O2 cylinders.

He fiddles around with the connections, checks the oxygen supply, before slapping the younger man (who is technically older) on the back.

MAYWEATHER

You should be good for another two hours or so before we need to worry about refreshing your tanks.

EDWELL

Thanks, sir.
(with a hesitant smile)
Sorry. Travis.

MAYWEATHER

(grinning)
That's better.
(beat, amused)
Just don't call me-

EDWELL

'Skipper.'

MAYWEATHER

(surprised)
Yeah.
(beat)
How did you know that?

EDWELL

I don't know, sir. Paul used to call you that, right?

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

A BEAT passes.

MAYWEATHER

(a little creeped out)

How did you know my brother's name was Paul?

Edwell looks momentarily stricken, before glancing away. His shoulders droop slightly.

EDWELL

(soft)

I don't know.

Travis studies him for a BEAT and it's obvious that he's now more than a little creeped out.

EDWELL

(soft)

I should go. Captain Archer will want me to help the commander in Engineering.

He turns away and we focus on Travis once more, noting that his good cheer has disappeared somewhat. The ensign watches Edwell disappear through the hatch with something of a frown. And, off his look, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *EAGLE* - SENSOR CONTROL

Captain Archer enters this small room to discover Sub-Commander T'Pol and Petty Officer Markham already inside. The portable generator we saw earlier attached to the cryo-freezer is now attached to one of the displays and Markham is double-checking the connections. As Archer approaches, T'Pol gives him a glance.

ARCHER

You've got something?

T'POL

Yes, sir.

At her look, Markham flips a switch on the generator and it begins to hum softly. Instantly, the monitor T'Pol is using snaps alive, displaying a medium resolution image of the asteroid.

T'POL

This is the last image recorded by ship computers before a catastrophic power failure.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

The image flickers briefly, as if there was a distortion coming from the asteroid. As Archer frowns, T'Pol inputs a new command, changing the view to a colorized image.

T'POL

As you can see, the asteroid emitted an electromagnetic pulse more powerful than anything on record.

(beat, off of Archer's expression)

This pulse deactivated the ship's deflectors.

ARCHER

(finishing the thought)

Which made *Eagle* vulnerable to the debris in the field.

The captain looks shocked and more than a little disgusted.

ARCHER

So whoever...or whatever is on that rock killed the crew of *Eagle*.

T'POL

Evidently.

His eyes narrowing, Captain Archer glowers at the image now replaying on the monitor.

ARCHER

But...why? *Eagle* was on a peaceful mission!

T'POL

There is more, Captain.

(off his look)

I have compared this energy signature with the others in our database and found a single match. During the second engagement with the Tellarites at Alpha Centauri, when you utilized the...machine to transport *Enterprise* and the warring parties-

ARCHER

(interrupting)

Wait! You're saying this is the same technology as that machine I was hooked up to?

T'POL

That appears to be the case.

Archer's eyes widen at the implications.

ARCHER

But that race is gone. They wiped each other out. I saw it...

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

With a FLASH, we are seeing an image from the mini-series. Colors are muted, as befits a flashback.

EXT. FLASHBACK - AN ANCIENT CITY

Archer is standing in the streets of an ancient city that is in its prime, with tall spire-like skyscrapers living up to their name as they reach high up into the sky from our vantage point on the ground. We see more of the "Creator" type aliens - civilians - just bustling about like on any other normal day in a city. Archer flinches several times as civilian aliens walk through him as if he did not exist, an understandable reaction as everything appears so realistic. Most of the aliens suddenly disappear in a flash of light, and the few that remain scream in horror and fear.

INT. *EAGLE* - SENSOR CONTROL

Horror is on the captain's face now as he stares at the image.

ARCHER

If they're all dead, that means this thing is running on automatic...

He hits the comm. button on his wrist.

ARCHER

This is Archer to all personnel. Emergency recall. We are leaving. Get to your shuttlepod.

He hesitates for a BEAT, before...

ARCHER

Good work, Sub-Commander, Petty Officer. Now get to your 'pod.

And, off of T'Pol's quirked eyebrow, we...

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 02

Archer is now in the pilot's station and doing a head count as Lieutenant Picard enters the 'pod; the lieutenant pulls the hatch closed and seals it. Spinning to face the command console, the captain begins activating systems. Immediately, a light begins flashing. It is the same light that was flashing in Shuttlepod 03 earlier that Mayweather noticed. The captain exhales heavily before hitting the comm. button.

ARCHER

Archer to Shuttlepod Three.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

MAYWEATHER (COMM. VOICE)

This is Shuttlepod Three.

ARCHER

Travis, how are your power cells?

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)

Cap'n, this is Trip. We're seeing it too.

From her place at the sensor station, Hoshi is listening in without comprehension and it shows.

ARCHER

All right. Stand down. Everyone back on the *Eagle*.

(beat)

We'll have to figure out our next move from there.

With sharp, angry gestures, Archer begins powering down the shuttlepod.

SATO

Captain?

Archer glances at her, a frown on his face.

ARCHER

The power cells on the shuttlepods have been drained.

(beat, grim)

We're stuck here.

And, off that pronouncement, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

It's another establishing shot of the *Eagle* and the two shuttlepods, this time from a different angle that allows us to see into the forward viewport of the 'pods. As we PUSH IN toward the Shuttlepod 03, we can see some movement within the pod.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 03

Captain Archer is looking down at the exposed engine parts of the shuttlepod as Commander Tucker and Ensign Mayweather kneel to examine the components closer. Sub-Commander T'Pol is several steps away, her attention focused on her scanner. Looking up from his tools, Trip glowers at Archer.

TUCKER

It doesn't make sense, sir. These power cells are fully charged...

(beat, frustrated)

But they just aren't producing any damned power!

Archer frowns at that and gives T'Pol a sidelong glance. She seems to pick up on the unspoken command to report.

T'POL

Commander Tucker's assessment is correct.

(off Trip's annoyed look)

According to my scans, the circuits also appear to be functioning properly.

(beat)

There is no detectable reason why the shuttlepods are not functioning properly.

A BEAT passes as the captain thinks.

ARCHER

All right. Trip, get down to the *Eagle's* engineering deck and see if there's anything there we can salvage. Maybe we can jury-rig something.

TUCKER

Not with the tools I've got here, sir. The best I can do is maybe get some of *Eagle's* power back online.

ARCHER

Do what you can.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(as Trip stands)

Take Edwell with you. He was an Engineer's Mate on *Eagle* so he should be familiar with her systems.

TUCKER

Aye, sir.

He heads toward the airlock.

ARCHER

Sub-Commander, see if you can get some more out of the sensor hub. Maybe we can find a weak spot on this...asteroid.

Off her look, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *EAGLE* - ENGINEERING

Compared to *Enterprise*, the engineering section of *Eagle* is small and ridiculously archaic-looking. The central warp core is bulky and difficult to maneuver around, with large pipes and cooling tubes placed in locations that only heighten the sense of age. Slowly weaving his way through these pipes (which appears to be difficult in an EV-suit), Commander Tucker approaches a central console. Immediately behind him are Petty Officer Rostov and Crewman Edwell.

ROSTOV

(under his breath)

God, I miss *Enterprise*.

Trip gives him an amused look, noting that the petty officer is struggling with the contortions necessary to reach their destination. At the same time, Edwell appears to be traversing the distance with ease, demonstrating a familiarity with the placement that is unsurprising.

TUCKER

(with a smirk)

I'll remember that the next time I hear you complaining about something.

(beat, to Edwell)

Tommy, where's the primary power hub?

Edwell points.

EDWELL

Right there, sir. Next to the auxiliary controls.

Trip reacts with surprise.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

TUCKER

Damn...haven't seen controls like this outside of a museum.

He doesn't notice the pained expression that crosses Edwell's face at that.

TUCKER

Rostov, see what you can do about the generator.

(grins)

And watch your head!

As the petty officer moves toward another large apparatus, we can hear him grumbling softly under his breath (although we can't tell what he's saying.)

EDWELL

That's the wrong button, sir.

The crewman reaches forward and indicates a different set of buttons. Trip shrugs.

TUCKER

(teasing)

In my defense, this ship launched when my parents were still in diapers.

Again, Edwell reacts to that with a flinch but Trip notices this time.

TUCKER

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that.

(beat, comforting)

You okay?

EDWELL

(soft)

No, sir.

(beat)

My head hurts and everyone keeps shouting at me. I can't think because of the noise.

(beat, with a forced smile)

And I really need to pee.

Trip smiles at that although we can tell that he's a little confused.

TUCKER

Somebody's shouted at you? Tell me who and I'll have them walking home.

The timelost crewman tenses and then quickly shakes his head.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

EDWELL

I'm sorry, Commander. I'm confused.
(beat, frustrated)
It's just so hard to think...

Trip puts his hand on the crewman's shoulder in an attempt to calm him.

TUCKER

It's okay, Tommy. I understand.
(smiles)
Besides, thinking's overrated.

EDWELL

Elizabeth told you that.

TUCKER

Yeah. She...
(beat, with suddenly narrowed eyes)
What did you say?

The crewman is staring off into space as he replies.

EDWELL

When you told her you were thinking about joining UESPA.
(suddenly with an American south accent)
"Thinking is overrated, Trip. Just do it. Who cares what dad thinks?"

Tucker is seriously weirded out right now and it shows in his face as he stares at Edwell.

EDWELL

(tight, to himself)
Shut up, shut up, shut up! Stop yelling!

TUCKER

(uncomfortable)
Are you...are you okay?

Edwell looks up suddenly, his eyes wide and his pupils are dilated completely so he appears to momentarily have black eyes.

EDWELL

No, sir.
(slightly angry)
I already told you that!

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

Before Tucker's very eyes, the crewman suddenly seems to sag and his pupils return to normal. Once again, he looks lost, lonely and too young to be in this situation.

EDWELL

(with despair)

I'm sorry, sir. I...

(off Trip's look, soft)

I think there's something wrong with me...

And, off of his expression, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *EAGLE* - SENSOR CONTROL

It's only Archer and T'Pol in this area now as the Vulcan is indicating the monitor. Around them, ship lights are flickering, an indication that Commander Tucker's efforts are paying off. We enter the scene with the Vulcan already reporting.

T'POL

-an indication that the power dampening that has affected the shuttlepods is tightly focused.

ARCHER

So, it specifically targeted the 'pods?

T'POL

I have no way of confirming that.

(beat, off his look)

If it did, that would denote intelligence.

ARCHER

(tight)

Hostile intelligence.

T'POL

We don't know that. This may be a self-defense mechanism.

ARCHER

Maybe.

(beat, considering)

But we've picked up no life signs or transmissions so it's more likely an automated facility.

T'POL

Agreed.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER

How do we turn it off?

T'POL

I don't know.

(off his look)

The sensor array on this vessel is limited and partially damaged. I am unable to get accurate scans of the target.

The lights flick off for a BEAT, casting the entire area in complete darkness. When they snap back on, Crewman Edwell is standing outside the doorway, giving the captain an eerie, wide-eyed look. Sensing the presence of someone else, Archer glances back and then jumps in surprise.

ARCHER

Thomas!

EDWELL

It killed them. It killed them all.

His eyes are riveted on the sensor monitor and he isn't blinking. At all.

ARCHER

(a little concerned)

What killed them?

Edwell points to the asteroid. A BEAT passes as Archer gives T'Pol a look, noting immediately how she seems to be studying Edwell with what could only be trepidation.

SATO (OS)

Captain, I-

Ensign Sato appears around the corner but draws up short at the unexpected image of Crewman Edwell standing in the corridor and pointing. She glances to Archer, who shrugs.

ARCHER

(to Edwell, stern)

Crewman, I think you need to rest. It's been a tough day for you and...

(with a nod to Hoshi)

Ensign Sato will give you a hand.

Hoshi reaches forward to touch Edwell's outstretched and pointing arm; the moment her fingers graze his EV Suit, he reacts by pulling away sharply and taking a step away from her.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

EDWELL

(panicked)

Too loud! The noise...too loud...

He crumples into a heap (with is kind of odd-looking since he has mag-boots on), and Archer springs forward to catch him (they are in zero-gee, after all.) The captain doesn't seem to note that Hoshi is now cradling her hand as if it had just been burned, but T'Pol does. The Vulcan quirks an eyebrow as Archer hefts the unconscious crewman.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)

Tell Mitscher to meet me at the shuttlepod.

As he starts down the corridor, Hoshi notes T'Pol's study of her and quickly follows the captain. Off of the Vulcan's look, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *EAGLE* - RUINED GALLEY

Commander Tucker is seated at the same table that we saw Crewman Edwell was at earlier and is quickly tapping on a larger than normal PADD (clearly intended for use while in an EV Suit.) At his side, Sub-Commander T'Pol is doing the same and the two quickly glance at the other's data. Across from them are Major Reed and Lieutenant Picard, both of whom look a little bored.

The clump-clump-clump of approaching boots heralds Archer's arrival with Hoshi just behind him.

ARCHER

Report.

TUCKER

We've got the shuttlepods running again. They'll fly.

ARCHER

That's good news.

Trip appears almost sheepish as he continues and, during his comments, gives T'Pol a couple of glances.

TUCKER

Based on the current rate of energy drain, though, we're not going to have enough power on either shuttlepod to maintain thrust and get clear of the gravimetric currents.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER

What about the *Eagle*?

TUCKER

She's still got the fuel, but the power cells-
(off Picard's look)
The batteries are bone dry.

REED

But if the current is running in one direction, why hasn't this ship crashed?

T'POL

The presence of the asteroid appears to be blocking the...
(with a hint of disgust)

Current. This ship is not being drawn forward and appears to be held in a relatively stationary orbit at a precise distance from the asteroid.

ARCHER

How long until the shuttlepods are completely drained, Trip?

TUCKER

An hour. Maybe less if that thing ramps up whatever it is that's sucking the juice out.

ARCHER

Wonderful
(to everyone)
Options?

A BEAT passes as everyone considers.

REED

Could we rig *Eagle* to explode? Maybe give it a nudge toward the base?
(beat)

The shockwave might knock us clear...or even deviate this stream.

TUCKER

(incensed)
You want to blow it up? This ship is a relic! It belongs in a museum, not destroyed!

REED

With all due respect, Commander, what good does it do if we die on this relic?

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

TUCKER

That's your solution to everything, isn't it, Major? Nothing a bit of explosives can't fix.

(snide)

Typical.

ARCHER

Enough!

(beat)

Is that possible, Trip?

TUCKER

(sullen)

Yes, sir.

(considering)

We'd have to use the shuttlepods to give her a push. Gravity would do the rest.

ARCHER

T'Pol?

T'POL

I will need time to determine the precise calculations for the shuttlepod placement...

(considering)

But it is feasible.

Archer weighs the plan for a moment, then nods.

ARCHER

(to Tucker)

I don't want to destroy *Eagle* any more than you do, Trip, but we've got a duty to get everyone back to *Enterprise*.

(beat)

Including one very sick young man named Tommy.

(off Trip's nod)

Then let's get to work.

Everyone stands and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

It's a broad shot of the *Eagle* as the two shuttlepods slowly detach. Engines alive and thrusters flaring, they maneuver to the secondary hull and lower themselves again, this time oriented toward the distant asteroid. As we PUSH IN, we can see them firmly attach to the hull.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 02

As before, everyone is aboard the 'pod in their appropriate locations. Archer is clenching and unclenching his hands as we waits for something. Through the bubble, we can see the asteroid and the mostly ruined "saucer" section of *Eagle*. In the seat immediately behind Hoshi's place at the sensor board is Major Reed and we can see he is fiddling with something that looks like a transmitter.

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)

We're set here, Cap'n. Waiting for the green light.

Archer glances at Reed who nods.

ARCHER

Set here. Sub-Commander, whenever you're ready.

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Understood. On my mark, full impulse. Overburn for exactly seventeen seconds.

(beat)

Mark.

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

The engines of the two shuttlepods suddenly FLARE brightly and bring to mind the afterburners of a modern military jet. Slowly...ever so slowly, the derelict *Eagle* begins to shift and then starts toward the asteroid.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 02

The shuttlepod is shaking hard and we can hear the high whine of its engines. Archer's grip on the flight controls is being tested as they try to vibrate their way free.

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

End overburn...now.

Archer reacts and the whine of the engines begins to dwindle.

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Eagle is on approach.

The captain hits a switch and we can hear the sound of the shuttlepod detaching.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

Both 'pods come loose and immediately re-orient themselves away from the asteroid. Instantly, they start shaking as they try to fight the gravimetric current. Behind them, we can see the *Eagle* gathering speed as it is suddenly freed from the stationary orbit.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 03

Ensign Mayweather is fighting the controls in a way that tells us how difficult this is. Everyone is being rattled around and, as we PAN AROUND, we can see that Lieutenant Picard is now aboard this shuttlepod. At his side, as far from T'Pol as physically possible on this craft, is Edwell. His eyes are closed and he is mumbling...something.

T'POL

Impact in ten seconds.

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

It's a shot looking toward the shuttlepod noses as they fight the current. We can't see *Eagle* anymore, only the asteroid. Suddenly, there is a small flash of light far in the distance. A BEAT passes before the asteroid suddenly EXPLODES! It sends an omni-directional shockwave out that races toward the two 'pods...

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 03

Alarms are shrieking now, as the 'pod shakes and trembles with jarring force. Loud clanks of debris impacting the hull echoes loudly and we can see more than a few of the people in the back apparently praying.

The 'pod suddenly rocks HARD, and we can tell that it seems to be tumbling. Sparks explode from the controls and there are unintelligible shouts of fear.

EXT. SPACE - IN THE OORT CLOUD

Trailing debris and fuel, the two shuttlepods continue to spin end over end through the field. Their engines are misfiring and sputtering. A massive shadow suddenly covers them and we PULL BACK to reveal *Enterprise*. Twin grapppler lines streak out, smacking onto the failing 'pods, and the EX-01 twists into a hard bank away from the cloud, dragging the two craft behind her.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 02

Looking beyond his viewport, Captain Archer can see the familiar curves of his ship as he exhales with visible relief. Behind him, we can hear and see the jubilant cries of the men and women in his shuttlepod.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

TSIEN (COMM. VOICE)

Enterprise to Captain Archer. Hope you don't mind us lending a hand.

The captain smiles broadly.

ARCHER

Just in time, Lieutenant. We were starting to get a little worried.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - AN UNIDENTIFIED SYSTEM

Enterprise continues away from the Oort Cloud, the grappling lines slowly beginning to pull the two shuttles closer. And, off that image, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: “Solitude”

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – SICKBAY

We resume with the familiar contours of the medical bay. Atop one of the biobeds is Crewman Edwell. He is staring at the ceiling, unblinking. As we focus on him, we can't help but to note that his pupils are once again dilated far beyond normal. As we hold on him, we can hear voices.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Get your ass over here, Tommy!

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Yeah! It's your turn to deal!

Edwell blinks once and tears of blood leak from his odd-looking eyes.

INT. *EAGLE* - GALLEY

And suddenly, we're in the past, in a memory of fifty-three years gone. The colors are strangely muted (as befits a flashback) and Master Chief Granholm is glowering at a plain-looking woman wearing chief petty officer rank. A stack of poker chips is piled in front of her and she's giving the master chief a mocking grin. Next to her is a dark-skinned man wearing petty officer rank. All three of them are looking toward the camera.

GRANHOLM

I want a better hand this time! None of that crap that I got dealt last hand.

FEMALE

(laughing)

Are you trying to get him to cheat for you?

We move forward, toward the table and realize that we're seeing this through Edwell's eyes.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – SICKBAY

We return to the present as the chimes on the biobed suddenly change to a single, ominous tone. As we PULL BACK, we reveal a pair of grim-looking doctors, LUCAS and PHLOX. They exchange a look devoid of their normal difficulties, and Phlox takes several steps away to the nearby communication panel. He depresses the transmit button.

PHLOX

Phlox to Captain Archer. Please report to Sickbay.

A BEAT passes.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

On my way.

And, off Phlox's expression, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – OUTSIDE SICKBAY

Captain Archer approaches the medical facility, attention mostly centered on the clipboard he is carrying. He pauses long enough to allow the doors to slide open before continuing.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - SICKBAY

He immediately strides toward the waiting Doctor Phlox.

ARCHER

You needed to see me?

The doctor gestures, a somber expression on his face, and we follow his gesture to a biobed where Crewman Edwell rests. Doctor Lucas gives the captain a grim look before drawing a sheet over the young man's face.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(confused)

Wha...I don't understand. What happened to him?

PHLOX

He suffered a massive cerebral aneurysm, Captain.

(off Archer's shock)

We did what we could but, by the time he was brought to Sickbay, it was already too late.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Archer nods, a crushed look on his face as he stares at the unmoving young man on the biobed.

ARCHER

(sad)

It seems like a waste...to have come so far and die like this.

(suddenly alarmed)

Did we do this? When we pulled him out of that cryo tube? Did we-

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

PHLOX

(interrupting)

No, no, no. It was nothing you did, Captain.

He gestures to a wall monitor that has an electronic image of a brain upon it.

PHLOX (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Do you see this damage here, and here?

(off Archer's nod)

That's from cryogenic failure. That freezing unit was never properly sealed.

The captain looks at him in shock.

PHLOX (CONT'D)

Even if we had been able to open that pod aboard *Enterprise*, there is a good chance he would have died anyway.

Archer turns away.

ARCHER

Thank you, Doctor. I'll have Trip coordinate with you for the burial.

And, with his shoulders slightly drooping, Archer walks from the medical facility. Off that, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - HANGAR DECK

Standing straight and bearing a somber expression, Captain Archer stands before much of the crew who are assembled for a burial in space. Dress uniforms are on every person present, although Sub-Commander T'Pol looks out of place in her ceremonial robes. Even Doctor Phlox is dressed in dark clothes. As we cut into this scene, Archer is already speaking.

ARCHER

Most of us didn't know Petty Officer Edwell. He came into our lives and was gone before we could get to know him, but he had a profound effect on us, nonetheless.

We begin ranging through the formations, pausing slightly to focus on various faces as the captain speaks.

ARCHER (OS)

His death, and the deaths of the rest of the crew of the UES *Eagle*, is a reminder of the danger we face every single day.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

Ensign Sato is biting her lower lip, features crunched in thought.

ARCHER (OS)

It is a reminder that our job demands courage and sacrifice.

Ensign Mayweather is frowning as he stares at the casket.

ARCHER (OS)

It is a reminder that we are the pioneers of our age, ever seeking to know what is beyond that next hill no matter the danger before us.

Commander Tucker is also frowning but he's looking down, as if he were thinking of something else.

ARCHER (OS)

So, in his memory, and in the memory of all of those who have gone before, we have a duty to continue forward in this grand crusade.

Sub-Commander T'Pol is listening to the captain without apparent reaction.

ARCHER (OS)

To continue seeking out new life and new civilizations.

We're back to Archer as he stands before the crew.

ARCHER

(solemn)

We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be returned to the stars from where we came, and to where we all shall return.

He gives a discreet nod to Trip.

TUCKER

(loudly)

Detachment: atten-shun!

There is a loud CLACK as the assembled crew snap to attention.

REED

(loudly)

Present arms!

The UEM troopers present sharply salute the casket and hold the position. We can see T'Pol quirk an eyebrow at that. As "Taps" begins to play, the pallbearers lift the casket and begin marching it toward the open hangar bay door. We PUSH IN tight and focus on Captain Archer's creased face; for all of his noble words just now, he looks troubled.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

After a BEAT of focusing on him, we note that Commander Tucker is silently watching his commanding officer, a concerned look on his face. And, off that look, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CORRIDOR

Commander Tucker is now wearing his regular duty uniform as he walks through the corridor. Under his arm is a large, old-style book of some sort. He is walking with a purpose.

Rounding a corner, he nearly runs into Sub-Commander T'Pol but her quickness prevents a collision.

T'POL

Commander.

The Vulcan starts to walk by and continue on her way, but Trip speaks up.

TUCKER

T'Pol.

(off her look, sheepish)

I owe you an apology.

She lifts an eyebrow at that.

T'POL

For what?

TUCKER

You were right about the currents. I didn't do enough research and made a bunch of assumptions that didn't pan out.

(sheepish)

So...I'm sorry for being such an ass.

She studies him for a BEAT before inclining her head slightly.

T'POL

Your apology is accepted, Commander Tucker.

Trip smiles and starts to turn away.

T'POL (CONT'D)

Commander.

(off his look)

I have been reviewing our mission data aboard the *Eagle*...

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

T'POL (CONT'D)

(beat)

During your time aboard that craft, did you see any bodies?

Trip pauses for a BEAT as he clearly considers it.

TUCKER

(surprised)

Aside from that master chief atop Edwell's freezer pod, I don't remember seeing any at all.

(beat)

But, now that you mention it, there should have been some bodies.

T'POL

Agreed.

From his expression, Commander Tucker is now very curious and perhaps a little freaked out.

TUCKER

Have you mentioned this to the cap'n?

T'POL

No. He is...

(beat, considering)

Distracted.

TUCKER

I know. I'm on my way to talk to him now. I'll mention it to him.

(off her nod)

Good night, T'Pol.

They go their separate ways and follow Trip to a familiar-looking door. He hits the announce button outside and, a BEAT later, we hear a response.

ARCHER (COMM. VOICE)

Enter!

The door opens and Trip steps into...

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CAPTAIN ARCHER'S OFFICE

The captain is behind his desk, dressed in his UESPA sweats. He doesn't look like he's been working.

TUCKER

Evening, sir.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER

What's up, Trip?

Without asking permission, Tucker sits down in one of the chairs across from the captain. He gives the captain a long look.

TUCKER

I wanted to see how you were doing, Cap'n. You looked pretty rough at the funeral.

The captain sighs and leans back in his chair.

ARCHER

Yeah...

(beat, off Trip's look)

It was such a senseless waste. He was just a kid, Trip! He had his entire life to live and look at how he died.

TUCKER

We all knew it wasn't going to be easy out here.

ARCHER

I know...but nobody said anything about trying to tell a seventeen year old kid that everything he knows is wrong, that everyone he knows and loves has died and then burying him a day later.

(beat, sad)

You should have seen his eyes, Trip. I told him what year it was and he couldn't believe it. It was just too much for him.

(beat)

Would have been too much for me, too.

Trip is silent and the two men sit in silence for a BEAT. Finally, Archer reaches into his desk and produces a bottle of bourbon and two small glasses. He begins to speak again as he pours.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

And then, to have gone through so much pain, so much terror...

(beat)

To die in such a senseless way...

TUCKER

We all die eventually.

ARCHER

I know.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(as he pushes a glass to Trip)

But I want my death to have meaning, Trip. I don't want to die of something stupid like that!

They drink.

TUCKER

Cap'n, his time was up. There wasn't anything you could do.

(off Archer's look)

I talked with the doc. The kid was lucky to have been able to walk in the first place. Phlox thinks Edwell was semi-conscious for the entire time he was in that cryo unit.

ARCHER

(horrified)

My God...

TUCKER

(nodding)

The human brain was never intended for something like that.

ARCHER

(into his glass)

Such a stupid, senseless waste...

Trip frowns and studies the captain for another BEAT.

TUCKER

It's more than that though, isn't it?

(off Archer's look)

Isn't it?

Archer sighs again.

ARCHER

Yeah.

(beat)

I can't help but to wonder if us being out here is the right thing.

(off Trip's shock)

How many have we lost since *Enterprise* launched, Trip?

Tucker pauses to consider but the captain continues.

ARCHER

Eleven.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(beat, frowning)

And that's not including the seventeen that have rotated back to Earth due to injuries.

(beat, a little angry)

Eleven men and women depended upon me and I let them down.

(with sadness)

Add one to that number now.

TUCKER

Cap'n...

(beat)

Jon.

(off Archer's look)

Every person on this ship knew the risks when they signed up.

(beat, considering)

Grieve for the dead, but don't let 'em sway your course.

(with a grin)

Never give up. Never, never, never. Isn't that what your dad used to say?

Archer smiles at that.

ARCHER

He stole it from Winston Churchill, but yeah. He did say that.

TUCKER

One wise man quoting another. Works for me.

The dark mood that surrounded the captain when Tucker entered has lifted somewhat and Trip smiles.

TUCKER

I thought you might want this. As a reminder of why we're out here.

He puts the book on Archer's desk.

ARCHER

What is...

(beat, surprised)

Is this...?

TUCKER

Eagle's logbook. One of Reed's SFs found it and the good major gave it to me.

(with a smile)

This is why we're out here, Jon. To explore and see things no human being has seen before.

FOUNDATIONS: "Solitude"

Archer is nodding as he begins to turn the pages of the logbook as if it were a holy book.

ARCHER

This belongs in a museum...

TUCKER

(smiling)

I won't tell anyone if you don't.

The captain smiles and the two clink their glasses together. And, off that, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

FOUNDATIONS: “Solitude”

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