



STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

“Objects at Rest”

Story By

the daft punk, Erik Gustav Hanska and Rigil Kent

Screenplay By

Rigil Kent

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FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - AN EMPTY EXPANSE

We open with a shot of a glittering starfield devoid of planets or nearby stars. In the far distance, we can see the faint colors of a nebula. As we PAN, the shifting of the stars is the only indication that we are actually moving.

SUDDENLY, an incandescent beam of energy flashes by the camera view, narrowly missing "us". A pair of J-Type cargo ships lumber into view, both damaged and slowly leaking warp plasma from their nacelles. As we PUSH IN toward one of the cargo ships, we can see the Earth Cargo Authority logo prominently displayed across the ship's outer hull; underneath the logo is the name of the ship:

ECS ENKIDU

Closer we draw toward the viewport as another burst of fire flashes through the void and slams into the ship.

INT. *ENKIDU* - "BRIDGE"

Fear is strong on the command deck of the small ship. Shattered consoles and small electrical fires can be seen as the PILOT feverishly struggles with his controls. Blood covering half of her face, the CAPTAIN clutches the side of a panel to keep from falling as the ENGINEER works on his own board.

PILOT

Maneuvering thrusters are out!

The Captain shoots a desperate look at her Engineer.

CAPTAIN

Get those thrusters back!

ENGINEER

I'm trying!

The ship rocks again and sparks explode around them.

PILOT

The *Gilgamesh* is going to warp!

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EXT. SPACE

The other ship, still leaking warp plasma, suddenly surges forward and disappears in a flash of light, leaving the *Enkidu* behind.

INT. *ENKIDU* - "BRIDGE"

The Captain stares in horror at the empty starfield now being displayed on her viewscreen. She turns to her Engineer who immediately speaks.

ENGINEER

Warp drive is nonfunctional.

The Captain's expression falls and she turns her attention back to the viewscreen.

EXT. SPACE

As the *Enkidu* continues to slow, we PAN to reveal their pursuers: more cargo ships. They draw closer, no longer firing.

INT. *ENKIDU* - "BRIDGE"

Expressions of abject defeat are on the faces of the three crewmembers as a beep sounds. Reaching across the Pilot's shoulder, the Captain hits a button and the viewscreen changes to the image of a dark-skinned human with a grim expression on his face.

DARK-SKINNED MAN

Stand down and prepare to be boarded.

Fury flickers across the Captain's face as she glares at the image.

CAPTAIN

I'll see you dead for this, Mayweather!

Even as she speaks, the image blinks out, returning to a view of space. An older cargo ship, now bristling with modified weapon emplacements, appears in the viewer and we can see the name of the ship emblazoned upon the hull:

ECS HORIZON

And with that, we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - IN ORBIT

We open with an establishing shot of the EX-01 *Enterprise* parked in high orbit over a fierce-looking gas giant. In the far distance, we can see the flicker of the red star that is the system's sun. As we draw closer to *Enterprise*, another ship can suddenly be made out. Significantly smaller than the EX-01, it slowly maneuvers to dock on the starboard side of the much larger ship. As we draw closer, we can see damage along the outer hull of the small transport ship. It is also familiar-looking and we briefly pause as its name comes into view:

ECS GILGAMESH

With that, we PUSH IN and

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - OUTSIDE THE AIRLOCK

Standing before the airlock door, CAPTAIN JONATHAN ARCHER waits patiently, an amused expression on his face. Clearly a little nervous, ENSIGN TRAVIS MAYWEATHER fidgets slightly as he speaks.

MAYWEATHER

Sir?

(off of Archer's glance)

Not that I'm complaining, sir, but ... why am I here again?

The captain smirks at the much younger man as he replies. In the background, we can see two members of Enterprise's Security Forces, both of whom are armed and appear slightly bored.

ARCHER

It's our first supply run, Ensign, and I want it to go off without a hitch.

(beat)

Didn't you say that you grew up doing these runs?

Travis nods as he glances at the airlock.

MAYWEATHER

Yes sir. Fleet supply runs were our bread and butter.

Travis smiles slightly, momentarily lost in memories of days long ago. The captain can't help but to notice this.

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ARCHER

See? You know how this works better than anyone else aboard.

(with a teasing smile)

Besides, I figure if I have my own lying and cheating Boomer present, we won't get a raw deal.

Travis shoots the captain an outraged look that fades slightly when he realizes Archer is joking.

MAYWEATHER

Ah.

(beat, hesitantly)

Is this the sort of thing that they teach you in Captain's school?

ARCHER

(smiling)

Among other things, yes.

(beat)

We'll have to compare notes when you make captain.

Travis smiles slightly; the expression seems forced. Beyond, we can hear the clang of the two ships mating together. After a BEAT, the ensign speaks up.

MAYWEATHER

Is that how you really see us, sir?

The captain is confused and it shows on his face.

ARCHER

What?

MAYWEATHER

Boomers. You called us liars and cheaters. Is that how you really see us?

From Travis' voice and his intent expression, we can tell that this is a touchy subject to him. Archer seems to realize this at once.

ARCHER

Of course not! I was joking...

Travis' expression remains tight.

MAYWEATHER

It's just...

(beat, slightly frustrated)

That's a stereotype we've been fighting for years, Captain. There's a saying I've heard: if a Boomer's in port, hide the silver and lock up the children.

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MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

(beat, soft)
It's not very funny.

The captain's expression reflects his embarrassment and he drops a hand on Travis' shoulder.

ARCHER

I'm sorry, Travis. It was uncalled for and won't happen again. You have my word.

As Travis smiles broadly, the light above the airlock door changes to green, indication of a hard seal. The two officers again assume an official stance as the door begins to open. A stout man in civilian clothes enters; this is CAPTAIN D'AGOSTINO. Archer offers his hand almost immediately.

ARCHER

Welcome to Enterprise. I'm Captain Jonathan Archer.

The Boomer captain accepts the offered hand and they shake hands vigorously.

D'AGOSTINO

Captain D'Agostino of the Gilgamesh.
(beat, as he glances around)
Lovely ship you have here, Captain.

Archer grins at that. When he speaks, we can hear the pride in his voice.

ARCHER

That she is. I can arrange a tour later, if you like.
(off the other man's nod)
We couldn't help but to notice that you appear to have some damage.

The Boomer captain tenses slightly.

D'AGOSTINO

We ... ran into some trouble on the way.

ARCHER

I can have my chief engineer give you hand with repairs...

D'Agostino's tension eases.

D'AGOSTINO

That would be appreciated, Captain.

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ARCHER

Good.

(beat, with a gesture to Travis)

This is Ensign Mayweather. He'll be coordinating the supply transfer.

At the utterance of Travis' name, Captain D'Agostino pales slightly and takes a step backwards.

D'AGOSTINO

(thick with emotion)

Mayweather? Of the Horizon?

MAYWEATHER

(slightly confused at the reaction)

Born and bred, sir.

Captain D'Agostino's expression goes black and his next words are nearly a snarl.

D'AGOSTINO

You keep this murderer away from me!

A BEAT passes in absolute silence as the two Starfleet officers react with surprise at the comment. Behind them, we can see the two SFs studying the situation with hands on their weapons, clearly poised to respond.

MAYWEATHER

(stunned)

Murderer?

Archer takes in the expression on D'Agostino's face and clearly recognizes a man about to explode into violence. There is a seething fury in the other captain's eyes and his hands are clenched tightly in fists.

ARCHER

Ensign.

(off of Travis' look)

Dismissed.

Archer's voice is firm and Travis gives him a nod before turning and walking away. D'Agostino's eyes follow him until he rounds a corner.

ARCHER

Now, Captain-

D'Agostino returns his attention to Archer whose expression has transformed from a friendly fellow captain into a stern and unyielding patrician.

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ARCHER

I think you and I need to have a talk.

And off of the captain's grim expression, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ARCHER'S OFFICE

It's another camera trick as we PULL BACK to reveal Archer now speaking with ADMIRAL FORREST over a live connection to Earth. As the two talk, there is a delay with Forrest's replies, a clear indication of signal lag.

FORREST

-been hearing reports of this sort of thing all over the sector. The military has been looking into it but with the Nausicaans still making noise, they haven't been able to accomplish much.

Archer doesn't look happy at that.

ARCHER

What about the ECA? Can't they do anything about this?

FORREST

They're half the problem, Jon.

(beat, with a tired expression)

Ever since they lost their monopoly on Centauri shipping, the Earth Cargo Authority has been clamping down hard on their members to make up for lost revenue.

(beat, frustrated)

Apparently, some of the Boomers have been going rogue instead of paying the new taxes.

Archer glances away from the monitor, an expression of guilt and remorse on his face.

ARCHER

I can't help but to feel a little responsible for this...

Forrest gives him a look of commiseration.

FORREST

I know, but this is a civil matter, Jon. Our hands are tied.

Archer is incredulous at that.

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ARCHER

So you're telling me we're going to sit back and do nothing?

The admiral shifts awkwardly.

FORREST

Jon-

ARCHER

(interrupting, hot)

We're better than that, dammit! Why even bother sending us out here if we're going to just continue shooting at each other back home?

FORREST

We are not the police, Captain.

From his tone and expression, the admiral is on the brink of losing his temper and Archer quickly reins in his own anger.

FORREST

Hell, Vanderbilt is still pissed at us for that mess with Alpha Centauri that you caused.

(beat)

Not to mention Sutherland is starting to harass me about the work environment for the SFs aboard *Enterprise* and the construction teams for the *Columbia* are starting to complain about your engineer's engine specs...

(as he rubs the bridge of his nose in exhaustion)

We've got enough on our plate right now without you making another tilt at the nearest windmill. This is a matter for the civil authorities and the military, Jon.

(beat)

Let them handle it.

ARCHER

But, Admiral, I've got something that neither of them has!

(beat, off of the admiral's look)

I've got a Boomer of my own!

Forrest's expression changes to one of surprise and he leans back in thought for a BEAT before nodding slightly.

FORREST

(musing)

That could give you the advantage this entire situation needs...

Archer's optimism suddenly seems to have reappeared in full force.

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ARCHER

I can get with Captain D'Agostino and back-track his course to where they lost the *Enkidu*. Shouldn't take us more than a couple of days-

FORREST

(interrupting)

Hold on! I haven't given you the go-ahead yet.

(beat)

Let me make some calls. You said it would take you the better part of an hour to finish offloading the supplies, right?

ARCHER

Yes sir.

FORREST

Good. I'll be in touch.

The screen goes dark and, as we focus on Archer, we quickly

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

We PULL BACK from Archer, revealing that we're now in *Enterprise's* briefing room. The senior officers are all present: SUB-COMMANDER T'POL, COMMANDER TUCKER, and MAJOR REED. SENIOR CHIEF PETTY OFFICER LINQUIST is standing at the back of the room along with three other senior enlisted personnel who we've not seen before. DOCTOR PHLOX sits quietly while ENSIGNS SATO and Mayweather fidget slightly; the latter wearing an absolutely morose expression on his face. Archer is the only officer standing.

ARCHER

And that is the situation, people.

(beat, as he nods to Travis)

We're hoping that Ensign Mayweather's background as a Boomer will give us the edge we need to deal with this situation without any further loss of life.

There is a BEAT of awkward silence as the humans (and one Denobulan) make a visible effort to avoid looking at a stricken-looking Ensign Mayweather. T'Pol is, unsurprisingly, nearly impossible to read.

REED

(stunned and disgusted)

Boomers shooting Boomers. Are we sure it's not an alien trick of some sort?

T'Pol glances at Major Reed with a quirked eyebrow as Phlox shifts slightly in his chair. None of the humans seem to really notice.

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SATO

Positive, sir.

(beat)

Chief Gomez and I checked the *Gilgamesh's* flight recorder to see if it had been tampered with or hacked.

One of the enlisted personnel shifts slightly at the mention of his name but does not offer anything else.

TUCKER

Not to mention, those damned recorders are pretty tough to get to in the first place.

Reed eases back in his seat, glances briefly at Ensign Mayweather.

ARCHER

How long until repairs will be complete on the *Gilgamesh*, Trip?

TUCKER

We've pretty much done everything we can for them, Cap'n. Most of their damage was minor and easily fixed; though their port nacelle had a fairly big fracture that Chief Linquist's team already fixed.

ARCHER

Good.

(beat)

And the supplies?

T'Pol opens her mouth to answer that question but Trip responds, prompting a mostly emotionless glance from her that has a hint of annoyance lurking in her eyes.

TUCKER

We've got them aboard and stowed.

Trip seems to sense T'Pol's look and returns it with one of his own, one that clearly says "What?" Oblivious to this brief interaction, Archer continues, his attention shifting to Travis.

ARCHER

How long will it take you to retrace the *Gilgamesh's* route, Travis?

MAYWEATHER

Already done, sir.

Archer appears surprised ... and perhaps momentarily impressed.

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MAYWEATHER

There's really only one place that an ambush like they described could happen on this particular space lane.

Travis' expression remains conflicted.

ARCHER

Have you accessed the *Gilgamesh's* flight recorder?

MAYWEATHER

(uncomfortably)

Yes sir.

ARCHER

We'll be taking a slight detour first.

(beat, as he pulls up a starchart on the main monitor)

Admiral Forrest wants us to rendezvous with the *Lexington* here. It's about three days off away and General Bernard is supposed to be waiting for us.

Surprise is on the faces of most of the humans and even T'Pol raises an eyebrow slightly at that.

TUCKER

The *Lexington*?

ARCHER

Yes.

(a touch acerbically)

This is a joint operation between UESPA and the navy.

The word "navy" is emphasized slightly and Reed gives the captain a sour glance but, aside from a frown, makes no other comment. Disgruntled expressions are on the faces of all UESPA personnel in the room but no one comments.

ARCHER

If there's nothing else...

(beat, as he waits for someone to comment)

Let's get moving. Travis, cut us loose from the *Gilgamesh* and set a course to rendezvous with the *Lexington*, maximum warp. Trip-

TUCKER

(smirking)

Going to break my ship again, Cap'n?

The assembled crew (sans T'Pol) chuckle at the lame joke and Archer grins.

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ARCHER

Not planning on it.
(beat)

I want warp five point three or point four until we meet up with the *Lexington*.
Will that be a problem?

Trip winces slightly.

TUCKER

You do realize, sir, that she's a warp five engine on paper, right?
(beat, off of Archer's smile)

I wouldn't recommend that speed the whole way, Cap'n. Reactor will need to cool down.

The captain nods.

ARCHER

Noted. I'm sure you'll let me know when it's a problem.

Again, there are chuckles and T'Pol lifts an eyebrow slightly.

ARCHER

(to the entire room)
Dismissed.

The enlisted personnel are the closest to the door and file through it quickly. As Commander Tucker and Sub-Commander T'Pol are the farthest from the door, they are unsurprisingly the last to exit.

TUCKER

No snide remarks about this mission, Sub-Commander?

Archer hesitates slightly, obviously as interested in her response as Trip is although he conceals this interest fairly well.

T'POL

As this involves humans firing upon humans-
(with a glance toward Trip)
-an act of overt aggression-
(off his annoyed frown)
-it is only logical to utilize the best available assets.

TUCKER

(musing)
Was that a compliment?

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T'POL

Unlikely.

(off his expression)

Ensign Mayweather's presence makes *Enterprise* the best available asset.

And off of Tucker's look, we

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - IN ORBIT

We PUSH IN tight as the umbilicals connecting the *Gilgamesh* begin to retract. With a muted growl from her engines, the EX-01 slowly begins to pull away from the smaller craft. Rapidly accelerating, it races away from the gas giant for a few seconds before making the jump to warp.

And off *Enterprise's* disappearance, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - AT WARP

We open with an establishing shot of *Enterprise* as she races quickly through the void of space. PUSHING IN, we quickly:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - MESS HALL

The dining facility is bustling with activity although it isn't yet filled to capacity. Mostly we see enlisted personnel in clusters, eating and talking. As we move through the mess hall, we hear snatches of conversations that range from work to sports to recent events.

At the far end of the dining facility is Ensign Travis Mayweather. He is seated at a table and is alone. A tray of food is before him but he doesn't seem that interested, instead focusing his attention to the streaking stars beyond the viewport.

SATO (O.S.)

(offscreen)

Is this seat taken?

Hoshi's voice startles him and he jumps slightly. Offering her a rueful grin, he gestures to the chair across from him.

MAYWEATHER

No, not taken. Have a seat.

As she sits down, his attention again wanders away from the table and to the streaking lights beyond the viewport. Hoshi follows the direction of his eyes and gets a quick look of discomfort at the sight before turning her focus back to her meal. They are silent for a LONG BEAT.

SATO

How are you doing?

Travis' head jerks around to look at her, almost as if he had again forgotten she was there. He shifts some vegetables around on his plate in a half-hearted effort to make them appealing.

MAYWEATHER

I'm...

(beat, considers)

I'm okay, I guess.

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Hoshi offers him a smile of support and he sighs.

MAYWEATHER

(depressed)

It's not every day you find out that your family has turned to piracy.

SATO

When's the last time you talked to them?

Travis looks away again, although this time he appears embarrassed.

MAYWEATHER

It's been a while.

(beat, sad)

My dad pretty much disowned me when I joined UESPA.

Hoshi is surprised at that.

SATO

Really? Why would he do that?

Travis offers her another rueful grin.

MAYWEATHER

I was leaving the family business. That just isn't done.

(beat)

My mom was supportive but...

Once again, Travis glances out the viewport.

MAYWEATHER

Dad took it pretty bad. Told me I wasn't ever welcome back on *Horizon* if I did sign up. My brother Paul was even more harsh about it.

(beat, shrugs)

Haven't really talked to them since then.

SATO

Wow. That's pretty rough.

(beat)

I can't imagine not talking to my parents for that long.

MAYWEATHER

Sometimes I really miss *Horizon*. I miss the people and the smells. I even miss the food.

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MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

(suddenly grins)

My mom used to make this strawberry shortcake out of ration packs that was just fantastic.

SATO

(with a slightly disgusted look)

Ration packs?

MAYWEATHER

It's not like we had a big selection of food.

(once more introspective)

She could do amazing things with those rations...

They are silent for a BEAT as Travis is momentarily lost in memories of the "old days". Hoshi bites her lip as she plays with her own food; from her expression, she wants to ask something but doesn't know how. Finally...

SATO

Travis?

He returns his attention to her.

SATO

Something I've been wondering...

(beat, off his nod)

You grew up on the space lanes, right?

MAYWEATHER

Yep. Born and bred.

SATO

Then how did you make officer? The education requirements...

Travis grins broadly as she trails off, an almost embarrassed expression on her face.

MAYWEATHER

I embarrassed a bunch of the instructors during training.

(beat, with pride)

And then there was a training accident with one of the sub-orbital shuttles...

Hoshi's eyes widen slightly.

SATO

What kind of accident?

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MAYWEATHER

The pilot lost control while trying to show off and then started to panic. I took over and landed us safely.

SATO

I remember that!

Travis shrugs slightly: it's pretty obvious that he's trying to play it off as "no big deal" while also desperately wanting to brag about it a little. Hoshi seems to recognize this and continues.

SATO

What happened then?

MAYWEATHER

Captain Archer happened.

(beat, off her look)

He was flying one of the rescue shuttles that escorted us back to the landing zone.

(smiling)

When he found out that I was responsible for bringing the shuttle in, he got pretty angry.

SATO

(surprised)

Angry? Why?

MAYWEATHER

'cause I wasn't in the pilot's program and the guy who was in the program nearly got us killed grandstanding.

(beat, now grinning)

The captain convinced Admiral Forrest to let me have a try on the simulators against some of the other students.

(cocky)

I kicked their collective asses.

(beat)

After that, the admiral pulled some strings and got me special dispensation. I'm still working on my degree and, until I finish it up, I can't be promoted past ensign.

(grumbling)

Stupid written reports...

He doesn't look entirely happy about that.

SATO

I can help you with that.

(off his look)

I was a teacher for a while, you know.

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They share a smile.

MAYWEATHER

Thanks. I'd really appreciate that.

Another BEAT passes as Hoshi finishes her meal. Travis appears in a slightly better mood than he was before she approached.

MAYWEATHER

Did you hear about the alien sighting?

She glances up at that.

SATO

What alien?

MAYWEATHER

Somebody saw an unidentified alien running around on D Deck. I heard that the SFs are organizing a hunt.

Hoshi sighs.

SATO

You got me with the jello, Travis. I'm not falling for this one.

MAYWEATHER

It's no joke!

And off her look of disbelief, we

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - RENDEZVOUS SPOT

Enterprise abruptly drops from warp speed. As we PUSH IN toward the ship, we can tell that this area of space appears absolutely empty.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

The primary rotation is on duty with Captain Archer silently pacing behind Ensign Mayweather. He glances in T'Pol's direction, noting that she has her eyes glued to the visual scanner. He is about to speak when...

T'POL

Contact. Bearing one-zero-two, mark three-three-six. Range 12.06 light-minutes.

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ARCHER

Is it *Lexington*?

T'POL

Stand by...

As she works, we can see Major Reed watching her reaction with interest, his hand poised above several keys.

T'POL

Scans confirm *UEM Lexington*.

She looks up at Archer and he shifts attention to Hoshi. Behind him, we can see Reed relax slightly.

ARCHER

Hoshi, open hailing frequencies.

The ensign quickly begins operating her board as Archer once again glances in T'Pol's direction while not actually looking at her.

ARCHER

What do we know about this sector of space?

T'Pol quirks an eyebrow slightly as she begins keying additional commands into her board.

T'POL

We are approximately 6.25 light years from the nearest star. Apart from *Lexington*, there is a single displacement within sensor range that appears to be a foreign object composed of rock, dust, and ice.

MAYWEATHER

A comet!

Archer almost smiles at the ensign's excitement.

ARCHER

Log it for additional study. Maybe if we're here for a couple of hours, we can take a look at it later.

T'Pol once again quirks an eyebrow but says nothing.

SATO

Hailing frequencies open, Captain.

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The main viewer shifts to an image of GENERAL APRIL BERNARD on the command deck of the *Lexington*.

ARCHER

General Bernard. Good to see you again.

BERNARD

Captain.

(beat)

You found us pretty quickly.

Archer does smile then.

ARCHER

Enterprise has excellent sensors.

T'Pol says nothing although she does give Archer a glance.

ARCHER

We're setting a course to your position now.

BERNARD

Acknowledged. We'll meet you halfway. *Lexington* out.

As the screen goes blank, Archer is moving toward the turbolift.

ARCHER

Plot an intercept course, maximum impulse. Have a shuttlepod prepped for launch.

(as he enters the lift)

You have the bridge, Sub-Commander.

The door slides shut on any response.

CUT TO:

INT. *LEXINGTON* - GENERAL BERNARD'S OFFICE

The door is now a hatch and, as it opens, we find ourselves entering familiar territory. Captain Archer steps through the open hatchway, ducking slightly to avoid the low edge, and enters the general's office. He approaches her as a member of the UEM SFs pulls the hatch closed behind him. General Bernard stands and meets him. They shake hands.

BERNARD

Captain.

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ARCHER

General.

Bernard gestures to one of the chairs in front of her desk as she retakes her chair. Archer is speaking as he takes the offered seat.

ARCHER

I didn't expect to see you way out here, General.

BERNARD

(wryly)

I didn't expect to be seen.

(beat, off his expression)

Certain people back home weren't happy about some of the decisions I made at Alpha Centauri.

She gestures toward the open viewport.

BERNARD

So, they sent me out here.

Archer is surprised at that and perhaps a touch chagrined as well.

ARCHER

Punishment duty?

BERNARD

(shrugging)

Someone has to patrol the ass end of nowhere.

(beat, with a sigh)

Apparently, that someone is me.

ARCHER

I'm sorry.

The general gives him an amused smile.

BERNARD

I'm a big girl, Captain. The decision was mine and I'd make it again.

She gestures to her desktop computer.

BERNARD

I've been reviewing the information that Earth has sent about this Boomer problem.

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BERNARD (CONT'D)

(off his nod)

How exactly are you thinking about playing this?

ARCHER

With as little violence as I can manage.

She nods, not noticing his momentary expression of surprise.

BERNARD

That may be tough since they're already shooting at one another.

(beat)

Do you really think this Maypole kid will actually be useful?

ARCHER

Mayweather, and yes, I think he will. He grew up as a Boomer and knows how they think better than either of us ever will.

(beat)

If nothing else, he might be able to suggest where to start our search. I've already got him reviewing the starcharts and plotting out the most common trade routes ... along with some not so common ones.

Again, she nods. From her expression, she is at least moderately impressed.

BERNARD

Can I take it from my presence here that this will be gunboat diplomacy?

ARCHER

I wouldn't go that far...

(beat)

It was Earth's decision to make this a joint operation, General. I'm not sure how effective any negotiations will be if we've got you and the military breathing down our necks.

The general's expression darkens slightly.

BERNARD

Contrary to what you may think, Captain, the military is generally the last group of people who want to go to war.

(off his expression of disbelief)

We're the ones who get shot at and most of us don't care for that sort of thing.

(wryly)

It has a tendency to shorten our life expectancy somewhat.

Archer smiles at that. As he is about to speak, his communicator buzzes and he pulls it from his belt with an apologetic look to the general.

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ARCHER

This is Archer.

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Captain, we are detecting a distress signal from a human vessel.

Bernard is a little surprised at that even as Archer speaks.

ARCHER

Do you have an origin point?

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Yes, Captain.

Bernard's table comm. panel buzzes abruptly. As she answers it, we have a brief scene of cross-talk between her and Archer.

ARCHER

Calculate an intercept course and stand by for warp speed.

BERNARD

Yes?

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Understood.

UEM OFFICER (COMM. VOICE)

Ma'am, we're detecting a distress signal.

ARCHER

Archer out.

BERNARD

(wryly)

I know.

(beat)

Coordinate efforts with *Enterprise*. They're better equipped to isolate the origin.

Archer begins to stand.

BERNARD

Bernard out.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ARCHER

This might be a good place to start.

(off her nod)

Enterprise is faster so we'll take point.

Now, Bernard stands.

BERNARD

Agreed. *Lexington* may not have your speed, Captain, but we'll have your back if you need it.

Once more, they shake hands, Archer heads to the hatch and we PUSH TO the viewport where we can see *Enterprise*.

EXT. SPACE - RENDEZVOUS SPOT

As we PUSH THROUGH the viewport and near *Enterprise*, she abruptly begins to accelerate away from *Lexington*. We quickly draw closer to the EX-01 and

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

The turbolift door slides open and Captain Archer emerges. T'Pol, who is perched on the edge of the command chair, relinquishes it without comment or order. As she retakes her place at the Science board, she is speaking.

T'POL

The distress signal is coming from a human transport with the nomenclature "*Supernova Sunset*".

T'Pol hyper-annunciates the name of the ship with a hint of distaste in her voice.

T'POL (CONT'D)

At maximum warp, we can reach the transport in twenty-nine hours.

Archer frowns at that.

ARCHER

Damn. Whoever is responsible will be long gone by then.

T'Pol lifts an eyebrow at his comment.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ARCHER

(to Hoshi)

Inform *Lexington*. We may be able to find something at that location that will help.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(off Hoshi's nod)

Travis, take us to warp.

EXT. SPACE - RENDEZVOUS SPOT

With a flash of light, *Enterprise* shoots forward, disappearing almost instantly.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

We open by focusing on a derelict Boomer transport drifting quietly in empty space. Heavy damage can be easily made out along the exterior of the craft and, as it slowly spins, we PULL BACK...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

...revealing that we are looking at the image of the transport on the main viewer. For once, Captain Archer is in his command chair as he leans forward to study the image on the viewer. Trip is leaning over the railing behind Archer, his own expression partially disgusted.

ARCHER

Life signs?

T'Pol's attention is riveted on her science board for a BEAT before she responds.

T'POL

None detected.

REED

Sir. I recommend we go to general quarters.

The captain gives him a look that says he thinks the major is overreacting.

ARCHER

I don't think that's necessary just yet, Major.

TUCKER

The warp nacelles have been drained.

He points to the image, not noticing the surprised eyebrow lift that T'Pol gives him or the fact that she begins to input additional commands onto her board.

T'POL

Commander Tucker is correct. Scans indicate all warp plasma has been removed from this transport.

ARCHER

Magnify.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

The viewscreen ZOOMS closer to the Boomer ship and we can see what the engineer is talking about: an opening along the nacelle can be seen and globs of what must be warp plasma revolve around the hole. Trip points again.

TUCKER

There. Do you see it?

(beat)

Looks like a jury-rigged plasma siphon was used.

ARCHER

Trip, I want you to check it out. See what you can salvage from its data recorder.

TUCKER

Aye, sir.

He starts to turn away, noting that T'Pol shifts slightly at her board. We can see Trip thinking quickly.

TUCKER

Cap'n...

(off of Archer's look)

I could use the Sub-Commander's help.

Archer looks briefly surprised but hides it quickly.

ARCHER

Take Major Reed too.

(to the Major)

Just in case there are any surprises.

As the three officers head toward the turbolift, we briefly focus on the trouble face of Ensign Mayweather as he stares at the image of the derelict craft.

FADE TO:

INT. *SUPERNOVA SUNSET* - MAIN ENGINEERING

Five EV-Suited figures move slowly through the pitch black, head lamps illuminating the way. The figures gradually resolve into the three officers in addition to PETTY OFFICER 1ST CLASS MICHAEL ROSTOV and CHIEF PETTY OFFICER JUAN GOMEZ. Major Reed is the only figure with his weapon drawn. Random objects float throughout the engineering deck, an indication that there is no gravity present.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

T'POL

(off her scanner)
Anti-matter reserves have been drained.

TUCKER

(off his own scanner)
Looks like the injectors have also been stripped.
(to Gomez)
Computer core is yours, Chief.

GOMEZ

Aye, sir.

TUCKER

(to Rostov)
Mike, let's get to work on pulling the data recorder.

ROSTOV

Yes sir.
(beat)
Sir? Where are the bodies?

We briefly focus on Trip's face as he realizes that the petty officer is correct.

TUCKER

(grimly)
That's a really good question...

As he, Gomez, and Rostov slowly walk toward the main door leaving Engineering, we focus on T'Pol as she consults her scanner. Kneeling beside a large scorch mark along the wall, she spends a BEAT scanning it. An eyebrow creeps up as she studies the data that crawls across the small screen.

REED

Sub-Commander?

T'POL

This burn pattern is indicative of a disruptor, not human energy weapons.

And off of Reed's expression, we

CUT TO:

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

No longer in EV-Suits, the officers of the boarding party are now seated around the conference table. All three of them - including T'Pol - are slightly dirty, an indication that they've been working pretty hard. The door slides open and the captain enters.

ARCHER

Report.

TUCKER

It's a floating wreck, sir.

T'Pol shoots him a flat look as he once again beats her to the punch when it comes to issuing the official report. There is no indication of what she is thinking though.

TUCKER

Whoever stripped it, took pretty much everything that was worth anything.

(beat, annoyed)

The data recorder was fried too. Looks like somebody shot it with a laser or a pulse weapon.

T'POL

Unlikely.

(off Trip's annoyed look)

There was no indication of such weapon use.

Archer frowns at that.

ARCHER

Did we get anything useful?

Trip starts to shake his head but this time, T'Pol speaks before he does.

T'POL

Approximately one point three terabytes of information has been salvaged from the computer core including the last group of sensor readings. Lieutenant Garla and Chief Petty Officer Gomez are now attempting to isolate the plasma decay rate of the last known sensor contact.

REED

How does that help?

T'Pol turns her attention to him.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

T'POL

With some modification to the sensors, it will enable *Enterprise* to track that contact.

(beat, wryly)

Providing too much time has not passed.

REED

You can do that?

T'POL

(dryly)

Obviously.

Trip is frowning now.

TUCKER

What sort of modifications are you talking about? Actual physical mods or just software upgrades?

T'Pol slides him a PADD and he glances over it quickly, eyes widening slightly.

TUCKER

These are some complicated adjustments you want to make.

(beat)

I've never even heard of trying to do this.

T'POL

It has never been done. The Vulcan Science Directorate is still researching the accuracy of this theory.

TUCKER

(getting hot)

Theory? You want to screw around with the sensors on my ship based on a damned theory?

Now the two officers are completely focused on each other.

T'POL

It is a sound theory, Commander.

TUCKER

It's untested! You could completely fry the receivers with this! Not to mention the algorithm changes needed to run this!

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

T'POL

While the power requirements are substantial, I have little doubt that even *Enterprise's* computers are capable of the software changes.

Archer frowns at the slight directed toward his ship even as Reed rolls his eyes at the latest blow up between the First Officer and Chief Engineer.

TUCKER

That's not the damned point! You know better than to try to make changes like this without extensive testing first!

T'POL

The changes have been tested.

TUCKER

On Vulcan systems!

ARCHER

Enough!

(beat, as his two senior officers glance to him)

How long until we can't track the ship?

T'POL

Unknown.

ARCHER

(tight)

Guess.

The Vulcan raises an eyebrow.

T'POL

Three hours.

ARCHER

And how long until these modifications can be brought online?

Trip's expression is furious at this question but he says nothing.

T'POL

Two hours.

(beat, with a half glance to Tucker)

One hour if Mister Tucker assists.

Archer is silent for a BEAT as he considers.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ARCHER

Make it happen.

(to Tucker)

I know you don't like it, Trip, but if this will let us actually track these people...

TUCKER

(tight)

Aye, sir.

REED

What about *Lexington*, sir?

ARCHER

I'll have Ensign Sato send a message to General Bernard with an update.

TUCKER

(off PADD)

We'll need to pull some parts from the long-range transceiver to make this thing work.

(beat, glances up at Archer)

Communications will be down for a while.

The captain frowns, then nods.

ARCHER

Then we'll make a transmission burst with the update. Anything else?

(off of two human heads shaking)

Then dismissed.

As the three officers stand, we

FADE TO:

EXT. SPACE - AT WARP

Enterprise races through space at high warp.

ARCHER (V.O.)

Captain's Log: 2015 hours, 18 October, 2152. Despite the concerns of my chief engineer, Sub-Commander T'Pol's modifications to *Enterprise's* sensor array have proven to be as good as promised.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Sub-Commander T'Pol is the only member of the primary duty rotation present and she is resolutely parked at the Science station.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ARCHER (V.O., CONT'D)

At Commander Tucker's urging, I've ordered the sensors be closely monitored twenty-four/seven in case there are any software failures.

LIEUTENANT GARLA approaches and speaks to the sub-commander; we can't hear what is said but the "go away" look that T'Pol gives the lieutenant is pretty clear. As Garla retreats, T'Pol continues to manipulate the controls on her board.

ARCHER (V.O., CONT'D)

I've left the exact duty rotation up to the Sub-Commander so I can focus on another issue that I've been putting off for too long.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ARCHER'S OFFICE

Seated behind his desk, the captain is silently studying his computer. The door chimes and he looks up.

ARCHER

Enter.

Ensign Mayweather enters the office, looking more than a little uncomfortable.

MAYWEATHER

You wanted to see me, sir?

Archer smiles and gestures for the ensign to approach.

ARCHER

Come in, Travis. Have a seat.

If possible, the ensign appears to be even more worried than before. Archer studies the younger man for a BEAT.

ARCHER

Commander Tucker told me you've been helping out a lot in Engineering lately. Double and triple shifts, he said.

MAYWEATHER

Uh ... yes sir. That's not a problem, is it, sir?

ARCHER

(with a smile)

Relax, Travis. This isn't an interrogation.

(beat)

I just wanted to see how you're doing. This can't be easy for you.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

Travis looks away.

MAYWEATHER

No, sir.

(beat)

I've been trying to not think about it...

ARCHER

Understandable.

(beat, with another smile)

My door is always open if you need someone to talk to.

MAYWEATHER

(with a weak smile)

Thanks, Captain.

(beat, hesitantly)

Sir?

(off of Archer's nod to continue)

Have you ... have you ever found yourself questioning everything? Everything that you thought you knew?

ARCHER

Yes, I have.

(beat, soft)

When my father died, actually.

MAYWEATHER

How did you cope?

ARCHER

Exactly how you're coping, Travis. I buried myself in the work.

(beat, off the ensign's look)

Listen to experience, son. It doesn't help.

(sad)

Sometimes, it even makes things worse.

(beat)

Don't push people away, Travis. You don't want to look back twenty years later and regret the mistakes you made.

Travis is silent for a BEAT.

MAYWEATHER

I just...

(beat, hesitantly)

I just can't understand how my family would do this sort of thing.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

(beat, emotional)

And I just can't help but to wonder if this is my fault.

The captain is slightly surprised at that.

MAYWEATHER (CONT'D)

Could I have stopped them from doing this if I hadn't joined UESPA? Did they do this because I joined UESPA?

ARCHER

You're not to blame for this, Travis. I don't-

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

(interrupting)

Bridge to Captain Archer.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

-think that ... hold on.

(pushing the transmit button)

Archer here.

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Sir, we are detecting a human distress signal.

Both Archer and Mayweather react to that and their reactions are similar: an "again?" look.

ARCHER

How far away?

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Based on our current speed, *Enterprise* can reach the origin in 2.17 minutes.

ARCHER

(standing up)

Sound general quarters and alter course.

Travis is already heading toward the door several steps ahead of the captain. We push past the ensign and, as the door slides open, we

CUT TO:

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

The turbolift door slides open, revealing the bridge crew already in a high state of alert. T'Pol is again perched on the edge of the command chair and glances back to toward the camera, before rising smoothly to her feet. Ensign Mayweather pushes into the shot and makes a beeline to the helm, discreetly relieving the woman manning that board. Archer then enters the shot.

ARCHER

What's our ETA?

T'POL

One-point-to minutes.

(beat, as she reclaims her place at the science board)

We are now detecting multiple distress signals.

REED

Sir, we should go to battle stations.

Archer gives him a glance as he approaches the command chair, then nods. Reed sounds the klaxon three times and keys his comm. panel.

REED

(into comm.)

All hands to battle stations. This is not a drill. Repeat, this is not a drill.

The bridge crew quickly begins strapping themselves into their seats as the lights on the command deck dim to a grim-looking red.

REED

(off his panel)

Laser canons and plasma batteries online. Standing by to polarize armor.

(beat)

Fire control teams reporting ready.

Archer nods and glances in T'Pol's direction.

ARCHER

What are we looking at?

She blinks at him, unsure what he's asking: the ETA or the situation they're heading to?

T'POL

Sir?

Even as he is starting to reply, Travis speaks up.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

MAYWEATHER

Dropping out of warp.

ARCHER

(to Reed)

Polarize the armor.

T'Pol leans forward to check her holographic viewer.

T'POL

Multiple warp signatures detected.

(beat, off of her data)

I am detecting weapons fire and multiple detonations.

ARCHER

(frowning)

On screen.

The viewer resolves into a running firefight between numerous ships. There is no immediately discernible difference between the vessels involved in the firefight, nor any indication of who is siding with who.

SATO

Those look like...

ARCHER

(grim)

Human ships.

And off his words, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

A dozen human transports are engaged in a fierce firefight. Explosions ravage several of the ships as the incandescent streams of energy are readily exchanged between them. We PULL BACK and...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

...reveal that we are once again looking at the firefight upon the main viewscreen. Expressions are grim.

REED

(off his panel)

All stations report combat ready, sir.

(beat)

Hull armor fully polarized, missile launchers operational. Fire control teams standing by.

ARCHER

(nodding)

Thank you, Major.

(beat)

Ensign Sato, open a channel, all frequencies.

Hoshi inputs some commands into her board and a chime sounds. She nods to the captain.

ARCHER

This is Captain Jonathan Archer of the *UES Enterprise* to all ships. Stand down from hostile actions.

He glances toward T'Pol.

T'POL

No change.

(beat, off her readouts)

Correction: four vessels are accelerating toward *Enterprise*.

SATO

Multiple requests for assistance!

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

T'POL

Confirmed. Four vessels on approach are broadcasting emergency distress calls.

We focus on Archer's face for a BEAT as he glares at the viewscreen.

ARCHER

What about the other ships?

T'POL

Three vessels are heavily damaged and adrift.

(beat, off her readouts)

Five remaining vessels are maneuvering.

ARCHER

Toward us or away?

REED

They're forming a combat wedge.

And, on Reed's comment, we can see that the five remaining transports are maneuvering into a flying wedge, almost like an arrowhead.

REED

They're getting ready for an attack run.

T'POL

I concur.

ARCHER

Stand by for evasive maneuvers.

Archer again glances in Hoshi's direction.

ARCHER

All frequencies.

She nods as a chime sounds.

ARCHER

This is *Enterprise* to all ships. Stand down. We come in peace and do not wish to fire on you.

MAYWEATHER

(softly)

That's *Horizon*...

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

Travis' eyes are locked on the wedge formation and a remarkably confused expression is on his face. T'Pol clearly heard him - having superior Vulcan hearing - and glances at him, one eyebrow quirked. The ensign twists around slightly to look at Archer.

MAYWEATHER

Captain?

(off of Archer's nod to continue)

Can I try?

ARCHER

Go for it.

Travis looks to Hoshi and she quickly opens the "all frequencies" circuit once more. A familiar-sounding chime sounds.

MAYWEATHER

This is Travis Mayweather aboard the *UES Enterprise* calling *Horizon*. Please respond.

A BEAT passes in silence. Archer glances to Reed.

ARCHER

(very soft)

How long until weapons range?

REED

(equally soft)

One minute, twenty seconds.

MAYWEATHER

Horizon, this is *Enterprise*. Please respond.

Hoshi's console beeps suddenly and she reacts to it.

SATO

Incoming transmission.

(off the console)

It's the *ECS Horizon*.

ARCHER

On screen.

The image of the maneuvering ships split-screens to display a dark-skinned man with a resemblance to Travis.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

MAYWEATHER

Paul!

Travis' brother barely gives him a second look, instead focusing entirely on Archer.

PAUL

This is Captain Paul Mayweather of *Horizon* to *Enterprise*.

(beat, ignoring Travis' surprised look)

This doesn't involve you, *Enterprise*.

ARCHER

Actually it does, Captain. Earth has sent us to try and resolve this entire situation.

PAUL

(contemptuously)

"Resolve"? Like you resolved the Centauri issue?

(dripping with disgust)

I think we can handle this ourselves!

ARCHER

Not when the military gets involved.

(off of Paul's surprise)

And they will get involved if you keep shooting at other ships.

(beat)

I'm the spoonful of honey, Captain. The gallon of vinegar comes later.

A LONG BEAT passes in silence as Paul Mayweather digests this.

ARCHER

By now, you've scanned *Enterprise*. You know that we're better armed than you are and we can top warp factor 5 so outrunning us isn't an option either.

(off of Paul's discomfort)

Right now, Earth is willing to talk. That's why they sent me instead of the Third Fleet.

PAUL

Talk?

ARCHER

Yes.

Another BEAT passes in silence.

PAUL

All right. I'll hear you out.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

PAUL (CONT'D)

(beat, off of Archer's smile)

But not on *Enterprise*. You come to us.

ARCHER

I can do that. But only if you have your ships stand down.

PAUL

(nodding)

Done.

He nods to someone off-screen. A beep emerges from T'Pol's console.

T'POL

(off her board)

Human ships are powering down their weapons.

ARCHER

Major Reed, stand down from battle stations.

(to Paul Mayweather)

Thirty minutes then?

PAUL

Fine.

The screen blanks out as the transmission ends. Archer is already unbuckling his harnesses as he speaks.

ARCHER

Travis, you're with me. I'll need any insight you can provide if we're to avoid bloodshed.

Reed's expression is frustrated as he fixes Archer with an unblinking look. He too is unbuckling his safety gear.

ARCHER

Hoshi, I'll need your eyes and ears.

T'Pol raises an eyebrow at that, clearly not recognizing what the reference is supposed to mean, but says nothing. Archer stands and begins walking toward the turbolift, followed quickly by the two ensigns he has named.

ARCHER

Sub-Commander, you have the bridge.

The lift door closes on any response and we focus on Major Reed for a BEAT.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Pulling back from Reed's face, we find him now standing in a corridor. As he reaches up to activate the call button, the door slides open, revealing Captain Archer. The captain is surprised to see the major and it shows.

ARCHER

Major. Something I can do for you?

REED

Yes, sir.

(beat)

What sort of security presence will you be taking with you to *Horizon*?

ARCHER

I hadn't planned to take any. This is diplomacy, not a military operation.

If possible, Reed's face tightens further.

REED

Permission to speak freely?

The captain's eyes narrow slightly and he steps back into his office, gesturing for Reed to follow. The major does so and enters-

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ARCHER'S OFFICE

-the captain's office. The door slides shut behind him.

ARCHER

Permission granted.

REED

Captain, these people are dangerous. Not taking security is absurd. We already know that they won't hesitate to fire on other humans!

ARCHER

I am not taking a security team, Major. How do you think they'll react if your SFs are the first off of the shuttle?

(beat)

I'll tell you exactly how they'll react. They'll see it as an attempted boarding action and respond with force. And then, this whole situation will blow up in our faces!

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

REED

Have you thought about other alternatives that they may be considering, sir?
Taking you hostage might be their objective.

ARCHER

They have to know that Earth wouldn't negotiate for my release.

REED

You said it yourself, sir: they're desperate. Knowing something and believing it
are two very different things.

Archer is silent for a BEAT as he considers that.

ARCHER

One SF.

REED

Four.

ARCHER

Two. Any more and it will look like a boarding action.

Reed thinks that over before nodding.

REED

Very good, sir.

He turns to go.

ARCHER

Major Reed.

REED

Sir?

ARCHER

I want security to have a low profile on this. No combat armor, no pulse rifles, no
grenades.

The expression on Reed's face is almost nauseous.

REED

(disconsolate)
Aye, sir. Low profile.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ARCHER

We leave in five minutes, Major. Dismissed.

Reed turns quickly, triggering the door release and stepping through it.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Marching quickly from the office, Major Reed shoots the now closed door a black look.

REED

(under his breath, pissed)

Low profile. What the bloody hell am I supposed to use? Harsh language?

And off of his dark expression, we

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – HANGAR DECK

Standing outside the 'pod with a clipboard in hand, Ensign Mayweather gives the enlisted crewman standing next to him a sullen look.

MAYWEATHER

Shuttlepod One? I requested Two.

DECK CREWMAN

Yes, sir. Maintenance found an oxygen leak on Two and are still repairing it.

(beat, off Mayweather's look)

Sir, everything checks out fine on One.

MAYWEATHER

(flatly)

It crashed.

(beat)

And sank into the ocean.

DECK CREWMAN

Chief al-Tagrib signed off on it, sir.

MAYWEATHER

(under his breath)

Maybe we should make him fly it.

Mayweather scribbles his signature on the clipboard and hands it to the crewman as he sees Ensign Sato approaching. She gives him a slight smile that falters when she sees the tail code of their shuttle.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

SATO

We're taking Shuttlepod One?
(beat, suddenly concerned)
Didn't it crash?

Travis smiles.

MAYWEATHER

Only once!
(off her stricken look)
Didn't you know that these shuttlepods are good at least two crashes?

He enters the pod with a half-smile on his face. His good cheer fades fairly quickly however.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

Quickly taking his seat at the pilot's console, Travis begins a pre-flight check. Hoshi comes up behind him and briefly drops her hand on his shoulder.

SATO

(softly)
How are you doing?

MAYWEATHER

(a tad bitter)
How do you think I'm doing?

SATO

Scared, angry, confused.
(beat, off his look)
That about sum it up?

MAYWEATHER

Pretty much.
(beat)
This will be the first time in over four years I've been home.
(beat)
Seeing Paul again...I don't know why he's the captain unless...

He stares at his panel without really seeing it for a moment and Hoshi squeezes his shoulder.

SATO

It'll be okay.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

MAYWEATHER

(smiling slightly)

Promise?

SATO

Absolutely.

She takes her seat as Major Reed and 2ND LIEUTENANT AMANDA COLE enter the shuttlepod. Both UEM officers are wearing black combat fatigues and are carrying wicked-looking sidearms.

REED

Shuttlepod One? Didn't this thing crash?

Hoshi almost giggles at the major's comment but thinks better of it off his grim expression; she looks away as if remembering that one of Reed's SFs died in that crash.

A BEAT later, Captain Archer enters the 'pod, pulling the hatch shut and sealing it with quick, economical motions indicating an old familiarity. He glances over Reed and Cole before taking the seat just behind Travis and across from Hoshi.

ARCHER

All aboard and accounted for, Travis.

(with a smirk)

Try not to hit anything on the way out. We've already used up one of its two allotted crashes.

Travis shoots an "I told you so" look at Hoshi who now looks at the Captain as if he is insane or perhaps trying to pull one over on her. Archer returns the look with a bland smirk that reveals nothing.

EXT. SPACE – CLOSE TO SHUTTLEPOD 01

Engines burning bright, the small shuttlepod races from the rear of the larger UESPA craft and conducts a wide turn that orients it toward the five Boomer ships, still arrayed in a flying wedge. We trail the shuttle for several BEATS as it approaches the five ships before ZOOMING toward one of the five. Within seconds, the ship fills our screen and yet, we continue to ZOOM, finally focusing on a curious-looking object attached to the ship's hull. A pale green in color, it is very obviously not a normal part of the ship's component.

Suddenly, a small light fixture within the object begins to pulse. And off that ominous note, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Shuttlepod 01 slowly drifts toward *Horizon*. Thrusters fire intermittently to alter the course and finally, the 'pod mates with the larger ship. There are the expected hisses and whirs as the larger craft extends a docking tube.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

Travis consults his board as Captain Archer begins to unbuckle his restraints. To his visible annoyance, both Major Reed and Lieutenant Cole are quicker in freeing themselves and move to the 'pod's hatch. Hoshi begins unbuckling her own restraints while shooting an uncomfortable look at the starfield beyond the pilot's console.

SATO

I don't think I'm ever going to get accustomed to this.

From her tone, she doesn't mean it in a good way.

MAYWEATHER

Me either.

From his tone, he does.

Archer shakes his head in slight amusement at the two before glancing to Reed. The major responds to the unspoken question.

REED

Lights read green. We have hard seal.

ARCHER

Let's go say hi.

As the captain stands, Reed is opening the hatch. Lieutenant Cole is the first person through it, followed immediately by Reed. Although neither of them have drawn their weapons, their hands are resting on the sidearms as if they expect trouble.

We follow Archer as he follows them into...

DISSOLVE TO:

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

INT. *HORIZON* - AIRLOCK ACCESS

...the Boomer ship. Archer stops abruptly at the rigid stances of the two UEM officers. Both are just inside the airlock and appear poised to draw their sidearms at a moment's notice.

Standing two meters away, we see two Boomers armed with sidearms themselves. JUAN is rough-looking man with dark hair and eyes in his mid-20s while NORA is a slender blond woman in her early-20s. They appear very uncomfortable with the presence of the two soldiers and have already drawn their weapons (although they are lowered). Sensing the atmosphere, Captain Archer takes a step forward.

ARCHER

I'm Captain Archer. I believe we're expected.

NORA

Yes sir.

(with a sour glance at Reed)

Nothing was said about soldiers.

ARCHER

(smiling)

Nothing was said about being met at the airlock by armed personnel either.

(beat)

I guess both of us ... forgot something.

Juan frowns darkly at that even as Nora flushes slightly. Behind Archer, we can see Travis enter the ship.

MAYWEATHER

Nora!

The named crew member of *Horizon* gives Travis a look so bleak that it causes him to stop his forward progress. We briefly focus on the ensign's startled expression at his less than happy homecoming.

JUAN

This way. The captain is waiting.

Without another word, the two *Horizon* crew members turn and start down the corridor. Cole starts to follow, her hand never straying from her holstered pistol and Archer shoots Reed a look.

ARCHER

(whispering)

I said low profile.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

Reed gives him an exasperated look but says nothing as the captain walks forward, followed by Ensign Sato. As the major falls in step behind Archer, we once again focus on Travis as he looks around with an expression on his face that is nearly impossible to identify. A BEAT later, Reed glances back at him and slows his pace slightly. A sheepish expression appears on Mayweather's face as he quickly rushes forward to catch up with the rest of the Enterprise party.

MAYWEATHER

(softly, to Reed)

Sorry.

The major gives him a discreet nod of understanding as they walk through...

INT. *HORIZON* - CORRIDOR

The interior of the old ship is in an obvious state of disrepair and crew is hard at work making repairs. An air of grim resolution seems to hang over these people and they look at the uniformed personnel walking through the corridor with ill-concealed hostility.

Travis brightens slightly as they approach several people but the dark expressions that greet him quickly cause his good cheer to wane almost instantly. More than anyone else, he seems to be the target of most of the black looks from the repair crews and, almost imperceptibly, Major Reed sidles closer to the ensign, his own expression darkening with an implied threat to anyone who is glaring at Travis.

A BEAT passes in silence as they walk and Travis' expression begins to transform into one of stunned disbelief at the sheer amount of damage he is seeing.

MAYWEATHER

(emotional)

My God...

REED

(softly)

Something wrong, Ensign?

MAYWEATHER

The damage...I've never seen it so bad...

As he speaks, they pass one of the *Horizon's* repair crew who shoots him a dark glare and tightens his grip on the welder he holds. Although Travis doesn't notice it, Reed does and pins the hostile Boomer with a look that promises a lot of pain if the man does anything stupid. The man quickly turns back to his repairs.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

INT. *HORIZON* - MESS HALL

They enter the communal dining facility of the Boomer transport to discover that there are already four people present. Paul Mayweather turns to the newcomers, nodding to Juan. Behind him, RIANNA MAYWEATHER, Travis' mother, stands quietly along with two other crewmembers. Although Travis stares intently at his mother, she doesn't return the look and actually seems intent on avoiding eye contact with him.

ARCHER

Captain Mayweather...

Archer takes a step forward, offering his hand in greeting. For a BEAT, Paul studies the outstretched hand before gesturing to a table.

PAUL

Have a seat, Captain.

Archer lowers his hand and does accept the offered chair. He is displaying no hint of anger at being snubbed by the Boomer captain.

ARCHER

Thank you, Captain.

(beat)

I hope that we can resolve this entire situation in a peaceful manner that doesn't result in additional deaths.

The crew of the *Horizon* is visibly surprised at that.

PAUL

Deaths? We've gone out of our way to make sure that we haven't killed anyone.

We only take the cargo.

(beat)

Our complaints are with the ECA, not the crews of their ships.

ARCHER

Is that a fact?

Archer doesn't even try to conceal the fact that he doesn't believe Paul.

PAUL

(bitter)

Is that going to be the ECA's angle? That we're raving lunatics who've been out here in the black so long that we kill everyone we run into?

(under his breath)

Typical.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

ARCHER

I don't represent the Earth Cargo Authority, Captain Mayweather, and am basing my opinion on what I've seen.

He gives Paul a look that conveys his thoughts.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Thirty hours ago, I looked at the wreck of an ECA ship that had been stripped of every single piece of functional equipment.

The expressions on the faces of the *Horizon* crew grow tense, almost as if they know something that they're not comfortable talking about.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I suppose that you're going to blame someone else for that?

Paul glances at Rianna.

RIANNA

It had to be them.

PAUL

We don't know that.

RIANNA

It's the only thing that makes sense!

Archer frowns at this byplay and exchanges a quick glance with Major Reed.

ARCHER

Excuse me.

(beat, off their look at him)

Who are you talking about?

PAUL

Aliens.

(beat, off Archer's disbelieving expression)

At first, we thought it was the Nausicaans again.

At that, both Archer and Reed tense slightly.

PAUL

But it's not. It's some new alien that we've never seen before.

(beat, suddenly tired)

They come out of nowhere and strike without any warning.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

Archer's expression begins to sour.

ARCHER

(disgusted)

That's an old line, Captain. Blaming it on mystery aliens-

PAUL

(interrupting, hard)

This isn't a damned excuse! You have no idea what it's like out here! These bastards killed my father when they boarded us and we barely got away!

Focus on Travis: He visibly jolts at his brother's words and his eyes widen.

RIANNA

We lost over half of our crew, Captain.

(beat)

You've seen the damage we suffered. That was a month ago and we still haven't repaired it all.

REED

Do you have any proof?

Attention shifts slightly to the major. He still seems to be on the verge of drawing his sidearm.

PAUL

Yes.

(off Archer's look)

We have one of the bodies on ice in our hold. And this...

He gestures to one of his crew. The bulky man reaches down and pulls a box from under a table. The box is placed on table and Paul reaches in, pulling out what appears to be a pistol of some sort. Reed draws a sharp breath at its familiar lines:

It's an Orion disruptor.

PAUL

It doesn't work anymore and we can't figure out how to make it work.

Archer's expression has shifted from one of disbelief to very, very worried.

ARCHER

(concerned)

These aliens...what did they look like?

Paul and Rianna exchange a glance, clearly recognizing that Archer may know something.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

RIANNA

Humanoid but with green skin.

All five of the *Enterprise* officers react to that.

PAUL

You've met them?

ARCHER

Unfortunately.

(beat)

They're called Orions.

(beat, grim)

And they're slavers.

A LONG BEAT of silence follows his pronouncement and we do a quick PAN around the mess hall, focusing briefly on the expressions of the people as they digest this statement. We end with the focus on Travis and he looks like he's about to throw up.

MAYWEATHER

(soft, grieved)

Dad's dead?

Both Paul and Rianna appear slightly startled at the question and, for the first time actually look at him. Nora gives him a look as well and the look in her eyes reveals a lot.

PAUL

Yes.

(beat, grim)

He was killed by those bastards a month ago.

(beat)

We barely managed to escape...

Travis looks too stunned to really react to this revelation and stares blankly at his older brother. Rianna's expression softens slightly and we can see the hint of tears in her eyes as well.

Hoshi reaches out and lays a hand on Travis' arm. Her eyes are full of compassion and, beyond her, we can see Nora react slightly to the friendly gesture, a hint that there may have been something more between Travis and Nora before he left *Horizon*.

ARCHER

(with feeling)

You have my deepest condolences.

And off of his saddened expression, we

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE – CLOSE TO BOOMER SHIP

Once more, we focus on the unusual-looking object on the hull of a Boomer ship. The pulsing light seems to speed up slightly.

We PULL BACK slightly and can see the name of the ship emblazoned upon the hull:

ECS HORIZON

As we continue to PULL BACK, the flash from the odd object fades from sight entirely.

FADE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Despite the fact that she is in command, Sub-Commander T'Pol is manning the Science board and her attention seems completely focused on the holo-viewer on her board.

Sitting at the tactical station, 1ST LIEUTENANT GEORGES PICARD watches the Vulcan science officer with a concerned expression on his face. The hiss of the turbolift door opening attracts his notice as Commander Tucker emerges, a clipboard and PADD in hand.

At once, Trip notices that T'Pol appears glued to her sensors and he smiles slightly.

TUCKER

(partially teasing)
Aren't you in command?

T'Pol glances up briefly from her sensors, giving the engineer an annoyed look, before returning her attention to the holo-viewer.

T'POL

Yes.

Trip's smirk fades and he approaches her station, lowering his voice slightly.

TUCKER

Is there something wrong?
(beat, off her silence)
T'Pol?

The Vulcan straightens slowly and glances at him with an upraised eyebrow.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

T'POL

Do you need something, Commander?

Trip doesn't miss the tension in her voice.

TUCKER

I wanted to run some numbers by you...I think I may have found a way to rig up the sensors so your little trick won't drain so much power.

(beat, nodding to her sensors)

But it can wait if you're busy...

T'Pol nods slightly and promptly leans back down to study the holo-viewer.

TUCKER

(softly)

You didn't answer my question: is something wrong?

Again, she glances at him and her severe expression softens slightly when she sees that he's not trying to insult or argue with her.

T'POL

Unknown.

(beat)

Sensors have detected an electromagnetic wavelength of unidentified origin. I am attempting to isolate and identify it.

TUCKER

What sort of wavelength?

It's said with open curiosity and she reacts to it with a quirk of her right eyebrow before inputting several commands onto her console. A small display snaps to life and a line image of the unusual wavelength can be seen.

Without thinking, Trip leans toward it to get a better look.

TUCKER

It looks familiar...like a carrier wave or something.

T'POL

Indeed.

(beat, as she inputs additional commands)

I have been comparing it to similar patterns in *Enterprise's* database.

TUCKER

You've run it through the spectrograph?

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

T'Pol gives him a sidelong look that says it all. Trip abruptly grins at her look, clearly recognizing the "don't insult me" expression in her eyes, and studies the display for a BEAT as he tries to puzzle it out himself. Finally shaking in head, he looks at Picard.

TUCKER

No update on your little alien hunt, Lieutenant?

Picard frowns.

PICARD

Lieutenant Chen is positive he saw something on D Deck, Commander. We'll find it...

TUCKER

If there's actually anything there.

(beat, smirking)

I think the lieutenant is just going space crazy. Not enough fresh air can do that to a person.

Picard glowers briefly at Trip and refocuses his attention on his board, which causes Tucker to smile even broader.

T'POL

Curious...

Trip glances back at her as she straightens.

T'POL

It appears to be a primitive form of evanescent wave coupling...

We can see Picard's look of total incomprehension over Trip's shoulder.

TUCKER

(surprised and now more interested than ever)

Really? That would make it some form of communication...

They look at each other in sudden comprehension.

TUCKER

It's a beacon...

T'Pol turns to the ensign manning the communications console.

T'POL

Contact Captain Archer immediately.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

She moves by Trip and walks toward the command chair.

PICARD

Is there a problem?

T'Pol is about to respond when a beep sounds from the Science station. As the closest person, Trip steps up and inputs a command. His eyes widen.

TUCKER

Multiple warp signatures detected!

The Vulcan first officer doesn't hesitate.

T'POL

General Quarters.

TUCKER

Six displacements at 2.9 light-minutes.

He inputs additional commands and the main viewscreen changes to an image of the incoming ships. They're all too familiar in appearance.

PICARD

Orions...

T'POL

Lieutenant Picard, sound Battle Stations.

EXT. SPACE

The six Orion Interceptors surge forward and, off of their sudden appearance, we

FADE TO BLACK

As the screen goes black, a line of text appears at the bottom.

TO BE CONTINUED

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects at Rest"

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