



STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

“In Memoriam”

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – TRINARY SYSTEM

We’re centered on three bright stars. Two of them are a bright yellow, similar to Sol, and they orbit each other closely. A kind of haze seems to surround them. Further away is a red dwarf.

Enterprise enters the scene, cruising toward the stars at impulse.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The Alpha shift is all present and accounted for at their usual posts, save a certain chief engineer. CAPTAIN ARCHER sits in his command chair, his chin resting on his fist as he stares at the image of the three stars on the viewscreen. He’s obviously not excited by the “discovery” at all. In fact, he looks like he’d rather be someplace else.

ARCHER

(impatiently)

Why were we sent out here again?

SUB-COMMANDER T’POL turns from her console to answer Archer’s question. From her mannerisms we can tell that she’s already answered this question more than once.

T’POL

We were sent to confirm the presence of a third star in this system, as previous sensor data was ambiguous.

ARCHER

So, was that it?

T’Pol raises an eyebrow in consideration.

T’POL

I imagine that we are expected to conduct a preliminary survey of the system.

ARCHER

(distracted, a little moody)

Have you started yet?

Archer directs a glare at T’Pol, though it's not entirely clear if it's an angry glare or not. She quirks an eyebrow as she responds.

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T'POL

Initial scans are being completed now, Captain. I estimate three hours and twenty minutes before we have completely mapped this system.

Archer nods absently and, over his shoulder, we can see other bridge crew exchanging uncomfortable looks. Clearly, the captain's strange mood is causing some confusion and tension.

MAJOR REED shifts uncomfortably in his chair and casts a disapproving look in Archer's direction. It doesn't go unnoticed. Archer immediately straightens up in his chair and glares at Reed.

ARCHER

Is there a problem, Major?

Reed hesitates for a short BEAT, weighing his answer.

REED

(carefully)

No, sir.

ARCHER

Then mind your panel.

(beat)

I don't want anyone getting the drop on us while we're sitting here twiddling our thumbs.

The entire bridge crew tenses up, as the atmosphere becomes very uncomfortable. Archer fixates his attention on ENSIGN SATO at this point.

ARCHER

What about you, Ensign?

SATO

(nervously)

Sir?

ARCHER

Any signs of civilization on subspace?

SATO

(flustered)

No sir.

Archer doesn't seem to know what to do or say next. He lets himself sit back into his chair and stares intently at the viewscreen, his brow furrowed. Sato watches him for a BEAT, wondering

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if he's going to give her an order to follow up her report. T'Pol looks between the two of them thoughtfully, and gives the ensign a nod for her to go back to what she was working on.

T'POL

Based on preliminary readings, the likelihood of discovering a Minshara-class planetary body is remote.

Archer looks at her, his brow still furrowed, but after a SHORT BEAT he seems to realize he's giving her a pretty hostile look and tones it down a notch. T'Pol doesn't even flinch. He simply nods and goes back to staring at the viewscreen, seeming to mull something over for a BEAT.

ARCHER

I'll be in my office. Call me if anything requires my attention.

(beat, rising)

You have the Bridge, Sub-Commander. Send me your report when those scans are done.

Without waiting for a response, he makes his way to the turbolift and exits the room, leaving behind a bewildered crew. T'Pol watches the closed turbolift door for a BEAT after Archer is gone, her stoic face giving away nothing. Finally, she raises an eyebrow as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – MESS HALL

COMMANDER TUCKER sits at a table at the far end of the moderately occupied room. His back is to the wall containing viewports that admit the light from the nearby stars into the room. He’s dividing his attention between his meal and a PADD he’s working on. He doesn’t even notice as T’Pol pensively approaches him until she’s standing across the table from him, hands clasped behind her back. He looks up, mildly surprised to see her.

TUCKER

Something I can do for you, Sub-Commander?

T’Pol doesn’t answer for a BEAT, considering what she’s about to say.

T’POL

You have known Captain Archer for a considerable amount of time, have you not?

TUCKER

(slightly confused)

Yeah, many years...

(beat)

Why?

Tucker motions toward an empty chair next to him at the circular table. T’Pol looks at the indicated chair and considers it for a BEAT before deciding to sit down.

T’POL

I had hoped that you might be able to provide me with some insight into the captain's behavior.

The engineer clears his throat and sets his PADD down before giving T’Pol an uneasy look.

T’POL (CONT’D)

(off Tucker’s look)

I am aware that Captain Archer is ... prejudiced against Vulcans. I am also aware that you once shared his opinions, just as I shared the preconceptions many of my Vulcan colleagues have of humans

(beat)

I have since reevaluated my opinion of humanity.

T’Pol quirks her eyebrows, giving Tucker the only encouragement he needs.

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TUCKER

(relaxing)
Yeah, me too...

Tucker and T’Pol consider each other for a BEAT.

TUCKER

So what’s this about? You want me to try and explain why the cap’n doesn’t like Vulcans?

T’POL

I admit that it would interest me to learn that information, but that is not what motivated me to seek you out.

(beat, off Tucker’s questioning look)
During the morning watch, the captain behaved disagreeably, not only to myself, but also to other officers on the bridge.

A sudden realization strikes Tucker.

TUCKER

Is it already the twenty-fifth?

T’POL

Yes.
(beat)
What significance does today’s date hold?

The chief engineer suddenly seems very reluctant to discuss this topic.

TUCKER

It’s kind of a long story...

T’POL

(abruptly)
I believe I have the time to listen if you have the time to tell it.

Tucker considers this for a BEAT, but finally relents under T’Pol’s intensely curious gaze.

TUCKER

Alright.
(beat, shifting uncomfortably)
Today is exactly twenty-two years to the day that the cap’n’s father died.

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T’POL

(flatly)

Commander Henry Archer. Chief engineer of Earth’s Warp Five Project from 2116 to 2131 at the time of his death.

(beat, off Tucker’s surprise)

I am aware of the captain’s parentage, and I’ve read his service record.

(beat)

It is understandable to be distressed over the death of one’s own parents, but it is illogical to place significance on the date of that person’s death after such a long period.

TUCKER

Maybe so, but it’s not just that the cap’n’s father died, it’s that they had such a close relationship.

(beat, becoming more relaxed)

Cap’n Archer practically worshipped his father for the work he did. He pretty much grew up with the project. Henry started bringing him to work with him as soon as he thought he was old enough.

(smiling)

Turned him into the project’s unofficial mascot.

T’Pol gives him an odd look, not understanding the reference.

TUCKER (CONT’D)

Point is, the cap’n and his father were real close when he was growing up. He spent a lot of time at his father’s work, so it wasn’t a surprise that he decided to follow in Henry’s footsteps by joining UESPA.

(beat)

The thing is, by the time Jon was a teenager, he had some of his own passions, too. Like flying.

(beat, sighing)

I don’t think he’ll ever admit it, but he and his father started to grow apart.

T’POL

(quirking an eyebrow)

Then how do you know this to be true?

Tucker hesitates for a BEAT. After all, this is some pretty personal information he’s about to share. Off his expression we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - UESPA UNIVERSITY QUAD

It’s a sunny spring day in the open grassy courtyard, which is filled to capacity with newly commissioned UESPA ensigns. We change angles and focus on a young ENSIGN JONATHAN

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ARCHER. He’s standing on his toes and craning his neck to look into the large bleachers that surround the new officers.

TUCKER (VO)

He didn’t have to tell me that part; I figured it out all on my own.

A feminine hand appears on Ensign Archer’s shoulder. He turns to face its owner: ENSIGN ERIKA HERNANDEZ. She looks at him with concern.

ENS HERNANDEZ

What’s wrong, Jonny?

ENS ARCHER

(disappointed)

I can’t see Dad.

ENS HERNANDEZ

There’s a lot of people out there; it’d be hard to spot him.

She offers him a comforting smile. Ensign Archer returns the smile, but we can tell that he isn’t entirely convinced. Ensign Hernandez rubs his upper arm, and the two of them share an affectionate gaze before a booming voice comes over the outdoor PA system.

COMMODORE (OS)

Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please...

Ensigns Archer and Hernandez, along with all the other new officers, turn to face the stage, and the grey-haired COMMODORE standing front and center at the podium.

COMMODORE (CONT’D)

It brings me great pleasure to see all these fine young men and women here today, and even greater pleasure to share this moment with their loved ones, here to see them off.

The Commodore keeps speaking, but his words are no longer clear to us (no doubt babbling on about years of hard work and other stereotypical praise one would expect at a graduation ceremony). Instead, we focus on Ensign Archer, his face falling when family is mentioned as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

INT. ORBITAL COMPLEX – ENGINEERING LAB

Ensign Archer enters the impressive engineering lab. He pauses as he stands next to the full-scale mock-up of his father’s warp engine. It looks almost exactly like the engine that fills *Enterprise*’s engine room. Ensign Archer beams with pride at his father’s accomplishment, even as he’s come here to have an unpleasant discussion with the older man.

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Suddenly, we hear raised voices in the distance. Ensign Archer quickly steps behind the engine mock-up, just as COMMANDER HENRY ARCHER and AMBASSADOR SOVAL appear at the other end of the lab, well into an argument. Ensign Archer watches from his concealment.

HENRY ARCHER

(openly angry)

Are you insane!?! You have no right to ask this of us.

SOVAL

(tersely)

My mental health is not at issue here. Human possession of Vulcan technology is.

Henry glares at the Vulcan Ambassador, who doesn't even so much as flinch at the hostility being directed at him.

HENRY ARCHER

Everything we have, we built for ourselves.

SOVAL

Using Vulcan technology and assistance.

HENRY ARCHER

If you didn't want us to have it, you should've never offered to share it with us.

SOVAL

At the time, the High Command thought it would be wise to help humanity achieve its goals under controlled conditions, as up until your conflict with the Tzenkethi and your subsequent conflict with the Nausicaans, humanity was developing in a relatively positive direction.

(beat, off the engineer's skepticism)

My government's initial position has since been reevaluated.

HENRY ARCHER

(scoffing)

As if Vulcans have never gotten into any wars with anyone...

SOVAL

(quirking an eyebrow)

We haven't. Not for nearly two millennia.

HENRY ARCHER

I have a hard time believing that.

(beat)

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HENRY ARCHER (CONT'D)

(off Soval's disinterest)

You certainly know how to rile us up, so it stands to reason that you've upset other, more aggressive species, like...

(beat, sarcastically)

The Kzinti and the Nausicaans for example.

SOVAL

This is an irrelevant tangent to our discussion. We must ask that you hand over all information and technology you retain from the joint venture that was discontinued sixteen years ago.

HENRY ARCHER

You're not going to get it. You Vulcans already overstepped your authority sixteen years ago when you deleted all the information we had on the project, including what we learned on our own.

(beat, more aggressively)

I've worked my ass off the last sixteen years to get back to where we were, and there is no way in hell I'm giving it all up to you.

SOVAL

Your refusal to cooperate will only force me to lodge an official protest with your government.

Henry Archer stares the Vulcan ambassador down.

HENRY ARCHER

File all the protests you want. I know my government has my back.

(beat)

But if you want to play it that way, I can file an official protest too for your visit here today. By rights you shouldn't even be here. For all I know you're here to sabotage our project.

Soval's eyebrows shoot upwards with surprise and insult, or at least the Vulcan equivalent.

SOVAL

Vulcans are above such subterfuge.

HENRY ARCHER

Really? The way your people went about deleting all our information before suggests otherwise.

(beat)

Now are you going to leave peacefully, or do I have to summon security?

Soval raises an eyebrow, but otherwise maintains his composure.

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SOVAL

An escort will not be necessary.

Before Henry can say anything more, Soval quickly turns and walks back the way they came. We focus on Ensign Archer as he waits for a BEAT before stepping out from behind the engine mock-up and approaches his father.

ENS ARCHER

Tough day at the office, Dad?

Henry looks up in mild surprise at the sudden appearance of his son.

HENRY ARCHER

(wryly)

I guess you could say that.

The older man suddenly recognizes the fact that his son is wearing his new officer’s rank. He instantly loses all the fire he had from his earlier argument and appears apologetic. Ensign Archer recognizes the change in his father’s demeanor, and seems forgiving, if let down.

ENS ARCHER

(softly)

I missed you at graduation today.

HENRY ARCHER

I’m sorry, Jonny. I guess I got caught up in my work again.

(beat)

I know it would’ve meant a lot to you. It would’ve meant a lot to me too.

(beat, angry at himself)

And I went and missed it.

ENS ARCHER

It’s alright, Dad.

HENRY ARCHER

No, it’s not, Jonny. Your commissioning was a once in a lifetime event, and I wasn’t there to see my son get his diploma and his commission.

ENS ARCHER

No, really, Dad, I understand.

(beat, brusquely)

I saw that Ambassador Pointy was being rather pointed with you today.

Both men manage to hold serious expressions for a BEAT. Henry is the first to let a smile spread across his face, but his son isn’t far behind.

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HENRY ARCHER

You saw that, huh?

ENS ARCHER

(nodding)

What was he going on about this time?

HENRY ARCHER

(growing angry again)

They want to take the test ships and delete all the information we have on them.

A frown quickly mars the younger man's face, making him look older than he is. Henry shakes his head.

HENRY ARCHER (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it's not happening this time.

(beat)

We've got security in place now, so if any of them even tries, we'll catch 'em and they'll be admiring the scenery from the inside of one of our prisons.

Ensign Archer gives his father an approving look.

ENS ARCHER

(glancing in the direction of Soval's departure)

Are you sure you shouldn't have had security escort him out anyway?

Henry shakes his head.

HENRY ARCHER

He's arrogant, presumptuous, and I honestly can't stand the Vulcan, but they wouldn't send their ambassador to do their dirty work for them.

(beat, off his son's questioning look)

It was the engineers that were working with us on the project with us that deleted the information last time.

The younger man nods his understanding. Henry gives his son an appraising look.

HENRY ARCHER

But enough about that.

(beat)

I want to make it up to you for missing your graduation today, Jonny.

That earns him a small smile.

ENS ARCHER

Have anything in mind?

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HENRY ARCHER

You still like to go climbing, don't you?

ENS ARCHER

(wryly)

You really have to ask?

Henry chuckles softly.

HENRY ARCHER

Then it's settled!

(beat)

We can make a camping trip out of it at Yosemite next weekend.

From the younger Archer's expression, it's obvious that they haven't done anything like that in a very long time.

ENS ARCHER

(excited)

Really?

HENRY ARCHER

Sure!

(beat)

Just have to make some adjustments on *Enterprise* this week and take her out for another test, but I should be done in time for next weekend.

Ensign Archer is in awe at the mention of taking *Enterprise* out for a test flight.

ENS ARCHER

Wish I could be the one in the pilot's seat...

Henry offers his son a smile and pats him on his shoulder.

HENRY ARCHER

As long as you don't screw up on your advanced flight training, I'm sure you will be soon enough.

(beat, teasing)

So don't screw up.

Ensign Archer smirks at his father's quip as we

TRANSITION TO:

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EXT. TARMAC

Ensign Archer has much the same expression on his face, but he’s now dressed in a futuristic flightsuit that looks like it could double as an EVA suit, and he carries a helmet as he walks out on the tarmac. PANNING, we see Ensign Hernandez walking next to him, also dressed in a flight suit, smiling herself at some joke that’s been exchanged between the two of them.

ENS ARCHER

...and the best part is that the old man decided to make it up to me by going climbing with me in Yosemite.

Ensign Hernandez gasps in mild shock.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Really?

ENS ARCHER

Yeah. I’m already packed up and ready to go.

CUT TO:

INT. XCV-330 *ENTERPRISE* – CONTROL ROOM

The control room of this test ship is much smaller than the EX-01’s bridge. There’s a large viewport at the front of the room, directly in front of the helm. The command chair is directly behind and above the helm, and has several monitors hanging down from the ceiling in front of it. On either side of the command chair is a door, and at the very back of the room is a large engineering station, which displays all possible information about the ship. All of the stations are occupied by EV-suited figures. We focus on their hands as they make adjustments to their equipment.

ENS HERNANDEZ (VO)

Aren’t you getting a little ahead of yourself?

ENS ARCHER (VO)

I don’t think so.

The figure at the engineering station flips a few more switches, and the displays on his station come to life. We PAN UP just as he turns, and can see that it’s Henry Archer. He gives the thumbs up signal.

CUT TO:

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EXT. TARMAC

Ensigns Archer and Hernandez approach their training craft, which are parked next to each other on the tarmac.

ENS ARCHER (CONT'D)

It's only a few day's off.

(beat)

What's the worst that could happen?

The two come to a stop between their training craft. Ensign Hernandez appears about to say something, but quickly thinks better of it. She takes on a teasing demeanor.

ENS HERNANDEZ

So, are you ready for me to kick your ass today?

ENS ARCHER

Please, I'll be on the ground before you've even finished with the second run.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Are you saying that you're going to give up halfway through?

Ensign Archer shakes his head, no comeback forthcoming.

ENS ARCHER

You're bad...

Ensign Hernandez gives him a wicked smile.

ENS HERNANDEZ

That isn't what you said the other night.

Ensign Archer is taken slightly aback, but he grins nonetheless. The two of them butt their helmets together, making a satisfying “CLUNK”. We focus on Ensign Archer as he climbs into his training craft, which is reminiscent of a modern T-5. He puts on his helmet and starts up the small craft's engines, which make a pleasing wind-up noise. He closes the canopy as we

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - XCV-330 *ENTERPRISE*

The *SS ENTERPRISE*, the ringship we've seen in numerous pictures, pulls away from an orbital station, presumably the same one we saw the two Archers and Soval in earlier. We can see the outline of North America as the ringship passes between us and Earth, its impulse engines glowing brightly.

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INT. XCV-330 *ENTERPRISE* – CONTROL ROOM

Henry Archer looks over the massive engineering panel in front of him, giving all the displays one last look.

HENRY ARCHER

Everything looks good.

(beat)

Looks like we’re green for warp flight.

We focus on the unnamed CAPTAIN, framing Henry Archer over his (or her) shoulder.

CAPTAIN

Mission control, this is *Enterprise*. My flight engineer indicates green for warp flight. Are we a go?

MISSION CONTROL (COMM. VOICE)

Enterprise, Mission Control. We concur, green for warp. You are go.

The Captain smiles at the good news.

CAPTAIN

Okay, Henry, let’s see what this engine of yours can do.

(beat, to helmsman)

Take us to warp.

EXT. SPACE - XCV-330 *ENTERPRISE*

The spindly, awkward form of the ringship stretches and disappears in a flash of light.

INT. XCV-330 *ENTERPRISE* – CONTROL ROOM

Stars streak past the viewport at the front of the room.

CAPTAIN

How’re we doing?

HENRY ARCHER

Everything looks good so far...

Suddenly, the ship starts to shudder, just as an alarm begins to sound on the engineering panel. The shaking continues to grow worse.

CAPTAIN

What’s wrong?

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The engineer looks over the flashing indicators on his panel with bewilderment.

HENRY ARCHER

(with growing concern)

I don't know! I'm getting conflicting error messages.

CAPTAIN

(calmly, to helmsman)

Drop us out of warp.

The helmsman attempts to comply.

HELMSMAN

I can't...

The Captain gives the helmsman a few more instructions that we can't hear over Henry. The look on Henry's face leaves no doubt as to what he thinks is about to happen. It's heartbreaking.

HENRY ARCHER

(softly)

Sorry I couldn't make it to Yosemite this weekend, Jonny.

Off his apprehensive expression we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – MESS HALL

Commander Tucker and Sub-Commander T’Pol continue to sit at the table in the far corner of the mess hall, but they’ve been joined by Major Reed. He has a meal tray in front of him, which looks partially eaten, but he isn’t eating as we enter the scene.

REED

So the captain blames the Vulcans for his father’s death?

T’POL

(before Tucker can answer)

Commander Archer died as a result of an accident. There were no Vulcans involved.

TUCKER

Actually, yes, the cap’n does blame the Vulcans for his father’s death.

(beat, off Reed and T’Pol’s looks)

He figures that if the Vulcans hadn’t turned paternalistic on us all of a sudden and deleted all our information on the original test ships that the accident never would’ve happened. I actually agree with him for the most part, though I’m not as passionate about it as Cap’n Archer is.

(beat, hesitantly)

Plus, they never did find the flight data recorder, so all they had to go on was the last bit of telemetry they got from the test ship before it was destroyed. So between that, and Soval’s surprise visit to the lab the day of the cap’n’s graduation, it looked mighty suspicious to him for quite a while after that. I think he still harbors some suspicions about that day.

T’POL

(bristling slightly)

Vulcans are not assassins, nor are they saboteurs.

(beat)

Ambassador Soval was simply carrying out the wishes of the High Command; there was nothing malicious intended.

Tucker gives T’Pol a mildly irritated look.

TUCKER

Hey, I’m just tellin’ you what you wanted to know.

(beat)

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TUCKER (CONT'D)

(as T'Pol resumes a more neutral expression)

It probably was just coincidence, but it looks pretty suspicious when you're hurt because you just lost someone you care a lot about. I might've felt the same way if I was in his shoes.

(beat, reminiscing)

Henry Archer was a great man. He managed to reverse engineer the test vehicles that we'd built with the Vulcans' help, and even made a bunch of improvements on the design. The man was an inspiration.

Reed cracks a small smile.

REED

You speak as though you knew him.

Tucker is a little embarrassed at that.

TUCKER

Well no, not really.

(beat)

I met him once when I was in the International Science and Engineering Fair during high school, but it was mostly a couple of encouraging words and a handshake before he went on to talk to the next exhibitor.

(beat, smiling fondly)

Still, it pretty much sealed the deal as far as me taking up Astronautical Engineering in college.

(beat, more serious)

No, pretty much everything I know about the man comes from when I got to know the cap'n. He told me all about him.

(beat, sad)

Still eats him up inside, after all these years.

REED

I guess that's understandable.

Trip slowly nods his head as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

EXT. LARGE CEMETERY

Ensign Archer stands with five other uniformed UESPA officers, the pallbearers. They're next to the canopied gravesite of Henry Archer, whose coffin is still being supported directly above its final resting place. The young ensign watches as people file by his father's empty casket to pay their final respects, most leaving flowers on its closed lid. We can tell that Ensign Archer is wracked with emotion as he watches this, barely keeping his sorrow in check.

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TUCKER (VO)

He very nearly dropped out of the program.

(beat)

Grief can make someone do some pretty rash things.

COMMODORE FORREST (OS)

(heavy with emotion)

I can't express my condolences enough, Jonny.

Ensign Archer's brows furrow slightly as he turns to face COMMODORE MAXWELL FORREST.

ENS ARCHER

Don't call me that.

(beat)

Sir.

The commodore looks at the son of his departed friend with slight confusion painting his face, not expecting that reaction.

COMMODORE FORREST

(heavy with emotion)

I can't imagine what you must be going through, Ensign, but your father and I were friends going back to long before you were born.

(beat, composing himself)

I've known you all your life, son, so if you need someone to talk to...

ENS ARCHER

(with growing anger)

What's there to talk about? My father is dead! Vaporized and spread over thousands of kilometers!

(beat, cynical)

And here we are, still pretending to bury him.

The ensign's outbursts are beginning to draw attention from the other mourners.

COMMODORE FORREST

(defensively)

What's wrong with wanting a little closure?

ENS ARCHER

What isn't?

(beat)

I carried an empty casket out here, dammit!

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Ensign Archer turns and briskly walks away before Commodore Forrest can respond. From the expression on the commodore’s face, it doesn’t look like he can respond. We follow Ensign Archer as he makes his way through the gathered crowd. All eyes are on him, including Ensign Hernandez’s as he passes by her without even looking at her as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

INT. ENSIGN ARCHER’S QUARTERS

Ensign Archer, dressed now in civilian cloths, pulls several civilian shirts out of his now empty standard issue wall locker in what are clearly UESPA dormitory quarters. We follow him as he brings the shirts to his twin-sized bed and starts to fold them next to an open suitcase, which is nearly full.

There’s a chime at his door. He pauses and straightens slightly, clearly upset at the interruption.

ENS ARCHER

I don’t want to talk about it, Commodore!

We hear the door open. Ensign Archer’s eyes go wide with his shock and anger. He quickly turns, ready to snap at the intruder, but stops when he sees that it’s Ensign Hernandez. She looks at him with concern.

ENS ARCHER

(shocked)

You!?

She nods in reply, but waits a BEAT before replying, noting the nearly packed suitcase on his bed.

ENS HERNANDEZ

I came over as soon as I heard.

(beat, hurt)

When were you planning on telling me?

Ensign Archer hesitates for a BEAT, then turns to finish folding his shirts.

ENS ARCHER

When I was back home...

(beat, with a sigh)

Before I headed off someplace else from there.

(beat)

I knew you’d try to talk me out of it.

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ENS HERNANDEZ

(sternly)
You’re damn right I am!
(beat, concerned)
What are you going to do? You’ve been waiting your whole life to do this, and now you’re just walking away?

ENS ARCHER

(aggravated)
I just can’t do it anymore, Erika!
(beat, forcefully packing away his shirts)
Am I just supposed to finish flight school and join the project like nothing happened!?

ENS HERNANDEZ

No one expects you to pretend like nothing happened! But you can’t just resign and walk away like it never even mattered!
(beat, softer)
You practically grew up on the project...

This strikes a chord in Ensign Archer, and he pauses for a BEAT before closing his suitcase and zipping it up.

ENS ARCHER

(softly)
That’s why I have to go, Erika.
(beat, heavy with emotion)
I’m never going to be able to look at the project or UESPA the same way. Too many memories.

He hefts his suitcase and turns to face Ensign Hernandez. She looks at him with pleading eyes. They look at each other for a BEAT; we can tell that there’s something special between them.

ENS ARCHER

Goodbye, Erika.

He starts to walk toward the door.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(pleading)
Jonny...please...

His face twists in anger.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS ARCHER

(harshly)
Don't call me that!

Irritation overcomes Ensign Hernandez's features. She is clearly hurt by that, and says nothing more as he walks out the door. After he's gone, she slowly sits on the neatly made bed, running her hand over the covers as she looks at the closed door with sadness. We focus on her face as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

EXT. YOSEMITE VALLEY – MEADOW – EVENING

We're in a meadowy area, close to some pine trees. The aptly named Cathedral Rocks can be seen in the distance, the evening sunlight playing off of their granite surfaces as the sun sets. It's already dark in the valley, the sun having dipped down below the level of the mountains that surround the picturesque valley. Suddenly, a loaded back-pack drops down heavily from above the frame.

We change angles to watch Ensign Archer as he starts unpack his camping supplies. Unstrapping a bag from his back-pack, we can soon see that it's a tent. He unfolds it and the tent practically forms itself; all he has to do is stake it down using a small rubber mallet he pulls out of the tent bag.

We watch Archer set up his lonely campsite in brief snippets, finishing with a small fire circle that he's dug out with a small shovel and lined with stones. He adds wood from a pile that he's gathered and lights it with something similar to a small butane lighter. The fire soon takes off, illuminating Ensign Archer and the immediate area with a warm glow.

By now, the sun has set and the stars are out. The moon has also risen, and casts its eerie light over the valley. A lone coyote howls. We focus on young Archer as he sighs heavily. He looks like he's close to breaking down, but he holds it in as he looks at his surroundings.

ENS ARCHER

(softly, heavy with emotion)
Wish you were here to see this with me, Dad.

We focus on the moon again. The coyote howls again as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

EXT. YOSEMITE VALLEY – MEADOW – DAY

The sun is already high in the sky. Squirrels and chipmunks scurry about, chattering excitedly at each other.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

We change angles and focus on the small tent that Archer set up the night before as the door suddenly zippers open. Ensign Archer looks like hell, with unkempt “bed head” hair and red eyes that are a testament to a lack of sleep (and/or something else). He pulls his backpack outside with him and drops it next to his now extinguished campfire. He wanders off for a BEAT as we watch the local wildlife go about its business.

When the ensign returns, he carries with him three small dead tree limbs of nearly equal length and diameter. Taking a length of rope from his backpack, we watch him lash the limbs together, fashioning a tripod, which he then sets up over the fire ring. He makes a loop out of some more rope, and it soon becomes apparent what it’s for when he pulls out a small coffee pot and fills it with some water from a canteen. After mixing it up, he promptly rebuilds the wood into a campfire and relights it. He waits a BEAT for the fire to build up, then hangs the coffee pot from the tripod.

EXT. YOSEMITE VALLEY – FORREST – LATER

Ensign Archer hikes through a forested area, loaded with all his gear. He takes his time, admiring the scenery and the small animals that are out and about among the trees.

We follow his progress as he walks on a clearly defined trail through short snippets. He pauses on occasion for a BEAT to take in deep breaths of the fresh air, but we can tell that it isn’t because he’s winded. He’s enjoying himself, his thin lips forming the smallest of smiles.

We follow him until he comes to a clearing on some bare rock. He takes his pack off and sits down on a fallen log. He digs around in his back-pack for a snack. We watch from a distance as a pair of feminine legs clad in shorts and hiking boots steps into the frame.

ENS HERNANDEZ (OS)

I thought I might find you here.

Ensign Archer looks up in absolute surprise at Ensign Hernandez’s sudden appearance. The surprise soon wears off though, and he hangs his head in disappointment.

ENS ARCHER

(bitter)

What are you doing here?

ENS HERNANDEZ

I could ask you the same question.

(beat)

I’m actually a little surprised that you ended up coming here after all.

ENS ARCHER

Thought you said you knew I’d be here.

She gives him a shy smile.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS HERNANDEZ

That’s half true, actually.

(beat)

I stopped by your mom’s place. Thought I might catch you before you left.

(beat)

She told me that you came out here.

ENS ARCHER

(sourly)

I told her not to tell anyone.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Don’t be too hard on her, Jonn...Jon. She cares about you, and so do I.

(beat, concerned)

So why are you out here of all places?

ENS ARCHER

It holds enough good memories...

(beat)

Thought I’d try to relive a few of them before I decided on a new career.

She takes her pack off and sits down next to him on the log.

ENS HERNANDEZ

So how’s that going?

He doesn’t answer her. Instead, he digs around in his pack and produces two energy bars. He offers one of them to Ensign Hernandez, which she accepts with a smile.

ENS ARCHER

I’m sorry about snapping at you...

(beat)

Back in San Fran.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Don’t worry about it. I know you’re hurt, so you don’t mean everything you say.

The two of them unwrap their energy bars and proceed to eat them. They say nothing for a LONG BEAT.

ENS ARCHER

I just need some time, that’s all.

They finish their snack, and dispose of the wrappers. Ensign Hernandez gives Ensign Archer an understanding look.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS HERNANDEZ

I know, but when you're ready, I'm here for you.

He says nothing, simply standing and hefting his pack back onto his shoulders. She watches him but remains seated, thinking that he's going to go off on his own again. He takes a step away, then stops and looks back at her, a hint of mischief in his expression.

ENS ARCHER

You coming?

Ensign Hernandez smiles and gets up, accepting his invitation. She shoulders her own backpack and the two of them hike off into the forest as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – MESS HALL

Tucker, T’Pol, and Reed have now been joined by Ensigns MAYWEATHER and Sato. Sato looks pretty enthralled by the story, but Mayweather looks somewhere between shocked and skeptical.

MAYWEATHER

You mean the captain actually resigned?

(beat, confused)

He told me that he dealt with his father’s death by burying himself in his work.

The other four give him their attention. Among the humans, they seem to recognize what meaning this holds for Mayweather in light of his own father’s recent death. T’Pol watches the interaction with interest.

TUCKER

He did bury himself in his work; I just haven’t gotten to that part yet.

Tucker offers the helmsman a small but disarming smile.

TUCKER (CONT’D)

I’m sure he left this part out because he still regrets it himself. It’s not something he’d want you to repeat yourself.

Mayweather nods in solemn understanding. After a BEAT, everyone turns their attention back to Tucker.

SATO

(uncertain)

So Ensign Hernandez was able to talk him out of resigning?

Tucker indicates that he’s a bit iffy on that point as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

EXT. YOSEMITE VALLEY – FOREST – DAY

Ensigns Archer and Hernandez continue to hike through the forest. There is an awkward, uncomfortable tension between them. Though they are essentially right next to each other, we get the distinct impression that not a whole lot has been said between them since we last saw them.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

TUCKER (VO)

Yes and no.

(beat)

The thing that the cap’n credits her most with is getting him to open up again, and getting him to put things back into perspective.

(beat)

It took her a while, though.

Ensign Hernandez is becoming visibly agitated as she and Ensign Archer continue to hike. The bereft young man does his best to pretend not to notice the frustrated sighs of his companion. Her patience is clearly reaching its end.

ENS HERNANDEZ

How long are we supposed to pretend?

Ensign Archer abruptly stops and stares at the attractive young woman.

ENS ARCHER

(annoyed)

Pretend what?

Ensign Hernandez lets out a frustrated sigh.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Pretend that all of this is just going to fix itself on its own.

(beat)

We’ve been hiking from one end of this valley to the other, making small talk like there’s nothing wrong.

(beat, with concern)

I’m here for you, Jon. But how long do you really think we can put our lives off?

Now it’s Ensign Archer’s turn to become agitated. He’s visibly bristling, angry but trying to hold it back to avoid wounding his companion too deeply.

ENS ARCHER

I really appreciate you offering to come along, Erika, but I never asked you to tag along. I came out here to find myself, not to wallow in self pity or to share sob stories about my dad.

The spitfire of a woman puts her hands on her hips, a determined look on her face.

ENS HERNANDEZ

That’s exactly what you’re doing, Jon.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

(off his confusion)

This is all about you wallowing in self pity.

(beat, off his insulted look)

Considering what you've lost, that's perfectly understandable. I'm not blaming you for feeling sorry for your loss.

Ensign Archer hovers somewhere between indignation and the sadness that he's been keeping bottled up inside. Ensign Hernandez offers him an expression that clearly conveys the depth of her feelings for him.

ENS HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

But I do blame you for trying to keep this bottled up inside of you when you have people who care about you.

(beat, heavy with emotion)

I love you, Jon. I know I haven't been very serious about what we have, but dammit, I can't stand to see you throw your life away like this.

(beat, indignant)

Don't I deserve better? Don't the people in your life deserve better? Doesn't your father deserve better?

The mention of his father immediately sets young Archer off.

ENS ARCHER

(snapping)

Don't you bring him up! Don't you dare bring him up!

ENS HERNANDEZ

Why not!? One of us has to remember him!

ENS ARCHER

(defensively)

I'm not trying to forget him.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Aren't you? Isn't that what you're doing by turning you back on everything he worked for?

ENS ARCHER

It's my life!

(beat)

It's my prerogative to decide how I want to live it! Not yours, and not Dad's!

ENS HERNANDEZ

So what are you going to do with it now?

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

Ensign Archer hesitates for a BEAT.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(impatiently)

Well?

ENS ARCHER

(defensively)

I don't know that yet dammit!

(beat)

That's part of what coming out here was supposed to be about!

ENS HERNANDEZ

The job market isn't very big for washed out test pilots.

(beat)

What are you going to do? Fly civilians around for the rest of your life?

ENS ARCHER

Maybe I will!

ENS HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

(as if he hadn't said anything)

Going from point A, to point B, and back again?

ENS ARCHER

What's so horrible about that?

ENS HERNANDEZ

It's no place for a hot-shot wannabe test pilot, that's what.

Ensign Archer's jaw line tightens as he grits his teeth. He knows that she's right, but doesn't want to admit it.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(insightful)

Do you honestly think you can just wrap your pain up in your uniform and toss them both away?

Her statement has a disarming effect on him. He starts to wind down.

ENS ARCHER

That isn't really how I'd put it, but I thought it'd be worth a try.

Ensign Hernandez gives him a beseeching look.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS HERNANDEZ

You’d be miserable, Jonny.

Though there is an element of anger that flickers across his face, Ensign Archer in fact looks like he’s close to breaking down.

ENS ARCHER

(desperately)

Don’t call me that...please.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(genuinely apologetic)

Sorry.

(beat)

I’ll try, but it’ll be hard for me.

(beat)

I want you to do something for me though. I’ll make a deal with you.

ENS ARCHER

What?

ENS HERNANDEZ

I want you to really think about what you’re doing.

(beat)

You’re right, it is your life, but think about the people around you. Think about everything you and your father ever worked for.

The mention of his father starts to distress Ensign Archer again.

ENS HERNANDEZ (CONT’D)

He worked his ass off to get back what the Vulcans snatched away from us, and he almost managed to do it.

(beat)

Who’s going to pick up the pieces now?

ENS ARCHER

And what am I supposed to do about it?

(beat, frustrated)

I’m not an engineer! I can’t take my father’s place.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(annoyed)

I know that...

(beat, calmer)

But you’ve been with the project since you were a kid.

(MORE)

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

How fitting that Jonathan Archer should pilot the first ship to be powered by Henry Archer's engine?

(beat)

Don't you think that would make him proud?

Ensign Archer shakily nods his head.

ENS ARCHER

But his engine doesn't work.

ENS HERNANDEZ

So don't you think you should wait around until it does? Someone's bound to figure out the last few adjustments.

ENS ARCHER

(slowly shaking his head)

I don't know if I like the idea of that.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Do you think he would've cared as long as his work came to fruition?

ENS ARCHER

(absolutely sure)

No. It was never about the credit with him.

Ensign Hernandez senses something within Archer, and changes her demeanor.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Tell me about him.

Ensign Archer forces a weak smile.

ENS ARCHER

(half-heartedly)

Aren't you tired of hearing my stories?

ENS HERNANDEZ

Of course not.

(beat, joking)

Besides, I need you to help me keep them straight.

Ensign Archer lets himself chuckle at that. He tilts his head back for a BEAT, remembering.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS ARCHER

Mom hated it when he started taking me to work with him.

(laughing fondly)

A warp propulsion lab isn't exactly the safest of environments for a pre-teen, especially one as clumsy and awkward as I was.

(beat)

Commodore Forrest wasn't real hot on the idea either, but Dad managed to talk him into it somehow.

(shaking his head)

I don't know how he did it. I mean, they were friends, but Dad just had a way of getting people to do almost anything.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(interjecting, smiling)

So I see.

Ensign Archer lets himself laugh again. And yet, his eyes are beginning to look wet.

ENS ARCHER

It wasn't long before I became the unofficial mascot. Just hanging around, pestering all the engineers with questions all day...

(beat, mischievous)

Dad made them answer every single question I asked.

(beat, sobering)

He was always there for me, Erika. I'm really going to miss him.

She has nothing but compassion and empathy for him. It is obvious that he is still going over the many memories he had of his father, as he says nothing, but has a wistful expression. Suddenly, his chest begins to shudder with the sobs he can't quite keep from coming. It's obvious that he's fighting them, hard. Ensign Hernandez rolls her eyes and gives him an exasperated sigh.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Why do men always act like they're afraid to cry?

She closes the short distance between them and embraces him tightly. He doesn't try to get away from her, but he keeps his arms stiffly at his sides, his hands balled into fists.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(quiet, soothing)

It's okay, you can trust me. Just let it go.

The tears start to flow freely from his eyes, and he sobs more openly. His body is racked with each one; he just can't quite let himself completely go. Ensign Hernandez runs a hand through his hair and rocks him gently.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS HERNANDEZ

Let it out...

ENS ARCHER

(between sobs, angry)

Damn Vulcans! They took him...they took him from me!

ENS HERNANDEZ

Then don't let them win.

(beat)

If you give up, they win.

Ensign Archer starts to calm down again.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Promise me that you'll at least talk to Commodore Forrest.

She loosens her embrace, but holds on to his arms. She looks into his eyes, silently pleading with him. He relents, silently nodding as the last few tears make their way down his face.

ENS ARCHER

I don't know if that'll do any good though.

(beat, wiping his face)

I already tendered my resignation.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(optimistically)

You never know, it might've gotten lost.

Ensign Archer laughs at that, then laughs bitterly to himself.

ENS HERNANDEZ

What?

ENS ARCHER

It's just...

(beat, embarrassed)

Part of the reason I came out here by myself was in case something like this happened. I don't exactly relish the idea of breaking down like that in front of anyone.

She smiles sarcastically at him.

ENS HERNANDEZ

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

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

Ensign Archer returns the smile and they embrace again as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

INT. ORBITAL COMPLEX – COMMODORE FORREST’S OFFICE

Ensign Archer stands before Commodore Forrest’s desk in full service dress. While the ensign’s posture is somewhat rigid, the mood is informal, as we can tell from the conversation, this has already been going on for a while.

ENS ARCHER

It’s just something I have to know, Commodore.

Commodore Forrest gives the young man standing in front of him a sympathetic look.

COMMODORE FORREST

For the time being, it’s restricted information.

Ensign Archer gives the commodore an angry glare that borders on insubordination.

ENS ARCHER

He was my father, for God’s sake.

COMMODORE FORREST

I know that and I sympathize, Jonathan, but uniform or not, I can’t give out this information to someone who’s no longer part of the program.

The commodore’s expression is somewhat ambiguous. It’s difficult to tell if he’s truly being serious, or if he’s being calculating. Ensign Archer gives him a hard look in an attempt to see for himself, but after a BEAT he lets out a defeated sigh.

ENS ARCHER

About that...

(beat)

I’ve been reconsidering...

COMMODORE FORREST

You don’t sound too sure.

(beat, off his nervous reaction)

Resignations don’t just go away. The Agency can’t have people just up and quitting on a whim, only to rejoin, just so they can quit again.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS ARCHER

(flustered)

Commodore... I just can't... there are too many memories here, and I don't know if I can deal with them.

(beat, off Forrest's considering look)

Sir, you've been like an uncle to me. I'd really appreciate any advice...

COMMODORE FORREST

I can't really give you any advice, Jon. This is something you have to decide for yourself. Are you going to be able to go forward with your life?

(beat, off his uncertainty, more relaxed)

Jon, your father and I were good friends since long before you were born. His loss weighs heavily on me too. I'm going to miss him dearly.

ENS ARCHER

How are you coping?

COMMODORE FORREST

I'm doing everything I can to remember him, and what he would've wanted.

(beat)

He definitely wouldn't want this project to come to a screeching halt just because he isn't around.

The commodore's expression is again ambiguous, but Ensign Archer seems to draw his own conclusion on what the older man is saying. The younger man visibly relaxes.

ENS ARCHER

I'm sorry about snapping at you...before.

COMMODORE FORREST

Don't worry about it. I understand what you were going through, what you're still going through.

ENS ARCHER

I'd like to rejoin the program.

Commodore Forrest looks at him blankly.

COMMODORE FORREST

I'm afraid that won't be possible.

The fear builds within Ensign Archer. After all he's gone through, he may have made a mistake that he can't fix.

FOUNDATIONS: "In Memoriam"

ENS ARCHER

I understand that UESPA doesn't want its officers resigning on a whim, but I can promise them that I won't quit again.

The commodore gives him a hard look.

COMMODORE FORREST

Can you promise me?

ENS ARCHER

(desperate)

Yes.

(beat)

I'll go through OTS if I have to, whatever it takes.

Commodore Forrest leans back in his chair, satisfied.

COMMODORE FORREST

That won't be necessary, Ensign.

ENS ARCHER

(not catching on)

I understand that resignations can't be undone, but-

COMMODORE FORREST

(interrupting)

Only if they go through.

Ensign Archer stops and looks at him with confusion. The commodore opens a drawer in his desk and reaches inside. He pulls out a folder that's emblazoned with the UESPA logo and plops it on his desk with enough force to make it slide across it to the dumbfounded ensign. The ensign turns the folder and opens it, only a little surprised to see his own resignation. There's a large "VOID" stamped over his signature, with Commodore Forrest's signature scrawled just beneath it.

ENS ARCHER

(amazed)

How'd you know?

COMMODORE FORREST

I didn't. I just figured that if you really wanted to resign that I'd make you work for it.

The commodore finally lets himself smile. Ensign Archer can't keep himself from smiling either, relieved that what could have been the biggest mistake in his life has been averted.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

COMMODORE FORREST

So, what made you change your mind about coming to see me?

The commodore already has an idea, but Ensign Archer doesn't notice the subtle expression on the older man's face that gives it away.

ENS ARCHER

(smiling)

Let's just say that behind every man, there's an even better woman.

COMMODORE FORREST

(wryly)

I'll be sure to tell her you said that.

The sudden realization comes over Ensign Archer's face.

ENS ARCHER

(suspiciously)

You didn't send her, did you?

COMMODORE FORREST

Hardly. There wasn't anything I could do to keep her from going, one way or another.

(beat)

Somehow the idea of losing another tenacious officer didn't appeal to me, and I'm sure Command would agree.

Ensign Archer sighs, reminded again of the rash decisions of his recent past.

ENS ARCHER

They might have something to say about me going AWOL though.

(beat)

Without a resignation, I basically just took off from advanced flight training.

Commodore Forrest takes the opportunity to nonchalantly pull yet another UESPA emblazoned folder out of his desk to plop it unceremoniously in front of Ensign Archer. The ensign opens it, unsure what to find, and a little confused to see the form within.

COMMODORE FORREST

They might be a little upset that you signed your bereavement leave form late, but I think they'll understand given the circumstances.

Ensign Archer looks up from the form in disbelief just in time to see the commodore present him with a pen. The ensign takes it and quickly signs his name before shoving the folder and the pen

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

toward Commodore Forrest. He takes them and adds his signature to the form, making it official.

COMMODORE FORREST

Of course this means that you’ll have to start your advanced flight training over again at the next session.

(beat)

On the other hand, that’ll give you as long as you feel you need.

Archer seems to take that bit of news when he suddenly thinks of something, or rather, someone.

ENS ARCHER

Commodore...

COMMODORE FORREST

(interrupting, knowing exactly what the ensign is thinking)

Don’t worry, she already “requested” leave with you, so it’s all taken care of.

(indicating the signed leave form, teasing)

Don’t you read everything before you sign it?

Off Ensign Archer’s relieved smile we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – MESS HALL

Tucker, T’Pol, Reed, Sato and Mayweather are still seated around the same table. However, a significant number of others, both SFs and UESPA crewmembers, have gathered around. They take up the tables directly adjacent to the one the main group is sitting at. T’Pol actually looks somewhat uncomfortable at the number of people that have gathered.

SATO

(teasing)

So I guess one of them must’ve said something, or you wouldn’t have known about it.

TUCKER

(confused)

Said something about what?

SATO

About what happened in Yosemite.

(beat)

I actually agree with this Erika Hernandez; I never did understand why men seem to have something against crying.

TUCKER

(shrugging it off)

Just not something a lot of men are really comfortable doing.

(beat, before Sato can press)

But to answer your question, yeah, the cap’n told me about it. I don’t think it bothers him that much, I mean, he’s as human as the rest of us, and losing someone close to you like he did can really hurt.

There are somber expressions all around, even T’Pol has a flicker of...something cross her face for just an instant. No one seems to want to say anything for a BEAT. Finally, Mayweather’s curiosity wins out.

MAYWEATHER

So what happened after that?

TUCKER

After he got back to flight training, the cap’n really took his promise to Admiral Forrest to heart. He really put his nose to the grindstone because he wanted to graduate at the top of his class.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

TUCKER (CONT'D)

He still has his regrets about it though, and he'd want everyone that hears this little story to learn from his mistakes before you make your own.

T'Pol quirks an eyebrow at that, but says nothing. Mayweather's face floods with recognition as he remembers the conversation he had with Captain Archer when his own father died. Tucker looks right at Travis, hinting that he knows what the younger man is thinking as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

INT. CLASSROOM – EVENING

Ensign Archer stands next to a video display that stands in for the white-board of the classroom he's in. He watches as a flight scenario plays on the screen before referencing a PADD that he's holding in his hands. There are no windows, but from the deserted nature of the room, it is obviously evening. After a BEAT, the door opens, revealing Ensign Hernandez. She enters the room and joins Ensign Archer at the display screen. He nods distractedly to acknowledge her presence. She's disappointed at that.

ENS HERNANDEZ

I was hoping to meet up with you tonight, maybe go out on the town.

(beat, wryly)

It is Friday night after all.

Ensign Archer shakes his head, not even taking his eyes off of his work.

ENS ARCHER

No, I want to make sure I have this down pat before next week.

(beat)

I want to ace the exam so I can finally get out of the simulator and into the real thing.

ENS HERNANDEZ

That doesn't mean you can't spend one night with someone you care about.

(beat, more seductively)

It might be worth putting this off until tomorrow.

From her tone and her body language, it's pretty obvious that Ensign Hernandez has a pretty special night planned for the two of them. He gives her a sideways glance, and he definitely notices what she's hinting at, but he tries to be nonchalant about it. He's only moderately successful.

ENS ARCHER

Maybe in a couple weeks, Erika.

(beat)

I'm really too busy right now.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

His response was definitely a mood killer; Ensign Hernandez assumes a much more rigid posture. She stares into the side of his head for a BEAT before giving him a disgusted sigh.

ENS HERNANDEZ

Am I really so horrible that you can't even stomach the idea of spending the night with me?

Ensign Archer finally rips his eyes away from his work, surprised at her bluntness.

ENS ARCHER

What? Of course not!

(beat)

I've just got things to do, that's all.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(rolling her eyes)

Oh please...

(beat)

You've been avoiding me more and more since flight training started. I hardly even see you anymore!

ENS ARCHER

I'm sorry Erika, but work comes before play. I have to put in the extra effort here so I know that my career is secure before I worry about my personal life.

She gives him a sarcastic laugh.

ENS HERNANDEZ

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

(beat, off his confusion)

There's more to life than the job, Jon.

Ensign Archer is quickly losing his temper.

ENS ARCHER

(snapping)

What the hell do you want from me!

(beat, glaring at her)

First, you do everything to get me to come back, and now you don't want me to do my job?

Ensign Hernandez crosses her arms and glares right back at him

ENS HERNANDEZ

I didn't mean for you spend every minute of your life on your career either.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS ARCHER

Commodore Forrest pulled some strings to let us make up our flight training.
Don't you think we should make sure it was worth his while?

Ensign Hernandez uncrosses her arms and puts her hands on her hips.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(hotly)

Don't you bring him into this.

(beat)

This is an obsession, Jon.

ENS ARCHER

I have to be the best. How could I ever hope to have a shot at heading up the
flight tests at the warp five project if I'm anything less?

Her arms drop to her sides in disbelief.

ENS HERNANDEZ

I don't even recognize you anymore.

(beat)

The Jonathan Archer I knew wouldn't have thought twice about giving me one
night in return for the time I spent with you.

ENS ARCHER

Is that what this is about?

(beat)

I owe you now?

ENS HERNANDEZ

(defensively)

That isn't what I meant and you know it.

ENS ARCHER

Look, I'm grateful for what you did for me. You reminded me that my career was
too important to just give up on.

(beat)

Frankly, my career is all I have left.

Ensign Hernandez considers him for a BEAT, then nods in what is most definitely not a friendly
manner. She turns and starts to leave, stopping as she reaches the door.

ENS HERNANDEZ

(sarcastically)

See you around, Jon. Call me if you ever decide to get a life.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

Without waiting for a reply, she exits, never looking back. Ensign Archer stares blankly after her for a BEAT, then goes back to the simulation playing on the screen as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

INT. ORBITAL COMPLEX – ENGINEERING LAB

The same engineering lab we saw Henry Archer arguing with Ambassador Soval in. Though there have been a few modifications since we last saw it, the engine mock-up the newly commissioned Ensign Archer had hidden behind still dominates that section of the room. This time, however, there is a large crowd gathered around to greet Ensign Archer. There are countless handshakes, pats on the back, and even some ruffling of the young man’s hair as they welcome their old mascot back to the lab with various greetings.

Commodore Forrest walks into the room, smiling broadly. Ensign Archer returns his smile and turns to greet him, hand extended.

COMMODORE FORREST

(taking his hand and shaking it)

Good to finally see you again, Jon.

They drop their hands.

ENS ARCHER

(downplaying)

Oh, I thought I’d stop by and see the old place since I finally graduated flight school.

COMMODORE FORREST

At the top of your class no less. Your old man would’ve been proud.

ENS ARCHER

(somberly)

I’d like to think so.

COMMODORE FORREST

I don’t doubt it. Not even for a second.

(beat)

I know I’m proud of you.

(beat, off his shy smile)

Hell, I think we’re all proud of you.

The commodore makes a sweeping motion toward the crowd of engineers, setting off another round of cheers and some sporadic clapping. After a BEAT, Commodore Forrest places a hand on Ensign Archer’s shoulder.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

COMMODORE FORREST

If you're up for it, I think I have a job for you.

The ensign gives him a confused look.

ENSIGN ARCHER

You have something for me to fly already?

(beat)

I thought you dismantled the ringships.

COMMODORE FORREST

We did, and the team is working on some new test ships.

(beat)

Commander Gardner and the rest of the flight team are just as anxious as you are to get out there and break some speed records, but Commander Jeffries here could really use your help.

At the mention of his name, COMMANDER MATTHEW JEFFRIES steps out of the crowd, a notebook in hand. He hands the notebook to Ensign Archer, who opens it to reveal what appears to be illegible scribbling with a few inset diagrams. There also appears to be several complex equations, but like the rest of the writing, it's difficult to read.

JEFFRIES

I'm having a lot of trouble going over Henry's old notes to figure out what he was working on before the accident.

Jeffries suddenly regrets mentioning the event that ended Henry Archer's life, but Ensign Archer only pauses for a BEAT before continuing to flip through the notebook.

ENS ARCHER

(nostalgically)

He never was one for penmanship.

(beat, smirking)

It didn't help that he liked using his own shorthand either.

COMMODORE FORREST

What do you say, Jon?

(beat, as Archer makes eye contact)

Could you translate some of your old man's chicken-scratch for us? We could skip the formalities and put you on the books as a test pilot.

Commodore Forrest pins him with a hopeful look. The ensign remains skeptical, however.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ENS ARCHER

I need more flight hours to qualify for test flight status.
(beat, closing the notebook and hefting it)
I could work on this while I’m waiting for a new posting though.

COMMODORE FORREST

Or you could earn those hours shuttling me around.
(beat, shrugging)
Up to you of course.

The ensign is barely able to hold in his excitement at the idea. A smile graces his face even as he tries to remain dead serious.

ENS ARCHER

I wouldn’t want you to go easy on me just to keep me around, sir.

Commodore Forrest gives him a wicked grin.

COMMODORE FORREST

Who says I’d be easy on you? I happen to be a very demanding passenger.
(beat)
Trust me, you’d earn every single one of those hours working for me.

The ensign considers it for a BEAT, then gives Commodore Forrest an affirming nod.

COMMODORE FORREST

Good! Welcome aboard, Jon.

Commander Jeffries is the first of many to shake Ensign Archer’s hand in another round of congratulations as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

EXT. LARGE CEMETERY

JUNIOR LIEUTENANT JONATHAN ARCHER walks through a grassy field lined with headstones, dressed in full service dress. We soon recognize it as the cemetery that Henry Archer’s funeral was held in. Lieutenant Archer walks in somber silence until he comes to one headstone in particular. Focusing on it, we can see that it reads:

HENRY ARCHER

June 26, 2083 – February 25, 2131
Beloved Husband and Father

Archer smirks slightly as he reads the last line.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

JLT ARCHER

(softly, to himself)

Mom must’ve had something to do with that, or I’m sure there’d be something on there about being an engineer too.

(beat)

She never did like how your work tended to keep you away from the family. You always did like to bury yourself in your work.

JLT HERNANDEZ (OS)

(sarcastically)

Like father, like son...

Archer turns quickly in surprise to see JUNIOR LIEUTENANT ERIKA HERNANDEZ standing about a meter behind him, also dressed in full service dress.

JLT ARCHER

(startled)

Erika... I didn’t hear you

(beat, relaxing)

So how are you doing these days?

Hernandez shifts uncomfortably as she thinks of how to answer diplomatically for a BEAT. She isn’t entirely successful, as there is resentment seething beneath her features. None of the affection she once looked at Archer with remains.

JLT HERNANDEZ

I’m fine.

(beat, nodding toward Henry Archer’s headstone)

So, a year to the day now.

Archer looks back toward his father’s headstone before shifting his attention back to Hernandez. He looks equally uncomfortable with the situation.

JLT ARCHER

Yeah.

(beat)

It’s amazing how much can happen in such a sort amount of time.

Hernandez nods in agreement at that.

JLT HERNANDEZ

I see you got promoted yourself.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

JLT ARCHER

(forcing a smile)

I finally earned all my flight hours shuttling the commodore back and forth between meetings.

(beat)

It won't be too long now before they've built some test vehicles, and I'll be a bona fide test pilot.

JLT HERNANDEZ

It's good to know that the project is making some progress.

(beat, tensing)

At least your career is doing well. Mine is just starting to recover.

Archer immediately tenses.

JLT ARCHER

I'm not quite sure how to take that, Erika.

(beat)

You got promoted not long after I did. You're the senior helmsman on the *Edison*.

JLT HERNANDEZ

(interrupting, sarcastically)

So you are reading my letters. All this time I thought you were just ignoring them. I mean, it's not like I ever heard back from you.

Archer looks genuinely guilty about that.

JLT ARCHER

I keep meaning to write, really, I do. I just keep getting caught up with everything that's going on with the project, that's all.

Hernandez nods her head sardonically.

JLT HERNANDEZ

That always has been the problem. At least ever since we got back from bereavement leave.

This is clearly an old topic of conversation for them.

JLT ARCHER

(mentally exhausted)

Look, let's not do this now...

(beat)

It's been a few months, what do you say we go down to the old 602 Club and order something?

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

Hernandez shakes her head.

JLT HERNANDEZ

We keep going through this cycle, Jon. I’m tired of reaching out to you again and again just so you can find an excuse to ignore me.

(beat)

I’m done, Jon. For all that we’ve been through together, I’m obviously not important to you anymore.

Hernandez eyes Archer for a BEAT, as if expecting him to say something. He simply stands there, looking a right back at her. There’s a hint of sadness about him, but he keeps his emotions locked up otherwise.

JLT HERNANDEZ

I’m shipping out tomorrow, so you won’t ever have to see me again.

(beat, off his continued non-reaction)

Goodbye, Jonny.

He flinches at the mention of his old nickname, but otherwise stares blankly after Hernandez as she walks away from him. After a BEAT, he turns and looks down at his father’s headstone and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT: *ENTERPRISE* – MESS HALL

The large crowd that had gathered earlier persists. The mood is very somber as silence fills the room. No one seems willing to speak first.

Commander Tucker leans back in his chair and looks at the crowd. He pauses a little as he notices T’Pol’s discomfort, but otherwise continues his sweeping gaze, sizing up the reactions he sees, and noting the many neglected meals on the tables around him. He takes a deep breath.

TUCKER

That’s about all there is to tell, really.

(beat)

He went on with the project, became one of their top pilots and the rest is pretty much history.

REED

(curious)

How did you come to know him?

(beat)

I know the two of you have known each other for a considerable amount of time.

TUCKER

(allowing himself a smile)

He and Commander Jeffries brought me on to the project back when I was an ensign.

Reed looks at the engineer expectantly, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

REED

Care to tell us about it?

Tucker thinks about it for a BEAT, then shakes his head.

TUCKER

No, I think that’s a better story for another time.

(beat, off many disappointed looks/sounds)

Besides, I think some of you are due at your posts pretty soon anyway.

Though the disappointment among the crowd is still very pervasive, most of them begin to gather up their now cold meals and make their way to the disposal.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

TUCKER

(above the noise of the crowd)

I hope this was more than a good story for all of you. Hate for none of you to learn anything.

T’Pol starts to leave as well, and Tucker gives her a concerned look.

TUCKER

Think you can stay for a bit longer?

(beat, off her raised eyebrow)

I have a few other things I want to talk with you about.

Though her expression remains as stoic as ever, T’Pol sits back down and waits patiently.

The crowd is now confined to the area around the disposal unit, leaving only Ensigns Sato and Mayweather, and Major Reed sitting at the table in addition to T’Pol and Tucker. We PAN, revealing that, surprisingly, SENIOR CHIEF PETTY OFFICER MARCUS LAFAYETTE is standing patiently nearby, his arms crossed over his chest.

TUCKER

(a little taken aback)

Midas!

The remaining members of the group turn their attention to the elderly chef.

TUCKER (CONT’D)

I’m a little surprised to see you.

LAFAYETTE

(wryly)

Oh, I was just keeping an eye on the competition.

Tucker grins at that.

TUCKER

I’m pretty sure this is just a one time deal, Senior Chief.

(beat)

Your reputation is secure.

Though it obvious he’s just joking, Midas does his best to look serious. He slowly nods his head in response to the chief engineer.

LAFAYETTE

I wouldn’t sell yourself too short, you can tell quite the story yourself. Entertaining and educational, just the way I like ‘em.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

Tucker raises his eyebrows a little at that. Lafayette uses the opportunity to point at the remaining officers’ meals.

LAFEYETTE

Any of you want those reheated?

None of them look interested.

LAFEYETTE

Bus your trays when you’re done here then.

Before any of them can reply, the old chef turns and makes his way back to his kitchen. Reed watches with the rest of them as Lafayette disappears through the door that separates the ship’s galley from the mess hall, then gives Trip a knowing look.

REED

(wryly)

If nothing else I learned to give the captain a wide berth for the rest of the day.

(beat)

Until I see you again, Commander.

(nodding to the other officers in turn)

Sub-Commander, Ensigns...

Reed stands, taking his tray with him to the disposal, the crowd having dwindled down to nothing by now.

With the major gone, Tucker gives his remaining audience his consideration. Mayweather is staring somewhat intensely at the tabletop and Sato is looking at him with concern.

TUCKER

Travis? You okay?

MAYWEATHER

Yes, sir.

(beat)

You’ve given me a lot to think about.

(beat, looking directly at Tucker)

It makes me wish that talk the captain and I were having hadn’t been interrupted.

Tucker gives him a warm expression.

TUCKER

I’m sure he’d be willing to finish it.

Mayweather smiles and nods his head.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

MAYWEATHER

I might just do that.

Tucker suddenly considers something.

TUCKER

(a little concerned)

Just...give him a couple days.

(beat, off the ensigns’ inquisitive looks)

He should be in more of a mood to talk by then.

Mayweather nods his understanding and Sato places a comforting arm across his shoulders.

TUCKER

(as he stands)

See you around, Ensigns.

(looking at T’Pol)

Care to walk with me, Sub-Commander?

T’Pol again raises an inquisitive eyebrow, but accompanies him as he makes his way toward the exit.

SATO

(quietly, to Mayweather)

You know, if you ever want to talk about it, I’m here too...

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – CORRIDOR

The door leading into the mess hall opens, revealing Tucker as he gestures for T’Pol to enter the corridor in front of him. She looks slightly confused at the gesture, but proceeds nonetheless.

We change angles as the two of them start to walk away from the mess hall at a slower than normal pace. The door closes behind them and T’Pol clasps her hands behind her.

TUCKER

Sorry if I put you on the spot back there.

(beat, off her quirked eyebrow)

When the crowd started showing up I was so caught up in telling the story that I forgot you aren’t real big on crowds.

T’Pol allows her understanding to show through briefly.

T’POL

There is no need to apologize, Commander. I asked you for information and you were more than adequate in providing it. Any discomfort I felt was ... unimportant.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

TUCKER

I only hope I actually managed to answer your question.

T’Pol raises both eyebrows in careful consideration.

T’POL

I believe I have a better understanding of Captain Archer’s difficulties dealing with members of my species.

(beat)

I also understand that this date holds a special significance for him, though I confess I still find it illogical.

Tucker smiles at the Vulcan’s use of the word “illogical” gives her a sidelong glance.

TUCKER

(wryly)

I guess that’s just one of the quirks to being human.

(beat, off her flat look)

I suppose Vulcans have an easier time dealing with loss.

(wistfully)

Must be nice to be able to keep everything locked up like that.

T’Pol stops, the two of them having come to an intersection with another corridor. Tucker looks momentarily concerned, thinking that he might had said something to offend the suddenly silent and unreadable Vulcan standing next to him. What little expression there is on her face makes her seem very distant, as she seems to be looking at nothing, other than slightly away from Tucker. After a BEAT, she seems to come out of it, but there’s a hint of pain in her expression.

T’POL

The loss of a family member or a close acquaintance can affect us very deeply, Commander.

(beat)

Vulcans may not express loss the same way humans do, but we do understand it.

Tucker doesn’t respond for a BEAT, clearly unsure how to.

TUCKER

I guess I learned something new today, too.

T’Pol inclines her head slightly in farewell.

T’POL

Until tomorrow, Commander.

He offers her a smile.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

TUCKER

Have a good evening, Sub-Commander.

The two of them part ways, with T’Pol walking down the other corridor.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – ARCHER’S OFFICE

We focus on a scorched piece of metal that sits atop Captain Archer’s desk. The letters that mark it clearly read:

XCV-330 SS Enterprise.

Though we’ve seen this chunk of metal before, its placement is only now understood. We hold for a BEAT before PULLING BACK to reveal Captain Archer sitting at his desk with his back to us. Though his monitor is active, he’s not working on it. Instead, he seems to be holding something, his body language hinting at the sadness he’s feeling.

We PAN UP and PUSH IN slightly, until we are looking over his shoulder, revealing that he’s holding the picture frame that normally sits next to his monitor. Currently the frame displays a picture of a young Archer dressed in a UESPA cadet’s uniform, posing with his father in an outdoor area of the university we saw in Act One.

Archer presses a small button hidden on the back of the frame, changing the image to an earlier photograph, of Henry Archer with his arm proudly resting over a teenaged Archer’s shoulders as they stand in front of the massive engine mock-up we also saw in Act One. After a BEAT, Archer presses the button again, bringing up an image of a nine-year-old Archer sitting on a workbench next to his father as the older man works on something. The young boy looks absolutely fascinated at what his father is doing, and since neither Henry nor Jon are looking at the camera, it’s obvious that this was a candid shot neither was aware of at the time it was taken.

After a BEAT, we focus on one last image – Cadets Archer and Hernandez, arms draped over one another as they smile at the camera. We change angles to see the expression on Archer’s face, a combination of sorrow and pained regret painting his features.

Suddenly, the door chime sounds. Archer looks up, surprise on his face for a fraction of a second before he frowns and furrows his brows, looking like a dark reflection what we saw just an instant before.

ARCHER

(hotly)

What is it!?

We change angles to see the door open, revealing a meek Commander Tucker. He holds a bottle of bourbon in one hand and two stacked glasses in the other. Angling back to Archer, we can see

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

that his mood hasn't changed significantly, with only a little of the hardness having left the captain's face.

TUCKER

Evenin', Cap'n.

(beat, making his way to the chair across from Archer)

Listen, I know you might not be in much of a mood to talk today, but I bring a peace offering.

The engineer offers his friend a small smile and holds out the bottle and the glasses. Archer's glare softens a little more and he nods before setting the picture frame back down in its usual spot. Tucker accepts the invitation and sits down in the chair. He quickly sets out the glasses and starts working on the bottle-cap, which is still wrapped.

TUCKER

(still working the cap through the wrapping)

Had Midas take this out of storage...

(breaking the seal with a grunt)

Picked it up the last time I was on leave.

Archer watches silently as Tucker fills both glasses. He accepts the glass his friend pushes toward him, his anger gone, replaced by despondence. Tucker raises his glass in a salute.

TUCKER

To friends.

Archer raises his glass in return before the two men tilt their heads back and take a drink. Once finished, Archer places his glass on his desk and Tucker refills them.

ARCHER

(glumly)

Sorry I snapped at you, Trip.

Tucker offers his captain and friend another smile to go with his refilled glass of bourbon.

TUCKER

Don't worry about it.

(beat, more humbly)

I know what this day means to you.

(beat, lighter)

I've been through a few of them with you, remember?

Archer nods his head as he absently rotates the glass with his hand.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ARCHER

I know.

(beat)

Doesn't really excuse it though. You'd think a grown man could get a handle on this after so many years...

TUCKER

Everyone deals with this kinda thing in their own way, Jon. You're not any different.

Archer shakes his head slightly, disagreeing.

ARCHER

I am different. I'm a captain now, not some hot-headed test pilot who doesn't know better.

(beat, morose)

I made a real ass of myself today on the bridge. I even feel sorry for snapping at the Vulcan.

Tucker's face twitches slightly at Archer's use of the word “Vulcan”, but the other man doesn't notice it, too caught up in his own unarticulated feelings.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I hope they can understand.

(beat)

I just don't know how to really explain it to them.

TUCKER

I don't think you have to worry about that anymore, Cap'n.

Tucker meets Archer's confused stare with a mischievous smile. Slowly, understanding creeps across Archer's face.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Hope you don't mind that I held a little story-time session in the mess hall today.

Archer looks a little perturbed, yet a smile seems to threaten to make itself known at the same time.

ARCHER

I don't exactly disapprove if that's what you're worried about.

Archer exchanges another look with Tucker. The younger man's expression clearly shows that isn't the case. Archer holds the stare for a BEAT, trying to maintain the serious expression on his face, but he finally loses his private little battle, allowing the smallest of smiles to grace his lips.

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

ARCHER (CONT'D)

So how'd it go over?

TUCKER

Oh, I'd say it went over pretty well actually. Midas even complimented me on my story-telling skills.

The two men share a short chuckle.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(serious again)

I think our resident Boomer really took the most from it though.

(beat, exchanging a knowing look with Archer)

Wouldn't surprise me if he came to see you sometime in the next couple days or so.

Archer nods, understanding, the expression on his face telling us that he's looking forward to it. He stops playing with his glass and raises it to his lips. Tucker joins him, but both stop short of emptying their glasses.

TUCKER

(smiling mischievously)

Bet you'll never guess who started me on telling that story in the mess hall today.

(beat, off Archer's confused look)

Sub-Commander T'Pol.

Archer is clearly surprised, and yet, pessimism starts to darken his expression.

ARCHER

I suppose she'll be putting that in her report regarding my treatment of her today...

Tucker looks into his partially filled glass.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – CORRIDOR - FLASHBACK

The scene has a slight white haze over it as we replay the earlier scene between Tucker and T'Pol in the corridor. We focus on her distant expression for a BEAT before we

FLASH CUT TO:

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – ARCHER’S OFFICE

Tucker looks up from his glass at Archer.

TUCKER

I can almost guarantee you that she won’t, Cap’n.

Archer looks at Tucker skeptically, but the engineer gives him an insistent look.

ARCHER

I guess I’ll just have to take your word on that.

(beat, looking at his glass)

Aah, I don’t want to think about Vulcans for the rest of the night. I’ll worry about it in the morning.

(hefting his glass)

To Henry Archer.

TUCKER

(also hefting his glass)

To Henry Archer.

At that, both men take another swig from their glasses as we PULL OUT...

EXT. SPACE – *ENTERPRISE*

...through the viewport. We can still see Archer and Tucker sharing the bourbon as we continue to PULL OUT. *Enterprise* moves away from us, slowly orbiting the distant trinary stars we saw in the teaser as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

FOUNDATIONS: “In Memoriam”

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