ENTERPRISE: "Singularity" - 11/7/02

CAST

ENTERPRISE
"Singularity"

CAST

ARCHER
T'POL
TRIP
PHLOX
REED
MAYWEATHER
HOSHI

CUNNINGHAM

Non-Speaking

PORTHOS

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DILITHIUM</td>
<td>die-LITH-ee-um</td>
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<td>SATO</td>
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ENTERPRISE: "Singularity" - 11/7/02 TEASER

ENTERPRISE
"Singularity"

TEASER

FADE IN:

A1 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) (ADDED SCENE)

at impulse. Ahead in the distance, we see a TRINARY STAR SYSTEM: two bright, colorful stars and a swirling vortex, a BLACK HOLE (NOTE: This is a re-use of Scene 25A, not a new optical). We go to a MONTAGE OF SHOTS:

B1 INT. BRIDGE (ADDED SCENE)

A disturbing tableau: no one is at the helm... REED is slumped over his console, unconscious. We find TRIP sprawled on the floor near his station, also out cold. (Everyone should be positioned where they are during the climax of the show, from Scene 33 on.)

C1 INT. CORRIDOR (ADDED SCENE)

Three crew members lie on the deck, unconscious. Over this, we hear:

T'POL (V.O.)
Science officer's log, August fourteenth, 2152...

D1 OMITTED

E1 INT. SICKBAY (ADDED SCENE)

An even more bizarre sight: a sedated MAYWEATHER is strapped to the central bio-bed, his head secured by a brace, prepped for surgery. PHLOX lies unconscious on the floor nearby, wearing his surgical gown (as seen in Scene 25).

T'POL (V.O.)
(continuing)
Enterprise remains on course for the trinary system...

F1 INT. ARCHER'S QUARTERS (VPB) (ADDED SCENE)

Dimly-lit. ARCHER is unconscious at his desk (as in Scene 27A). Some TEXT can be seen on his monitor.

(CONTINUED)
T'POL (V.O.)
(continuing)
I've transmitted a distress call, but the nearest Vulcan ship is more than nine days away...

T'POL
(continuing her log)
By the time they arrive, they may only find debris... if that.

She pauses for a moment, gathering her thoughts. Then...

T'POL
Even if Enterprise makes it past the black hole without being destroyed... it seems likely that the crew won't survive.

We hold for a long beat on T'Pol, before we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
H1 INT. T'POL'S QUARTERS (VPB) (ADDED SCENE)

We find T'Pol seated at her desk, looking over MEDICAL DATA scrolling on her monitor. She continues her log:

T'POL
(to com)
I'm continuing my analysis of the condition that's stricken the crew... but without Doctor Phlox's assistance I'm not hopeful about reversing its effects. I'm documenting my findings so that Starfleet will at least have a record of what happened.

(then)
The symptoms began not long after we set a course for the trinary system... that was nearly two days ago...

DISSOLVE TO:

1 OMITTED

2 INT. SITUATION ROOM (VPB/OPTICAL)

Archer, T'Pol and Trip are gathered at the wall monitor, which shows a visually ENHANCED IMAGE of a BLACK HOLE; although normally invisible to the naked eye, T'Pol has adjusted the sensors to display the swirling, ghostly vortex.

ARCHER
(off graphic)
Black hole?

T'POL
A Class Four.

ARCHER
According to the Vulcan starcharts, your people have surveyed over two thousand of these things.

T'POL
That's correct.

(CONTINUED)
T'Pol touches a control, and the GRAPHIC ZOOMS OUT to show the black hole is part of a TRINARY STAR SYSTEM: three stellar bodies of different types are locked in an intricate gravitational dance.

T'POL
But none of them were part of a trinary star system.

ARCHER
(intrigued)
How close can we get?

T'POL
The gravitational shear between the stars is extreme... we'd have to drop to impulse...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
T'POL (cont'd)
...but we should be able to approach to within five million kilometers.

TRIP
(lightly)
Close enough to get some nice pictures.

ARCHER
(to T'Pol)
How long would it take to reach the system at impulse?

T'POL
Two days.

ARCHER
Have Travis set a course.

T'Pol nods and moves off to the Bridge. Trip turns to follow, but Archer stops him...

ARCHER
Trip.

Trip turns back to Archer.

ARCHER
If you've got a little free time, I'd love you to take a look at my chair.

TRIP
Sir?

Archer speaks in a low tone, as if he's a bit embarrassed to even bring this up.

ARCHER
The Captain's chair...

TRIP
What about it?
ARCHER
You may have noticed, I don't sit in it very much.

TRIP
Is there a problem?

ARCHER
It's uncomfortable. If I lean back, I feel like I'm about to slide out of it. I have to sort of... perch on the edge.

TRIP
(lightly)
I always assumed it was the best seat in the house.

ARCHER
Take a look at it for me.

TRIP
I was going to purge the impulse manifolds...

ARCHER
(lightly)
The chair first, if you don't mind.

TRIP
(amused)
Aye aye, sir.

Trip moves off. OFF the light moment between them, we...

CUT TO:
INT. READY ROOM (VPB)

Archer is standing at his window, staring outside, lost in thought. The door CHIMES.

ARCHER
Come in.

T’Pol ENTERS, carrying a PADD.

T’POL
Good morning.

ARCHER
(a little distracted)
Morning.

T’POL
Am I interrupting?

ARCHER
No, no... just thinking about something...

She hands him the PADD.

T’POL
Today’s duty roster.

ARCHER
Thanks.

He tosses the PADD onto his desk, his mind obviously on other things.

T’POL
Lieutenant Reed has a new security protocol he’d like to discuss with you.

ARCHER
I’ll stop by the Armory. (beat) Anything else?

T’POL
Chef didn’t report for duty this morning... he’s ill.

(CONTINUED)
ARCHER
Is it serious?

T'POL
Doctor Phlox said it's a simple virus. He should be fine after a few day's rest.
(then)
Ensign Sato has offered to take charge of the Mess Hall. Apparently, she spends some of her free time in the Galley... and is eager for an opportunity to cook for the crew.

ARCHER
If it's all right with Chef...

His mind elsewhere, Archer sits at his desk and activates his computer screen, which shows written TEXT.

ARCHER
let me ask you a question...
(re: screen)
I received a manuscript from Earth... a biography of my father.
(MORE)
ARCHER (cont'd)
I've been asked to write the preface. Would you mind reading it when I'm done?

T'POL
I'd be happy to.

ARCHER
If I can ever get it finished. I've been putting it off for weeks...

T'POL
The next two days should provide you with ample opportunity.

ARCHER
It's not that I haven't had the time...

Archer looks a little frustrated.

ARCHER
They only asked for a page. How am I supposed to sum up my father's life in a page?
(wry)
It would've been easier if they'd asked me to write the book.

T'Pol considers, then decides to offer some advice.

T'POL
Perhaps by focusing on one incident... a single event that exemplifies your relationship with your father... you'll be able to condense your thoughts.

ARCHER
Logical approach.
(light)
Maybe you'd like to write it for me?

T'POL
I'm hardly qualified.

She EXITS. Archer stares at his screen for a moment, then stands and goes back to the window, struggling to think of what to write...
INT. GALLEY (VPB)

Our first glimpse of Enterprise's Galley: a compact and efficient kitchen equipped with a mix of hi-tech equipment (such as the Protein Resequencer) and good old-fashioned pots and pans. Hoshi is there with a Steward named CUNNINGHAM. They stand at a wall monitor, which displays the ship's MEAL SCHEDULE.

CUNNINGHAM
Chef was planning to make fried chicken tonight with scalloped potatoes, and some of the Minaran spinach we picked up on Risa.

HOSHI
The orange spinach?
CUNNINGHAM
(lightly)
He's convinced there's a way to make it edible.

HOSHI
Why don't we let him tackle that when he gets back? I have something else in mind.

She touches a control and the monitor changes to a page of JAPANESE WRITING.

HOSHI
It's one of my grandmother's specialties... the recipe's been passed down for generations.

CUNNINGHAM
(re: recipe)
I'll need a translation before I can program the protein resequencer.

HOSHI
Oh, no. You can resequence all the chicken and potatoes you want.

She starts moving about the galley, grabbing a large pot, some cooking utensils, etc.

HOSHI
But I'm making this from scratch.

As she works...

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY

Phlox is working in Sickbay, grinding some alien herbs with an old-fashioned mortar and pestle. A beat, and Mayweather ENTERS.

(CONTINUED)
PHLOX
Ensign! Is there something I can do for you?

MAYWEATHER
I've got a little headache... nothing serious.

PHLOX
Why don't you let me have a look?

Phlox gestures toward the bio-bed. Mayweather hesitates.

MAYWEATHER
I was hoping you could just give me something. I'm right in the middle of upgrading the navigation sensors...

PHLOX
It would be irresponsible to dispense medication without examining you first...
(re: bio-bed)
Please.

Mayweather sits on the bio-bed, and Phlox places his hands on Mayweather's neck, making a preliminary physical exam.

PHLOX
Any other symptoms? Dizziness... blurred vision?

MAYWEATHER
No.
PHLOX
How long have you had it?

MAYWEATHER
A couple of days... on and off.

As Phlox retrieves his medical scanner and makes a few adjustments...

PHLOX
I’ve been meaning to have you drop by Sickbay in any case.  
(off his look)
To see if you’ve had any problems since I removed the neural implants you received at the repair station.

MAYWEATHER
You think it could have something to do with that?

PHLOX
I never rule out anything. Then again, it could be as innocuous as muscular tension...

Phlox runs his scanner over him.

PHLOX
On the other hand, Terrellian plague starts out with a simple headache... then all manner of nasty things begin to happen.

OFF Mayweather, enduring the medical scan...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

T’Pol sits at her station, peering into her viewer intently, making quick, precise adjustments on her console. Nearby, Trip and an ENGINEERING N.D. work on the Captain’s chair. Trip is using a compact POWER TOOL to detach the metal plate under the chair that holds it to the deck... it’s making a loud WHRRRRRING NOISE.

TRIP
(to the N.D., re: chair)
Push it forward... that’s good... hold it there.

Trip puts the powered wrench to work: WHRRRRR, WHRRRRR!

(CONTINUED)
T'POL
(over the racket)
Commander.

He continues to work... WHRRRRR!

T'POL
(louder)
Commander.

Trip stops and looks up to T'Pol.

T'POL
Perhaps you could finish that later.

TRIP
(re: chair)
This may not be as glamorous as a black hole, but the Captain gave me an order.

T'POL
He also requested detailed sensor readings of this trinary system.

TRIP
I thought Vulcans had all this mental focus and discipline...

T'POL
We also have sensitive hearing.

They look at each other for a beat... an impasse. Then:

T'POL
I’ll be in my quarters.

TRIP
We’ll let you know when we’re done.

Trip and the N.D. turn back to their work... WHRRRRR!
T'Pol grabs a PADD and pulls a few data modules from their slots on her console. As she EXITS to the Turbolift...

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORY

Reed stands over a torpedo with an ARMORY N.D. Two more N.D.s work in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)
REED
(re: torpedo)
Keep those target discriminators aligned.

As Reed talks, Archer ENTERS and moves toward him.

REED
(continuing, to N.D.)
We don't want a torpedo mistaking one of our own nacelles for an enemy vessel.

The N.D. nods and moves off. Reed turns to face Archer.

ARCHER
You asked to see me, Malcolm?

REED
I would have come to you, sir.

ARCHER
It's no problem. What's on your mind?

Reed moves to the main console and picks up a PADD...

REED
I've been reviewing our encounters with hostile species... The crew's response has been admirable, but I feel we can do better.

ARCHER
And you have a proposal...

REED
I've been thinking about a ship-wide emergency alert... something more comprehensive than "battle stations."

(enthused)
We're taking too long to react to potential threats. With a single order from you, or an impact to the hull, the plating could be polarized, weapons brought online, critical systems secured...

(CONTINUED)
ARCHER
I appreciate your concern,
Malcolm, but this isn't a warship.

Reed hands Archer the PADD.

REED
That's obvious, sir.
(intent)
During our last run-in with the Suliban, we were unprepared for their boarding parties. When the Mazarites attacked, they disabled our aft sensors with their first shot. The list goes on...

ARCHER
(off PADD, wry)
I can see that.

Archer considers this for a beat, then he hands the PADD back to Malcolm.

ARCHER
Run this by the senior officers.
Get some feedback and we'll talk again.

REED
(pleased)
Yes, sir.

As Archer turns to go...

ARCHER
And Malcolm?
(off his look)
Don't call it "battle stations."
Think of something less...
aggressive.

Reed nods. As Archer EXITS, we go off Reed, pleased...

CUT TO:
EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

At impulse.

INT. MESS HALL

The Mess Hall is fairly busy as a dozen N.D.'s eat lunch. In the b.g. we see Hoshi moving from table to table, making sure that everyone is enjoying their meals. Trip and Reed are seated together having lunch; both men are working on PADDs. Trip's bowl is empty, while Reed's is barely touched (they are eating a Japanese dish called "oden").

REED

"Condition Red"?

Trip is focused on his own work.

TRIP

(distracted)

Hm?

REED

What about Condition Red... for the new security protocol?

TRIP

Why don't you just call it "Security Protocol"?

REED

That's not very... dynamic.

But Trip has returned his attention to his own PADD.

TRIP

Do you think a cup-holder's too much?

REED

Pardon?

Trip spins his PADD around to show Reed. He's clearly enthused about his own project.

TRIP

For the Captain's chair. He just wanted the seat adjusted, but I figured as long as I'm working on it...

REED

Just what the Captain needs in a crisis... a place to rest his beverage.

(continuing)
A bit defensive, Trip points to some features on his PADD.

TRIP
I'm also upgrading the status displays. He'll be able to access tactical data from the armrest.

REED
If you really want to improve tactical readiness why don't you help me with this protocol?

(NOTE: We should notice a slight tension between the two men. Each man is extremely focused on his own task, almost to the point of obsessiveness. It should be played subtly here, but as the story continues this behavior will become more pronounced, affecting the entire crew. We'll eventually discover this uncharacteristic behavior is being caused by radiation emanating from the trinary star system.)

TRIP
(off his PADD)
I'm a little busy right now, Malcolm.

REED
It's a chair.

TRIP
It's the Captain's chair. It's just as important as your... "Reed Alert."

REED
(thoughtful)
Reed Alert? That's not bad.

Before Trip can continue, Hoshi steps up to the table.

HOSHI
Enjoying your lunch?

Trip, still irked at Reed, looks up at her...

TRIP
Yeah... thanks. It was terrific.

HOSHI
It's called "oden"... every Japanese family has their own way of preparing it.

Trip looks around the room...
TRIP
(genuine)
Well, it seems to be a big hit.
Congratulations.

HOSHI
(pleased)
Thank you.

She looks to Reed, noting that he’s hardly touched his food.

HOSHI
You barely touched yours,
Lieutenant.

But Reed has already turned his attention back to his PADD, and he’s completely absorbed in his work.

REED
(distracted)
It was lovely.

She reaches for Reed’s plate.

HOSHI
I’ll get you a fresh bowl.

REED
That won’t be necessary.

HOSHI
It’s no problem.

REED
Please... I’m not hungry.

HOSHI
(pressing)
Are you sure there was nothing wrong with it?

Reed finally turns his attention to her.

REED
Well... it was a bit salty.

Hoshi reacts, taken aback. (As we’ll see, the object of Hoshi’s own obsessive behavior will be her cooking, specifically the oden she’s prepared for this meal).

HOSHI
Salty?

Hoshi takes a spoon off the table and takes a small taste of Reed’s food.
HOSHI
Tastes fine.

Reed stands, collecting his PADD.

REED
(absently)
It must just be me then...
everyone else seems to be enjoying it...

As he moves off, we hold on Hoshi. She picks up Reed's bowl and takes another taste. Is it too salty? As a look of frustration and concern grows on her face...

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

Mayweather lies on the bio-bed, still in his uniform. Phlox looks at some medical readouts on the MONITOR above.

MAYWEATHER
(impatient)
How much longer is this going to take?

PHLOX
That depends.

Mayweather is getting frustrated and anxious.

MAYWEATHER
On what?

For his part, Phlox is growing a bit terse (as we'll discover, his Denobulan physiology is making him even more susceptible to the radiation; in later scenes, he'll grow increasingly obsessed with discovering the cause of Mayweather's headache.)

PHLOX
Hold still, Ensign.

MAYWEATHER
I have to get back to the Bridge.

PHLOX
I'm afraid you won't be returning to duty today.

(CONTINUED)
MAYWEATHER
The Captain needs those upgrades, Doctor.

PHLOX
(interrupting)
When it comes to medical matters, my authority overrides the Captain’s. I’m keeping you overnight for observation.

MAYWEATHER
But your scans didn’t show anything!

PHLOX
That’s what concerns me. Whatever’s afflicting you may be laying dormant. I’m going to run a full biomolecular scan to see if we can find where it’s hiding.
(firmly)
Now lie back and don’t move.

Phlox touches a control and the biobed slides into the Imaging Chamber. As the doors to the chamber close...

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHER’S QUARTERS

Archer (in uniform) is pacing the room, dictating his preface to the computer. He’s grown even more preoccupied by the preface; the effects of the radiation have made him uncharacteristically agitated and short-tempered.

ARCHER
(to com)
When I was about eight years old, my father took me on a tour of the Warp Five facility outside Bozeman, Montana. He introduced me to the people he worked with... scientists with names like Tasaki... and Cochrane. At the time, I didn’t realize the significance of those names... or the significance of my father’s work.

Porthos lets out a small whimper -- he’s hungry.

ARCHER
(to com)
Computer, pause.

The computer beeps.
ARCHER
(to Porthos, annoyed)
I'll feed you in a minute.
(to com)
Computer, resume recording...

Another beep.

ARCHER
(dictating, to com)
In a way, creating a stable warp
field mirrored the...
(thinks)
...the flux of emotions my father
felt when he embarked on the...
(hating it, to com)
Computer, pause. Delete the last
paragraph... hell, delete the
whole thing!

The computer beeps. Another whimper from Porthos.
Archers turns to him with a flash of anger:

ARCHER
Quiet!

Porthos quietly lays down in a corner. OFF Archer as he
paces darkly, mind turning...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

12 INT. T'POL'S QUARTERS (VPB)

T'Pol is at her desk, working at a monitor that shows a graphic of the TRINARY STAR SYSTEM seen earlier. The door CHIMES.

T'POL
Come in.

Trip ENTERS, carrying a Starfleet equipment case. He sets it on the floor.

TRIP
(clipped)
Here's your sensor interface.
What's the emergency?

T'Pol reacts, a bit taken aback by his brusque attitude. (As we'll learn, the radiation that's affecting the crew has no effect on T'Pol's Vulcan physiology.)
T'POL
(re: monitor)
The trinary system is emitting unusual radiation... I'm trying to identify it.

TRIP
You dragged me up here so you could identify radiation?
(annoyed)
You said it was urgent!

T'POL
(calmly)
I said it was important.

TRIP
I get it... you're paying me back... making me jump through hoops because I was making too much noise.
(no response)
Well, you'll be happy to know I moved the Captain's chair down to Engineering... so it's nice and quiet on the Bridge now.

T'POL
I prefer to work here.

She moves to the equipment case and begins to open it.

T'POL
(re: case)
I'll need your assistance.

TRIP
(temper flaring)
Weren't you listening to me? I don't have time to cater to your whims! You want to get your name immortalized in the Vulcan database? Get someone else to help you do it!

T'Pol eyes him with concern.

T'POL
Are you feeling all right, Commander?
TRIP
(ignoring her, on a rant)
I know you don’t think this chair is important, but you’re wrong!
What’s the most critical component on this ship? The main computer, the warp reactor? Uh-uh, it’s the crew, and the most important member of the crew is the Captain! He makes life and death decisions every day, and the last thing he needs to be thinking in a critical situation is “Gee, I wish this chair wasn’t such a pain in the ass!”

With that, Trip EXITS. OFF T’Pol, puzzled by the bizarre encounter, not sure what to make of it...

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

Mayweather sits on a bio-bed, still in uniform. Phlox is scanning him with a hand-scanner. The radiation is affecting both men: Mayweather has grown nervous and impatient, almost paranoid about getting back to his post; Phlox, on the other hand, has become obsessed with finding the cause of Mayweather’s headache. His normal bedside manner has been replaced by a cold, clinical intensity. A long beat goes by as Phlox works...

MAYWEATHER
(eager to leave)
Doctor?

PHLOX
Shh!

MAYWEATHER
When are you going to --

PHLOX
(cutting him off)
Ah-ah!

After a moment, Phlox snaps the scanner shut and moves to a monitor, absorbed in the work. Mayweather stands.

MAYWEATHER
I’ve got just enough time to shower and get changed...

PHLOX
I haven’t discharged you, Ensign.

(CONTINUED)
MAYWEATHER
(anxious)
I haven't slept all night... and
I'm supposed to go on duty in
fifteen minutes!

PHLOX
(intent)
I need to perform a cerebral micro-
section.

MAYWEATHER
(alarmed)
A what?

PHLOX
Lie down.

MAYWEATHER
No more tests! I have to get to
the Bridge!

He heads for the door, but Phlox grabs him by the arm,
stopping him.

PHLOX
(re: a bio-bed, coolly)
I'm giving you an order.

Mayweather hesitates, his mind turning.

MAYWEATHER
If I don't finish those upgrades,
I could get a reprimand... it'll
be in my permanent record.

PHLOX
You have far more to worry about
than a blemish on your record.

He points to medical data on a nearby read-out.

PHLOX
Do you see... here? Your cortical
scan shows elevated levels of
serotonin, and several other neurotransmitters.
MAYWEATHER
What does that mean?

PHLOX
I'll let you know once I've completed the micro-section.

MAYWEATHER
(anxiety rising)
Can't it wait until after my shift?

PHLOX
Absolutely not!

MAYWEATHER
(spinning out of control)
If the Captain doesn't think I can handle my duties, I'll be scrubbing plasma conduits on D-Deck for the next five years! I could be court-martialed!

PHLOX
And if you're carrying a protocystian spore, and you infect the rest of the crew? How will that reflect on you?

Phlox steps toward him, pressing...

PHLOX
Or what if you suddenly suffer a seizure at the helm, because you've contracted Andronesian encephalitis?

Mayweather takes a step backward, a little intimidated by Phlox's intensity.

PHLOX
There's something wrong with you, Ensign... and I intend to find out what it is.
A tense beat: Mayweather feels cornered by the near-manic Doctor. He stands his ground:

**MAYWEATHER**
Not today... not during my shift... unless you're ready to tie me to a bio-bed, I'm going back to the helm!

He brushes past Phlox and heads for the door. Phlox watches him go, then:

**PHLOX**
At least let me give you an analgesic for your headache.

Mayweather stops.

**MAYWEATHER**
(relieved)
That's all I wanted in the first place.

Phlox gestures to the bio-bed, and Mayweather sits back down while Phlox prepares a hypospray.

**PHLOX**
If it gets any worse, or you suffer any other symptoms, return here immediately.

Mayweather nods. Phlox presses the hypospray to Mayweather's neck. A beat, and Mayweather gets an odd look on his face. His eyelids flutter...

**MAYWEATHER**
What did you --

Mayweather sags, falling unconscious. Phlox sedated him! Phlox supports Mayweather and lays him back down on the bio-bed. OFF the troubling incident, we...

CUT TO:

**INT. ENGINEERING**

Trip has Archer's chair set up near his station. He's working intently on the chair with some tools. Reed enters purposefully, carrying a PADD.

**REED**
(off PADD)
I've been working on the new security protocol...

He hands the PADD to Trip... who immediately sets it aside on a console without looking at it. Reed continues, not seeming to notice.

(CONTINUED)
REED
Obviously, the warp reactor must be secured immediately during a Tactical Alert...

TRIP
(absently)
Tactical Alert?

REED
(wry)
I considered your suggestion... "Reed Alert," but it seemed a bit narcissistic.

Trip points to a tool lying on a console near Reed.

TRIP
Hand me that hyperspanner, would you?

Reed hands the tool to Trip, who goes back to work on the chair.

REED
I've also been working on a new alert signal. Tell me what you think...

He taps a few buttons on a nearby companel and an ALARM sounds loudly. Trip finally looks up from his work. It's clear he hasn't been paying attention to anything Reed's been saying.

REED
(over alarm)
Or this one...

Reed taps the companel again and the ALARM changes to an even more irritating tone. Trip moves to the companel and taps off the ALARM.

REED
(re: alarms)
Which do you prefer?

TRIP
For what?

REED
A Tactical Alert.

TRIP
They both sound like a bag full of cats.

REED
They were designed to get your attention.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

Trip clearly just wants Reed out of his hair...

TRIP
(re: PADD)
I’ll look this over and get back to you.

REED
I also need your help on an emergency shutdown procedure for the EPS grid --

TRIP
(irked)
I said I’ll get back to you.

Reed is indignant over Trip’s dismissive attitude.

REED
(sarcastic)
Fine. Let’s hope we don’t suffer a catastrophic reactor breach in the meantime.

He turns to go. As he heads for the door, Trip calls out to him:

TRIP
Malcolm!

Reed turns, hopeful Trip’s had a change of attitude.

TRIP
One of your boys borrowed my laser micrometer... if you’re heading to the Armory could you grab it for me?

Angry, Reed quickly EXITS. Trip goes back to work, as though he’s already forgotten Reed was even there...

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. GALLEY

Hoshi works over the stove, intent on a large pot she’s carefully stirring. We see ingredients for sandwiches abandoned on the counter nearby -- as if she started making lunch then abruptly stopped. Cunningham ENTERS, glances around, sees the unprepared food on the counter.

CUNNINGHAM
(concerned)
Ensign?

(CONTINUED)
No response. Hoshi is immersed in the dish she’s making.

CUNNINGHAM
If we don’t serve something soon, we’re going to have a riot on our hands.

Hoshi ignores him, holds out a spoonful of the broth.

HOSHI
Is this too salty?

Cunningham hesitates, so Hoshi tastes it herself.

HOSHI
(frustrated)
Something’s not right...

She continues to cook.

HOSHI
(an order)
Hand me some of that Kreetassan spice. I’ll add it to the stock.
(beat)
Oh, and I’m out of carrots.

CUNNINGHAM
.trying to get through to her)
There are twenty-five people waiting for --

HOSHI
(cutting him off, impatient)
Carrots!

CUNNINGHAM
With all due respect, you’ve been cooking the same meal over and over again...

HOSHI
I believe I’m in charge of the galley.

CUNNINGHAM
I understand that, but --

HOSHI
You’re relieved.

CUNNINGHAM
(taken aback)
Ma’am?

(CONTINUED)
HOSHI

Get out!

A beat, then Cunningham EXITS. As Hoshi returns to her cooking with even greater intensity...

CUT TO:

17

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The ship continues at impulse.

17A

INT. ARMORY (ADDED SCENE)

Reed is alone, working on one of the torpedoes. T'Pol ENTERS. She approaches him on the opposite side of the torpedo, which blocks her view of the lower half of his body.

T'POL

Lieutenant, I need your assistance with --

REED

(interrupting)

Clearance code?

T'POL

I beg your pardon?

REED

What's your clearance code?

She gives him a puzzled look.

REED

(explaining)

The Armory is a restricted area.

T'POL

Restricted to the First Officer?

Reed looks at her, a bit frustrated. He explains, trying to make his point.

REED

How do I know you're the First Officer?

(as if it should be obvious)

We've encountered species that can alter their appearance... they could masquerade as any one of us. I've issued codes to all senior officers to reveal if the ship's been infiltrated by imposters.

(Continued)
T'POL
Part of your new security protocol?

REED
It was sent to your console in a voice-encrypted command packet.

T'POL
I haven't been to the Bridge for several hours.

Reed looks a bit put out, but he doesn't pursue it. He goes back to work on the torpedo.

T'POL
As I was saying, I need assistance establishing a sensor interface in my quarters. I asked Commander Tucker, but he became... agitated. It was uncharacteristic, even for him.

(then)
Have you noticed anything odd about his behavior?

But Reed ignores her question, and is looking at her suspiciously.

REED
Why would you want to access the sensor array from your quarters?

T'POL
I was asked to run detailed scans of the trinary star system.

As she speaks, Reed steps from behind the torpedo to face her. She now notices that he's wearing a holstered phase-pistol. Although Reed does nothing overtly threatening, the mere presence of the weapon suddenly adds a strange menace to the scene.

REED
I wasn't informed.

T'POL
It isn't a tactical issue...

(then, carefully)
Lieutenant, why are you armed?

REED
From now on, security personnel are to wear sidearms in all restricted areas.
T'POL
Have you cleared this with the Captain?

REED
It's in my proposal.

T'POL
Has he approved your proposal?

REED
I've been trying to get him to pay closer attention to security since we left Spacedock.
(venting)
But he's more interested in fraternizing with the crew... inviting them to breakfast, or to watch water polo. I intend to implement some long overdue changes... if the Captain won't approve them, I'll go directly to Starfleet Command.
(then, abruptly)
Was there anything else?

T'Pol reacts, taken aback by Reed's tirade.

T'POL
No.

As Reed goes back to work, we hold on T'Pol, concerned by the encounter.

T'POL (V.O.)
It wasn't long before I realized the odd behavior wasn't limited to Commander Tucker...

CUT TO:

T'Pol sits at her desk, continuing her log. MEDICAL DATA is seen on her monitor.

T'POL
In fact, everyone I encountered was acting strangely, growing consumed with matters that seemed trivial at best. I also discovered that, although I appeared to be immune, the Captain was not...
OFF T'Pol, we...

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING (VPB/OPTICAL)

Trip is working at his station. We see Archer’s chair now lies in pieces on the deck. Archer ENTERS carrying a PADD. He reacts with surprise to the state of his chair.

ARCHER
What happened to my chair?

Trip points to the pieces of chair strewn at his feet.
TRIP
Did you know that this chair is
the exact same model used on
Neptune-Class survey ships?

ARCHER
(annoyed)
Is that why you called me down
here?

TRIP
(on a roll)
Enterprise is the first Warp Five
vessel in human history... the
pride of the fleet. And you’re
sitting in a chair they’ve been
using on Warp Two ships for over a
decade!
(then, proclaiming)
You deserve better, so I’m
starting from scratch. I’m going
to build you a throne!

Trip points to a spot a few feet behind Archer.

TRIP
Stand over there.

Trip picks up a hand-held SCANNING DEVICE.

TRIP
I need to take a few parametric
scans to get your exact
dimensions. This baby’s going to
fit like a glove!

Archer reacts to the piece of hardware Trip is now
aiming at him.

ARCHER
(wary)
Isn’t that used for aligning phase
coils?
TRIP
(lightly)
You won’t feel a thing.

As Trip tinkers with his scanner, Archer focuses on his own preoccupation: the preface.

ARCHER
(re: PADD)
As long as I’m down here, maybe I can get your opinion...

Trip nods as he makes some final adjustments to the scanner. Archer raises his PADD.

TRIP
Don’t move!

Archer holds his PADD steady and begins to read.

ARCHER
“How does one measure a man’s legacy? Is it defined by the works he’s created... the technological advances that will forever alter the course of human history?”

As Archer speaks, Trip activates his device. As Trip runs the scanner over him, a GRID PATTERN is projected onto Archer’s body, measuring his dimensions. Simultaneously, a detailed schematic of Archer’s physical dimensions appears on a monitor.

TRIP
Turn around.

Trip is focused on his measurements and not paying much attention to Archer’s preface. Archer, for his part, is so wrapped up in his writing that he doesn’t realize Trip isn’t listening. Archer turns and the GRID PATTERN is now projected onto his back.

ARCHER
(continuing)
“If so, then no man since Zephram Cochrane himself has made a more lasting contribution to the future of humankind than my father, Doctor Henry Archer --

(CONTINUED)
TRIP
All done.

Archer looks up. Trip is fiddling with his scanner.

ARCHER
What do you think?

Trip glances up. He clearly hasn’t heard a word Archer said.

TRIP
Sounds good.

ARCHER
(pleased)
Let me read you the rest.

TRIP
I really need to get to work on this —

ARCHER
There’s just a few more pages.

TRIP
How many more?

ARCHER
Nineteen.

TRIP
Nineteen? Are you writing the preface or the book?

ARCHER
(sharply)
I have a lot to say.

TRIP
No kidding.

ARCHER
(growing angry)
What’s that supposed to mean?

TRIP
If I may, sir... it’s a little long-winded.

Archer’s temper flares — he steps forward, getting in Trip’s face.

ARCHER
(an edge)
You’re lucky you’re a decent engineer... because you obviously don’t know anything about writing.

(CONTINUED)
TRIP
(back at him)
I'm not the only one.

A tense beat... it almost looks as though this might come to blows... then Archer turns and heads for the door...

CUT TO:
INT. MESS HALL

The Mess Hall is empty. Archer ENTERS, still on edge from his encounter with Trip. He reaches the serving counter and slides open one of the cases. It’s empty. He pulls open the next case... and the next... growing angrier as he discovers they’re all empty. He turns and quickly EXITS...

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY

Hoshi and T’Pol are in mid-conversation. T’Pol continues to be unaffected by the radiation, but Hoshi is terse and combative.

HOSHI
I have eighty-three people to feed, not just senior officers.

T’POL
All I requested was a bowl of Plomeek broth.

HOSHI
I don’t have time for special orders.
(re: pot of oden)
Anyway, you’ll like this better.

Archer ENTERS, aggravated.

ARCHER
(to Hoshi)
Where’s lunch?

HOSHI
It’ll be ready in a minute, sir.

ARCHER
I don’t have a minute.

HOSHI
(curts)
If you’re that hungry, find a ration pack.

T’Pol watches with increasing concern — what’s happening to the crew?

T’POL
Captain, may I speak with you?

(CONTINUED)
He ignores her, grabbing a nearby bowl. He moves to the pot of soup and tries to grab the ladle, but Hoshi stops him. Over the following exchange, we PUSH IN on T'Pol, who's realizing that something is seriously wrong...

HOSHI
This is a very complex recipe... I won't serve it until it's right!
(adamant)
My family's reputation is at stake!

The moment is shattered by a loud ALARM coming from the com system. It's the same irritating alarm that Reed played for Trip in Engineering.

REED'S COM VOICE
This is a Tactical Alert! All hands report to your stations! I repeat, this is a Tactical Alert!

OFF T'Pol, troubled by the crew's bizarre behavior...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 OMITTED

22 INT. BRIDGE

ALARM still blaring! Archer quickly ENTERS from the Turbolift, T'Pol right behind him — both are concerned that there might be some kind of emergency. Reed is working at his station, consumed by his security protocols. A couple of N.D.s work in the b.g. The crew’s behavior is spinning out of control — agitated, short-tempered, even more absorbed by their singular obsessions. T'Pol continues to watch with concern, not yet sure how to handle the situation.

ARCHER
(to Reed, sharply)
Report!

REED
(off console, terse)
The crew’s response was unacceptable. Thirty-eight percent of them failed to report to their stations... our critical systems haven't been secured... and I still haven't heard from Engineering.

ARCHER
(angered, re: alarm)
Shut off that damned noise!

Reed taps a control, silencing the alarm.

ARCHER
(fuming)
I don’t remember authorizing a tactical drill.

REED
(defensive)
It wouldn’t be much of a drill if everyone knew about it, sir.
(checks panel)
One minute, fifteen seconds.

ARCHER
What?

REED
It took you one minute, fifteen seconds to reach your post.
(pointed)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
REED (cont'd)

I'd expect more from our Commanding Officer... the crew follows your example.

Before Archer can respond, Trip ENTERS from the Turbolift.

REED
(checks panel, to Trip)
One minute, forty-nine seconds.

Trip ignores him, looks to Archer.
TRIP
(urgent)
You might want to see this,
Captain.

Trip moves into...

NEW ANGLE - SITUATION ROOM (VPB)

As Trip works the WALL MONITOR, Archer enters, followed
by Reed. T'Pol looks on. The monitor shows the
SCHEMATIC for an elaborate new CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

TRIP
(to Archer, proudly)
Interactive status displays...
secondary helm control... it's
even got inertial micro-dampers.
The ship could be shaking apart
and you'd hardly feel a thing!

REED
(outraged)
You ignored a Tactical Alert for
this?

TRIP
(ignoring him, to Archer)
I want to run some colors by you
for the headrest...

Tension rising:

REED
(to Trip)
This is all a big joke to you.

TRIP
Give it a rest!

REED
This isn't a bloody pleasure
voyage! Without proper discipline
this mission is doomed!

TRIP
Why don't you go play soldier
somewhere else?

REED
(intense)
If this were a military situation,
you'd be taken out and shot!

Trip LUNGEs at Reed, SLAMMING him against the bulkhead!
They STRUGGLE briefly, then Archer PULLS them APART.

(CONTINUED)
ARCHER
(to Trip, angry)
I don't care what color the headrest is, or whether it can serve me iced tea! I just want a place to sit when I'm on duty!
(then to Reed)
And if I hear that alarm again, I may have you taken out and shot!
Continued: (2)

He turns to T'Pol.

ARCHER
(an edge)
Unless there's a real emergency, like a reactor breach, I don't want to be disturbed.

He EXITs to the Turbolift. As we PUSH IN on T'Pol, who realizes she's got to do something...

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHER'S QUARTERS (VPB)

Minutes later. Archer is sitting at his desk, intensely studying his monitor, which is filled with the text of his preface. The door CHIMES. (NOTE: Porthos is off-camera.)

ARCHER
(irked)
Go away!

After a beat, T'Pol ENTERs, determined but cautious -- she knows the Captain is in a precarious frame of mind.

ARCHER
(annoyed at the intrusion)
Do I need to start locking my door?

T'POL
(calmly)
You said to interrupt you if there was an emergency. I believe there is.

ARCHER
(work ing, dismissive)
Is that right?

T'POL
The crew's behavior has become erratic, even by human standards. They've grown distracted... everyone I've encountered appears to be preoccupied with trivial matters. Ensign Sato's recipe, for example...

(POINTED)
Your preface.

(Continued)
Archer ignores her, staring at the monitor screen.

T'POL
(pressing on)
We should declare a medical emergency and have Doctor Phlox examine the crew.
(beat)
I suggest he begin with you.

Archer stares at her for a long beat... for a moment, it seems as though she might've reached him... then he turns back to the monitor.

ARCHER
I'm busy.

T'POL
Captain --

ARCHER
(tempor flaring)
Dismissed!

T'POL
(standing her ground, trying to reach him)
Your crew is in danger.

Archer stands, threatening.

ARCHER
I gave you an order. I suggest you follow it, or I'll have you confined to quarters until a Vulcan ship can come and get you.

A tense beat. T'Pol realizes that Archer's too far gone. She turns and EXITS. Archer sits back at the desk and stares blankly at the monitor...

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

Dimly-lit, except for a single bright surgical lamp shining down on Mayweather, who lies sedated on the central bio-bed. Mayweather's head and neck are being held in position by a SURGICAL BRACE designed for cranial operations. Phlox, now wearing his surgical gown and gloves, is removing SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS from an autoclave, setting them on a nearby tray. Like the others, he's in a bizarre and dangerous mental state. As he sets the tray near Mayweather, T'Pol ENTERS. She's come to seek out his help, but stops when she sees the disturbing tableau.

(CONTINUED)
PHLOX
You're just in time, Sub-Commander! There's a surgical gown in the compartment by the microscope.

He picks up an exotic-looking scalpel.

PHLOX
This is a rare opportunity to explore the human brain.

She moves to him with concern.

T'POL
(re: Mayweather)
Was he injured?

PHLOX
A headache.

He indicates the wall monitor, which shows a CEREBRAL MICRO-SECTION of Mayweather's brain.

PHLOX
At first I thought it was simple vascular dilation... then I discovered a chemical imbalance in his pre-frontal cortex.

He moves to Mayweather with the scalpel...

PHLOX
(intent)
I'm going to begin by extracting the first twelve millimeters of his parietal lobe. A sub-cellular analysis of the tissue should shed some light on the mystery.

Realizing that Phlox is not himself, T'Pol quickly takes him by the arm.

T'POL
Doctor.

Phlox hesitates.

T'POL
(cautiously)
You may want to delay the procedure. We have a larger problem... the entire crew is ill.

PHLOX
They'll have to wait.

(CONTINUED)
He turns back to the bio-bed, but T'Pol holds him firmly.

T'POL
You've been affected, as well.

Phlox stares at her a moment, then:

PHLOX
Please remove your hand.

A tense beat.

PHLOX
I won't ask you again.

He subtly glances at the scalpel he's holding, an unspoken threat. It's a chilling moment. T'Pol lets go of his arm, and Phlox turns his attention back to Mayweather, eager to begin.

PHLOX
(to T'Pol)
I'll let you know when I've completed the --

Phlox seizes, and we reveal that T'Pol has applied a Vulcan NERVE PINCH to his neck. Phlox slumps into her arms, and she gently lowers him to the floor. She stands, then moves to the wall monitor showing the micro-section of Mayweather's brain. As she studies the data with interest...

CUT TO:

25A EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

at impulse. In the far distance, we can now see the TRINARY SYSTEM -- two bright, colorful STARS and a swirling VORTEX of energy and matter, the BLACK HOLE.

25B INT. CORRIDOR

T'Pol is walking with intent, carrying a hand-held medical scanner. She passes TWO CREWMEMBERS, who are lying slumped against bulkheads. One of them is unconscious, the other staring blankly at the wall, semi-conscious. T'Pol stops and briefly scans each of them with concern, then keeps moving...

26 INT. GALLEY

Hoshi is sitting in a chair, slumped over the counter-top, unconscious (as we saw her in the Teaser). Various food ingredients are scattered about, and the POT of oden is BUBBLING OVER on the burner.

(CONTINUED)
26 CONTINUED:

T’Pol ENTERS and takes in the scene. She steps to Hoshi and runs her medical scanner over her. A beat, and she moves to the bubbling pot and deactivates the burner. Over this, we hear:

\[ T’POL (V.O.) \]

The crew’s bio-signs were growing erratic. I began to doubt any of them would survive more than a few hours.

CUT TO:

26A INT. T’POL’S QUARTERS (VPB) (ADDED SCENE)

T’Pol sits at her desk, working her console. The story has now caught up with her ongoing log entries.

\[ T’POL \]

(continuing her log)

Ironically, the Doctor’s... obsession with Ensign Mayweather’s headache has provided some useful data.

She taps controls as she continues, and various DATA and MEDICAL GRAPHICS scroll on the screen.

\[ T’POL \]

His cerebral scans have helped me determine that the radiation from the trinary system is causing --

She’s interrupted by a BEEP from her computer terminal, and a new GRAPHIC appears on the screen.

\[ T’POL \]

Computer, pause.

The computer BEEPS and T’Pol intently examines the graphic. On her screen, we SEE:

A SCHEMATIC OF THE TRINARY SYSTEM. A plume of radiation fans out from the system, but it DOESN’T EXTEND EVENLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS. Instead, it stretches out in a wide fan shape in one direction, like a large, misshapen funnel.

\[ T’POL \]

Computer, resume log.

The computer BEEPS and T’Pol continues, a glimmer of hope in her voice.

\[ T’POL \]

My radiometric analysis of the system is complete.

(MORE)
As I suspected, reversing course won't take us out of danger quickly enough: the radiation appears to extend outward for at least half a light year in every direction...

...except one.

She works the console, and a COURSE IS PROJECTED THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE TRINARY SYSTEM... INTO CLEAR SPACE.

T'POL
If I can chart a course between the stars, we could escape the radiation before the crew succumbs...

(a beat)
But I won't be able to pilot the ship alone.

We MOVE IN on T'Pol's face, her mind working...

Archer is slumped on his desk, semi-conscious, the preface still on the monitor, unchanged. T'Pol ENTERS, carrying a Starfleet THERMOS, determined to jolt Archer back to reality. She gently shakes him.

T'POL
Captain.

He doesn't respond. She shakes him again, this time more firmly.

T'POL
Captain Archer!

Archer opens his eyes and lifts his head, disoriented. She places an arm around him and tries to get him to his feet.

T'POL
(urgent)
You're needed on the Bridge.

ARCHER
(groggy)
I told you... not to disturb me...

T'POL
(undeterred)
We have very little time.
Keeping him steady on his feet, she tries to maneuver him across the room...

ARCHER
(confused)
What are you doing?

She edges him toward the (off-camera) bathroom...

T'POL
Your crew may be dying.

ARCHER
What?
T'POL
Do you remember the trinary star system?

ARCHER
(struggles to focus)
The one with the black hole...

T'POL
It appears to be emitting a
dangerous form of radiation...

They EXIT into...

27B NEW ANGLE - BATHROOM

As T'Pol turns on the light, then guides Archer into the
SHOWER STALL...

T'POL
(continuing)
It's affecting your pre-frontal
cortex... I believe that's why you
and the crew have been exhibiting
obsessive behavior.

She leans him against the wall of the shower, steps
outside the stall, and begins to work a control panel by
the door, adjusting the temperature.

T'POL
Some of the crew's bio-signs are
already unstable... if you're
exposed to the radiation much
longer, you won't survive.

She taps a final control and the SHOWER TURNS ON,
spraying COLD WATER onto Archer! He reacts, startled,
waking up a little, now.

T'POL
(prompting)
Do you understand what I'm telling
you?

ARCHER
(re: shower)
Turn it off!

T'POL
Do you understand?

ARCHER
Yes! Radiation!

Archer tries to step out of the stall, but T'pol pushes
back inside. A beat as Archer stands under the ice-cold
water, starting to wake up a little...

(CONTINUED)
ARCHER
Tell Phlox... if the crew's sick, tell Phlox...

T'POL
He's been affected, as well.

ARCHER
But not you...

T'POL
Vulcan physiology seems to be immune.

ARCHER
(thinking through his haze)
Bring us about... turn the ship around...

T'POL
It's not that simple.

Sensing that Archer is starting to come around, T'Pol taps the panel and the shower turns off. She reaches for a towel and hands it to him. As Archer towels off, T'Pol removes the cup from the top of the thermos and pours some coffee...

T'POL
If we go back the way we came, we'd spend two more days in the radiation field.

She steps into the stall and places the coffee in his hands, brings the cup to his mouth and helps him drink...

T'POL
I've charted a course that will have us clear of the radiation in less than seventeen minutes.

ARCHER
(distracted)
Lousy coffee...

T'POL
(ignoring him, urgent)
But we'll have to pass within two million kilometers of the black hole... there's considerable debris and gravitational shear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
27B CONTINUED: (2)

T'POL (cont'd)
Someone needs to pilot Enterprise
while I determine the course
corrections.

ARCHER
Travis...

T'POL
He's been sedated.

Archer looks at her, realizing...

ARCHER
I'm in no condition... to fly a
starship...

T'POL
We have no other choice.

Archer hesitates, trying to pull himself together. It's
clear that T'Pol won't take no for an answer.

T'POL
(prompting, wry)
Would you like me to help you
change your clothes?

A beat, then:

ARCHER
I'll manage.

Archer steps out of the stall, determined, but he's
still fighting the effects of the radiation and has to
steady himself against the stall. T'Pol moves to help
him, but he waves her off and heads toward the living
area. OFF T'Pol, hoping they can pull this off...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
32A EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

speeding at impulse through a MASSIVE FIELD of SWIRLING GASSES and DEBRIS -- rocky fragments, ragged chunks of ice, streams of interplanetary dust -- all of it being slowly SWEPT toward the distant, off-camera black hole.

33 INT. BRIDGE

SHAKING! T'Pol is peering into her viewer, calculating course corrections. Archer is working the steering column at the helm, trying hard to stay alert (he's in a fresh uniform, hair tousled from the shower). Both are extremely tense -- they're on the final stretch of their journey.

Reed can be seen slumped over his console, unconscious; Trip lies on the deck near his station, semi-conscious; a couple of N.D.s are lying in the b.g. (NOTE: The Captain's chair is still absent.)

T'POL
(off viewer)
More gravitational shear!

She turns to him, urgent:

T'POL
We're too far to port!

ARCHER
You said bearing two-point-four!

T'POL
Twelve-point-four!

ARCHER
My mistake.
(works helm)
Twelve-point-four!

A beat, then the shaking subsides, but the ship continues to TREMBLE slightly from the spatial forces outside.

T'POL
(returning to her viewer, pointed)
Do you need more coffee?

(CONTINUED)
ARCHER
That depends... how much longer is this going to take?

T'POL
Six minutes.

ARCHER
I'm good for that.

T'POL
(suddenly, off viewer)
Another shear-front...

She looks from her viewer to a panel, where she makes a few calculations.

T'POL
You need to rotate our longitudinal axis by twelve degrees, then bring our flight vector to zero-one-four mark two-seven.

ARCHER
(working, still hazy, trying to keep up)
Hold, hold on... zero-what?

T'POL
Zero-one-four...

ARCHER
(finishing the corrections)
...mark two-seven.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
as it TURNS slightly to STARBOARD and ANGLES DOWNWARD through the streaming gasses and debris. As it executes the maneuver, a few tiny chunks of rock STRIKE the HULL!

INT. BRIDGE
Brief SHAKING from the impacts!

ARCHER
(re: helm)
That wasn’t me!

T'POL
(off viewer)
Just minor debris.
(works)
The hull plating is holding.

(CONTINUED)
T'Pol works as the ship continues to tremble slightly. After a beat:

T'POL
(off viewer, puzzled)
Our lateral vector is drifting...

She glances at Archer, who's struggling to keep track of the various navigation displays.

T'POL
(prompting)
Captain.

ARCHER
(ragged)
Give me a second...

He eyes the helm, then sees the problem, works a control.

ARCHER
(frustrated with himself)
I feel like I'm back in flight school.

T'POL
(encouraging)
You're doing well.
(then, off viewer)
New heading: zero-zero-six mark four.

Archer works in response, fighting exhaustion...

CUT TO:

35A EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
 flying through the vast debris field.

35B INT. BRIDGE
Slightly trembling, as before. T'Pol notices something in her viewer.

T'POL
Captain...

ARCHER
(off Viewscreen)
I see it.
In the distance, we can see a HUGE, irregularly-shaped MASS of ROCK several hundred meters in diameter. As Archer works the helm, carefully maneuvering the ship out of harm’s way...

begins to slowly but violently CRACK APART, BREAKING into DOZENS of smaller FRAGMENTS, which DISPERSE!

Archer is steering like crazy, trying to avoid the ONSLAUGHT of DEBRIS!

ARCHER
We need weapons!

T’POL
There isn’t time!

A very quick SHOT of the ship BANKING its way through the DEBRIS, as a larger CHUNK careens directly toward the HULL!

WHAM!! A HARD JOLT from the impact, followed by a loud, irritating ALARM -- Reed’s Tactical Alert! On the Viewscreen, DEBRIS is whizzing dangerously past!

T’POL
(reacts to her console)
Weapons are all on-line... it must’ve been part of the new security protocol...

ARCHER
Fire!

T’Pol works...
36 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

is FIRING the two forward PHASE-CANNONS, which rapidly
BLAST a few of the FRAGMENTS directly ahead, blowing
them to pieces!

37 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

A long, tense moment as Archer works the helm... on the
Viewscreen, we see the last couple of FRAGMENTS fly past
harmlessly... the ship is clear of the debris. Archer
leans back in his chair, relieved and on the brink of
collapse. The ship continues to tremble slightly, and
the alarm continues to sound.

ARCHER
(re: alarm)
Could you shut that off?

T'Pol works, silencing the alarm.

ARCHER
How much longer?

T'POL
(off viewer)
Less than two minutes.

ARCHER
Any more surprises?

T'POL
Nothing on sensors.

A long beat, then we reveal that Trip has been roused by
the commotion, disoriented:

TRIP
Did we get some nice pictures of
the black hole?

OFF the moment...

38 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

as the ship FLIES THROUGH the last few layers of gas and
debris... then enters OPEN SPACE. After a beat,
Enterprise JUMPS to WARP!

CUT TO:

38A INT. SICKBAY (ADDED SCENE)

A short time later. Some of the crew has begun to
arrive in Sickbay; eight or so CREWMEMBERS sit on bio-
beds or stand, waiting for Phlox to tend to them.

(CONTINUED)
At the moment, Phlox is scanning Mayweather, who sits on the center bed. Everyone seems fatigued and out of sorts.

PHLOX
How are you feeling?

MAYWEATHER
(groggy)
A little tired, but the headache’s gone... what’d you do?

PHLOX
Very little... fortunately.
You’re free to go.

Over this, Archer and T’Pol ENTER. As Mayweather passes them on his way out...

MAYWEATHER
Captain.

Archer and T’Pol move to Phlox, as he tends the next patient.

ARCHER
How’s the crew?

PHLOX
I’ve detected no lingering effects from the radiation. Mostly just rattled nerves... a few bruises and sprains from when some of them lost consciousness.

He glances at T’Pol, a little disconcerted by his recent behavior.

PHLOX
I appreciate your...
(gestures a Vulcan nerve pinch)
...intervening before I could get any further with Mister Mayweather’s procedure.

T’POL
I wasn’t certain it would work on a Denobulan.

PHLOX
It worked quite effectively, I can assure you.

Archer is puzzled by this exchange.

ARCHER
What procedure on Mister Mayweather?

(CONTINUED)
PHLOX
The radiation affected my nervous system rather severely. I'll provide you with a full report when I've finished treating the crew.

At this point, two more CREWMEMBERS walk in. Phlox turns to them:

PHLOX
(to crewmembers)
I'll be with you in a moment!

CUT TO:
39B INT. READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

At warp, the next day. Archer works at his monitor. The door CHIMES.

ARCHER
Come in.

Reed ENTERS.

REED
You wanted to see me, Captain?

ARCHER
I did.

Reed stands stiffly before the Captain. He's clearly expecting some kind of reprimand.

ARCHER
While T'Pol and I were navigating the debris field, your "Tactical Alert" went off.

REED
I heard, sir. I've already deactivated the new protocols.
ARCHER
You shouldn't have. They brought
the weapons on-line right when we
needed them.
(then)
If you have no objection, I'd like
to make it standard procedure.

REED
(pleased)
No objection, sir.

Archer picks up a PADD and heads for the door. As they
EXIT...

ARCHER
You still need to work on that
alarm.

REED
I'll get right on it.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS
Archer and Reed ENTER. Trip and an N.D. have reinstalled the Captain's chair; they're using power tools
to tighten the deck-bolts. T'Pol, Hoshi, Mayweather,
N.D.s at their consoles. As Reed takes his station,
Archer steps to his chair, eyes it.

ARCHER
Doesn't look any different to me.

TRIP
(mischievous)
Give it a try.

Archer sits down... reacts... it seems different.

ARCHER
Hmm.

He slowly shifts his butt farther back in the seat...
reacts again.

ARCHER
Feels better. What'd you do?

TRIP
(proudly)
Cross your legs.

Archer crosses his legs, reacts.
ARCHER
What’d you do? Seems totally different.

TRIP
I lowered it... by one centimeter.

Archer continues to test out the chair, swivels a little.

ARCHER
That’s all?

TRIP
Didn’t have time to install the new status displays, or the inertial micro-dampers... but if you give me a couple of days...

ARCHER
(feeling out the chair)
I think this’ll be fine, Commander. Thanks.

TRIP
How ’bout I just attach the cup-holder?

ARCHER
This’ll be fine.

As Trip and the N.D.s pick up their tools and EXIT...
Archer leans back in the chair and punches a control on the PADD he’s been using to write the preface...

ARCHER
(to T’Pol)
How does this sound...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

flying at warp.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END