



# STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

**“One Small Step... Part II”**

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FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TEASER

FADE IN:

We begin a recap of the first half.

ARCHER’S VOICE

Previously on Foundations...

EXT. ALPHA CENTAURI – CAPITOL CITY – PUBLIC SQUARE

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

It is obvious now that United Earth has lost touch and that our interests are no longer their interests.

(beat)

It is our duty to declare independence from Earth, and our responsibility, for our children's future, to make our way in the universe free from Earth rule!

EXT. SPACE – CLOSE ORBIT OF ALPHA CENTAURI

The large Tellarite ship slowly makes its way into our shot of the pristine planet below.

EXT. ALPHA CENTAURI – CAPITOL CITY – PUBLIC SQUARE

Governor Franklin smiles heartily and looks skyward with the crowd and his bodyguards.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

This time, we aren’t alone.

A black-clad figure leisurely steps out onto the stage. Unlike the others his head is not obstructed by a helmet, and his porcine features stand out proudly in the sunlight as he walks up to Governor Franklin and extends his hand. Governor Franklin smiles and accepts it, generously shaking his hand before turning back to his podium.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

My fellow Centaurians, allow me to introduce our new friends.

Governor Franklin steps to the side and motions for ADMIRAL KRAV to take a turn at the podium. He clears his throat briefly before speaking.

ADMIRAL KRAV

Nothing the Earth military has can harm us; our mere presence is enough to achieve victory.

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INT. *ENTERPRISE* – ARCHER’S OFFICE

T’POL

Sub-Commander T’Pol reporting for duty, Captain.

ARCHER

(not sounding very welcoming)

Welcome aboard, Sub-Commander.

TRIP

(sarcastically)

Yep. This is goin’ to be real interestin’...

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – CAPTAIN’S PRIVATE DINING ROOM

Archer watches as a monitor changes from its normal status display to show Archer two familiar faces: Forrest and Narsu.

ARCHER

Gentlemen, something I can do for you?

FORREST

Something for Earth, Jon; something you’re not going to like any more than I do.

ARCHER

What is it?

NARSU

Alpha Centauri has rebelled and declared its independence.

Archer’s features grow concerned.

FORREST

The military is assembling a fleet to retake the system, but it will take them some time to get organized. In the mean time, *Enterprise* is the most capable ship anywhere near Alpha Centauri. You’re armed, and you have a security detail on board.

(beat)

The President has authorized you to take a police action if necessary, but until the UEM task force gets there, you’re on your own. Attempt to negotiate a peaceful resolution, but make it clear that they must stand down if bloodshed is to be avoided.

(beat, sighs)

If necessary, land your contingent of Security Forces, along with as many crewmembers as you can spare and arrest the Centaurian government officials.

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INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The angry porcine face of the TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN appears on the main viewscreen.

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

Withdraw at once, Earther, or we will destroy that puny ship of yours.

Archer is momentarily surprised at the fact that the Tellarite speaks English but his surprise is quickly replaced by anger that he keeps in check...barely. He isn't able to hide it completely.

ARCHER

This is Captain Jonathan Archer of the United Earth Ship *Enterprise*. You are the invader here, interfering in an internal matter. Your presence here is construed an act of war against United Earth, and you are ordered to withdraw immediately. If you do, this incident will be overlooked, and no further action will be taken on our part.

The Tellarite laughs at Archer.

REED

Two ships are breaking off and moving to intercept.

ARCHER

On screen.

The viewscreen changes, offering a closer view of the two black ships moving in formation toward the screen. Both of them look more than a match for *Enterprise*.

EXT. SPACE

Both Tellarite ships fire gold beams of light, and we pan to see them strike *Enterprise*. Electricity arcs over the portion of the hull the beams hit, which is now blackened. The beams fire again, and chunks of the armor break off, turning into dust as it drifts away. More electricity arcs over that section of the hull.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Archer slams his fist into his console.

ARCHER

Damn!

(beat, reluctantly)

Helm, take us out of this system, best possible speed.

Travis, already busy trying to dodge incoming fire, doesn't bother to acknowledge the command and simply follows through with it.

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EXT. SPACE

*Enterprise* performs one last maneuver to avoid a salvo of gold energy beams, then straightens out and speeds away from their origin. The blast shutters on the nacelles open, and the ship streaks away at warp just as several missiles reach its former location.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIEFING ROOM

T’POL

As I said before, the Tellarites are a crude species, but they are also highly advanced. Vulcan made first contact with them one hundred twenty two years ago, but they elected to remain isolated.

(beat)

As you surmised, their weapons are nearly as advanced as Vulcan ships. They have no shielding technology, however, and depend on a thick armor plating to protect their ships instead.

(beat, considering)

The Tellarites advanced at a far more rapid pace than Earth, and soon made contact with the Andorians, an equally passionate species likewise driven by emotion, and with whom they’ve been in conflict ever since.

ARCHER

These Andorians, are they friendly?

T’POL

Not especially towards aliens. They will deal with them on a limited basis, but they tend to have a mistrust of all non-Andorians, especially after their initial contact with the Tellarites.

Archer becomes disappointed at the information.

ARCHER

I don’t suppose we could talk them into helping us out the way Alpha Centauri got the Tellarites to help them, could we?

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Archer holds his chin as he tries to look through the hazy clouds that cover the planet.

T’POL

The Andorian outpost has been reduced to rubble.

(beat, studies her readings again)

All structures within sensor range have also been destroyed Captain.

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EXT. OUTPOST CITY – COURTYARD

The shuttlepods set down in what has to be one of the few areas in the city clear of debris. Close by, we can see the ruins of several low buildings of an alien design, which is different from the rest of the city.

INT. LARGE CAVERN

The away team enters a large cavern, so large that we can't see anything but the wall around the opening the away team has come in through.

ARCHER

The reading is pretty strong in here; split up into your teams again and try to localize it.

INT. NARROW TUNNEL

Archer, Reed, Travis, Phlox, Cole, and the Sergeant make their way through a narrow tunnel, which leads deeper underground.

INT. SMALL CAVERN

This cavern isn't nearly as large as the other one; we can see the rock that surrounds the team faintly reflect the light from their flashlights, though there is an unusual dark area to one side that the light can't penetrate, which the floor angles down toward.

REED

Is that reading getting any better Captain?

ARCHER

Yes and no.

(beat, off scanner)

It seems to be getting stronger in this general direction, but...

Just then the cavern begins to shake around them, throwing them all off balance. Archer, the closest to the mysterious black area, steps on some loose rocks and falls. The shaking ground sends him rolling into the darkness. He lets out a gasp as he grips onto the edge, barely keeping him from falling into the void. We pan to look over the edge at him, and watch as the dim lights of his scanner soon disappear.

REED

Captain!

Cole and the Sergeant manage to get to Reed and grip him around his abdomen, adding their strength to the rescue effort. They grunt with effort, but the rock beneath them begins to crumble. The three of them give one last effort, but just as Archer starts to get up and over the

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ledge, it collapses, and falls away. Reed loses his grip as they both begin to fall. Cole and the Sergeant manage to stop Reed from falling, but Reed loses his grip on Archer. Reed can only stare in horror as Archer falls without a sound into the darkness.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Trip stumbles out of the turbolift as the ship takes another hit.

TRIP

Who the hell is shootin’ up my ship!?

T’Pol, sitting in the command chair, looks over her shoulder at him to note his presence, then quickly goes back to her console.

T’POL

Three Andorian cruisers have dropped out of warp and have started firing on us.

Suddenly, there is a hum as six columns of bright blue light appear in the forward part of the room. Everyone but T’Pol shields their eyes, and are taken completely off guard when armed Andorian soldiers appear out of the light. Picard pulls his sidearm as he hits his comm. panel.

PICARD

Intruder alert! Security detail to the Bridge!

The Andorian closest to him points his rifle at Picard while the others spread out to cover the room.

ANDORIAN FARRIER

(in Andorian)

[Surrender! Put down your weapon!]

Picard’s face turns stony; he’s not sure what the Andorian Farrier just shouted at him, but body language truly is universal. He keeps his weapon trained on the Andorian Farrier.

PICARD

All hands, stand your ground.

Picard’s eye twitches slightly as he faces his impending death.

ARCHER’S VOICE

And now the conclusion.

FADE OUT.

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FADE IN:

INT. VOID BOTTOM

Archer floats motionless, mere inches off of the perfectly flat floor, and illuminated only by the lights on his environmental suit. We focus on his face and watch as he takes a shallow breath, proof that he’s still alive. Suddenly his eyes fly open, and his face reflects his fear and confusion. We briefly look through Archer’s faceplate from his point of view at the pitch black above him. We focus on his face again as his breathing becomes rapid from his growing sense of panic. He quickly pushes the panic aside and slows his breathing down. He flops his arms and legs around, vainly attempting to get up or roll over. Mysteriously, he’s gently released and allowed to stand. Archer’s curiosity grows, and he takes a look around, but there isn’t much to see here. He moves on.

INT. VOID BOTTOM – DOORWAY

By chance Archer comes to a narrow doorway, which is only visible by the contrast of Archer’s lights reflecting off of the obsidian walls that frame it. Archer pauses to consider it for a moment, then enters it.

INT. VOID PASSAGEWAY(S)

Archer cautiously makes his way down the passageway, quickly coming to an intersection, and another, and another. Archer begins to worry that he might get lost, but just as he’s about to turn back, he sees light coming from one of the passages ahead. Following it, he shields his eyes as the light grows brighter, until he finally comes to the end of the passageway and out into...

INT. CHAMBER OF LIGHT

...a massive room flooded with a pure white light that seems to come from everywhere, and nowhere at the same time. Archer squints, giving his eyes time to adjust to the new light level. When they do, he’s amazed at what he sees – the room goes on in all directions as far as he can see, and is dominated by a large, computer-like machine. Archer proceeds into the room, taking in as much as he can with his eyes.

Archer comes to a narrow passage that cuts through the machine. Looking down it, he can see a glowing cylinder of light, with a humanoid alien within it. Archer starts down the passage.

ARCHER

Hello!?

(beat)

Can you hear me?

Archer waits a moment for a response, but gets none.

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ARCHER

If you can understand me, I’m Captain Jonathan Archer of the United Earth Ship  
*Enterpr-*

Archer slowly begins to cringe with pain and falls to his knees. He tries to put his hands to his temples as best he can through the helmet of this environmental suit, but his pain only gets worse, finally eliciting a strangled gasp of pain. Then, just as suddenly as he started, he stops, his arms dropping limply to his sides as his eyes roll up into his head. He teeters on his knees for a moment, then falls forward onto his face, his faceplate making a loud clap as it hits the floor.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

Picard continues to point his plasma pistol at the unrelenting Andorian Farrier. They stare at each other, both ready to pull their weapons' triggers. T'Pol stands and faces down the new intruders, but even as she picks out what looks like their leader, she is able to divide enough of her attention to deal with Picard's situation.

T'POL

Stand down, Lieutenant.

Picard never takes his eyes off of the Farrier.

PICARD

So he can shoot me?  
(sneers, heavily sarcastic)  
Not likely, Ma'am.

T'POL

Vulcan has a cease-fire agreement with the Andorians, but if you fire on them that agreement will be forfeit.

There is a LONG BEAT, the tension running high, as neither side seems to want to back down. Finally, Picard relents, slowly re-holstering his sidearm and putting his hands up. The Farrier doesn't seem satisfied though.

ANDORIAN FARRIER

(sternly, in Andorian)  
[Surrender your weapon.]  
(beat, more urgency)  
[Surrender your weapon!]

PICARD

I hope you know what you're doing, Sub-Commander.

T'POL

I believe he wants your weapon, Lieutenant.

Picard narrows his eyes.

PICARD

(grimly)  
He can have my weapon when he pries it from my cold dead fingers.

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COMMANDER THY’LEK SHRAN watches the developing situation with a mixture of concern and interest. He’s also more than a little confused at the appearance of what look a lot like Vulcans, with what is definitely a Vulcan in command.

T’POL

(to Shran, in Vulcan)  
[Tell your man to stand down.]  
(beat, raising eyebrow)  
[Unless you wish to violate the terms of our treaty.]

Shran considers the female Vulcan for a moment, then looks over at his Farrier.

SHRAN

(in Andorian)  
[Stand down....]  
(beat)  
[...But keep an eye on him.]

ANDORIAN FARRIER

[As you command, Comrade Commander.]

The Farrier lowers his rifle, but glares at Picard. The two of them keep their eyes locked on each other, each waiting for the other to make a sudden move. Satisfied, Shran turns his attention back to T’Pol. He swiftly makes his way past Hoshi and a crewman at Science, until he is standing face-to-face with T’Pol, speaking as he does so. Hoshi, though very much afraid, watches with interest; we can tell that she is concentrating very hard as they speak.

SHRAN

(sternly)  
[What is a Vulcan officer doing in command of this alien vessel, and what business does it have in Andorian space?]

T’POL

[We were attempting to contact the colony below when we found it destroyed.]

Shran eyes T’Pol incredulously.

SHRAN

[A likely story, but I find it more likely that you destroyed the outpost yourself.]

Insulted, T’Pol narrows her eyes at Shran; there is no other hint to her mood.

T’POL

[That is illogical, Commander. What could possibly be served by the destruction of your outpost?]

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Shran eyes T’Pol again, not sure what to make of her or this strange ship.

SHRAN

[If you commanded a Vulcan vessel, I might be more willing to believe you.]

(beat)

[Instead, I find an unknown vessel orbiting the ruins of one of our most strategic outposts, a vessel that just happens to have the same hull composition as that of the Tellarites’ newfound allies, with a Vulcan officer commanding it.]

(beat)

[A little strange, wouldn’t you agree?]

T’POL

[Scan this vessel’s weapon systems; you will find that they could not have caused the destruction on the planet.]

Shran nods his head and pulls out a communicator. We change angles to Hoshi’s position and focus on Shran and T’Pol. There are no subtitles as Hoshi concentrates on them as they speak in their native tongues.

SHRAN

(into communicator)

Nimax is xetran vessel. Check isk rettashektra codorp lew pish weapons. Check pish rewop pargot as well.

ANDORIAN OFFICER (COMM VOICE)

Da, Shalreth Konnare.

A BEAT as Shran and T’Pol continue to eye each other.

ANDORIAN OFFICER (COMM VOICE)

(surprised)

Isk mocjtou eb negative Konnare; pish weapons did not destroy isk base.

T’Pol gives Shran an “I told you so” look, but Shran doesn’t look like he entirely buys it.

SHRAN

Destan umlnae explain iin napmok.

(beat, suspiciously)

Ii still could be allied with the Tellarites somehow.

T’POL

I can assure you that we are not allied with the Tellarites in any way.

(beat, with a sardonic expression)

In fact, as your scans have already told you, much of the damage this vessel has suffered was caused by Tellarite weapons.

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SHRAN  
So the Tellarites are involved.

T’POL  
Yes, as an enemy of Earth.

SHRAN  
(confused)  
Earth?

We focus on Shran and T’Pol as they are surprised by a small voice coming from behind them.

HOSHI  
My home. World.

Shran and T’Pol both turn to face Hoshi. Everyone else on the Bridge seems equally confused and surprised by Hoshi speaking. We can tell that Hoshi is concentrating a great deal as she speaks.

HOSHI  
The Tellarites helping one of Earth’s colonies.  
(beat)  
Attacked us. Thought we could get you help.

SHRAN  
(genuinely impressed)  
Amazing. You were able to learn my language from listening to us just now?

Picard, not understanding a word of what’s been spoken, finally takes his eyes off of the Farrier to look at Hoshi questioningly.

PICARD  
(confused)  
You can actually understand them?

HOSHI  
(ignoring Picard)  
Yes.  
(beat)  
Sub-Commander T’Pol speaking Vulcan help. Can understand some.  
(beat)  
Can understand Vulcan you?

SHRAN  
I understand it, but can’t speak more than a few words of it. The pronunciation is a bit tricky.

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Hoshi smiles and nods her head in agreement.

HOSHI

Yes.

Shran allows himself a small smile before quickly stopping himself. He feels as though this is distracting him and as interesting as it is, it has to wait, and he strengthens his resolve. He turns his attention back to T’Pol, who studies Hoshi a brief moment longer with no hint of the thoughts behind her Vulcan mask.

SHRAN

Convinced as I might be that you aren’t directly responsible, I cannot simply let you go without some evidence that I can submit to my superiors.

(beat, thinking)

Did you conduct any scans that might reveal who the attacker was?

T’POL

Orbital scans revealed nothing conclusive. It is possible that the landing party’s scans were more successful in isolating the weapons signature.

Shran’s eyes widen in surprise and rage.

SHRAN

(angrily)

You sent down a landing party!? On Andorian soil!?

(beat, seething)

I could understand these aliens making that mistake, but a Vulcan should know better!

T’Pol raises an eyebrow.

T’POL

Their commanding officer thought that finding the attacker could serve as a gesture of good will between your peoples.

Shran reconsiders the situation.

SHRAN

(confused)

You’re not this vessel’s commander?

T’POL

No. I am the ship’s first officer under an exchange program; Captain Archer commands this vessel.

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Shran mulls over this new information for a moment before coming to a decision.

SHRAN

My superiors will not like the idea of aliens on Andorian soil, but if this Captain Archer has found something, I will listen to it.

(beat)

Consider yourselves ...guests of the People's Army. We will escort you back to the outpost. Deviate, and I will have no choice but to treat you as hostile.

T'POL

Understood, Commander.

Shran takes a step back from T'Pol and activates his communicator.

SHRAN

We are finished; transport boarding party back.

A hum fills the room and the Andorians seem to disappear into columns of blinding blue light, as mysteriously as they appeared. Everyone on the bridge seems too shocked to do much of anything, including Picard. It's obvious that only Hoshi had any idea of what had been said, and even she doesn't know what to make of their situation. It takes T'Pol's calm voice to bring them around.

T'POL

Lieutenant Picard, take all weapons off-line.

(beat, raises eyebrow)

But keep hull armor active.

Picard still doesn't much like the idea of taking orders from this Vulcan, but he doesn't feel like he has much of a choice after what he's witnessed.

PICARD

(reluctantly)

Yes, Ma'am.

Picard works his console to do as he's been told. Satisfied, T'Pol sits back down in the command chair, bringing up a sensor readout on her console as she does so.

T'POL

Helm, come about and bring the ship into formation behind the lead ship.

EXT. SPACE

The *Enterprise's* thrusters fire, spinning her around to face the opposite direction. Two of the Andorian ships start to move off, the third following behind *Enterprise* as she falls into formation.

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INT. WIDE TUNNEL

Reed, Travis, Phlox, Cole, and the Sergeant come to a dead-end in the tunnel. Reed huffs in frustration and anger.

REED

Can we just set some explosives and blast our way through?

Travis gives him a critical look before answering.

TRAVIS

It's not a cave-in or a false wall if that's what you're thinking.

(beat, off scanner)

It's more like... whoever tunneled this out, just... stopped.

REED

(thoughtfully)

So any explosions would likely collapse this tunnel around us.

(beat, a little frustrated)

Is there any other way down?

Travis looks up from his scanner and shakes his head in disappointment.

REED

(under his breath)

Damn.

(beat, louder)

Fine; we've spent enough time chasing after phantoms. Let's head back to the cavern and see how the others are doing.

Resigned, the five of them turn around and head back down the tunnel the way they came.

INT. SMALL CAVERN

Cutler and a few others from the landing party are hard at work tying ropes together and getting rappelling gear ready when Reed's team enters the small cavern they lost Archer in.

REED

How's it coming, Ensign?

CUTLER

Not well, Major.

Reed can see the frustration on Cutler's face and decides to let her explain on her own terms. Cutler motions around to emphasize as she speaks.

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CUTLER (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

We tried scanning to see how much rope we'd need, but we can't read the bottom.

(beat)

Then, just in case there was some kind of dampening field in place, we tried throwing some small rocks down there, so we could time how long it took to fall.

(beat, collecting herself)

We never heard any of them hit the bottom. So we're just connecting all the ropes together and hoping we can reach the bottom with them.

Reed places a comforting hand on Cutler's shoulder.

REED

We've done all we can for now.

(beat)

We'll come back, but we need to go back to the ship first and get more equipment.

(beat, off Cutler's concerned expression)

What did the ship say while you were getting this gear?

CUTLER

We weren't able to contact the ship, Major; it was almost like we were being jammed.

(beat)

I tried contacting you at first, but there was too much interference.

Reed's features grow dark with concern.

REED

Where are the others?

CUTLER

Back on the surface, still trying to contact the ship.

A single, horrifying thought gnaws at the back of Reed's mind, and his face goes pale as he realizes the great danger they may all be in.

REED

We need to get back to the surface, now.

Cutler and the others start to gather up the gear lying around.

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REED

(forcefully)

No! There’s no time for that!

(beat)

We need to get back to the surface right now!

Urged on by Reed’s concern, they leave their gear behind and make their way back into the narrow tunnel.

EXT. OUTPOST CITY – COURTYARD

Reed and his enlarged team exit the ancient skyscraper and run toward the remaining shuttlepods in the distance. Reed activates his communicator as he runs.

REED

Major Reed to shuttlepods!

SCIENCE OFFICER (COMM VOICE)

What is it, Major? Did you find the captain?

REED

No time to explain! Just stop transmitting calls for *Enterprise* and start up the shuttlepods!

(beat)

We need to get to cover, fast!

EXT. SPACE

The *Enterprise* re-enters orbit of the Andorian outpost world under escort.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The entire crew, save T’Pol, is on edge as they approach the familiar planet.

T’POL

Hail the lead Andorian ship and request permission to recall our landing party.

Hoshi looks a little worried; her grasp of Andorian isn’t very strong yet, so the pressure is on now for her to perform her job.

HOSHI

(nervously)

Aye, Sub-Commander.

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Hoshi works her panel and speaks in inaudible Andorian into her comm. panel as we change our focus to T’Pol.

T’POL

Lieutenant Picard, what is the current status of the Andorian vessels?

Picard checks his panel and brings up a display on one of his monitors.

PICARD

(off display)

The ships off our port and starboard bow have powered down weapons.

(beat, checking display again)

But the one that’s taken up position behind us still has weapons locked on us.

T’Pol considers this new information, though she knows there isn’t much she can do about their situation at the moment.

T’POL

Thank you, Lieutenant. Please keep me apprised of any change in their condition.

Picard never takes his eyes off of his monitor.

PICARD

(unenthusiastically)

Yes, Ma’am.

Hoshi turns and faces T’Pol.

HOSHI

The Andorians have granted us permission to recall the team from the surface...and have requested permission to dock and come aboard.

Picard turns and faces T’Pol himself.

PICARD

(sarcastically)

So... they’re asking permission now...

T’Pol isn’t quite sure what to make of Picard’s tone.

T’POL

Do you object to them coming aboard at this time?

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PICARD

I don't see that we have much choice.

(beat)

Let's just say that given the method they boarded us before, I'm surprised they're asking to dock with us, or even that they're asking at all.

T'POL

I suspect Commander Shran feels that he's giving us a courtesy, and that his request is in fact an order.

PICARD

(critically)

Is that supposed to make me feel any better about it?

T'POL

No. It does, however, present you with the opportunity to keep a closer eye on them as they come aboard this time.

(beat)

You may bring as many security personnel as you feel is necessary, but in order to keep this situation from escalating again, I suggest no more than two, with holstered weapons.

PICARD

I'll settle for no less than three, myself included.

T'POL

Three is adequate; have them meet us at the portside airlock.

Picard hesitates, giving T'Pol a measuring look that she returns without blinking. Grimly, he nods his head, realizing that she planned on him trying to one-up her and apparently wanted three personnel to begin with. Frowning, he triggers the comm. button to call his people as T'Pol turns her attention back to Hoshi.

T'POL

Inform the Andorians that they have permission to dock on our port side.

HOSHI

Aye, Sub-Commander.

Hoshi goes back to her panel as T'Pol and Picard both rise and make their way to the turbolift.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 02

Reed, Cole, Phlox, the Sergeant, and two enlisted UESPA crewman sit in the back of the shuttlepod, with Travis sitting up front in the pilot's seat. We can see overhanging debris from

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one of the ancient buildings through the large bubble window in front of Travis. All of them are waiting quietly when a beeping comes from one of the cockpit panels. Travis checks it.

TRAVIS

(surprised)

Major Reed, it's *Enterprise*.

(beat, checking panel again)

They're requesting communications; do we break silence?

Reed stands up and makes his way to just behind Travis. He looks over Travis's shoulder at the readout. As he reads it, we can tell that it doesn't look good.

REED

We'll have to risk it, and just hope that this atmosphere makes it hard for anyone to pinpoint us.

Travis nods and switches on the comm. panel.

TRAVIS

*Enterprise*, Shuttlepod Two, come in please.

There is a great deal of static over the comm. as Hoshi replies.

HOSHI (COMM VOICE)

Shuttlepod Two, this is *Enterprise*, you are ordered to return to the ship ASAP.

REED

This is Major Reed, what happened to you, *Enterprise*?

BEAT

HOSHI (COMM VOICE)

Things have become a bit more...complicated.

(beat)

We are under Andorian escort, and we need you to return to the ship right away.

Reed's face is overcome with disappointment.

REED

(reluctantly)

We're on our way. Shuttlepod Two out.

Travis turns off the comm. panel. Reed places a hand on Travis's shoulder.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

REED

Get a hold of the other two shuttlepods, and inform them of the situation.

(beat)

Then get us out of here; we’re docking first.

EXT. SPACE

Shuttlepod Two approaches *Enterprise* from the surface and lands in the launch bay at the rear of the ship.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – OBSERVATION ROOM

T’Pol enters the small observation room adjacent to the much larger, two-story Hanger Deck, followed by Picard, Shran, an Andorian Senior Lieutenant, and two SFs, with Trip bringing up the rear. They wait as the large garage-like door to the launch bay opens and watch as Shuttlepod 2 slowly hovers into the hanger deck. It moves to its designated place just next to our group, coming to a rest on the deck as the antigravs are turned off.

The door on that side slowly opens, and Reed is the first to cautiously step out of the shuttlepod. Reed holds his weapon to his chest, carefully pointed at the deck so as not to alarm any of the “guests”. He stands in front of the open hatch, unconsciously protecting those inside as he looks over the Andorians and the others in this impromptu greeting party through the large window that separates them. Noting the presence of several SFs, Reed steps to the side to allow Cole and the Sergeant to exit the shuttlepod, as he continues to assess the situation, never taking his eyes off of Shran, whom he has guessed is the leader of the strange blue aliens.

Reed’s intent gaze doesn’t go unnoticed by Shran, who returns it, even as the rest of the shuttlepod passengers finish assembling across the window from him. Shran’s natural inclination is to be agitated, but he understands that the strange, pink-skinned alien is simply sizing him up and trying to learn as much about a potential enemy as he can. He decides to forgive the alien for his rudeness, and his features soften, a little.

T’Pol notices the exchange between Reed and Shran, but does not mention it. The fact that Captain Archer does not appear to be with Major Reed clearly concerns the Vulcan.

T’POL

Major Reed, where is Captain Archer?

Reed breaks his gaze from Shran to look at T’Pol; his face betrays that there is something wrong before he speaks, despite his disciplined attempts to conceal anything from the Andorians. T’Pol’s face hardens in anticipation of bad news, and behind her, we can see a stricken expression on Trip’s face as he too realizes something has happened.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

REED (COMM. VOICE)

He’s not coming back.

(beat)

There’s been an ...incident.

T’POL

Perhaps we should continue this discussion in the briefing room.

(beat)

Meet us there following your clearance through decontamination.

T’Pol turns on her heel and exits the way they came, preceded by a visibly emotional Trip. On Reed’s hesitation she stops and turns slightly back to face Reed and raises an eyebrow at him. Needing no further encouragement, Reed walks through the door leading to the decontamination room, followed shortly thereafter by the rest of Shuttlepod Two’s former passengers. A few nervous glances are exchanged with the Andorians as they pass in front of the window separating them.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIEFING ROOM

T’Pol stands next to the large monitor, listening as Ensign Mayweather speaks. Trip, Reed, Cole, Travis, Cutler, and the Science Officer sit at the table, the others having returned to their posts. Picard and his two SFs flank their Andorian “guests” at the back of the room as Hoshi quietly translates the conversation into broken but clearly understandable Andorian; her words are, for the most part, part of the background noise.

TRAVIS

(regretfully)

...and the tunnel just came to an end. We weren’t able to locate the energy source.

(beat, more quietly)

...Or the Captain.

Most of the people in the room have their attention on the frustrated and saddened Ensign Mayweather, but Reed and T’Pol both notice Shran shift uncomfortably at the mention of the mysterious energy reading. Fortunately, Shran’s discomfort seems to have kept him from noticing the very brief flash of recognition of that fact.

T’POL

(coolly)

Were you able to retrieve any additional data on the weapons’ signature?

There is a SHORT BEAT as the UESPA personnel exchange nervous glances at each other, as though none of them really wants to answer.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

CUTLER

We think we might have something, Sub-Commander, but none of us could really make heads or tails of it.

T’Pol cocks an eyebrow at the unusual expression.

T’POL

May I see you findings?

Cutler holds her scanner out to T’Pol, who walks over and takes it from her hand. The Vulcan woman studies the readout intently for a SHORT BEAT. An expression of recognition comes over T’Pol’s features, and she holds the scanner out to Shran.

T’POL

Tellarite.

Though Shran doesn’t speak English, the word is still close enough for him to know its meaning. He looks at T’Pol with a mix of disbelief and anger. He crosses the short distance between them and abruptly takes the scanner from her hand. The SFs tense up, unsure whether to take his abrupt movement as an act of aggression or not. A quick glance from T’Pol lets them know that wasn’t the case.

SHRAN

(in Andorian)

[Tellarites! That can’t be.]

We look over Shran’s shoulder as he looks at the scanner, and though the words and numbers on the screen are meaningless to an Andorian, the wave diagram on it is all too familiar to him. We change angles and watch as his tense expression softens with recognition.

SHRAN

(calmer)

[This does match the signature left by Tellarite beam weapons.]

(beat, handing T’Pol the scanner)

[I’ve seen it too many times before.]

(beat, somewhat smugly)

[I’ll admit that I suspected as much before we came across your ship; the Tellarites have been fighting us for years over this planet.]

Recognizing obfuscation when she hears it, T’Pol gives Shran a somewhat ambiguous look that only barely conceals her disbelief of him. Major Reed, still focused on his job as security, notes the look and realizes that something is “up”.

REED

What did he say, Ma’am?

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’Pol raises an eyebrow.

T’POL

He said that he recognizes the weapons’ signature as Tellarite...

(beat)

And that he suspected that the Tellarites were responsible for this attack until he detected the *Enterprise*.

Reed nods at the information, but otherwise remains unreadable.

Shran waits patiently for the exchange in this alien language to finish, then looks expectantly at T’Pol when Hoshi does not offer a translation, the young linguist instead taking several steps closer toward her crew. When Shran begins to speak, she softly translates for them much in the same manner that she was translating for Shran.

SHRAN

[I trust you’ve told them that I agree with your assessment?]

T’POL

(in Vulcan)

[Indeed.]

(beat)

[In fact, it was suggested that the Tellarites’ involvement with one of Earth’s nearby colonies might simply be a move to strategically position themselves near your outpost.]

SHRAN

[An interesting theory.]

(beat, bitterly)

[I wouldn’t put it beneath the Tellarites to do something like that, especially if it made them money in the process.]

T’POL

[The Earth colony is paying them for their services.]

Shran’s antennae flex forward as his expression sours, his eyes narrowing.

SHRAN

[Then they could very well be poisoning themselves, waiting for an opening to move in on this system.]

(beat, thinking)

[I’m convinced, but only just. This theory of yours seems to fit the facts, so I’ll help you out with your pig problem, if only to push the Tellarites to a more comfortable distance.]

T’Pol inclines her head, and Shran returns the gesture.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

SHRAN

[I’ll need to go back to my ship and explain the situation to my superiors.]

(beat)

[We’ll need a few more ships to deal with them.]

Shran smirks ever so slightly, mischief glinting in his eyes.

T’POL

[Very well.]

(beat)

Lieutenant Cole, please escort our guests back to their ship.

Reed straightens up, almost to attention. Cole looks between the two of them awkwardly and stands up.

COLE

(confused)

Yes, Ma’am.

(beat, to one of the SFs)

Take the lead.

The SF does as he is told, walking toward the door as Reed motions to the Andorians to follow him. The other SF falls in behind them, and Cole brings up the rear. T’Pol waits until the door has closed behind them, then turns her attention to the others.

T’POL

Commander Tucker, Major Reed, I must speak with you. The rest of you may return to your duties.

There is definite tension coming from Reed as the three of them wait for the room to clear.

REED

Sub-Commander, I really should have seen the Andorians off the ship.

T’POL

(ignoring his comment)

Did it seem to you as though Commander Shran was concealing something from us?

Reed immediately understands.

REED

He did appear to squirm a bit when Mayweather mentioned our little adventure in the caves.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

T'POL

I likewise noted his discomfort on the subject, particularly when the unknown energy reading was addressed.

(beat, musing aloud)

I also suspect that he was being less than honest about suspecting Tellarite involvement. It seemed as though he had not considered the possibility until then.

TRIP

(impatiently)

Look, does it really matter who he thought it was anymore? He's already agreed to help us with the Tellarites!

REED

Normally I'd agree, Commander, but I can't help but wonder if there are some other motives behind this.

(beat)

It might have something to do with the Captain's disappearance.

TRIP

(still agitated)

Can we at least agree that we should keep lookin' for the Cap'n?

(beat, barely keeping his composure)

It just ain't right leavin' his body down there, on some alien planet.

REED

No, it's not.

(beat)

Sub-Commander, I'd like to attempt to recover his body while we wait for the Andorians to get ready.

T'POL

Request denied.

Trip and Reed both cut her an angry look, but T'Pol isn't the least bit fazed by it.

T'POL (CONT'D)

I require your expertise on the ship and there is insufficient time to conduct another futile search for Captain Archer's remains.

(beat)

Commander Tucker, repairs must be conducted as quickly as possible. How soon can we get underway?

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

TRIP

(resentfully)

I need to shut down the warp drive and get some people up in the nacelles; that alone'll take a good twelve hours.

(beat)

Not to mention the sensors and the hull, and anything else those Andorians mucked up.

T'POL

This is, of course, assuming that we should still carry out Captain Archer's original plan.

Trip rolls his eyes, earning him a slight wince from Reed.

TRIP

(growing angry)

I knew this would be a problem with you in command.

(beat)

Of course we should follow through with his plan, especially now that the Andorians have agreed to help.

REED

I have to agree, Ma'am, I'm no diplomat, but I'm fairly sure the Andorians wouldn't appreciate us getting cold feet after they've pledged their support.

(beat)

If they're anything at all like us, they'll probably be insulted.

T'POL

That is a valid concern, but as I am in command now, responsibility for this plan now falls to me, and the repercussions from your superiors as well as mine could be severe.

REED

With respect, Sub-Commander, I'm not entirely sure about the legality of having you in command.

T'POL

I was given legal authority by your government to act as an officer in your chain of command. It was one of the conditions of my placement on this ship.

TRIP

(critically)

And how does that work exactly?

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRIP (CONT'D)

I mean, correct me if I'm wrong Major, but wouldn't this be a little like, say an American officer bein' put in command of a British warship back in the days before the last great war?

Reed gives Tucker a look, clearly revising his opinion of the engineer upward, and thinks about it for a BEAT. T'Pol frowns, obviously not recognizing the analogy.

REED

Basically.

(beat, off T'Pol's confused look)

Look, Sub-Commander, no disrespect intended, but part of the problem with this exchange program is that it places you, a Vulcan officer, in a command position on an Earth starship. You answer to different superiors than the rest of us, placing you in a position to make command decisions without repercussion from Earth authorities.

(beat)

Even you have to acknowledge our ... concerns.

T'POL

But I am in your chain of command; I answer to your superiors as well as mine. Captain Archer knew this, which is why he did nothing to challenge my placement here.

Reed exchanges a look with Trip, but Trip is plainly angry about the situation.

REED

Have you any paperwork to prove that?

T'POL

We would have to contact your Space Probe Agency's headquarters for confirmation, which is currently not an option.

REED

Then I'm afraid that I cannot recognize your authority to command this ship.

(beat)

Please relinquish command to Commander Tucker.

Trip perks up, but T'Pol gives both of them an icy glare. It has no effect on them.

TRIP

Sounds like a plan to me.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’POL

You are making a mistake, Major Reed.

(beat, to Trip)

If we had carried out your orders, the entire crew would have been killed or captured by the Andorians, who would have shown no mercy.

TRIP

We don’t leave our people behind.

T’POL

You are allowing emotion to cloud your judgment and placing the lives of every crewmember on this ship in danger.

REED

(confused)

What are you talking about? The Andorians already agreed to help us; all that’s at issue here is your unwillingness to carry out Captain Archer’s plan.

T’POL

Am I correct in assuming that you would send another landing party to search for Captain Archer?

TRIP

Why shouldn't we? Just because my engineering teams will be busy with repairs doesn't mean Major Reed's security people couldn't go down and look around.

T’POL

The Andorians have made it abundantly clear that no further teams are to be sent down to the planet.

(beat, coolly)

If you distrust me, you need only recognize the position the Andorian ships occupy around us. If you attempted send a team down, they would open fire.

Trip and Reed exchange glances.

TRIP

So we wait until later and get it cleared with the Andorians.

(beat)

That doesn't change the fact that you're thinkin' about backin' out of an agreement that they've already made with you.

(beat, suddenly annoyed)

Why did you even bring up the cap'n's plan to the Andorians if you had no intention of carrying it out?

T’Pol hesitates a moment, recognizing Trip’s point, but in the end deciding not to address it.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

T'POL

There would be no danger in canceling our agreement with Commander Shran.

Trip rolls his tongue inside his cheek, clearly not satisfied with that answer.

TRIP

You never answered my question.

(beat, cutting off T'Pol's reply)

Look, the way I see it, you can't have this both ways. Now you said that you're in our chain of command, correct?

T'POL

Yes.

TRIP

Then you are bound by our chain of command to obey the cap'n's orders and the instructions he received from the President.

(beat)

So either you're the first officer of this ship, or you're a Vulcan officer; you can't have it both ways.

T'Pol's face tightens and she comes very close to scowling at Trip, but she recognizes his point and acquiesces after glaring at him for a BEAT.

T'POL

(reluctantly)

You are correct, Commander.

(beat)

I will carry out Captain Archer's orders to the best of my ability.

REED

But can we really let her remain in command even if she does that, Commander?

(beat)

I'm still not sure I'm clear on how this is supposed to work if she's a Vulcan officer.

TRIP

The same way it would work with me in command, Major.

(beat)

The second she took my job, she agreed to become a Vulcan officer in name only. As far as anyone's concerned, she's a UESPA officer with a weird rank.

Trip glares at T'Pol as he says that last sentence and holds it for a moment to press his point home. T'Pol's features remain hardened, but she otherwise gives him no reaction. Reed watches the exchange and can't help but remain uncomfortable, but he has no choice but to go along with what Trip has decided.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

REED

If that's your decision, Sir.

TRIP

It is. Now if the two of you'll excuse me...

(beat, standing)

...I have a lot of work to do in the next twelve hours.

Trip exits the room. Reed looks at T'Pol with an unreadable expression for a moment, then exits as well. T'Pol glares after them as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

*Enterprise* leads six Andorian warships at low warp.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

T’Pol sits in the command chair, Trip standing next to her, their attention on the viewscreen and Shran.

TRIP

(to Shran)

I just don’t think we have enough ships to take on those Tellarites Commander.

Shran looks intently at Hoshi, who does her best to keep her composure.

HOSHI

(in broken Andorian)

[Worried...not enough ships.]

Shran turns his attention back to Trip.

SHRAN

(in Andorian)

[I assure you, with our weapons and defenses, six cruisers will be more than a match for the Tellarites.]

Trip looks questioningly at Hoshi, but before she can reply, T’Pol answers Trip’s nonverbal question without even taking her eyes off the viewscreen.

T’POL

He is convinced that his armaments will increase our chances of success.

We can tell from her expression that she isn’t entirely convinced, but only Trip seems to recognize any kind of change in her tone. Shran seems to confirm that she might be right through the nervous twitching of his antennae. After an awkward pause it’s clear that he wants to change the subject.

SHRAN

[Regarding our strategy...]

(beat)

[There are twenty ships, correct?]

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’POL

(in Vulcan)

[There were initially twenty vessels. An indeterminate number were damaged or destroyed by Earth’s military fleet before they were driven back.]

The crew do their best to keep their game faces on, even though most of them have no idea what’s being discussed.

SHRAN

[And the Tellarites have established fortified positions on this planet?]

T’POL

[Yes.]

Shran leans back in his command chair, full of confidence.

SHRAN

[Then we should punch through the center of their blockade...]

(beat)

[And destroy their bases on the planet, denying them their support and base of operations in this region. We can then attack the remainder of their fleet and push them out of the system.]

T’Pol raises her eyebrows in surprise.

T’POL

[I do not believe the Humans will find that acceptable.]

HOSHI’S VOICE

No, Sub-Commander, we don’t.

Everyone focuses on Hoshi.

TRIP

(confused, concerned)

We don’t what, Ensign?

HOSHI

He wants to attack the Tellarite emplacements on Alpha Centauri.

The Human members of the crew each give Shran their own look of incredulity.

REED

That is not an option.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRIP

Yeah, the idea is to leave the colony intact, not leave it a smokin’ cinder like your outpost.

T’Pol gives Trip a look that makes him reconsider what he just said. Shran looks at the exchange in confusion.

SHRAN

[What’s wrong?]

T’POL

(wryly)  
[They object to your plan.]

SHRAN

(critically)  
[What about it?]

T’POL

[They wish to leave their colony untouched.]

SHRAN

(angrily)  
[What!? I’ve been fighting Tellarites my entire career, and we can’t leave them a base of...]

Shran notices that the entire bridge crew is staring at his sudden outburst. He takes a couple of breaths and makes a concerted effort to calm down.

SHRAN

[Very well.... We will engage their fleet and attempt to draw them out of the system.]

(beat)

[Then we can leave these Humans to deal with the Tellarites that remain on the surface.]

INT. *KUMARI* – BRIDGE

Shran sits in his command chair, raised on a pedestal, watching the reaction of the *Enterprise*’s crew as he ponders his next move.

T’POL

[I believe that is an acceptable plan.]

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

SHRAN

[Very well.]

(beat)

[When we reach the Tellarites, follow our lead.]

T’Pol inclines her head and the transmission ends, giving us a view of *Enterprise* from behind as she travels at warp. Shran takes a deep breath as he makes a decision. He looks over his shoulder at his comm. officer.

SHRAN

[Get me Comrade Commander Telev.]

KUMARI COMM OFFICER

[As you command, Comrade Commander.]

The comm. officer works her console briefly, and we pan to see COMMANDER TELEV appear on the viewscreen.

TELEV

(concerned)

[Is there a problem, Comrade?]

SHRAN

[I don’t think these pink-skins have the stomach to do what’s necessary to drive the pigs out of their system.]

Telav straightens up slightly.

TELEV

[Then why do we continue on this mission? Let these pink-skins deal with their own vermin infestation.]

SHRAN

[The pigs are still too close to the ancient computer world for comfort.]

(beat)

[We do this for ourselves, Comrade, not them.]

Telav slowly nods his acquiescence.

TELEV

[What is our plan of attack?]

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

SHRAN

[We will push through their weak center and attack their planetary bases of operation as originally planned.]

(beat)

[Attempt to limit collateral damage where possible, but eliminate all Tellarites on the surface.]

TELEV

[What of the Earth Vessel?]

SHRAN

[We will over-fly them when we reach the Tellarites. Try to keep them out of the fighting, and defend them if practical; it might help smooth relations if they survive. If not, we'll deal with those consequences later.]

TELEV

[As you command, Comrade.]

The transmission ends, leaving Shran to his own thoughts as his crew works around him.

INT. (ANOTHER) CHAMBER OF LIGHT

We are in another white room that is filled with light, much the same way as the first chamber. We can see the unconscious form of Archer on a white examination table, his helmet now missing. Pulsing energy swirls around him from all directions as we move closer, focusing on his face as his eyes open. He tries to move, but an invisible force keeps him firmly restrained.

ARCHER

(frustrated, confused)

What?

(beat)

Hello!? Is anyone there!? Is anyone listening!?

There is a LONG BEAT, as Archer waits for a response, but he doesn't get one.

ARCHER

My name is Jonathan Archer. I'm Captain of the United Earth Ship *Enterprise* on a mission of peaceful exploration.

(beat, listening for response)

I mean you no harm; I only wish to learn about you...about this place.

There is another LONG BEAT as Archer anxiously waits for a response, lying more or less perfectly still. When no response seems forthcoming, his features are overcome by his disappointment, soon followed by concern as he wonders how he's going to get himself out of

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

his predicament. Just as Archer begins to focus on this train of thought, he is startled by a booming voice that seems to come from everywhere.

VOICE

You...are not like the others.

Archer recovers from his initial surprise and concentrates on what the voice might mean by its matter-of-fact statement.

VOICE

Yes, I mean the Andorians. And also the Tellarites

(beat)

You are not like them.

Though still confused by the somewhat cryptic statement, Archer manages to collect himself as he comes to the realization that his mind must be being read.

ARCHER

(curious)

Am I speaking to the humanoid I saw in the machine?

VOICE

I am the machine.

ARCHER

Well...That's interesting to know.

(beat)

No, I'm not like the others. I am Human. I come from a planet called Earth.

VOICE

Which has only recently begun to explore farther outside its own system.

(beat, off Archer's mild surprise)

Yes, I know these things, Jonathan Archer.

ARCHER

Do you know about the Tellarites occupying Alpha Centauri?

VOICE

Yes.

ARCHER

Then you know I mean you no harm?

VOICE

I do now.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

The invisible force suddenly disappears, and Archer is able to move his limbs. Tentatively, he reaches out with a hand, as if searching for something that he cannot see; the voice continues, recognizing Archer's search for an invisible barrier.

VOICE

It was necessary until I could read you.

(beat)

You frightened me before; I could sense your approach, but not your intent, as I could not yet see into your mind.

ARCHER

(not surprised)

So you're a telepath?

VOICE

Yes.

(beat)

It brings you discomfort that I have touched your mind, does it not?

(beat, off of Archer's slow nod)

I have but skimmed your thoughts, Jonathan Archer, and seek only to understand you.

Archer still doesn't look very thrilled about the idea as he stands and takes another look at his surroundings, hoping to discover ... something that he recognizes.

VOICE

You came here seeking help from the Andorians, but it seems that you found something you did not expect.

Archer isn't quite sure if he should take that as humor or not because of the voice's seemingly unemotional tone.

ARCHER

Can you help me?

VOICE

I... I do not know.

Archer is plainly disappointed, but the explorer in him can't resist this opportunity to learn anything he can.

ARCHER

What about this place? The Andorians sure didn't build it...

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

VOICE

No, they did not.

(beat)

Your mind hums with questions, Jonathan Archer.

ARCHER

We humans are a curious species.

(wryly)

It's a flaw of ours.

VOICE

It is no flaw.

(beat)

Ask your questions, Jonathan Archer, and I shall answer what I can.

Archer draws a breath, looking around once more. When he speaks, he does so carefully, obviously trying to avoid insulting his "Host."

ARCHER

What are you?

VOICE

Unique.

With a flicker of light, the chamber shifts around Archer, transforming into the first Chamber of Light we saw, but it looks very different from what we saw before. Rather than being brightly illuminated, we can barely see anything past the various banks of equipment, illuminated only by work lights as several humanoid aliens work on them. These aliens aren't quite like anything we've seen before, but they look roughly human. Their computer equipment on the other hand, doesn't really look much like what we'd associate with computer technology we're familiar with. There are fiber optics that connect organic components to each other and to artificial components within the banks of equipment, but it only reminds us of computer technology on a very basic level.

Surprised, Archer looks around with wide eyes at the transformed room. One of the humanoid aliens passes through him, prompting Archer to realize that this is a simulation, albeit unlike any he's ever seen before.

VOICE

My ...Creators have been extinct for millennia and I have forgotten so much in that time...

Compassion is clear on Archer's face as he realizes just how lonely the humanoid in the machine must have been but he continues to gape at the images around him with amazement and fascinated curiosity.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

VOICE

I and others like me were the result of experiments to combine the biological and technological for a specific purpose.

INT. SIMULATION - “CREATOR” GOVERNMENT OFFICE

Again, the room shifts around Archer to something else. One of the aliens, dressed in professional-looking attire, sits at a desk and is handed a thick portfolio by one of a group of military officers in their version of service dress. The government official opens the folder and looks over the information, pleasantly surprised at the information he sees. Archer's face reveals his understanding at once.

ARCHER

(grimly)

Weapons.

VOICE

Yes.

(beat)

The Creators were divided and at war. I was meant to be a deterrent.

(beat)

My true purpose was concealed until long after I was built. Those who authorized my construction were told that I was simply an intelligence device, meant to gather information from the homes of their enemies. Most did not even know of my existence.

ARCHER

(guessing)

But some did, didn't they?

EXT. SIMULATION - (ANOTHER) ANCIENT CITY

Another flash alters Archer's surroundings. Unlike the city our crew saw, this city is in its prime, with tall spire-like skyscrapers living up to their name as they reach high up into the sky from our vantage point on the ground. We see more of the “Creator” type aliens - civilians - just bustling about like on any other normal day in a city. Archer flinches several times as civilian aliens walk through him as if he did not exist, an understandable reaction as everything appears so realistic.

VOICE

Discovery of my existence escalated the conflict and my Creators were suddenly threatened.

(beat)

I was given the ability to reach out to other planets, to bring death to the Enemy in what they thought was safety. I was ordered by my Creators to strike first...

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Most of the aliens suddenly disappear in a flash of light, and the few that remain scream in horror and fear.

VOICE (CONT'D)

And I obeyed...

Archer looks around in mixed sympathy and horror as more and more of the aliens vanish in flashes of light.

VOICE

My abilities then, were not as they are now, and I was not able to kill all of the Enemy at once. Those that survived my first strike retaliated with weapons of great destructive power before I could finish them off.

Archer's expression grows hard as he realizes that he is dealing with a mass murderer.

EXT. SIMULATION - ANCIENT CITY

Another flicker transforms the once-bustling city that the EX-01 crew landed in into a scene of total ruin, far closer to the devastation we originally saw on the surface than the pristine “enemy” city we saw in the last simulation. Enough of it is left for us to tell that it was every bit as beautiful, but it is literally a smoking husk of its former glory. A few of the “Creator” aliens wander aimlessly in the desolate streets, looking like zombies in their torn clothes and mournful expressions. Archer looks at the aliens sadly.

ARCHER

What happened to them?

VOICE

They died.

(beat)

Those that remained fought among themselves over the dwindling resources of this planet but soon perished.

TIME DILATION FORWARD:

The people slowly fade out of existence, and are replaced by blowing sand and dead vegetation. Archer stands silently, surrounded by a dead planet, as it slowly transforms around him.

EXT. SIMULATION - SPACE

VOICE

Millennia passed and this world had finally begun to heal, when they came, the ones you call Andorians.

An Andorian ship enters orbit of the desolated planet that would become their outpost.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

INT. SIMULATION - CHAMBER OF LIGHT

VOICE (CONT'D)

At first, they only had a limited presence, and did not even fight the ones you call Tellarites when they claimed this world. But the Tellarites discovered me, tried to learn my secrets so they could use me.

Dozens of Tellarites are suddenly scattered around the room, opening numerous panels along the computer banks and looking inside, clearly trying to understand the secrets that lie within. Archer can't help himself and reaches out to touch one to see if it's truly there but his hand passes through the image. From his expression, he is withholding judgment ...for now.

A LONG BEAT passes as the Tellarite images work, communicating in their native tongue. Finally, unable to restrain himself, Archer speaks.

ARCHER

What happened next?

VOICE

I ...erred.

(beat)

They were too close to discovering my secrets, and I warned the Andorians before sealing myself off.

(beat)

They fought over this world for many solar cycles, and I spent that time keeping them from studying me. None of them learned of my deadly potential

(beat)

I had to keep it secret from them or they would have used me to kill each other, just like the Creators did so long ago.

EXT. SIMULATION - SPACE

Several Andorian and Tellarite ships square off against each other in orbit of the desolated planet.

VOICE (CONT'D)

But I grew tired of the fighting. One sidereal month ago, there was another battle in orbit of this world. I had to stop it...

(beat, faltering)

I had to stop them...

(beat)

And, I once more became what I had been so long ago...

The ships open fire, the blue and gold beams of light crisscrossing the space between them as the machine pauses for a BEAT.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

VOICE (CONT'D)

I ended their battle.

The ships disappear in a flash of light, leaving only a hazy cloud of dust that quickly dissipates.

INT. (ANOTHER) CHAMBER OF LIGHT

Archer's face becomes grim as he tries to keep himself from lashing out verbally with his harsh judgment of this machine.

VOICE

(despair)

You are right; I am a monster.

(beat)

I am responsible, directly or indirectly, for the death of billions.

Archer is surprised at the first hint of emotion from the mysterious voice. His expression softens slightly.

ARCHER

(glumly)

I shouldn't judge you so harshly.

VOICE

I judge myself so harshly.

ARCHER

You can't help what you were created for. Your ...Creators brought this on themselves by building you and using you like they did.

VOICE

(strained)

I should not have obeyed them.

ARCHER

You were young.

VOICE

And idealistic, and filled with a sense of duty and honor and obligation to my people. It's why I volunteered.

Archer is suddenly confused.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

VOICE

Yes, I was once a young man, serving his nation and his people...

(beat)

Or so I thought.

(beat, sad)

But I became a machine, and so I remain. Everything you see here is as much a part of me as an arm or a leg.

Archer’s face shows his growing understanding.

VOICE

(growing angry)

But even if youth could have been an excuse so long ago, nothing excuses the murder of the Andorians and the Tellarites.

ARCHER

You were frightened and desperate, trying to protect yourself.

VOICE

(angry)

Nothing excuses my lack of control! Nothing!

(beat)

I should have better control of my anger! Especially now, after all this time, and all that has happened.

Archer is taken aback by the machine’s sudden outburst.

VOICE

(softer)

I can’t bring them back, but I could heal you.

Archer grows curious again, intrigued.

VOICE

I apologize again for the harm that I caused you, but I am so used to having to keep the others out.

ARCHER

Not that I’m complaining, but why didn’t you just kill me, or let me fall to my death?

VOICE

I was ...curious. Even then, I could sense that you and your people were not like the others.

(beat)

I was curious.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

Archer allows himself a small smile.

ARCHER

Maybe there's hope for you yet. I have it on good authority that being curious isn't a flaw.

VOICE

I do not share your optimism. No amount of good can make up for the wrong I have done.

ARCHER

But you're helping me, so that's a start.

VOICE

Perhaps.

ARCHER

(suddenly excited)

So why not take that extra step? You might not be able to bring back the others, but you can prevent more needless deaths.

VOICE

I know what you would ask of me, Captain Jonathan Archer of Earth, but I do not know if it is within my power.

ARCHER

(curious, prying)

Just how powerful are you?

VOICE

(somberly)

The worlds I had a direct part in destroying were in neighboring star systems.

(beat)

But this ...Alpha Centauri of yours is much farther away. I do not believe I can do what you would propose.

(beat)

Perhaps in my younger days I could have reached so far, but I am so old now...

(beat)

Old and tired. Perhaps...

ARCHER

Is there anything I can do to help?

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

There is a LONG BEAT without a response from the machine, but from the look on Archer’s face, we can tell that he’s putting things together, until finally, he has a revelation. Abruptly, Archer makes his way to a nearby passageway.

INT. CHAMBER OF LIGHT

Archer makes his way through the seemingly endless rows of computer banks, until he comes to the passage leading to the center of the room again. He quickly makes his way to the humanoid alien shrouded in a column of light. When he gets close enough, we can see that he is the same species as the “Creators”.

Archer studies the alien man for a moment, then diverts his attention to the interface that connects the alien to the rest of the machine. He looks it over, but it isn’t long before he starts to adjust controls and input commands into the console, his hands moving without trepidation or pause, as if he has done this many times before. Suddenly, the machine seems to lose power as all the lights dim. The column of light disappears entirely, and the alien collapses. Archer rushes to his side and does his best to slow his fall. He then drags the alien off to the side and gently lays him down.

Satisfied with his handiwork, Archer leaves the alien’s side to stand in his former place at the heart of the machine. Suddenly, the column of light reappears, and Archer closes his eyes as he is integrated into the machine. The lights in the room return to their former intensity, and the machine itself hums with a new energy.

We focus again on the alien as he rolls his head to the side and his eyes flutter open as he barely manages to regain consciousness. He smiles weakly at Archer.

ALIEN

May you accomplish...what I could not...

The alien’s eyes roll back into his head and he loses consciousness again. We shift our focus to Archer as we cut to:

INT. ALPHA CENTAURI – PRIVATE RESIDENCE – BASEMENT

Titus Cheet sits in a darkened room, the only light filtering in from small rectangular windows near the ceiling – indicating that we are indeed in the basement of what could be anyone’s home on Alpha Centauri. Titus faces a small computer monitor, surrounded by several of his followers.

TITUS

(agitated)

I’d rather that it didn’t come to that Ambassador, that’s why I’m asking you to provide a peacekeeping force, so there needn’t be any further bloodshed.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TITUS (CONT'D)

I've seen Vulcan weaponry; the Tellarites wouldn't stand a chance against you, they'd have to leave.

We PAN around to look over Titus's shoulder, and see that he is speaking to Vulcan AMBASSADOR SKON.

SKON

As distasteful as I find it that the Tellarites have become involved, my government feels that this is an internal conflict, and thus it would be inappropriate to intervene.

(beat)

Furthermore, you are not even the legitimate leader of Alpha Centauri, let alone United Earth and the Federated Colonies. I do not believe that your President would be pleased if he knew that we were even speaking, certainly not about this subject.

Titus's features harden.

TITUS

(flatly)

He's not my president, Ambassador.

(beat)

Not all Humans are the same, Ambassador Skon; I would have thought that as a Vulcan, you would understand that.

SKON

I recognize that, but it changes nothing.

(beat)

I sympathize, Mister Cheet, but my government's policies of non-interference are clear.

Titus is clearly mulling something over, making a decision that upsets him greatly.

TITUS

What if I could establish myself as the leader of Alpha Centauri? Would you answer our call for aid then?

Skon raises an eyebrow as he considers the new scenario.

SKON

That is a possibility, but I doubt my government would give it much consideration; the risk to our relationship with Earth would be great.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TITUS

I and the vast majority of my fellow Centaurians consider this planet to be under the control of a foreign power. I would ask your government to consider that before making its decision.

SKON

I will pass that information along.

TITUS

The Vulcan Alliance has more than a little pull with Earth. If you would be willing to act as a mediator in our dispute, I believe that Earth would listen.

SKON

(thoughtfully)

So you are asking for a mediator, not peacekeepers?

TITUS

Peacekeepers would be necessary to keep the situation under control while mediation takes place, but yes, we are asking for Vulcan to mediate this dispute.

SKON

You understand, of course, that a Vulcan mediation team would be completely impartial.

TITUS

I'm counting on it.

(beat)

As long as there is no bias towards Earth, or against Alpha Centauri, I am satisfied.

SKON

Very well. I will pass that information along as well. However, there is still the matter that you are not the legitimate ruler of your planet.

TITUS

(distantly)

I will be, soon enough.

Skon seems to understand the implication, and a flicker of distaste crosses his stoic features as he inclines his head in a farewell nod.

SKON

Live long and prosper, Titus Cheet.

The transmission ends before Titus can reply, leaving him to blink at the empty monitor. A hand rests on his shoulder, attempting to bring the troubled man comfort.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TITUS

(grimly)

I have always considered myself to be a man of peace.

We pan to see the hand’s owner, PHILLIP OSCAR, Titus’s best friend and right hand man.

OSCAR

I don’t like what’s before us anymore than you do Titus, but sometimes, peace can only come from the barrel of a gun.

Titus looks up at Oscar, mildly annoyed.

TITUS

We’re talking about killing our fellow Centaurians, Phillip.

Oscar lowers his eyes and slowly nods his head before looking his old friend right in the eye.

OSCAR

I know that, but do you think they’ll let us just walk up to capitol building and take control of the government?

TITUS

No, and I don’t see this ending well with them in office either.

(beat)

It doesn’t make this any easier though.

(beat, sighing)

I feel like a hypocrite, always talking about the peaceful solution, and here I am planning to storm my own capitol.

Oscar gives Titus’s shoulder a firm squeeze, which serves to give him strength. He stands up to face Oscar and the rest of his followers.

TITUS

Gather everyone together and arm them; this ends here and now.

There are a few grunts of approval, and as we pan amongst them, we can see a few of them nod in agreement. More importantly, there isn’t a single face that doesn’t bear the grimness of this situation.

EXT. ALPHA CENTAURI – CAPITOL BUILDING

Titus and Oscar lead a large group of people, all dressed in long coats, up the stairs of the capitol building. Four guards move forward from their positions at the door and stand in their way.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

GUARD 1

Who are you, and what is your business here?

TITUS

(resolutely)

We are citizens of Alpha Centauri, and we have a petition for Governor Franklin.

GUARD 2

Can't this wait until later?

GUARD 1

Look, this is hardly the time to bother the governor with something; he's a very busy man.

OSCAR

But this is important! We demand to speak with him at once!

GUARD 1

Sir, the Governor is extremely busy and I'm, I'm afraid this will have to wait until-

A large explosion goes off in the distance, making everyone flinch. One of Titus's followers nervously grabs at his weapon, concealed under his long coat. One of the guards sees the weapon and reacts instinctively.

GUARD 3

Gun!

The guard fires his plasma rifle, striking the young man in the chest and killing him instantly. What follows is a blur that we have trouble following, even as the action slows down to half speed; several of Titus's followers draw their weapons, including Oscar. The two guards directly in front of them raise their own rifles, one of them aiming directly at Titus. Oscar gets the first shot off, killing the second guard as he simultaneously dives in front of Titus. The first guard fires, the plasma discharge resounding as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

We watch, stationary in normal space, as *Enterprise* and the six Andorian warships drop out of warp. We PAN to follow them and watch as they rapidly approach Alpha Centauri and the surrounding Tellarite fleet in the distance.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Trip, having returned to Engineering, the rest of the bridge crew looks at the viewscreen grimly as the Tellarite fleet begins to deploy.

T’POL

Hail the lead Tellarite ship and inform them that they have five minutes to withdraw.

Hoshi nods nervously and turns to her console. There is a BEAT as Hoshi speaks inaudibility into her comm.

T’POL

Go to battle stations. Arm all weapons and polarize the hull.

Reed sounds the appropriate klaxon three times before speaking into his comm. panel.

REED

All hands, report to battle stations; all hands to battle stations.  
(beat, off console)

Weapons and defensive systems coming online now, Sub-Commander.

HOSHI

The Tellarites are demanding to speak to you, Sub-Commander.

T’POL

Put them onscreen.

The familiar face of the Tellarite Fleet Captain appears, and he isn’t happy.

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

I demand to know why you’ve brought our enemies with you Earther!

The Tellarite blinks as he realizes that he’s not speaking to a human.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’POL

This is Sub-Commander T’Pol in command of the United Earth Ship *Enterprise*; you are ordered to stand down and withdraw from this system.

The Tellarite seems to ignore her, and is actually mildly amused as he looks at the Vulcan woman.

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

What happened to the Earther Captain? Did he die in our last meeting before your ship ran like a frightened animal with its tail between its legs?

(beat, grunts)

It would serve him right for insulting me so personally.

T’POL

(coolly)

Captain Archer’s health is not your concern, Fleet Captain; my order for you to withdraw is, as are the Andorian warships behind me which are here to enforce my order.

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

I can’t believe you’d be foolish enough to bring our enemies here, Vulcan.

(beat)

Why are you even on that Earther vessel, Vulcan? Your own High Command not want you?

There is a beeping from Hoshi’s console.

HOSHI

(off console, concerned)

Sub-Commander, the *Kumari* is hailing us and the lead Tellarite ship.

T’POL

Put them onscreen as well, Ensign.

Hoshi enters a command into her console and the viewscreen spits between the Tellarite Fleet Captain and Commander Shran, whom we can tell is feeling very aggressive. The Tellarite makes a porcine grunt at one of his crew members to do the same.

T’POL

(in Vulcan)

[Before either of you speaks, I wish to make clear that there is still a peaceful solution to this situation if you are both willing to listen.]

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

SHRAN

(in Andorian)

[That’s ridiculous, Vulcan; we can’t let these pigs go unpunished for the massacre at our outpost.]

The Tellarite grunts in disbelief.

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

(in Tellarite)

[I don’t know what you’re talking about, Andorian. Why don’t you get your facts straight before you go making wild claims?]

(beat)

[What lies did these humans tell you to make you crawl out of your ice cave?]

SHRAN

[The humans had nothing to do with your attack on our outpost!]

(beat)

[All they did was confirm our own scans and tell us where to find you.]

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

(angrily)

[We didn’t attack your outpost, Andorian! You’re just using this as an excuse to attack us.]

(beat)

[Don’t listen to anything he says, Vulcan; he’s just a bloodthirsty savage!]

SHRAN

[I don’t need an excuse to hunt down Tellarite pigs and kill them. I’d do it for sport if my government saw fit to let me.]

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

[You see!? He’s insane!]

T’POL

(losing patience but still composed)

[Raising your voices accomplishes nothing. We need to discuss this rationally.]

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

[There is no rationalizing with Andorians!]

The Tellarite pushes the button that cuts his transmission with a flurry.

SHRAN

(slightly patronizing)

[Discussion is pointless, Sub-Commander, just stand aside and let me take care of them.]

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’Pol opens her mouth to respond, but is cut off as Shran ends the transmission. T’Pol closes her mouth and glares at the empty viewscreen.

REED

I don’t know any Vulcan, but I’m guessing that conversation didn’t go very well.

T’POL

You presume correctly, Major.

(beat)

What is our status?

REED

All weapons are armed and ready, and the hull armor is ...as good as it’s going to get.

From his tone, we get the point that as “good as it’s going to get” isn’t very good at all.

T’POL

The Tellarites and the Andorians?

REED

(off console)

All ships have charged weapons and are targeting each other.

(beat)

Two of the Tellarite ships have firing solutions on us.

T’POL

Jam them with electronic countermeasures.

REED

I’ll do my best Sub-Commander, but I don’t have much in way of equipment to work with here.

T’Pol raises a critical eyebrow at him and Reed goes back to his console.

REED

(muttering to himself)

Right.

Suddenly, an alarm sounds from his panel and he checks it.

REED

The Andorians are opening fire.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

EXT. SPACE

Blue beams lance out from all six Andorian warships at the distant Tellarite fleet. Bright flashes signify hits as the intended targets explode. Gold Tellarite beams bite back at the Andorians; two of them strike *Enterprise*.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The ship shudders under the impact and warning lights begin to flash on several consoles.

REED

Hull armor on section four compromised!

The Chief Petty Officer sitting at Damage Control checks his console.

CPO

We’re losing pressure in that section; deploying damage control teams.

T’POL

Helm, reorient the ship; protect that section of the hull.

(beat, to Reed)

Lock weapons and return fire.

EXT. SPACE

*Enterprise*’s lasers connect to a Tellarite ship in the distance as her forward missile launchers open fire. The missiles streak toward their targets. The Andorians over-fly *Enterprise* and keep firing, but that doesn’t keep the Tellarites from firing at the damaged Earth ship. Gold beams connect with *Enterprise*’s hull and inflict more and more damages as they keep coming.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

T’Pol remains a calm in the center of the chaos as more alarms sound and warning lights flash.

T’POL

Maintain fire, Major.

(beat)

Helm, take evasive actions, and move us out of the combat zone.

Travis doesn’t respond verbally, instead taking the ship into a steep dive as more gold beams flash overhead, barely missing them.

REED

They’re firing missiles; I could use some help jamming them.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

The Science Officer from the away mission sits nervously at the Science station.

SCIENCE OFFICER

I'll try, Sir.

Hoshi looks between them, feeling rather useless.

HOSHI

I'll help.

The two women focus on their consoles and go to work.

EXT. SPACE

*Enterprise* banks and turns sharply to port, toward us. We can see the flash of exchanging fire between the Tellarites and the Andorians all around them, with heavy damage being inflicted on both sides. Spatial torpedoes and missiles join the fray, streaking toward their intended targets. *Enterprise* continues to make her way out of the combat zone, not in any shape to get involved. Her plasma batteries open fire at approaching Tellarite missiles, taking out as many of them as their controllers can manage. The ship takes evasive maneuvers, and though most of the missiles are either destroyed or miss, one strikes the ship on the upper side of the port engine's pylon, breaking off the armor and the hull right down to the conduits underneath. Blue warp plasma begins to vent from the damaged conduits.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – ENGINEERING

There's a thunderous shudder that reverberates through the room, knocking people over and wreaking havoc with equipment, which explode in showers of sparks. Several conduits break open and begin venting their contents into the room, setting off alarms. Trip watches in horror as the port warp plasma conduit develops a crack, setting off the radiation alarms in the room. Sparks from nearby equipment hits the venting gas and ignites a green plasma fire, which consumes a crewman that had been nearby attempting to effect repairs. His screams fill the room. Another crewman grabs an extinguisher to put him out, but it's too late.

KELBY

(at radiation alarms)

Seal the ventilation system!

TRIP

Everyone get in your radiation suits! Let's go!

Some of the engineers are too busy to leave their posts, but most of them rush to nearby lockers and pull out radiation suits, which they quickly don. Trip grabs a suit for himself and Kelby when he notices Cole and her platoon of SFs are still there. He hands a suit to Kelby and points at Cole.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRIP

You need to get you and your people out of here!

COLE

We can't leave our post! What if we're boarded!?

TRIP

(angrily)

I gave you a damned order so get the hell out of here! We need to seal Engineering off to keep the radiation from spreadin' to the rest of the ship!

Cole scowls but does as she's told, motioning to her SFs to clear the room.

COLE

Delta Platoon! Let's go! Clear the room!

Trip takes the opportunity to jump into his radiation suit, briefly glancing at the SFs as they scramble out of the room.

ENGR CREWMAN 1

(to Kelby)

The controls don't respond!

Kelby points at several of the overhead vents and piping, indicating their valve cranks.

KELBY

Let's seal them off manually!

Kelby runs to the nearest one and starts cranking, the crewman helping him.

Trip turns to the main console and starts flipping switches. He quickly glances at the doors, making sure that they close and seal off the room. He takes a moment to activate the comm. panel.

TRIP

Engineering to Bridge!

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Report.

TRIP

We've taken heavy damage to the warp drive system! I'll see what I can do, but we might be looking at a core overload!

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

Our sensors are indicating a radiation leak in Engineering.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

TRIP

I've sealed off Engineering and we're workin' on the ventilation system!

(beat)

One of the warp plasma conduits has ruptured and ignited, and we have multiple power transfer conduits leaking plasma!

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

How much power is available?

Trip looks across the board, and we can see that most of the readings are in the red with warning lights flashing next to them, except for the ones marked "IMPULSE".

TRIP

Looks like impulse drive is still operational; just keep us from gettin' shot up anymore!

There's another explosion in the background and several screams. Trip turns in time to see several engineers thrown to the floor on the lower level, all of them covered in burns.

TRIP

Look, can't talk no more, Sub-Commander, I'm busy!

T'POL

(mildly irritated)

Keep me apprised.

Trip turns off the comm. panel.

TRIP

(muttering sarcastically)

Right..... Like I don't already have enough to do...

(beat)

Jacob!

KELBY

(harried)

What!?

TRIP

Help me close off the injectors!

Kelby rushes over to the main console and stands next to Trip. The two of them begin manipulating the controls.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

TRIP

We need to get ready to flush all the reactants out of the warp core too; we can vent the plasma out of the starboard conduit.

KELBY

That'll tear apart all the magnetic constrictors in the whole damn thing!

TRIP

(impatiently)

It's that or the core breaches!

Trip manipulates more of the controls. The monitor displaying a schematic of one of the injectors begins to flash red and sounds yet another alarm.

TRIP

Aww sh.....

Trip pounds on the console to keep from saying the expletive aloud. Kelby looks at him in concern.

KELBY

What is it?

TRIP

The matter injector is stuck half-open; we have to seal it manually.

(beat, interrupting Kelby)

Get the core ready to flush.

Before Kelby can try to reply again, Trip quickly turns and rushes to the railing. He looks for and quickly finds SENIOR CHIEF PETTY OFICER KYLE LINQUIST.

TRIP

Chief!

(beat)

Chief!

Linquist hears Trip over the din and looks up at him. Trip points at the matter injector.

TRIP

The injector's stuck half open! Seal it manually!

Not wanting to waste time competing with the noise level, Linquist gives Trip an exaggerated nod and rushes to the injector. We change angles to watch as he rips a panel off the side of the injector to expose a hand-operated pump handle. He quickly grabs it and starts pumping, panting with the exertion.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

INT. ALPHA CENTAURI CAPITOL BUILDING – LOBBY

Titus Cheet’s revolutionaries seek cover behind furniture and the ornate columns in the large lobby, exchanging fire with more police officers and Alpha Centauri military guardsmen. Titus exchanges glances with an older man who’s next to him, OLD SARGE.

TITUS

We can’t keep this up much longer.  
(beat, flinches at a near miss)  
Especially if they call in reinforcements.

OLD SARGE

We barricaded the entrance Sir; that oughta hold ‘em for a while.

The older man gives him a reassuring grin.

TITUS

(cringing)  
God, I swore I’d never let it come to this.

OLD SARGE

Oh hell, Sir, I swore I’d get out of this business...  
(beat, firing weapon)  
And here I’m at it again.  
(beat)  
Don’t worry, we’re doin’ fine.

Titus takes the older man’s confidence to heart, and the two of them fire down the lobby.

INT. ALPHA CENTAURI CAPITOL BUILDING – FRANKLIN’S OFFICE

Governor Franklin sits at his desk, speaking frantically to Admiral Krav on his monitor.

ADMIRAL KRAV

(critically)  
Can’t you control your own people?

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

(defensively)  
I have the capitol security fighting them already, but they’ve barricaded the entrance to the lobby area so I can’t send in more people. I don’t know how much longer we can hold them off.  
(beat)  
We need heavier equipment; the security here was never meant to deal with such a serious intrusion.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Admiral Krav sighs heavily.

ADMIRAL KRAV

(grumbling in Tellarite)

[This has to be one of the worst business ventures my people has ever gotten involved in.]

(beat, in English)

You realize that with the Andorians attacking we're in serious danger of defeat!?

(beat, sighing)

And now you want me to deal with this too?

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

Don't you have troops on the ground?

Admiral Krav eyes Governor Franklin; knowing what he's about to ask.

ADMIRAL KRAV

Yes....

(beat)

Would you like me to deploy them to your building?

Governor Franklin hesitates, but only for a moment.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

Yes.

ADMIRAL KRAV

So be it, but this is going to cost you, Human.

(beat)

Let us hope that this situation is resolved quickly, or I might need to contact my superiors about a military governor for your world.

Admiral Krav cuts the transmission. Governor Franklin can only swallow hard, and fear for the future of his planet.

INT. ALPHA CENTAURI CAPITOL BUILDING – LOBBY

The firefight continues, with both sides evenly matched and at a stalemate. One of the police officers grabs a loudspeaker and puts it up to his mouth.

POLICE OFFICER

Give it up! There are Tellarite reinforcements on the way!

Titus motions for his people to stop firing. An odd calm falls over the room as the police and guardsmen stop firing as well.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

TITUS

Don't you realize what's going on?

(beat)

Don't you realize what the governor's doing?

(beat)

He hired these aliens without even consulting anyone and now they're killing humans! He's a worse dictator than the one we're trying to escape!

GUARDSMAN

You're the ones that came in here shooting!

OLD SARGE

We're doing what we have to!

TITUS

No one was going to listen! We needed to take matters into our own hands!

POLICE OFFICER

Even if you manage to get to the Governor, what do you hope to accomplish!?

TITUS

We need a government that will accept the help of the Vulcan peacekeepers on the way!

GUARDSMAN

The Vulcans!?

(beat, scoffs)

More aliens!? And you have the gall to complain about Governor Franklin getting help from the Tellarites!?

TITUS

I'd hardly call it help!

GUARDSMAN

Yeah, whatever you say, hypocrite.

Suddenly, there's a pounding at the barricade. We can hear the Tellarites grunting with the effort as they ram the hastily tossed benches blocking the doors. It doesn't take them long to burst through, their hydraulic rams sending pieces of the benches flying everywhere. Before the way is even fully clear, the Tellarites start firing.

OLD SARGE

Take cover!

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Despite the older man’s order, there really isn’t anything they can get behind that doesn’t expose them to the police and guardsmen. Still, most of them try, and are immediately exposed to fire as the police and guardsmen resume firing. Titus is hit in the back of his right shoulder, spinning him around as it knocks him down. Old Sarge moves to tend to him, but is caught in the head by a blast from a Tellarite weapon. His body falls limply to the ground as Titus looks at his lifeless face in horror, which quickly turns to anger.

TITUS

(filled with rage)

No!!!!

Titus picks up his weapon and begins firing at the Tellarite soldiers coming in through the breach they made.

EXT. SPACE

*Enterprise* limps away from the main battle at impulse, but two Tellarite warships have broken off and are chasing her. The gap between them closes rapidly as the Tellarite ships begin to open fire. Gold beams lash out like angry whips at the small ship’s battered hull.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – ENGINEERING

Trip climbs up the steep ladder from the lower level and rejoins Kelby at the main control console. The ship is rocked by Tellarite weapons fire, making movement for everyone in the room a difficult task.

KELBY

We’re ready to flush the core!

TRIP

Let’s do it!

Trip takes a moment to activate the comm. panel.

TRIP

Bridge, Engineering!

T’POL (COMM. VOICE)

Bridge.

TRIP

We need to flush the reactants out of the warp core, but if those Tellarites hit it...

(beat)

We can’t be showin’ ‘em our ass when we vent or they might ignite it.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’POL (COMM. VOICE)

We are somewhat limited as to our maneuvering options. Is this procedure absolutely necessary?

TRIP

(sarcastically)

Only if you consider survivin’ the next few minutes important...

BEAT

T’POL (COMM. VOICE)

Understood.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Doctor Lucas and a medic tend to an injured and unconscious Science Officer, then carry her away on a stretcher. Hoshi is herself injured, but ignores her wounds, concentrating on her console.

Several of the consoles are damaged, but the Science console is unusable. Though most of the crew is frantically working their consoles, Reed and T’Pol stand out among them, remaining calm in the chaos.

T’POL

Major Reed, lock all missile launchers on the closest Tellarite ship and prepare to fire.

Reed works his console and looks through his targeting viewer.

REED

I have a solution...all three launchers, positive lock.

T’POL

Prepare to fire the laser cannons on the same ship, maximum power.

Reed looks up from his targeting viewer for a moment to adjust the laser cannon controls. His face firmly planted against the viewer again, his finger hovers over the “fire” button.

REED

Lasers primed, Ma’am.

T’POL

Fire missiles.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

EXT. SPACE

We watch *Enterprise* from an aft 3/4 perspective, focusing on her missile launchers, which are all facing aft. They open fire, spewing all of their missiles, which we pan to follow. The twelve missiles streak toward their target, a Tellarite ship twice the size of her intended prey. The missiles strike the obsidian hull of the Tellarite ship, concentrated on a single area. A large explosion blossoms, lighting up the Tellarite’s sister ship with its iridescence.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

T’POL

Helm, come hard about!  
(to Reed)

Open fire as soon as you have a lock.

EXT. SPACE

Thrusters firing, *Enterprise* flips end over end, quickly coming about to face her pursuers. Red laser light connects her to the wounded Tellarite warship an instant later. We change angles and focus on the Tellarite, and can see the three laser beams cutting into her already heavily damaged hull. Secondary explosions begin to blossom as we change angles; the wounded Tellarite veers off course and begins to withdraw, trailing fire and debris from her wounded hull.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – ENGINEERING

Trip and Kelby recover from the tight maneuver the ship just performed, having barely managed to cling to the handrail along the front of the main console. We can see several other engineers picking themselves up from the floor in the background. Trip looks wryly upwards, in the imagined general direction of the Bridge.

TRIP

(mumbling sarcastically)

Thanks for the warning....

(beat, to Kelby)

Okay! Let’s do it!

Kelby and Trip adjust a few controls on the main consoles, causing several warning lights and alarms to go off. The two men turn slightly to look back at the warp core, which is making a very loud, sickening noise.

EXT. SPACE

A green gas begins to flush out through the starboard warp pylon, so much that it soon causes the vents to blow out, tearing chunks of the hull and covering armor away with it. We quickly pan

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

to see the other pursuing Tellarite ship closing on *Enterprise* very rapidly, firing several missiles as it comes. *Enterprise*'s plasma batteries open fire, attempting to destroy the incoming missiles.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

T'Pol and Travis eye the main viewscreen, watching the Tellarite ship coming right for them. Just then, we see eight missiles streak by, heading right for their tormentor.

REED

(wryly)

That oughtta make 'em think twice.

The Tellarite fires its weapons at the *Enterprise*'s incoming missiles, attempting to destroy them, but it doesn't change course or slow down.

T'POL

Helm, full reverse.

Travis adjusts the appropriate controls.

TRAVIS

Aye, Sub-Commander, all engines back full.

The forward progress of the Tellarite ship seems to slow down, but it doesn't stop.

T'POL

Weapon status Major?

Reed doesn't even look up from his viewer to answer.

REED

Laser cannons still recharging, missile launchers will be ready to fire momentarily.

T'POL

Maintain fire.

REED

I intend to, Ma'am.

T'Pol cuts him a quick look without really realizing it as she activates her comm. panel.

T'POL

Bridge to Engineering.

There is a brief BEAT before Trip responds.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRIP (COMM. VOICE)

(irritated)

I’m a little busy at the moment Sub-Commander....

(beat, calmer)

What do you need?

T’Pol’s expression sours almost imperceptibly at Trip’s gruff tone.

T’POL

How much longer do you require to vent the warp core?

TRIP (COMM. VOICE)

Thirty seconds and counting.

There is a loud “clang” in the background.

TRIP (COMM. VOICE, CONT’D)

Provided everythin’ holds together in the meantime...

T’POL

I am sure you will endeavor to ensure that outcome, Commander.

T’Pol quickly turns off her comm. panel. She looks up to see Reed firing another spread of missiles at the Tellarite ship hounding them, keeping the Tellarites busy for the moment.

T’POL

Set an escape course that takes us close to the Tellarite ship.

We change angles to see Travis’s shocked reaction to the order. He hesitates for a moment.

TRAVIS

(nervously)

Aye, plotting a course...

Travis begins working the computer portion of his console.

A large explosion blossoms on the screen. T’Pol looks at the source of the explosion, performing calculations in her head.

T’POL

(confused)

Did the other Tellarite vessel succumb to the damage we inflicted?

Reed looks up from his viewer and does a quick check of his other monitors.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

REED

Negative, Sub-Commander. Seems we’ve found ourselves a friend.

EXT. SPACE

We focus on the remaining Tellarite warship as it continues to hound *Enterprise*. Off in the distance, we can make out the shape of an incoming Andorian cruiser. It opens fire, striking the Tellarite ship and inflicting heavy damage to the Tellarite’s armor. The Tellarite ship takes evasive action, momentarily forgetting about wounded *Enterprise*.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

T’Pol watches the exchange of fire on the viewscreen, her face full of resolve.

T’POL

Now Ensign Mayweather!

Travis jams the impulse throttles forward and lets the ship’s computer follow the course he plotted into it, keeping a hand on the yoke as a precaution.

Reed turns on his comm. panel.

REED

Fire control teams, target the Tellarite ship and open fire at all targets of opportunity!

Reed turns his comm. panel off and goes back to his viewer.

EXT. SPACE

We watch from a distance as *Enterprise* closes on the Tellarite ship, firing one last spread of missiles. The Andorian cruiser continues to hound the Tellarite ship, its blue energy weapons burning horrible scars into its hull every time they hit their target. The Tellarite ship fights back valiantly, giving the Andorian ship a run for its money.

Coming within range, *Enterprise*’s plasma batteries open fire on the Tellarite ship, inflicting significant damage to the black ship. This draws the ire of the Tellarite ship, which now divides its fire between the Andorian cruiser and *Enterprise*. *Enterprise*, already not in any shape for a fight, takes even more damage to its scarred hull as she changes course to retreat. The Andorian cruiser does its best to keep the Tellarite warship occupied, but *Enterprise* takes several more hits before it can put some distance between them.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – ENGINEERING

The ship shudders from one last hit as Trip watches the many monitors on the main console with growing concern.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRIP

(frustrated)

Well, this just keeps gettin’ better and better....

Kelby stops talking to Linquist over the railing and turns around to face Trip.

KELBY

(apprehensively)

What is it?

TRIP

The antimatter containment system looks like it might up an’ fail on us; better get ready to dump it.

Trip activates the comm. panel as Kelby shakes his head in mixed disgust and resignation; this sort of thing is clearly not what he signed up for.

TRIP

Engineering to Bridge!

T’POL (COMM. VOICE)

Report.

TRIP

We’re lookin’ at losin’ antimatter containment!

T’POL (COMM. VOICE)

Should the ship be evacuated?

TRIP

Not yet. I’d recommend ejectin’ the antimatter storage pods first, but we’re not quite there yet.

T’POL (COMM. VOICE)

Very well. If the problem escalates, inform me immediately.

Trip turns off the comm. panel yet again and shakes his head.

TRIP

(muttering, joking)

That’s gettin’ real old, real fast.

Trip and Kelby exchange smiles briefly, but Kelby suddenly becomes serious.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

KELBY

We need to get these conduits sealed up. Our suits aren't going to protect us forever.

(beat)

How much longer do you think we can stay in here before...

TRIP

As long as we have to Lieutenant; as long as we have to...

(beat)

Listen, I can keep an eye on this, you should help 'em out on those conduits.

Kelby nods his head, completely understanding the implications of Trip's answer. Trip gives Kelby a look that the younger man seems to draw strength from. Kelby gives Trip one last small smile before turning and making his way to the nearest ladder to the lower level of the room.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

The Navigator and Operations Manager put out a small fire in their portion of the bridge, and we can see that some of their other equipment hasn't fared well either.

The Chief Petty Officer sitting at Damage Control checks his console, looking over the information that scrolls down several of the monitors at his station.

CPO

Damage control teams have finished sealing up the hull breaches, but there are reports of heavy damage all over the ship from overloads.

T'POL

Casualties?

CPO

(off console)

No count at this time, but there are several reports of deaths, and I'm guessing that there will be at as least twice as many injuries.

T'Pol nods her head, thanking him for the information. She begins to plan her next move when she hears a high-pitched, annoying sound. Her brows furrow.

T'POL

What is that source of that noise?

Everyone looks up from what they are doing, as if they can't hear anything.

REED

(confused)

What noise?

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

The noise intensifies, and the rest of the crew can now hear it. Reed works his console, scanning for the source of the unusual noise.

REED

(off console, surprised)

There's an energy field building up around the ship.

T'POL

Elaborate.

Reed shakes his head.

REED

I don't know what to tell you, Sub-Commander; my sensors can't make much sense of it.

(beat, off console)

All I can tell you is that it's intensifying.

EXT. SPACE

We focus on *Enterprise* as she limps away from the fight between the Andorian and Tellarite ships. Suddenly, there's a bright flash of white light that starts at the stern, and seems to consume the ship. When the flash dissipates, the ship is gone. In the background we can see more bright flashes of light as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. (ANOTHER) CHAMBER OF LIGHT

There’s a blinding white light and a slight ringing sound. As the light dims we can see that we are in an extreme close-up of a familiar-looking hazel eye. Its iris focuses against the fading white light, and we zoom out until we can see that it’s T’Pol, and she’s surrounded by Trip, Reed, and Hoshi. The humans look around at their surroundings in confusion, and T’Pol tries to get a bearing on their new situation. As the bright light finally completely fades away we can see that they are further surrounded by several ranking Tellarites and Andorians, who are as off guard as our crew.

Admiral Krav and Commander Shran turn to see each other. Both draw their sidearms, and their people follow suit as they utter curses of surprise at each other in their native languages.

SHRAN

(in Andorian)

[Murderous Pigs!]

(beat)

[Drop your weapons and surrender or I’ll kill you where you stand!]

Our crew turns to see what all the commotion is about, but except for T’Pol and Hoshi, the others have no idea what’s going on beyond shouting and weapons being brandished by both sides. Reed draws his own sidearm, and keeps it at the ready, but doesn’t point it at anyone.

ADMIRAL KRAV

(in Tellarite)

[I think not, Comrade Commander.]

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

(in Tellarite)

[There are more of us than there are of you; you can’t possibly hope to kill us all.]

Shran narrows his eyes and stares right at Admiral Krav.

SHRAN

[All that matters is that your Admiral here is the first to die.]

Admiral Krav swallows hard but otherwise shows no weakness or intimidation.

ADMIRAL KRAV

[If that’s the way it has to be, at least you’ll die with me.]

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’POL

(interrupting, in Vulcan)

[Gentlemen, there is no need for further bloodshed.]

Shran rolls his eyes but the Tellarites cut T’Pol a condescending look.

ADMIRAL KRAV

[Silence woman! You have no place here.]

TRIP

(interrupting, urgently)

What the hell is going on? I was just in Engineering...

T’POL

(ignoring Trip)

[Condescending to me will not resolve this situation, nor will firing upon one another.]

SHRAN

[There’s no point in trying to talk to them, Vulcan, my own people tried that already a long time ago.]

(beat, looking at Admiral Krav)

[There’s no reasoning with people who think of nothing but capital gain, even at the cost of their own comrades’ lives.]

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

[You shouldn’t talk, murderer.]

(beat, off Shran’s condescending look)

[You interfered in an affair that had nothing to do with you and murdered my men!]

SHRAN

(angrily)

[Only after you murdered the hundreds of people stationed at our outpost!]

ADMIRAL KRAV

[That outpost is ours! We found it first!]

SHRAN

[It’s in our space!]

A voice startles all of them; even T’Pol can’t help but jump a little bit. It sounds alien and familiar at the same time, a perfect mingling of the Machine’s voice and Archer’s voice.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

This planet belongs to no one. The people who inhabited it died fighting over this world and others, the same way your people are fighting now. It stops as of this moment.

Though we hear the voice in English, it’s obvious that even the Andorians, who don’t speak or understand that language can somehow understand what was said, as if they heard Archer speak in their own language. Everyone is silent for a moment as they digest what was said, T’Pol cocking an eyebrow at the odd mixture of the Machine’s voice with Archer’s.

TRIP

(confused)  
Cap’n, is that you?

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

Yes, it’s me Trip ...and more.  
(beat, off Trip’s worried expression)  
Don’t worry, Trip, Jacob managed to lock down the radiation leak without you; the ship is fine.

Trip takes the opportunity to take off his helmet.

TRIP

(frustrated)  
Doesn’t make me feel any better...

SHRAN

[As pleased as I am that your little ship has escaped destruction, I have a few of my own to worry about.]

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

(regretfully)  
I’m afraid that I lost one; it was too heavily damaged.  
(beat)  
The others are fine, for now.

TELLARITE FLEET CAPTAIN

(threatening)  
[And just what does that mean?]

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

(sarcastically)  
It means that because I’ve disabled all your weapons, you won’t be able to kill each other.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

Admiral Krav tries to fire his weapon at Shran, but it is indeed disabled. Shran, taken by surprise and infuriated at the attempt on his life tries to fire his own weapon at Admiral Krav, but also fails. The rest of the Tellarites and Andorians check their weapons and try to fire at each other, but all fail.

SHRAN

[More than one way to skin a pig...]

Holstering his sidearm, Shran deftly pulls out his knife and slices the air threateningly at Admiral Krav. The other Andorians follow suit, brandishing their knives that the Tellarites, who continue to hold out their useless weapons in front of them. Reed brings his sidearm to bear on Shran.

REED

Hold on, there're be none of that!

T'POL

[Commander Shran-]

Suddenly, the Andorians' knives disappear in a silent flash of light, leaving them to stare at their empty hands in confusion and stunned disbelief.

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

(angry)

You just don't seem to get it, do you?

(beat)

I just brought you and your ships light-years across space with a thought; if I wanted I could kill you, and every single one of your people by simply thinking it!

SHRAN

(outraged)

[You dare threaten my people!]

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

If it will get your attention, you're damned right I dare.

T'POL

Captain, I do not believe this is an appropriate avenue of discussion.

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

Have you been successful in ending this situation, Sub-Commander?

(beat, on T'Pol's silence)

I didn't think so.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE (CONT’D)

I brought all of you here for a reason, and arguing over the bones of a dead civilization isn’t one of them.

HOSHI

(muttering sarcastically)

Guess I’m here to translate...

Both Reed and Trip give her a look that tells her she should keep quiet, and she nervously clams up.

We change angles to focus on Shran.

SHRAN

[But they have killed my comrades in a futile effort to control this world!]

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

And you have killed theirs in a futile effort to learn the secrets of this place for yourselves.

(beat)

Where does it end?

SHRAN

[When they learn to keep to their side of the border.]

(beat, confidently)

[Possession of the weapon will ensure that.]

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

You have both pushed at each other’s borders; in a war that has lasted at least as long as you can remember. But how will the death of every man, woman, and child on Tellar vindicate you?

(beat, on Shran’s silence)

It won’t, no matter how you would justify it, just as those who created this weapon tried to justify the genocides that they caused. In the end, they only caused their own destruction ... just as you would ultimately do.

(beat)

“He who does not heed history, is destined to repeat it.” I can’t remember who said that, but it rings true now more than ever.

SHRAN

[We’re here because of history. The history of the death and destruction caused by the Tellarites.]

ADMIRAL KRAV

(outraged)

[What about the deaths of my people?]

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

SHRAN

[They got everything they deserved for their trespass into our space.]

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

So you continue to kill each other, without thought or want of any kind of resolution, except the complete destruction of your enemy.

(beat)

My own world was nearly destroyed that way, when nations refused to simply let the death and destruction end. Each wanted the other to pay for the wrongs that they felt the other had inflicted on them. Will it take the near extermination of your people to turn you around too? Or would you rather suffer the fate of the people who built this place before the hatred ends?

SHRAN

(frustrated)

[Even if I could just somehow forgive the Tellarites for what they’ve done, there’s no way I could convince every single member of my people to do that, and I definitely can’t speak for my government!]

ADMIRAL KRAV

[Nor can I speak for mine.]

(beat)

[But I find it highly unlikely they would make any peace overtures unless they knew they would be reciprocated.]

Shran harrumphs.

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

It has to start somewhere, Commander. But someone has to be brave enough to take those first steps.

(beat, off Shran’s continued doubt)

Do you have the courage, Commander Shran? Or would you leave that to a Tellarite?

Shran is insulted, but he manages to hold back an outburst. He waits a moment to compose himself.

SHRAN

[It’s not a matter of bravery.]

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

Isn’t it? It takes a lot of guts to offer peace and forgiveness when you don’t know if you’ll just be killed for your trouble.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

SHRAN

(reluctantly)  
[True enough.]

ADMIRAL KRAV

(cynically)  
[I doubt I'll live to see the day an Andorian offers me anything more than the business end of a weapon.]

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

(bemused)  
You just never know.  
(beat)

In the meantime, I'd suggest a trial separation. You all have a lot to think about.

Before any of them can protest, they vanish in a silent flash of light that consumes them from the feet up. A moment later there is a moan of building energy. T'Pol pulls her portable scanner out of her holster and activates it, searching for the source of the energy. Reed holsters his sidearm and looks around in confusion, exchanging a glance with Hoshi, but Trip notices T'Pol homing in on the direction of an open doorway that can just be made out in the distance. Without thinking, Trip invades her personal space to look over her shoulder at the screen of her scanner.

TRIP

Getting something?

T'POL

(raising an eyebrow)  
Indeed.  
(beat)  
Follow me.

T'Pol confidently walks toward the entrance to the distant passageway, even as the sound of energy falls off and fades to silence. Reed and Hoshi exchange a puzzled look as Trip watches the Vulcan for a moment; without comment, all three quickly follow after her.

INT. ALPHA CENTAURI CAPITOL BUILDING – LOBBY

Everyone, police and revolutionaries alike, stand in stunned silence, gawking at the empty space the Tellarite soldiers had occupied only moments before.

REVOLUTIONARY

(stunned)  
They're... They're gone...

That seems to snap everyone out of their temporary shell shock; the police and guardsmen draw down on Titus's revolutionaries as they seek cover.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

POLICE OFFICER

(frustrated)

Now what?

We change angles to focus on Titus. It’s obvious that he’s having regrets and thinking that this can only end badly. Fortunately, an unexpected voice comes from behind the police and guardsmen at the other end of the lobby.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN’S VOICE

Now.... It ends.

The various police and soldiers are stunned, and we pan as several of them look back to see Governor Franklin. Governor Franklin is now a broken man, and it shows in his features as he slowly walks toward Titus’s position.

GUARDSMAN

(confused)

What do you mean, Sir?

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

(wistfully)

I mean... I’m ending it, here, now. This has gone on long enough and cost us enough blood.

It’s now obvious that Governor Franklin is indeed heading for the barricades the revolutionaries are hiding behind, and his people notice.

POLICE OFFICER

Governor! No!

The Police Officer moves to stop Governor Franklin, but is waved off by him.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

I know what I’m doing.

(beat)

Stand down now. All of you... stand down.

We change angles to focus again on Titus as one of his revolutionaries turns to face him.

REVOLUTIONARY

(confused)

Is this for real?

TITUS

Only one way to find out.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Titus waits and watches as the police and guardsmen lower their weapons.

GUARDSMAN

Governor, I highly recommend against this.

(beat)

It won't take long to resolve this now.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

(ambiguously)

No, it won't.

The guardsman exchanges looks with his colleagues, which is exactly the opportunity Titus was waiting for. He rushes out from behind his cover and levels his weapon at the Governor. Several of his followers move to cover him.

TITUS

(angrily)

What do you want, Governor? Are you just putting us on while you look for a way to kill us?

Governor Franklin looks like he's on the verge of tears. He comes to a stop in front of Titus, but does not put his hands up. The police and guardsmen bring their weapons back up, but cannot fire because the Governor is in the way.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

(regretfully)

It was never supposed to come to that.

(beat, swallows hard)

None of this was supposed to happen. They were just supposed to let us go.

(beat, collects himself)

The Tellarites were supposed to be enough to scare them off.

TITUS

(passionately)

How could you think it'd be as simple as that!?

(beat)

After all this time, after already putting down a peaceful attempt at independence, you think they'd just walk away and leave us alone!?

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

I thought the reason it failed before was because it was peaceful; that if they had to face some serious opposition...

Governor Franklin takes a moment to consider Titus, despite the fact he looks ready to kill him at any second.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

It was your doing...before...wasn't it?

Titus nods his head, but the recognition only serves to make him even angrier.

TITUS

We all wanted the same thing.

Titus swallows hard and starts to look like he might be on the verge of tears, too. He searches Governor Franklin's face for understanding.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Earth made a mistake by appointing you as Governor. You could have used that; we could have used that...

(beat, becoming angry)

You could have done so much more than this...murder for hire. We could have pressed Senate harder; we could have done it all peacefully, but instead, you hired mercenaries who slaughtered our fellow human beings. They'll never give up now! Now more will die!

(beat, heavy with emotion)

But you know what makes me even angrier? You left me no alternative but to be just. Like. You.

Tears begin to fall down Titus's cheeks.

TITUS (CONT'D)

I was a man of peace once, but now I've become a killer.

(beat)

I lost a lot of good friends today, and all because you had to...to do what you did.

(beat)

You betrayed us. You betrayed every single person on this planet!

Governor Franklin's expression is unreadable, but he is definitely affected by Titus's passionate speech. He falls to his knees, and places the barrel of a surprised Titus's weapon against his forehead.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

Nothing I can do...will ever bring them back.

(beat)

Nothing I can do...can ever make it the way it was again.

(beat)

Do...what you think you have to.

Titus quickly composes himself and takes a step back, pulling his weapon free from Governor Franklin's hands. He shakes his head at the broken man's confusion.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

TITUS

No. I know what I have to do now, and murdering you in cold blood isn't it.

Titus throws his weapon to the floor with a clatter that makes Governor Franklin jump.

REVOLUTIONARY

No, don't!

Titus motions for his supporter to be quiet. Governor Franklin looks Titus in the eye, his confusion at the other man's actions plain.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

But why?

TITUS

There's something else you can give me that's far more valuable than your life.

(beat, off Governor Franklin's confusion)

Your office. Make me the leader of this colony, so I can give it what it needs to survive now.

(beat)

Vulcan mediators are on their way now, but they can't help us unless the official government requests it.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

(confused)

The Vulcans? I never thought...

TITUS

I know.

(beat)

But I have a dialog with one of their ambassadors, and he has agreed to help us, so we can deal with Earth, the right way. Not with more bloodshed.

Governor Franklin nods his head in understanding.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

I suppose I could still do that...

(beat, sighing)

But I lost any right to represent the people of Alpha Centauri when I lost control of this situation.

(beat)

So it is, Governor Cheet.

Titus offers Governor Franklin his hand, which he accepts, and helps him to his feet.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

GUARDSMAN

(disbelief)  
Governor, you can't...

Governor Franklin faces the Guardsman.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

I can, and have. It is done. This is your leader now.

Anyone who still had their weapon up, lowers it now. Unlike the cheering one might expect in most movies, everyone remains silent for a BEAT, as if what has just happened hasn't quite sunken in yet, or they're just too battle-worn to acknowledge it beyond simply lowering their weapons.

TITUS

Then, my first act as Governor of Alpha Centauri is to place you under arrest,  
Dwight Franklin.

No one moves, and Titus begins to worry, but Governor Franklin manages to surprise him once more. Swallowing hard again, he takes one last look at Titus before he holds out his hands to the nearest police officer.

GOVERNOR FRANKLIN

Didn't you hear what your Governor said?  
(beat)  
You take orders from him now.

Everyone seems to hold their breath as the police officer steps forward, reaches behind her back, and pulls a set of restraints out, which she places over former Governor Franklin's wrists. The police officer looks at the former Governor for reassurance, which she gets in the form of a nod. The police officer leads him away, leaving everyone else to stand in stunned silence at what has transpired.

INT. CHAMBER OF LIGHT

T'Pol leads Trip, Reed, and Hoshi using her portable scanner. All of them are amazed at what they see, the vastness of the chamber, the sleekness of the computer banks, the mysterious column of light in the distance, but T'Pol makes herself focus on her scanner's read-out. They come to the path leading to the center, and Archer. They spot him immersed in the column of light, and pick up the pace, practically running to get to Archer.

REED

Captain!?

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRIP

(concerned)  
Jon!?

HOSHI

Captain Archer, is that you?

The four of them reach him. T’Pol proceeds to scan him, but her scanner has difficulty getting a clear reading and her frustration shows for an instant in the form of an irritated sigh and a furrowing of her brow.

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

That’s an interesting little toy you have there, Sub-Commander.  
(beat, amused)  
I bet Trip wouldn’t mind a look at it to see how it works.

T’Pol is unaffected, or at least she doesn’t show the same surprise that everyone else does; it throws them for a bit of a loop that Archer himself looks like he’s simply unconscious and suspended by an invisible field of some kind, despite the fact that he sounds like he’s standing right next to them.

T’POL

(not getting the joke)  
Commander Tucker will have to wait for authorization from the Vulcan High Command before he examines any Vulcan technology.

Trip is about to retort, but he’s cut off.

REED

(concerned)  
Commander.

We pan to look at Reed, then down to look at the unconscious alien lying on the floor.

REED (CONT’D)

Friend of the Captain’s?

Trip and T’Pol exchange glances, and she adjusts her stance to scan the fallen alien man; once again, Trip peeks over her shoulder to examine the display on her scanner. Hoshi barely seems to notice, focusing all her attention on Archer, looking very worried.

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

We’ve just met actually. Seems he’s the one that brought the house down on us earlier.  
(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(off Reed's concerned reaction)

Don't worry, he didn't mean us any real harm, Major. He was just...tired...and weary.

(beat, saddened)

He carries a lot of painful memories, and guilt from something he did millennia ago. He just didn't have it in him anymore.

T'POL

(off scanner)

He's near death; multiple organ failure.

(beat)

Curious. It is as if his body is rapidly aging.

TRIP

That's all well and good, but what about the cap'n? How do we get him back out of that thing?

Trip looks back at Archer's suspended form, and sees Hoshi still standing in front of him.

TRIP

Can you make any sense out of that control panel, Ensign?

Hoshi seems to snap out of a trance, and quickly regains her bearings. She looks over the strange holographic panel in front of her.

HOSHI

(nervously)

Uhh... I'll have to get back to you on that, Commander.

T'Pol stands next to Hoshi and brings her scanner to bear on the alien interface, but again doesn't have much luck.

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

To be honest, I hadn't really thought about getting out after I was done.

(beat)

I just ...knew somehow ...what I had to do and exactly how I could do it.

REED

Are you suggesting that the alien might have influenced you somehow, Captain?

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

Now that I think about it, he probably did.

(beat)

He was highly telepathic, and our minds were linked somehow.

(MORE)

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

He knew everything I knew, and I think he let me know exactly what I needed to know about him. And now this machine seems to be giving me the information I need, like everything I knew about the Tellarites and the Andorians.

T'POL

(off scanner)

Removing the Captain may be unwise; his body appears to have developed a dependence on the machine.

TRIP

What kind of dependence?

T'POL

The machine is linked to him through technology far more advanced than anything I have seen before now.

(beat, off Trip's reaction)

Any attempt to remove him may cause him to undergo the same reaction its previous occupant is suffering from.

TRIP

Wait a minute. So you're sayin' if we take him out, we'll kill him?

T'POL

That is highly probable, yes.

TRIP

(critically)

How highly probable?

T'Pol arches her eyebrow as she does some mental calculations. To one side, Reed frowns briefly at the two of them, clearly not liking the image of two senior officers openly arguing in front of a junior officer like Hoshi.

T'POL

Approximately three billion, three-hundred seventy-three million, nine-

Trip motions animatedly at her to stop, which she does with a look of mild bemusement.

TRIP

Doesn't matter what the odds are; we still have to get him out of there.

T'POL

Would you risk the captain's life in a foolhardy attempt to remove him from this device? A device we know nothing about.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRIP

(annoyed, insulted)

There wouldn't be anything foolhardy about it; we'd contact Earth and have them send a full science team if we have to. Either way, we have to get him out of there; we can't just leave him here!

T'POL

(coolly)

Reacting impulsively to a hazardous situation on a previous occasion endangered your life, my life, and the success of this mission.

TRIP

(angrily)

Hey! You're the one that caused that little mishap, and that has nothin' to do with this!

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

(annoyed)

Would the two of you knock it off? You're arguing like an old married couple, about me, and my life no less, like I'm not even here.

Trip gets very flustered at the mention of “old married couple” even as T'Pol frowns at the reference. Reed looks on with mild amusement; a complete turnaround from the disapproving look he was giving the two arguing officers just moments ago.

TRIP

Sorry, Cap'n, I'm just worried about you.

(beat, calming)

For a while there, I thought you were dead, that we'd lost you. Finding you alive only to have to leave you here again...it'd be like having it happen all over again.

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

I understand, Trip, but I might be stuck here after all.

(beat, off Trip's concern)

While the two of you were...discussing your differences...I tried to sever the link on my own, but as you might guess by my still talking to you like this...

TRIP

(disappointed)

You're stuck.

MACHINE/ARCHER'S VOICE

Yeah.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Trip glares at the machine around his friend, struggling to find the words.

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

It’s not that bad Trip. Even though this thing was built for an entirely different purpose...

(beat, awestruck)

I can look out among the stars in a way I never dreamed was possible. It’s like... It’s like actually being out there... No ship, no bulky suit, like you’re actually walking in the heavens.

Trip searches his old friend’s unconscious face with wet eyes, looking in false hope that he might simply come to life at any moment. We can tell that he’s hoping what Archer says is true. T’Pol watches and listens to their interaction with interest and a complete lack of expression.

TRIP

I guess that doesn’t sound so bad...

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

Get my ship home, Trip, and patch her back up. Then send that science team back here and see what they can do for me.

Trip forces himself to smile. It’s a pretty pathetic smile.

TRIP

(weakly)

You mean my ship.

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

If they can’t get me out of this thing, then yes, your ship.

Trip’s face falls at the implication, and the gravity of everything that’s happening.

MACHINE/ARCHER’S VOICE

Look, I’m not dead yet, and if the age of the previous occupant is any indication, I might actually outlive all of you.

(beat)

It’s not exactly how I was planning on spending the rest of my life, but-

We can hear Archer gasp in pain over the comm. just before it cuts out. At the same time, his body cringes from the pain.

TRIP

(worried)

Cap’n!?

(beat, to T’Pol)

What’s happenin’ to him!?

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

T'Pol quickly scans him, and looks up at Trip with apprehension.

T'POL

His body is being rejected.

Before he can ask for specifics, Trip jumps slightly as the alien's hand suddenly grabs him by the ankle. Reed turns to face him, his hand on the butt of his sidearm.

ALIEN

(weakly)

His task is complete.

TRIP

What do you mean?

The alien fights to maintain consciousness.

ALIEN

He did... what I could not. And now that he has done it, the failsafe has activated.

(beat)

He will heal, but I need to be put back in.

The alien's eyes roll back as he lapses out of consciousness again.

We change angles to watch as Archer falls heavily to the floor, physically and mentally drained. Trip and Reed bodily haul Archer out of the interface. They briefly look him over before turning to ask T'Pol for the service of her scanner, and are surprised to see her carrying the alien into the column of light.

REED

(warning)

Are you sure you should be doing that, Sub-Commander?

T'POL

Yes. I see no reason why we should not do as he asked.

TRIP

How about the cap'n layin' here dyin'?

T'POL

I will check him momentarily, but first-

Hoshi reaches out and adjusts the holographic controls.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’POL

Ensign?

HOSHI

I can’t explain it, I just...know. This is what I’m meant to do.

Power builds within the machine again, and the alien is lifted from T’Pol’s grasp as he is once again suspended within the column of light.

VOICE

Thank you, for everything.

Before anyone can act, they are engulfed in flashes of light and disappear. The machine hums as it builds up more energy, growing louder, and louder, building up more energy than we’ve ever heard it do before.

EXT. SPACE

We watch from a position in orbit of the long-dead world. In the distance, we can see its white sun flash with an intensity so bright, it momentarily blinds us. When the light fades, we can see a massive shockwave approaching us at fantastic speed. The screen goes white.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – SICKBAY

From a screen of pure white, we gradually refocus, revealing the white ceiling of sickbay. We watch from Archer’s POV as he slowly opens his eyes, coming to focus on the face of Dr. Lucas. We cut to another angle and see Archer jump slightly as he comes to. Lucas rolls his eyes.

LUCAS

(sarcastically)

Nice to see you too...

The commotion draws Dr. Phlox’s attention from the computer terminal he was working on.

PHLOX

Ah! I see our patient has finally rejoined us.

Phlox smiles at Lucas and Archer, but Lucas gives him one of his soon to be trademark “don’t care” looks. Phlox doesn’t seem to notice though, and moves to Archer’s bedside to give him his full attention. He runs a medical scanner over Archer as he speaks.

PHLOX

(to Lucas)

Perhaps we should let Commander Tucker and Sub-Commander T’Pol know that Captain Archer has regained consciousness?

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

Lucas harrumphs.

LUCAS

Already on it.

He activates the comm. panel.

LUCAS

Commander Tucker and Sub-Commander T'Pol to sickbay please; the Captain is awake now.

Without waiting for an answer, Lucas quickly switches off the comm. and finds something to keep himself busy with.

PHLOX

(still running the scanner)

So... How are you feeling Captain?

Archer cringes as he attempts to prop himself up on his arms, suffering from a massive headache.

ARCHER

Imagine the worst hangover you've ever had...and double it.

Archer settles back down on his back and waits for Phlox to finish his scan.

PHLOX

I can't say that I've ever suffered from that particular condition, Captain, but I'll take your word for it.

Phlox smiles and Archer cuts him a look.

ARCHER

(sarcastically)

Lucky you.

We change angles to see Trip and T'Pol coming up to the doors. Initially, they try to enter at the same time, but after giving her a sarcastic look, Trip takes a step back and motions for her to go first, which she does, without so much as unclasping her hands from behind her back.

ARCHER

(flatly)

Nice to see you again, Sub-Commander...

T'POL

It is... agreeable to see that you've regained consciousness, Captain.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

Archer looks from T'Pol to Trip. He frowns briefly at how exhausted Trip looks; it's clear the Chief Engineer has been conducting repairs 24-7 for some time now. From the stubble on Trip's face, Archer is able to determine that he's been unconscious for at least a couple of days.

ARCHER

How's my ship?

TRIP

My ship has definitely seen better days, Cap'n.  
(beat, downtrodden)  
She's been worked over pretty bad.

Archer gives him a smile.

ARCHER

I'm sure you'll have her back in top form in no time, Trip.

TRIP

I'll do what I can, but I can't make any promises. But enough about *Enterprise*...  
(to Phlox)  
How's he doin' Doc?

PHLOX

He's actually recovering much more quickly than I'd originally anticipated. A few more days' rest and he should be fit for duty again.

Archer's eyes widen.

ARCHER

Days?

PHLOX

Your nervous system and cerebral cortex have been put under enormous strain, Captain. It's really quite astounding that you're recovering as well as you have been; I would have thought there'd be permanent damage.

T'POL

No doubt caused by his connection to the alien device.

PHLOX

(nodding)

Yes, there was something at work there like nothing I've ever seen before.

T'Pol nonverbally asks Phlox for his scanner, which he gives her. She looks it over briefly.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

T’POL

Fascinating. This warrants further study.

T’Pol starts to reach for the controls on the readout behind Archer’s bed, then hesitates and withdraws her hand. She looks at Archer.

T’POL

With your permission, Captain?

Archer looks very uncomfortable at the thought of T’Pol studying him.

ARCHER

Uh... Maybe some other time.

T’Pol clasps her hands behind her back again, no hint of disappointment in her stance or features.

T’POL

As you wish, Captain.

An uncomfortable silence follows for a BEAT.

TRIP

Well, it’s good to see that you’re doing better now, Cap’n, but I should probably get back to work; we have quite a mess to clean up.

ARCHER

Find some time to get some sleep, Trip. You look like hell.

(beat, off Trip’s outraged expression)

And find some time to write me a report; I want to know exactly what happened in my absence.

TRIP

(sarcastically)

You’ll be in for a helluva read...

Archer looks at Phlox briefly and smiles.

ARCHER

I seem to have time.

T’POL

I will write a report for you as well, Captain.

Archer blinks, not having considered that.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

ARCHER

Good...

(beat)

What's our status right now?

T'POL

We were ... "moved" one light-year away from the system, immediately prior to its sun going nova.

Archer's face goes slack with the news.

ARCHER

You mean, the planet was destroyed?

T'POL

Along with everything else in that system.

On Archer's disappointed face we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

*Enterprise* flies by us, traveling at low warp. We can see the extensive damage; the starboard nacelle is dark, the conduit leading to it too damaged to carry plasma to it.

ARCHER (V.O.)

Captain’s Log: 20 May 2152, 2130 hours. Basic repairs have been completed and *Enterprise* is on course back to Alpha Centauri. We can only make a little over warp one at the time of this log entry, which is actually pretty good considering the damage the ship has taken these past few weeks.

(beat)

It’s disappointing that on our first mission out, we ended up fighting a war. I can only hope that once my Chief Engineer gets the ship fully repaired that we’ll be able to spend more time doing what this ship was intended to do to begin with – explore.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ARCHER’S OFFICE

Archer sits in his office chair, dressed in a UESPA screen-printed t-shirt with matching sweatpants, trying to stay as relaxed as he possibly can. He faces his monitor, talking to someone. We pan around to see that it’s Admiral Forrest.

FORREST

Intelligence is sketchy at the moment, but apparently the Tellarites simply vanished from the Alpha Centauri system.

Archer allows himself a mischievous smile.

ARCHER

I think I might have an idea about what happened to them, Sir.

Forrest gives Archer a knowing look.

FORREST

Care to clue the rest of us in?

ARCHER

It’s all in the report, Admiral.

(beat)

I can’t really explain how, but I was able to send both the Tellarites and the Andorians back to their home systems.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Forrest picks up a PADD and looks it over for a moment.

FORREST

Looks like I'll be in for an...interesting read.

(beat, putting the PADD down)

About the Andorians...

Archer tenses up slightly, sensing what Forrest is about to say.

FORREST (CONT'D)

I know you were given permission to bring them into the situation, and that things turned out well, this time... I just can't help but feel a little conflicted about it, Jon.

(beat, sighs)

You know you have my support because of the work you did on the project, but counting on aliens you haven't even met yet for yourself... It just doesn't fly... and I know it did this time, but you got lucky.

ARCHER

I understand, Admiral, but I didn't see any other alternative.

FORREST

(lighter)

Helluva first contact.

Archer smiles.

ARCHER

With two species.

Forrest shakes his head.

FORREST

It's times like this that make me glad that I drive a desk for a living.

Forrest waits to see how Archer reacts for a moment, then finally lets himself crack a smile, which quickly fades, much to Archer's surprise.

ARCHER

(concerned)

What is it?

FORREST

You're not out of the woods yet, Jon.

(beat)

We still have a situation to deal with on Alpha Centauri.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

ARCHER

But with the Tellarites gone-

FORREST

(interrupting)

General Bernard’s task force is refitting in open space, and she refuses to move until every ship is able to maneuver under its own power.

(beat, sighing)

And just to make matters even more complicated, the Vulcan Alliance has officially recognized Alpha Centauri as an independent power.

ARCHER

(shocked)

What?

FORREST (CONT’D)

A diplomatic envoy is being sent to mediate our...dispute over Alpha Centauri’s independence, and it’s being sent under the protection of a Vulcan peacekeeping force.

Archer bolts upright in his chair and leans toward the monitor.

ARCHER

(angry)

Since when have they ever protected anyone? They sure as hell didn’t protect us from the Nausicaans!

(beat)

And now they’re “protecting” Alpha Centauri from us?

Archer rolls his eyes. Though he feels the same way, Forrest maintains his composure and waits for Archer to dial it down a little.

FORREST

So it would seem.

ARCHER

(sarcastically)

Guess I’ll have to ask the resident Vulcan about this latest development.

Forrest gives him a critical look, bordering on anger.

FORREST

I’ve already gotten a report from her regarding your treatment of her.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

FORREST (CONT'D)

You know I feel the same way about the Vulcans, but try to keep it under control, at least for your part in it. I fought hard to keep you in command while still keeping our exchange program with the Vulcans, a program that benefits us, so try to keep diplomatic.

Archer leans back in his chair again, having lost some of the fire within him.

ARCHER

(regretfully)

I understand...

Forrest leans a little closer to the screen.

FORREST

(more quietly)

Let me know if you do find something out though.

Archer nods and Forrest goes back to his normal posture.

FORREST

I'm discussing the matter with Ambassador Soval shortly, so hopefully I'll have more information for you later.

(beat)

Keep in touch.

ARCHER

Understood; *Enterprise* out.

Archer taps a button on his control panel and the monitor goes blank. He leans back in his chair and sighs, contemplating the situation and planning for the future.

EXT. SPACE

We watch at a distance as at least a dozen Vulcan ships enter orbit of Alpha Centauri, their copper/ochre-colored hulls a stark contrast to the Tellarite ships that had so recently occupied that same space. In addition, though these ships share the same deadly purpose, their curved, flowing shapes are much more pleasing to look at, and are so beautiful that it's easy to forget that these are in fact warships.

EXT. ALPHA CENTAURI – CAPITOL CITY – PUBLIC SQUARE

Coming full circle, we watch as a Vulcan shuttle prepares to land in the same courtyard we watched the then Governor Franklin give his fiery speech in. The newly appointed Governor Titus Cheet waits with a group of his followers and a respectable number of police officers at the bottom of the capitol building's stairs. The shuttle sets down in the wide open space of the

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

empty courtyard, and Titus’s group starts to walk out to meet the arriving delegation. The shuttle’s door opens and a small group of Vulcan soldiers step out, establishing a protective perimeter in preparation for a robed figure to step out. Titus and the robed figure meet at the edge of their respective protectors. The robed figure reaches up and pulls the hood from his head, revealing himself to be Ambassador Skon. His hand goes up in the tradition Vulcan salute.

SKON

Live long, and prosper, Governor Titus Cheet.

Titus returns the gesture.

TITUS

Peace, and long life, Ambassador Skon.

Titus now extends his hand in typical human fashion. It takes Skon a moment to recognize the gesture, but once he does, he takes Titus’s hand and gives it a firm shake.

SKON

I must admit that I did not expect to be standing here, Governor.

Titus flinches slightly at the use of his new title, but Skon doesn’t seem to notice it as they begin to walk back toward the capitol building, their groups in tow.

TITUS

Yet here you are Ambassador. I hope this bodes well for the future.

(beat, on consideration)

Though to be completely honest, I’m actually a little surprised that you or your government agreed to help us. I was under the impression that the Vulcan High Command had taken a stance of complete non-interference with Earth, even in the event that Earth was being attacked by a hostile alien force.

Skon raises an eyebrow as he considers the human walking next to him.

SKON

We have been interfering since we first made contact with your people, Governor. We continue to interfere by advising humanity in its endeavors in space, as well as offering an exchange program to allow humans to gain experience outside of their own systems.

(beat, off Titus’s mildly confused reaction)

You mistake the pledge my government made not to provide military aid to Earth, which is why we did not interfere in the recent situation here.

Titus makes a show of looking at the Vulcan soldiers escorting them to the capitol building.

TITUS

What about them? Aren’t you providing military aid now?

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

SKON

They are not here to aid Alpha Centauri militarily; they are here to provide protection for myself and my delegation of mediators, and to ensure the integrity of these proceedings.

Titus pauses before entering the building, and Skon turns to face him.

TITUS

I guess I can accept that, especially if it gets President Vanderbilt’s people talking and keeps them honest about it.

Skon gives Titus a concerned look.

SKON

I hope that you do not give yourself the false impression that we are here to support you exclusively. I may sympathize with your position, but my delegation is completely impartial, as my final ruling will be, based on their recommendations.

Titus’s face betrays his disappointment.

TITUS

As you’ve already said, Ambassador, but then, that’s a big part of why I asked Vulcan to provide mediation.

(beat)

I stand by my promise abide by any ruling you make, be it in favor of Alpha Centauri or Earth.

Skon merely inclines his head, and patiently waits for Titus to lead him into the capitol building.

EXT. SPACE

*Enterprise* passes us at low warp, her recent battle scars still marring her beauty.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Two enlisted engineers work on the heavily damaged science station, having already cleared away most of the parts that are beyond repair. Trip hands one of them a replacement part, and watches their progress for a moment before crossing to the other side of the Bridge. He gives T’Pol a flat look as he passes behind her as she sits in the command chair; it’s clear that he’s still not happy with her presence. She continues working on something on the small console provided for the ship’s commander, giving it her full attention. Her expression changes ever so slightly; she is aware of the displeasure being directed at her by Trip.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Reaching the Damage Control station, Trip sits down and starts to work the console, calling up the latest progress reports on the repairs being conducted all over the ship. He takes a moment to rub his fatigued eyes, and we note that he looks remarkably similar to how we first saw him, framing him from exactly the same angle for a few seconds.

The turbolift door opens, and Trip turns at the sound, lighting up as he sees a fully rested Captain Archer step onto the Bridge. T’Pol finishes working on the small console and stands, stepping to the side so Archer can sit in the command chair.

TRIP

Good to see you back where you belong Cap’n.

Both Archer and T’Pol turn to face Trip. Archer smiles at the comment, and the brightened expression on his friend’s face.

ARCHER

It’s good to be back.

Archer gives his attention back to T’Pol.

T’POL

Repairs are progressing on schedule, and we remain on course for Alpha Centauri, Captain. Unfortunately, we are still limited to warp one-point-two, and several other systems remain offline.

Archer eyes Trip.

ARCHER

(teasing)

Aren’t you done fixing my ship yet, Commander?

TRIP

(playing along)

Not yet, Cap’n. Those Andorians and Tellarites worked my ship over pretty well.

(beat)

She’s just mad ’cause I haven’t fixed the Science station yet.

Archer smiles and gives T’Pol a look. She’s a little irritated, but tries to hide it.

T’POL

Vulcans do not get “mad”.

Unfortunately for her, she doesn’t succeed well enough to hide her irritation from Trip.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRIP

(smirking)

Your mouth says no, but your body language says yes.

T’Pol cuts Trip a look, but Archer isn’t quite sure how to react. There is a SHORT BEAT before he speaks.

ARCHER

(with a warning tone)

Trip...

Archer can’t quite find the words, but he isn’t flustered, just attempting to be professional despite his agreement with Trip’s assessment. Trip can tell that he’s taken it a step too far and his expression shows it, but it’s clear that neither his apologetic expression, nor Archer’s unspoken warning are out of any concern for T’Pol personally.

TRIP

Sorry, Cap’n, she set herself up perfectly for that, and I couldn’t resist. Won’t happen again.

ARCHER

See that it doesn’t.

T’Pol goes back to a more neutral stance, at least partially satisfied. She clasps her hands behind her back and looks at the viewscreen. There’s an awkward silence for a BEAT, interrupted only by the occasional sound of the crewmen working on the Science station. Trip shifts uncomfortably in his chair before brightening as something occurs to him.

TRIP

Now that I think about it, I could rig part of the Tactical station to act as a temporary science station.

T’Pol looks at Trip, her expression showing her pleasant surprise at his suggestion, especially in the wake of his continued distrust of her. Archer considers it, but Reed isn’t about to let him make a decision about his station without his input. He responds without even looking up from his console.

REED

I’d rather you didn’t do that, Commander.

TRIP

Why not?

Reed finally turns to face Trip.

FOUNDATIONS: "One Small Step... Part II"

REED

(ambiguously)

There isn't much room over here to begin with, Sir, and I rather like having my personal space.

Archer and Trip aren't quite sure what to make of Reed's statement, but they don't read as much into it as T'Pol does.

T'POL

Indeed.

(beat, turning to face Trip)

Your suggestion is appreciated, Commander Tucker, but it is unnecessary.

Archer and Trip exchange glances briefly. Trip shrugs.

TRIP

Okay, suit yourself.

Reed goes back to his console.

TRIP

Anyway, Cap'n, I have some people working on getting the starboard nacelle running again. The magnetic constrictors were messed up pretty bad when we had to vent the warp reactor, but hopefully we'll be doing better than warp three by the day after tomorrow.

Archer nods approvingly.

ARCHER

That'd be nice.

Reed's console beeps and he checks an appropriate monitor.

ARCHER

What is it?

REED

We're passing that singularity we saw on the way to the Andorian outpost.

(beat)

I'm detecting another ship nearby, but there's too much interference to get a positive ID.

ARCHER

Drop out of warp

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

TRAVIS

Aye, Captain, dropping out of warp.

Travis starts to throttle back; the stars streaking by slow, and stop streaking altogether as the ship drops to impulse.

ARCHER

Let’s take a look, Major.

Reed types a command into his console and the viewscreen changes angles. We see the black hole in its full majesty, perpetually devouring its former twin. We almost can’t see the small smear of copper/ochre in the lower corner of the viewscreen.

ARCHER

Magnify.

Reed types in another command, and a rectangular box forms over the ship. The rectangle grows to take up the whole viewscreen, zooming in on the image as it does so. The new image runs through several filters that clean it up, and we can see the familiar annular warp ring and copper hull of a Vulcan starship.

Archer’s face falls in disappointment and possibly a touch of anger, although the latter is quickly concealed.

ARCHER

A Vulcan ship.

T’POL

A Surak class science vessel, no doubt sent to study this phenomena.

Trip eyes the Vulcan ship, then T’Pol.

TRIP

(sarcastically)

Gee, wonder who tipped them off about it.

Both Archer and T’Pol eye Trip again, but Archer remains silent. From his tight expression, it’s clear that the Captain agrees with Trip’s intimation but is trying to remain “diplomatic”, as Admiral Forrest had instructed him.

T’POL

The Vulcan Alliance has many ships deployed on missions of exploration, Commander. This vessel likely happened on the phenomena in the course of their assigned duties.

(beat, with eyes locked on Trip’s)

I did not inform them of this singularity.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Her calm but firm words make it clear that she recognized what Trip was hinting at, but there is no evidence that she is insulted by his comment. Archer continues to consider Trip, whose face is still wrinkled with his displeasure as he stares at T’Pol.

ARCHER

Don’t worry about it, Trip.

This breaks the death glare between Trip and T’Pol, as Trip brings his attention to Archer.

TRIP

(mildly frustrated)

I’m just saying that it figures that we finally beat the Vulcans to something, and they still manage to rush in and get to it before we can get a better look at it for ourselves.

ARCHER

I know, but there’ll be more discoveries Trip. It’s a big galaxy.

Archer gives Trip a smile, and it calms him down. Trip manages to return a faint smile before going back to his console.

T’Pol watches the viewscreen, her scientific curiosity fully engaged, and her recent disagreeable experience with Trip nearly forgotten.

T’POL

Request permission to go to Science Lab One to study this phenomenon more closely, Captain.

ARCHER

That’s a good idea, Sub-Commander. It should give you a chance to give your science staff some experience.

T’Pol recognizes the order for what it is, and nods her agreement with it. Without wasting another moment, T’Pol enters the small turbolift, unaware that Trip’s eyes linger briefly on her posterior as she walks. Only Archer seems to really notice Trip’s wandering eyes and, with a smirk that he quickly hides, he turns his full attention to the viewscreen; a look of wonder slowly replacing his amusement. We change angles to see that everyone, including Reed, is watching the viewscreen with varying degrees of that same wonder.

TRAVIS

How long are we sticking around, Captain?

ARCHER

Haven’t really decided yet, but there’s no rush.

FOUNDATIONS: “One Small Step... Part II”

Travis smiles and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END