



STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

“Objects in Motion”

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FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

TEASER

FADE IN:

We begin with a series of scenes from the previous episode:

EXT. SPACE - AN EMPTY EXPANSE

Open with a shot of a glittering starfield devoid of planets or nearby stars.

MAYWEATHER'S VOICE

Previously, on Foundations...

SUDDENLY, an incandescent beam of energy flashes by the camera view, narrowly missing "us". A pair of J-Type cargo ships lumber into view, both damaged and slowly leaking warp plasma from their nacelles. We PAN to reveal their pursuers: more cargo ships.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

The senior officers are all present: Captain Archer, Sub-Commander T'Pol, Commander Tucker, and Major Reed. Senior Chief Petty Officer Linquist is standing at the back of the room along with three other senior enlisted personnel who we've not seen before. Doctor Phlox sits quietly while Ensigns Sato and Mayweather fidget slightly; the latter wearing an absolutely morose expression on his face. Archer is the only officer standing.

REED

(stunned and disgusted)

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

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - OUTSIDE THE AIRLOCK

A stout man wearing civilian clothes seethes with fury as he glares at Ensign Mayweather; Captain Archer and two SFs are also present.

BOOMER CAPTAIN

(thick with emotion)

Mayweather? Of the *Horizon*?

His expression goes black and his next words are nearly a snarl.

BOOMER CAPTAIN

You keep this murderer away from me!

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ARCHER'S OFFICE

Archer is now speaking with Admiral Forrest over a live connection to Earth.

FORREST

The Earth Cargo Authority has been clamping down hard on their members to make up for lost revenue.

(beat, frustrated)

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

INT. *ENKIDU* - "BRIDGE"

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

DARK-SKINNED MAN

Stand down and prepare to be boarded.

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

BOOMER CAPTAIN #2

I'll see you dead for this, Mayweather!

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ARCHER'S OFFICE

The briefing between Archer and Forrest continues...

FORREST

This is a matter for the civil authorities and the military, Jon.

(beat)

Let them handle it.

ARCHER

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

(beat, off of the admiral's look)

I've got a Boomer of my own!

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

We briefly focus on the troubled face of Ensign Mayweather.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

ARCHER

We'll be taking a slight detour first.

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

Admiral Forrest wants us to rendezvous with the *Lexington* here.

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

ARCHER

(a touch acerbically)

This is a joint operation between UESPA and the navy.

INT. *LEXINGTON* - GENERAL BERNARD'S OFFICE

Captain Archer and General Bernard are seated. Archer is holding a communicator.

T'POL (COMM. VOICE)

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

Archer stands.

ARCHER

Enterprise is faster so we'll take point.

Now, Bernard stands.

BERNARD

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

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

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

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

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

MAYWEATHER

(softly)

That's *Horizon*...

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

MAYWEATHER

Paul!

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

PAUL

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

(beat, ignoring Travis' surprised look)

This doesn't involve you, *Enterprise*.

ARCHER

Earth has sent us to try and resolve this entire situation.

(off of Paul's discomfort)

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

PAUL

All right. I'll hear you out

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

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

INT. *HORIZON* - MESS HALL

Captain Archer, Major Reed, Lieutenant Cole, Ensigns Mayweather and Sato are in the communal dining facility of the Boomer transport. Paul and Rianna Mayweather are present along with several other Boomers.

PAUL

We've gone out of our way to make sure that we haven't killed anyone. We only take the cargo.

Archer's expression is sour.

ARCHER

(disgusted)

That's an old line, Captain.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

PAUL

(interrupting, hard)

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

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

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

ARCHER

(concerned)

These aliens...what did they look like?

RIANNA

Humanoid but with green skin.

All five of the Enterprise officers react to that.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Sub-Commander T'Pol is standing in front of the command chair with Commander Tucker at the Science board. His eyes widen.

TUCKER

Multiple warp signatures detected!

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

PICARD

Orions...

T'POL

Lieutenant Picard, sound Battle Stations.

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

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

FADE OUT.

MAYWEATHER'S VOICE

And now, the conclusion...

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

We open once more with an image of an endless starfield. SUDDENLY, bright green disruptor beams slice across the screen and the EX-01 *Enterprise* roars into view, rotating wildly in evasive maneuvers.

Two Orion interceptors are hot in pursuit, disruptor cannons spitting fire. Scarlet lasers lash out from *Enterprise*, narrowly missing one of the interceptors. A quartet of missiles swarm from the EX-01's launchers. As the Orion frigate barely avoids the incoming warheads, we

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Oddly enough, the central command chair is unoccupied as SUB-COMMANDER T'POL mans the Science board and COMMANDER TUCKER is parked at the damage control console. 1ST LIEUTENANT GEORGES PICARD is at the tactical station and, from his expression, not having a good day.

PICARD

I can't get a lock!

An explosion of sparks rains down over his head and he ducks away from it.

T'POL

(off her panel)

Helm, full evasive!

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

Enterprise begins rotating along its horizontal axis as her plasma batteries begin opening up.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

As *Enterprise* maneuvers, alarms continue to sound.

TUCKER

We're losing pressure on D Deck!

(almost snarling)

Where the hell is the DCO?

T'Pol barely spares him a glance as she manipulates the controls on her console. Something on her display causes her to frown, and she looks up and across to Picard.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

T'POL

You are broadcasting telemetry readings.

Tucker shoots the other man a stunned look as the lieutenant grins evilly.

PICARD

The cavalry has arrived...

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

Streaking out of warp, the *UEM Lexington* suddenly arrives. Almost instantly, the large main rail guns aboard the warship slide out of their storage positions as missile racks deploy and turreted laser canons begin shifting. Nacelles quickly retract and are concealed by armored shielding. All of this happens within the span of a few seconds, indicating that this is some sort of battle drill.

INT. *LEXINGTON* - COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER

Already strapped into her command chair, GENERAL APRIL BERNARD glowers at the center window-turned-viewscreen. Images of the ongoing firefight are displayed and data markers surround the Orion ships.

BERNARD

Weapons officer...

(beat)

Fire!

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

The immense rail guns of the *Lexington* roar as missiles streak from their launchers and lasers lash out. One of the Orion interceptors is hammered unmercifully: projectiles fired from the big guns smash into the hull of the Orion frigate with crushing force as scarlet beams slice into its hull. A BEAT later, the swarm of missiles from the warship slam into the side of frigate, detonating with fierce explosions. Ripped in two by the *Lexington's* firepower, the shattered ship begins breaking apart.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Lieutenant Picard is still grinning like an idiot as the destruction of the Orion ship is displayed on the main viewer. He glances down at his board, then to T'Pol as she raises an eyebrow at the information on her displays.

T'POL

The Orion ships are retreating...

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EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

And indeed, three of the Orion frigates rapidly accelerate away from the battle, transitioning to warp speed very quickly. As *Lexington* brutally pounds a fourth frigate into submission, a fifth interceptor can be seen detaching from a Boomer ship ... the *Horizon*. The Orion races away and jumps to warp just as the fourth frigate is sent tumbling by another salvo of missiles and railgun shots.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Sub-Commander T'Pol ignores Picard's triumphant grin as she turns her eyes to the COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER.

T'POL

Contact Captain Archer at once.

(beat)

Helm, set a course to intercept *Horizon* immediately.

(to Trip)

Mister Tucker-

Trip has already unbuckled his restraints and stands.

TUCKER

Damage control. On it.

The communications officer suddenly looks at T'Pol, eyes wide.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Ma'am, I'm not getting a return signal from Captain Archer's communicator!

Trip freezes in mid-step, exchanges a startled look with T'Pol before both look to the main viewer. There, prominently displayed, we can see the *ECS Horizon*, now drifting completely without power.

And off that image, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. *HORIZON* - CORRIDOR

We open with a shot of a long corridor that stretches the length of the Boomer ship. It is dark, with only the occasional flicker of emergency lighting providing actual illumination. It is also clear that the artificial gravity is out as loose objects and unconscious (or dead) bodies drift through the air.

We PUSH IN and begin moving down the corridor. Numerous Boomers can be seen, sprawled out or pinned by toppled slabs of metal that appear to have been blown free by explosions. Several Orions are also laid out, including one that is face down atop the only partially conscious MAJOR MALCOLM REED.

A steady WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP can be heard slowly approaching and Reed struggles to move the Orion laying atop him for a BEAT. As he does so, we can see that the dead Orion has a death grip on a very big knife (almost a short sword) that has been stabbed deeply into Reed's lower stomach. His hand trembling and clearly having problems staying conscious, Reed aims his pistol in the direction of the sound.

His POV: Several EV-suited figures with shoulder-mounted lamps approach slowly. As this is from Reed's perspective, the figures are hazy and hard to make out.

Back to scene: Reed narrows his eyes and draws a bead on the lead figure. He is clenching his teeth against pain and sweat is beading his forehead.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Major Reed!

Reed inhales and rapidly blinks his eyes in an attempt to clear them.

REED

(pained)

Lieutenant Alves?

The lead figure stops and pulls her helmet off: it is 1ST LIEUTENANT ALESSANDRA "OLIVE" ALVES.

ALVES

Yes sir!

(over her shoulder)

Medic!

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Reed lowers his pistol, again gasping at the movement. The lieutenant quickly approaches along with another SF who is carrying a sealed case bearing a stylized caduceus on its cover. Behind them, the rest of the SF team begins checking on the fallen.

ALVES

Major, where's the captain?

The CORPORAL MITSCHER, a medic, kneels at Reed's side as the major gestures with his head.

REED

(tight)

Over there.

(beat, with a gasp Mitscher shifts the Orion)

With Ensign Sato and Lieutenant Cole.

CORPORAL MITSCHER

Brace yourself, Major. This is going to hurt.

Reed groans as the knife is pulled free and blood begins to flow from the wound: it tumbles haphazardly in tiny blobs through the null gravity. Already, the medic is applying pressure to the wound and Reed's eyes roll back as he slips into unconsciousness.

We shift away from Mitscher and focus on Lieutenant Alves as she approaches the unmoving form of CAPTAIN JONATHAN ARCHER. A large chunk of metal partially torn from the corridor wall pins him to the ground and we can see a large bruise forming on the side of his face but he is breathing. Alves glances around and we focus on her face as she frowns.

PICARD (COMM. VOICE)

Picard to Alves. Sitrep.

ALVES

This is Alves. I've found Captain Archer and Major Reed. Both are alive but need medical attention.

(beat, with a frown)

Sir, there's no sign of Lieutenant Cole or Ensign Sato.

There is a BEAT of silence as Alves looks around once more.

PICARD (COMM. VOICE)

Copy. Stand by...

We PUSH IN and focus once more on the unconscious face of Captain Archer and...

DISSOLVE TO:

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - SICKBAY

...PULL BACK, revealing that he is now on a biobed. He opens his eyes slowly, wincing slightly at the brightness of the lights. Almost instantly, a hand is there to steady him.

ARCHER

(with eyes closed)
Phlox?

We PULL BACK to reveal that it is DOCTOR JEREMY LUCAS. He is wearing the white medical smock and it is splattered with human blood. His expression is sour.

LUCAS

Hardly.
(beat as Archer opens his eyes)
You've suffered a head trauma, Captain, but should be fine in a couple of hours.

Archer sits up slowly, wincing as he does so. As if expecting this, Lucas applies a hypospray to the captain's neck. Almost instantly, Archer's expression of pain eases.

ARCHER

What happened?

BERNARD (OS)

I was hoping you could tell me that.

General Bernard enters the scene as Lucas once again studies Archer's readings.

ARCHER

I don't remember...
(beat, suddenly with wide eyes)
The Orions!

BERNARD

They're gone. We took out two of their ships but the other four got away.
(grim)
Along with some of your crewmembers.

Archer's expression transforms to one of horror as he gives the general a wide-eyed stare. A shrill tone suddenly sounds from the other side of sickbay.

PHLOX (OS)

Doctor Lucas!

Lucas bolts from the scene, causing Archer and Bernard to look in that direction.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Their POV: DOCTOR PHLOX and Lucas begin operating on an unidentified figure and, from their expressions, it doesn't look good.

Back to scene: Bernard frowns and glances at Archer who speaks, still observing the emergency surgery.

ARCHER

Who's missing?

REED (OS)

Lieutenant Cole and Ensign Sato, sir.

Archer looks away and, for the first time, we see that Major Reed is on a nearby biobed himself. He is hooked up to an IV machine. Shirtless, he has large bandages wrapped around his stomach.

BERNARD

The Boomers are also reporting missing personnel. At last count, there were sixteen unaccounted for.

(beat, grim)

All female under the age of thirty.

Archer's expression darkens as he realizes what that means.

ARCHER

(tight)

Major.

(with a frown at Reed's injuries)

How are you doing?

Reed smiles - although it looks like a grimace.

REED

Give me a beer and a curry, sir, and I'll be fine.

Confusion flickers across Archer's face at the comment but he nods.

ARCHER

Good.

(beat)

What's our status?

REED

Sub-Commander T'Pol and Commander Tucker took a team aboard one of the Orion ships, sir. To try and get starcharts or other intel.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Archer nods and looks back at the two doctors. The tone of the biobed had ceased beeping and Lucas shakes his head with disgust. Phlox sighs heavily and the two share a look oddly absent of their usual personal difficulty. As Phlox reaches for something to cover the face of the dead patient, we recognize JUAN, one of the two Boomers that met Archer at the airlock of *Horizon* in the previous episode.

We PUSH IN and focus on Captain Archer's grim expression.

ARCHER

General.

(off Bernard's look)

We need to plan our next move.

BERNARD

(nodding)

Agreed.

(beat, with a dark glance at the now shrouded body)

But I'm not exactly in a conciliatory mood right now...

We focus again on Archer's expression: it doesn't look like he is either.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

Enterprise hangs in the void, surrounded by the surviving Boomer transports. In the distance, we can see *Lexington*, weapon systems still deployed, as the UEM ship patrols the area.

PUSHING IN, we ZOOM toward one of the now shattered Orion frigates. As we draw closer, we can see that one of *Enterprise's* shuttlepods has docked with the crippled frigate. We continue to ZOOM until we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ORION FRIGATE - BRIDGE

Wearing the distinctive EV-suits, Sub-Commander T'Pol and Commander Tucker are kneeling before what appears to have once been a helm station but has now been ripped open by their joint efforts. An Orion body can be seen at the far back of the bridge but we can't tell how it died.

Wielding what appears to be a high-tech soldering gun, Trip leans back, allowing T'Pol to touch a connector to the contact point. Her scanner beeps and she glances down at it.

TUCKER

Did it work?

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

T'POL

Partially.

(beat)

There is a power failure at the tertiary junction.

TUCKER

(muttering)

Dammit...

Climbing to his feet, Trip leans over the exposed innards of the helm console and begins working on repairing the mentioned junction.

TUCKER

How's that?

Looking over T'Pol's shoulder, we can see the readouts on her hand-held but, as the data is in Vulcan, we can't really understand what it says.

T'POL

Inadequate. Power readings are fluctuating.

Trip fiddles with some more of the exposed circuit board things and grunts.

TUCKER

I think I see the problem now. There's some damage to the primary connector.
Hand me the 2 millimeter spanner.

As T'Pol glances to the small toolbox at their side, we PULL BACK to reveal that Lieutenant Picard has entered the bridge and he takes in the scene before him with no small amount of amusement on his face.

His POV: Tucker is leaning over the helm station, his groin mere centimeters from T'Pol's helmet. Trip's hand, awaiting the requested tool, is at the side of her helmet.

Back to scene: Picard smirks but then visibly attempts to conceal any amusement.

TUCKER

This damned thing is harder to get to than the battery on my sister's old car.

T'POL

(handing him the tool)

Car?

TUCKER

Ground vehicle. Four wheels, an engine.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

T'POL

A personal transport.

TUCKER

Yeah.

(beat)

Don't you have cars on Vulcan?

Picard can't help himself any more and he snorts. This immediately attracts T'Pol's attention and she glances in his direction.

T'POL

Lieutenant.

PICARD

(trying to keep from smiling)

Ma'am.

(beat)

Anything I can do to help?

TUCKER

Doubt it.

(as he pulls himself back over the helm station)

No offense, Lieutenant, but you don't have the technical training for this.

(to T'Pol)

Try it now.

T'Pol examines her scanner.

T'POL

Power fluctuations are no longer present. I am beginning the download now.

Trip nods, then glances up to Picard.

TUCKER

Has Chief Gomez finished with the computer core?

PICARD

Yes sir. He said it was a lost cause but took it back to *Enterprise* anyway.

TUCKER

(sour)

Well, for once, I hope he's wrong.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Picard nods in agreement, no longer amused, and shoots an angry glare at the Orion body. T'Pol's scanner beeps and she begins to rise.

T'POL

Download is complete. We should return to *Enterprise* at once.

And off of her determined look, we

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

Standing before the main display, Captain Archer and General Bernard quietly discuss options. Displayed on the small screen is a rudimentary cross-section of an Orion frigate and, on the table behind them, is a familiar-looking object. It is the beacon that was attached to *Horizon's* hull.

We enter the scene with it already in progress.

BERNARD

-no real armor to speak of. *Lexington's* rail guns shredded it like paper.

Archer winces slightly at that.

ARCHER

(slightly cynical)

So I see.

The door slides open, forestalling any comment by the general and revealing PAUL MAYWEATHER. A half step behind him is SERGEANT MAJOR JACK HAYES and another enlisted SF; both are armed and appear to have been "escorting" Mayweather.

HAYES

Sir. Captain Mayweather as requested.

Archer gives him a nod before pinning the Boomer captain with a frown.

ARCHER

Captain.

(beat, off of Paul's slight nod)

We have a problem.

PAUL

(sarcastic)

Really? I hadn't noticed.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Behind Archer, Bernard frowns and crosses her arms. She fixes Paul Mayweather with a sinister-looking glare as Archer gestures to the beacon.

ARCHER

We pulled that off of your ship.
(beat, off of Paul's look of surprise)
It's an Orion beacon.

The Boomer is aghast and any trace of hostility drains from him in a heartbeat.

PAUL

What?

ARCHER

You said that you barely got away from the Orions the last time.
(grim)
It looks like you were allowed to escape.

Paul looks like someone has just kicked him in the groin and he collapses heavily into a chair, still staring at the beacon with wide and horrified eyes. Archer and Bernard exchange a glance.

ARCHER

(softer)
Captain, we need your help if we're going to retrieve our people.

The Boomer tears his eyes away from the beacon and looks up, looking like he's on the verge of throwing up.

PAUL

How can I help? *Horizon* isn't a warship.

BERNARD

No, but you have better starcharts of the area than we do. We want access to them.

PAUL

Done.

He swallows and looks at the beacon again.

PAUL

(soft)
I'm responsible for this...this is my fault...

Archer's expression changes to one of commiseration and he rests a hand on the Boomer's shoulder.

FOUNDATIONS: “Objects in Motion”

ARCHER

We're going to get them back, Captain.

BERNARD

(grim)

All of them.

Mayweather looks up at that and, off the resolute expressions on the faces of Captain Archer and General Bernard, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

There are fewer Boomer ships present as we open with the establishing shot and keen observers will note that the ships absent are the ones that were being fired upon by the Boomer privateers. Once again, however, Enterprise is the stationary eye of the storm as *Lexington* slowly prowls the region.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - SICKBAY

Still stretched out on the biobed, Major Reed sighs heavily. An expression of abject misery is on his face as Doctor Phlox bustles into the scene, a cheery expression on his face.

PHLOX

Feeling better, Major?

REED

Hardly. I feel bloody awful, like I'm going to vomit.

The doctor gives him a normal-sized smile as he studies the biobed's readouts.

PHLOX

Not surprising. Doctor Lucas was worried about some of your readings and gave you the full detoxification treatment.

REED

(muttering)

So he's the one I need to kill.

PHLOX

(smiling)

I would give you an antiemetic, Major, but given your past record, I'm afraid it would only make things worse.

Reaching down, Phlox picks up and then offers a small waste receptacle.

PHLOX

In case you do feel the urge, however, please use this.

(with a smile)

One never knows what can be salvaged from such detritus.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Reed gives the doctor a disgusted look.

REED

Please tell me you're joking.

Instead, Phlox smiles broadly and turns away. Reed watches him depart before glancing at the small trashcan. He swallows.

FEMALE VOICE 2 (OS)

Hello, Malcolm.

Reed looks to the speaker in surprise, having been too distracted to notice her approach. This is MAJOR CHARLOTTA HOLMBERG, one of the *Lexington* officers. Dark-skinned, she speaks with a slight accent that identifies her as an Austrian born native. Reed is obviously surprised to see her.

REED

Charlotte. Uh...hello.

HOLMBERG

(smiling)

Still the same Malcolm, I see.

Reed gives her an awkward smile.

REED

Afraid so.

(beat)

I didn't know you were aboard *Lexington*.

HOLMBERG

For the last year and a half.

Reed & Holmberg are silent for a BEAT as they look at one another.

REED

You're looking well.

HOLMBERG

Thank you.

(beat)

How's Maddie?

REED

Doing well. She finally married that idiot boyfriend of hers.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

HOLMBERG

That's nice.

Another LONG BEAT passes in awkward silence.

HOLMBERG

This is awkward, isn't it?

Reed smirks.

REED

Just a little bit.

(beat)

How long has it been?

HOLMBERG

Since Mars. Two years, six months.

They share a sad smile before Holmberg dons her professional mask once more.

HOLMBERG

General Bernard wanted me to coordinate some things with you but...

(with a glance around the sickbay)

...if you're injured...

(with a sudden hint of concern)

Are you injured?

REED

No.

LUCAS

(approaching suddenly)

Yes.

The doctor gives Holmberg a grim look.

LUCAS

I'm afraid Mister Reed isn't quite up for visitors, Major.

(off of Reed's glare)

Perhaps in a few hours.

HOLMBERG

All right.

(to Reed)

Who's your second?

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Still glaring at Lucas, Reed answers.

REED

(tightly)

First Lieutenant Picard. He should be on the bridge.

HOLMBERG

(nodding)

Picard. Got it.

(with a smile)

I'll see you soon, Malcolm.

Reed watches her depart sickbay as Lucas studies his readouts.

LUCAS

Old girlfriend?

In reply, Reed glares at the doctor and, off his look, we

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

It is a council of war. General Bernard is seated, along with several of her senior officers including Major Holmberg. Captain Archer is also seated along with Commander Tucker, First Lieutenant Picard, FIRST LIEUTENANT SUN CHEN, First Lieutenant Alves, and Sergeant Major Hayes. ENSIGN TRAVIS MAYWEATHER sits quietly at the back of the conference room as Sub-Commander T'Pol stands before the active main display: star charts fill the viewer.

We enter the scene already in progress

T'POL

(pointing to a flashing star on the chart)

-is the most likely destination within range of the Orion frigates.

ARCHER

Can't we just use that trick you and Trip worked out to track their warp signatures?

The *Lexington* officers react to that with some surprise.

TUCKER

No, sir. They covered their trail with some sort of countermeasure.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

T'POL

Analysis indicates a dilithium hydroxide and ionized pyrosulfate mixture. The countermeasure effectively eliminated their warp signature.

Archer frowns.

ARCHER

How would they know to do that? I thought this was still an experimental technique.

T'POL

It is experimental.
(beat)

To the Vulcan Science Directorate. It is entirely possible - and in fact, highly probable - that the Orions have been in contact with a species that already possess such tracking capability.

Archer glowers at the screen, clearly not happy to hear that.

BERNARD

What do we know about this system?

T'POL

We have minimal intelligence on the destination system. It is what human scientists refer to as a red dwarf and, based on our observations of its radial velocity, is presumed to have at least three planetary bodies.

PICARD

But we have no idea which one is the target planet?

T'POL

No.

There is a LONG BEAT of silence as everyone digests this news. Finally...

ARCHER

General, I recommend that *Enterprise* sneak into the system and scout it out. Our sensors are better equipped for this sort of thing than yours.

Bernard nods.

BERNARD

I'll have *Lexington* take up a station-keeping orbit outside the system.
(to T'Pol)

Does this system have an Oort cloud?

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

T'POL

(quirking an eyebrow)
Unknown, but it is a logical assumption.

BERNARD

Then we'll use that for cover.
(to Archer)
We'll be standing by to warp in on your signal.
(beat, frowning)
How are you planning on running this?

ARCHER

As much stealth as possible. We need confirmation that our people are down there before we pull the trigger on this one.

The general glances at Major Holmberg who nods in response to an unasked question.

BERNARD

I'd like to have Major Holmberg augment your SF teams for this operation.

Archer's expression darkens slightly.

ARCHER

I don't think that's a good idea. We don't need to go in there guns blazing.

The general gives him a long suffering look as every member of the UEM frowns. It's pretty clear that most of them have heard this sort of thing in the past and are tired of it.

BERNARD

(slightly annoyed)
Contrary to what you may believe, Captain, we're not all barbarians eager to rape and pillage.
(beat)
Major Holmberg's team will be there to provide additional support.

Archer glances away, recognizing that the general isn't going to accept "No" as an answer.

ARCHER

(hiding his frustration)
All right.
(to Holmberg)
Coordinate with Major Reed.

Holmberg nods in acknowledgement of the instruction and we ZOOM toward the troubled face of Ensign Mayweather as he sits quietly at the back of the conference room. He looks down, then glances up and we...

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *HORIZON* - AIRLOCK ACCESS

...PULL BACK, revealing that he is now in the airlock access of his old ship. Power is back on, though there are constant flickers, an indication that work is still ongoing. As he stands outside the airlock, Travis has an expression of uncomfortable remorse on his face. He studies a blackened stain on the nearby wall for a LONG BEAT.

As we continue to PULL BACK, we can RIANNA MAYWEATHER, Travis' mom, studying him from the edge of the main corridor.

RIANNA

Didn't expect to see you so soon.

Her voice startles him and he turns to face her instantly. The sadness in his face only deepens at her less than welcoming expression.

MAYWEATHER

Mom...

(beat, off her grim expression)

I just wanted to let you know that we'll be casting off soon.

RIANNA

We?

Travis looks away, breaking eye contact.

MAYWEATHER

Enterprise.

(beat)

We're going to go and get them back. All of them.

From her expression, Rianna appears doubtful.

RIANNA

Including Nora?

Travis nods, appearing momentarily sickened.

MAYWEATHER

Everyone they grabbed.

He looks up at his mother, appearing like nothing more than a lost puppy in that moment, and we can see that Rianna is fighting to keep her facade of indifference intact.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

MAYWEATHER

Was this because of me? Because I left?

Rianna is taken aback at the question and gives him a look of confusion.

RIANNA

What are you talking about, Travis?

He's starting to get a little angry now.

MAYWEATHER

This piracy crap.

(slightly hotter)

The crew of the *Horizon* that I knew wouldn't have sunk so low.

His anger is infecting her and she gives him a dark look.

RIANNA

You have no idea what you're talking about.

MAYWEATHER

Then explain it to me!

RIANNA

Things changed after you left! We had to adapt or die!

Travis stares at his mother for a BEAT, aghast at her reasoning.

MAYWEATHER

(horrified)

By becoming pirates?

(off her flicker of embarrassment)

I don't know you anymore. I don't know any of you...

Rianna looks at him, sadness in her eyes.

RIANNA

No. You don't.

(softly)

Not anymore.

Travis is silent for a BEAT before inhaling sharply. As he inhales, he appears to push aside his anguish. He offers his mother a clipboard.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

MAYWEATHER

(coolly)

Captain Archer wanted me to give you this. It's a subpoena.

(beat, off her look)

Paul has already been remanded to General Bernard's custody and will be held in their brig until they can arrange for transport back to Earth.

Rianna stares at the clipboard for a BEAT before looking up at Travis.

MAYWEATHER

We'll contact you once we have retrieved Nora and the others.

Without another word, Travis turns and steps back through the airlock hatch, sealing it behind him. We momentarily FOCUS on Rianna's expression of remorse as she turns away.

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - AIRLOCK ACCESS

It is a nearly identical expression to the one that Travis wears as he seals the airlock behind him. For a BEAT, he rests his hand on the outer door as if attempting to recapture the innocence of his youth.

MAYWEATHER

(softly)

Goodbye.

Dropping his hand, he turns away, once more wearing a resolute expression. Off this, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

...PULL BACK, revealing that Travis is now seated behind the helm controls. Picard stands at the tactical station, Major Holmberg at his back studying the board with interest. Trip is manning the damage control board and T'Pol sits patiently in front of her own console. Expressions are determined (except for T'Pol, of course, and she appears politely disinterested as usual). On the main viewer is an image of General Bernard aboard the *Lexington*.

BERNARD

We're standing by to receive realtime telemetry, Captain.

ARCHER

Sub-Commander...

T'Pol inputs a command into her console and Bernard reacts.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

LEXINGTON BRIDGE OFFICER (OS)

Receiving telemetry readings. All systems are go.

BERNARD

Good.

(to Archer)

Ready when you are, Captain.

Archer nods.

ARCHER

Then let's go get our people back. *Enterprise* out.

The main viewer changes to a forward starscape and Archer leans forward in his chair.

ARCHER

Ensign Mayweather, take us to warp.

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE

Cruising alongside the *Lexington*, *Enterprise's* nacelles suddenly flare and the EX-01 leaps forward, disappearing almost instantly. A BEAT later, *Lexington* does the same. And, off of their disappearances, we...

FADE OUT.

E N E O F A C T T W O

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ORION MOON

We open with a wide shot of a bleak and barren-looking moon. There is no vegetation or even indication of water. Great jagged rocks climb up into the sky. A massive orange and yellow gas giant looms prominently in the atmosphere and we can see a number of other moons. Colors here are oddly hued, as befitting a red star.

A starship crosses overhead and we pursue it across the barren landscape. As we pass over a towering mountain range, we suddenly see what appears to be a fortified town. A half dozen starships are parked on the rudimentary landing ports outside of the shoddy-looking buildings. PUSHING IN, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ORION MOON - SLAVE PENS

It is a grim and miserable sight: over a dozen human females are crowded together in an actual barred pen. Among these women, we can recognize ENSIGN HOSHI SATO, 2ND LIEUTENANT AMANDA COLE, and NORA. All of them are still wearing their clothes but now have a curious collar around their necks. Immediately adjacent to that pen is another, this one bearing a number of other alien females. Other pens can be seen (most of which are full or at least occupied) and there is an odd haze in the air above the pens.

Walking through the pen areas is a familiar figure: HARRAD-SAR. He is accompanied by several other Orion males as well as the sultry NAVAAR who studies the human women with interest. Harrad-Sar and Navaar pause several meters from the pens to watch as their men work.

NAVAAR

(in Orion)

[They don't appear that impressive. Are you sure they were worth the effort?]

Harrad-Sar gives her a dark look and she takes a step back as if rebuked. The moment that his attention returns to the humans, her posture straightens, as if she were reasserting herself.

At Harrad-Sar's nod, one of the Orion males enters the human pen, brandishing a stick that appears to be a high-tech cattle prod analog. Lieutenant Cole steps forward, offering the male a contemptuous look. As he attempts to strike her with the prod, she sidesteps his lumbering attack and punches him in the throat with a brutal jab. Up her knee comes, smashing into his groin with punishing force. As the male shrieks, Navaar begins to applaud.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

NAVAAR

[Well done!]

(softer, to Harrad-Sar)

[She'll fetch a hefty price on the Klingon markets.]

Harrad-Sar frowns at the apparent incompetence of his own men but nods in agreement. Navaar stands close to him as they both watch what's happening in slave pen.

Now Hoshi is at Cole's back and, despite the fear on her face, has assumed a martial arts stance as well. The ring of Orion males surround the two, hefting their shock sticks with murderous intent. One of the lunges toward the two women and Hoshi sends him to the ground with a perfect judo throw. Twisting his arm up behind his back, she grabs the shockstick and uses it on him.

HARRAD-SAR

[So will she.]

He gestures to one of the other Orions and the ring of males pulls back slightly. Lifting his left arm, Harrad-Sar presses a button on an elaborate gauntlet he is wearing.

Instantly, all of the human females begin screaming and collapse. Most clutch at the collar they are wearing as they twitch spasmodically and we can see a subtle glow around each of the collars. Harrad-Sar releases the button and the screaming ends.

HARRAD-SAR

(to a grim-looking Orion)

[Have them cleaned up.]

(off the man's ominous smile)

[If they are molested in any way, I'll have you executed and fed to a targ.]

The male's expression turns to one of fear and he nods quickly. Harrad-Sar studies the male for another BEAT before turning away. Navaar smirks at the human woman and we note that the Orion that Cole attacked is still unmoving on the ground. One of the Orions nudges him with a toe, then shrugs.

We PUSH IN to focus on Hoshi's terrified face as she looks at her surrounding. Desperation is in her eyes as she looks up into the sky as if looking for a rescue team to coming roaring down at any moment.

ZOOMING UP into the sky, we...

CUT TO:

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

...pause briefly, revealing that the "planet" is in fact another moon. In the far distance, the red dwarf glitters dully in the void. A number of ships, several of which we recognize from the teaser, orbit the moon. We PULL BACK...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

...revealing that we're now observing the Orion moon on the main viewer of Enterprise. Archer is leaning forward in his command chair, expression troubled. Major Reed is at the tactical station but, from the occasional wince he makes, is clearly not at 100%. Commander Tucker is not present.

ARCHER

Any indication that we've been detected?

T'Pol is silent for a BEAT as she works her console.

T'POL

Not at the present, Captain.

(beat, off her console)

There is considerable interference to our scans from the Orion moon.

Archer frowns at that.

ARCHER

What sort of interference?

T'POL

Unknown.

(beat)

It seems logical to assume, however, that the Orions have countermeasures to conceal their activities.

From his station, Reed is nodding in agreement at that.

ARCHER

What can you determine about the moon?

T'POL

Gravity below Earth average, minimal atmosphere, minimal vegetation.

(beat)

There are six warp capable starships in orbit over the moon. I am unable to determine their offensive capability.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Archer glances to Reed.

ARCHER
Is *Lexington* still receiving telemetry readings?

REED
Yes, sir.

ARCHER
Then get your teams together, Major.

Off of Reed's nod, Archer depresses the comm. button on his command chair armrest.

ARCHER
Archer to Tucker.

A BEAT passes.

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)
Tucker here.

ARCHER
Give me some good news, Trip.

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)
The shuttlepod modifications are almost done, sir. We need another thirty minutes or so and they'll be ready.

Archer's expression lightens slightly at that.

ARCHER
That's the good news I wanted to hear.
(beat)
Senior staff meeting in the briefing room in one hour. Archer out.

We PUSH IN to focus on Archer's grim expression and...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

PULLING BACK, we reveal that we've changed locales. Captain Archer stands at the head of the table, glancing over the assembled officers present: Sub-Commander T'Pol quietly waits next to an empty seat, a blank expression on her face. Major Reed and Major Holmberg sit next to one another, quietly discussing tactics. Lieutenants Chen and Alves are present and appear eager

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

for action as they listen to the two majors. Ensign Mayweather stands at the far end of the room, expression intent. Standing beside the doorway in a parade rest stance is Sergeant Major Hayes. His straight-backed stance is in sharp contrast to the more casual appearance of SENIOR CHIEF PETTY OFFICER KYLE LINQUIST who leans against the wall. A female wearing the same rank pin as Linquist sits in the only other available chair around the table with a male chief petty officer directly behind her; the two of them have a winged badge on their uniforms, indicating that they are back-up pilots.

Everyone's attention is drawn to the opening door as Commander Tucker enters. He is wearing a utility jumpsuit instead of the standard duty uniform and appears to have been working hard as his hair is damp with sweat. An apologetic expression is on his face.

TUCKER

Sorry I'm late!

(as he makes his way to the seat beside T'Pol)

We're having some problems with getting the stealth mods to work on Pod Three.

(with a rueful grin to Archer)

So we had to put them on Shuttlepod One.

Archer frowns as everyone except Trip, T'Pol and Major Holmberg reacts negatively to that. There are grumbles, head shakes and sighs.

ARCHER

Couldn't you mod Four?

TUCKER

No sir. Four is still having problems with acceleration.

ARCHER

Alright.

(beat)

You'll be in command while I'm planetside, Trip.

Tucker reacts to that with a surprised glance at T'Pol.

TUCKER

You're going down there?

From Reed's reaction, he isn't happy about that but says nothing.

ARCHER

Yes.

(beat)

Hoshi wouldn't even be on *Enterprise* if I hadn't pulled some strings so I'm responsible for her.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Trip's expression darkens and he glances down to the table as T'Pol lifts an eyebrow at the captain's comment. Archer turns his attention to Reed.

ARCHER

Has Phlox cleared you for this, Major?

REED

(sullen)

No, sir.

(with a nod to Holmberg)

Major Holmberg will be the ground commander in my absence.

Archer reacts slightly to that and gives Holmberg an appraising look for a BEAT before nodding.

ARCHER

Fine.

(to T'Pol)

Sub-Commander?

T'POL

I have determined a weakness in the moon's sensor sweep patterns.

She hands Archer a PADD and he glances over the data for a BEAT.

ARCHER

(off the data)

That's a pretty narrow window.

T'Pol raises an eyebrow.

T'POL

Indeed.

(beat)

If *Enterprise* creates a sufficient distraction, the window of opportunity increases significantly.

ARCHER

(off of the PADD data)

With a window this narrow, we'll need the best pilots on the two assault shuttles.

I want Travis to pilot Pod Two.

(with a sigh)

I'll take Shuttlepod One.

Reed and Tucker have nearly identical dark expressions at the captain's comment.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

ARCHER

Anything else?
(off of a BEAT of silence)
Then let's go get our people back.

As the senior staff begins filing out of the conference room, Archer notes Tucker's expression.

ARCHER

Trip.
(off Tucker's look)
Could you stay for a minute?

TUCKER

(tight)
Yes, sir.

T'Pol is the last person out of the conference room and gives the captain and commander a brief glance before exiting.

ARCHER

Is there a problem, Trip?

Tucker gives the older man a look as he rolls his tongue against his cheek.

TUCKER

(sharp)
You mean aside from you going on this mission and leaving me here?

ARCHER

I need you on the bridge while I'm down there.
(with an annoyed glance at the now closed door)
And I still don't entirely trust the Vulcan.

TUCKER

That's not my point, Jon. You shouldn't be going on this mission. You're the captain and you have a responsibility to the crew of this ship!

Archer suddenly smiles which only seems to piss Trip off more.

ARCHER

(amused)
I never thought I'd hear you talking about responsibility, Trip. Not after Mars...

TUCKER

(angry)
Don't try to change the subject, dammit!

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(off of Archer's surprised look)

What happens if you get yourself killed down there? You're the one who is always telling me that the mission comes first! That the captain is supposed to put the needs of the ship before his own!

ARCHER

(tightly)

He does.

(with a dark look at Trip)

And you're treading close to insubordination, Commander. I've made my decision.

A BEAT passes as they glare at one another.

TUCKER

Will that be all, Captain?

Archer's expression flickers as he (and we) hear Trip pronounce the rank without the usual "Cap'n" twang.

ARCHER

Trip, I need to do this.

(beat)

Hoshi didn't even want to serve aboard *Enterprise* and I convinced her that it would be safe.

(beat, sad)

I promised her.

Trip's anger seems to falter in the face of that revelation.

TUCKER

(tight)

Yes, sir.

(beat)

I'm sorry for yelling, sir.

Archer smiles as he reaches out and grips Tucker's shoulder.

ARCHER

Don't ever be afraid to speak your mind around me, Trip. The minute I stop listening to my officers is the minute I need to be relieved of command.

Tucker nods with a sheepish smile. As the two men walk to the doorway, the captain suddenly smirks.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

ARCHER

Try not to mess up my ship too much while I'm gone, okay?

Tucker gives him a look of amused annoyance as he triggers the door release. We PUSH IN past the two men and...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - HANGAR DECK

We PUSH IN through the doorway in a nifty transition and briefly linger on the SFs as they prepare for the mission. Unlike previous instances, they are in full combat gear with helmets and body armor. Captain Archer enters the scene and approaches Ensign Mayweather who is doing a walkaround of Shuttlepod Two, clipboard in hand. Both UESPA men are wearing field uniforms that include holstered sidearms and utility belts.

ARCHER

Ensign.

Travis turns around, lowering the clipboard at the captain's approach.

MAYWEATHER

Sir.

ARCHER

Are you up for this, Travis?

MAYWEATHER

(intense)

Absolutely, sir. You can count on me.

ARCHER

Good. I need you at a hundred percent.

(beat)

Once we land, I'll also need you to remain with the shuttlepods.

Travis' expression is stricken at that.

MAYWEATHER

Sir!

ARCHER

(as if Travis hadn't even spoken)

We may need an emergency extraction if things go bad so I want our best pilot standing by.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

An expression of understanding crosses Travis' face and he nods.

MAYWEATHER

Yes, sir.

Archer smiles as he briefly grips Travis' shoulder.

ARCHER

I'm counting on you, Travis.

Archer turns away.

ARCHER

Major!

(off of Holmberg's look)

Let's get moving.

Holmberg nods before giving Sergeant Major Hayes a look. Instantly, he reacts.

HAYES

(shouting)

Come on, you apes! Get tactical!

The SFs begin crowding into their respective 'pods. In the background, we can see Shuttlepods Three and Four begin powering up as well. Archer is the last person to enter Shuttlepod One and, as he prepares to pull the hatch shut, we ZOOM and focus on his face.

ARCHER

(under his breath)

Here we go...

He pulls the hatch shut. A BEAT later, Shuttlepod One lifts up from the deck and moves toward the launch bay access. The winglets at the back of the 'pod retract as Shuttlepod Two comes to within a meter of One, its winglets also retracted. Side-by-side, the two 'pods continue toward the launch bay access.

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

The two shuttlepods streak from the launch bay, still side-by-side. It is an amazing display of precision piloting and the 'pods move farther apart as they deploy the winglets. They immediately orient toward the distant (but just barely recognizable) gas giant with Shuttlepod One taking point. As they accelerate toward the target, we PAN BACK and see Shuttlepods Three and Four emerge from *Enterprise* (although they are moving slower and not as efficiently).

FOUNDATIONS: “Objects in Motion”

PULLING BACK, we focus on *Enterprise* as she pulls away from the shuttlepods. With a flash, she transitions to warp speed and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

With a flash of light, *Enterprise* drops out of warp. In the background, we can just make out the gas giant.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

It's the first time we've seen Commander Tucker sitting in the command chair and he doesn't look entirely comfortable in it. Major Reed mans the Tactical board and LIEUTENANT RAKEE GARLA is manning the Science board.

TUCKER

Status?

Lieutenant Garla is silent for a BEAT as she studies the sensor readings before looking up.

GARLA

Increased sensor traffic. We've been detected.

TUCKER

Good.

(to Reed)

Battle stations. Let's get their attention.

As Major Reed sounds the alarms, we focus briefly on Trip's slightly concerned expression and...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

Shuttlepods One and Two continue forward in a straight line toward the gas giant and the target moon, now much closer than before; Shuttlepod Two is now in the front. There is no indication of where the other two 'pods are and the engines on One and Two don't appear to be lit.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD TWO

Ensign Mayweather is intent on his flight controls. Behind him, at the science board on his left, Sub-Commander T'Pol is equally focused on the readings being displayed on her consoles. The rest of the pod is filled with SFs, including an uncomfortable-looking Lieutenant Chen.

Abruptly, T'Pol's board chirps.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

T'POL

Now.

At her command, Mayweather applies acceleration.

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

The engines of Shuttlepod Two ignite and the small craft surges forward, almost instantly followed by Shuttlepod One. They race toward the gas giant in what appears to be a synchronized action.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD TWO

T'Pol inputs commands into her console, lifting an eyebrow slightly at the results.

T'POL

Adjust heading to one-five mark three-six.

MAYWEATHER

Got it.

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

The 'pods continue forward, entering a planetary ring that surrounds the massive gas giant. Small chunks of ice and rock begin pelting the 'pod as it maneuvers around the larger obstacles.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD TWO

As Travis does his thing at the pilot's station, we can see Lieutenant Chen with his eyes clenched tightly together. He appears to be whispering something under his breath and the other members of the SF team are hiding smiles at his actions.

MAYWEATHER

Stand by for turbulence!

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

Darting from the planetary ring, the two shuttlepods suddenly race toward the Orion moon, engines glowing brightly. Disappearing around the terminator line of the moon, we can see an Orion frigate (one of the ones from the teaser).

EXT. ORION MOON - DUSK

Hulls bright red from the heat of re-entry, the two shuttlepods drop from the sky and dive toward a jagged chasm. Both level out almost instantly and continue their forward acceleration. They are flying low and fast, hugging the terrain.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

INT. SHUTTLEPOD TWO

Now, Lieutenant Chen appears slightly green as the shuttlepod is rocked around by turbulence but several of the other SFs are also now and the lieutenant's problems with flying no longer appears to hold quite as much humor to them as it did earlier. T'Pol gives them a brief glance before returning her attention to her sensor display. It's very subtle, but she appears almost amused.

EXT. ORION MOON - DUSK

Engines whining slightly, Shuttlepod Two slows and lands softly under a large rocky outcropping. As the pitch of the engines dwindles to nothing, Shuttlepod One comes to a landing alongside it, also partially concealed by the outcropping.

Spilling out from the hatch of Shuttlepod Two in a tactical column, the SFs rush out to set up a perimeter. All of them are now wearing rebreathers. A BEAT later, the hatch on Shuttlepod One opens and the rest of the SF teams emerges and joins the other soldiers.

A rebreather covering her nose and mouth, Sub-Commander T'Pol emerges from Shuttlepod Two, followed closely by Ensign Mayweather, equally attired. The Vulcan is intent on her hand-held scanner as Captain Archer and Major Holmberg approach.

ARCHER

Well?

T'POL

There is no indication that our arrival was detected.

(beat, off of new data)

I am detecting a number of warp core signatures approximately 1.35 kilometers in that direction.

She points and Major Holmberg gives a hand signal to the SFs. Two of them leap to their feet and dart in the direction indicated. Archer frowns but says nothing.

ARCHER

What about the situation in orbit?

T'POL

Unknown. The range of my scanner is limited.

Major Holmberg touches her helmet and we can hear muffled communication but are unable to understand it.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

HOLMBERG

(to helmet comm)

Copy.

(to Archer)

Sir, we have confirmed visual on Lieutenant Cole and Ensign Sato. They're in the camp.

Archer draws in a sharp breath before nodding.

ARCHER

(terse)

Let's go get them.

(to Mayweather)

Travis-

T'POL

(interrupting)

Captain.

(off his look)

Sir, I recommend that Ensign Mayweather accompany our team.

(off his surprise)

This is an unexplored moon with unknown dangers. It is illogical to leave a single officer behind.

Archer frowns for a BEAT, then nods.

ARCHER

Travis, you're with me.

(to Holmberg)

Let's move out, Major.

As the team begins to move out, we PAN UP and focus on the darkening sky. The distant stars twinkle and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

Weapon systems deployed and nacelles armored up, Enterprise continues to cruise toward the gas giant.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Commander Tucker is leaning forward in the chair, unconsciously emulating Captain Archer's habit. Prominently displayed on the main viewer are four Orion frigates approaching in a combat formation.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

REED

Weapons range in two minutes, sir.

Trip nods before glancing to the communications officer.

TUCKER

Inform *Lexington* that they have a green light.

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

As the four ships continue to accelerate, a streak of light announces the arrival of the *UEM Lexington*. As before, the ship begins transitioning into a combat mode the moment it drops out of warp.

Within a BEAT of *Lexington's* arrival, the four frigates peel off and begin accelerating away from the Earth ship. The warship doesn't even get the opportunity to fire a single shot before the four craft begin jumping to warp.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Trip leans back in the command chair, a satisfied look on his face, and gives Major Reed a smile.

TUCKER

I guess they don't like it when we fight back.

Off of Reed's amused snort, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ORION MOON - DUSK

The fortified town is a scene of complete chaos. Aliens of various species (although most of them are Orion) run through the "streets" and we can see starships lifting off of the planet with regular frequency. The sound of firefights can be heard as we focus on a single, familiar individual: Harrad-Sar.

He is storming through the streets with fury on his face and is heading toward the sound of fighting. A pair of armored SFs enter his view and he quickly ducks into a convenient shadow as the rest of the team begins to appear. We focus briefly on his face as he measures something and then turns away, quickly disappearing down the "alleyway".

Instead of following him, we focus on the approaching team of UEM SFs as they continue to fan out, using cover as appropriate. Captain Archer and Ensign Mayweather scramble forward, keeping low as they dart from place to place. As members of UESPA, they frankly look just a little silly as they attempt to move tactically when it's clear that they have never been trained to

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

do so. Sub-Commander T'Pol appears much more at ease with this sort of movement, however, indicating that she has been trained to do this sort of thing.

ARCHER

(in a loud hiss)
Sub-Commander!

From the flicker of annoyance that briefly crosses her face, T'Pol would have rolled her eyes if she were human, but she dutifully consults her scanner and points.

T'POL

Twenty-one meters in that direction.

Archer is up and moving before anyone can give the command and Major Holmberg shoots him a quick look of frustration before giving hand and arm signals.

EXT. ORION MOON - SLAVE PENS

The SF teams rapidly approach the enclosed pens to discover that there is a squad of burly Orion males attempting to secure one of the pens to a ground vehicle of some sort. One of the Orions sees the approaching humans and they scramble for weapons.

Almost instantly, the area is crisscrossed with energy beams as the UEM SFs return fire. Archer, equipped with a plasma pistol himself, takes a couple of shots at the hostiles but only hits the cover. There is a flash of movement to one side of him and he whips his head around see a green-hued figure disappear behind a building. Without thinking, Archer springs after the figure. Only T'Pol, several meters distant from him, seems to notice in the chaos of battle.

T'POL

Captain!

We keep our focus on Archer as he rounds the corner of the building just in time to see the figure disappear around another corner. From his expression, he's running on pure adrenaline now and darts after the figure, weapon out. As he ducks around the corner, a massive fist connects with his chest and sends him sprawling to the ground. His weapon is knocked loose and is sent skittering away.

Harrad-Sar steps forward and hefts Archer off of the ground with one meaty hand,

HARRAD-SAR

(in Orion, furious)
[You!]

Archer's eyes widen in recognition even if he doesn't know what Harrad-Sar actually said, and he kicks the Orion squarely in groin. A loud CLANK can be heard and Archer yelps in pain as his foot strikes a metal codpiece.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

HARRAD-SAR

[I'm going to kill you, hoo-man!]

Almost effortlessly, the hulking Orion throws Archer into a nearby wall with bone-jarring force. The captain hits the ground with a loud thud and tries to get to his feet. Harrad-Sar is there almost instantly and kicks Archer in the chest, knocking him back a meter.

Gasping in pain, Archer rolls onto his back as Harrad-Sar looms over him. Reaching down, the Orion grabs the captain's neck with both of his meaty hands. Archer gasps as he tries to fight the crushing grip.

HARRAD-SAR

(snarling)

[Now, you die.]

As Harrad-Sar begins to choke Archer, a slim hand snakes into view and applies pressure to the Orion's shoulder in a very familiar manner. His eyes roll backward and the Orion falls forward, unconscious, revealing a calm-looking Sub-Commander T'Pol behind him. With little visible effort, the Vulcan shoves the unconscious Orion off of Archer.

Archer gives her an odd look that is half-gratitude, half-annoyance at having to be gratified.

T'POL

Are you injured, Captain?

ARCHER

(muttering as he stands)

Only my pride.

T'Pol quirks an eyebrow at his response as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ORION MOON - SLAVE PENS

...the firefight. It's mostly died down now as the SFs have established a semi-circular perimeter around the entrance to the pens. We FOCUS on Travis Mayweather as he and three enlisted SFs quickly advance toward the pen containing the humans in it. Travis the first person to the gate of the pens and he speaks to the first of the women he sees.

MAYWEATHER

Hoshi!

The surprise on Ensign Sato's face is amusing as Travis uses his sidearm on the lock to the cell gate and quickly blasts it to pieces. The three enlisted SFs are covering him with their rifles.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

SATO

You sure took long enough!

Travis' grin is widening by the second and he's caught off guard by Hoshi's sudden embrace of him. To one side, we FOCUS on Nora as she looks at the two ensigns with a sad expression that she quickly hides.

Lieutenant Cole relieves Mayweather of his sidearm and, when he starts to complain, she spears him with a dark look that quickly causes him to reconsider his complaints. Instead, he glances around the pen, brightening at sight of Nora. To his obvious confusion, she blushes slightly at his evident happiness to see her.

An annoyed expression on her face, Lieutenant Cole glances at Travis.

COLE

What's the evac plan, Ensign?

Mayweather starts to reply but it interrupted by Lieutenant Chen as he approaches.

CHEN

Pods Three and Four are en route to begin shuttling our people back to *Enterprise*.

(beat)

Which has taken up a geo-synchronous orbit above us alongside *Lexington*.

(annoyed, to Travis)

Did you see where the captain went this time?

As Travis is shaking his head, Captain Archer and Sub-Commander T'Pol approach, the former looking a little worse for the wear.

ARCHER

I'm right here, Lieutenant.

(beat, to Hoshi)

Good to see you again, Ensign.

SATO

(grinning)

It's even better to see you, sir.

COLE

Captain...

At her comment, Archer shifts attention to her and she straightens slightly under his gaze.

COLE

We're taking the Boomers back to *Enterprise*?

FOUNDATIONS: “Objects in Motion”

ARCHER

That's right, Lieutenant.

(with a reassuring smile to the frightened-looking Boomer women)

And then, we'll arrange for them to rejoin their families and ships.

His words draw out a couple of smiles from the women but Cole frowns.

COLE

But what about them, sir?

She points to the other slave pens that still hold captives, all of whom are non-human and most of whom bear beaten expressions. There are familiar-species here: Andorian, Denobulan, Suliban, Tellarite, but just as many unfamiliar (to Archer) species. We FOCUS on the disgust and despair on Archer's face as he takes in the sheer number of captives.

And off his expression, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - ORION SYSTEM

We open with Enterprise and Lexington in orbit around the moon with the gas giant looming in the background. The warship is cruising with weapon systems fully deployed.

ARCHER (VO)

Captain's log, 23 October 2152, 1800 hours standard.

As Archer's log entry continues, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - HANGAR DECK

Non-human refugees and ex-slaves file out of the parked Shuttlepod Three under the watchful eyes of the Security Force. Most of the aliens seem to have already been broken as they keep their heads down and refuse to make eye contact. The pity on the faces of the SFs is apparent.

ARCHER (VO, CONT'D)

Under my authority, we've taken on all of the non-human ... prisoners that the Orions were keeping in captivity.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - DECON

Filled to capacity with the non-humans, the decontamination chamber also appears to be Doctor Phlox's base of operations. He is bustling back and forth between his "patients", a cheerful smile on his face the entire time. We can't hear what he's saying but his unrelenting optimism appears to have a positive effect.

ARCHER (VO, CONT'D)

Doctor Phlox is working overtime to make sure that our ... guests aren't carrying any unexpected diseases that could lead to other problems. Malnutrition and dehydration appear to be the most common ailments.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - OUTSIDE DECON

Phlox emerges from the decontamination chamber and sags against the wall, momentarily losing his facade of optimism. It's the first time we've seen him appear tired. ENSIGN ELIZABETH CUTLER appears around the corner, dressed in medical smocks, and she engages the doctor in a conversation that appears to cheer him up.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

ARCHER (VO, CONT'D)

I've given him permission to enlist whatever aid he needs from the crew. Hopefully, with this assistance, our guests will be in better shape when we rendezvous with the transport that Earth sent to pick them up.

EXT. ORION MOON - NIGHT

Wheezing with effort, Navaar drags the clearly unconscious Harrad-Sar through the "alleys" of the fortified town.

ARCHER (VO, CONT'D)

The architect of these attacks somehow managed to elude capture.

Grimacing, Navaar drags the much, much larger male toward a shuttlepod-sized ship that is partially concealed from view.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ARCHER'S OFFICE

Captain Archer sits behind his small desk now cluttered with PADDs and clipboards. He leaning back in his chair and staring at the ceiling as he speaks.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I'm afraid we'll be running into him again ... and I still don't know what his name is...

(beat)

Computer, end log.

There is a chirp as the computer acknowledges his command. For a BEAT, he sits at his desk, staring at nothing before rising to his feet.

As he stands, the door chime sounds.

ARCHER

Enter!

The door slides open, revealing General Bernard. As she walks into the office, we catch a glimpse of an *Enterprise* SF standing in the corridor outside.

BERNARD

Hope I'm not bothering you, Captain.

ARCHER

Not at all.

(beat)

I was just about to go to the bridge and get a status report.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Bernard glances around the office briefly.

BERNARD

I knew you were exaggerating. This office isn't that small.

Archer smiles at that.

ARCHER

Can I get you something? Coffee, perhaps?

BERNARD

No, thank you. I'll be heading back to *Lexington* in a couple of minutes so we can get underway.

(with a sigh)

This rogue Boomer problem isn't resolved yet.

ARCHER

(glum)

I know.

(beat)

I spoke with Admiral Forrest a little while ago. He's coordinating with General Sutherland about our next step.

Bernard nods and crosses her arms.

BERNARD

I already sent my after-action report about this entire Orion problem. We're going to step up patrols in this area of space, maybe wave the flag a little bit more.

ARCHER

Do you think that'll work? The Orions appear to be pretty well equipped.

BERNARD

They're bullies, Captain. Bullies are cowards who don't like it when someone pushes back.

(sour)

I've never liked bullies...

ARCHER

I hope you're right.

(beat, suddenly grim)

My science officer finished her preliminary findings on the purpose of this installation.

(beat)

We were right. It's nothing more than a processing center.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

The general's expression is bleak at that.

ARCHER

I've got people down there right now, sifting through the computer records so we can translate them to English, but it doesn't look like the Orions kept track of who purchased what.

BERNARD

(grim)

So we have no idea where their prisoners went from here?

ARCHER

No.

(beat)

There are humans out there, General. Humans that have been sold into slavery like livestock.

(beat, dark)

And we have no way of rescuing them.

Both officers share a BEAT of silence as they reflect on that miserable truth. Finally, Bernard forces a smile on her face.

BERNARD

How are your two officers?

Recognizing an attempt to change the uncomfortable subject, Archer returns the forced smile.

ARCHER

They're in Sickbay for observation.

And off that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - SICKBAY

Lieutenant Cole and Ensign Sato are on separate biobeds and clearly talking to one another. Surprisingly, they appear to be getting along fairly well if their expressions are any reflection.

With a hiss, the door to the Sickbay opens, revealing Commander Tucker and Major Reed. The former is cradling his hand and giving annoyed looks at the tactical officer. As they enter, they are talking.

TUCKER

-told you not to touch it!

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

REED

(indignant)

It's not my bloody fault it exploded! You're the one who just had to take a look at it!

TUCKER

A look! I didn't want to blow the damned thing up!

Doctor Lucas approaches the two, interrupting their friendly argument with a gruff look as he takes Tucker's hand and begins running a scanner over it.

LUCAS

Another burn, Commander?

Trip jerks his head in Reed's direction.

TUCKER

It's his fault. Apparently, the military doesn't teach you not to push the flashing red button on the alien device.

REED

You told me it was dead!

TUCKER

It was! Until you blew it up!

Lucas harrumphs again and gives Reed a pointed look. Recognizing his cue, he wanders toward the two female officers to give the doctor room to work.

REED

Lieutenant. Ensign.

SATO

Good evening, Major.
(beat, amused)
Blowing things up?

Reed's expression tightens slightly before he realizes that Hoshi is teasing him.

REED

It's what I do best, Ensign.
(off her smile)
How are you doing?
(including Cole)
Both of you?

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Lieutenant Cole gives a less-than-discreet glance in Tucker's direction (where he is complaining about Lucas' handling of his injury).

COLE

I could do with a little Southern Comfort, sir.
(off of Reed's sharp look)
Or maybe a stiff shot of bourbon instead.

Reed appears to not entirely buy her attempt to cover up her double entendre but allows it to pass without comment and returns his attention to Hoshi.

SATO

We're both ready to get out of here, sir.
(with a slightly sullen look at Lucas)
He won't let us go until he's satisfied that we're recovered from the shock-collars.

TUCKER (OS)

Damn it, Doc! I need those fingers!

LUCAS (OS)

Then maybe you should be more careful what you let Major Reed destroy.

The three glance in the direction of the sudden declaration and share a smile. Hoshi's amusement wavers slightly, as she glances at Reed.

SATO

Major, have you seen Ensign Mayweather?

And off Reed's look, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CORRIDOR

Ensign Mayweather walks toward the camera, expression tight. He is carrying a covered tray that is obviously food of some sort. We PULL BACK as he approaches his destination: a door currently guarded by a pair of UEM SFs. From his expression, he's a little surprised at their presence.

MAYWEATHER

(hesitantly)
Is there a problem?

SF 1

No, sir.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

MAYWEATHER

Then why are you guarding this door?

SF 1

(shrugging)

Major Reed's orders, sir.

Travis frowns as the SF activates the door but doesn't comment as he enters.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - "GUEST" QUARTERS

The room he enters is small, consisting of little more than a bunk bed and a wall locker against the opposite side of the small room. A very small desk is bumped up against the third wall, directly across from the door. Nora is seated on the bed, her head propped up by her hands. Travis smiles.

MAYWEATHER

Hi.

Travis' good cheer fades at the dark look she shoots him.

NORA

(angry)

What do you want?

MAYWEATHER

I brought you dinner...

NORA

(angry)

The condemned's last meal?

MAYWEATHER

(slightly annoyed)

It's not like that. I thought you might be hungry.

NORA

(angry)

It may not have bars, but I know a cell when I see one.

Travis puts the tray on the desk, frowning at his fellow Boomer.

MAYWEATHER

What happened to you? To all of you?

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

Nora gives him a sharp look but her anger seems to dwindle at his hangdog expression.

NORA

Things changed, Travis. We had to change to survive.

MAYWEATHER

(suddenly angry)

I'm getting really tired of hearing that. What the hell does it mean?

NORA

You weren't there, Travis. You don't know how hard things started to get after you left.

Off that comment, Mayweather's expression falls and he looks away.

NORA

Horizon needed repairs that we couldn't afford and we were having problems making our deliveries.

MAYWEATHER

(aghast)

So you turned to piracy?

NORA

Of course not!

(off his look)

The Earth Cargo Authority drove us to it. We didn't have any options left.

Travis' expression hardens at that.

MAYWEATHER

I don't believe that.

(off her look)

The *Horizon* that I left wouldn't have even considered violence an option.

NORA

(anger building)

You don't get to judge us, Travis. You left.

(tight, off his wince)

Goodbye, Travis. Say hello to your pretty ensign for me.

A BEAT passes in silence as Travis reacts to her comments. Finally, he sighs slightly and nods. In that moment, he appears years older.

FOUNDATIONS: "Objects in Motion"

MAYWEATHER

(soft)
Goodbye, Nora.

He turns and presses the button to open the door. As he steps through the open entranceway, we focus briefly on Nora's remorseful expression as she watches him leave. The door slides shut on her face.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CORRIDOR

The expression on Travis' face is sad and one of the SFs outside the door reacts to it.

SF 2

Everything all right, sir?

MAYWEATHER

(with a forced smile)
Yeah. Everything's fine.

He walks away from the door as the two SFs exchange a look. As Travis rounds a corner, he slows at the sight of Ensign Sato and Lieutenant Cole walking toward him.

SATO

(with a grin)
Travis!

MAYWEATHER

(slowly)
Hoshi...
(with a nod to Cole)
Lieutenant.

SATO

Doctor Lucas just paroled us and we're heading to the mess hall. Join us for dinner?

Travis glances over his shoulder, briefly looking at the guarded door as an expression of sadness flashes across his face. Past his shoulder, we can see Hoshi frown slightly at his body language as Lieutenant Cole watches. Sato's expression is back to normal by the time Travis looks at her again.

MAYWEATHER

Yeah...
(beat, soft)
Yeah, that sounds nice...

FOUNDATIONS: “Objects in Motion”

Hoshi smiles broadly at his reply and grabs his arm.

SATO

Good!

(with a wicked smile)

And I can tell you about how Lieutenant Cole and I kicked some serious Orion
ass!

Cole smirks at that as Travis gives Hoshi a disbelieving look.

MAYWEATHER

You? Kicking ass?

(off of Hoshi's outraged expression)

This I've got to hear...

As the trio continues back down the corridor, Travis gives the closed door one more sad look.
And off that look, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

FOUNDATIONS: “Objects in Motion”

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