



STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

“Adrift”

Story By

Erik Gustav Hanska and Rigil Kent

Screenplay By

Erik Gustav Hanska

Star Trek and related names are registered
Trademarks of Paramount Pictures, Inc.
This original work of fiction is
Written solely for nonprofit purposes.
Copyright 2006-2007 by Foundations Group
All Rights Reserved

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANET SURFACE – GARDEN

It’s a bright sunny day in a pleasant garden - insects buzz among the flowering plants, alien birds sing strange and beautiful songs.

SUDDENLY, we hear shots being fired, and distinctive green energy pulses fly by from the left side of the screen. A BEAT later, COMMANDER TUCKER, MAJOR REED, ENSIGN CUTLER, and PRIVATE FORBES run through a path in the garden, with Tucker in the lead and Reed and Forbes returning fire at the unseen enemies.

Changing angles, we can see that Tucker has made it to Shuttlepod 01, parked in a clearing in the garden. He opens the side hatch and quickly climbs inside. A BEAT later we can hear the engines start to wind up. Reed and Forbes have caught up to Cutler, and continue to fire at an unseen enemy. There’s another burst of fire, most of which pass very close to the landing party and strike the shuttlepod.

Forbes turns and starts to backpedal, attempting to get a better shot, but is instead hit in the chest as another burst of fire erupts from off screen. Another shot hits Cutler in the back, just as she’s starting to crawl through the open shuttlepod door. Forbes falls to the ground, clearly dead, while Cutler cries out in pain and crumples in the doorway of the shuttlepod.

Reed, a moment from reaching the shuttlepod himself, fires off a few more shots from his plasma pistol. Upon reaching the pod, he helps to push Cutler the rest of the way in, and turns briefly to look in Forbes’s direction.

Reed’s POV: Forbes lies sprawled on his back, with empty eyes looking vacantly up at the sky. PAN UP slightly to see SIX ORION PIRATES running toward us, only meters away, with weapons spitting green fire.

Reed quickly jumps into the shuttlepod and closes the door behind him, just before several more disruptor shots strike his former location.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

The door shudders from more disruptor fire as Reed turns to Tucker.

REED

Go!

We can hear the engines whine louder as Tucker throttles up.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

EXT. PLANET SURFACE – ALIEN CITY

Shuttlepod 01 lifts off from what turns out to be the roof of a tall building, the top of which is overgrown with the “garden”, making it look not unlike the mythical Babylonian “Hanging Gardens”. The Orions continue to fire at the fleeing shuttlepod.

EXT. PLANET ATMOSPHERE

Shuttlepod 01 accelerates at high speed, leaving the alien city far below. Just when it seems like they’re in the clear, green disruptor fire lashes out from off screen and slams into the fleeing shuttlepod. A BEAT later we can see the source of the fire, two ORION FIGHTERS, which are essentially beefed up shuttles armed with heavy disruptors.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

Tucker activates the comm.

TUCKER

Shuttlepod One to *Enterprise*! We’re taking fire and could sure use some cover!

The ‘pod shakes from another series of hits.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

We see CAPTAIN ARCHER strapped into the command chair as the ship shudders from weapons fire. The captain keys the comm. panel on the chair’s armrest.

ARCHER

We’ll be there as soon as we can, Commander, but we’re fighting off an Orion ship ourselves.

PICARD (O.S.)

They’re coming ‘round again!

TUCKER (COMM. VOICE)

Understood, but I don’t know how much longer we can hold out!

ARCHER

(concerned)

We’re coming, Trip, hold on!

Archer turns the comm. off and we change angles to face the viewscreen. With the exception of LIEUTENANT PICARD taking Reed’s place at Tactical, everyone else is at their usual position. We can see the curvature of the planet on the side of the viewscreen as the ship turns to face a

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

wicked looking ORION FRIGATE, which opens fire, spewing green disruptor bolts at us. The ship rattles from the impact.

ARCHER

Helm, lay in an intercept course for the shuttle and engage at full impulse!

MAYWEATHER

Aye, laying in an intercept course.

Mayweather manipulates a few controls and adjusts the control yoke. We can see three laser beams lash out at the Orion ship as *Enterprise* rolls away from its tormentor.

PICARD

Direct hit, hostile is drawing away!

EXT. SPACE – PLANETARY RING SYSTEM

Shuttlepod 01 weaves through the rocks that make up the planet’s rings, dodging the incoming disruptor fire from the pursuing Orion fighters, and meeting with limited success.

Quickly PANNING UP, we can see *Enterprise* exchanging more fire with the Orion Frigate in the distance.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE PLANET

Enterprise takes evasive action as the Orion Frigate stubbornly continues to pursue them, weapons blazing. *Enterprise* fires a dozen more missiles at the other ship, forcing it to temporarily break off its pursuit.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Picard hunches over the targeting viewer, poised to fire.

PICARD

I have a lock, but it isn’t very solid.

ARCHER

We’ll have to take that chance.

(beat)

Fire!

Picard pushes the “fire” button.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

EXT. SPACE – CLOSE TO ENTERPRISE

From a position on the hull directly behind it, we see the port missile launcher rise up from being reloaded. The launcher adjusts to take aim at the distant target in the planet’s rings before firing a single missile, which streaks off into the distance.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

We focus on the viewscreen as the missile streaks toward the Orion fighters pursuing Shuttlepod 01. The rest of the bridge crew watches in anticipation as missile reaches the area just between the fighters and explodes. The explosion is large and obscures the view of all three small spacecraft. After a BEAT, the explosion fades. The fighters AND the shuttlepod are gone. Only the glittering of metal debris gives any hint that they were ever there.

Save SUB-COMMANDER T’POL, everyone on the bridge is aghast.

ARCHER

(urgently)
Sub-Commander...

T’Pol checks her console and enters a few commands. After a BEAT, she looks into her viewer.

T’POL

Reading metal alloys, polymer composites, and organic remains...

Off Archer’s stunned look we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Alone, an object drifts in space, at the mercy of physics and its own mass. We ZOOM IN, and as we refocus, we can see that it’s Shuttlepod 01, now badly battered. Its sensor dome is completely gone, and as it slowly rotates, we can see several breaches in the lower compartment, and that the ‘pod’s engines are also almost completely blown away.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

We focus on Commander Tucker as he lies on the stairs next to the pilot’s seat. An access panel is pulled out from the bulkhead, with several optical wires trailing out of it to an object that bears a strong resemblance to a computer motherboard – the SUBSPACE TRANSCIVER, which Tucker cradles in one arm as he works on it with his free hand. He’s clearly frustrated, and soon sets the transceiver aside with a slight growl. He looks toward the rear of the shuttlepod with a sigh.

Quickly changing angles, we see Major Reed tending to a wounded, unconscious Ensign Cutler, now lying on one of the side benches with an I.V. drip rigged up next to her. Reed finishes running a medical scanner over Cutler and looks at it before putting it back in the open medkit that rests on the floor.

TUCKER

How’s she doin’?

Reed’s face has a slightly hard look to it as he turns to answer.

REED

She’s still stable, but that disruptor hit was a severe shock to her system.

(beat)

It’s only a matter of time...

Tucker is clearly affected by the news, and he tries to distract himself by pretending to tinker with the transceiver again. He does a very poor job of it, but Reed, looking at the floor, doesn’t even notice.

TUCKER

Well... the subspace transceiver is beyond repair... at least without some replacement parts.

REED

(muttering to himself)

I shouldn’t have left him behind...

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER

What was that?

Reed looks right into Tucker’s eyes.

REED

I should’ve tried to get Private Forbes; it isn’t right to leave anyone behind.

Tucker puts the tool he’s been poking at the transceiver with aside.

TUCKER

(confused)

I thought you said he was dead.

REED

Doesn’t matter, it’s the principle of it. We never leave a comrade behind, dead or alive.

(beat)

Besides, I’ve heard stories about the kind of things those Orions do to people, even when they’re dead. I don’t know what I’ll tell his parents if they do anything like that to Forbes’s body.

Tucker thinks for a BEAT, seeming unsure what to say.

TUCKER

They were right on top of us, Major. If you’d gone, they’d have got you too, and probably me and Elizabeth to boot.

Reed remains visibly tense.

REED

I know that, Commander. I know the only reason we’re not dead or on our way to an Orion slave market is because I shut that door.

(beat, sour)

Doesn't make me feel like I failed Forbes any less.

Tucker frowns at that as we

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE – PLANETARY RING SYSTEM

The small rocky debris that makes up the alien planet’s rings tumble in their orbit as we focus on glinting pieces of metal. Some of these pieces are recognizably parts of the Orion fighters and Shuttlepod 01 (such as the impulse engines). We PULL BACK...

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TRANSITION TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

We find ourselves looking at the same pieces of debris, only now displayed on the viewscreen. Computer graphics pop up on the screen, indicating and labeling pieces of the lost shuttlepod.

Changing angles, we see Sub-Commander T’Pol looking into her holo-viewer before turning to face Captain Archer.

T’POL

This is the debris from the shuttlepod. There is insufficient mass for the remains of the entire shuttlepod to be present.

We can see Lieutenant Picard ease up slightly in the background as Archer reacts to the news.

ARCHER

So they survived the explosion?

T’POL

I estimate an eighty-nine-point-six-five-four-nine percent chance that the shuttlepod survived largely intact. However, it is also possible that the shuttlepod was destroyed, and that the bulk of its debris was forced out of the area by the missile’s detonation.

Both Archer and Picard react negatively to T’Pol’s alternative theory.

PICARD

(regretfully)

Either way, we’ll probably never be able to find them now...

Archer cuts the military officer a short look.

ARCHER

That might be true, but if there’s any way we can find them, dead or alive, we have to at least try.

(beat, easing up)

Your shooting managed to drive the Orions off; we need to focus on getting our people back now.

T’POL

I believe that there is enough information contained in the sensor records to calculate a finite number of possible trajectories that the shuttlepod could have been driven onto.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ENSIGN MAYWEATHER turns and looks up at T’Pol.

MAYWEATHER

I think I could help you with that, Sub-Commander.

T’Pol considers the helmsman without a hint of her inner thought displayed on her features. Archer looks between the two of them skeptically.

ARCHER

Are you sure you could narrow them down to something we could realistically search?

T’POL

I can make no such guarantee at this time, Captain, until I have compiled all available data and begin calculations.

Mayweather seems a bit skittish, but looks otherwise sure of himself.

MAYWEATHER

I’m pretty sure we can narrow it down, Captain.

(beat, off both Archer’s and T’Pol’s looks)

There’ve been plenty of times that I’ve helped to find lost cargo based off of a lot less than what we have here!

Archer smiles lightly at the young Boomer.

ARCHER

You keep reminding me how nice it is to have a Boomer on board, Travis.

(beat, to both T’Pol and Mayweather)

Very well, make this your priority. I want our people back, alive. Use whatever resources you need, but get it done quickly; we have no idea what condition the shuttlepod or its occupants are in.

T’Pol nods and goes back to her console, while Travis taps a button on the helm, presumably calling in someone to take over at that station. Archer turns to face Picard, who still looks very skeptical.

ARCHER

In the meantime, Lieutenant, I want to know how the Orions found us. As far away as we are from Syndicate territory, I doubt this was a coincidence.

(beat, darkly)

If we just lost four of our own today, I want to know who’s responsible.

(beat, to Sato)

Contact the Idobre government, we have a few questions for them...

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

Ensign Cutler gasps for breath as Major Reed runs a medical scanner over her. Alarms are coming from the scanner and we can tell by the expression on Reed’s face that Cutler’s condition is dire. Commander Tucker is soon at their side.

TUCKER

(tense)
What’s wrong!?

REED

She’s going into respiratory arrest!

Tucker grabs the medkit and starts to frantically look through the various vials of medication. Reed gives Tucker the briefest of exasperated looks before roughly handing him the medical scanner.

REED

(annoyed)
Keep an eye on her.

Reed digs through the medkit and finds the proper medication, which he slides into the included hypospray.

Tucker runs the scanner over Cutler when another alarm sounds on it. Cutler stops breathing.

TUCKER

Major! Her heart’s stopped!

Remaining relatively calm, Reed quickly injects the hypo into Cutler’s neck. He looks to Tucker.

REED

Anything?

Tucker looks at the scanner for a BEAT and shakes his head. Reed quickly pulls open Cutler’s uniform shirt and begins CPR on her, with Tucker continuing to monitor the ensign with the scanner. After several tries, the ensign is still flat-lining. Tucker looks like he’s convinced that Cutler is dead, but Reed quickly digs through the medkit and pulls out two small wireless defibrillator patches and places them on Cutler’s chest. Taking the scanner from Tucker, he changes its settings.

REED

Charging to three hundred millijoules...

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

There’s an audible electric whine for a BEAT. Without warning, Reed presses a button on the scanner, jolting Cutler with electricity. Her body spasms, but as soon as the shock is over she goes limp again.

Reed digs through the medkit again and pulls out what looks like another hypospray, but with a long hypodermic needle on the end of it. Tucker looks at Reed with confusion as the SF pulls the needle’s safety cap off.

TUCKER

What the hell is that?

REED

(grimacing)
Pure adrenaline.

Tucker watches as Reed positions the needle and flinches slightly as the major plunges the needle deep into the young woman’s chest. The hypospray almost instantly deploys with an audible hiss.

REED

Three-fifty...

There’s another whine as the charge builds up. Reed activates the defibrillators again, but this time, they work, as is confirmed by the sounds on the scanner. Cutler takes in a new breath with a shudder, but remains unconscious.

TUCKER

Whew! That was close.
(beat, wryly)
Who would’ve thought you were so good at patching people up?

REED

(dryly)
Yes, well, tends to come in handy when one of your mates has been shot up.
(beat, wryly)
Who would have thought that an engineer couldn’t fix a person? The human body is just another machine.

Tucker gets the joke and smiles slightly.

TUCKER

Entirely different kind of machine.
(beat, looking Cutler over)
How is she?

Reed scans her and checks the readings.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

She’s stable for the time being, but if that happens again, I don’t know if we’ll be able to help her.

Tucker nods absently, his mind clearly on more than just the ensign. Reed looks over the front of the shuttlepod.

Reed’s POV: Several of the consoles and access panels are pulled out, with their mechanisms exposed and/or pulled out.

REED

So... how are we?

TUCKER

Well, the subspace transceiver is shot, for one, so there’ll be no way we can send a distress call, or even pick up a hail from *Enterprise* letting us know that they’re looking for us.

Tucker sighs and gets up, then taps a few commands into the Engineering board. A five view diagram of the shuttlepod comes up on the monitor, displaying the all the damage to Shuttlepod 01.

TUCKER (CONT’D)

(indicating the parts on the diagram)

There isn’t much left of the impulse drive, and the flight controls are fried, so no thrusters. So, to put it simply, we’re at the mercy of our momentum from the explosion. The sensor array is gone too, and that’s not even the fun part.

(beat)

Because evidently some shrapnel punctured three of the four O-2 tanks.

Reed’s face hardens right back up as he looks down at the floor for a BEAT.

REED

How long do we have?

TUCKER

The recyclers are going to help us out, but I don’t imagine we’ll have air for more than about...

(beat, thinking)

Forty hours.

Reed briskly closes the medkit.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

(muttering to himself)
Just my bloody luck...

TUCKER

What was that?

REED

(harshly)
I said it’s just my luck, sir!

We can tell Reed didn’t mean to be that harsh. The SF sighs while Tucker waits for him to elaborate.

REED (CONT’D)

(with a slight laugh)
I never used to believe that much in luck, not until I was assigned to *Enterprise*.
(beat)
This shuttlepod seems to have an inordinate amount of bad luck though. First it crashes and Corporal McKenzie ends up dead and almost killed the lot of you ... and now, Private Forbes and probably us too.

Tucker gives Reed a sympathetic look.

TUCKER

(forcing a smile)
Maybe my luck will rub off on you then.
(beat)
Sometimes it doesn’t seem to matter how bad it looks, somehow I always seem to make it out alright.

REED

I wished I had your optimism, sir, but I just don’t see how we can make it out of this one unless *Enterprise* just happens to come across us.

TUCKER

I bet that’s just what’ll happen.

Tucker offers him another smile, but Reed still looks gloomy.

REED

When I found out about what’d happened to McKenzie, I couldn’t help but wonder what would have happened had I stayed on the ground overnight.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER

(apologetically)
I didn't mean anything by it, Major.

REED

In a way, you were right. I left you all down on the surface for the comfort of my warm bed, and McKenzie died cold and wet.

TUCKER

Don't beat yourself up, Major, it wouldn't have made any difference if you'd been there, except that you might be dead too.

(beat, sullenly)
Besides, it's not like you're the one that let her die.

REED

You didn't let her die, Commander; I read the Sub-Commander's report about what happened and she was pretty clear about that. There was nothing else you could've done.

Tucker offers another small smile.

TUCKER

I guess that makes us even then.
(beat, off Reed's questioning look)
There was nothing you could've done either.

Reed relaxes slightly and gives Tucker a small nod.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

And... it's not like you were the one to insist on staying on the surface to check out the latest in Idobre power generation either.

REED

I didn't exactly complain either, sir. It was a nice warm day out.
(beat, slightly sour)
I rather enjoyed the tour until the Orions showed up.

Tucker doesn't react much to that, instead looking at Cutler.

TUCKER

I shouldn't've let her stay. I should've made her go back with the others.
(beat, sarcastically)
But no, she wanted to check out some more damned bugs, and I didn't think anything about it.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

In a way, it’s actually a good thing she was there.

(beat, off Tucker’s questioning look)

If she and Forbes hadn’t been outside on the hanging gardens, we never would’ve known the Orions were coming.

TUCKER

Doesn't seem like a fair trade, what with her and Forbes being the ones that got shot.

Tucker and Reed silently reflect for a BEAT.

REED

At least none of us were taken by the Orions.

Tucker nods in agreement before getting up and turning his attention back to the shuttlepod’s exposed equipment.

TUCKER

Guess I better get back to work...

(beat, sarcastically)

After all, someone has to get us rescued.

Reed forces himself to smile at Tucker’s attempt to lighten the mood, but he can’t help but give Cutler another look as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE IDOB

Enterprise orbits high above the alien planet we now know as IDOB, a Minshara class planet with a ring system rather than a moon.

ARCHER (V.O.)

Captain’s Log, 2 December 2152, 1847 hours. I’ve assigned Lieutenant Picard to investigate the events leading up to the Orion attack. To his credit, he’s done an exceptional job.

(beat)

He’s still putting the pieces together, but it appears that while someone from Idob did contact the Orions, it was not a government sanctioned act. Still, it’s unnerving to learn that *Enterprise* has a Syndicate bounty on it.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

T’Pol and Mayweather are nowhere to be seen – LIEUTENANT GARLA and ENSIGN CHATHAM take their places at their usual stations. Lieutenant Picard stands next to SERGEANT MAJOR HAYES at Tactical, both men already immersed in conversation with Captain Archer.

PICARD

Are they going to extradite, sir?

ARCHER

No, seems he committed a crime against the Idobre by contacting the Orions. Something tells me that they’ve had the same experiences with the Syndicate that we have.

Picard frowns at that.

PICARD

With all due respect, sir, I’d like to have him in our brig.

(beat, off Archer’s negative reaction)

He’s responsible for all the injuries caused by the Orion attack on this ship, and quite possibly the deaths of four of our people.

HAYES

I agree with him, Captain. This man, whoever he is, committed a crime against this ship and its crew.

(beat)

Besides, for all we know, they could be just scapegoating someone.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ARCHER

His name is Imod Avan, and he was one of the engineers at the power plant Trip was getting a tour of the day of the attack.

Hayes looks to Picard for confirmation, which he gets in the form of a curt nod.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I'd like to think that I can get a pretty good bead on people. I think I've been working with Minister Relet long enough to have a pretty good feel for what kind of person she is. I don't think she's lying to us.

(beat, grows darker)

But when I met Mister Avan, his only concern seemed to be that he wasn't going to be able to retire early anymore.

PICARD

All the more reason to have him in our brig, sir.

Archer lets out a frustrated sigh.

ARCHER

I agree, but unfortunately it isn't as straightforward as that.

(beat, off Picard and Hayes's annoyed expressions)

I've talked to Admiral Forrest, and, in light of the fact that the Idobre government helped us, the Senate wants to push the trade agreement forward. Whether we like it or not, we just have to accept it and take what little comfort we can from knowing that Mister Avan is going to be spending the rest of his natural life in prison.

Picard and Hayes both seem to take a little bit of comfort from learning of the heavy-handed sentence. Archer looks between the two soldiers and seems satisfied with their reaction.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

We'll have to return to help work out the finer details of the trade agreement, but in the meantime, I think we have more important things to do.

(beat)

That'll be all.

Archer turns to make his way to the turbolift.

PICARD

(resentfully)

Is what Earth is getting out of this worth it, Captain?

Archer turns back and carefully considers his words.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ARCHER

Senate seems to think so.

Before he can be asked another question, Archer makes his way to the turbolift and exits.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – SCIENCE LAB 01

T’Pol works at one of the small computer terminals that line two of the walls in the small room, which is about the same size and layout of the “Command Center” seen on ENT. Mayweather works at the table in the center of the room, which resembles the navigator’s “pool table” on the Bridge. Both T’Pol and Mayweather are concentrating completely on their work when Captain Archer enters the room, but turn to face Archer at the sound of the door.

ARCHER

So what do you have for me?

T’Pol leads Archer to the large monitor that dominates the front of the room and enters a few commands into the console. A three dimensional perspective map of Idob and the surrounding space appears on the screen. Entering a few more commands, 30 different red vector paths appear on the map, with their origin in Idob’s ring system.

T’POL

(indicating vector paths)

After conducting a survey of the debris field and reviewing the data from the sensor logs of the explosion, we were able to extrapolate these possible trajectories.

Archer eyes the map, but he’s clearly disappointed.

ARCHER

I was hoping there wouldn’t be as many of them.

(beat, thinking)

That’d probably take us...

T’POL.

...Sixteen days, ten hours, thirty-two minutes.

Archer is slightly taken aback by both the suddenness and accuracy of T’Pol’s calculation.

ARCHER

Right...

(beat)

But the air supply on the shuttlepods will only keep them alive for ten days, and that’s under ideal conditions.

T’Pol quirks an eyebrow, as she’d already known that.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

T’POL

Indeed...

(beat, indicating Mayweather)

Which is why Ensign Mayweather and I have been conducting further extrapolations based on his ... intuition.

MAYWEATHER

Explosions make predicting how an object travels difficult, but based on the debris from the shuttlepod we found, we were able to make better estimates about how the shuttlepod might act with a new center of mass.

Mayweather starts entering commands into the table console. After a BEAT, the display changes slightly, as all but 6 of the red vector arrows disappear, and all of the remaining vectors are in about the same direction. Archer brightens slightly.

ARCHER

Now that’s more like it.

MAYWEATHER

(regretfully)

Unfortunately we can’t narrow it down any more than that, Captain. There are just too many variables.

ARCHER

I guess that’ll just have to do.

(beat)

How far away would they be by now?

The ensign enters in a few more commands and dashed lines expand outward from the original vector lines, until ending in points. The points are a considerable distance apart. Archer’s mood sours.

ARCHER

Then there’s no time to waste.

(beat, to T’Pol)

Have the remaining three shuttlepods prepped for launch and assign crews to act as search teams.

Mayweather perks up a little.

MAYWEATHER

Captain, I...

Archer cuts him off by shaking his head.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ARCHER

I want my best pilot at the helm.

(beat, off Mayweather’s disappointment)

When we find them, there’ll be some pretty tricky maneuvering involved to get them back on board.

Both men force a smile.

MAYWEATHER

Aye, sir.

ARCHER

(to both officers)

Join me on the Bridge when you’re ready.

And with that, Archer makes his way out of the room.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

We focus on Tucker in a familiar position, lying on his side, working on equipment that’s been pulled from the wall at the front of the shuttlepod. The engineer goes through several of the tools from his small toolkit to work on his current project. He becomes more and more frustrated as he trades one tool for another, obviously not meeting with any success. Trip finally gets frustrated enough to growl as he tries on last tool, slamming the tool he was using down hard enough to make a satisfying racket.

This draws Reed’s ire. The SF glares at Tucker from his sitting position next to Cutler. We notice that Cutler is now covered with a blanket, and that Reed looks cold himself.

REED

(irritated)

You’ve been working on that for over an hour, Commander. I think it’s plainly obvious that you aren’t going to be able to get the heat back.

Tucker glares right back at Reed.

TUCKER

(furious)

Maybe not, but if I can’t stop life support from failing completely, we’ll be dead in hours!

(beat)

You think you’re cold now!? Just wait until it really gets cold in here! Hell, just wait until you can’t breathe because the air pumps and recyclers aren’t workin’!

Reed picks up a PADD that’s on the floor next to him and tries to look as dignified as he can.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

It’s a foregone conclusion that we’re not going to be rescued, Commander. If I were you, I’d spend my time more constructively, like writing some letters to your loved ones so they will have some closure at least, or drafting a will for that matter.

Reed starts typing on the PADD, presumably to write a letter. Tucker shakes his head and mutters something under his breath that we can’t hear. He tries to resume work on the exposed equipment. The sound of Reed typing seems to become louder and louder as Tucker works. He grits his teeth and tries to concentrate, but after a BEAT, he can take no more.

TUCKER

You wanna do somethin’ constructive!?! Maybe you should help me try to keep us alive instead of writing your last will and testament!

REED

And just what am I going to do!?! I’m a soldier, not an engineer!

TUCKER

I don’t know, maybe you could hold the flashlight or something!
(beat, sarcastically)
Or is that too hard for ya?

REED

You seem to be doing well enough on your own!
(beat, getting ready to write again)
Now if you don’t mind...

TUCKER

I do mind! The sound of your typing is drivin’ me up the wall!
(beat, before Reed can respond)
Why do you always have to be so damn cynical!?

REED

Why do you have to be so treacly optimistic!

TUCKER

I’ve never heard of a soldier just giving up without a fight before! You have some kind of a death wish or somethin’!?

This has a visibly draining effect on Reed. Tucker sees this and shows some alarm and sympathy, thinking that he’s gone too far.

REED

(softly)
This isn’t about giving up without a fight, and I certainly don’t want to die.
(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED (CONT'D)

(looking Tucker right in the eyes)

I may not have that many people close to me, but I'd still like them to have some closure, something to remember me by.

(beat, forcing a slight laugh)

It's strange. I always thought I'd get cut down on some alien planet, or die with my ship during some battle; you know? Something quick or instant, something I wouldn't really see coming. And now that this has happened, and there's time before the end, I want to make sure that I say some things that I should've said a long time ago, while I still have a chance.

(beat)

What about you?

TUCKER

I never really imagined how I'd die, but I always hoped it would be as an old man, warm in his bed. I've been in plenty of close scrapes before, even as a kid, but I always fought my damndest to get out of them, and I always did.

(beat, reflecting)

I don't ... have that many people close to me either. Pretty much just Jon and my little sister Lizzie really.

(beat, becomes slightly emotional)

And while I could write them some final letters like you're doing, I think I'd rather live to see them again. And even if I don't, I'd want them to know that I died, fighting the good fight.

Reed thinks about what Trip has said for a BEAT, then carefully sets the PADD down.

REED

(tersely)

Alright, I'll help you with the life support system, but if it doesn't work...

TUCKER

Then I'll be sitting right there next to you writing a couple letters of my own.

Satisfied, Reed nods his acceptance of the “deal” and joins Tucker at the front of the shuttlepod.

REED

So... where's this flashlight of yours?

Tucker lets out a short laugh.

TUCKER

(slightly embarrassed)

I was actually hoping you might be able to do a bit more than that, Major.

Reed gives the engineer a wry smile.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

I do know a fair bit about blowing things up, Commander, and that usually requires at least some knowledge of mechanics and electronics.

Tucker relaxes slightly, relieved.

TUCKER

Good. You think you’d like to try your hand at the environmental systems, or the air pumps?

Tucker points toward a panel that’s been opened in the floor, exposing a pump-like device. Reed looks between the two.

REED

I think I’d have a better chance with the air pumps.

Tucker nods and goes back to the electronic device he’s been working on while Reed digs in the toolbox for an appropriate tool. With this we

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise slides gracefully through space as it searches for its lost shuttlepod.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Archer is focused on the small computer console next to his chair, looking intently at sensor readouts. PANNING, we see that T’Pol is also focused on the sensor readouts displayed on the various monitors of the Science station. There’s beeping from the console and she checks it. As if to verify what’s displayed, she looks into her holo-viewer for a BEAT before turning to Archer.

T’POL

Captain, sensors have registered a contact, bearing one-five mark two-five, at a distance of ten thousand kilometers.

ARCHER

(hopeful)
The shuttlepod?

T’POL

Possibly. The object appears to match the hull composition, and it is close to the mass and volume estimated by myself and Ensign Mayweather.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

T’POL (CONT’D)

If it is the missing shuttlepod, it is without power.

Archer’s face becomes hard.

ARCHER

Helm, lay in an intercept course and engage at full impulse.

Mayweather looks worried as he begins to adjust the helm.

MAYWEATHER

Moving to intercept, aye.

EXT. SPACE

We watch from aft of the ship as *Enterprise* approaches a small, distant object. The object’s metal hull glints in the light of the system’s star.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Archer leans forward in his chair, burning holes in the viewscreen with his focused stare. We see the same object on the viewscreen, glinting dully.

T’Pol raises her head from looking into the holoviewer, and it’s obvious that she doesn’t have good news.

T’POL

The object is not the missing shuttlepod.

Archer’s face twists with his anger.

ARCHER

Magnify. I want to make sure.

T’Pol inputs a few commands into her console and the image of the metal object enlarges. It becomes clear that it is just a piece of SPACE JUNK, and not the remains of Shuttlepod 01.

ARCHER

What is it?

T’POL

It appears to be the remains of an Idobre vessel.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ARCHER

(enraged)

You mean we wasted...

(beat, composing himself)

Let’s move on to the next search area.

T’POL

Helm, lay in a new course, three-oh-five mark one-two-five.

MAYWEATHER

Course laid in...

T’POL

Engage at full impulse.

MAYWEATHER

Aye, Sub-Commander.

Archer watches as the space junk slides out of view, his chin resting on his fist.

ARCHER

And Lieutenant Picard?

PICARD

Sir?

ARCHER

Destroy that thing so no one else mistakes it for the shuttlepod.

Picard hesitates a moment, then keys in the proper commands into his console.

EXT. SPACE

We focus on the space junk as *Enterprise* turns away from it. Suddenly, one of the plasma turrets activates, and a bolt of white energy lashes out, destroying the space junk. *Enterprise* cruises away at full impulse as we....

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Shuttlepod 01 slowly tumbles through space.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

The interior is dark now, the only illumination being provided by a flashlight that floats above Ensign Cutler, and the PADD that Major Reed is once again working on. Commander Tucker tends to Ensign Cutler, who’s now floating a few centimeters off of the bench in the null gravity.

Tucker wraps another blanket around the young woman’s body before snatching a PADD out of the air and joining Reed at the back of the shuttlepod. Both men are now dressed in heavy cold weather gear.

TUCKER

(trying to be upbeat)

Just gotta try and keep warm until *Enterprise* finds us.

Tucker offers Reed a smile, but the SF looks unconvinced. Tucker starts to absently tap at the PADD he’s holding.

TUCKER

I wouldn’t count us out just yet, Major. The cap’n’s pulled my ass out of the fire more than once.

Reed grunts.

REED

(wryly)

Fire. Now there’s a nice thought.

Reed and Tucker share a small laugh, even as they react to the extreme cold around them. Tucker goes back to his PADD, which Reed notices with some bemusement.

REED

(sarcastically)

Why, Commander, I thought you were still holding out for rescue.

Tucker looks at him questioningly and Reed nods at the PADD the engineer is typing on. Tucker smiles sheepishly.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER

Well I did say I’d write those letters if we couldn’t fix life support.

(beat)

Besides, hope for the best, prepare for the worst.

REED

(wryly)

I guess that’s one way of looking at it.

The two men glance at Ensign Cutler, the fog of her breath an obvious sign that she’s still alive.

REED

I actually feel a little sorry for the ensign, not being able to write any letters of her own.

TUCKER

(reflecting)

I suppose I could write a letter for her folks...

REED

And I suppose I should stop putting off my letter to Corporal Forbes’s next of kin.

Both men sigh at the thought of writing death letters for their unfortunate companions.

TUCKER

Actually, Ensign Cutler will outlive us both. If worse comes to worse that is.

(beat, off Reed’s look)

Unconscious like she is, she’s not using as much air as we are.

Reed nods absently. His expression becomes distant. Tucker looks at him for a moment, then goes back to writing on his PADD. After a BEAT, Reed clears his throat.

REED

I never would’ve thought that my career was building toward this...

TUCKER

What? *Enterprise*?

REED

Yes, well, mostly that.

TUCKER

(teasing)

Never thought you’d wind up serving on a Space Probe Agency ship did you?

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

(wryly)
Babysitting the lot of you isn’t exactly what I had in mind when I was starting out
a fresh cadet.

Tucker laughs sharply and feigns insult.

TUCKER

Babysitting!?
(beat, half-teasing)
Well what else do you “Security Forces” types do?

Reed offers Tucker a small smile before becoming serious again.

REED

Usually serving as security on board military vessels, and on our bases planetside
or in orbit.

TUCKER

Doesn’t sound all that exciting to me.

REED

Normally not, at least not in the last few years, but *Enterprise* has proven to be
“interesting” enough for only serving so many months on a civilian ship.

(beat, off Tucker’s confusion)
Sometimes, I think you’re all too busy being bright eyed and fuzzy tailed at the
wonders of space to mind even your own safety. Especially the captain and his
constant demands to “keep a low profile”.

TUCKER

There’s something to be said for making a good first impression with strangers.

REED

That’s just it though; when you don’t know enough about the situation, it’s best to
let security handle it until they determine that it’s safe enough for the rest of you.

(beat)
It’d make our jobs easier at the very least.

TUCKER

(slightly defensive)
What? Babysitting us?

REED

(heartfelt)
No, keeping you safe.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

Tucker considers the major’s words for a BEAT.

TUCKER

Has it really been that bad?

REED

It hasn’t really been bad per say, just ... frustrating.

(beat, offering a small smile)

Besides, I’ve met a few interesting characters along the way. I must say, I’ve been putting in a considerable effort to figuring you out, Commander.

TUCKER

Really? I never thought I was all that complicated.

REED

(wryly)

Definitely. I’ve never met anyone else who can be so damn frustrating one minute, and set you so completely at ease the next.

TUCKER

All you really need to do is sit down and talk to me for a few minutes.

REED

(somewhat shyly)

I’ve never really been one for doing that, I’m afraid.

(beat, reflecting)

It used to serve me well in my line of work not to form anything more than professional relationships.

TUCKER

(confused)

In the Security Forces?

REED

In point of fact, I started my illustrious career in special operations...

(beat, teasing)

The kind that I’d have to kill you if I told you about them.

(beat, serious)

I saw a lot of things that made me reconsider my career, so I cross-trained and transferred to the Security Forces, where things were more cut and dry.

(beat, offering Tucker a smile)

So how about you, Commander? How did your career in engineering start?

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER

(thinking)

I guess in some ways, I’ve known all my life that I’d be an engineer. I was already pretty good at taking things apart before I got out of diapers.

(beat, smiling)

Not so good about putting them back together though. Folks took to putting all the appliances on the shelves where I couldn’t reach them.

Tucker and Reed share a laugh.

TUCKER (CONT’D)

I guess I was pretty focused on engineering all through high school, so it was a no brainer what degree I was going to apply for when I went to college. Getting accepted into the UESPA training program was just the icing on the cake.

The two men are silent for a BEAT. Their attention is drawn to each others PADDs.

REED

(curious)

So, who are you writing letters to if I may ask?

TUCKER

Just to my little sister Elizabeth and to Jon...Cap’n Archer.

(beat)

I was always too focused on my work to really make any friends, and I don’t really have a very good relationship with the rest of my family.

Reed shows a flicker of empathy.

REED

I don’t have a very good relationship with my family either.

TUCKER

Oh?

REED

I’m descended of a long line of navy men, and was expected to live up to the family tradition.

(beat, a hint of pride)

I knew how to handle a boat before I was old enough to ride a bicycle.

(beat)

Was never much one for the water though. Turns out that I have a very deep-rooted case of aquaphobia.

Tucker laughs at that.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER

You? Afraid of water?

Reed draws himself up as best he can in the null gravity.

REED

It’s not the water I’m afraid of, it’s the drowning.

TUCKER

Still pretty impressive if you ask me.

(beat, off Reed’s questioning look)

Learning how to sail must’ve been pretty tough if you were afraid; that’s quite a bit for a kid to put up with.

REED

Yes, I suppose you could say that. Father was proud of me, too.

(beat, scoffs)

Broke his bloody heart when I didn’t join the Royal Navy. The ocean never held much interest in me, but the stars on the other hand, those were worth seeing.

(beat)

“Guess the ocean wasn’t big enough for ‘im,” is all he’ll ever say about it anymore.

The two men share another short laugh.

TUCKER

(nodding at Reed’s PADD)

So who are your letters to?

REED

Oh, I have a few old acquaintances I always meant to get in touch with again, but the first ones I did were to my sister Madeline, and to Charlie.

Reed seems to grow more distant again, as if losing himself in thought.

TUCKER

(thinking)

Charlie? Who’s that?

REED

(tightly)

You might know her better as Major Holmberg.

TUCKER

The infantry commander from *Lexington*?

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

Yeah.

TUCKER

Ah.

Both men are silent again for a BEAT, unsure how to broach the uncomfortable subject.

REED

I met her during an exercise in Germany.

(beat)

She was on the other team.

Reed looks at Trip, who is listening with interest, before continuing.

REED (CONT'D)

I was in command of the company defending Einsiedlerhof Aerospace Station, and she was in command of the mock “enemy” company trying to infiltrate it.

(beat)

I wouldn't exactly say it was love at first sight or any trifle old sentimental thing like that. But there was definitely something when she managed to capture me.

Reed gets a mischievous look on his face. Tucker smiles back.

TUCKER

(teasing)

So, you have something for domineering women.

Reed gives the engineer a withering look.

REED

Nothing like that. I simply admire an intelligent, tenacious woman who knows what she wants, and won't take “no” for an answer.

TUCKER

So, how did you two...

REED

About a year later, we ended up being assigned to Ramstein.

TUCKER

And things just ... took off from there?

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

(nodding)
You could say that.
(beat)
It was definitely nice while it lasted.

TUCKER

So what happened?

Reed’s face shows his sadness and regret at the mistakes of his past.

REED

I broke things off. It wasn’t ... appropriate for the two of us to be involved.
(beat)
Soon after, I requested a transfer back to a ship-board duty station, and got it.

The two men are silent for a BEAT. Both of them look at Cutler.

TUCKER

I don’t know about you, but I’m getting a bit of a headache.

Reed closes his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose.

REED

Either the oxygen levels are getting too low, or the carbon dioxide levels are getting too high.

TUCKER

Wonder if there’s any tri-ox in the med-kit.

REED

Probably. But what would be the point? It would only give us a few more hours.

TUCKER

Maybe. But that’s a few more hours that *Enterprise* would have to find us.
(beat, off Reed’s incredulous expressions)
Or if nothing else, it’s a few more hours to write some letters and to tell a few more stories.
(beat)
Besides, we should try to keep the ensign going a little bit longer if we can. I owe her.

Reed exchanges a look with Tucker, and sees the sincerity in the engineer’s expression. He nods as best he can (because it’s really cold), and retrieves the medkit, which is floating nearby. He opens it, and looks inside.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

There’s two doses here.

Both men show that they already know what that could mean.

TUCKER

(nodding toward Cutler)

Give one of them to her.

Reed pulls out the hypospray and inserts one of the two vials he spoke of. Finding the carotid artery in the young woman’s neck, he presses the hypospray to it and injects the tri-ox. That done, Reed makes his way back to his former position, taking the kit with him.

REED

Should we save the last one for her, for later on?

TUCKER

(shaking his head)

We wouldn’t be conscious.

REED

You take it, sir; you’re the most valuable person in here.

TUCKER

No. I don’t think I could live with myself.

(beat)

You take it.

REED

(frustrated)

It’s my job to make sure you survive. If that means my life, then so be it.

TUCKER

Take it! That’s an order!

Reed gives him a somewhat skeptical look.

REED

To be frank, Commander, I’m not really sure if an officer from a civilian organization can give a military officer an order.

Tucker gives Reed a withering look.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER

You listen to the cap’n.
(beat)

Besides, I thought one of the conditions for posting the military on board was that you had to respect our chain of command.

Reed gives him an expression that lets him know that he wasn’t being entirely serious. Tucker puts his hand out.

TUCKER

Hand it over.

Reed discards the spent vial, sending it off toward the front of the shuttlepod. After inserting the last tri-ox vial, he reluctantly hands over the hypospray.

REED

I hope this means you’ll take it.

Tucker makes a show of checking over the hypospray. He adjusts something on it, then pulls back the sleeve of his coat and puts the hypospray to his wrist. There’s a hiss as he injects himself, which earns him a relieved look from Reed. Before the SF can react, Tucker quickly presses the hypospray to the other man’s neck and injects him. Reed is taken completely by surprise. He looks at Tucker with shock and indignation.

REED

Crazy Yank! What’d you do!? Inject me with air!?

TUCKER

Gave us both a half dose.

Reed’s shock starts to wear off.

REED

(critically)
What good will that do? We’ll both only last an hour or so now.

TUCKER

It’s better than nothing.

REED

(wryly, rubbing the injection point)
Just when you think you can let your guard down around someone...

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER

(sarcastically)

You’ll thank me for it later.

(beat, nodding toward Cutler)

At least she’s set for a while.

The two men look at Cutler again. Their expression tells us that both of them, including Tucker, are resigning themselves to the unpleasant fate they think is awaiting them. After a BEAT, Tucker finds his PADD and starts typing again. Reed looks at him questioningly.

TUCKER

(muttering)

Letters won’t write themselves.

Reed watches him for another BEAT, then retrieves his own PADD, and likewise resumes typing as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Shuttlepod 01 slowly tumbles through space.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

We focus on Ensign Cutler; she’s been strapped to the bench using the built-in restraints. Her breath turns to vapor as soon as it leaves her mouth, letting us know that she’s still alive. PANNING, we see Major Reed and Commander Tucker floating at the rear of the shuttlepod. Reed is still typing a letter on his PADD, while Tucker dozes next to him.

Reed finishes typing on his PADD and looks up. He’s mildly alarmed to see Tucker sleeping. He gives the sleeping engineer a rough nudging.

REED

Commander!
(beat, nudging Tucker again)
Wake up! You need to stay awake!

Tucker finally rouses from sleep, giving Reed a slightly disgruntled look. It’s obvious that both men are being affected by the lack of oxygen in the atmosphere, almost seeming drunk

REED

What? You wouldn’t want me to get bored now would you?

Tucker gives him a small smile.

TUCKER

(wryly)
Does this mean you’ve finished writing all those letters of yours?

REED

As a matter of fact, I have.

TUCKER

(trying to doze off again)
So what do you want me to do? Break into song and dance?

Reed gives Tucker another nudge, keeping the other man awake.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

I’ve told you all about my family life and my relationships, but you’ve hardly said a thing about yourself.

(beat, off Tucker’s incredulous expression)

Come on, Commander; give us a story.

Reed gives Tucker a silly grin that completely disarms the engineer. Tucker sighs heavily and thinks of something to say.

TUCKER

I guess I could tell you about Ruby.

(beat, off Reed’s expectant stare)

There was this bar and lounge place near the UESPA HQ in San Fran... and she was a waitress there.

(beat, remembering)

Anyway, when I was an ensign, I used to hang out there at the end of the day. I wasn’t real big into drinking, but Lord, the first time I laid eyes on her, I was in love.

REED

Blonde? Brunette?

TUCKER

A redhead actually.

REED

(with clear approval)

Ohhhhh..... Nice....

TUCKER

(nodding)

Yeah...

(beat)

So her and I used to flirt quite a bit, and as it turned out she had picked out all her kids’ names when she was like nine. The deal was, if any guy was able to tell her what those names were, she’d marry him.

REED

So I’m to presume that you couldn’t guess them?

TUCKER

Nope. I tried I don’t know how many times though, but you had to guess all of them and she wouldn’t tell you if you got any right.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

(put off)
Bit of a tease then...

TUCKER

Yeah. I didn't mind though, it was pretty fun.
(beat)
I never really had any serious relationships, at least none that lasted.

REED

Oh?

TUCKER

Natalie was the closest I ever came to being serious with someone, but by then I was already pretty involved in the Warp Five program, so there was never time.

REED

(sympathetic)
I see.
(beat)
I guess we actually have more in common than I would have thought possible.

TUCKER

What's that supposed to mean?

REED

Just that we both seem to have chosen profession over personal lives.
(beat)
Or something like that.

Both men silently reflect for a BEAT.

TUCKER

Doesn't stop me from looking and wishing though...

Reed smiles at that.

REED

Have your eye on anyone?

TUCKER

There are a few lookers... but no, no one in particular.

Reed gives Tucker a knowing look.

FOUNDATIONS: "Adrift"

REED

What about T'Pol?

Tucker looks dumbfounded.

TUCKER

What about her?

REED

She has a nice bum...

TUCKER

(under his breath)

That ain't all that's nice...

REED

What?

Tucker immediately takes an evasive posture.

TUCKER

Nothin'.

(beat)

I don't think she's that attractive...

REED

(shocked)

Are you bloody serious?

TUCKER

(firmly)

Yeah.

(beat)

Don't see the big deal.

REED

(studying the engineer with narrowed eyes)

Didn't you go through decon with her?

TUCKER

(a little uncomfortable)

Yeah. Like I said, not a big deal.

(beat)

She drives me crazy sometimes. I wanna blow her out the airlock.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(at Reed's look)

Well, not really, but you know what I mean. Wonder if she works at being that annoying or if it's just natural.

REED

(suddenly smirking)

Methinks the engineer doth protest too much.

TUCKER

(rolling his eyes)

Methinks the major is nuts.

REED

Oh, come off it now...

TUCKER

(defensively)

What!?

REED

I've seen you looking at her that way before...

TUCKER

I don't know what you're talking about...

REED

I've seen you look at her bum.

(beat, off Tucker's continued evasiveness)

I don't blame you or anything; it's an awfully nice bum.

TUCKER

It's just that I can hardly stand being around her. It's like she looks for excuses to argue with me over “humanity's shortcomings” and always uses me as an example of that.

(beat)

So, yeah. It really bothers me that I think she's attractive and can't seem to control my ... reactions around her.

REED

(interrupting)

Your “reactions”?

(beat, teasing)

Did something go on in decon that you want to tell me about, Commander?

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER

I’m not talkin’ about that with anyone.

(beat, annoyed)

Point is, well, it’s kind of like it proves her point about me.

REED

What are you on about?

(beat)

Just because you might not like her personality doesn’t mean you should be ashamed of liking how she looks physically. Two different levels of attraction.

Tucker relaxes slightly.

TUCKER

Yeah, I guess you’re right...

REED

Now I, on the other hand, am quite smitten with her.

TUCKER

(shocked)

What? Are you out of your mind? She’s a Vulcan!

REED

She’s strong willed, independent, assertive...

(beat)

I admire that, even if I don’t agree with her views on humanity or how she wants to do things.

TUCKER

(sarcastically)

Yeah, you’re practically made for each other...

REED

What’s that supposed to mean?

TUCKER

You’re both pretty aloof.... and you have this way of keeping things bottled up inside....

Reed harrumphs.

REED

Of course she's aloof. She's the only Vulcan on a ship that doesn't want her there. You and the captain haven't exactly hidden that.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

Tucker is silent for a BEAT as he mulls over the major's comments; it's pretty obvious that he hasn't thought about it in that way before and is re-evaluating certain things. Reed notes the considering look on the commander's face and smirks slightly.

TUCKER

But how would you get around that whole Vulcan repression of emotions thing?
It's not like she could ever love you back.

Reed's smirk broadens into an actual smile at the engineer's serious tone and expression, but he hides it quickly.

REED

In a lot of ways, I'd like to find that out for myself.

TUCKER

So why don't you ask her out then?

REED

Wouldn't be proper...

TUCKER

Why? She's not in your chain of command.

REED

She's the first officer; of course she's in my chain of command, as crazy as that arrangement may be.

TUCKER

Well suit yourself then. Personally, I don't think you're missing out on much.

REED

I'm perfectly comfortable keeping this to myself. In fact, I wouldn't have even told you if, if...

TUCKER

You didn't think we were both dead men?

Reed nods his head.

REED

That and the hypoxia, or the hypercarbia, whichever is killing us first.

TUCKER

I see the glass is still half-empty.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

More like frozen.

Reed and Tucker exchange looks briefly and start laughing like drunks.

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise cruises through space, still searching.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Archer is again focused on the small computer console next to his chair, looking intently at sensor readouts. T’Pol is also focused on the sensor readouts displayed on the various monitors of the Science station. A familiar sounding indicator sounds from the Science console, prompting T’Pol to check it. She verifies the readings by looking into her holo-viewer for a BEAT, then turns to Archer.

T’POL

Captain, sensors have registered another contact, bearing three-four-six mark one-one-five, at a distance of nine thousand kilometers.

ARCHER

(skeptical)
The shuttlepod?

T’POL

The object appears to match the hull composition of the missing shuttlepod, and is close to the mass and volume estimated by myself and Ensign Mayweather, but is also without power.

Archer thinks for a BEAT.

ARCHER

(murmuring)
We’ll just have to take that chance.
(beat)
Helm, lay in an intercept course.

Mayweather adjusts the helm, but he seems to have given up hope himself this time.

MAYWEATHER

Moving to intercept, aye.

Archer leans forward in the command chair and stares at the viewscreen as we

FADE TRANSITION TO:

FOUNDATIONS: "Adrift"

EXT. SPACE

Shuttlepod 01 slowly tumbles through space.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

It's obvious that the lack of oxygen is starting to really get to Reed and Tucker now.

REED

I quite enjoyed our talk. It was... interesting to learn so much about you.

TUCKER

Same here.

(beat)

I just wished the cap'n would hurry up and get here. I'm startin' to worry.

Reed smiles wryly

REED

It doesn't look very good... does it?

Reed and Tucker's breaths are starting to come in gasps.

TUCKER

Guess this... is how it ends... after all...

Reed does his best to nod, and turns to look Tucker in the eye.

REED

It was a pleasure... serving with you... Commander...

TUCKER

(with effort)

Trip... Friends call... Trip...

Reed tries to smile, but just then, Tucker passes out, and the SF's face turns forlorn.

REED

(also with effort)

Goodbye... Trip...

Reed takes one last look at Cutler.

Reed's POV: the whole room seems to be shaking, and darkness around the edges creates a tunneling effect. The darkness makes the tunnel smaller and smaller, until ... nothing.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

We watch as Reed’s body slackens as he passes out with a sigh and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Enterprise cruises through space, approaching a small, metallic object that drifts in the distance.
ZOOMING IN we see that it’s Shuttlepod 01.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

Archer watches T’Pol, his expression expectant. T’Pol finishes checking her monitor.

T’POL

Confirmed, contact is Shuttlepod One.

ARCHER

(to Sato)

Recall the other shuttlepods.

(to Mayweather)

Lay in an intercept course and prepare to bring them aboard.

(to T’Pol)

What condition are they in?

T’Pol is already looking into her holo-viewer.

T’POL

(without looking up)

Their power levels are at zero.

(beat)

Three human life signs, very weak.

(beat, looking at Archer)

The atmosphere contains toxic levels of carbon dioxide; we must get them aboard quickly if they are to survive.

Archer absently nods his agreement and thumbs the comm. panel on his armrest.

ARCHER

Bridge to Cargo Bay Two.

BEAT

CRANE OPERATOR (COMM. VOICE)

Go ahead, Bridge.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

ARCHER

I need you to grapple the derelict shuttlepod we’re approaching and bring it aboard.

CRANE OPERATOR (COMM. VOICE)

Understood.

Archer thumbs the comm. panel again, closing the channel and opening a new one.

ARCHER

Bridge to Sickbay.

PHLOX (COMM. VOICE)

Sickbay here, Captain.

ARCHER

We’re bringing Shuttlepod One aboard; send a medical team to Cargo Bay Two.

PHLOX (COMM. VOICE)

On our way, Sickbay out.

Archer deactivates the comm. panel and leans forward in the command chair, watching the wounded shuttlepod grow larger on the viewscreen as they rapidly approach it.

ARCHER

Time to intercept?

MAYWEATHER

(checking his console)

One minute, forty-five seconds.

Archer taps his fingers impatiently on the armrest of his chair for a BEAT.

MAYWEATHER

Shuttlepod in range... now.

T’POL

(off console)

Aft grapppler deployed...

EXT. SPACE

We focus on the aft grapppler as it swings around to face the drifting shuttlepod. It adjusts as it draws a bead on the wounded ‘pod before firing both grapplers.

The electromagnetic grapplers strike solidly on the side of the shuttlepod and take hold.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

We watch from the bench as the shuttlepod is suddenly jerked in the direction of the grapplers are now pulling it in, making Reed and Tucker appear to be jostled from their position.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – BRIDGE

T’Pol watches her monitor, which displays a graphic of the shuttlepod.

T’POL

Positive lock confirmed. Grappler retracting.

His anxiety showing very clearly, Archer stands and quickly makes his way toward the turbolift.

ARCHER

I’ll be waiting in Cargo Bay Two. You have the Bridge, Sub-Commander.

T’Pol watches impassively from her position at the Science station as Archer enters the turbolift. She exchanges a brief look with Lieutenant Picard, who also appears to be anxious, but is keeping a better handle on it than Archer.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

We focus on the inside of the hatch. Though the window is frosted over, we can see light again. It’s just a glimmer through the ice at first, but it soon grows to a blinding light as we cross the threshold into *Enterprise*.

There’s a loud hydraulic whine followed by the clanking of metal. The shuttlepod is jarred slightly, and then, silence.

BEAT

We can hear voices, but we can’t understand what they’re saying. There’s a pounding on the door, and the sound of metal grating on metal. Suddenly, the hatch opens, and we can see several enlisted CARGO CREWMEN, who have just pried open the hatch.

CREWMAN (1)

We got it open!

PHLOX (OS)

Make way! Make way!

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

INT *ENTERPRISE* – CARGO BAY TWO

The three crewmen back away from the open hatch of the shuttlepod, as DOCTOR PHLOX and his medical team approach with stretchers. The first one there, Phlox climbs inside the damaged shuttlepod.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD 01

Phlox shivers as he quickly makes his way to his new patients. After a quick look, he decides that Cutler needs attention first, and runs his scanner over her. There’s a mild look of surprise on his face as he sees the readings, but this soon goes away as he turns his attention to Reed and Tucker, who are now sprawled on the floor. He runs the scanner over them and we

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* – SICKBAY

We focus on Tucker, lying asleep in a bed, covered in blankets. His face clearly shows the effects of frostbite. He blinks and inhales deeply, slowly waking up.

LUCAS (OS)

(wryly)

Well, well, seems Mister Tucker has decided to join us after all...

Tucker blinks hard again and looks confused. He looks around a little, trying to focus his eyes.

TUCKER

(mumbling)

What? Where?

We change angles slightly to see DOCTOR LUCAS, Phlox, and Archer close to Tucker as he lies on one of Sickbay’s beds.

PHLOX

(smiling)

You’re back on *Enterprise*, Commander, and just in time I might add.

Tucker is almost fully awake now, but there’s still a little drowsiness that stubbornly holds on to him.

TUCKER

(weakly, relieved)

Thought I was a dead man for sure.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

LUCAS

A few more minutes and you would’ve been, or at least the part that counts would’ve been.

Lucas taps his temple with his index finger and gives Tucker a grim smile. Tucker doesn’t seem to know quite how to react to that.

Archer steps closer to stand next to his friend.

ARCHER

You had me pretty worried there, Trip; I thought maybe we’d lost you for good.

(beat, teasing)

Thought I’d have to start looking for a new chief engineer...

Tucker gives Archer a sour look at that. The captain smiles and puts a hand on his friend’s shoulder.

ARCHER

Good to have you back, Trip.

Tucker smiles back, for a BEAT, but soon he looks worried.

TUCKER

Not that I’m complaining about being okay and everything, but what about Major Reed and Ensign Cutler?

REED (OS)

(wryly)

I was wondering how bloody long it was going to take you to ask.

We change angles to see Reed lying on a nearby bed, also covered in blankets. The two men exchange wry looks.

TUCKER

Good to see that you’re bright and cheery like usual.

(beat, to Phlox)

What about the ensign?

PHLOX

(cheery)

She’s recovering quite nicely.

We change angles again to see Cutler resting on the main biobed.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

PHLOX (CONT'D)

Barring any unexpected complications, I expect that she'll make a full recovery, thanks to you two.

(beat, off Reed and Tucker's reaction)

If it wasn't for the good care that you gave her, to say nothing of the tri-ox you injected her with, the ensign would be long dead.

(beat)

She'll have to continue treatment for the damage the disruptor caused, but a few months from now hopefully all she'll have to show for it will be a scar.

The mention of the disruptor gets Reed thinking.

REED

Sir... about Private Forbes...

(beat)

The Orions didn't...

ARCHER

(solemnly)

No. Seems they had more on their mind at the time than collecting bodies.

(beat, swallowing)

He's in the morgue.

REED

I wrote a letter, on a PADD I had with me.

Archer nods.

ARCHER

I think the maintenance crew said something about finding two PADDs loose in the shuttlepod. I'll see about having them brought here.

Tucker chuckles lightly.

TUCKER

(off Archer's questioning look)

So how are they handling the shuttlepod? Is it a total loss?

ARCHER

Chief al-Tagrib wasn't happy with what you did to the inside of his shuttlepod, or what Lieutenant Picard did to the outside for that matter, but he's not going to give up on it yet.

TUCKER

All the same, I think we better put in for a new one.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

Besides, I think that would qualify as its second crash.

Archer and Tucker look at each other with straight faces for a BEAT, before both of them crack smiles. Reed looks on from his bed, considerably less enthusiastic.

REED

Sorry to spoil this little reunion, but if you don't mind, I could go for a nice warm shower.

LUCAS

I do mind, actually. You two need to stay in Sickbay and get some rest before you try to start walking around.

PHLOX

Agreed. Now that we've all gotten a chance to see that all is well, perhaps we should leave now so our patients can get some rest, hm?

Phlox gently ushers Archer toward the door.

ARCHER

(on his way out)

I'll see you later, Trip

(to Phlox)

You'll let me know as soon as he's ready to return to duty?

PHLOX

Of course.

The doors close behind Archer and Phlox turns to face Lucas. Lucas gives him a somewhat unpleasant expression, then wordlessly excuses himself from the room, exiting through a side door. Phlox looks somewhat bewildered, but he shrugs it off and approaches Reed and Tucker again.

PHLOX

I'll be in the Med-lab if you need me.

(beat, pulling a communicator out of his pocket)

If you need anything, just call.

Both men nod and Phlox makes his way to the main exit. On his way out, he keys a small panel next to the door, dimming the lights in Sickbay. Once he's gone, Reed looks at Tucker with concern on his face.

TUCKER

What is it?

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

REED

It’s just... I never expected for us to survive that.

Trip offers him a smile.

TUCKER

See, I told you, the cap’n wouldn’t leave us behind.

REED

I ... don’t really know what to say, other than... thank you, Commander.

TUCKER

(teasing)

Thought I told you to call me Trip.

(beat)

And don’t mention it, Major. We both kept each other going.

Reed seems uneasy. He’s silent for a BEAT.

REED

Trip....

(beat, off Tucker’s concern)

You have a very disarming personality and...

(beat)

Well, part of the reason I even said half the things I said was because I thought we were both going to die.

Tucker thinks for a BEAT

TUCKER

Same here actually.

REED

Right.

(beat)

I just... You’re not going to tell anyone, are you?

TUCKER

As far as I’m concerned, it stays between us, Major.

Reed visibly relaxes. He allows himself a small smile.

REED

Call me Malcolm.

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

Tucker smiles at that and looks up at the ceiling.

Sleep well, Malcolm.

TUCKER

Sleep well, Trip.

REED

We watch at a distance as both men rest. On this we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

FOUNDATIONS: “Adrift”

A production of TrekOnline.org



Please take the time to review this episode at: <http://trekonline.org/forum/index.php?board=3.0>