



STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

“Party Lines”

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FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT WORLD

We find ourselves on an alien world with a barren desert landscape that stretches as far as the eye can see. The ground is cracked and dusty, with random patches of dried out grass sprouting from the cracks. In the distance we can see a vast mountain range.

Slowly we pan around taking in more of the landscape until we rest upon a group of people in the distance. We PUSH IN closer to see that they are a landing party from *Enterprise*, wearing some type of desert uniform. Among the group we can make out CAPTAIN ARCHER, COMMANDER TUCKER, LIEUTENANT GARLA, and CORPORAL SCOTT of Delta team. There are several other UESPA personnel walking near the group with various scanning devices hooked to harnesses that hold bulky equipment to their uniforms.

Moving in even closer we are now able to make out a conversation going on between Archer and Tucker.

ARCHER

Next time I say I'm going to join the landing party on anything but a nice tropical Minshara class planet, remind me about this.

TUCKER

(teasing)

Oh it ain't that bad, Cap'n. It's just a little dry heat.

Archer frowns and takes a sweeping look at their surroundings.

ARCHER

Maybe it just reminds me too much of basic survival training.

The engineer laughs and shakes his head.

TUCKER

At least we don't have to eat a rattlesnake.

Archer steps over a clump of grass in his path and smiles to himself. We can tell that the smile is somewhat strained under the exhaustion on Archer's face.

ARCHER

Food didn't agree with you, Trip?

(beat, grinning broader)

One of the few things that I didn't mind about that course.

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TUCKER

I'll be sure to let Midas know; maybe he can find some for you.

Archer stops in his tracks and gives the engineer a look that says he would regret doing that.

TUCKER

Don't worry, I was just kidding.

ARCHER

(joking)

You better have been, for your sake...Lieutenant.

TUCKER

Hey!

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

SUB-COMMANDER T'POL is hunched over her holo-viewer at the Science station as everyone around her quietly goes about their work. She seems to be "fascinated" by whatever she sees in the screen, the blue light shining back in her unblinking eyes. After a few seconds she pulls back from the screen slowly, as if what she sees is cause for concern. Without hesitation, she moves over to the captain's chair. Sitting down on the edge of the seat she presses a control.

T'POL

Enterprise to Captain Archer.

BEAT.

ARCHER (COMM VOICE)

Archer here.

T'POL

Captain, sensors are detecting energy bursts emanating near the periphery of this system.

EXT. DESERT WORLD

Archer and the group have stopped while the captain talks with T'Pol. Archer discreetly distances himself from the group to try and keep them from overhearing. We PUSH IN closer to his face as he speaks into the communicator.

ARCHER

Can you be more specific?

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Archer looks a little irritated as he waits for his Vulcan first officer to reply.

T'POL (COMM VOICE)

I cannot, Captain. We are at too great a range for the readings to be accurate. I am only capable of determining that they are high level energy bursts, not naturally occurring.

Archer is now visibly concerned, his face tightens as he thinks. There is only so much he can do from the surface of the planet.

ARCHER

Sub-Commander, go to General Quarters.
(beat)

We're going to head back to the shuttlepod now.

There's a long pause over the channel, causing everyone around Archer who managed to hear the conversation to become concerned.

T'POL (COMM VOICE)

I will inform... (interference, static)...bay to prepare... (static, popping noises)...orbit.

(beat)

Captain, we are-

The communication cuts out completely, replaced by nothing but the hiss of static.

ARCHER

(frantic)

Sub-Commander! Sub-Commander, can you hear me?!

When there is no reply he closes the communicator and quickly puts it back. He snaps around to face everyone.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Everyone grab your gear and head back to the shuttle!

There's a slight pause of confusion among the cluster of science personnel who don't know what is going on. Corporal Scott butts in to snap them back to reality.

SCOTT

You heard the Captain! Grab your gear and haul ass, people!

This seems to do the job as everyone hastily puts away the bulky scanning devices in their backpacks and other carrying cases. As they work to secure the sensitive equipment Trip moves closer to Archer.

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TUCKER

This doesn't sound good, Cap'n.

The engineer gives his captain a worried look, obviously hoping Archer will elaborate further.

ARCHER

(stoic)

Let's get moving, Commander. We'll have time to discuss it on the way back to *Enterprise*.

TUCKER

(taken aback)

Aye, sir.

The commander quickly moves off to help Garla with her things, as everyone else starts to head back to the shuttle per Archer's orders. Archer himself just stands there for a BEAT, looking up at the sky in a vain attempt to see his ship.

ARCHER

(to himself)

We're coming...

Realizing that he is the last to remain he quickly runs to catch up with the rest of the landing party. We remain where he was and slowly pan up to the bright sky. Locked on the view Archer had moments ago we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE- SHUTTLEPOD TWO

The shuttlepod is racing away from the atmosphere of the desert world at break-neck speeds. We pan as it moves by, bringing into our view the *Enterprise*. The starship hangs lazily in orbit, nothing seeming to be out of the ordinary as the pod approaches.

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Archer, still in his desert uniform, storms onto the bridge and takes his seat in the command chair. To his left, T'Pol is standing at the Science station going over sensor readings in preparation for his inevitable question.

ARCHER

(harsh)
Report!

T'Pol straightens to address Archer.

T'POL

Sensors are detecting a single object in high orbit of the fourth planet. Its mass is of sufficient size to be a starship.

(beat)

I believe it is the source of the energy bursts, as well as the interference of our communication frequencies.

Archer leans back into his chair, still fuming but obviously relieved that nothing had happened to *Enterprise*.

ARCHER

Helm, plot a course...full impulse.

ENSIGN CATHAM is at the helm rather than Travis. He responds quickly, typing in the appropriate commands on the console.

CATHAM

Aye, Captain.
(beat)
ETA five minutes.

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A nervous silence fills the bridge as everyone waits to find out what was the cause of so much concern. Archer props his head up with his hand, leaning heavily on his left side as he studies the viewscreen. In the background of the shot, T'Pol continues to study her readouts.

Several LONG BEATS pass before she finally makes another report.

T'POL

Captain, we are now within range to conduct a more accurate reading.

ARCHER

(impatient, frustrated)

And?

She peers into the viewer again while she elaborates.

T'POL

The object is indeed a starship...hull composition and power signatures indicate that it is Andorian in origin.

Archer gives the Vulcan a questioning look.

T'POL (CONT'D)

We are near their space, Captain.

Archer turns back; we PAN to the view screen which now displays the Andorian vessel adrift in space.

ARCHER

What can you tell me about the ship?

T'Pol keys in several commands into her console. Information on the Andorian ship begins to appear on several of the monitors.

T'POL

(off console)

There appears to be considerable damage to the vessel's warp engines and sub-light drives. Several sections of the vessel are open to space.

(beat, analyzing)

There is beam scarring along the dorsal hull; particle analysis matches the signature of the energy bursts.

ARCHER

(rhetorically)

So what we detected was weapons fire?

(beat, curious)

But from who?

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T'Pol raises her eyebrow, not seeing the logic in asking such a question.

T'POL

Perhaps we should ask the Andorians.

Archer discreetly shoots an annoyed look in T'Pol's direction before quickly turning his attention back to the viewscreen.

ARCHER

(flatly)

Hail them.

SATO

Opening a channel.

A BEAT passes before the image of the Andorian bridge pops on screen. Dominating the view is COMMANDER THY'LEK SHRAN of the *APS Kumari*. The Andorian commander is bruised and bloody, almost as badly battered as the bridge behind him. It is obvious from the scene aboard the Andorian ship that they put up a good fight against their aggressors.

SHRAN (COMM VOICE)

(in Andorian, surprised)

[You...]

(beat, impatient)

[What is it you want pink skin!?!]

ENSIGN SATO looks up from her station long enough to translate the message.

SATO

He wants to know what you want.

(beat, working)

I'm keying in the translation matrix now, sir.

ARCHER

Thank you, Ensign.

Hoshi activates the translation matrix which has been programmed to translate, with a slight delay, the words spoken by whoever is sending the message. It is only capable of translating languages programmed into the database by Ensign Sato, which severely limits its abilities.

ARCHER

(to Shran)

Are you in need of assistance? Your ship looks pretty banged up.

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Shran’s antennae curl inwards at the odd human phrase before they straighten out again. Besides the movements of his antenna, Shran’s facial expressions convey an ample amount of annoyance towards Archer. After a BEAT he responds, though we do not hear his response right away. Instead we watch his mouth move as he speaks, but only when he finishes do we actually hear what he said, the words having been translated by the computer into near perfect English. Complete with emotional inflections...

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

(sarcastic)

I hadn’t noticed, pink skin.

(beat)

Regardless of my ship’s status, I do not require your assistance.

ARCHER

(confused)

Are you sure, Commander?

The Andorian looks at Archer as if the captain had just uttered an insult regarding Shran’s mother.

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

(angry)

I am not so battered that I cannot make such a decision!

(beat, calmer)

Unlike you, Andorians do not wish to involve others in our business.

Archer is slightly taken back by the Andorian’s outburst towards his offer of help.

ARCHER

We only wished to help. I didn’t intend to offend.

The commander doesn’t appear interested in Archer’s concern.

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

(cold)

I ask that you leave this area...immediately.

Archer can see that this isn’t going to end on friendly words, so he puts on a wry grin and says his good-bye to the Andorian.

ARCHER

(coolly)

If you decide that you need our assistance...we will be in orbit of the third planet continuing our survey.

Shran leans in closer to the screen, his antennae again curl backwards.

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SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

(sinister)

Do what you will, pink skin. However, be aware that this is a war zone.

(beat, mocking)

I doubt your ship would survive long, should our enemy return.

Archer grins again.

ARCHER

I'll keep that in mind, Commander-

An insistent beeping begins at T'Pol's station. The Vulcan quickly turns her attention to the demanding noise. She goes over the information displayed on one of the monitors before turning to Archer.

T'POL

The power output of the Andorian vessel has dropped by eighty percent

(beat, off her data)

Their life support systems are failing.

At the same time she gives this report we witness one of Shran's officers come up and speak into his ear. When the man finishes, Shran immediately begins frantically barking silent orders. Archer leaps from his chair and approaches the helm.

ARCHER

(urgent)

Commander, can we assist!?

Shran breaks his attention away from his crew for a moment to address Archer. His jaw is tight as he speaks through clenched teeth.

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

(disgusted)

It appears our situation is worse than my engineers believed.

(beat, broken)

I have no choice but to accept your offer of aid.

Archer recognizes the change in Shran's demeanor, and changes his out of sympathy.

ARCHER

We'll dock immediately. I'll have my engineering teams ready to provide assistance.

(beat)

Enterprise out.

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The channel closes and Archer goes to work. He steps over to the command chair and opens a channel to Engineering.

ARCHER

Bridge to Engineering.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ENGINEERING

Commander Tucker is standing on the platform in front of the warp core; he too is still wearing his desert uniform. He is inspecting the various gauges and readouts when the comm. system chirps. He taps the response control and looks up toward an offscreen speaker.

TUCKER

Trip here, Cap'n.

ARCHER (COMM VOICE)

Trip, we're about to dock with an Andorian ship.

(beat)

I want you to lead an engineering team to assist them in repairs. We'll need a way to provide them with power until theirs can be restored. Do you think you're up for the task?

Tucker grins broadly at the question.

TUCKER

'Course I am, I'll get my teams ready and start figuring it out.

ARCHER (COMM VOICE)

Good, be ready in fifteen minutes.

(beat)

Archer out.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Archer has closed the channel and now addresses Major Reed.

ARCHER

Major, I want you to send three SF's with the engineering team.

(beat, emphasizing)

I want this to be discreet; they should blend in with the engineers. Understood?

Major Reed doesn't appear entirely happy with the order but he doesn't put up a fight.

REED

Understood, sir.

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Reed quickly enters a command into his console before standing to leave.

ARCHER

(to Catham)

Ensign, initiate docking procedures.

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - PORT AIRLOCK

The engineering team, consisting of Commander Tucker, CHIEF LINQUIST, PETTY OFFICER ROSTOV, CREWMAN MENDOZA, and three other engineers, has arrived at the airlock. Tucker and Rostov are busy connecting a bundle of thick cables to a power conduit near the airlock.

SECOND LIEUTENANT COLE, Corporal Scott, and PRIVATE WARREN of the SF team stroll up behind the engineers. They are not wearing their typical uniform and protective combat gear, but instead are dressed in the engineering jumpsuit. Each of them also has a plasma pistol holstered at their side, unlike the engineers.

COLE

Commander.

Tucker looks up at the lieutenant standing next to him.

TUCKER

(joking)

Have ya'll transferred over to the civvies?

The lieutenant doesn't appear amused, and instead signals for Warren to approach. He does so, and we see that he is holding seven extra holsters with pistols.

COLE

We were told to blend in, Commander.

(beat, teasing)

But, I think we'd stand out if we were the only ones with the guns.

Tucker balks a little as he eyes the weapons, but he can still see Cole's point.

TUCKER

I can see your point, Lieutenant.

She smiles as Warren passes out the weapons. While the engineers put them on, Captain Archer, Ensign Sato, and Major Reed walk up. Reed is in the normal UEM uniform with his plasma pistol at his side. The captain looks around at the gathered crew.

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ARCHER

How is it going, Trip?

The engineer eyes the hastily installed cords before looking back at the captain.

TUCKER

I think it'll hold just fine, Cap'n.

(beat)

Question is whether or not it will be compatible, but we'll just cross that bridge when we get to it.

ARCHER

Should be soon.

As if on cue, the airlock begins to hiss as it pressurizes on the other side of the door. Everyone looks expectantly at the airlock as it slides open. Beyond its threshold is a dark alien version of an airlock; the lights beyond flicker occasionally within the alien ship. SEVERAL BEATS pass before three Andorians appear, all bearing some type of wound. These are Commander Shran, PREMIER MAJOR TALAS, and SENIOR SERGEANT ERIS.

They cautiously approach the gathering of humans, looking them over suspiciously as they get closer. Shran is at the front of the group. Archer is the first to speak with Hoshi translating.

ARCHER

Welcome aboard the *Enterprise*, Commander.

Shran seems to either ignore or not understand what Archer has said; instead he forgoes the pleasantries and gets straight to business.

SHRAN

(apprehensive)

[We have two dozen wounded and no functioning medical bay.]

Archer blinks as he hears Sato's translation, a little taken aback by Shran's bluntness. It only takes him a moment to change gears in light of this new "request".

ARCHER

I'll inform my sickbay to prepare to receive your wounded, Commander.

Shran is cold and commanding in his tone, obviously he is not comfortable with the situation he finds himself in.

SHRAN

[I'll begin sending them over, once my command staff and I have been treated.]

(beat)

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SHRAN (CONT'D)

(indicating other two Andorians with him)

[Senior Sergeant Eris is our only surviving medical officer; he will oversee the care of our wounded. My first, Premier Major Talas, will oversee your engineering team while they are on our ship.]

ARCHER

Of course.

(beat, to Sato)

Ensign, we'll need any translation matrixes you have.

(beat, to Tucker)

Trip, see what you can do about hooking that power up. Major Reed and I will take our guests to sickbay.

Both Hoshi and Trip nod in acknowledgement. Archer motions to the Andorians for them to follow him.

ARCHER

Follow me please.

Archer and the Andorians exit the scene, with Major Reed taking up the rear of the group. The engineering team and SF's remain behind and work on the bundle of cables again as we PULL BACK and...

CUT TO:

EXT. *ENTERPRISE*

The *Enterprise* is in orbit of the massive gas giant, docked with the damaged *Kumari*. As both ships move slowly around the distant planet we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - SICKBAY

We come in with the scene already in progress. DOCTOR PHLOX is examining Eris at one of the biobeds near the back of sickbay, but Major Talas is nowhere to be seen. Archer, Reed, and Shran are standing in discussion closer to the entrance. Shran is holding a cloth to one of his head wounds while he speaks with Archer, or more correctly while he speaks into a translation matrix with Archer listening to its reply.

SHRAN

(disgust)
... [the pigs ambushed us...and got lucky.]

ARCHER

(wryly)
Very lucky from the looks of it.

Archer's attempt to lighten the mood is met with an icy stare from Shran.

SHRAN

(confident, strong)
[Their luck will run out, and I will be there when it does to rip them to pieces.]

Phlox approaches the captain with his report. The Denobulan is upbeat as always, a faint smile on his face as he delivers the news.

PHLOX

I'm happy to report that the sergeant's injuries were not serious.
(beat)
I've treated him for minor lacerations and a mild concussion. He's cleared to leave at any time.

ARCHER

Are you ready to receive the others?

PHLOX

I believe so, Captain. I assume none of the remaining injured are in any worse shape. It shouldn't take long at all to get through them.

Archer nods his approval of the doctor's words.

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ARCHER

(to Shran)

Commander, our sickbay is ready for your wounded.

Shran nods and lifts his arm; he presses a recessed control on the cuff of his uniform and speaks into a hidden communications device.

SHRAN

[Comrade Major, begin sending our wounded to the Human ship.]

TALAS (COMM VOICE)

[Aye, Comrade Commander.]

CUT TO.

INT. *KUMARI* - CORRIDOR

We are in a heavily damaged corridor of the *Kumari* where the engineering teams have gathered to begin their work. Most of the lights along the deck are out, with only a few emergency lights to supplement them with an eerie, faint blue glow. The lights reveal scorch marks and twisted bits of metal blown away by powerful explosions. We can see Commander Tucker crouched down looking over the mess and speaking with one of the *Enterprise* crewmen.

TUCKER

I've never seen a ship this badly tore up.

(beat, off the crewman's look)

Glad we just have to get their power up and running. I'd hate to have to fix this.

Tucker stands and spins around, nearly colliding with the tall lean figure of Premier Major Talas. The Andorian woman looks down her nose at the Commander with her hands clasped behind her back. She says nothing, and soon we know why. Ensign Sato quickly walks up, out of breath from trying to catch up with the major.

SATO

Sorry.

(beat)

She has longer legs than me.

Talas glances at the ensign, not understanding a word. Tucker on the other hand grins at the Hoshi's small joke.

TALAS

[We have transferred our wounded to your ship.]

(beat)

[I will now oversee your work until our engineers can return to duty.]

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Once Hoshi finishes her translation, Tucker cocks his head to one side in confusion.

TUCKER

I thought we were only supposed to restore your power.

There is a BEAT as Talas considers his statement.

TALAS

[You will work on what you can; power systems are the main priority.]

Tucker doesn't appear happy with this; he clearly wasn't expecting this kind of work load to be placed on him. He looks back at the chaos behind him a second time and then at the major.

TUCKER

I'll see what I can do.

TALAS

[That will be... acceptable.]

She immediately turns away and walks off before any reply can be uttered. Hoshi stands in place a moment, bewildered and still trying to rest, before she also turns and walks away. The ensign walks five steps before realizing something and stops. She turns back around and addresses the engineers while producing a translator matrix from her pocket.

SATO

Sorry, forgot about this.

(beat, tossing the translator)

I'll try to be back later to make sure you know how to use it, sir.

Trip catches the device and smiles at the ensign.

TUCKER

Thanks. Might come in handy.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Our focus is on the small desk in Archer's quarters, where his computer is located as well as several photos and other personal items, including the log book of the *UES Eagle* from "Solitude". The computer display shows a timer that slowly creeps across the screen. We can hear Archer speaking but he is not yet in view.

ARCHER (OS)

Captain's Log; December 17th, 2152: We've docked with the Andorian vessel *Kumari* in an attempt to help with repairs after they sustained heavy battle damage.

(MORE)

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ARCHER (OS, CONT'D)

I've sent Commander Tucker over to try and restore their emergency power systems, and Doctor Phlox is treating the wounded crew of the *Kumari* aboard *Enterprise*.

Archer pauses every time he speaks the name of the Andorian ship, struggling to remember the proper pronunciation. He finally steps into view wearing a sweat suit; he plops down on his bed.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

While they wait, I've invited Commander Shran to have dinner with me and ... Sub-Commander T'Pol. The commander seemed reluctant to accept the offer, but I hope it will provide me with some insight into this alien culture.

(beat, staring at *Eagle's* log book)

It's why we're out here after all.

(beat)

Computer, end recording.

The timer on the screen disappears and is replaced by an ever changing readout of ship's systems. Archer bends over and pets the yet to be named dog from “A Coming of Age” at the edge of the bed; we can't see the dog until he picks him up and places him on the bed beside him.

ARCHER

Sorry boy, but you can't go to dinner with me.

(beat)

I don't think the sub-commander would appreciate the smell.

(beat)

Better start thinking about a name for you, huh?

His “discussion” is interrupted by the sound of the comm. system. He pushes off the bed and reaches out to his desk to activate the comm. The voice of Commander Tucker comes over the speaker as Archer falls back to the bed.

TUCKER (COMM VOICE)

Reporting in, Cap'n.

ARCHER

How are the repairs going, Commander?

There's a pause for a BEAT, causing Archer to give the speaker a wry smile.

TUCKER (COMM VOICE)

Well...it's taking some work but I think we're getting there.

(beat)

Learning a lot about Andorian systems in the process.

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Archer grins at the engineer’s child-like curiosity.

ARCHER

(joking)

Be sure to take notes.

(beat)

How long do you think it will take you to restore their power?

TUCKER (COMM VOICE)

At least three hours. I’ve got a lot of mess to clean out before I can even get to their auxiliary generators.

(beat)

Seems, though, that these Andorians have it in their head that after I restore their power, I’m going to keep working to fix all of this. Was that something you forgot to mention, Cap'n?

Archer makes a face at the news.

ARCHER

(confused)

No...maybe they misunderstood my offer.

(beat, shrugging)

Then again there wasn’t much time to discuss the finer details.

TUCKER (COMM VOICE)

Well, hopefully Doctor Phlox can fix up their engineers before it comes to that.

ARCHER

It shouldn’t be too long, Trip; just hang in there.

(beat)

Let me know if you make anymore progress.

TUCKER (COMM VOICE)

Will do, Cap’n.

The channel closes and Archer briefly goes back to playing with the beagle when he decides there are more pressing matters. He again touches the comm. control to open a channel.

ARCHER

Archer to Phlox.

There is a BEAT before the doctor responds.

PHLOX (COMM VOICE)

Yes, Captain?

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ARCHER

Doctor, how are your patients?

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - SICKBAY

Doctor Phlox is standing off to the side of a biobed, upon which is a severely burned blue figure. The figure moves occasionally as Phlox speaks to the captain.

PHLOX

I apologize for not reporting in sooner, Captain. It seems that their injuries were more ... severe than I anticipated.

The patient behind him moans in pain as his body suddenly arcs upwards. Before Phlox can respond a nurse comes into view and gives the man a dose of a pain killer. Phlox turns around and goes over the man's bio-readings to make sure there is nothing that needs to be addressed immediately. He continues to speak with Archer while taking care of the patient.

ARCHER (COMM VOICE)

How bad is it, Doctor?

PHLOX

Most of the injured have severe plasma burns and massive internal bleeding. It's amazing that the majority of them survived long enough to be treated on *Enterprise*.

(beat, disgusted)

Almost as amazing as how they could allow these people to wait while I treated the others for minor injuries.

ARCHER (COMM VOICE)

Can you help them?

Phlox nods to himself.

PHLOX

I do have some knowledge of Andorian physiology, Captain. I can treat these injuries as long as I continue to have the help of Sergeant Eris.

At the mention of the Andorian's name we briefly see him come into view in the distance, he appears to be going over bio-readings in the distant background. DOCTOR LUCAS is at his side.

ARCHER (COMM VOICE)

I'll expect a full report once you have the time, Doctor. Until then...good work, and good luck.

(beat)

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ARCHER (COMM VOICE, CONT'D)

I'll see what I can find out about this...situation, from Commander Shran during dinner. Archer out.

The channel closes and Phlox moves on to another biobed as we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CAPTAIN'S MESS

Captain Archer and T'Pol are seated at the table of the captain's mess. A single candle burns at the center of the table as they await the arrival of Shran. Archer is visibly uncomfortable in his chair as he frequently adjusts his sitting position.

ARCHER

Commander Tucker couldn't make it, he says there's too much work to do and he doesn't particularly want to get behind.

T'POL

I should be assisting the commander in his repair efforts.

Archer picks up a glass of what appears to be wine and takes a generous drink of it.

ARCHER

He could probably use the help, but you're needed here.

T'POL

I do not see the need for my presence aboard *Enterprise*.

ARCHER

(irritated)

Aren't the Vulcans and Andorians on...uneasy terms?

T'Pol raises her eyebrow briefly before responding.

T'POL

Yes.

Archer smiles at the short response to his question.

ARCHER

That's why I need you here.

(beat)

That, and I prefer not to fumble around with a translation matrix since Hoshi is busy on the Andorian ship.

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T'POL

I fail to see the usefulness of the relations between the Vulcans and Andorians.

ARCHER

Helps to see how he acts in front of his "enemy". It will hopefully give me some insight into what kind of person he is.

T'POL

If you-

She stops mid-sentence as the doors to the room open to reveal Commander Shran standing at their threshold; we can see an SF behind him turn and take a position outside the executive mess. Shran now has a bandage on his wounds, but otherwise he is unchanged from the last time we saw him. Archer stands, as does T'Pol, to greet him.

ARCHER

Please, Commander, have a seat.

T'Pol translates Archer's words into Vulcan. Reluctantly Shran takes a seat, almost as if he is afraid something will happen to him the moment he sits down. As he sits he eyes the glass of wine across from him.

T'POL

(In Vulcan)

[It is a human alcoholic beverage.]

SHRAN

(In Andorian)

[Perhaps it is poison.]

T'POL

(In Vulcan)

[Why would they invite you to dinner only to poison you the moment you arrive? It is...illogical.]

SHRAN

(In Andorian)

[Do not start on logic with me Vulcan!]

Archer is becoming visibly agitated by the scene before him.

ARCHER

Sub-Commander, you're supposed to be telling me what he is saying.

She breaks her stare with Shran.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

T'POL

He believes that you may be attempting to poison him.

ARCHER

(shocked)

Poison him?

Their conversation does little to reassure Shran, his antennae curl inwards in a sign of anger.

T'POL

As I have said before, the Andorians are a xenophobic civilization.

(beat)

They trust no one, Captain.

In a moment of realization and frustration Archer reaches across the table and grabs the glass, he brings it to his lips and takes a drink. Shran glares at him from across the table as Archer sets the glass back down.

ARCHER

Proof enough?

SHRAN

(In Andorian)

[Proof enough.]

Shran grabs the glass and downs the remainder of its contents, obviously over his paranoid fear of being poisoned by the mysterious liquid ... or at least too full of bluster to back down in face of Archer's obvious dare.

INT. *KUMARI* - CORRIDOR

We are following Major Reed through a corridor of the *Kumari*. He's carrying a clipboard and walking at a slow pace as he stops at every branch off to peer down the new corridors. From the way he hesitates at each new threshold before continuing on it is obvious that he is lost.

REED

(quiet, to himself)

Where's a bloody map when you need one?

He suddenly stops again as he picks up faint voices ahead. He listens quietly until he recognizes at least one; it is the voice of Hoshi as she converses in Andorian with someone else. We can't see them but we can make out their conversation as they get closer.

SATO (OS)

[I'll talk with my captain about that.]

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

TALAS (OS)

[I'm not sure my commander would approve of-]

Talas stops as she rounds the corner and spots Reed standing ahead. Even though he can't understand her she obviously doesn't want him to hear what she was about to say.

SATO

Major?

Reed relaxes his military stance at the sight of the two women. His face reddens slightly in embarrassment at his response.

REED

I...appear to be lost, Ensign.

(beat)

I'm looking for Commander Tucker.

SATO

The major and I were heading that way, sir. I can show you the way.

Reed regains his stoic composure.

REED

Thank you, Ensign.

The three start walking, taking a turn just a few steps ahead. One of the ones Reed had decided wasn't the correct way. As they walk Talas eyes the major discreetly while trying to appear to be looking ahead. Reed catches this which elicits a response from the Andorian.

TALAS

[I was examining your pistol, it is...interesting]

SATO

She, um...says you have a nice gun, sir.

Reed looks down at the pistol holstered at his side. When he looks back up at the Andorian his face is again tinted with a barely noticeable red as his jaw tightens.

REED

Thank you.

They continue to walk in silence for a BEAT.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

TALAS

[What type of weapon is it?]
(beat)
[A beam weapon I assume.]

REED

It's a plasma pulse weapon.

Talas tries to appear to be uninterested and only making conversation, but we can tell that there is something else there. Even Hoshi picks up on this as she gives the two of them odd looks from her position in the rear as she translates.

TALAS

[Our weapons are handheld versions of the type of disruptors used on our space vessels.]
(beat)
[They make for effective and reliable weapons. Can you say the same?]

REED

The PX-9 Plasma Pistol is a very effective and reliable weapon. It is much more accurate than previous models, and is effective out to one hundred meters.

Talas smirks at Reed's enthusiasm.

TALAS

[Perhaps you could give me a demonstration before your vessel leaves.]

Without having turned her head to face the major during the entire conversation, Talas continues to look forward as she pulls away from the two humans. Hoshi moves in closer to Reed with a grin on her face.

SATO

That was...weird.

REED

(watching Talas)
Indeed it was, Ensign.
(beat, breaking stare)
I suggest we hurry and find the commander; I need to get back to *Enterprise*.

Hoshi puts on a faux serious face to hide her grin.

SATO

Aye, sir.

FOUNDATIONS: “Party Lines”

Reed gulps nervously as his stare moves back to the Andorian. Behind him Hoshi shakes her head before maneuvering around him to catch up with the woman. We stop and watch the group continue on, as they disappear into the darkened corridor ahead we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

ACT THREE

FADE IN.

EXT. *ENTERPRISE*

We open with a shot of the *Enterprise* and *Kumari*, still connected. We PUSH IN closer to the *Enterprise* towards one of the larger view ports. We continue to move forward as we move through the glass into ...

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CAPTAIN'S MESS

Time has passed since the arrival of Shran and his initial suspicion of Archer. The food has been served and more drinks poured as the commander rattles on, completely ignoring the food before him. Archer, on the other hand, cuts into a steak, listening intently to T'Pol's translation of the Andorian's words.

SHRAN

[They caught us by complete surprise.]

(beat, disgusted)

[They used a distress signal to lure my ship in...and then they pounced. Three ships dropped out of warp and opened fire, our warp engines were disabled immediately.]

(beat, proud)

[*Kumari* was able to hold her own and hand them their tail, despite the odds.]

A BEAT passes as Archer swallows a bite.

ARCHER

How long has this been going on?

SHRAN

(sluggish)

[Three months...I think.]

(beat)

[Regardless of how long it has been, it's a sad day when an Andorian turns on his people and his ways.]

ARCHER

Why have they rebelled against your government? There must be a reason that they're carrying out these attacks.

Shran's antennae attempt to curl but are incapable of doing so under the slight intoxication. Instead, one curls slightly inwards while the other moves around like a drunken worm before finally managing to do the same as its twin.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

SHRAN

[They have been overtaken by their greed! That is why they defy the old ways!]

Both Archer and T'Pol have stopped eating as they listen to the Andorian's explanation. Until now they have only been told bits of information and have yet to get the full picture.

SHRAN (CONT'D)

[The bastards are no longer satisfied with the system; they don't see the need to maintain the old ways when we have so many new resources. They say the government is holding the people back by maintaining our traditions.]

(beat, laughing)

[Insanity! We as a race would crumble to nothing if we...]

He trails off as if he lost his train of thought. Shaking off the lapse he takes another drink as Archer looks on in curiosity.

ARCHER

They're not happy with your way of doing things?

(beat)

Sounds similar to the way things used to be on Earth. People weren't happy with communism because they lived in poverty, and those who claimed to be helping them were only hurting them. Much like what I witnessed today with the handling of injuries among your crew.

T'Pol almost shows a flicker of emotion at the statement.

T'POL

Captain...I advise against making such statements.

ARCHER

(annoyed)

If you're going to translate...then do it. If not I'll just use the translator. Either way he's going to hear it, understood?

T'POL

(in Vulcan)

[The captain voices his concern over the treatment of your crew's injuries. He believes that if this is common practice, it may be why some Andorians have chosen to rebel against the government.]

(beat)

[He says that such treatment by similar governments on Earth led to similar revolts in the past.]

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

SHRAN

(indignant, slurring)

[Do you think I would let my crew board your ship to be treated without first going myself!? I'm not sure how you do things, pink skin, but I do not send my crew into a possible slaughter without leading the way!]

(beat, disjointed)

[I protect my people! Perhaps it doesn't work that way on your world, but if a government fails under a system that cares for its people...then it never cared. It failed because of greed and power, much like these rebels who will also fail once I find them.]

ARCHER

I didn't-

Shran doesn't give him time to finish, instead he continues on his rant. Obviously letting out something that has been building inside of him. As he speaks he slowly seems to regain clarity with his thoughts.

SHRAN

[Our people have been cared for! They have been provided for! Never have they been hungry, homeless on the street dying because they couldn't provide for themselves. Can you say the same of your people, Captain?]

Archer is taken aback by the outburst, even with it being delivered in T'Pol's emotionless and unbiased tone.

ARCHER

I can't. At one point not everyone on my world was...fortunate enough to have what they needed.

(beat, defensive)

Not anymore. Things have changed.

SHRAN

[Sometimes they need to change, but not now...not on Andoria.]

ARCHER

It's obvious not everyone feels that way, Commander. Maybe your government should find out why, and find a way to resolve it peacefully.

SHRAN

[That is easier to say than it is to do. We believe it is much easier to crush them beneath our boots than to try and reason with such...insanity.]

T'Pol raises her eyebrow at such an illogical and barbaric way of thinking, while Archer turns his attention back to the food in front of him. Shran watches T'Pol, a glimmer in his eyes.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

SHRAN

[Do I make you uncomfortable, Vulcan?]

T'POL

(in Vulcan)

[I find your government's solution to the problem...illogical.]

(beat)

[If the rebels believe your government to no longer be useful and now only harmful to its people...does it not prove them correct for your government to condemn their beliefs and hunt them down?]

Shran shrugs the comment off. Archer, on the other hand, gives the two an awkward look. He doesn't appear entirely comfortable with being left out of the loop. He appears to be on the verge of saying something about it before Shran continues.

SHRAN

[They initiated the attacks. Are we wrong to defend ourselves and our ways?]

T'POL

(in Vulcan)

[Based on the history of your government, the rebels likely felt there was no other way. This is not a justification for their actions. Extending a hand of diplomacy, however, is the most logical course of action in an attempt to end the violence.]

SHRAN

(disgust)

[Vulcans...]

CUT TO:

INT. KUMARI - REACTOR ROOM

The *Enterprise* engineering team has managed to make it into the auxiliary reactor room. They are joined by two Andorian guards, each holding rifles as they stand near the door. To the far left we see Trip bent over a conduit of some kind, using a plasma torch to cut it away as the others go about their own jobs under the watchful eye of the guards. We PUSH IN and focus on Trip as he now takes up our entire view. An arm comes into view and taps him on the shoulder. Deactivating the torch he turns to see Hoshi, Reed, and Talas standing behind him. The Andorian major silently watches the other engineers, a look of smug disapproval on her face.

TUCKER

How can I help you?

(beat, indicating conduit)

I'm a bit busy.

Talas focuses her attention on Tucker.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

TALAS

[I am here to check on your status, and inform you that a few of our engineers will be joining you shortly.]

Hoshi translates the news.

TUCKER

Good. We just now managed to get to the reactor. Doesn't look much different from our systems, but it will help to have your people on this.

TALAS

[Are you incapable of finishing the job?]

TUCKER

(defensive)

I didn't say that.

(beat)

I only mean it will go faster to have your own people working on this with us. Didn't say we couldn't do it on our own.

We PULL BACK to bring the entrance into view as another Andorian enters the room. He quickly approaches Talas and whispers into her ear. Upon delivering his news he steps back and stands at ease with his arms behind his back.

TALAS

(coolly, addressing Trip)

[Three unidentified ships are approaching the system...they will arrive in two hours.]

(beat)

[Will you be finished by then?]

TUCKER

(indignant)

Not even close, I need at least four to get this back up and running.

(beat, elaborating)

Even with the reactor powered up, you won't have enough power to make it to warp.

TALAS

[We don't intend to run. We intend to fight.]

Trip is shocked at the statement. It is obvious from the state of the room they are in and the appearance of the rest of the ship that it cannot stand up in a fight.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

TUCKER

You intend to fight! This ship is barely holding together as it is! She won't last long in a battle!

Talas gives Trip a cold stare.

TALAS

[If you are not going to work then go back to your ship and run.]

She has hit a chord in Trip who isn't taking kindly to her words.

TUCKER

Oh I'll fix your ship, I'm just telling you how it is.

(beat)

But you're right. Don't expect me to stick around just to see this thing go up in a ball of flame.

TALAS

[I wouldn't expect such incompetent cowards to stay.]

Trip jerks forward, stopping a few feet away from Talas. His face is mere inches away from hers, his eyes coming up only to her nose. The Andorian guards react by immediately pointing their rifles at the commander as he begins to speak slowly. Reed quickly draws his pistol and aims it steadily at the nearest Andorian guard. Ignoring the tense stand off around him Trip continues to speak. Behind them, we can see Lieutenant Cole discreetly draw her own weapon - no one seems to notice this.

TRIP

(hot)

You want the job done, than get out of my damned way! Your complaints aren't making this go any faster!

SATO

(in Andorian, nervous)

[Commander Tucker says that your complaints aren't making this go faster, and he ... asks you to...get out of his way.]

TALAS

(to Hoshi)

[I understood his intent...]

(beat, impressed)

[I will...get out of his way. Remind him that he has two hours.]

With that she turns and walks off to talk with the guards, who have now lowered their weapons along with Reed. Trip watches her for a BEAT before turning back to his own work, an annoyed expression on his face. Hoshi and Reed stand beside him as he prepares to start cutting again.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

TUCKER

Was there something else, Mal?

REED

Not a thing, Commander.

(beat, grinning)

Other than watch your back.

The major walks away, but Hoshi remains. We watch Reed walk around until he finds Lieutenant Cole, who is trying to work on a small power relay. Once the major is out of earshot, Hoshi leans in closer to Trip.

SATO

(concerned)

Is everything okay, Commander?

Trip is knelt down in front of the conduit, and looks over his shoulder at the ensign.

TUCKER

Things are just peachy, Hoshi.

She manages a small smile.

SATO

You don't seem to be getting along with the Andorians.

TUCKER

That's an understatement.

(beat, raising voice for them to hear)

It'd be easier if they weren't breathing down my neck!

We can tell that the Commander is frustrated with the paranoid and superior attitudes of the Andorians.

SATO

Well...it is their ship, sir.

(beat)

Would you want someone you didn't know messing with the *Enterprise's* systems?

Tucker thinks about it for a BEAT, but he doesn't look like he wants to agree with Sato.

TALAS

[Ensign] Sato.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

TUCKER

Sounds like your cue, Ensign.

Hoshi sighs and walks away, leaving Trip to work on the conduit by himself.

We move to a perspective from Talas' position. We watch, as she does, Reed speaking with Cole. A shadow of disappointment falls on Talas' face as she watches what appears to her to be Reed speaking with a lowly engineer. Unknown to her Cole is one of Reed's security personnel. Hoshi walks up beside her, taking Talas' attention off the Major.

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

We're focused on the turbolift doors as they open to reveal Captain Archer, T'Pol, and Shran. The Andorian doesn't look happy as he exits the lift. Archer and T'Pol immediately go to their positions while Shran hangs back around the lift. He looks around the bridge apprehensively at all of the "aliens", not having been aboard the *Enterprise* since the events in the Miniseries.

ARCHER

Report.

A BEAT as T'Pol looks over her readings.

T'POL

Confirmed. Three vessels are approaching at sub-light speeds.

(beat)

They will arrive in two hours and twenty minutes.

ARCHER

Why sub-light?

T'POL

It is unwise to navigate a star system at warp speeds. Even UESPA follows such safety procedures, Captain.

(beat, wryly)

Except in extreme circumstances.

ARCHER

I'm aware of that, Sub-Commander, but if you want to sneak up on someone, you don't do it to where they can see you coming.

Shran cautiously steps closer to the Captain's chair, we can see that he is holding a translation matrix in his hand.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

SHRAN

(solemn)

[They're doing it as a warning...to give us time to surrender.]

(beat, aggressive)

[Unfortunate for them.]

ARCHER

What does that mean, Commander?

SHRAN

[It means that I intend to show them the error of their ways, Captain.]

Archer swivels his chair to face the Andorian.

ARCHER

I don't think the *Kumari* is in any position to pose a threat to those ships, and the *Enterprise* certainly can't. We are only a ship of exploration, not of war.

SHRAN

[Then you propose we surrender!]

He hisses the last word as if it is a vile curse uttered at an enemy. Archer frowns as he considers his options.

ARCHER

If it comes to that, yes. But, we aren't out of options yet.

(beat, thinking)

Are there any Andorian vessels nearby?

SHRAN

[There is a task force less than five light years out, but we have no way of contacting them. The *Kumari's* transceiver array was destroyed in the attack.]

ARCHER

Can you send it from *Enterprise*?

Shran glares at Archer as his antennae curl in suspicion.

SHRAN

[To keep them from detecting it I would need to use...classified methods. Do you think I would entrust such methods to you, pink skin?]

Archer sighs heavily at the repetitive theme of distrust with the Andorian commander.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

ARCHER

Either you send a message, or we wait here to be destroyed.

(beat, sarcastic)

Your choice.

A BEAT as Shran considers the situation. He glances at the viewscreen, its empty star field gives a false sense of hope. We can see that he realizes that his options are limited as his antennae curl in defeat.

SHRAN

[Once again...it seems I have no choice.]

(beat, defeated)

[Show me your communication system.]

Archer stands and extends his hand in the direction of the Communications station. Shran quickly walks to the station and sits down. He stares confused at the controls as he slowly enters in words into the translation matrix by hand to find the buttons he needs. It is a painstakingly slow process that he must go through. While everyone waits, Archer, still standing, stares impatiently at the view screen. With this we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. STAR SYSTEM

We open with an establishing shot of the alien star system's sun. We pan to bring into view a distant shot of the gas giant from previous scenes. The *Enterprise* and *Kumari* are visible only as small specks; we're able to only make out the faint outline of each ship as they orbit the planet.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

We're in the center of the bridge, slowly panning to view all stations. We start with Reed at tactical, and move clockwise. Finished, our view rests on Archer; he is standing just a few feet to the side of the communications station. Shran is still seated at the station, tapping slowly away at the controls.

A BEAT passes before Shran stops and looks at Archer.

SHRAN

[I've sent the transmission...]

ARCHER

Good. How long until the nearest ship arrives?

T'Pol is the first to answer, using her Vulcan mental abilities to quickly make the calculations.

T'POL

At maximum warp, the nearest Andorian vessel would arrive at our location in sixty-six hours and forty-eight minutes. That is assuming that they are indeed five light-years away.

ARCHER

(frowning)

They could be closer.

T'POL

They would need to be within a maximum of zero-point-one-seven light-years from our position. Even at this distance they would arrive in two hours and eighteen minutes.

(beat)

The approaching vessels will arrive in two hours and ten minutes.

SHRAN

[We can hold them off for that long!]

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

T'Pol raises her eyebrow.

T'POL

That is...unlikely.

Archer turns away from the communications station and takes his seat.

ARCHER

Think positive, Sub-Commander.

(beat)

There's still a chance this won't come to blows.

Their attention is shifted as the communication console beeps. Shran stares at the station momentarily, not sure what to do. Quickly, T'Pol stands and approaches the station; reaching over Shran she presses a control.

T'POL

The channel is open, Captain.

Archer is about to ask a question when the viewscreen suddenly changes to show the incoming communication. On the screen is the image of a slightly overweight Andorian male, this is COMMANDER ASHAN. A smug look is on his face while he addresses the bridge crew.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

Greetings...this is Commander Ashan of the Free Republic of Andoria.

(beat)

Shall I accept your surrender now, or do you prefer to wait until our arrival?

SHRAN

[Ashan, you bastard! I knew you were behind this madness!]

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

(addressing Shran)

Then you were mistaken, Thy'lek. I'm merely the person who has been assigned to take you as prisoner...or destroy you.

Archer stands from his chair and steps closer to the screen.

ARCHER

Excuse me, but this doesn't have to be resolved with threats.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

And who are you?

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

ARCHER

(straightening up)

Captain Jonathan Archer of the United Earth Ship *Enterprise*.

Ashan eyes Archer, almost teasingly.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

Captain Jonathan Archer of the United Earth Ship *Enterprise*, you're right...this won't be resolved by threats.

(beat, frowning)

In fact, it will be resolved one of two ways...either by your surrender or by your destruction. You have two hours to decide.

The communication abruptly ends, leaving Archer to consider the choices and Shran to fume silently to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. *KUMARI* - REACTOR ROOM

Once again, we find ourselves in the reactor room of the *Kumari*. This time, however, there are newcomers. Four Andorian engineers have joined the *Enterprise* team in repairing the auxiliary power systems of the *Kumari*. A few of the engineers are bandaged, some with still bleeding wounds that soak the white gauze with a dark blue stain.

Tucker is on his back on the floor, the upper half of his torso is hidden inside an access hatch near the large spherical reaction chamber. Rostov is kneeling at his side, handing him tools as he calls out for them.

TUCKER

Half of these damned circuits are fried; I don't even know what the hell this is supposed to be.

He tosses a charred piece of metal out of the hatch, nearly hitting Rostov in the leg.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Damn it to hell, the coolant line is busted. We've got a major leak in here.

(beat)

Hand me the sealant.

Rostov rolls a cylindrical tube into the hatch as one of the Andorian ENGINEERs walks up to them. Rostov quickly retrieves his translation matrix while discreetly tapping Tucker's leg to let him know someone was there.

FOUNDATIONS: “Party Lines”

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[I have repaired the damaged control rod.]

(beat)

[How is your progress on the primary junction?]

ROSTOV

We’ve found a coolant leak; it needs to be repaired before we can get to the junction.

Trip’s hands appear at the edge of the hatch and grab a hold of the wall; he pulls himself out of the hole and glares at the Andorian. We can immediately see that the commander is smeared with grease and his uniform splattered with unknown liquids.

TUCKER

It’s useless. I’ve patched the leak but we’ll be lucky if it holds when we start the thing up.

(beat, frustrated, rambling)

As for those control circuits...I hope you have a cargo bay full of spares that you haven’t told us about. I can’t get the thing to work any time soon, so we’ll need at least another five hours.

The Andorian stares at Trip, slowly comprehending what the human engineer is saying.

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[You’ll have to make do with what is in front of you.]

TUCKER

(sarcastic)

Thanks. That’s a lot of help.

(beat, thinking)

Speaking of help, I was told ten of your people were released from our ship...where’s the rest of you?

A BEAT passes, the tips of the Andorian’s mouth slightly turn downwards.

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[The others have been assigned to repair our shield generators and weapon systems.]

TUCKER

You’ve got to be kidding me! What is wrong with you people!?

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

(defensive)

[They are top priority systems, Commander.]

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

Trip looks to be on the verge of a mental breakdown because of what he is witnessing.

TUCKER

Those shields won't do you a damn bit of good if you don't have the power for it!

(beat, calmer)

This ship is still sucking down power from *Enterprise* just to keep life support going and the lights on. We need those people in here working on this!

The Andorian simply stares at Tucker.

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[I have my orders to follow, just as you do. The only option I have is to make the best of it.]

Trip sighs and slumps slightly as he sits there at the feet of this blue alien.

TUCKER

Following orders won't do ya any good if you wind up dead.

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[Then I will have died doing my duty...it is all we can hope for in some cases.]

Trip gives up and rolls his eyes as he falls back to continue his work. As he wiggles back into the hatch he mumbles to himself.

TUCKER

(quiet)

Fine...just don't get me killed with you.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - SICKBAY

Phlox is sitting at the central counter in sickbay, looking over a medical readout of what we can assume to be one of the Andorian patients. The doors to sickbay open and Talas walks in, followed closely by Corporal Scott who stays back near the door. She moves beyond the corporal and looks to her left before turning her head to see Phlox. She approaches the Denobulan as he stands from his stool and grins broadly. Both of them are already producing their translation matrixes.

PHLOX

Is there something I can help you with?

TALAS

[I'm looking for Sergeant Eris.]

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

PHLOX

Ah, yes. He's in the back.

Phlox points behind the wall of the counter in the direction of the back of sickbay. Talas leans to look past him, she catches a glimpse of Eris standing over a biobed.

TALAS

[Thank you.]

She walks off as Phlox smiles in acknowledgment. Approaching Eris, Talas addresses him.

TALAS (CONT'D)

[Comrade, how are things coming?]

Eris turns around slightly startled, a scanner in his hand.

ERIS

(surprised)

[Comrade Major.]

(beat)

[I...wasn't expecting you.]

TALAS

[It's the best way to keep you alert, comrade.]

(beat, glancing at the biobed)

[How are they?]

Eris sets his scanner aside and relaxes his rigid stance just a bit.

ERIS

[They are doing...better]

(beat)

[However, I don't recommend that they leave *Enterprise* anytime soon. All of them are in a delicate condition.]

Talas looks closer at the fellow officer laying on the biobed directly in front of her. She can see his chest rhythmically rise and fall as he struggles to breathe. Though we know nothing about Andorian bio-signs, the readings displayed above his bed do not look promising.

TALAS

[How do you think they will be in two hours?]

Eris' antennae straighten and his eyebrows momentarily jump up in disbelief.

ERIS

[They'll need to be here for a while longer, Major.]

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

(beat, thinking)

[However, with the help Dr. Phlox has provided...it may be as soon as eight hours.]

TALAS

[Try your best to make it sooner.]

(beat, hushed)

[How are they...treating you?]

Eris is quiet for a BEAT as he looks to see who is nearby.

ERIS

[They have treated the crew and myself quite well, better than I expected from...outsiders.]

(beat)

[Doctor Phlox is quite knowledgeable in Andorian physiology; he's been an adequate replacement for our doctor. Without his help, I doubt any of our crew you see here would have survived.]

He indicates the still occupied biobeds. Her focus falls on one badly injured officer in particular. It is not entirely clear, but a hint of what appears to be disgust (or maybe even hate) briefly flashes across her face.

TALAS

(quiet)

[I see...]

(stern)

[Thank you for the report, Sergeant.]

Eris bows his head as Talas turns away. She walks past the counter where Phlox is still diligently working; as she passes by she stops and slowly turns back to face the doctor.

TALAS (CONT'D)

[Doctor] Phlox.

The Denobulan looks up from his work, directing his ebullient expression toward the major.

PHLOX

Yes?

Talas pauses a moment, she looks uncomfortable and unsure of herself. A BEAT passes until she finally decides to speak what she had been struggling with. Her words are forced as she speaks them, as if she is not entirely sure they should be spoken.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

TALAS

[Doctor...thank you.]
(beat)
[Your services are...appreciated.]

Phlox's grin grows with a slight pride.

PHLOX

I only did what any doctor would have done.

For a brief moment doubt flashes across Talas' face, as if she finds it hard to agree with Phlox's statement.

TALAS

(looking down)
[Not all would have...]
(beat, gathered)
[Nevertheless, thank you.]

PHLOX

You're welcome, Major.

She inclines her head before swiftly turning and leaving sickbay, leaving Phlox to wonder and stare on at the Andorian woman before she disappears behind the doors of sickbay.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Our focus is on T'Pol as she gazes into the pop-up sensor display. She pulls away from the display and turns to address Archer. We too PULL BACK to bring the Captain's chair and helm station into view.

T'POL

The Andorian vessels are now within visual range.

ARCHER

On screen.

We PAN to bring into view the screen as its image quickly changes to a view of the approaching Andorian vessels. There are indeed three of them, two smaller ships that flank each side of a much larger third. They are not of the same design as the *Kumari*, however they are easily recognizable as Andorian due to the prominent wing structures that protrude from both sides.

T'POL

The smaller vessels appear to have minor hull fractures, as well as fluctuations in their power emissions.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

We PAN to bring Shran into our view, he is still sitting at the communication station.

SHRAN

[The smaller ones are *Grelan*-class frigates. Both of them were involved in the ambush.]

(beat, proud)

[We destroyed their partner and managed to damage them before they ran like cowards.]

ARCHER

Your damage may help even out the odds...I hope.

(beat, addressing Reed)

Major, are you picking up any potential weak points we could exploit if it comes down to it?

Reed checks his readouts for anything that could be of use, after a BEAT he looks up at Archer in disappointment.

REED

No, sir. Those hull fractures seem to be our best bet. I don't think they'll be of much help though...not with those shields operational.

Archer pounds his fist on the arm of his chair in frustration.

ARCHER

I guess it will have to do.

(beat)

Major, I want you to-

MAJOR

Already on it, sir. I've targeted the fractures and I'm slowly bringing weapons online.

(beat, smiling)

Don't want to tip them off too soon, sir.

Archer nods before going to press a control on the arm of his chair.

ARCHER

Archer to Commander Tucker.

TUCKER (COMM VOICE)

Trip here.

ARCHER

Where's my power, Commander?

FOUNDATIONS: “Party Lines”

BEAT.

TUCKER (COMM VOICE)

I’m working on it, sir. At least another twenty minutes.

ARCHER

Commander, you have-

He looks at T’Pol. After a BEAT the Vulcan catches on and answers his silent question.

T’POL

(flat)

Fifteen minutes and ten seconds.

ARCHER

-Fifteen minutes. After that we’ll have company.

There’s a pause over the comm. line.

TUCKER (COMM VOICE)

(tired, frustrated)

Ten minutes it is, sir. They’ll have power by then.

ARCHER

Thank you, Commander. *Enterprise* out.

The channel closes and Archer leans back into his chair. As he examines the viewscreen we slowly PUSH IN closer to him as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: “Party Lines”

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. *KUMARI* - REACTOR ROOM

Andorians and Humans are rushing from place to place, doing what they can to bring the reactor online as soon as possible. Amidst this blur of activity, two voices can be heard as they come close to yelling at each other. One voice is human and the other Andorian, the human voice is instantly recognizable as that of Commander Tucker.

TUCKER

Look, I don't care what your safety regulations say!

(beat)

We have to bring the reactor online now, and we don't have time to make sure everything is ship-shape.

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[Do you know anything about fusion reactors!? You can't simply turn them on after they've suffered this much damage!]

Trip isn't about to continue this futile conversation, instead he retrieves his communicator and flips it open.

TUCKER

Commander Tucker to Captain Archer.

BEAT

ARCHER (COMM VOICE)

I hope you have good news, Trip.

TUCKER

I'm ready to turn this thing on, but the Andorian engineer with me is refusing to oblige.

There is a pause over the channel, a BEAT passes before a reply comes.

SHRAN (COMM VOICE)

[Do it! Now!]

Trip doesn't know what was said, but he can tell from the look of the engineer beside him that it was not a simple hello.

ARCHER (COMM VOICE)

Try it now, Trip.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

Trip approaches the main console of the room and begins pressing a sequence of buttons. As we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Our focus is on T'Pol as she gives a report regarding the status of the *Kumari*.

T'POL

The *Kumari*'s power levels are rising.
(beat)

Their emissions have peaked at twenty percent of maximum.

ARCHER

Are we able to disconnect from them?

T'POL

We are; the *Kumari* should be able to proceed under its own power.

The turbolift doors open and Talas enters the bridge, again followed closely by Corporal Scott. As she exits the lift, we can see her briefly glance in the direction of Major Reed, before she turns her attention towards Shran.

TALAS

[Reporting as ordered, Comrade Commander.]

Shran stands from the communications station to approach the major. As he does, he looks in the direction of Reed and notices the human major discreetly glancing at Talas. Shran glares at the tactical officer before looking to his XO, who seems to be returning the stares of the major. At this, Shran frowns, his antennae slump slightly at this silent exchange of glances between the two officers.

SHRAN

(quiet but harsh)

[Major!]

(beat)

[We are returning to the *Kumari*. Now.]

TALAS

[Yes, Commander.]

She turns back towards the turbolift, looking over her shoulder for a BEAT in the direction of Reed. Shran quickly steps behind her to block her view of the major.

FOUNDATIONS: “Party Lines”

EXT. *ENTERPRISE*

We’re focused in on the *Enterprise*, after holding for a BEAT on the ship we slowly PAN a few degrees. Upon stopping, we can see in the distance three vessels on approach.

INT. *KUMARI* - REACTOR ROOM

We’re focused on Commander Tucker as he stands in front of the reactor, monitoring a stream of readouts on a screen. After a BEAT, he turns and faces the Andorian engineer from the previous argument.

TUCKER

She seems to be holding steady. Everything checks out in the green.

The engineer looks over the readouts for a moment before looking at his human counterpart. He does not look Trip directly in the eye as he admits his wrong.

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[It would seem you were right, Commander.]

(beat, tight)

[I...apologize.]

Trip gives the engineer a reassuring look.

TUCKER

Don’t worry about it. You were just following your gut. Same thing I would have done if it were my ship.

(beat, looking over the room)

And quite the ship she is, if I do say so.

The Andorian’s mouth perks at the corners from the engineer’s subtle complement.

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[She is.]

A shrill noise sounds through the room, startling Trip and the other human engineers. The commander goes to check a console when he soon realizes that the sound was that of a ship wide address. A fact made apparent to him when the voice of Commander Shran booms over the speakers.

SHRAN (VO)

[All hands...prepare to engage the enemy.]

(beat)

[Set status black throughout the ship. All decks are to go to status black.]

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

Trip looks around the room to find his engineers and make certain they are all present before looking back at the Andorian.

TUCKER

Not exactly sure what that means, but I'm thinking that's our cue to leave.

(beat)

It's been nice doing business with you; hopefully we'll be around long enough to do this again.

ANDORIAN ENGINEER ONE

[Hopefully, my ship will not be so badly damaged as to require your help, Commander.]

Trip grins broadly at the attempt of a joke.

TUCKER

That too.

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

The *Enterprise*, like the *Kumari*, has been placed on its highest state of alert. The current condition of the bridge is an indication of this, as everyone is at their stations prepared for the worst. No one runs back and forth, no one delivers low priority reports. Everyone is at their battle stations.

Archer is pacing along the front of the bridge, waiting for any signal from the incoming vessels. As he is about to circle around for the fifth time Hoshi's console beeps, catching his attention and causing him to stop dead in his tracks.

SATO

Sir, we're being hailed by the lead ship.

Archer takes three long strides to his chair and sits down.

ARCHER

Patch it through. And I want Commander Shran in on this as well, Ensign.

SATO

Aye, sir.

She taps in a few commands, bringing up the communication channel on the main viewer. We jump to a position just behind Archer to get a clear view of what is on the screen. Instead of the regular image of a single person, there is instead a split screen. One side shows the fuming image of Commander Shran, and the other the calm and collected image of Commander Ashan.

FOUNDATIONS: “Party Lines”

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

Well, Captain Jonathan Archer of the United Earth Ship *Enterprise*...your time is up.

(beat)

What have you decided?

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

We will never surrender to your pitiful rebellion!

(beat)

I will fight...no matter how badly damaged my ship is!

Ashan does not respond to Shran, instead he addresses Archer.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

Does he speak for you as well, Captain? Will you follow this fool to his death?

Archer puts on his best diplomatic face as he prepares himself.

ARCHER

(calm, unreadable)

I'm not planning on dying any time soon, Commander.

(beat)

If a conflict can be avoided then I will do my best to ensure such an outcome. However, I do not intend to surrender either.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

I see no reason to continue this, Captain. Your position is weak...we outnumber you.

Archer pauses for a BEAT before grinning. His expression is mischievous and dark as he leans back in his chair and stares down the Andorian.

ARCHER

Commander...you may outnumber me, but I'm positive that you don't outgun me.

Ashan balks at the statement.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

We've scanned your vessel; you pose no threat to us.

ARCHER

(laughing)

You think a scan picks up everything that could be a threat to you?

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(serious)

Maybe you've heard about the incident involving your species first encounter with me? I transported a fleet of Andorian and Tellarite vessels light-years across space with a single thought.

Ashan thinks for a BEAT, recalling the stories he's no doubt heard.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

You had the aid of powerful machine to pull off that particular trick. A machine that no longer exists...

Again Archer grins at the Andorian.

ARCHER

What makes you think I don't retain the abilities even without the machine?

Ashan glares at Archer, sizing him up in a glance as his antennae move about, as if trying to aid in his thoughts on the human captain.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

What I think...is that you are bluffing, Captain.

We focus on Shran, as his eyes narrow and suddenly widen before he bursts into the conversation.

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

I wouldn't be so sure about that, Ashan. This pink skin has displayed...odd abilities.

It's Ashan's turn to narrow his eyes in suspicion. He apparently does not believe the words of his enemies.

ASHAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

You're stalling for time.

(beat)

And you, my old friend, shall have more time. I'll save the destruction of your precious ship for last. I'll simply have to destroy these pink skins before they have a chance to use this "power".

Archer keeps his cool, despite the fact that his ship is about to come under fire. Around him the crew does not appear as calm and optimistic as their captain.

ARCHER

I warned you.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

Ashan's half of the communication abruptly cuts out, leaving only Shran on the screen.

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

I hope you have a plan...pink skin.

ARCHER

I'm still working on it.

Shran scowls and ends the communication.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Counting on a miracle...

REED (OS)

Sir, I'm detecting multiple weapon locks.

(beat, slight shock)

They're targeting the warp core.

EXT. SPACE

In space, the Andorian rebels are closing in on the *Enterprise* and *Kumari*, the two smaller vessels slowly pulling ahead of the larger. The *Kumari's* impulse drives flare to life and slowly push the battered vessel in a direction away from the *Enterprise*.

We quickly PAN as a distinctive and familiar sound can be heard. In the far distance behind the approaching vessels, four flashes of light can be seen. From these flashes, emerge four Andorian cruisers and begin streaking towards the rebels.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Our focus is on Reed as his console beeps; he looks up in the direction of Archer.

REED

I'm picking up four new contacts, sir.

We PAN to see T'Pol from Reed's perspective at tactical.

T'POL

Confirmed. Four Andorian cruisers have dropped out of war and are on approach. Scans indicate they are targeting the rebel vessels.

(beat, analyzing)

The rebels are moving off...they have gone to warp.

Quickly, we cut to Archer as he gives a little "yes" in victory.

FOUNDATIONS: “Party Lines”

ARCHER

Open a channel to the lead ship. Let's say hello.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The lead ship has now docked with the *Kumari*, while the other three are no longer present. The *Enterprise* slowly pulls away from the planet as Archer's voice sounds out as the captain records a new log entry.

ARCHER (V.O.)

Captain's Log; December 17th, 2152: The Andorian reinforcements arrived in time, preventing a fire fight that could have ended our mission early; evidently, they were already en route to respond to *Kumari's* initial distress signal when Commander Shran's communication signal reached them. In gratitude for our assistance, we have been “cleared” to leave and continue on our journey. With the remaining patients transferred to the lead ship, we are preparing to do just that...get back to exploring.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Archer is standing just a few feet from his chair, staring at the image of Shran on the viewer. The Andorian seems to be back to his cynical and paranoid self, now that he is among his peers in front of this “pink skin”.

ARCHER

I'm glad we could be of help, Commander.

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

It will take a while to fix the mangling your engineers did...

(beat, thankful)

However, your help was appreciated.

ARCHER

(optimistic)

Maybe our people will run into each other...out there, without a disaster having to bring us together.

At that Shran becomes dark, antennae curled and face solemn.

SHRAN (COMPUTER VOICE)

We may have worked together today, but we are not allies. Do not think any differently.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

Archer frowns and cocks an eyebrow at the ominous warning that future encounters may not be on friendly terms.

INT. MESS HALL

We're in the mess hall; the lights lowered indicating that it is after "working" hours. We PAN from our position at the door and see that only one table is occupied. We ZOOM IN to see T'Pol sitting at the table reading a padd and sipping a cup of tea. Behind her, we can see the door open and Doctor Phlox walk in. We watch as he gets a drink from the wall dispenser and approaches the table.

PHLOX

Do you mind if I join you, Sub-Commander?

T'Pol glances up from her padd long enough to address the Denobulan.

T'POL

If you wish.

The doctor sets down heavily and happily sips at his beverage. The two remain in silence for a BEAT before the doctor speaks up.

PHLOX

So, Sub-Commander, what did you think of our Andorian guests?

T'POL

They are a xenophobic species that place their own well being above the greater good.

PHLOX

That sounds like a rather harsh assessment.

(beat)

In the time I spent with them, they seemed to be a thoughtful, honest people...maybe too emotional at times. Hardly a terrible thing though.

Still focused on her work she responds unenthusiastically, for a Vulcan.

T'POL

They are quick to anger and rash in their decisions. This conflict between the people and their government is a prime example of their illogical nature.

(beat)

If the people of their world want change, then it is logical to attempt to come to an agreement both sides approve of rather than to kill and maim one other. Their anger towards one other and their pride prevent them from seeing this solution.

Phlox smiles as he looks at her, obviously in the know about something.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

PHLOX

If I remember my Vulcan history correctly, your people went through a similarly bloody time because a group of people wanted change.

(beat)

Look how you turned out as a result.

At this T'Pol finally looks up from the padd, directly into the eyes of the doctor.

T'POL

And as a result of that conflict, my people were sent into a period of stagnant cultural and technological development that lasted for centuries.

PHLOX

The point remains that something good can come from this, even if you don't think so at the time.

(beat)

I believe it was a human who said, "Change is the only constant of the universe."

He smiles.

PHLOX (CONT'D)

I believe Surak even said something similar. "Change is inevitable," I think it goes.

(off her slight frown)

This change that the Andorian people want will have to happen. It is, I think, inevitable. Unfortunately, they've chosen violence as their answer, but something good can still come of it.

(beat, grinning)

You never know, they may become the next Vulcans of the galaxy.

T'Pol raises an eyebrow.

T'POL

That is unlikely.

PHLOX

I prefer to hope for the best. They have a chance to become something better out of this.

T'Pol rises from the seat and stands in place for a BEAT.

T'POL

Perhaps. At this time, however, I cannot share your optimism.

(beat)

Good night, Doctor.

FOUNDATIONS: "Party Lines"

PHLOX

Good night, Sub-Commander.
(beat, smiling)
Don't let the bed creatures bite.

She gives him a quizzical look.

PHLOX

A human expression...I think.

T'POL

I see.
(beat)
Fascinating.

She turns and walks away, leaving the doctor alone in the dim light. We focus in on him as he takes another sip, grinning as he watches the Vulcan officer walk away.

EXT. SPACE - *ENTERPRISE*

The *Enterprise* is cruising along, we can see the gas giant in the distance. Slowly becoming smaller and smaller. We watch as the *Enterprise* flies by our position as we hold our view on the distant world for a BEAT before we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE