



STAR TREK FOUNDATIONS

“Soli”

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FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. EARTH - DUSK

We open with a magnificent shot of the San Francisco bay area from a very high angle. The city is still bustling with activity and we can see numerous sub-orbital shuttles climbing into the sky. As the sun continues to sink, the brilliantly lit skyline of the city dazzles.

INT. VULCAN AMBASSADORIAL BUILDING

PULLING BACK, we reveal that we are at the top of the building set apart for the Vulcan consulate in San Francisco. The room is spartan in decoration with a tinted plexi-glass window that stretches almost completely around the area of the room. A single desk and chair is in the room. Through the window, we can see the UESPA Command building nearby.

AMBASSADOR SOVAL stands at the window, facing the city. His hands are clasped behind his back and there is no expression on his face as he studies the city. If anything, the ambassador looks tired.

A VULCAN AIDE enters the shot. Young (even for a Vulcan) and very earnest-looking, the young man pauses several meters from the ambassador. The Aide is holding a sealed package.

VULCAN AIDE

(in Vulcan)

[I'm sorry to disturb you, Ambassador...]

Soval glances slowly at the young male before returning his attention to the cityscape before him.

SOVAL

(also in Vulcan)

[Remarkable, isn't it? Eighty years ago, this city was in ruins.]

(beat)

[And now, look at it. A thriving hub of humanity that grows with each day that passes.]

From the expression that flickers across the Aide's face, he doesn't think that the city is that impressive. Soval seems to notice - the glass is pretty reflective, after all - but does not comment on the younger Vulcan's disdain.

SOVAL

[Is everything prepared for my meeting with Admiral Forrest tomorrow?]

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VULCAN AIDE

[Yes, Ambassador.]

SOVAL

[Then something else concerns you. Something unrelated to my itinerary.]

The Aide offers the sealed package.

VULCAN AIDE

[This arrived by courier minutes ago. It is date-stamped and appears to be Sub-Commander T'Pol's latest report from *Enterprise*.]

At this, Soval raises an eyebrow but does not turn from the window.

SOVAL

[Good. I have been expecting this report for some time.]

(beat)

[Place it on the desk.]

VULCAN AIDE

(as he obeys)

[Will there be anything else, Ambassador?]

SOVAL

[Inform the consulate that I do not wish to be disturbed.]

With a slight bow, the Aide backs away from Soval. We briefly focus on the sealed package resting on the desk. Though we can't understand the language, the intent is obvious from the various stamps: CLASSIFIED.

Once more we focus on Soval as he stares at the now-illuminated skyline of San Francisco. He quirks an eyebrow slightly as we focus on the reflected image of the package now on the desk.

And off that image we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - AT HIGH WARP

We resume with a shot of *Enterprise* traveling at extreme velocities.

T'POL (VO)

Status report begins. Sub-Commander T'Pol reporting.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - T'POL'S QUARTERS

Seated before a flickering candle, SUB-COMMANDER T'POL breathes evenly as she meditates. This is the first time we've seen her quarters and, unsurprisingly, they are stark and without apparent decoration. She is dressed in Vulcan robes instead of her usual uniform.

T'POL (VO)

Exactly two hundred and forty-two days have elapsed since I arrived on *Enterprise* to serve as the executive officer.

T'Pol opens her eyes and a flicker of annoyance crosses her face. She snuffs out the candle with slightly more force than necessary, and, if she were human, one would call her expression "vexed". She rises to her feet and begins cleaning up.

T'POL (VO)

In that time, I have had sufficient opportunity to observe the interactions between the human crew in hopes of determining new theories regarding some of their more curious idiosyncrasies.

The meditation candle and holder now stored, T'Pol studies the bare quarters with a critical eye.

T'POL (VO)

Although I am not a social scientist, it has become clear that understanding the motivations of humanity currently eludes my comprehension and may very well require decades of study.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - AN EMPTY CORRIDOR

Now dressed in her uniform, T'Pol emerges from a turbolift. Without hesitation, she begins walking down the empty corridor.

T'POL (VO)

For example, both Captain Archer and Commander Tucker have displayed a vocal dislike for me based entirely upon my species since my arrival.

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T'Pol pauses, raising an eyebrow as she tilts her head as she appears to hear something. She continues forward, resuming her previous confident stride.

T'POL (VO)

And yet, despite this, both men appear to have the capacity to set aside their distrust when necessary.

T'Pol again pauses, now outside the door to the briefing room. We can hear what sounds like a violin playing on the other side. The door slides open almost soundlessly.

T'POL (VO)

Mister Tucker, in particular, is especially capable of doing this. Despite his constant need to challenge my presence on *Enterprise*, he has also become my most unlikely supporter when necessary.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

T'Pol steps into the mostly empty briefing room and halts, shock actually appearing on her face. The melodic strains of a violin being played waft through the air and we PAN AROUND to reveal the origin of the music: COMMANDER TUCKER.

He is in a chair facing a "window", his eyes closed as he loses himself in the violin. It's something of a dichotomy, seeing the normally hyperactive engineer so calm, not to mention the surprising image of him playing the instrument; he's also very good. There is no one else in the briefing room that we can see.

T'POL (VO)

Following the incident on G-Two-Five-One-One-Three-Six-Zero-Zero-B, Commander Tucker's behavior toward me has undergone a surprising change that I am unable to entirely explain.

We TILT toward the briefing room door, revealing T'Pol. She is standing just inside the doorway (it is now closed behind her) staring at Tucker with open wonder on her face. It's the most expression we've yet seen from her and she's clearly enchanted with the music that he is making. The barest hint of a smile is on her face as she listens with rapt amazement and stares at Tucker.

T'POL (VO)

A more recent incident with the commander has reminded me of Surak's own words about challenging one's preconceptions lest they challenge you.

Tucker winds down, finishes the solo, and lowers the violin. His eyes open, but he's looking at the instrument in his hands with a soft, sad smile, clearly lost in memories. He obviously isn't aware that he has an audience.

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T'POL

(in an amazed - for her - tone of voice)

Your technique is flawless.

The moment she speaks, Tucker starts in surprise and lurches to his feet. He stares at her with an expression of surprise and perhaps a spot of embarrassment.

TUCKER

(disconcerted)

T'Pol! I ... uh ... didn't hear you come in.

The Vulcan gives him a look as she slowly approaches him. Once more, her eyes drift to the violin.

T'POL

(dryly)

Obviously.

(beat)

You are quite skilled with this instrument. What is it called?

Suddenly sheepish, Trip glances down.

TUCKER

This? Just a violin.

For a BEAT, he smirks at a private joke. When he speaks again, his accent is exaggerated.

TUCKER

(drawling)

Couldn't find a fiddle, ya know?

T'Pol raises an eyebrow ever so slightly as she studies the violin. Trip's smirk grows as he realizes her interest in it. He offers it to her.

TUCKER

You want to take a look at it?

She does. For a few moments, she studies the instrument (sans the bow, which Trip keeps). It's slightly amusing to see her as she examines the violin from many angles. Trip continues to talk as she does.

TUCKER

My mom insisted I learn it back when I was twelve.

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A BEAT passes as he glances away, momentarily lost in pleasant memories. Once more, he exaggerates his accent with self-deprecating humor.

TUCKER

(drawing)

She wanted us Tuckers to be civilized.

There is a flicker of something that looks a lot like amusement on T'Pol's face as he says this last part.

TUCKER

(curious)

Never pegged you as a music lover...

She looks up, eyebrow inclined as she returns the violin.

T'POL

I never...

(beat as she hyperannunciates the next word, emphasizing it because she's never used it before)

... pegged you as civilized, Commander.

Trip smiles broadly, amused at her verbal quip and her willingness to display wit before him. They spend an awkward moment in silence, not entirely sure how to proceed. Finally, after a LONG BEAT, T'Pol breaks the silence.

T'POL

What was that you were playing?

Trip smiles: this he can answer.

TUCKER

(warming to the subject)

Tambourin Chinois, by Fritze Kreisler. One of my favorites. Played it at my last recital.

(beat, as he smiles again.)

Screwed it up too.

T'POL

I am sure that Ensign Sato could arrange-

Trip clearly knows that she is going to suggest he play in front of people and his face reflects his sudden terror.

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TUCKER

(sharply as he interrupts her)

God, no! I don't wanna go through that nightmare again.

Her confusion shows in her face and he rushes to explain.

TUCKER

(flustered)

I just don't play well in front of groups. Get too nervous, screw things up, that sort of thing.

T'POL

I see.

(beat as she considers)

Then why do you play?

TUCKER

It helps me relax when I can't sleep.

(with a frown)

Which, unfortunately, is pretty often.

Abruptly, something occurs to him and he narrows his eyes as he stares at her

TUCKER

You're not gonna tell anyone, are ya?

She gives him a mildly surprised look, wondering why he's so paranoid.

T'POL

Your secret is safe with me, Commander.

He smiles a little, exhales a breath of relief, and retakes his seat. T'Pol, to his surprise, takes a seat in front of him.

T'POL

(softly)

Can you play it again?

Focus on Trip: For a moment, he's surprised and more than a little intimidated. At her oddly friendly expression, he starts to relax.

TUCKER

(in a joking tone)

Well, if it's the only way I can keep you from telling everybody...

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He lifts the violin as she arches an eyebrow and once more begins to play, closing his eyes as he does so. We PULL BACK from the two as the music rises in volume.

T'POL (VO)

(continuing the report)

I cannot go into the details regarding my accord with Commander Tucker since it involves information that he requested I keep confidential, but this newfound understanding between us has significantly improved our working relationship, a fact that was quite helpful in the most recent crisis.

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

The primary duty rotation personnel are in their usual places as CAPTAIN ARCHER paces back and forth in front of his command chair. The atmosphere on the bridge is one of excitement. Displayed on the main viewer is a swirling mass of vortex of light that is immediately recognizable as a wormhole similar to the one from *Deep Space Nine*. Unlike that wormhole, however, this one appears to be in a state of flux with flashes of purple and yellow light constantly rippling through the anomaly, as if it were not entirely stable.

T'POL (VO)

Unfortunately, my relationship with Captain Archer continues to be strained at best.

Archer leans over ENSIGN MAYWEATHER'S shoulder, resting his hand on the back of the young man's seat.

ARCHER

What's our status?

MAYWEATHER

Holding at thirty-three light minutes away, sir.

ARCHER

Good. Hold us steady here.

(in T'Pol's general direction)

What is it?

T'Pol is silent for a BEAT as she studies the readings on her console and Archer shoots her an annoyed glance, clearly expecting her to have responded immediately.

T'POL

(off her readings)

Unknown. Sensor readings are indeterminate.

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Archer glowers at her bent head before glancing at Commander Tucker whose attention is completely riveted on the screen, a slight smile of amazement on his face.

ARCHER

(flat, annoyed)

Then guess.

Looking up from her console, T'Pol raises an eyebrow at the captain's tone.

T'POL

I do not have sufficient data to offer a hypothesis at this time, Captain. Doing so without additional data is illogical.

Archer glares at her for a BEAT as she again turns her attention to the Science board.

TUCKER

It reminds me of those Morris-Thorne space-time bridge theories that one of my professors was working on.

Both Archer and T'Pol give the engineer a look as he stares at the main viewscreen.

T'POL

(curious)

I am unfamiliar with that theory.

TUCKER

It's about a hypothetical shortcut...a bridge in realspace that connects two points in the same universe. A wormhole...

(beat, thinking)

If I remember my Vulcan 101, the term you'd recognize is stuk-rur.

T'Pol raises both eyebrows at the term (or perhaps Tucker's use of her native language) and gives the engineer another look that clearly indicates a bit of surprise on her part. Tucker's expression sours slightly at her look, obviously interpreting her expression as an unspoken insult regarding his intelligence.

TUCKER

Don't give me that look. I do have a couple of degrees in warp propulsion, you know.

(with a frown)

Some of the really advanced work uses Vulcan principles and those don't translate well to English.

T'POL

I apologize, Commander. No offense was intended.

(beat)

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T'POL (CONT'D)

I am familiar with that theory.

(beat, wry)

It is also pronounced stukh-riur. In the interests of accuracy.

At T'Pol's almost (but not quite) teasing comment, Archer gives her a surprised look, then glances quickly at Tucker for a BEAT even as ENSIGN SATO barely stifles a snort of amusement. Finally, the captain glances in her direction again.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)

Well?

Once more, the Vulcan gives him a flat look devoid of expression.

T'POL

As I stated earlier, Captain, I do not have sufficient data to offer a hypothesis.

(beat, as Archer's expression darkens)

Commander Tucker's theory is as valid as any other.

ARCHER

(tight)

Then maybe you should get to work.

We focus on T'Pol's face for a moment, noting the slight narrowing of her eyes that we've come to know as sign of her annoyance. Her right eyebrow climbs slightly and she stands.

T'POL

With your permission, Captain, I will be in the Astrometrics Lab.

Archer nods without looking at her and she walks toward the turbolift. As she approaches the lift, we focus briefly on Trip's conflicted expression as he glances between her and the pacing captain.

ARCHER

(to Travis)

Go to station-keeping status. Let's not get too close to this thing. At least not until we know what it is.

MAYWEATHER

Aye, sir.

Trip's attention discreetly drifts to T'Pol as she enters the turbolift and he frowns slightly in Archer's direction. Off his frown, we...

FADE OUT.

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END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - BEFORE THE WORMHOLE

We open with an establishing shot of *Enterprise* before the massive azure anomaly. Like flashes of lightning, multicolored ribbons race through the bluish "cloud" that surrounds the curious stellar event, and it's an indication of just how big the wormhole is that we can even see it at all.

T'POL (VO)

Status report continued.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ASTROMETRICS LAB

Compared to many other locations we've seen aboard *Enterprise*, this lab is positively spacious. Numerous monitors decorate the walls and a massive glassed-up table dominates the center of the lab itself. A 3-D representation of the wormhole is within the encased table, indicating that this is a holographic display of a more primitive design than any we've seen on Star Trek before.

Sub-Commander T'Pol and LIEUTENANT GARLA are present, with the lieutenant quietly speaking with two equally young CREWMEN at the far end of the lab. As we observe, T'Pol is inputting commands into the console on the holo-display and manipulating the image (zooming, pulling back, etc.) Data readouts crawl across the image as well as she selects different locations to focus on.

T'POL (VO)

As I have previously reported, the tension between myself and Captain Archer continues to have unexpected repercussions in regards to the crew and my interactions with them.

The conversation between Garla and the two enlisted personnel continue and, T'Pol pauses briefly from her work to discreetly eavesdrop.

CREWMAN 1

(soft)
-and spilled it all over the Chief!

CREWMAN 2

(disbelieving, soft)
Get out. She actually did that?

CREWMAN 1

(soft)
I saw it myself!

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GARLA

(soft)

Wasn't she flirting with Chief Gomez the day before yesterday?

T'Pol's expression tightens noticeably as we realize that the three are not discussing work.

T'POL (VO)

The captain's vocal dislike of my species has led to many of the junior officers and crew to interact with me on a less than professional basis.

The three young women laugh at something and T'Pol frowns briefly.

T'POL

Lieutenant Garla, I require your assistance.

Without turning, the lieutenant responds.

GARLA

Just a second.

We focus on T'Pol's features as her eyes narrow in annoyance and possibly a hint of anger. When she speaks, her voice is cold and cutting.

T'POL

Lieutenant. Now.

Garla jumps slightly at the Vulcan's tone and exchanges a quick glance with the two enlisted crew before walking toward the sub-commander. Garla has an almost irked look on her face as she approaches.

T'POL

(cold)

You are on duty, Lieutenant, and I am not in the habit of repeating myself.

The lieutenant gives the Vulcan first officer a poorly concealed glower before straightening slightly.

GARLA

(tight)

Yes, ma'am. It won't happen again.

(beat, with a hint of condescension)

Ma'am.

With a hint of a frown, T'Pol looks the lieutenant squarely in the eyes. It's an almost amusing sight as Garla is half a head taller than the diminutive Vulcan, but the sense of presence in the sub-commander is nearly visible.

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T'POL

(soft)

If you wish to continue serving aboard *Enterprise* in this department under my command, Lieutenant, I recommend that you re-examine your conduct.

(beat, off Garla's surprise)

You are a competent officer, with an excellent grasp of astro-physics. During duty hours, I expect you to do your job.

(with a quick glance in the direction of the two crewmen)

Socialize at other, more appropriate times.

T'Pol continues to hold the lieutenant's gaze for a BEAT before turning her attention back to the data console before the holo-display. Garla's expression flickers between anger and confusion: she doesn't appear quite sure whether she was just complimented or insulted. After another BEAT, she appears to make a decision.

GARLA

Yes, ma'am.

(beat)

What was it you needed, ma'am?

There is no hint of the condescension in her voice this time although it's obvious from her tight expression that she's still a little annoyed. T'Pol doesn't look up from the holo-tank controls.

T'POL

Inform Engineering that sensor array Alpha Seven needs adjustment. I suspect that the receiver needs replacement.

Garla nods in reply and departs the lab. T'Pol continues to work on the data console as the two enlisted personnel exchange discreet looks before busying themselves with whatever they were supposed to be working on.

T'POL (VO)

In most instances, a reminder of my position is all that is required to deal with the lapse of appropriate conduct.

Off of T'Pol's focused expression, we

CUT TO:

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INT. *ENTERPRISE* - MESS HALL

Expression still focused, T'Pol enters the dining facility, intent upon a PADD that she is working on. Around her, we can see that it's dinner time as the mess hall is filled almost to capacity. There are numerous characters we recognize: DOCTOR PHLOX seated at a table with ENSIGN CUTLER; MAJOR REED seated at a table with 1ST LIEUTENANT PICARD and SERGEANT MAJOR HAYES; Ensigns Mayweather and Sato at a table together with the Boomer arguing some point over a clipboard between them.

T'Pol appears to be oblivious to the interactions, or of the less than welcoming looks she receives from people like 2ND LIEUTENANT COLE or ENSIGN MASARO. Instead, she quickly makes her way to the drink dispenser where she begins filling a cup with tea.

T'POL (VO)

At other times, however, it is all too clear that many of *Enterprise's* crew share the captain's dislike of my species.

As T'Pol fills her cup, we stay focused on her but the volume of various conversations wanes sufficiently so we can make out individual voices. From her expression, it's obvious that this is from T'Pol's perspective as she filters out noises and focuses on specific voices and sounds. It's a subtle reminder of how acute Vulcan hearing actually is.

COLE (OS)

-don't know why the captain keeps her around. Damned Vulcans are nothing but-

MAYWEATHER (OS)

-too many dangling modifiers? What the hell does that mean?

PHLOX (OS)

-considered applying those considerable talents to something akin to medical school?

REED (OS)

-agree, but the captain won't budge on this. We need to find a better way to-

MASARO (OS)

-care what the doctor said! I saw Vulcans talking to her on that planet-

The noise volume spikes slightly and T'Pol gives a slight wince that is quickly hidden. She turns away from the drink dispenser to find herself facing SENIOR CHIEF PETTY OFFICER LAFAYETTE.

LAFAYETTE

Good evening, ma'am.

(beat, off her nod of greeting)

The usual?

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T'POL

That will be adequate.

The senior chef turns away from her and she pauses for a BEAT, glancing over the filled mess hall before making her way to an empty table that is relatively isolated. She is seated and once more totally focused on the PADD within seconds.

T'POL (VO)

Extensive study of human psychology journals have not yet yielded an entirely logical explanation for the hostility that some of the crew appear to harbor toward me.

The door to the mess hall opens and Commander Tucker enters with LIEUTENANT KELBY. Whatever conversation that the two were involved in ends as they go their separate ways. Tucker intercepts Lafayette and begins speaking with him; we can't hear what is being said but the chef is gesturing in T'Pol's direction.

T'POL (VO)

My previous theory for this unexplained hostility was that it was due to members of the crew attempting to ingratiate themselves with Captain Archer.

So focused on the information on the PADD, T'Pol doesn't notice Commander Tucker drawing closer. He is carrying a tray of food.

T'POL (VO)

That theory, however, has been recently discredited.

Trip places the tray on her table.

TUCKER

(smirking)

Order up.

It's said in clear mimicry of Lafayette and T'Pol gives the commander a momentary look of confusion, obviously not understanding why the chief engineer is serving her meal. Without asking for permission, Trip sits down across from her.

TUCKER

There's nothing wrong with Alpha Seven.

(off her raised eyebrow)

We pulled the receiver and ran it through a full diagnostic. What was the problem anyway?

T'Pol sets her PADD aside and lifts the bowl of soup from the tray.

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T'POL

I was unable to scan in the gamma ray wavelength. As it is responsible for scanning in this wavelength, Array Alpha Seven was the likely source of the problem.

TUCKER

(frowning)

I'll get Gomez to double check the software calibration. If that doesn't turn up anything, we'll check the wiring. It might just be a short.

(beat)

Aside from that, how's it coming?

(off her look)

With the scans. Any idea what this thing is?

T'POL

Your initial theory appears the most sound.

Trip grins at that.

TUCKER

(beaming)

An honest to God wormhole! I thought they were just theoretical!

T'POL

(dryly)

Evidently not.

TUCKER

Where does it go?

The Vulcan gives him a flat look.

T'POL

I have not finished my analysis, Commander, nor have I confirmed that it is a...

(beat, hyperannunciating the word)

Wormhole.

TUCKER

But you just said that it was!

T'POL

I said that your initial theory is the most likely explanation, not the only one.

The engineer gives her a sour look.

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TUCKER

(muttering)

Same thing.

(beat)

Anything I can do to help? I minored in Theoretical Astrophysics, after all.

(with an amused smile)

Even wrote a thesis on Morris-Thorne wormholes.

T'Pol quirks an eyebrow at that.

T'POL

Indeed?

TUCKER

Yeah. It was all hypothetical. I was looking at alternates for conventional warp propulsion and had a theory about wormholes.

(beat, amused)

Obviously, it didn't pan out.

T'POL

(dryly)

Obviously.

(beat, curious)

I was unaware that you had a background in theoretical science, Commander. I assumed that you would have focused on the more practical side of engineering.

Trip grins broadly at that.

TUCKER

Well, you know what they say about assuming.

The Vulcan is silent for a BEAT as she considers his comment; from her expression, she's slightly confused. She gives him a raised eyebrow: evidently, she doesn't know.

TUCKER

Never mind. It's just a figure of speech.

(beat)

So, is there anything I can do to help?

T'Pol is silent for a BEAT as she considers. Over Tucker's shoulder, we can see that several crewmembers are now frequently glancing in the direction of the first officer and the chief engineer, and these looks appear to briefly fluster the Vulcan.

T'POL

Repairing the sensor array would be the most helpful assistance at present.

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Trip gives her a nod before standing.

TUCKER

All right. I'll get a team on it.

(with a smile)

Goodnight, T'Pol.

He is already striding away from her table and, apparently cognizant of the attention she is receiving, the Vulcan returns her attention to her meal and the PADD.

T'POL (VO)

An alternate theory that I am currently pursuing involves the human tendency to fear the unknown.

Off of T'Pol's glance to the now retreating Tucker, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - T'POL'S QUARTERS

The door slides open and the Vulcan sub-commander enters. She is carrying a number of data PADDs and several clipboards. As she crosses the small room to the bare desk, we can see a flashing light from her computer. Placing the stack of paperwork and data devices on her desk, she presses a button on the computer. Instantly, a dialog box appears on the screen.

INCOMING MESSAGE

T'Pol frowns slightly as the screen transforms to a blank screen. Vulcan characters begin appearing and her expression transforms into one that could only be called distressed as she begins to read.

T'POL (VO)

Fear of the unknown, unfortunately, is hardly the sole province of humanity.

And, off her expression, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - BEFORE THE WORMHOLE

We begin once more with an establishing shot of the wormhole and the EX-01 as it hangs silently against the azure backdrop. As we slowly ZOOM IN on *Enterprise*, we can see the numerous sensor arrays fully deployed. With a FLASH, a probe is launched from *Enterprise* and races toward the massive stellar anomaly.

T'POL (VO)

Status report continued.

And off of that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ASTROMETRICS LAB

Captain Archer stands quietly in front of the holographic display, a look of bemused wonder on his face as he stares at the image of the wormhole. Directly across the display from the captain and wearing a similar expression is Commander Tucker. Her own features very composed, Sub-Commander T'Pol is manipulating the controls of the holo-viewer; although it is subtle, there is an air of slight distraction around the Vulcan, as if she were only dedicating part of her mental resources to the task at hand.

T'POL (VO)

In my continuing attempts to understand human behavior, I have often overlooked what may be both their bane and their greatest strength: curiosity.

Archer looks up from the display to give T'Pol a look.

ARCHER

A wormhole?

Tucker smiles broadly at that, shooting the Vulcan an almost goofy grin as he does so.

T'POL

The sensor readings remain inconclusive but, based on the data we currently have, that is the logical assumption.

ARCHER

I thought they were only theoretical...

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TUCKER

Not anymore!

The two men share a smile and return their respective attention to the three-dimensional display.

ARCHER

Where does it go?

T'POL

Unknown.

(off their glances)

All probe telemetry ends approximately one point four light seconds from the event horizon.

ARCHER

Why are we losing the telemetry?

T'POL

Unknown.

Archer frowns as he stares at the holographic display; he is clearly thinking hard. At the same time, Trip gives T'Pol a brief glance, taking in her distracted appearance with a touch of concern on his face. It's an indication of how distracted she is that the Vulcan doesn't seem to notice the engineer's look.

ARCHER

Trip, how close can we get to this thing and still be safe?

TUCKER

I have no idea, Cap'n. This is T'Pol's area of expertise, not mine.

The captain gives his engineer a wry look before glancing in the Vulcan's direction.

ARCHER

Sub-Commander?

There is a BEAT of silence as T'Pol stares at the holographic display before looking up. She blinks rapidly, as if caught unprepared.

T'POL

(hesitantly)

I will...I will need to do additional calculations, Captain. The gravitonic eddies of this...event appear to fluctuate at random intervals so determining-

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ARCHER

(interrupting)

That'll be fine.

(beat)

Find us a safe spot to get a better look at it.

(to Trip, amused)

Didn't you write a paper on this sort of thing?

TUCKER

Yep.

(smiling)

Used a lot of your dad's research to back up my theories too.

At mention of Henry Archer, the captain's expression hardens slightly and he gives Trip a forced smile. An expression of remorse abruptly flashes across Tucker's face and he glances away.

T'Pol is oblivious to the interactions of both men.

ARCHER

(terse)

Get me those coordinates.

Without another word, the captain storms from the lab, leaving behind his two senior-most officers. Trip's eyes follow his friend's departure and his own expression slowly transforms into one of slight anger.

TUCKER

(under his breath)

Dammit.

(louder, to T'Pol)

Don't let him get to you. He's always short-tempered this time of year.

The Vulcan gives Tucker a flat look, clearly not understanding what he is talking about. The anger in Trip's face disappears, replaced by a wary concern.

TUCKER

You all right?

For a BEAT, the sub-commander doesn't reply.

T'POL

I am fine, Commander.

Ignoring his look of disbelief, she turns to a computer console. Off of Tucker's expression of mild concern, we...

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - MESS HALL

The hour is obviously very late as there are only a couple of people present. Among those people are Commander Tucker and Major Reed who are sharing a table for a late night dinner. Based on the commander's expression, this isn't an entirely friendly dinner.

Through the viewports, we can see the spectacular image of the wormhole and, based on the reactions of the other three crewmembers in the dining facility, the mess hall has turned into a de facto observation lounge.

T'POL (VO)

Humanity's incessant drive to explore, even at great personal risk, is, perhaps, the most appealing element of their entire society.

REED

-so I was thinking, you could put in a good word with the captain.

TUCKER

Now why would I do that? You still haven't convinced me yet.

The major's expression tightens slightly and he frowns at his meal.

REED

Commander...

TUCKER

Dammit, Mal, I told you to call me Trip.

REED

This is official business.

(beat, with emphasis)

Sir.

(off of Trip's annoyed look)

All I'm asking is that you get the captain to think about it.

TUCKER

(slightly amused)

I kind of doubt he'll agree to stay on the bridge. He likes going on the landing missions.

The major glares at the viewport for a BEAT.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

REED

(muttering)

Fat lot of good that'll do if he gets himself killed.

Once more, Trip gives the major a slight smile before glancing at the swirling wormhole beyond the viewport.

TUCKER

(with eyes on the wormhole)

I'll talk to him.

(beat, returning his attention to his meal)

I'm not promising anything, but I'll talk to him.

(beat)

Why did you come to me though? Shouldn't something like this go through T'Pol?

Reed's expression tightens at that.

REED

What would be the point? Everyone knows that he doesn't listen to her.

A LONG BEAT passes in silence as the two men digest this comment. From the major's expression, he wishes he'd kept his mouth shut, and from Trip's expression, he's not comfortable with the thought either.

TUCKER

(sullen)

Yeah.

Once more, Trip's attention drifts to the wormhole beyond and we focus on Reed's expression as it slowly transforms into one that could only be teasing.

REED

So, scuttlebutt is that you're spending a lot of time with the resident Vulcan.

The engineer gives his friend a look of mild surprise.

TUCKER

I've been helping her with this wormhole thing.

REED

(smirking)

Uh huh.

(beat, amused)

This doesn't have anything to do with me mentioning her pretty bum, does it?

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

Tucker rolls his eyes.

TUCKER

You just don't quit, do you?

REED

Not really, no.

(off Trip's annoyed look)

How's that coming, anyway?

(off Trip's look)

The wormhole thing.

TUCKER

Slowly. She's having trouble finding a safe spot to get clearer readings.

(with a glance toward the wormhole)

I thought I was good with math, but the numbers she's crunching...

Reed is smiling now.

REED

Jealous, Commander?

TUCKER

Maybe a little.

(with a faux glare)

And if you tell anybody, I'll see to it that you have nothing but cold showers for a month.

The major chuckles.

REED

(slightly sarcastic)

Aye aye, sir.

(off Trip's smile)

Is this ... wormhole that important?

TUCKER

Absolutely. If the theories are right, travel time between the two points is nearly instantaneous.

(with another smile)

Imagine it: from Earth to Vulcan in thirty seconds.

REED

And if they're not? The theories, that is.

Trip gestures to the nearest viewport and the wormhole beyond.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

TUCKER

(grinning)

Then at least we've got a hell of a view for dinner.

And off of Reed's smile at that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Sub-Commander T'Pol is hard at work at her station.

T'POL (VO)

Yet their lack of patience in actually acquiring this knowledge is astounding.

The turbolift door slides open and Captain Archer emerges alongside Commander Tucker and Major Reed. Based on their appearances, some time has passed since the previous scene.

ARCHER

-will consider your suggestion, Major.

REED

(slightly sour)

Thank you, sir.

Archer gives Commander Tucker a quick glance, before continuing forward. He pauses for a BEAT at the sight of Sub-Commander T'Pol at her Science board.

ARCHER

What's our status, Sub-Commander?

The Vulcan looks up from her console.

T'POL

Unchanged. I have been unable to isolate a pattern in the event's gravitonic eddies and do not recommend moving closer.

ARCHER

(mildly frustrated)

You've been working on it for four days and still haven't made any progress?

T'Pol's expression doesn't change but from her body language, it's evident that she has taken offense. Over Archer's shoulder, we can see Trip frown slightly as he glances at the captain.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

T'POL

(tight)

As you are no doubt aware, Captain, much of this data is based on theoretical science.

(beat, with a hint of derision)

You are welcome to check my math for errors.

Archer's eyes narrow and, from his body language, it's pretty obvious that he recognizes her unspoken insult. Most of the bridge staff busies themselves with tasks that keep their eyes away from this confrontation. Commander Tucker, however, takes several steps forward and deliberately inserts himself between the two.

TUCKER

I don't think that will be necessary.

(with a flat look toward Archer)

Will it, Cap'n?

A BEAT passes in silence as the captain transfers his glare to Trip ... who doesn't even blink or react. Clearly, Tucker has known Archer long enough to read him fairly well.

ARCHER

No. It won't.

(beat, with barely hidden annoyance)

Has any progress been made?

T'Pol raises an eyebrow at his tone but does not comment on it.

T'POL

Exact dimensions of the event have proven difficult to map due to extreme sensor interference. Three of the four probes launched have been lost during our attempt to isolate the outer limit of the event threshold.

TUCKER

Lost? As in destroyed or simply not there anymore?

T'POL

Unknown. Telemetry completely failed at zero point two five light-seconds from the event threshold.

ARCHER

And the fourth probe?

T'POL

It is currently in a holding pattern at zero point eight light-seconds from the threshold.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

Archer seems to almost cheer up at that.

ARCHER

Then we should be able to close to within a light-second to get better readings, right?

T'POL

I do not recommend that, Captain. The data we are receiving from the fourth probe is contradictory and we have no way of knowing what effect our increased mass will have on the event.

ARCHER

(sourly)

So you want us to just sit here?

T'POL

Until we have more accurate data on this anomaly, that is the logical course of action.

The captain glowers at the image of the wormhole on the main viewer, unaware of the quick glance that Trip gives T'Pol.

TUCKER

(to Archer)

As long as it doesn't result in breaking my ship, I'm fine with hanging back for a while longer.

He gives the captain a slight smile that, after a BEAT, Archer returns.

ARCHER

All right.

(beat)

And it's my ship, Mister Tucker.

TUCKER

(smirking)

Keep telling yourself that, sir.

And just like that, the tension is broken as Archer gives his old friend a long-suffering but amused look. Without further comment, the captain moves toward the damage control station as Trip gives T'Pol a slight nod before following him; within seconds, the engineer is pointing out something to the captain on his display in a soft voice. Everyone returns to work for a LONG BEAT.

A BEEP echoes loudly from T'Pol's console, drawing the attention of pretty much everyone on the bridge. She inputs commands before responding to Archer's unspoken question.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

T'POL

I am detecting a ship closing on our position.

At his station, Major Reed visibly tenses and begins inputting commands into his own board, while Ensign Sato consults something on her own console before frowning.

SATO

It's Vulcan.

As if synchronized, all human eyes turn to T'Pol as she quirks an eyebrow in what could be surprise. Off her look, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

All eyes are on T'Pol in the wake of Ensign Sato's comment and we can see Archer's expression beginning to darken with anger. Hands clenched tightly together, he narrows his eyes as he addresses his Vulcan first officer.

ARCHER

What are they doing out here?

The contempt in the captain's voice as he says the word "they" is clear for everyone to hear and T'Pol raises an eyebrow in response.

T'POL

(coolly)

Perhaps you should ask them.

Another BEAT passes as Archer glares at his first officer.

T'POL (VO)

Status report, continued.

ARCHER

(sharp, to Hoshi)

Hail them.

The ensign nods and inputs several additional commands. A beep sounds.

ARCHER

This is Captain Jonathan Archer of the United Earth Starship *Enterprise*.

A BEAT passes.

T'POL (VO)

The lack of patience is exemplified by their reaction in the presence of Vulcan authority figures.

Sato's panel chirps once more.

SATO

Incoming transmission. Audio and visual.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ARCHER

On screen.

The main viewer changes to the image of a stern and familiar-looking Vulcan, COLONEL VANIK. Archer reacts to the man, obviously recognizing him.

ARCHER

Colonel Vanik. You're a long way from Alpha Centauri.

VANIK

And you are a long way from Earth, Captain. Are you lost?

ARCHER

(tight)

Not at all. Just taking a look at this wormhole.

Vanik raises an eyebrow at that.

VANIK

Indeed.

(beat)

My science officer is equally interested in this stellar event. If you have no objection, we'd like to stay here and conduct readings of our own.

Archer forces a smile.

ARCHER

Stay as long as you want. I'm sure that-

The transmission ends.

ARCHER

-my science officer...

TUCKER

Friendly guy.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)

Why is he here?

T'POL

Perhaps they're simply curious.

Archer's expression reveals what he thinks of that.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ARCHER

(sarcastic)
Of course he is.
(standing)
How long until he arrives?

T'POL

At their current velocity, the *Ti'Mur* will arrive in two point three four hours.

TUCKER

Just in time for dinner.

Archer shoots his engineer a look.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)
Do whatever you have to do to make him go away.

He heads for the turbolift with Trip a half step behind him.

TUCKER

Maybe we could invite him over for a visit. Give him a tour to prove we're not out to blow up the universe.

T'POL

(wry)
I'm sure he'd appreciate the gesture.

Archer pauses, not entirely sure if T'Pol is being sarcastic. From Trip's expression, he's not sure either.

ARCHER

That'll be fine.
(to T'Pol)
Give Midas some menu suggestions.
(beat, tight)
Just make him go away!

He enters the turbolift, followed by Tucker. As the bridge crew return to work, we focus on T'Pol's face for a LONG BEAT - it's pretty clear that she is very distracted about something.

T'POL (VO)

Whether justified or not, such a presence is quite often perceived as interference or even espionage.

CUT TO:

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ENGINEERING

The door leading to the rest of the ship opens, revealing Ensign Sato. She appears immediately out of place within the domain of Commander Tucker, especially given that she is the only one not wearing a utility jumpsuit. In her hand, she is carrying a PADD, and she makes a beeline for Commander Tucker who is studying a number of displays with Lieutenant Kelby.

KELBY

-won't need to reinforce that section if we try this.

TUCKER

It's worth a try. Write up a proposal and I'll look over it.

The lieutenant moves away and Trip notices Hoshi for the first time - she's looking at the immense warp reactor with no small amount of trepidation on her face and he starts to smile.

TUCKER

It's perfectly safe, Ensign.

SATO

(disbelieving)

Yes, sir.

Trip smiles again although there is a teasing glint in his eyes.

TUCKER

Totally safe. There's only a five percent chance you won't be able to have kids now.

(beat, off her startled look)

It's a joke, Ensign. Jeez...

(beat)

Something I can do for you?

SATO

(offering the PADD)

I was running a diagnostic for the communication array and found a power surge that I thought you should see.

From his expression, Trip thinks this is pretty small potatoes but is trying to avoid telling her that. He glances over the PADD quickly.

TUCKER

We have surges like this all the time. Mostly it's background noise-

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

SATO

(interrupting)
Sir, it looks like an encrypted transmission.

That shuts him up and the engineer frowns. A BEAT passes in relative silence.

TUCKER

Then you should have taken this to Sub-Commander T'Pol. If it's a security breach...

(off her expression)
What?

SATO

(uncomfortable)
It's just ...

TUCKER

(with a sigh)
-the captain doesn't listen to her.
(beat, frustrated)
I know.

Ensign Sato looks embarrassed and refuses to make eye contact with the commander.

TUCKER

All right. I'll take care of it.
(muttering)
It's not like I don't already have enough to do...

And, off his disgruntled expression, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

A puzzled expression on his face, Captain Archer is seated behind his desk, staring at the PADD he holds. Commander Tucker stands before him, looking very much like an overworked chief engineer.

ARCHER

And we don't know what it is?

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

TUCKER

(shaking his head)

No, sir. That's why I wanted to get your okay to pull Ensign Sato off of her regular duties. She thinks it's some sort of encrypted message and has a better ear for this sort of thing than anyone else.

The captain considers for BEAT, then nods.

ARCHER

I don't see a problem with that. Permission granted.

(beat, slightly puzzled)

Why are you bringing this to me, Trip? Shouldn't the Vulcan be involved?

Trip's expression tightens slightly at the captain's use of T'Pol's species as an almost slur.

TUCKER

Hoshi brought it to me, Cap'n.

ARCHER

Why?

(darkening)

Is the first officer not doing her damned job?

A BEAT passes in silence; from the expression on Trip's face, he's arguing with himself about something. Finally, he straightens slightly as he assumes the position of "attention".

TUCKER

Permission to speak freely, sir?

The captain is surprised at the sudden change in Trip's tone and frowns as he nods.

ARCHER

Always, Trip. You know that.

TUCKER

Ensign Sato brought this to me for the same reason that Major Reed approached me about the landing party protocols, or Chief Watson consulted me about approval of the enlisted duty schedule last week, or Midas got me to sign off on this week's menu.

(beat, tight)

With all due respect, sir, the crew...

(beat, considering his words)

The crew has picked up on your issues with T'Pol and are-

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ARCHER

(interrupting)
What issues?

Trip gives his old friend a look of almost disbelief.

TUCKER

I know this time of year is tough for you, Jon...
(off of the captain's darkening expression)
...but the crew has started to treat T'Pol with the same disrespect that you've been giving her since she came aboard.

ARCHER

(tight)
What?

TUCKER

I'm not trying to tell you how to run the ship, Captain-

ARCHER

(a little hot)
Good.

TUCKER

-but this has to stop, sir. Since she's been aboard, T'Pol has busted her ass, even when she totally disagreed with us.

(with authority)
Do you remember what you told me when I made lieutenant commander?
"Always treat your fellow officers the same way you want to be treated by them, no matter what you may think about them personally."

(beat)
You're not doing that, sir. Not with her.

(beat)
And the rest of the crew is starting to do the same thing.

Another BEAT passes in silence as Archer digests Trip's diatribe. Finally, the captain nods slightly.

ARCHER

(slightly defensive)
I can't help not wanting her on my ship-

TUCKER

(interrupting)
Too bad.
(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

TUCKER (CONT'D)

(off of Archer's look)

"Sometimes, we just have to shut up and follow orders." You told me that when UESPA assigned that Ukrainian assclown to my engineering team two years ago.

ARCHER

(suddenly smiling)

I remember him. He was the one with the monobrow, right?

TUCKER

(also smiling, but only just)

Yes, sir.

The captain grows serious once more as he studies Trip with an almost weighing look in his eyes. Finally...

ARCHER

I don't have any answers for you, Trip.

(beat, tight)

After what happened to Dad ... you know how I feel about Vulcans...

TUCKER

Yes, sir, I do.

(beat)

Which is why I thought it was about time I said something.

ARCHER

(with an official sounding tone)

Thank you for bringing this to my attention, Commander.

(beat, with a sad smile)

I've let you down again, haven't I, Trip?

TUCKER

Not a chance, Cap'n.

(with a smile of his own)

You just needed a kick in the ass to get your head on straight.

ARCHER

A kick that you were happy to provide.

TUCKER

Hey, what are friends for?

They share a smile for a BEAT.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ARCHER

Never thought I'd hear you standing up for a Vulcan though.

TUCKER

How do you think I feel?

(off of the captain's smile)

If there's nothing else, sir, I'm going to go track Hoshi down and get her started on this.

Trip gestures with the PADD as he speaks. Archer gives him a nod of dismissal and watches without comment as Trip heads for the door. There is a torn expression on the captain's face, one that appears midway between angry and confused.

TUCKER

(as he exits)

Talk to you later, sir.

The door closes behind the engineer and Archer stares at it for a LONG BEAT before glancing to the rotating flat-images on his desk. It's currently a shot of his father standing before a mock-up of the same engine that is now housed in Main Engineering, and Archer's expression tightens once more. He gives the closed door another conflicted look.

And off that look, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE - BEFORE THE WORMHOLE

With a flash of light, the *Ti'Mur* slows from warp speed and approaches the still stationary EX-01. As the Vulcan ship slowly nears *Enterprise*, we can see that the various sensor arrays are still deployed and a number of small objects appear to be in orbit around the human craft. We PUSH IN and...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - ASTROMETRICS LAB

Standing before the holographic display, Sub-Commander T'Pol is finishing her debriefing to the newly arrived Colonel Vanik and SUB-COMMANDER T'LYR, the primary science officer of the *Ti'Mur*. Standing across from Vanik and T'Lyr are Captain Archer and Commander Tucker, with the engineer the closest to T'Pol.

T'POL

-lost at approximately zero point two four nine seven light-seconds from the event threshold.

FOUNDATIONS: “Soli”

T'LYR

A failing of Terran technology, no doubt.

Both Archer and Tucker bristle slightly at that, even as T'Pol gives her colleague a withering look.

T'POL

As the probes are based on Vulcan specifications, that is an illogical assumption.

Vanik gives T'Lyra a look that clearly says "shut up".

VANIK

(flat)

A fascinating anomaly.

From his tone, it does not appear that the colonel is actually fascinated at all.

ARCHER

(equally flat)

Yes, it is.

(beat)

I'm sure you can see now why we decided to stick around for a while.

Vanik lifts an eyebrow at the captain's tone.

VANIK

Indeed.

(beat)

Sub-Commander T'Lyra will coordinate with Sub-Commander T'Pol. The sensors on *Ti'Mur* are better suited for research such as this.

Once again, Archer bristles visibly at the unspoken slam on his ship and he frowns darkly.

ARCHER

(tight)

We've been doing fine so far, Colonel.

(beat, off Vanik's look)

Your science officer can coordinate with T'Pol, but we're taking point on this.

A tense BEAT passes as the two commanding officers lock gazes. It's a prime example of the differences between Humans and Vulcans: Archer is gritting his teeth slightly, obviously angry but holding his emotions in check, while the white-haired Vulcan colonel appears completely without emotion.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

VANIK

As you wish, Captain.
(with a glance to T'Lyr)
Coordinate with Sub-Commander T'Pol.
(focusing on Archer)
At the captain's request.

Archer gives Vanik a forced smile as he gestures slightly toward the door.

ARCHER

If you'd like, Colonel, I would be ... happy to provide you with a tour of *Enterprise*.

VANIK

That is unnecessary, Captain. I am aware of this ship's specifications.

A BEAT passes in hostile silence as Archer glances to Trip. The engineer offers a half shrug in reply.

ARCHER

Well...
(beat, tight)
I've had my chef prepare some traditional Vulcan meals if you'd care to join me for dinner.

A flicker of distaste crosses T'Lyr's face but is gone almost instantly. She abruptly frowns at the brief glance that T'Pol and Commander Tucker exchange; neither notice her discreet observation.

VANIK

I ... thank you for your consideration, Captain, but-

TUCKER

Our chef would be really put out if you didn't at least give it a try, Colonel.

Vanik pauses, giving Tucker an appraising look complete with a raised eyebrow, before nodding slightly.

VANIK

Of course.
(beat)
Please, lead the way, Captain.

Archer heads for the door without hesitation, followed by the more sedate Colonel Vanik and the quiet Sub-Commander T'Lyr who hesitates for a BEAT at the doorway, giving one last glance at the two officers still before the holographic display.

FOUNDATIONS: “Soli”

Her POV: Commander Tucker gives Sub-Commander T'Pol a concerned look.

TUCKER

You okay, T'Pol?

T'POL

I am fine, Commander.

Back to scene: Sub-Commander T'Lyr quirks an eyebrow as she departs the astrometrics lab.
Off her look, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - BEFORE THE WORMHOLE

Parked alongside one another before the azure wormhole, the two starships are a study in contrasts. Dozens of probes now orbit the pair of ships and, as we PUSH IN, we can also see that there are as many closer to the wormhole. Abruptly, one of the probes begins to tumble TOWARD the swirling mass.

T'POL (VO)

Status report continued.

Continuing to PUSH IN, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - MESS HALL

Features tight, Sub-Commander T'Pol enters the dining facility, attention riveted on the PADD that she is carrying. She makes a beeline to the drink dispenser, ignoring the various glances that she receives from the crew present. As she is getting her tea, we can see the door to the Captain's Mess open and Colonel Vanik emerges. He is instantly flanked by a member of Major Reed's security force who begins to escort him toward the door.

A BEAT later, Sub-Commander T'Lyr steps through the doorway. Almost immediately, she begins walking toward T'Pol even as Commander Tucker appears at the doorway.

T'LYR

(in Vulcan)
[Sub-Commander.]

T'Pol glances up from the drink dispenser without a flicker of emotion on her face.

T'POL

(also in Vulcan)
[Sub-Commander.]
(beat)

[I have uploaded all of the data we have acquired on the event to Ti'Mur's computers.]

T'Lyr gives a slight nod at this.

T'LYR

[I see that you are able to respond to instructions in a timely manner after all.]

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

T'Pol narrows her eyes slightly.

Over her shoulder, we can see Captain Archer step through the doorway leading to his private dining facility. He stops at once, noting the two sub-commanders in conversation and he frowns slightly in suspicion. We PUSH IN toward him as he takes a step closer to Trip.

ARCHER

(softly)

What do you think that's all about?

Trip shrugs.

TUCKER

Dunno.

(beat)

Maybe they're old friends.

Archer almost snorts.

ARCHER

(soft)

They're Vulcans, Trip. They don't have friends.

(off the engineer's look)

What?

Whatever the conversation is between T'Pol and T'Lyr, it's pretty clear that there is no love lost between the two. There are no emotional reactions or comments, but the dark expressions and body language make it obvious that the conversation is not a friendly one.

After a LONG BEAT, T'Lyr turns away and heads toward the door, oblivious to the almost hostile glint in T'Pol's eyes.

ARCHER

No, not friends.

(beat, off T'Pol's dark expression)

Definitely not friends.

(beat)

How's that thing with Hoshi?

TUCKER

I was just going to go get a status report, sir.

ARCHER

Do that.

(beat)

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(tight)

I should see our...guests to the airlock.

He heads toward the two waiting Vulcans as Trip gives T'Pol one more look of concern. She is still giving T'Lyr a dark look. And off that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Her features scrunched up in an almost frustrated expression, Hoshi Sato is parked at her board and is hard at work. Touching the earpiece that is firmly lodged in her right ear, she taps buttons and inputs commands. The ensign is the only member of the Alpha shift currently on the bridge.

T'POL (VO)

Humans have a fascinating idiom that I have only recently discovered the meaning of: curiosity killed the cat.

Commander Tucker enters the scene by exiting the turbolift. To say that he looks annoyed would be a monumental understatement. He heads directly toward Hoshi's station.

TUCKER

How are you doing, Hoshi?

Sato jumps at his comment, slightly startled at his sudden appearance, before shooting him an annoyed look.

SATO

Don't do that, sir!

TUCKER

Sorry.

SATO

I thought you were at dinner.

TUCKER

(slightly irked)

I was.

(off her look)

Don't ask. Any progress?

The ensign taps some keys and brings up something on her small screen.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

SATO

It's definitely a message, Commander. I'm running a decryption algorithm now.

Trip is a little surprised at that.

TUCKER

How long until you've got it decoded?

SATO

Maybe an hour, sir. Less if it's an easy code to crack.

TUCKER

Okay.

(beat)

Do you know who it was meant for?

Hoshi nods, a very uncomfortable expression on her face. She inputs a command and brings up another screen that we can't see. Trip reacts to this instantly.

TUCKER

You've gotta be kidding.

(with a frown)

Let me know as soon as it's decrypted.

SATO

Yes, sir.

Trip starts to turn away, but pauses for a BEAT.

TUCKER

Hoshi.

(beat, off her look)

Keep this between us, okay?

SATO

Sir?

TUCKER

I'll let the captain know.

(beat)

But don't mention it to anyone else.

From his expression, Trip is not looking forward to this. And off of his grim look, we...

CUT TO:

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Archer is facing the porthole at the back of his office. Anger is stamped on his face and, as we PULL BACK, we can see Commander Tucker present. Trip is standing in an uncomfortable "at ease" stance.

T'POL (VO)

It is a remarkably apt metaphor for the inquisitive nature of humanity.

ARCHER

You're sure about this?

Trip sighs slightly.

TUCKER

Yes sir.

(beat)

I've got Hoshi working on the decryption now.

ARCHER

(tight, angry)

I knew we couldn't trust her!

TUCKER

Sir, we don't know that yet...

The captain whirls on his chief engineer, a disbelieving look on his face.

ARCHER

Are you serious?

TUCKER

You saw how T'Lyr treated her, Cap'n.

(off of Archer's look)

And we don't know what this thing says yet.

(beat, a hopeful tone in his voice)

It could be anything.

A BEAT passes before the captain finally nods. He starts to speak

SATO (COMM. VOICE)

Commander Tucker, please report to the bridge.

The two men exchange a knowing look.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

TUCKER

Sounds like that's my cue, sir.

ARCHER

Find out what it is, Trip.

Trip gives his commanding officer a tight nod as he turns away. We focus on Archer's grim expression and...

FADE TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Tucker emerges from the turbolift and heads straight toward Ensign Sato's station. From the command chair, LIEUTENANT TSIEN gives him a glance indicating some curiosity at the engineer's repeat appearance but doesn't comment.

T'POL (VO)

Put simply, it warns against being too inquisitive lest it lead to harm.

TUCKER

You've got something for me, Hoshi?

SATO

Yes, sir.

(beat)

Decryption is done, but I haven't run it through the translation matrix yet.

(beat)

I was waiting for you.

She hesitates for a BEAT, her fingers poised above the buttons on her communications board.

SATO

Sir...

(off his look)

Commander, I'm not...I'm not really...

Trip nods in understanding as he places his hand on her shoulder.

TUCKER

Neither am I.

(beat)

Tell you what. You take off and I'll deal with this.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

SATO

(with much gratitude)

Thank you, sir.

She bolts for the turbolift, allowing Trip to take her place at the comm. station. He pauses for a BEAT, then types in some quick commands. The screen on the communication board snaps to life and lines of Vulcan text crawl across the screen before they begin to be translated by the computer program. We FOCUS on Commander Tucker as the light from the small screen splashes across his face while he reads. Within a BEAT, Trip's expression falls and he exhales in what appears to be surprised disgust.

T'POL (VO)

Despite centuries of evidence proving this idiom is astonishingly accurate, humans have a tendency to neglect such a simple truth, often to their detriment.

As Tucker leans back in the seat and hits a single key on the console that clears the screen, there is a sudden chirp from the Science board and Trip gives the SCIENCE OFFICER manning that station a quick look. It is an ensign we've not seen before.

TUCKER

Something up?

SCIENCE OFFICER

Another probe just went dark, sir.

(beat)

That makes six.

Tucker frowns as the door opens, revealing Captain Archer. Noting the expressions on the faces of the science officer and Commander Tucker, he gives them a telling look, clearly expecting a report. Trip picks up on the unspoken command before the ensign.

TUCKER

We lost another probe.

Archer frowns in an almost identical expression as to the one that Trip made only seconds earlier.

ARCHER

Another one? Dammit. Those things are expensive.

(beat)

I'm getting really tired of sitting around and doing nothing.

From his expression, Trip recognizes his captain's mood.

TUCKER

Sir, I don't-

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ARCHER

(interrupting)
Mister Tucker, with me.

He heads for the turbolift and Tucker sighs as he follows. We PUSH IN ahead of the captain and precede him into...

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - TURBOLIFT

As the door slides shut behind Commander Tucker, the captain is speaking.

ARCHER

I want Engineering ready for action by zero nine hundred.

TUCKER

Sir, we've lost six probes. We don't know what'll happen if we get too close to this thing.

ARCHER

That's why we're out here, Trip. To find out what will happen.

(off Trip's look)

The sub-commander has had four days to figure this damned thing out and we have exactly nothing to show for it.

(beat)

Besides, I only want to get a little closer to get some clear readings. We're not able to see anything from where we're at right now.

(beat, slightly teasing)

Don't you think the engines can take it?

Tucker is silent for a BEAT but the captain is able to read his dark expression easily. He reaches out and pushes a button on the lift's control panel. The turbolift halts.

ARCHER

Spit it out.

TUCKER

Fine.

(annoyed)

You're being stupid, Jon.

(off the captain's look)

You know as well as I do that T'Pol is right. This is a mistake.

The captain glares at his engineer for a BEAT.

ARCHER

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

I've made my decision, Commander. Zero nine hundred.

A BEAT passes in tense silence.

TUCKER

(angry)

"The minute I stop listening to my officers is the minute I need to be relieved of command."

(off Archer's surprise)

Do you remember who said that? I do.

The captain sighs.

ARCHER

Are you going to keep doing that? Using my words against me?

TUCKER

(still annoyed)

Every time you stop making sense, sir.

Archer gives him a look that lets him know how close to insubordination that he is treading but the engineer doesn't back down. A BEAT passes before the captain sighs again.

ARCHER

Noted.

(beat)

What about that other thing?

Almost at once, Tucker's anger transforms into one of embarrassment.

TUCKER

Yeah...

(beat)

It wasn't what we expected.

(off Archer's look)

It was a letter.

ARCHER

What did it say?

TUCKER

It's personal, sir.

(off Archer's surprise)

Very personal. Trust me: you'd rather not know.

The captain's expression darkens.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

ARCHER

(annoyed)

Then why the hell was it encrypted?

TUCKER

That's what I want to know. Maybe Vulcans encrypt all their personal letters.

(frustrated)

All they had to do was send it through regular channels, mark it personal, and we'd have left it alone. But no, they had to encrypt it, force me to start snooping.

(with a morose look)

I feel like I got caught with my hand in the cookie jar.

Frowning, Archer abruptly keys the lift's controls again. As the lift once more starts moving, Archer studies his old friend with narrowed eyes.

ARCHER

You're going to tell her that you read it.

TUCKER

How the hell do you know that?

ARCHER

(smirking)

I have a good idea of how your brain works, Trip.

(beat)

She's going to be pissed, you know.

TUCKER

At least I'll be able to look her in the eye without feeling guilty.

At that, Archer gives the engineer an appraising look. It's obvious that he is now really curious what the letter said. In that moment, the door slides open and they step out of the lift into...

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - CORRIDOR

...to discover several annoyed-looking crewmen waiting. As they are all junior enlisted personnel, they quickly conceal their annoyance and say nothing as the commanding officer and chief engineer emerge from the lift.

ARCHER

Well, do it later. I want you to get some sleep.

(beat, off Trip's questioning look)

Command staff meeting at zero eight hundred, Trip. Pass the word.

(beat)

I'm tired of sitting here doing nothing.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

And, off of Tucker's expression, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIEFING ROOM

Clustered around the central viewer, the command staff of *Enterprise* listens as Sub-Commander T'Pol continues her report. Captain Archer has a sour expression on his face, due in no small part to the fact that Colonel Vanik and Sub-Commander T'Lyr are present as well with the latter wearing an insufferably superior expression. Commander Tucker appears equally unsettled, although his discontent seems mostly directed toward Archer. Lieutenant Garla, Ensign Sato and Ensign Mayweather appear to be the only ones completely focused on what T'Pol is saying.

T'POL

-distortions continue to complicate the mapping process.

(off of Archer's glower)

Without further study, I do not recommend that we move closer, Captain.

T'Lyr exchanges a look with Vanik, an almost contemptuous look of amusement on her face. Even though the Vulcan colonel does not return the expression - he's an image of perfect and rigid control - we can tell that Archer noticed the exchange.

ARCHER

(tight, to T'Pol)

So, you want us to stay put.

(with an annoyed glance at T'Lyr)

For how long?

T'Pol raises an eyebrow, her eyes quickly darting to T'Lyr. A look of comprehension crosses her stoic features as she clearly recognizes that the other Vulcan female's presence is complicating the situation.

T'POL

Unknown, Captain. As neither *Enterprise* or *Ti'Mur* are capable of currently penetrating these sensor distortions, I am unable to give you an estimate.

T'Lyr visibly bristles but, of the humans, only Tucker seems to notice and he frowns slightly, before quickly glancing between the two Vulcan females and wondering what is going on between them. A BEAT passes.

VANIK

Then the logical thing to do is to hold at our current positions.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

The Vulcan colonel starts to stand, as if the discussion was over and the decision was made. Archer darkens in anger. This is his ship, after all.

ARCHER

(almost snide)

That might be the logical thing to do, but it isn't the human thing to do.

Tucker frowns and exchanges a knowing look with T'Pol - a look that T'Lyr notices with a flicker of disgust on her face.

TUCKER

Cap'n-

ARCHER

(interrupting)

Mister Tucker, I want us rigged for action in ten minutes. Travis, begin plotting a course to take us to within a light-second of the event.

(to T'Pol)

I want you in astrometrics to monitor the readings.

(off her look and Trip's look)

That's an order.

T'POL

(with only a hint of annoyance)

Yes, sir.

TUCKER

(openly frustrated)

Aye, sir.

ARCHER

(to Vanik, tight)

I'll see you to the airlock, Colonel.

For a BEAT, the Vulcan studies Archer with no hint to what he is thinking. Finally, Vanik raises an eyebrow in that distinctly Vulcan mannerism that is so familiar to us all.

VANIK

This is a mistake, Captain.

ARCHER

(tight)

We'll see.

(beat, gesturing toward the doorway)

Colonel.

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

As the meeting begins to break up, we PUSH IN and focus on T'Pol's expression as she gives the telemetry readings another look. It's pretty obvious that she isn't a fan of this decision. Off her look, we...

CUT TO:

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

The primary duty rotation is present with the notable exceptions of both Sub-Commander T'Pol and Commander Tucker. Everyone present is also secured in their seats by their safety harnesses.

ARCHER

Status?

SATO

All stations reporting ready, sir.

ARCHER

Good. Travis, slow ahead. Take us closer to the event.

EXT. SPACE - BEFORE THE WORMHOLE

Engines flaring slightly, *Enterprise* begins to creep forward from its previous spot.

INT. *ENTERPRISE* - BRIDGE

Tension is thick on the bridge as the seconds tick by. A beep sounds from the Science console and Lieutenant Garla reacts to it.

GARLA

Massive sensor distortions detected. Sub-Commander T'Pol reports that-

SUDDENLY, an explosion of sparks rain down atop the science officer as a panel abruptly explodes. Alarms begin to shriek.

ARCHER

All back full!

Ensign Mayweather is already inputting commands as Archer gives Lieutenant Garla a look that demands a status report.

GARLA

FOUNDATIONS: "Soli"

We can't make anything out! I think we're caught in the wormhole's gravity wake!

(horrified)

We're being sucked in!

ARCHER

Travis!

MAYWEATHER

Engines at maximum, sir! It's not working!

And, off the helmsman's utterance, we FOCUS on Archer's face for a BEAT before...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - BEFORE THE WORMHOLE

Engines now bright, *Enterprise* is facing away from the wormhole but slowly, ever so slowly, being drawn toward the event horizon.

As the screen goes black, a line of text appears at the bottom.

TO BE CONTINUED...

And off that, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

FOUNDATIONS: “Soli”

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