



"Stigma"

FINAL DRAFT

January 16, 2003

ENTERPRISE

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"Stigma"

40358-040

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FINAL DRAFT

JANUARY 16, 2003

ENTERPRISE: "Stigma" - 1/16/03 SETS

ENTERPRISE

"Stigma"

SETS

INTERIORS

ENTERPRISE

BRIDGE
CAPTAIN'S MESS
CONFERENCE ROOM
CORRIDOR
GYM
MESS HALL
READY ROOM
SICKBAY
T'POL'S QUARTERS

SHUTTLEPOD

CONFERENCE FACILITY
VULCAN CONFERENCE ROOM
VULCAN MEDICAL SUITE
LABORATORY

EXTERIORS

SPACE/ENTERPRISE

ALIEN CITY
CONFERENCE FACILITY
STREET

ENTERPRISE: "Stigma" - 1/16/03 CAST

ENTERPRISE

"Stigma"

CAST

ARCHER

T'POL

TRIP

PHLOX

REED

MAYWEATHER

HOSHI

FEEZAL

DOCTOR STROM

DOCTOR ORATT

DOCTOR YURIS

VULCAN DOCTOR

Non-Speaking

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES

Non-Speaking

ALIEN DOCTORS

VULCAN TECHNICIANS

ALIENS

ENTERPRISE

"Stigma"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| NEUROLYTIC ENZYMES | ner-oh-LIT-ick |
| DEKENDI THREE | deck-END-ee THREE |
| FEEZAL | FEE-zull |
| DENOBULAN | den-OH-bew-lan |
| DENOBULA | den-OH-bew-luh |
| PA'NAR SYNDROME | pah-NAR SIN-drome |
| THYMIC SCLEROSIS | THIGH-mick skler-OH-siss |
| VESNA | VESS-na |
| GROZNIK | GROZ-nik |
| KESSIL | KESS-il |
| TEERZA PRIME | TEER-zuh PRIME |
| KLABAN | CLAY-bun |
| BOGGA | BOH-gah |
| FORLISA | for-LEES-ah |
| PLOMEEK | PLOH-mEEK |
| ORATT | ore-AHT |
| YURIS | YUR-iss |
| SATO | SAH-toe |

Denobulan Language (Page 34-35, Scene 24)

Denobulan Fahrda noov toona mek Phlox.

[den-OH-bew-lan far-da NOOF toon-AH mek Phlox.]

For-que-sah esa.

[for-KWEE-sah ESS-ah.]

Dee-ka em suut-val mai prah-vit.

[DEE-kah em suut-VAHL may prah-VEET.]

ENTERPRISE

"Stigma"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) 1
at warp.

2 INT. SICKBAY 2

T'POL is behind a semi-transparent curtain, which encircles one of the bio-beds. She's pulling her uniform back on as PHLOX works his microscope. Once dressed, T'Pol steps out and moves to him.

PHLOX
(peering into microscope)
Your neurolytic enzymes are considerably higher than last month.

T'POL
The treatment's no longer effective?

Phlox looks at her.

PHLOX
I told you, it was just a matter of time before we'd need supplemental medications.
(pointed)
This conference is a perfect opportunity... some of your finest physicians will be there. It's essential that I speak with them.

T'POL
It's too great a risk. I'd be taken off Enterprise...

PHLOX
I think I can question them without revealing that you're infected.

T'POL
It's too great a risk.

(CONTINUED)

ENTERPRISE: "Stigma" - 1/16/03

TEASER

2.

2

CONTINUED:

2

PHLOX

I'm afraid we have no choice.
Without further treatment... you
could very possibly die.

OFF T'Pol, conflicted...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

3 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) 3

has entered orbit of an ALIEN PLANET. A small, alien SHUTTLECRAFT is approaching from the surface.

ARCHER (V.O.)
Captain's Starlog, XXXX, 2152.
We've entered orbit of Dekendi
Three, where the Interspecies
Medical Exchange is hosting a
conference. We'll be picking up a
neutron microscope... but more
importantly, we'll get a chance to
meet one of Phlox's wives.

4 INT. CORRIDOR/AIRLOCK (OPTICAL) 4

ARCHER, TRIP and Phlox are waiting by the docking hatch.

ARCHER
How long's it been, Doc?

PHLOX
I haven't seen Feezal for nearly
four years.

TRIP
What's the point of having three
wives if you never get to see
them?

PHLOX
Denobulans are renowned for their
patience.

The indicator on the hatch goes from red to green, accompanied by the hiss of the airlock recompressing. Archer taps a control and the hatch OPENS. FEEZAL, an attractive Denobulan female in her 30's, comes aboard. Phlox extends his arms and embraces her.

PHLOX
Welcome, my beloved!

They gently rub their cheeks together while making subtle sniffing noises.

FEEZAL
My beloved.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

They finish their "greeting."

PHLOX

Captain Archer, I'd like you to meet my second wife, Feezal.

ARCHER

(nods)

It's a pleasure to have you aboard.

FEEZAL

Thank you.

PHLOX

And this is our Chief Engineer, Commander Tucker.

TRIP

Ma'am.

FEEZAL

I look forward to helping you install the microscope.

ARCHER

We can hold that off 'til later. I'm sure you two are eager to spend some time together.

PHLOX

Nonsense, Captain. We've been apart for four years. Another hour... another day... as I said, we're very patient.

ARCHER

In that case, why don't we have some lunch while the microscope is being unloaded?

Phlox looks at Feezal, who nods.

FEEZAL

I'd be honored.

Archer indicates the way. Trip turns toward the airlock as the others start walking away. Feezal stops, turns to Trip.

FEEZAL

Won't you be joining us, Commander?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

TRIP

I'd love to, but I think I should make sure your equipment gets up to Sickbay in one piece.

FEEZAL

Then I'll see you after lunch?

TRIP

You bet.

Feezal smiles (OPTICALLY-enhanced), almost flirtatiously, and walks away with Archer and Phlox. Trip watches her go, not quite sure what to make of it... then brushes it off and heads into the airlock...

CUT TO:

5 EXT. PLANET'S SURFACE - CONFERENCE FACILITY - DAY (OPTICAL) 5

A large structure in the middle of an alien city.

6 INT. CONFERENCE FACILITY - DAY (OPTICAL) 6

A WIDE VIEW of the cavernous, high-tech interior, which is bustling with alien doctors from many different species.

7 INT. VULCAN MEDICAL SUITE - DAY 7

A dimly-lit central chamber with doorways leading off to other (off-camera) rooms. Vulcan symbols and tapestries adorn the walls. A small, brightly-lit laboratory can be seen through a glass partition; two Vulcan technicians are working inside.

Phlox is seated in the central chamber, facing three Vulcan doctors, who are sitting across from him. DOCTOR ORATT, mid-60's, is the equivalent of a Surgeon General in the High Command; he's dressed in military garb. DOCTOR STROM, late 40's, is an officious and conservative administrator; he's dressed in robes. DOCTOR YURIS, late 30's, is a prominent young physician/researcher; he's also dressed in robes. Mid-conversation.

DOCTOR STROM

(to Phlox)

It seems odd, doesn't it, that a Denobulan physician would be interested in a Vulcan disease?

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

PHLOX

One of my colleagues on Denobula has been studying Pa'nar Syndrome for some time. Its pathology is quite similar to thymic sclerosis.

DOCTOR STROM

Thymic sclerosis?

PHLOX

It's a non-fatal illness which we've had very little success treating. I promised him -- my colleague back home -- that I'd inquire about any recent advances in its treatment.

The three doctors glance at each other uncomfortably.

DOCTOR ORATT

We're hesitant to discuss Pa'nar Syndrome, Doctor.

(beat)

This illness is unique to a... sub-culture... a small percentage of our population. Their behavior is neither tolerated nor sanctioned.

PHLOX

My friend is well aware of that. Unfortunately, thymic sclerosis is found in all strata of Denobulan society. Developing a cure is of paramount importance.

The doctors, still hesitant, exchange a look.

DOCTOR YURIS

Do you have any literature on this... disease?

PHLOX

As I told you, I'm currently serving on a Starfleet vessel. Humans are not susceptible to it.

(beat)

I could contact my colleague, but it would take at least five days before we'd receive a response.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

DOCTOR STROM

I'm afraid we'll have returned to Vulcan by then.

PHLOX

Anything you could provide me with would be instrumental in helping the Denobulan people...

A beat, then:

DOCTOR ORATT

We'll have to discuss your request, Doctor. When we've reached a decision, we'll contact you aboard your ship.

PHLOX

(standing to go)

Thank you for your time.

Phlox EXITS. OFF the three Vulcans, who are obviously troubled by this request...

CUT TO:

8 INT. SICKBAY

8

An intricate, high-tech MICROSCOPE is sitting on a counter-top, partially assembled; components are laid out on either side of it. Trip is sitting at the counter, trying to decipher instructions off three PADDs. Feezal stands beside him.

TRIP

If the reflectometer is supposed to amplify the neutron stream, shouldn't it be installed before the emitters?

FEEZAL

(patiently)

It's collimating the neutrons, not amplifying them. If you read the instructions, you'll find it's all very clear.

TRIP

(frustrated)

I've read the instructions... and they're anything but clear. I don't want to brag, but I can take apart and put back together just about any piece of equipment I've ever met.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

TRIP (cont'd)

That's one of the reasons Captain Archer picked me for this mission... because I'm really good at following instructions. But these are in --

FEEZAL

(interrupting)

Denobulan. I understand. That's why I'm here. So let's go through it slowly...

(beat)

Do you see the threads on the aperture ring?

TRIP

(pointing)

Here?

FEEZAL

Exactly. Take the smaller condenser lens and screw it on.

Trip eyes the components... lifts one and turns to her. She nods. Trip slowly screws the component into place.

FEEZAL

Now re-modulate the (TECH) frequency. That'll initiate the neutron stream.

Trip points to four alien tools laid out on the counter.

TRIP

Which one?

Feezal leans in and picks up a probe-like instrument, hands it to Trip; as she does so, she gently presses her chest against his back. After he takes the tool from her, she continues to gently press against him.

TRIP

(confused)

You're gonna have to help me with this one.

FEEZAL

It's very simple.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

She leans in farther, pointing to a tiny port.

FEEZAL

Insert the thick end into this opening... it'll automatically program the frequency.

As Trip follows her instructions, she leans back but continues to gently press against him. Trip is starting to get a bit uncomfortable -- is Mrs. Phlox coming onto him? After a beat, the alien tool begins to beep.

FEEZAL

You can pull it out now. The stream should be initiated.

Trip removes the tool and sets it down. He's clearly feeling awkward. He takes the opportunity to stand, feigning enthusiasm.

TRIP

I think I'm getting the hang of it!

He grabs a PADD.

TRIP

Maybe if you explain the next few steps, I could try and get through some of this on my own.

FEEZAL

(smiling)

By all means.

(beat)

You're a very confident young man, aren't you?

TRIP

I try to be.

Feezal leans over, and for a moment, Trip thinks she's going to touch his hand... he tenses... but she only takes the PADD. He keeps his distance. Feezal works the alien PADD for a moment.

FEEZAL

You're going to need to come a little closer to read this.

Trip steels himself, then slowly steps over to her...

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) 9
in orbit.

10 INT. CAPTAIN'S MESS 10
Archer and T'Pol are having breakfast, mid-conversation.
Archer's mood is light, while T'Pol seems preoccupied.

ARCHER
Have you spoken to Phlox since he
got back?

T'Pol is surprised; she wonders if he's found out about
her illness.

T'POL
(covering)
I wasn't aware he was gone.

ARCHER
You must've not seen him yesterday
morning. He was champing at the
bit to get down to that
conference... brought back a wish
list of medical instruments.

T'POL
It is the first I.M.E. conference
he's attended in over a year.

ARCHER
He said there was a Vulcan
contingent. You might want to go
down for a visit... you may know
one of them.

T'POL
There are over one million
physicians on Vulcan.

ARCHER
I would think you'd enjoy spending
time with members of your own
species.

T'Pol is silent, picks at her food. The com chirps.
Archer taps a companel behind him.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ARCHER

Archer.

HOSHI'S COM VOICE

A Vulcan transport has requested permission to dock, sir. They've already left the surface.

Archer exchanges a look with T'Pol.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)

Speak of the Devil. Looks like you won't have to go anywhere.

(to com)

Say we'll meet them at Docking Port Two.

HOSHI'S COM VOICE

They've asked that the Doctor join you, and Sub-Commander T'Pol.

ARCHER

Let him know, okay?

HOSHI'S COM VOICE

Right away, sir.

They stand to go. T'Pol does her best to conceal her concern...

CUT TO:

11 INT. CORRIDOR

11

Moments later. Archer and T'Pol on the move...

ARCHER

You have any idea what this is about?

T'POL

(beat)

I haven't spoken to anyone on the surface.

Archer is wary of visiting Vulcans.

ARCHER

You can bet they're not coming up for coffee and donuts.

As they round a corner...

CUT TO:

12 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

12

(RE-DRESS of existing set.) T'Pol and Phlox are taking seats at a conference table, along with Doctors Strom, Oratt and Yuris. Archer stands behind T'Pol. They've just arrived...

ARCHER

(to Vulcans)

Can I get you something? Thanks to Sub-Commander T'Pol, our Chef has learned to make a pretty decent plomeek soup.

DOCTOR ORATT

We appreciate your hospitality, Captain, but we've come to speak to your doctor... with your permission.

ARCHER

Absolutely.

He turns to go. T'Pol stands to follow him...

ARCHER

If you need anything, just let me know.

DOCTOR ORATT

We'd appreciate it if T'Pol would remain.

Archer's a bit taken aback -- what's this all about?

ARCHER

(to T'Pol, indicating her chair)

Sub-Commander.

T'Pol turns and sits back down. Archer EXITS.

DOCTOR ORATT

We've discussed your request, Doctor. Unfortunately, we're still hesitant to share data regarding Pa'nar Syndrome.

PHLOX

(re: T'Pol, puzzled)

Sub-Commander T'Pol is not aware of my request... I'm curious why you asked her to stay.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

DOCTOR STROM
(vaguely suspicious)
You're requesting information
about a Vulcan disease, and you
didn't discuss it with your Vulcan
Science Officer?

PHLOX
That's correct.

The three Vulcan doctors remain silent for a long beat.

PHLOX
(slightly uncomfortable)
As far as I know, T'Pol's
expertise doesn't include
medicine.

DOCTOR ORATT
(to T'Pol)
Are you familiar with Pa'nar
Syndrome, Sub-Commander?

T'POL
Of course.

DOCTOR ORATT
Would you mind describing it?

T'POL
You're physicians... why would you
need me to define an illness?

DOCTOR ORATT
Please... indulge us.

She glances at Phlox. After a beat:

T'POL
It's an incurable degradation of
the synaptic pathways. It also
affects the endocrine and immune
systems.

DOCTOR STROM
An impressive definition. Could
you tell us how the disease is
transmitted?

T'POL
(after a beat)
Through a... telepathic practice.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

DOCTOR ORATT

And what practice would that be?

T'POL

Mind-melds. They cause a disruption of neuroelectric impulses in the mid-brain... which can lead to the early stages of the syndrome.

DOCTOR STROM

Do you condone these acts, Sub-Commander? These mind-melds?

T'Pol stands, uncomfortable with the line of questioning.

T'POL

I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me why you asked me here.

PHLOX

As would I. Your questions to T'Pol seem inappropriate.

DOCTOR ORATT

(to T'Pol)

Doctor Phlox has asked for data regarding the treatment of Pa'nar Syndrome.

(beat)

Did you have anything to do with that request?

PHLOX

(standing, impatient)

I believe I was very clear about that.

DOCTOR STROM

(very slight sarcasm)

Yes... your "colleague" on Denobula.

(beat)

Forgive us, Doctor, but since there's a Vulcan serving on your ship -- a fact you neglected to mention to us -- we had to consider other possible motives for your inquiry.

PHLOX

(starting to grow angry)

What motive are you suggesting?

Strom stands and extends a Vulcan PADD to T'Pol.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED: (3)

12

DOCTOR STROM
Are you familiar with any of these names?

T'Pol hesitates, then takes the PADD... eyes it.

T'POL
They're Vulcan. I'm not familiar with any of them.

DOCTOR STROM
(reaching for the PADD)
They're melderers. Vulcans with the ability to transfer thoughts and memories to each other.
(beat)
Do you know any melderers, Sub-Commander?

T'POL
Not well... but I have met a number of them.

DOCTOR STROM
Then I'll ask you again... do you condone their behavior?

T'POL
I don't understand what your questions have to do with the Doctor's request.

DOCTOR ORATT
(patiently)
We find their behavior unacceptable... and since Pa'nar Syndrome is transmitted by these people, its cure is not a priority.

PHLOX
Are you saying there's no additional research?

DOCTOR ORATT
None that we care to disseminate. I'm sorry.

T'POL
You travelled up from the surface to tell Doctor Phlox you wouldn't help him?

Doctor Oratt stands, followed by the others.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4) 12

DOCTOR ORATT
If you'll please show us to the
airlock.

A tense moment, then T'Pol taps the door control. The doors slide open, and the Vulcan doctors follow her out. OFF Phlox, who remains behind, troubled...

CUT TO:

13 INT. VULCAN MEDICAL SUITE - LABORATORY (VPB) 13

Later. A VULCAN TECHNICIAN is working at a station. Doctor Strom and Doctor Yuris are looking on. The PADD seen earlier is sitting in a diagnostic device. He places a thin, glass-like strip into another device. After a moment, an alarm chirps, and Vulcan DNA information appears on a small monitor. The technician turns to the doctors, who eye the data with interest.

DOCTOR YURIS
Is it definitive?

DOCTOR STROM
Unmistakably.

Strom looks vindicated -- he suspected as much.

DOCTOR STROM
(continuing)
She's suffering from the syndrome.

As we sense disappointment in the eyes of Doctor Yuris...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

14

Trip and Feezal are working the new microscope, which has been fully assembled. Its monitor screen shows an image of enlarged molecules. Phlox is busy at a station in the b.g., working on something else.

FEEZAL

Now watch. A simple strand of protein molecules...

Feezal works the controls on the microscope. After she completes a complicated series of commands, the monitor changes to show a closer, but blurry, view of a single molecule.

FEEZAL

...can be enlarged...

She taps another series of commands, and the image sharpens.

FEEZAL

...and enhanced, to where we can clearly see a single nucleotide.

TRIP

Amazing. Look at that... are those...?

FEEZAL

Carbon atoms.

She presses another control and the screen goes blank.

FEEZAL

Now you try it.

Feezal steps aside, giving him a subtly flirtacious touch on the arm. Trip ignores the gesture, then hesitates at the microscope...

TRIP

I'm supposed to calibrate the imaging filament before I focus, right?

FEEZAL

But first...

TRIP

(thinking hard)
First...?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

TRIP (cont'd)
(remembering)
First I re-initialize the neutron
stream.

FEEZAL
Precisely.

Trip tentatively starts inputting commands...

FEEZAL
Very good... now, align the
quantum filters... and then rotate
the sample stage forty-five
degrees..

TRIP
(looks up)
This is a bitch.

FEEZAL
Excuse me?

TRIP
Not you... the microscope. I'm a
pretty quick study when it comes
to these kinds of instruments...
but this one's a doozy.

She gently rubs his arm encouragingly.

FEEZAL
You're doing fine.

Trip reaches for a control, tactfully moving his arm
away from her hand. As he continues to punch in
commands...

PHLOX
(glancing over, to Feezal)
Has Vesna forgiven Groznik yet?

FEEZAL
Absolutely not. Groznik only
apologized twice. I doubt he'll
be forgiven for another two years.

PHLOX
Well, at least he has his other
wives.

FEEZAL
Not wives... wife. Kessil moved
to Teerza Prime to be with her
third husband.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

TRIP
(to Feezal, re:
microscope)
Did I do this right? Why is there
no image?

She glances at a read-out on the control panel.

FEEZAL
You forgot to enter the frequency
parameters.

As Trip works...

PHLOX
Which one was her third husband?
Was that Klaban?

FEEZAL
Bogga. Klaban was Forlisa's
husband... her first, I think.

A blurry image appears on the monitor.

TRIP
(encouraged)
There you go!

He hits a few more controls.

TRIP
Why isn't it sharp?

FEEZAL
(touching his shoulder)
You forgot to stabilize the
aperture.
(re: image on monitor,
smiling)
That's just a reflection from the
imaging filament.

She gives him a little squeeze...

FEEZAL
It's all right. We'll re-
initialize the neutron stream and
start again.

Trip glances at Phlox, and is relieved to see that his
back is turned; he doesn't notice Feezal's hand on
Trip's shoulder. Trip returns to his work at the
microscope.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

PHLOX
(to Feezal, nostalgic)
Forlisa. I thought about asking
her to be my second wife, but it
turned out she already had three
husbands.

Trip turns slightly, he can't believe the conversation
he's listening to. As he goes back to work...

ARCHER'S COM VOICE
Archer to Doctor Phlox.

Phlox taps a companel.

PHLOX
(to com)
Yes, Captain?

ARCHER'S COM VOICE
Could you report to my Ready Room?

PHLOX
Certainly.

As Phlox stands and heads for the door...

PHLOX
(to Feezal)
I'll be back as soon as I can, my
beloved.
(beat)
Commander.

Trip nods; he's a bit uncomfortable about being left
alone with Mrs. Phlox...

CUT TO:

15 INT. READY ROOM

15

Archer is sitting at his desk; T'Pol standing stiffly.
The door chimes.

ARCHER
Come in.

Phlox ENTERS.

PHLOX
(cheerful)
Yes, Captain?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ARCHER

I wanted to see both of you...

Phlox looks to T'Pol -- he suspects what's coming.

ARCHER

It's been a while since I was embarrassed by a Vulcan dignitary.

PHLOX

Sir?

ARCHER

I just spoke to Doctor Oratt...
(to Phlox)
It seems you requested some medical data regarding a Vulcan illness... for a colleague on Denobula?

PHLOX

(beat)
Yes, sir.

ARCHER

And both of you said that T'Pol had nothing to do with that request?

T'Pol and Phlox are silent.

ARCHER

(growing angry)
Are both of you going to lie to me, like you lied to them?

PHLOX

I have no intention of lying to you, Captain.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)
And when were you going to tell me that you've contracted a serious illness?

T'POL

(feigning ignorance)
Sir?

ARCHER

(holding back his anger)
They handed you something... a PADD, I think... does that ring a bell?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

T'Pol doesn't respond.

ARCHER

You left a fingerprint. It was enough for them to run tests.

(beat)

Why did you lie to them?

T'POL

It's none of their concern.

ARCHER

It sure as hell is if they can help you.

(to Phlox)

How long have you known about this?

PHLOX

Nearly a year.

ARCHER

(getting pissed)

And you never thought that maybe you should come to me and let me know that one of my officers has a potentially fatal disease?

PHLOX

I believe your culture embraces the concept of doctor-patient confidentiality.

T'POL

The disease is not contagious... and if we had told you, there's nothing you could have done.

Archer softens a little.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)

You still haven't explained why you lied to the Vulcans.

(to Phlox)

Why would you think they'd be more apt to help you if you said it was for a Denobulan colleague?

Phlox and T'Pol exchange a glance -- this isn't going to be easy.

PHLOX

Pa'nar Syndrome is an illness that carries a stigma on Vulcan.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

T' POL
(off that)
If the High Command were to learn
that I was infected, I would most
likely lose my commission.

ARCHER
(disbelieving)
For having a disease?

T' POL
It's not about the disease... it's
about the people who are capable
of transmitting it...

ARCHER
Go on.

T' POL
There are certain Vulcans... a
small minority... who are born
with the ability to perform a very
intimate form of telepathy...

ARCHER
"Intimate"?

T' POL
A melding of minds...

ARCHER
I remember. That ship of Vulcans
who were experimenting with
emotions...

T' POL
They're part of the telepathic
minority.
(beat)
One of the reasons they left
Vulcan was to escape prejudice...
their behavior is considered
unnatural... they're seen as a
threat.

ARCHER
You belong to this... minority?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

T' POL

No.

ARCHER

Then...?

PHLOX

Only members of the minority can initiate a mind-meld... but any Vulcan can be the recipient.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)

Why would you take that risk?

T' POL

It wasn't by choice. One of the men on that ship...

She trails off, difficult.

ARCHER

You were attacked... I remember.

(beat)

I'm sure the High Command would understand.

T' POL

I have no intention of telling them.

ARCHER

Why not?

T' POL

I have my reasons.

Archer gives a questioning look to Phlox... he's obviously not going to get an answer from either of them.

ARCHER

(to Phlox)

How serious is it?

PHLOX

I've kept it in check... but the symptoms have progressed. That's why I requested the most current research.

ARCHER

Well, your request was accompanied by a lie...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5) 15

ARCHER (cont'd)
...and whatever your reasons
might've been, you're no longer
welcome at the conference. The
Vulcans made sure of that.

PHLOX
(regretfully)
I understand.

Archer considers.

ARCHER
My number-one priority here is the
health of my First Officer... if
these doctors have data that can
help her, I plan to get it.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) 16

in orbit. A SHUTTLEPOD drop-launches and heads toward
the planet below.

17 INT. VULCAN MEDICAL SUITE - DAY 17

Archer is sitting on one of the chairs, waiting. A
couple of Vulcan N.D.s are in the b.g., working in the
laboratory. After a long beat, Archer stands
impatiently and begins to pace. Another beat goes by,
then Doctor Strom and Doctor Yuris approach from around
a corner. Archer turns to them.

DOCTOR STROM
I'm sorry, did we keep you
waiting?

ARCHER
Actually, you did.

DOCTOR STROM
What can we do for you, Captain?

ARCHER
Sub-Commander T'Pol and my Doctor
have explained the situation to
me.

DOCTOR STROM
(matter-of-fact)
It's unfortunate that T'Pol is
ill.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ARCHER

Doctor Phlox assures me that he was only trying to protect her privacy... he doesn't make a habit of lying.

DOCTOR STROM

I certainly hope not.

ARCHER

I'm having a little difficulty understanding why you won't share your research... especially now that you know it could help T'Pol's condition. I can't believe you're withholding it to punish Doctor Phlox...

DOCTOR STROM

Our decision has nothing to do with that.

ARCHER

Then what does it have to do with?

DOCTOR STROM

Pa'nar Syndrome is a disease that's unique to an undesirable segment of our population. Thankfully, there are very few of them.

ARCHER

And because you find them undesirable... they're not entitled to medical care?

DOCTOR STROM

(ignoring the question)
We aren't eager to distribute research on Pa'nar Syndrome.

ARCHER

And why's that?

DOCTOR STROM

(disdainful)
We don't condone the... intimate acts these people engage in... they defy everything our society stands for.

ARCHER

Intimate acts? You're talking about mind-melds?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

DOCTOR STROM

We take great pride in our ability to contain emotions... sharing them is offensive.

(beat)

Now, if you'll excuse me... we have a great deal of work to do before the conference ends.

ARCHER

If you're not going to help her, the least you can do is show a little discretion... the High Command doesn't need to know about this.

DOCTOR STROM

It's not for us to decide what the High Command needs to know.

ARCHER

(getting angry)

You've got her genetic profile... you must realize she's not a member of this "minority"...

DOCTOR STROM

Nonetheless, there's only one way to contract Pa'nar Syndrome.

(beat)

Good day.

Strom turns and walks away. Doctor Yuris hesitates... his look to Archer is almost apologetic... he then turns and follows Doctor Strom. OFF Archer, frustrated...

CUT TO:

18 INT. T'POL'S QUARTERS (VPB)

18

T'Pol is sitting in a Vulcan robe, meditating in front of a candle. After a long, quiet moment, the com chirps. T'Pol stands, taps a companel.

T'POL

(to com)

Yes?

HOSHI'S COM VOICE

There's a message for you coming from the surface.

T'POL

Transfer it here.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

T'Pol sits at her desk, and after a beat, the monitor screen comes alive. OFF T'Pol as she begins to read the message...

CUT TO:

19 INT. READY ROOM 19

Archer's at the window. The door chimes.

ARCHER

Come in.

T'Pol ENTERS, in uniform.

ARCHER

Ah. I was just about to call you.
Sit down.

T'Pol sits on the couch.

ARCHER

I'm sorry. I didn't have much
luck down there.

(beat)

They seem pretty pig-headed when
it comes to Pa'nar Syndrome... and
I got the distinct feeling they're
not going to keep this to
themselves.

T'POL

I just received a message from
Doctor Yuris.

ARCHER

Which one was he?

T'POL

The youngest. He asked me to meet
him in a northern section of the
city.

(beat)

I believe he wants to help.

ARCHER

(skeptical)

Help? That seems to be the last
thing these doctors want to do.

T'POL

He asked me to come alone.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

Archer considers.

ARCHER
You'll need a pilot.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLEPOD ONE (OPTICAL) 20

DESCENDING through the planet's atmosphere.

21 INT. SHUTTLEPOD ONE 21

Archer at the helm; T'Pol sitting nearby. A quiet moment as Archer glances at her.

ARCHER
You know...it never dawned on me that it was contagious.

T'POL
I beg your pardon?

ARCHER
You said it wasn't contagious... that there was nothing I could've done...

T'POL
That's correct.

ARCHER
(quietly)
That doesn't mean you shouldn't have told me.

After a beat, T'Pol looks at a console.

T'POL
There's a landing port about a kilometer south of the meeting place.

Archer works the helm. A long pause.

T'POL
You worry about your crew...

ARCHER
You're damned straight I do. Every last one of them. You find that strange?
(beat)
I guess all Vulcans find worrying strange.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

T'POL
(quiet)
I didn't want you to worry about
me.

Archer turns and looks at her. OFF the moment...

CUT TO:

22 EXT. ALIEN CITY STREET - NIGHT 22

A dark street corner in a run-down section of the city. A handful of ALIENS can be seen walking past, going about their business. T'Pol approaches, trying to read a street name written on the corner building, but it's too dark. She turns the corner to see if there's another street sign. She's startled when she hears a voice coming out of the darkness:

DOCTOR YURIS (O.C.)
Sub-Commander.

T'Pol turns to see Doctor Yuris standing in a shadowy doorway. As she steps toward him... he hands her a small container.

DOCTOR YURIS
This may be of use to you.

T'POL
What is it?

DOCTOR YURIS
The research your doctor asked
for.

After a beat:

T'POL
You've taken a great risk by
bringing this to me...

DOCTOR YURIS
One that I'm more than willing to
take.

T'POL
Why?

DOCTOR YURIS
There's more intolerance today
than there was a thousand years
ago... it has to stop.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

T'POL

Why jeopardize your career to help
someone you despise?

DOCTOR YURIS

If I despised you, I'd be
despising myself.

(beat, pointed)

I'm part of the minority.

OFF T'Pol's reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 EXT. ALIEN CITY STREET - NIGHT

23

Moments later. T'Pol and Doctor Yuris.

T'POL

You know I'm not a member of the
minority.

DOCTOR YURIS

As far as my colleagues are
concerned, you might as well be.
(beat)

Anyone who chooses to perform a
mind-meld is worthy of contempt.

T'Pol considers whether to trust him... decides she
should.

T'POL

What if I didn't choose...?

DOCTOR YURIS

(realizing)

You were coerced... you should
tell them... they'll be far more
sympathetic.

She doesn't answer, pensive.

T'POL

Are you infected?

DOCTOR YURIS

No. Only a small percentage are.
(beat)

If they ask my opinion, I won't be
able to condone what you did... I
hope you understand.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

T'POL
(agreeing)
You can't jeopardize your
position.

DOCTOR YURIS
I have to return.
(urging her)
Tell them what happened... tell
them before they contact the High
Command.

T'POL
(re: container)
Thank you for this.

T'Pol watches as Doctor Yuris disappears down the dark
street...

CUT TO:

24 INT. MESS HALL

24

Trip is sitting with HOSHI at table, eating dinner. A
dozen or so crewmembers in the b.g. Mid-conversation.

HOSHI
It doesn't make any sense.

TRIP
Why not?

HOSHI
We're orbiting an alien world...
most of the crew are free to go down
and visit... why would anyone want
to stay on board and watch a movie?

TRIP
Are you kidding? They're showing
"The Black Cat." Bela Lugosi and
Boris Karloff!

HOSHI
It sounds like you're picking the
movies.

TRIP
Me?

HOSHI
Who else would choose an obscure
horror film? Why not something a
little more romantic?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Over the above, Trip sees that Feezal is by the food dispensers, loading a tray with food.

HOSHI
(standing to go)
I'm going down to the surface...

Trip doesn't want to risk another encounter alone with Feezal.

TRIP
What's the rush? You haven't even finished your dinner.

HOSHI
There's a shuttle leaving at eighteen hundred hours.

TRIP
(getting desperate)
You've got plenty of time. Try the cobbler -- Chef outdid himself!

Hoshi sits back down.

HOSHI
Okay... but I have to leave in a few minutes.

Feezal arrives at the table.

FEEZAL
May I join you?

HOSHI
Please. I'm Hoshi Sato. I've been meaning to introduce myself.

FEEZAL
(sitting across from Trip)
Feezal Phlox. You're the language wizard. My husband speaks very fondly of you.

HOSHI
(in Denobulan)
Denobulan Fahrda noov toona mek Phlox.
(SUBTITLE READS)
Doctor Phlox has been teaching me Denobulan.

FEEZAL
For-que-sah esa.
(SUBTITLE READS)
I'm impressed.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

HOSHI
Dee-ka em suut-val mai prah-vit.
(SUBTITLE READS)
I'm still having trouble with the
transitive verbs.

TRIP
I'm getting a little paranoid
here. You're not talking about
me, are you?

HOSHI
Matter of fact, we were.

Trip suddenly reacts to something going on under the
table...

25 NEW ANGLE - UNDER THE TABLE

25

Feezal has removed her shoe and is gently rubbing her
foot up and down Trip's leg. He pulls his leg away, but
she quickly extends hers and continues her flirtatious
stroking. Over this:

FEEZAL
(playful)
Ensign Sato barely has an accent.
She was telling me how attractive
she thinks you are.

26 RESUME THE SCENE

26

Trip is doing his best to stay nonchalant.

HOSHI
(quickly, anxious to set
the record straight)
She's pulling your leg, sir. I
was only talking about grammar.

TRIP
It's okay, Hoshi.

Hoshi stands.

HOSHI
I've got to go.
(to Feezal)
It was very nice meeting you.

She takes her tray and walks toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26

FEEZAL
(seductively)
I wasn't exactly "pulling" your
leg, was I?

27 ANGLE - UNDER THE TABLE 27

Feezal is rubbing his leg with her foot again.

TRIP (O.C.)
(awkward)
No... not exactly.

28 RESUME THE SCENE 28

Trip shifts in his chair, growing more and more
uncomfortable.

TRIP
Look... I'm very flattered... but
aren't you a married woman?

FEEZAL
I'm a woman... that's all that
matters, isn't it?

TRIP
(standing)
I'm afraid I've gotta go, too.
Captain asked me to write a
synopsis of tonight's movie.

FEEZAL
Save me a seat.

TRIP
(quickly, eager to go)
You probably wouldn't like it...
it's very scary... you gotta be
human to appreciate horror
films... I'll see you in the
morning!

Trip smiles and heads for the door. OFF Feezal,
checking out his ass...

CUT TO:

29 INT. GYM 29

REED is exercising on a stationary bicycle, wearing
workout clothes. Trip ENTERS.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

TRIP
She's at it again!

Reed turns to him.

REED
(with a twinkle)
I don't know about you, but I find
her quite attractive.

TRIP
Come on, Malcolm, this is serious!
What if Phlox finds out?

REED
You haven't done anything to make
her think that you...

TRIP
Of course not!
(tormented)
Maybe I should tell the Doc...

REED
Tell him what? That his wife is
trying to seduce you? Not a good
idea.

TRIP
But I've got two more days of
working with her on the
microscope...
(beat)
I really think I should speak to
Phlox...

REED
It might be a lot easier to avoid
her advances than to get Phlox
angry. I once saw him lose his
temper when one of his creatures
bit him... it wasn't a pretty
sight.

OFF Trip's dilemma...

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

30

in orbit, as before.

31 INT. BRIDGE

31

It's the next day. Archer's in command; Reed, Hoshi, MAYWEATHER, N.D.s at their stations. Mid-scene.

ARCHER
(to Hoshi)
It reminded me of Sao Paulo... or maybe Singapore... very crowded.

HOSHI
I've missed being in a large city... there were people from all over the planet there... literally hundreds of languages.

ARCHER
(to Mayweather)
You might want to go to the surface, Ensign... only a couple of days before we leave.

MAYWEATHER
I signed up to go down tomorrow morning, sir. They've got something that's sort of a combination of bullfighting and Lacrosse.

ARCHER
Bullfighting?

Hoshi's console beeps. She checks it.

HOSHI
(to Archer)
It's a call from the Vulcan contingent, sir... a Doctor Strom?

Archer stands and heads toward his Ready Room... this is a very important call.

ARCHER
Patch him through.

CUT TO:

32 INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

32

Phlox is working at a station that displays medical research;

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

the container Doctor Yuris gave T'Pol sits nearby, open to reveal a handful of data chips. T'Pol looks on.

PHLOX

(off monitor)

This is far from a cure, but it should slow down the progression of the disease.

(troubled)

It's surprising. I assumed your Science Directorate would've made more progress than this.

T'POL

As we've seen, they're not very motivated to develop a cure.

PHLOX

Hmm... with this research, I should be able to get closer than they have.

Archer ENTERS, somber. They turn to him.

ARCHER

How useful is it?

PHLOX

(trying to be optimistic)

Very. It'll allow me to improve my course of treatment long before her symptoms get worse.

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)

Have you figured out why Doctor Yuris gave it to you?

T'POL

(covering)

No, I haven't.

T'Pol sees that Archer is troubled.

T'POL

You spoke with them...

ARCHER

Doctor Strom... yes.

(beat)

They've decided to recall you.

PHLOX

Do they have the authority to do that?

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED: (2)

32

ARCHER

Doctor Oratt does... he's a ranking member of the Council of Physicians.

A beat, then to T'Pol:

ARCHER

They plan on taking you back to Vulcan when the conference is over.

T'Pol takes this in.

T'POL

(stoic)

Have they notified the High Command?

ARCHER

Not 'til you reach Vulcan.

(vehement)

You've got to tell them, T'Pol... tell them what happened. They won't do a thing to you once they know it wasn't voluntary... that he did it against your will.

T'POL

I won't do that.

ARCHER

Why the hell not?

T'POL

I have Pa'nar Syndrome. What difference does it make how I contracted it?

ARCHER

(forceful)

It makes a lot of difference! You're not a member of this "minority," and he forced himself on you -- you said it yourself!

PHLOX

He's right, T'Pol. You should tell them.

T'POL

He's not right. If I use that as a defense... as a way to keep from being taken off Enterprise... I'd be condoning their prejudice...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3) 32

T'POL (cont'd)
...and in the process, indicting
every member of the minority.
(resolute)
I won't do that.

OFF Archer and Phlox...

CUT TO:

33 EXT. ALIEN CITY - CONFERENCE FACILITY - DAY (OPTICAL) 33

as seen before.

34 INT. VULCAN MEDICAL SUITE - DAY 34

The doors hiss open and Archer ENTERS, carrying a PADD; he's pissed off. He approaches a young VULCAN DOCTOR sitting at a desk.

ARCHER
Where's Oratt?

VULCAN DOCTOR
(taken aback)
Doctor Oratt isn't available.
Perhaps I can help you.

ARCHER
Perhaps you can't.

Archer walks past him and approaches a group of four Vulcans who are facing away from him. He walks past them and turns around. They react with surprise. Seeing that none of them are Doctor Oratt, Archer moves on and notices the laboratory behind the large glass window. He approaches it... sees Doctor Oratt working with Strom and a technician. He bangs on the glass. As the three men inside look up, the Doctor at the desk moves to Archer...

VULCAN DOCTOR
You're going to have to leave.

Archer ignores him, then bangs on the window again.

ARCHER
(loudly, to Oratt)
I need to talk to you!

Doctor Oratt looks at his companions, then moves toward the door and ENTERS the Suite.

VULCAN DOCTOR
(to Oratt)
I told him you were...

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

DOCTOR ORATT

It's all right.

(to Archer)

What can I do for you, Captain?

ARCHER

You have no right to take my
Science Officer.

DOCTOR ORATT

You're mistaken. I have every
right.

ARCHER

This is a question of basic
rights! You can't dismiss someone
just because you don't agree with
the way they conduct their
personal lives!

DOCTOR ORATT

I am not dismissing T'Pol... I'm
simply returning her to Vulcan.
The High Command will decide
whether she's fit for duty.

ARCHER

(trying to hold back his
fury)Fit?! You're saying a single mind-
meld is enough to destroy her
career? Or is it that she
contracted the disease? That's
why you're so hesitant to find a
cure, isn't it? Why bother to
help people you don't approve of?

DOCTOR ORATT

(calm)

I'm sorry you don't understand the
complexities of our culture,
Captain.

(beat)

Please have the Sub-Commander
ready to depart in thirty-six
hours.

ARCHER

Not so fast.

(holding up the PADD)

Do you know what this is...

Doctor?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED: (2)

34

ARCHER (cont'd)

My Communications Officer got it from the Vulcan database... it's the protocols of the Council of Physicians. It says that anyone accused of ethical misconduct is entitled to a hearing...

He looks at the PADD, reading.

ARCHER

"...before the ranking medical officer in the province or territory where the accusation was first made."

(beat)

If I'm not mistaken... that would be you.

DOCTOR ORATT

The accusation against T'Pol stands. It's not open for debate.

ARCHER

Where I come from, everything's open for debate.

(re: PADD)

And if I read these protocols correctly, so is the accusation you've made against my Science Officer.

DOCTOR ORATT

You're wasting your time.

ARCHER

It's mine to waste.

DOCTOR ORATT

Very well. But I will not delay our departure.

(beat)

The "hearing" will take place tomorrow evening.

ARCHER

Tomorrow evening... fine.

Oratt turns and heads back into the lab. Archer watches him for a beat, then turns to go...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

35 INT. SICKBAY

35

Phlox is tending to Mayweather, who's sitting on a bio-bed with a nasty-looking bruise on his bare abdomen.

PHLOX

Just because they asked you to participate doesn't mean you had to.

MAYWEATHER

They said it was an honor... it looked easy enough.

PHLOX

You're lucky this... creature didn't strike a bit lower.

Mayweather cringes at the thought.

PHLOX

If I may ask, what's the purpose of this... sport?

MAYWEATHER

They've got these fargans... they're kinda like cows with humps... and they love melons... I think they're melons... so, four guys get into this big circle filled with fargans and throw these melons back and forth... they use sticks with metal baskets at the end. Do you play monkey-in-the-middle on Denobula?

PHLOX

I don't believe so.

MAYWEATHER

Anyway, after a while, the fargans start figuring out what's going on...

During the last speech, Trip ENTERS and approaches Phlox.

TRIP

You got a minute, Doc?

PHLOX

Are you not feeling well, Commander?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

TRIP

No, I'm fine, I just need to talk to you for a minute.

PHLOX

By all means. What's on your mind?

TRIP

(awkward)

Actually... I was kinda hoping to talk to you alone.

PHLOX

(to Mayweather)

I think we're about done here. It would be best if you avoided fargans for a few days.

MAYWEATHER

Thanks, Doc.
(to Trip)
Commander.

TRIP

See you, Travis.

Mayweather pulls up his uniform top and heads for the door. Trip waits for him to EXIT, then turns to Phlox, who smiles expectantly.

TRIP

(very uncomfortable)

Malcolm said this was a bad idea... but I think it's the right thing to do...

PHLOX

What's that?

TRIP

Feezal... I mean, Mrs. Phlox... is a lovely woman... and very smart... she knows more about quantum optics than anyone I've ever met...

PHLOX

She is remarkable.

TRIP

Remarkable... yeah... she sure is...

Trip is having trouble getting started.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED: (2)

35

PHLOX
(after a beat)
Was there something else?

TRIP
(steeling himself)
Yeah, there is... you've gotta
understand, I've been a perfect
gentleman... absolutely nothing's
happened...

As Trip gropes for the right words, Phlox simply stares
at him with a patient smile.

TRIP
She's trying to... she's... she's
making advances... if you know
what I mean.

Phlox smiles warmly.

PHLOX
Sexual advances?

TRIP
I'm afraid so.

PHLOX
(smiling)
Has she offered to give you a rose
petal bath?

TRIP
No, no, nothing like that!

PHLOX
Any man would be a fool to ignore
the romantic overtures of a
healthy Denobulan woman. Don't
you find her attractive?

TRIP
Sure... I mean, no! She's your
wife!

PHLOX
What does that have to do with it?

TRIP
She's your wife!

PHLOX
Nonsense.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

PHLOX (cont'd)

You're too concerned with human morality. I thought you wanted to learn about new cultures. Isn't that why you joined Starfleet?

TRIP

Of course it is... but I was brought up believing you don't play around with another man's wife. I don't think I'm ever gonna change my mind about that.

Phlox nods, he's not going to press the issue.

PHLOX

As you wish.
(lightly)
Your loss.

He turns and begins to put away the medical instruments he was using to treat Mayweather. Trip watches him for a beat, then EXITS...

CUT TO:

36 INT. T'POL'S QUARTERS

36

T'Pol is sitting at her desk, putting PADDs and books into a container... she's beginning to pack her things. The door chimes.

T'POL

Come in.

Archer ENTERS.

ARCHER

Mind if I sit down?

T'Pol nods, and he sits on a chair.

T'POL

Lieutenant Reed told me you went to the surface...

ARCHER

I spoke to Doctor Oratt.

T'Pol gives a disapproving look.

ARCHER

I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to try to talk me out of it.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

T' POL

I assume you were unsuccessful.

ARCHER

Not exactly. Before I left, I got the medical protocols from Hoshi... it seems they owe you a hearing.

T'Pol returns to packing her books.

T' POL

They'll never agree.

ARCHER

They already did.

T' POL

(reacts)

I have no interest in challenging their decision.

ARCHER

If you're not going to defend yourself, the least you can do is speak for this "minority" you're so eager to protect.

(beat)

You said you didn't want to condone the attitude of these doctors... your silence would do just that.

After a long beat:

T' POL

You need to understand... I won't tell them how I got the disease.

ARCHER

I'll go along with that. I promise.

(beat)

But you've got to understand that I'm not going to give you up without a fight.

OFF T'Pol...

CUT TO:

37

INT. CONFERENCE FACILITY - DAY (OPTICAL)

37

The vast complex, as seen before.

38 INT. VULCAN CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

38

(RE-DRESS of the Medical Suite.) Archer and T'Pol sit at one table facing another table, where Doctors Oratt, Strom and Yuris are seated. The mood is tense; mid-scene.

DOCTOR STROM

The fact that she has Pa'nar Syndrome is not the reason she's being recalled.

ARCHER

No, it has to do with how she got infected... a mind-meld... over a year ago.

DOCTOR STROM

When it took place is not pertinent.

ARCHER

So what you're saying is that if a Vulcan -- even an officer in the Science Directorate -- engages in this... exchange of thoughts and memories, they're condemned for it?

DOCTOR ORATT

As you've been told, Captain, mind-melds are practiced by a sub-culture... Vulcans who have elected to conduct themselves in an unacceptable manner.

T'POL

They haven't "elected" to do anything... they're born with this ability.

DOCTOR STROM

Exactly. They're genetic aberrations who prey on people like you... people foolish enough to "experiment" with abhorrent behavior.

ARCHER

"You humans are too volatile, too irrational, too narrow-minded." That's what I heard for years... from every Vulcan I met.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

ARCHER (cont'd)

But we don't hold a candle to you when it comes to "narrow-minded." We got rid of bigotry nearly a century ago. We're not afraid of diversity... we don't persecute it... we embrace it. If you call yourselves enlightened, you have to accept people who're different than you are.

DOCTOR STROM

This is pointless! Our culture is governed by rules -- we're not about to ignore them!

T' POL

There are no rules telling you to oppress minorities!

DOCTOR STROM

You would rather let them spread their infections -- that's exactly why you're being recalled!

T' POL

No, I'm being recalled because you're afraid of anything that doesn't conform to your idea of "acceptable behavior"!

DOCTOR STROM

Unfortunately, you don't know what you're talking about! The decision's been made!

(to Oratt)

We should end this inquiry!

DOCTOR YURIS

She knows exactly what she's talking about.

They turn to him.

DOCTOR ORATT

Are you questioning our judgement?

DOCTOR YURIS

There's nothing "abhorrent" about the way we lead our lives.

DOCTOR STROM

"We"?

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

DOCTOR YURIS

(ignoring Strom, to Oratt)

There's no simple definition of intimacy. Those of us capable of mind-melds are no different than you are...

DOCTOR ORATT

(a warning)

You realize that you're jeopardizing your reputation... your career.

DOCTOR YURIS

We share our thoughts differently... we shouldn't be punished for that.

DOCTOR ORATT

(he's heard enough)

The High Command will determine whether you should be punished.

(to T'Pol)

Both of you.

He stands to go, Strom following. As they turn for the door...

DOCTOR YURIS

(standing, re: T'Pol)

She's not guilty of anything. She was violated.

T'POL

(stands)

You gave me your word!

DOCTOR YURIS

(ignoring her)

The mind-meld was performed against her will.

Oratt turns to T'Pol.

DOCTOR ORATT

Can you verify this?

T'POL

Why? So you can perpetuate your double-standard? Condemn the infected when they meld by choice... and sympathize with them when they don't?

DOCTOR ORATT

(to Archer)

What do you know of this, Captain?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

ARCHER

It seems my Science Officer
doesn't want to discuss it.
That's good enough for me.

DOCTOR YURIS

She told me herself. She made me
promise to stay silent.

He turns to T'Pol.

DOCTOR YURIS

I'm sorry, I had to tell them the
truth.

(beat)

You should do the same.

T'POL

(firm)

I have nothing to say to them.

OFF her defiance...

CUT TO:

39 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

39

in orbit.

40 INT. SICKBAY

40

Trip and Phlox are at the neutron microscope.

PHLOX

Feezal tells me it can be quite
temperamental.

TRIP

I think I got it figured out.
Just let me know when it starts
acting up.

(beat)

Have you got the activation
sequence down?

Feezal ENTERS.

PHLOX

My beloved! I certainly hope it's
not another four years before I
see you again.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

FEEZAL

So do I. But remember, your other wives are anxious to see you, too.

PHLOX

Commander Tucker assures me he'll keep your beautiful microscope in perfect running order.

FEEZAL

As his doctor, I hope you'll keep Commander Tucker in perfect running order.

(to Trip, flirting)

Perhaps that'll motivate me to visit more often.

Trip smiles politely.

PHLOX

It's a shame you two didn't get to know each other better.

TRIP

(uncomfortably)

Well, I've gotta get back to my warp engine. The plasma's running a little hot.

FEEZAL

I know how it feels.

TRIP

Pleasure meeting you!

And he heads quickly for the door. After he EXITS...

PHLOX

(shaking his head)
Humans.

CUT TO:

41 INT. READY ROOM

41

Archer's working at his desk. The door chimes.

ARCHER

Come in.

T'Pol ENTERS.

ARCHER

Doctor Yuris's been suspended.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

T'POL

That was to be expected.

ARCHER

They offered him a hearing, but he refused.

(somber)

Oratt said he'll lose his standing with the Medical Exchange when they get back to Vulcan.

T'POL

With your permission, I'll be contacting the High Command. I don't intend to let Yuris be dismissed without a fight.

ARCHER

Permission granted.

(beat)

One good thing did come out of this... they believed him when he said you were forced.

(beat)

You're not going to be recalled.

T'Pol takes this in, silent.

ARCHER

I know you must be very disappointed that he broke his promise to you... but on a selfish note, I'm glad he did.

(beat)

I didn't want to lose you.

A quiet beat.

T'POL

Maybe this incident will encourage others to speak out...

ARCHER

Let's hope so.

Somber but slightly hopeful, T'Pol turns and stares out the window...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END