



# "Singularity"

FINAL DRAFT

November 7, 2002

ENTERPRISE

REVISED

"Singularity"

09/20/02 be  
09/23/02 pk  
09/23/02 yw  
09/24/02 gn  
09/25/02 gd  
09/25/02 bf  
10/21/02 sn  
10/22/02 cy

40358-035

Written  
by  
Chris Black

Directed  
by  
Patrick Norris

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR  
PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH THE  
TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Copyright 2001 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights  
Reserved. This script is not for publication or reproduction. No  
one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed,  
please notify the Script Department.

Return to Script Department  
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION  
5555 Melrose Ave., Hart 105  
Los Angeles, CA 90038

FINAL DRAFT

NOVEMBER 7, 2002

ENTERPRISE: "Singularity" - 11/7/02 SETS

ENTERPRISE

"Singularity"

SETS

INTERIORS

ENTERPRISE

ARCHER'S QUARTERS  
ARMORY  
BRIDGE  
CORRIDOR  
ENGINEERING  
GALLEY  
MESS HALL  
READY ROOM  
SICKBAY  
SITUATION ROOM  
T'POL'S QUARTERS

EXTERIORS

SPACE/ENTERPRISE

ENTERPRISE:

"Singularity"

-

11/7/02

CAST

ENTERPRISE

"Singularity"

CAST

ARCHER

CUNNINGHAM

T'POL

TRIP

PHLOX

REED

MAYWEATHER

HOSHI

Non-Speaking

PORTHOS

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES

ENTERPRISE  
"Singularity"  
PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

DILITHIUM	die-LITH-ee-um
SATO	SAH-toe
MINARAN	min-AHR-an
RISA	RYE-suh
TERRELLIAN	teh-RELL-ee-un
SULIBAN	SOO-lih-bahn
MAZARITES	MAH-zahr-ites
ODEN	oh-DENg
TASAKI	tuh-SAH-kee
ZEPHRAM COCHRANE	ZEF-rum COCK-run
PROTOCYSTIAN	pro-toe-SIS-tee-an
ANDRONESIAN	an-droh-NEE-zhen
KREETASSA	kree-TASS-uh
PLOMEEK	PLO-meek

ENTERPRISE

"Singularity"

TEASER

FADE IN:

A1 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) (ADDED SCENE) A1

at impulse. Ahead in the distance, we see a TRINARY STAR SYSTEM: two bright, colorful stars and a swirling vortex, a BLACK HOLE (NOTE: This is a re-use of Scene 25A, not a new optical). We go to a MONTAGE OF SHOTS:

B1 INT. BRIDGE (ADDED SCENE) B1

A disturbing tableau: no one is at the helm... REED is slumped over his console, unconscious. We find TRIP sprawled on the floor near his station, also out cold. (Everyone should be positioned where they are during the climax of the show, from Scene 33 on.)

C1 INT. CORRIDOR (ADDED SCENE) C1

Three crew members lie on the deck, unconscious. Over this, we hear:

T'POL (V.O.)  
Science officer's log, August  
fourteenth, 2152...

D1 OMITTED D1

E1 INT. SICKBAY (ADDED SCENE) E1

An even more bizarre sight: a sedated MAYWEATHER is strapped to the central bio-bed, his head secured by a brace, prepped for surgery. PHLOX lies unconscious on the floor nearby, wearing his surgical gown (as seen in Scene 25).

T'POL (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Enterprise remains on course for  
the trinary system...

F1 INT. ARCHER'S QUARTERS (VPB) (ADDED SCENE) F1

Dimly-lit. ARCHER is unconscious at his desk (as in Scene 27A). Some TEXT can be seen on his monitor.

(CONTINUED)

F1 CONTINUED:

F1

T'POL (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
I've transmitted a distress call,  
but the nearest Vulcan ship is  
more than nine days away...

G1 INT. T'POL'S QUARTERS (VPB) (ADDED SCENE)

G1

T'POL paces the floor, apparently the only person still on her feet on Enterprise. Some MEDICAL DATA and a GRAPHIC OF THE TRINARY STAR SYSTEM are on her monitor (her Quarters should be dressed as we see them in Scene 12).

T'POL  
(continuing her log)  
By the time they arrive, they may  
only find debris... if that.

She pauses for a moment, gathering her thoughts.  
Then...

T'POL  
Even if Enterprise makes it past  
the black hole without being  
destroyed... it seems likely that  
the crew won't survive.

We hold for a long beat on T'Pol, before we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

H1 INT. T'POL'S QUARTERS (VPB) (ADDED SCENE)

H1

We find T'Pol seated at her desk, looking over MEDICAL DATA scrolling on her monitor. She continues her log:

T'POL

(to com)

I'm continuing my analysis of the condition that's stricken the crew... but without Doctor Phlox's assistance I'm not hopeful about reversing its effects. I'm documenting my findings so that Starfleet will at least have a record of what happened.

(then)

The symptoms began not long after we set a course for the trinary system... that was nearly two days ago...

DISSOLVE TO:

1 OMITTED

1

2 INT. SITUATION ROOM (VPB/OPTICAL)

2

Archer, T'Pol and Trip are gathered at the wall monitor, which shows a visually ENHANCED IMAGE of a BLACK HOLE; although normally invisible to the naked eye, T'Pol has adjusted the sensors to display the swirling, ghostly vortex.

ARCHER

(off graphic)

Black hole?

T'POL

A Class Four.

ARCHER

According to the Vulcan starcharts, your people have surveyed over two thousand of these things.

T'POL

That's correct.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

T'Pol touches a control, and the GRAPHIC ZOOMS OUT to show the black hole is part of a TRINARY STAR SYSTEM: three stellar bodies of different types are locked in an intricate gravitational dance.

T'POL

But none of them were part of a trinary star system.

ARCHER

(intrigued)

How close can we get?

T'POL

The gravitational shear between the stars is extreme... we'd have to drop to impulse...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

T'POL (cont'd)  
...but we should be able to  
approach to within five million  
kilometers.

TRIP  
(lightly)  
Close enough to get some nice  
pictures.

ARCHER  
(to T'Pol)  
How long would it take to reach  
the system at impulse?

T'POL  
Two days.

ARCHER  
Have Travis set a course.

T'Pol nods and moves off to the Bridge. Trip turns to  
follow, but Archer stops him...

ARCHER  
Trip.

Trip turns back to Archer.

ARCHER  
If you've got a little free time,  
I'd love you to take a look at my  
chair.

TRIP  
Sir?

Archer speaks in a low tone, as if he's a bit  
embarrassed to even bring this up.

ARCHER  
The Captain's chair...

TRIP  
What about it?

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED: (3)

2

ARCHER

You may have noticed, I don't sit  
in it very much.

TRIP

Is there a problem?

ARCHER

It's uncomfortable. If I lean  
back, I feel like I'm about to  
slide out of it. I have to sort  
of... perch on the edge.

TRIP

(lightly)

I always assumed it was the best  
seat in the house.

ARCHER

Take a look at it for me.

TRIP

I was going to purge the impulse  
manifolds...

ARCHER

(lightly)

The chair first, if you don't  
mind.

TRIP

(amused)

Aye aye, sir.

Trip moves off. OFF the light moment between them,  
we...

CUT TO:

3 OMITTED 3

4 INT. READY ROOM (VPB) 4

Archer is standing at his window, staring outside, lost in thought. The door CHIMES.

ARCHER

Come in.

T'Pol ENTERS, carrying a PADD.

T'POL

Good morning.

ARCHER

(a little distracted)

Morning.

T'POL

Am I interrupting?

ARCHER

No, no... just thinking about something...

She hands him the PADD.

T'POL

Today's duty roster.

ARCHER

Thanks.

He tosses the PADD onto his desk, his mind obviously on other things.

T'POL

Lieutenant Reed has a new security protocol he'd like to discuss with you.

ARCHER

I'll stop by the Armory.

(beat)

Anything else?

T'POL

Chef didn't report for duty this morning... he's ill.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

ARCHER

Is it serious?

T'POL

Doctor Phlox said it's a simple virus. He should be fine after a few day's rest.

(then)

Ensign Sato has offered to take charge of the Mess Hall. Apparently, she spends some of her free time in the Galley... and is eager for an opportunity to cook for the crew.

ARCHER

If it's all right with Chef...

His mind elsewhere, Archer sits at his desk and activates his computer screen, which shows written TEXT.

ARCHER

let me ask you a question...

(re: screen)

I received a manuscript from Earth... a biography of my father.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

ARCHER (cont'd)

I've been asked to write the preface. Would you mind reading it when I'm done?

T' POL

I'd be happy to.

ARCHER

If I can ever get it finished. I've been putting it off for weeks...

T' POL

The next two days should provide you with ample opportunity.

ARCHER

It's not that I haven't had the time...

Archer looks a little frustrated.

ARCHER

They only asked for a page. How am I supposed to sum up my father's life in a page?

(wry)

It would've been easier if they'd asked me to write the book.

T'Pol considers, then decides to offer some advice.

T' POL

Perhaps by focusing on one incident... a single event that exemplifies your relationship with your father... you'll be able to condense your thoughts.

ARCHER

Logical approach.

(light)

Maybe you'd like to write it for me?

T' POL

I'm hardly qualified.

She EXITS. Archer stares at his screen for a moment, then stands and goes back to the window, struggling to think of what to write...

CUT TO:

5 INT. GALLEY (VPB)

5

Our first glimpse of Enterprise's Galley: a compact and efficient kitchen equipped with a mix of hi-tech equipment (such as the Protein Resequencer) and good old-fashioned pots and pans. Hoshi is there with a Steward named CUNNINGHAM. They stand at a wall monitor, which displays the ship's MEAL SCHEDULE.

CUNNINGHAM

Chef was planning to make fried chicken tonight with scalloped potatoes, and some of the Minaran spinach we picked up on Risa.

HOSHI

The orange spinach?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CUNNINGHAM

(lightly)

He's convinced there's a way to  
make it edible.

HOSHI

Why don't we let him tackle that  
when he gets back? I have  
something else in mind.

She touches a control and the monitor changes to a page  
of JAPANESE WRITING.

HOSHI

It's one of my grandmother's  
specialties... the recipe's been  
passed down for generations.

CUNNINGHAM

(re: recipe)

I'll need a translation before I  
can program the protein  
resequencer.

HOSHI

Oh, no. You can resequence all  
the chicken and potatoes you want.

She starts moving about the galley, grabbing a large  
pot, some cooking utensils, etc.

HOSHI

But I'm making this from scratch.

As she works...

CUT TO:

6 INT. SICKBAY

6

Phlox is working in Sickbay, grinding some alien herbs  
with an old-fashioned mortar and pestle. A beat, and  
Mayweather ENTERS.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

PHLOX

Ensign! Is there something I can do for you?

MAYWEATHER

I've got a little headache... nothing serious.

PHLOX

Why don't you let me have a look?

Phlox gestures toward the bio-bed. Mayweather hesitates.

MAYWEATHER

I was hoping you could just give me something. I'm right in the middle of upgrading the navigation sensors...

PHLOX

It would be irresponsible to dispense medication without examining you first...

(re: bio-bed)

Please.

Mayweather sits on the bio-bed, and Phlox places his hands on Mayweather's neck, making a preliminary physical exam.

PHLOX

Any other symptoms? Dizziness... blurred vision?

MAYWEATHER

No.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

PHLOX

How long have you had it?

MAYWEATHER

A couple of days... on and off.

As Phlox retrieves his medical scanner and makes a few adjustments...

PHLOX

I've been meaning to have you drop by Sickbay in any case.

(off his look)

To see if you've had any problems since I removed the neural implants you received at the repair station.

MAYWEATHER

You think it could have something to do with that?

PHLOX

I never rule out anything. Then again, it could be as innocuous as muscular tension...

Phlox runs his scanner over him.

PHLOX

On the other hand, Terrellian plague starts out with a simple headache... then all manner of nasty things begin to happen.

OFF Mayweather, enduring the medical scan...

CUT TO:

7

INT. BRIDGE

7

T'Pol sits at her station, peering into her viewer intently, making quick, precise adjustments on her console. Nearby, Trip and an ENGINEERING N.D. work on the Captain's chair. Trip is using a compact POWER TOOL to detach the metal plate under the chair that holds it to the deck... it's making a loud WHRRRRRING NOISE.

TRIP

(to the N.D., re: chair)  
Push it forward... that's good...  
hold it there.

Trip puts the powered wrench to work: WHRRRRR, WHRRRRR!

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

T' POL  
(over the racket)  
Commander.

He continues to work... WHRRRRR!

T' POL  
(louder)  
Commander.

Trip stops and looks up to T' Pol.

T' POL  
Perhaps you could finish that  
later.

TRIP  
(re: chair)  
This may not be as glamorous as a  
black hole, but the Captain gave  
me an order.

T' POL  
He also requested detailed sensor  
readings of this trinary system.

TRIP  
I thought Vulcans had all this  
mental focus and discipline...

T' POL  
We also have sensitive hearing.

They look at each other for a beat... an impasse. Then:

T' POL  
I'll be in my quarters.

TRIP  
We'll let you know when we're  
done.

Trip and the N.D. turn back to their work... WHRRRRR!  
T' Pol grabs a PADD and pulls a few data modules from  
their slots on her console. As she EXITS to the  
Turbolift...

CUT TO:

8

INT. ARMORY

8

Reed stands over a torpedo with an ARMORY N.D. Two more  
N.D.s work in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

REED  
(re: torpedo)  
Keep those target discriminators  
aligned.

As Reed talks, Archer ENTERS and moves toward him.

REED  
(continuing, to N.D.)  
We don't want a torpedo mistaking  
one of our own nacelles for an  
enemy vessel.

The N.D. nods and moves off. Reed turns to face Archer.

ARCHER  
You asked to see me, Malcolm?

REED  
I would have come to you, sir.

ARCHER  
It's no problem. What's on your  
mind?

Reed moves to the main console and picks up a PADD...

REED  
I've been reviewing our encounters  
with hostile species... The  
crew's response has been  
admirable, but I feel we can do  
better.

ARCHER  
And you have a proposal...

REED  
I've been thinking about a ship-  
wide emergency alert... something  
more comprehensive than "battle  
stations."  
(enthused)  
We're taking too long to react to  
potential threats. With a single  
order from you, or an impact to  
the hull, the plating could be  
polarized, weapons brought on-  
line, critical systems secured...

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED: (2)

8

ARCHER

I appreciate your concern,  
Malcolm, but this isn't a warship.

Reed hands Archer the PADD.

REED

That's obvious, sir.  
(intent)

During our last run-in with the  
Suliban, we were unprepared for  
their boarding parties. When the  
Mazarites attacked, they disabled  
our aft sensors with their first  
shot. The list goes on...

ARCHER

(off PADD, wry)  
I can see that.

Archer considers this for a beat, then he hands the PADD  
back to Malcolm.

ARCHER

Run this by the senior officers.  
Get some feedback and we'll talk  
again.

REED

(pleased)  
Yes, sir.

As Archer turns to go...

ARCHER

And Malcolm?  
(off his look)  
Don't call it "battle stations."  
Think of something less...  
aggressive.

Reed nods. As Archer EXITS, we go off Reed, pleased...

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) 9

At impulse.

10 INT. MESS HALL 10

The Mess Hall is fairly busy as a dozen N.D.'s eat lunch. In the b.g. we see Hoshi moving from table to table, making sure that everyone is enjoying their meals. Trip and Reed are seated together having lunch; both men are working on PADDs. Trip's bowl is empty, while Reed's is barely touched (they are eating a Japanese dish called "oden").

REED  
"Condition Red"?

Trip is focused on his own work.

TRIP  
(distracted)  
Hm?

REED  
What about Condition Red... for  
the new security protocol?

TRIP  
Why don't you just call it  
"Security Protocol"?

REED  
That's not very... dynamic.

But Trip has returned his attention to his own PADD.

TRIP  
Do you think a cup-holder's too  
much?

REED  
Pardon?

Trip spins his PADD around to show Reed. He's clearly enthused about his own project.

TRIP  
For the Captain's chair. He just  
wanted the seat adjusted, but I  
figured as long as I'm working on  
it...

REED  
Just what the Captain needs in a  
crisis... a place to rest his  
beverage.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

A bit defensive, Trip points to some features on his PADD.

TRIP

I'm also upgrading the status displays. He'll be able to access tactical data from the armrest.

REED

If you really want to improve tactical readiness why don't you help me with this protocol?

(NOTE: We should notice a slight tension between the two men. Each man is extremely focused on his own task, almost to the point of obsessiveness. It should be played subtly here, but as the story continues this behavior will become more pronounced, affecting the entire crew. We'll eventually discover this uncharacteristic behavior is being caused by radiation emanating from the trinary star system.)

TRIP

(off his PADD)

I'm a little busy right now, Malcolm.

REED

It's a chair.

TRIP

It's the Captain's chair. It's just as important as your... "Reed Alert."

REED

(thoughtful)

Reed Alert? That's not bad.

Before Trip can continue, Hoshi steps up to the table.

HOSHI

Enjoying your lunch?

Trip, still irked at Reed, looks up at her...

TRIP

Yeah... thanks. It was terrific.

HOSHI

It's called "oden"... every Japanese family has their own way of preparing it.

Trip looks around the room...

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

TRIP  
(genuine)  
Well, it seems to be a big hit.  
Congratulations.

HOSHI  
(pleased)  
Thank you.

She looks to Reed, noting that he's hardly touched his food.

HOSHI  
You barely touched yours,  
Lieutenant.

But Reed has already turned his attention back to his PADD, and he's completely absorbed in his work.

REED  
(distracted)  
It was lovely.

She reaches for Reed's plate.

HOSHI  
I'll get you a fresh bowl.

REED  
That won't be necessary.

HOSHI  
It's no problem.

REED  
Please... I'm not hungry.

HOSHI  
(pressing)  
Are you sure there was nothing  
wrong with it?

Reed finally turns his attention to her.

REED  
Well... it was a bit salty.

Hoshi reacts, taken aback. (As we'll see, the object of Hoshi's own obsessive behavior will be her cooking, specifically the oden she's prepared for this meal).

HOSHI  
Salty?

Hoshi takes a spoon off the table and takes a small taste of Reed's food.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

HOSHI  
Tastes fine.

Reed stands, collecting his PADD.

REED  
(absently)  
It must just be me then...  
everyone else seems to be enjoying  
it...

As he moves off, we hold on Hoshi. She picks up Reed's bowl and takes another taste. Is it too salty? As a look of frustration and concern grows on her face...

CUT TO:

11 INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

11

Mayweather lies on the bio-bed, still in his uniform. Phlox looks at some medical readouts on the MONITOR above.

MAYWEATHER  
(impatient)  
How much longer is this going to  
take?

PHLOX  
That depends.

Mayweather is getting frustrated and anxious.

MAYWEATHER  
On what?

For his part, Phlox is growing a bit terse (as we'll discover, his Denobulan physiology is making him even more susceptible to the radiation; in later scenes, he'll grow increasingly obsessed with discovering the cause of Mayweather's headache.)

PHLOX  
Hold still, Ensign.

MAYWEATHER  
I have to get back to the Bridge.

PHLOX  
I'm afraid you won't be returning  
to duty today.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MAYWEATHER

The Captain needs those upgrades,  
Doctor.

PHLOX

(interrupting)

When it comes to medical matters,  
my authority overrides the  
Captain's. I'm keeping you  
overnight for observation.

MAYWEATHER

But your scans didn't show  
anything!

PHLOX

That's what concerns me.  
Whatever's afflicting you may be  
laying dormant. I'm going to run  
a full biomolecular scan to see if  
we can find where it's hiding.

(firmly)

Now lie back and don't move.

Phlox touches a control and the biobed slides into the  
Imaging Chamber. As the doors to the chamber close...

CUT TO:

11A INT. ARCHER'S QUARTERS

11A

Archer (in uniform) is pacing the room, dictating his  
preface to the computer. He's grown even more  
preoccupied by the preface; the effects of the radiation  
have made him uncharacteristically agitated and short-  
tempered.

ARCHER

(to com)

When I was about eight years old,  
my father took me on a tour of the  
Warp Five facility outside  
Bozeman, Montana. He introduced  
me to the people he worked with...  
scientists with names like  
Tasaki... and Cochrane. At the  
time, I didn't realize the  
significance of those names... or  
the significance of my father's  
work.

Porthos lets out a small whimper -- he's hungry.

ARCHER

(to com)

Computer, pause.

The computer beeps.

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

ARCHER  
(to Porthos, annoyed)  
I'll feed you in a minute.  
(to com)  
Computer, resume recording...

Another beep.

ARCHER  
(dictating, to com)  
In a way, creating a stable warp  
field mirrored the...  
(thinks)  
...the flux of emotions my father  
felt when he embarked on the...  
(hating it, to com)  
Computer, pause. Delete the last  
paragraph... hell, delete the  
whole thing!

The computer beeps. Another whimper from Porthos.  
Archer turns to him with a flash of anger:

ARCHER  
Quiet!

Porthos quietly lays down in a corner. OFF Archer as he  
paces darkly, mind turning...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

12

T'Pol is at her desk, working at a monitor that shows a graphic of the TRINARY STAR SYSTEM seen earlier. The door CHIMES.

T'POL

Come in.

Trip ENTERS, carrying a Starfleet equipment case. He sets it on the floor.

TRIP

(clipped)

Here's your sensor interface.  
What's the emergency?

T'Pol reacts, a bit taken aback by his brusque attitude. (As we'll learn, the radiation that's affecting the crew has no effect on T'Pol's Vulcan physiology.)

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

T'POL

(re: monitor)

The trinary system is emitting unusual radiation... I'm trying to identify it.

TRIP

You dragged me up here so you could identify radiation?

(annoyed)

You said it was urgent!

T'POL

(calmly)

I said it was important.

TRIP

I get it... you're paying me back... making me jump through hoops because I was making too much noise.

(no response)

Well, you'll be happy to know I moved the Captain's chair down to Engineering... so it's nice and quiet on the Bridge now.

T'POL

I prefer to work here.

She moves to the equipment case and begins to open it.

T'POL

(re: case)

I'll need your assistance.

TRIP

(temper flaring)

Weren't you listening to me? I don't have time to cater to your whims! You want to get your name immortalized in the Vulcan database? Get someone else to help you do it!

T'Pol eyes him with concern.

T'POL

Are you feeling all right, Commander?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

## TRIP

(ignoring her, on a rant)  
I know you don't think this chair is important, but you're wrong! What's the most critical component on this ship? The main computer, the warp reactor? Uh-uh, it's the crew, and the most important member of the crew is the Captain! He makes life and death decisions every day, and the last thing he needs to be thinking in a critical situation is "Gee, I wish this chair wasn't such a pain in the ass!"

With that, Trip EXITS. OFF T'Pol, puzzled by the bizarre encounter, not sure what to make of it...

CUT TO:

13 INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

13

Mayweather sits on a bio-bed, still in uniform. Phlox is scanning him with a hand-scanner. The radiation is affecting both men: Mayweather has grown nervous and impatient, almost paranoid about getting back to his post; Phlox, on the other hand, has become obsessed with finding the cause of Mayweather's headache. His normal bedside manner has been replaced by a cold, clinical intensity. A long beat goes by as Phlox works...

## MAYWEATHER

(eager to leave)  
Doctor?

## PHLOX

Shh!

## MAYWEATHER

When are you going to --

## PHLOX

(cutting him off)  
Ah-ah!

After a moment, Phlox snaps the scanner shut and moves to a monitor, absorbed in the work. Mayweather stands.

## MAYWEATHER

I've got just enough time to shower and get changed...

## PHLOX

I haven't discharged you, Ensign.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

MAYWEATHER

(anxious)

I haven't slept all night... and I'm supposed to go on duty in fifteen minutes!

PHLOX

(intent)

I need to perform a cerebral micro-section.

MAYWEATHER

(alarmed)

A what?

PHLOX

Lie down.

MAYWEATHER

No more tests! I have to get to the Bridge!

He heads for the door, but Phlox grabs him by the arm, stopping him.

PHLOX

(re: a bio-bed, coolly)

I'm giving you an order.

Mayweather hesitates, his mind turning.

MAYWEATHER

If I don't finish those upgrades, I could get a reprimand... it'll be in my permanent record.

PHLOX

You have far more to worry about than a blemish on your record.

He points to medical data on a nearby read-out.

PHLOX

Do you see... here? Your cortical scan shows elevated levels of serotonin, and several other neurotransmitters.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (2)

13

MAYWEATHER

What does that mean?

PHLOX

I'll let you know once I've completed the micro-section.

MAYWEATHER

(anxiety rising)

Can't it wait until after my shift?

PHLOX

Absolutely not!

MAYWEATHER

(spinning out of control)

If the Captain doesn't think I can handle my duties, I'll be scrubbing plasma conduits on D-Deck for the next five years! I could be court-martialed!

PHLOX

And if you're carrying a protocystian spore, and you infect the rest of the crew? How will that reflect on you?

Phlox steps toward him, pressing...

PHLOX

Or what if you suddenly suffer a seizure at the helm, because you've contracted Andronesian encephalitis?

Mayweather takes a step backward, a little intimidated by Phlox's intensity.

PHLOX

There's something wrong with you, Ensign... and I intend to find out what it is.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED: (3)

13

A tense beat: Mayweather feels cornered by the near-maniac Doctor. He stands his ground:

MAYWEATHER

Not today... not during my shift... unless you're ready to tie me to a bio-bed, I'm going back to the helm!

He brushes past Phlox and heads for the door. Phlox watches him go, then:

PHLOX

At least let me give you an analgesic for your headache.

Mayweather stops.

MAYWEATHER

(relieved)

That's all I wanted in the first place.

Phlox gestures to the bio-bed, and Mayweather sits back down while Phlox prepares a hypospray.

PHLOX

If it gets any worse, or you suffer any other symptoms, return here immediately.

Mayweather nods. Phlox presses the hypospray to Mayweather's neck. A beat, and Mayweather gets an odd look on his face. His eyelids flutter...

MAYWEATHER

What did you --

Mayweather sags, falling unconscious. Phlox sedated him! Phlox supports Mayweather and lays him back down on the bio-bed. OFF the troubling incident, we...

CUT TO:

14

INT. ENGINEERING

14

Trip has Archer's chair set up near his station. He's working intently on the chair with some tools. Reed ENTERS purposefully, carrying a PADD.

REED

(off PADD)

I've been working on the new security protocol...

He hands the PADD to Trip... who immediately sets it aside on a console without looking at it. Reed continues, not seeming to notice.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

REED

Obviously, the warp reactor must be secured immediately during a Tactical Alert...

TRIP

(absently)

Tactical Alert?

REED

(wry)

I considered your suggestion... "Reed Alert," but it seemed a bit narcissistic.

Trip points to a tool lying on a console near Reed.

TRIP

Hand me that hyperspanner, would you?

Reed hands the tool to Trip, who goes back to work on the chair.

REED

I've also been working on a new alert signal. Tell me what you think...

He taps a few buttons on a nearby companel and an ALARM sounds loudly. Trip finally looks up from his work. It's clear he hasn't been paying attention to anything Reed's been saying.

REED

(over alarm)

Or this one...

Reed taps the companel again and the ALARM changes to an even more irritating tone. Trip moves to the companel and taps off the ALARM.

REED

(re: alarms)

Which do you prefer?

TRIP

For what?

REED

A Tactical Alert.

TRIP

They both sound like a bag full of cats.

REED

They were designed to get your attention.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

Trip clearly just wants Reed out of his hair...

TRIP  
(re: PADD)  
I'll look this over and get back  
to you.

REED  
I also need your help on an  
emergency shutdown procedure for  
the EPS grid --

TRIP  
(irked)  
I said I'll get back to you.

Reed is indignant over Trip's dismissive attitude.

REED  
(sarcastic)  
Fine. Let's hope we don't suffer  
a catastrophic reactor breach in  
the meantime.

He turns to go. As he heads for the door, Trip calls  
out to him:

TRIP  
Malcolm!

Reed turns, hopeful Trip's had a change of attitude.

TRIP  
One of your boys borrowed my laser  
micrometer... if you're heading to  
the Armory could you grab it for  
me?

Angry, Reed quickly EXITS. Trip goes back to work, as  
though he's already forgotten Reed was even there...

CUT TO:

15 OMITTED

15

16 INT. GALLEY

16

Hoshi works over the stove, intent on a large pot she's  
carefully stirring. We see ingredients for sandwiches  
abandoned on the counter nearby -- as if she started  
making lunch then abruptly stopped. Cunningham ENTERS,  
glances around, sees the unprepared food on the counter.

CUNNINGHAM  
(concerned)  
Ensign?

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

No response. Hoshi is immersed in the dish she's making.

CUNNINGHAM

If we don't serve something soon,  
we're going to have a riot on our  
hands.

Hoshi ignores him, holds out a spoonful of the broth.

HOSHI

Is this too salty?

Cunningham hesitates, so Hoshi tastes it herself.

HOSHI

(frustrated)  
Something's not right...

She continues to cook.

HOSHI

(an order)  
Hand me some of that Kreetassan  
spice. I'll add it to the stock.  
(beat)  
Oh, and I'm out of carrots.

CUNNINGHAM

(trying to get through to  
her)  
There are twenty-five people  
waiting for --

HOSHI

(cutting him off,  
impatient)  
Carrots!

CUNNINGHAM

With all due respect, you've been  
cooking the same meal over and  
over again...

HOSHI

I believe I'm in charge of the  
galley.

CUNNINGHAM

I understand that, but --

HOSHI

You're relieved.

CUNNINGHAM

(taken aback)  
Ma'am?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

HOSHI

Get out!

A beat, then Cunningham EXITS. As Hoshi returns to her cooking with even greater intensity...

CUT TO:

17 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

17

The ship continues at impulse.

17A INT. ARMORY (ADDED SCENE)

17A

Reed is alone, working on one of the torpedoes. T'Pol ENTERS. She approaches him on the opposite side of the torpedo, which blocks her view of the lower half of his body.

T'POL

Lieutenant, I need your assistance with --

REED

(interrupting)  
Clearance code?

T'POL

I beg your pardon?

REED

What's your clearance code?

She gives him a puzzled look.

REED

(explaining)  
The Armory is a restricted area.

T'POL

Restricted to the First Officer?

Reed looks at her, a bit frustrated. He explains, trying to make his point.

REED

How do I know you're the First Officer?

(as if it should be obvious)

We've encountered species that can alter their appearance... they could masquerade as any one of us. I've issued codes to all senior officers to reveal if the ship's been infiltrated by imposters.

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED:

17A

T'POL

Part of your new security protocol?

REED

It was sent to your console in a voice-encrypted command packet.

T'POL

I haven't been to the Bridge for several hours.

Reed looks a bit put out, but he doesn't pursue it. He goes back to work on the torpedo.

T'POL

As I was saying, I need assistance establishing a sensor interface in my quarters. I asked Commander Tucker, but he became... agitated. It was uncharacteristic, even for him.

(then)

Have you noticed anything odd about his behavior?

But Reed ignores her question, and is looking at her suspiciously.

REED

Why would you want to access the sensor array from your quarters?

T'POL

I was asked to run detailed scans of the trinary star system.

As she speaks, Reed steps from behind the torpedo to face her. She now notices that he's wearing a holstered phase-pistol. Although Reed does nothing overtly threatening, the mere presence of the weapon suddenly adds a strange menace to the scene.

REED

I wasn't informed.

T'POL

It isn't a tactical issue...

(then, carefully)

Lieutenant, why are you armed?

REED

From now on, security personnel are to wear sidearms in all restricted areas.

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED: (2)

17A

T' POL

Have you cleared this with the Captain?

REED

It's in my proposal.

T' POL

Has he approved your proposal?

REED

I've been trying to get him to pay closer attention to security since we left Spacedock.

(venting)

But he's more interested in fraternizing with the crew... inviting them to breakfast, or to watch water polo. I intend to implement some long overdue changes... if the Captain won't approve them, I'll go directly to Starfleet Command.

(then, abruptly)

Was there anything else?

T'Pol reacts, taken aback by Reed's tirade.

T' POL

No.

As Reed goes back to work, we hold on T'Pol, concerned by the encounter.

T' POL (V.O.)

It wasn't long before I realized the odd behavior wasn't limited to Commander Tucker...

CUT TO:

17B INT. T'POL'S QUARTERS (VPB) (ADDED SCENE)

17B

T'Pol sits at her desk, continuing her log. MEDICAL DATA is seen on her monitor.

T' POL

In fact, everyone I encountered was acting strangely, growing consumed with matters that seemed trivial at best. I also discovered that, although I appeared to be immune, the Captain was not...

(CONTINUED)

17B CONTINUED: 17B

OFF T'Pol, we...

CUT TO:

18 INT. ENGINEERING (VPB/OPTICAL) 18

Trip is working at his station. We see Archer's chair now lies in pieces on the deck. Archer ENTERS carrying a PADD. He reacts with surprise to the state of his chair.

ARCHER

What happened to my chair?

Trip points to the pieces of chair strewn at his feet.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

TRIP

Did you know that this chair is the exact same model used on Neptune-Class survey ships?

ARCHER

(annoyed)

Is that why you called me down here?

TRIP

(on a roll)

Enterprise is the first Warp Five vessel in human history... the pride of the fleet. And you're sitting in a chair they've been using on Warp Two ships for over a decade!

(then, proclaiming)

You deserve better, so I'm starting from scratch. I'm going to build you a throne!

Trip points to a spot a few feet behind Archer.

TRIP

Stand over there.

Trip picks up a hand-held SCANNING DEVICE.

TRIP

I need to take a few parametric scans to get your exact dimensions. This baby's going to fit like a glove!

Archer reacts to the piece of hardware Trip is now aiming at him.

ARCHER

(wary)

Isn't that used for aligning phase coils?

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

TRIP  
(lightly)  
You won't feel a thing.

As Trip tinkers with his scanner, Archer focuses on his own preoccupation: the preface.

ARCHER  
(re: PADD)  
As long as I'm down here, maybe I  
can get your opinion...

Trip nods as he makes some final adjustments to the scanner. Archer raises his PADD.

TRIP  
Don't move!

Archer holds his PADD steady and begins to read.

ARCHER  
"How does one measure a man's  
legacy? Is it defined by the  
works he's created... the  
technological advances that will  
forever alter the course of human  
history?"

As Archer speaks, Trip activates his device. As Trip runs the scanner over him, a GRID PATTERN is projected onto Archer's body, measuring his dimensions. Simultaneously, a detailed schematic of Archer's physical dimensions appears on a monitor.

TRIP  
Turn around.

Trip is focused on his measurements and not paying much attention to Archer's preface. Archer, for his part, is so wrapped up in his writing that he doesn't realize Trip isn't listening. Archer turns and the GRID PATTERN is now projected onto his back.

ARCHER  
(continuing)  
"If so, then no man since Zephram  
Cochrane himself has made a more  
lasting contribution to the future  
of humankind than my father,  
Doctor Henry Archer --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

TRIP

All done.

Archer looks up. Trip is fiddling with his scanner.

ARCHER

What do you think?

Trip glances up. He clearly hasn't heard a word Archer said.

TRIP

Sounds good.

ARCHER

(pleased)

Let me read you the rest.

TRIP

I really need to get to work on this --

ARCHER

There's just a few more pages.

TRIP

How many more?

ARCHER

Nineteen.

TRIP

Nineteen? Are you writing the preface or the book?

ARCHER

(sharply)

I have a lot to say.

TRIP

No kidding.

ARCHER

(growing angry)

What's that supposed to mean?

TRIP

If I may, sir... it's a little long-winded.

Archer's temper flares -- he steps forward, getting in Trip's face.

ARCHER

(an edge)

You're lucky you're a decent engineer... because you obviously don't know anything about writing.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED: (4)

18

TRIP

(back at him)

I'm not the only one.

A tense beat... it almost looks as though this might come to blows... then Archer turns and heads for the door...

CUT TO:

19 INT. MESS HALL

19

The Mess Hall is empty. Archer ENTERS, still on edge from his encounter with Trip. He reaches the serving counter and slides open one of the cases. It's empty. He pulls open the next case... and the next... growing angrier as he discovers they're all empty. He turns and quickly EXITS...

CUT TO:

20 INT. GALLEY

20

Hoshi and T'Pol are in mid-conversation. T'Pol continues to be unaffected by the radiation, but Hoshi is terse and combative.

HOSHI

I have eighty-three people to feed, not just senior officers.

T'POL

All I requested was a bowl of Plomeek broth.

HOSHI

I don't have time for special orders.

(re: pot of oden)

Anyway, you'll like this better.

Archer ENTERS, aggravated.

ARCHER

(to Hoshi)

Where's lunch?

HOSHI

It'll be ready in a minute, sir.

ARCHER

I don't have a minute.

HOSHI

(curt)

If you're that hungry, find a ration pack.

T'Pol watches with increasing concern -- what's happening to the crew?

T'POL

Captain, may I speak with you?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

He ignores her, grabbing a nearby bowl. He moves to the pot of soup and tries to grab the ladle, but Hoshi stops him. Over the following exchange, we PUSH IN on T'Pol, who's realizing that something is seriously wrong...

HOSHI

This is a very complex recipe... I  
won't serve it until it's right!  
(adamant)  
My family's reputation is at  
stake!

The moment is shattered by a loud ALARM coming from the com system. It's the same irritating alarm that Reed played for Trip in Engineering.

REED'S COM VOICE

This is a Tactical Alert! All  
hands report to your stations! I  
repeat, this is a Tactical Alert!

OFF T'Pol, troubled by the crew's bizarre behavior...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. BRIDGE 22

ALARM still blaring! Archer quickly ENTERS from the Turbolift, T'Pol right behind him -- both are concerned that there might be some kind of emergency. Reed is working at his station, consumed by his security protocols. A couple of N.D.s work in the b.g. The crew's behavior is spinning out control -- agitated, short-tempered, even more absorbed by their singular obsessions. T'Pol continues to watch with concern, not yet sure how to handle the situation.

ARCHER  
(to Reed, sharply)  
Report!

REED  
(off console, terse)  
The crew's response was unacceptable. Thirty-eight percent of them failed to report to their stations... our critical systems haven't been secured... and I still haven't heard from Engineering.

ARCHER  
(angry, re: alarm)  
Shut off that damned noise!

Reed taps a control, silencing the alarm.

ARCHER  
(fuming)  
I don't remember authorizing a tactical drill.

REED  
(defensive)  
It wouldn't be much of a drill if everyone knew about it, sir.  
(checks panel)  
One minute, fifteen seconds.

ARCHER  
What?

REED  
It took you one minute, fifteen seconds to reach your post.  
(pointed)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

REED (cont'd)  
I'd expect more from our  
Commanding Officer... the crew  
follows your example.

Before Archer can respond, Trip ENTERS from the  
Turbolift.

REED  
(checks panel, to Trip)  
One minute, forty-nine seconds.

Trip ignores him, looks to Archer.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

TRIP  
(urgent)  
You might want to see this,  
Captain.

Trip moves into...

23 NEW ANGLE - SITUATION ROOM (VPB)

23

As Trip works the WALL MONITOR, Archer enters, followed by Reed. T'Pol looks on. The monitor shows the SCHEMATIC for an elaborate new CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

TRIP  
(to Archer, proudly)  
Interactive status displays...  
secondary helm control... it's  
even got inertial micro-dampers.  
The ship could be shaking apart  
and you'd hardly feel a thing!

REED  
(outraged)  
You ignored a Tactical Alert for  
this?

TRIP  
(ignoring him, to Archer)  
I want to run some colors by you  
for the headrest...

Tension rising:

REED  
(to Trip)  
This is all a big joke to you.

TRIP  
Give it a rest!

REED  
This isn't a bloody pleasure  
cruise! Without proper discipline  
this mission is doomed!

TRIP  
Why don't you go play soldier  
somewhere else?

REED  
(intense)  
If this were a military situation,  
you'd be taken out and shot!

Trip LUNGES at Reed, SLAMMING him against the bulkhead!  
They STRUGGLE briefly, then Archer PULLS them APART.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

ARCHER

(to Trip, angry)

I don't care what color the  
headrest is, or whether it can  
serve me iced tea! I just want a  
place to sit when I'm on duty!

(then to Reed)

And if I hear that alarm again, I  
may have you taken out and shot!

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

He turns to T'Pol.

ARCHER  
(an edge)  
Unless there's a real emergency,  
like a reactor breach, I don't  
want to be disturbed.

He EXITS to the Turbolift. As we PUSH IN on T'Pol, who realizes she's got to do something...

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED

24

24A INT. ARCHER'S QUARTERS (VPB)

24A

Minutes later. Archer is sitting at his desk, intensely studying his monitor, which is filled with the text of his preface. The door CHIMES. (NOTE: Porthos is off-camera.)

ARCHER  
(irked)  
Go away!

After a beat, T'Pol ENTERS, determined but cautious -- she knows the Captain is in a precarious frame of mind.

ARCHER  
(annoyed at the intrusion)  
Do I need to start locking my  
door?

T'POL  
(calmly)  
You said to interrupt you if there  
was an emergency. I believe there  
is.

ARCHER  
(working, dismissive)  
Is that right?

T'POL  
The crew's behavior has become  
erratic, even by human standards.  
They've grown distracted...  
everyone I've encountered appears  
to be preoccupied with trivial  
matters. Ensign Sato's recipe,  
for example...  
(pointed)  
Your preface.

(CONTINUED)

24A CONTINUED:

24A

Archer ignores her, staring at the monitor screen.

T'POL  
(pressing on)  
We should declare a medical  
emergency and have Doctor Phlox  
examine the crew.  
(beat)  
I suggest he begin with you.

Archer stares at her for a long beat... for a moment, it  
seems as though she might've reached him... then he  
turns back to the monitor.

ARCHER  
I'm busy.

T'POL  
Captain --

ARCHER  
(temper flaring)  
Dismissed!

T'POL  
(standing her ground,  
trying to reach him)  
Your crew is in danger.

Archer stands, threatening.

ARCHER  
I gave you an order. I suggest  
you follow it, or I'll have you  
confined to quarters until a  
Vulcan ship can come and get you.

A tense beat. T'Pol realizes that Archer's too far  
gone. She turns and EXITS. Archer sits back at the  
desk and stares blankly at the monitor...

CUT TO:

25 INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

25

Dimly-lit, except for a single bright surgical lamp  
shining down on Mayweather, who lies sedated on the  
central bio-bed. Mayweather's head and neck are being  
held in position by a SURGICAL BRACE designed for  
cranial operations. Phlox, now wearing his surgical  
gown and gloves, is removing SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS from  
an autoclave, setting them on a nearby tray. Like the  
others, he's in a bizarre and dangerous mental state.  
As he sets the tray near Mayweather, T'Pol ENTERS.  
She's come to seek out his help, but stops when she sees  
the disturbing tableau.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

PHLOX

You're just in time, Sub-Commander! There's a surgical gown in the compartment by the microscope.

He picks up an exotic-looking scalpel.

PHLOX

This is a rare opportunity to explore the human brain.

She moves to him with concern.

T' POL

(re: Mayweather)

Was he injured?

PHLOX

A headache.

He indicates the wall monitor, which shows a CEREBRAL MICRO-SECTION of Mayweather's brain.

PHLOX

At first I thought it was simple vascular dilation... then I discovered a chemical imbalance in his pre-frontal cortex.

He moves to Mayweather with the scalpel...

PHLOX

(intent)

I'm going to begin by extracting the first twelve millimeters of his parietal lobe. A sub-cellular analysis of the tissue should shed some light on the mystery.

Realizing that Phlox is not himself, T'Pol quickly takes him by the arm.

T' POL

Doctor.

Phlox hesitates.

T' POL

(cautiously)

You may want to delay the procedure. We have a larger problem... the entire crew is ill.

PHLOX

They'll have to wait.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

He turns back to the bio-bed, but T'Pol holds him firmly.

T'POL

You've been affected, as well.

Phlox stares at her a moment, then:

PHLOX

Please remove your hand.

A tense beat.

PHLOX

I won't ask you again.

He subtly glances at the scalpel he's holding, an unspoken threat. It's a chilling moment. T'Pol lets go of his arm, and Phlox turns his attention back to Mayweather, eager to begin.

PHLOX

(to T'Pol)

I'll let you know when I've completed the --

Phlox seizes, and we reveal that T'Pol has applied a Vulcan NERVE PINCH to his neck. Phlox slumps into her arms, and she gently lowers him to the floor. She stands, then moves to the wall monitor showing the micro-section of Mayweather's brain. As she studies the data with interest...

CUT TO:

25A EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

25A

at impulse. In the far distance, we can now see the TRINARY SYSTEM -- two bright, colorful STARS and a swirling VORTEX of energy and matter, the BLACK HOLE.

25B INT. CORRIDOR

25B

T'Pol is walking with intent, carrying a hand-held medical scanner. She passes TWO CREWMEMBERS, who are lying slumped against bulkheads. One of them is unconscious, the other staring blankly at the wall, semi-conscious. T'Pol stops and briefly scans each of them with concern, then keeps moving...

26 INT. GALLEY

26

Hoshi is sitting in a chair, slumped over the counter-top, unconscious (as we saw her in the Teaser). Various food ingredients are scattered about, and the POT of oden is BUBBLING OVER on the burner.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

T'Pol ENTERS and takes in the scene. She steps to Hoshi and runs her medical scanner over her. A beat, and she moves to the bubbling pot and deactivates the burner. Over this, we hear:

T'POL (V.O.)

The crew's bio-signs were growing erratic. I began to doubt any of them would survive more than a few hours.

CUT TO:

26A INT. T'POL'S QUARTERS (VPB) (ADDED SCENE)

26A

T'Pol sits at her desk, working her console. The story has now caught up with her ongoing log entries.

T'POL

(continuing her log)

Ironically, the Doctor's... obsession with Ensign Mayweather's headache has provided some useful data.

She taps controls as she continues, and various DATA and MEDICAL GRAPHICS scroll on the screen.

T'POL

His cerebral scans have helped me determine that the radiation from the trinary system is causing --

She's interrupted by a BEEP from her computer terminal, and a new GRAPHIC appears on the screen.

T'POL

Computer, pause.

The computer BEEPS and T'Pol intently examines the graphic. On her screen, we SEE:

A SCHEMATIC OF THE TRINARY SYSTEM. A plume of radiation fans out from the system, but it DOESN'T EXTEND EVENLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS. Instead, it stretches out in a wide fan shape in one direction, like a large, misshapen funnel.

T'POL

Computer, resume log.

The computer BEEPS and T'Pol continues, a glimmer of hope in her voice.

T'POL

My radiometric analysis of the system is complete.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26A CONTINUED: 26A

T'POL (cont'd)  
As I suspected, reversing course  
won't take us out of danger  
quickly enough: the radiation  
appears to extend outward for at  
least half a light year in every  
direction...  
(then, pointed)  
...except one.

She works the console, and a COURSE IS PROJECTED THROUGH  
THE CENTER OF THE TRINARY SYSTEM... INTO CLEAR SPACE.

T'POL  
If I can chart a course between  
the stars, we could escape the  
radiation before the crew  
succumbs...  
(a beat)  
But I won't be able to pilot the  
ship alone.

We MOVE IN on T'Pol's face, her mind working...

27 OMITTED 27

27A INT. ARCHER'S QUARTERS (VPB) 27A

Archer is slumped on his desk, semi-conscious, the  
preface still on the monitor, unchanged. T'Pol ENTERS,  
carrying a Starfleet THERMOS, determined to jolt Archer  
back to reality. She gently shakes him.

T'POL  
Captain.

He doesn't respond. She shakes him again, this time  
more firmly.

T'POL  
Captain Archer!

Archer opens his eyes and lifts his head, disoriented.  
She places an arm around him and tries to get him to his  
feet.

T'POL  
(urgent)  
You're needed on the Bridge.

ARCHER  
(groggy)  
I told you... not to disturb me...

T'POL  
(undeterred)  
We have very little time.

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED:

27A

Keeping him steady on his feet, she tries to maneuver him across the room...

ARCHER  
(confused)  
What are you doing?

She edges him toward the (off-camera) bathroom...

T'POL  
Your crew may be dying.

ARCHER  
What?

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED: (2)

27A

T'POL

Do you remember the trinary star system?

ARCHER

(struggles to focus)

The one with the black hole...

T'POL

It appears to be emitting a dangerous form of radiation...

They EXIT into...

27B NEW ANGLE - BATHROOM

27B

As T'Pol turns on the light, then guides Archer into the SHOWER STALL...

T'POL

(continuing)

It's affecting your pre-frontal cortex... I believe that's why you and the crew have been exhibiting obsessive behavior.

She leans him against the wall of the shower, steps outside the stall, and begins to work a control panel by the door, adjusting the temperature.

T'POL

Some of the crew's bio-signs are already unstable... if you're exposed to the radiation much longer, you won't survive.

She taps a final control and the SHOWER TURNS ON, spraying COLD WATER onto Archer! He reacts, startled, waking up a little, now.

T'POL

(prompting)

Do you understand what I'm telling you?

ARCHER

(re: shower)

Turn it off!

T'POL

Do you understand?

ARCHER

Yes! Radiation!

Archer tries to step out of the stall, but T'pol pushes back inside. A beat as Archer stands under the ice-cold water, starting to wake up a little...

(CONTINUED)

27B CONTINUED:

27B

ARCHER

Tell Phlox... if the crew's sick,  
tell Phlox...

T'POL

He's been affected, as well.

ARCHER

But not you...

T'POL

Vulcan physiology seems to be  
immune.

ARCHER

(thinking through his  
haze)

Bring us about... turn the ship  
around...

T'POL

It's not that simple.

Sensing that Archer is starting to come around, T'Pol taps the panel and the shower TURNS OFF. She reaches for a towel and hands it to him. As Archer towels off, T'Pol removes the cup from the top of the thermos and pours some coffee...

T'POL

If we go back the way we came,  
we'd spend two more days in the  
radiation field.

She steps into the stall and places the coffee in his hands, brings the cup to his mouth and helps him drink...

T'POL

I've charted a course that will  
have us clear of the radiation in  
less than seventeen minutes.

ARCHER

(distracted)

Lousy coffee...

T'POL

(ignoring him, urgent)

But we'll have to pass within two  
million kilometers of the black  
hole... there's considerable  
debris and gravitational shear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27B CONTINUED: (2)

27B

T'POL (cont'd)  
Someone needs to pilot Enterprise  
while I determine the course  
corrections.

ARCHER  
Travis...

T'POL  
He's been sedated.

Archer looks at her, realizing...

ARCHER  
I'm in no condition... to fly a  
starship...

T'POL  
We have no other choice.

Archer hesitates, trying to pull himself together. It's  
clear that T'Pol won't take no for an answer.

T'POL  
(prompting, wry)  
Would you like me to help you  
change your clothes?

A beat, then:

ARCHER  
I'll manage.

Archer steps out of the stall, determined, but he's  
still fighting the effects of the radiation and has to  
steady himself against the stall. T'Pol moves to help  
him, but he waves her off and heads toward the living  
area. OFF T'Pol, hoping they can pull this off...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28-32 OMITTED

28-32

32A EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

32A

speeding at impulse through a MASSIVE FIELD of SWIRLING GASSES and DEBRIS -- rocky fragments, ragged chunks of ice, streams of interplanetary dust -- all of it being slowly SWEPT toward the distant, off-camera black hole.

33 INT. BRIDGE

33

SHAKING! T'Pol is peering into her viewer, calculating course corrections. Archer is working the steering column at the helm, trying hard to stay alert (he's in a fresh uniform, hair tousled from the shower). Both are extremely tense -- they're on the final stretch of their journey.

Reed can be seen slumped over his console, unconscious; Trip lies on the deck near his station, semi-conscious; a couple of N.D.s are lying in the b.g. (NOTE: The Captain's chair is still absent.)

T'POL  
(off viewer)  
More gravitational shear!

She turns to him, urgent:

T'POL  
We're too far to port!

ARCHER  
You said bearing two-point-four!

T'POL  
Twelve-point-four!

ARCHER  
My mistake.  
(works helm)  
Twelve-point-four!

A beat, then the shaking subsides, but the ship continues to TREMBLE slightly from the spatial forces outside.

T'POL  
(returning to her viewer,  
pointed)  
Do you need more coffee?

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

ARCHER

That depends... how much longer is  
this going to take?

T'POL

Six minutes.

ARCHER

I'm good for that.

T'POL

(suddenly, off viewer)  
Another shear-front...

She looks from her viewer to a panel, where she makes a  
few calculations.

T'POL

You need to rotate our  
longitudinal axis by twelve  
degrees, then bring our flight  
vector to zero-one-four mark two-  
seven.

ARCHER

(working, still hazy,  
trying to keep up)  
Hold, hold on... zero-what?

T'POL

Zero-one-four...

ARCHER

(finishing the  
corrections)  
...mark two-seven.

34

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

34

as it TURNS slightly to STARBOARD and ANGLES DOWNWARD  
through the streaming gasses and debris. As it executes  
the maneuver, a few tiny chunks of rock STRIKE the HULL!

35

INT. BRIDGE

35

Brief SHAKING from the impacts!

ARCHER

(re: helm)  
That wasn't me!

T'POL

(off viewer)  
Just minor debris.  
(works)  
The hull plating is holding.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

T'Pol works as the ship continues to tremble slightly.  
After a beat:

T'POL  
(off viewer, puzzled)  
Our lateral vector is drifting...

She glances at Archer, who's struggling to keep track of  
the various navigation displays.

T'POL  
(prompting)  
Captain.

ARCHER  
(ragged)  
Give me a second...

He eyes the helm, then sees the problem, works a  
control.

ARCHER  
(frustrated with himself)  
I feel like I'm back in flight  
school.

T'POL  
(encouraging)  
You're doing well.  
(then, off viewer)  
New heading: zero-zero-six mark  
four.

Archer works in response, fighting exhaustion...

CUT TO:

35A

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

35A

flying through the vast debris field.

35B

INT. BRIDGE

35B

Slightly trembling, as before. T'Pol notices something  
in her viewer.

T'POL  
Captain...

ARCHER  
(off Viewscreen)  
I see it.

35C INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL) 35C

In the distance, we can see a HUGE, irregularly-shaped MASS of ROCK several hundred meters in diameter. As Archer works the helm, carefully maneuvering the ship out of harm's way...

35D EXT. SPACE - THE MASS OF ROCK (OPTICAL) 35D

begins to slowly but violently CRACK APART, BREAKING into DOZENS of smaller FRAGMENTS, which DISPERSE!

35E INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL) 35E

Archer is steering like crazy, trying to avoid the ONSLAUGHT of DEBRIS!

ARCHER  
We need weapons!

T'POL  
There isn't time!

35F EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) 35F

A very quick SHOT of the ship BANKING its way through the DEBRIS, as a larger CHUNK careens directly toward the HULL!

35G INT. BRIDGE 35G

WHAM!! A HARD JOLT from the impact, followed by a loud, irritating ALARM -- Reed's Tactical Alert! On the Viewscreen, DEBRIS is whizzing dangerously past!

T'POL  
(reacts to her console)  
Weapons are all on-line... it must've been part of the new security protocol...

ARCHER  
Fire!

T'Pol works...

36 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) 36

is FIRING the two forward PHASE-CANNONS, which rapidly BLAST a few of the FRAGMENTS directly ahead, blowing them to pieces!

37 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL) 37

A long, tense moment as Archer works the helm... on the Viewscreen, we see the last couple of FRAGMENTS fly past harmlessly... the ship is clear of the debris. Archer leans back in his chair, relieved and on the brink of collapse. The ship continues to tremble slightly, and the alarm continues to sound.

ARCHER  
(re: alarm)  
Could you shut that off?

T'Pol works, silencing the alarm.

ARCHER  
How much longer?

T'POL  
(off viewer)  
Less than two minutes.

ARCHER  
Any more surprises?

T'POL  
Nothing on sensors.

A long beat, then we reveal that Trip has been roused by the commotion, disoriented:

TRIP  
Did we get some nice pictures of  
the black hole?

OFF the moment...

38 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) 38

as the ship FLIES THROUGH the last few layers of gas and debris... then enters OPEN SPACE. After a beat, Enterprise JUMPS to WARP!

CUT TO:

38A INT. SICKBAY (ADDED SCENE) 38A

A short time later. Some of the crew has begun to arrive in Sickbay; eight or so CREWMEMBERS sit on bio-beds or stand, waiting for Phlox to tend to them.

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED:

38A

At the moment, Phlox is scanning Mayweather, who sits on the center bed. Everyone seems fatigued and out of sorts.

PHLOX

How are you feeling?

MAYWEATHER

(groggy)

A little tired, but the headache's gone... what'd you do?

PHLOX

Very little... fortunately.  
You're free to go.

Over this, Archer and T'Pol ENTER. As Mayweather passes them on his way out...

MAYWEATHER

Captain.

Archer and T'Pol move to Phlox, as he tends the next patient.

ARCHER

How's the crew?

PHLOX

I've detected no lingering effects from the radiation. Mostly just rattled nerves... a few bruises and sprains from when some of them lost consciousness.

He glances at T'Pol, a little disconcerted by his recent behavior.

PHLOX

I appreciate your...

(gestures a Vulcan nerve  
pinch)

...intervening before I could get any further with Mister Mayweather's procedure.

T'POL

I wasn't certain it would work on a Denobulan.

PHLOX

It worked quite effectively, I can assure you.

Archer is puzzled by this exchange.

ARCHER

What procedure on Mister Mayweather?

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED: (2)

38A

PHLOX

The radiation affected my nervous system rather severely. I'll provide you with a full report when I've finished treating the crew.

At this point, two more CREWMEMBERS walk in. Phlox turns to them:

PHLOX

(to crewmembers)  
I'll be with you in a moment!

CUT TO:

39 OMITTED

39

39B INT. READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

39B

At warp, the next day. Archer works at his monitor.  
The door CHIMES.

ARCHER

Come in.

Reed ENTERS.

REED

You wanted to see me, Captain?

ARCHER

I did.

Reed stands stiffly before the Captain. He's clearly  
expecting some kind of reprimand.

ARCHER

While T'Pol and I were navigating  
the debris field, your "Tactical  
Alert" went off.

REED

I heard, sir. I've already  
deactivated the new protocols.

(CONTINUED)

39B CONTINUED:

39B

ARCHER

You shouldn't have. They brought the weapons on-line right when we needed them.

(then)

If you have no objection, I'd like to make it standard procedure.

REED

(pleased)

No objection, sir.

Archer picks up a PADD and heads for the door. As they EXIT...

ARCHER

You still need to work on that alarm.

REED

I'll get right on it.

40 INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

40

Archer and Reed ENTER. Trip and an N.D. have re-installed the Captain's chair; they're using power tools to tighten the deck-bolts. T'Pol, Hoshi, Mayweather, N.D.s at their consoles. As Reed takes his station, Archer steps to his chair, eyes it.

ARCHER

Doesn't look any different to me.

TRIP

(mischievous)

Give it a try.

Archer sits down... reacts... it seems different.

ARCHER

Hmm.

He slowly shifts his butt farther back in the seat... reacts again.

ARCHER

Feels better. What'd you do?

TRIP

(proudly)

Cross your legs.

Archer crosses his legs, reacts.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

ARCHER

What'd you do? Seems totally different.

TRIP

I lowered it... by one centimeter.

Archer continues to test out the chair, swivels a little.

ARCHER

That's all?

TRIP

Didn't have time to install the new status displays, or the inertial micro-dampers... but if you give me a couple of days...

ARCHER

(feeling out the chair)  
I think this'll be fine, Commander. Thanks.

TRIP

How 'bout I just attach the cup-holder?

ARCHER

This'll be fine.

As Trip and the N.D.s pick up their tools and EXIT... Archer leans back in the chair and punches a control on the PADD he's been using to write the preface...

ARCHER

(to T'Pol)  
How does this sound...

SMASH CUT TO:

41

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

41

flying at warp.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOURTHE END