

STAR TREK ENTERPRISE

FUTURE TENSE



With

Scott Bakula.....	Cap. Archer
Jolene Blalok.....	Vicecom. T'Pol
John Billingsley.....	Dr. Phlox
Dominic Keating.....	Ten. Reed
Anthony A.T. Montgomery.....	Guard. Mayweather
Linda Park.....	Guard. Sato
Connor Trinneer.....	Com. Tucker
Vaughn Armstrong.....	Amm. Forrest
Cullen Douglas.....	Sulibano

SPACE EXPLORERS MAKE A LARGE NUMBER OF UNPREDICTABLE ENCOUNTERS. LIKE A SHIPWRECK.



No bio-signs... the hull seems to scatter our sensors.



Bring it to launch bay 2! Any idea what happened?

No weapon signatures. Possibly some sort of accident.



A REALLY INTERESTING
OBJECT.



It is the bow
or the stern...?

This might be a
hatch...



REED GETS A PHASER TO OPEN
THE DOOR.



ARCHER HIMSELF REMOVES IT...



...GETS IN FOR A LOOK...



...MAKING A NASTY DISCOVER.



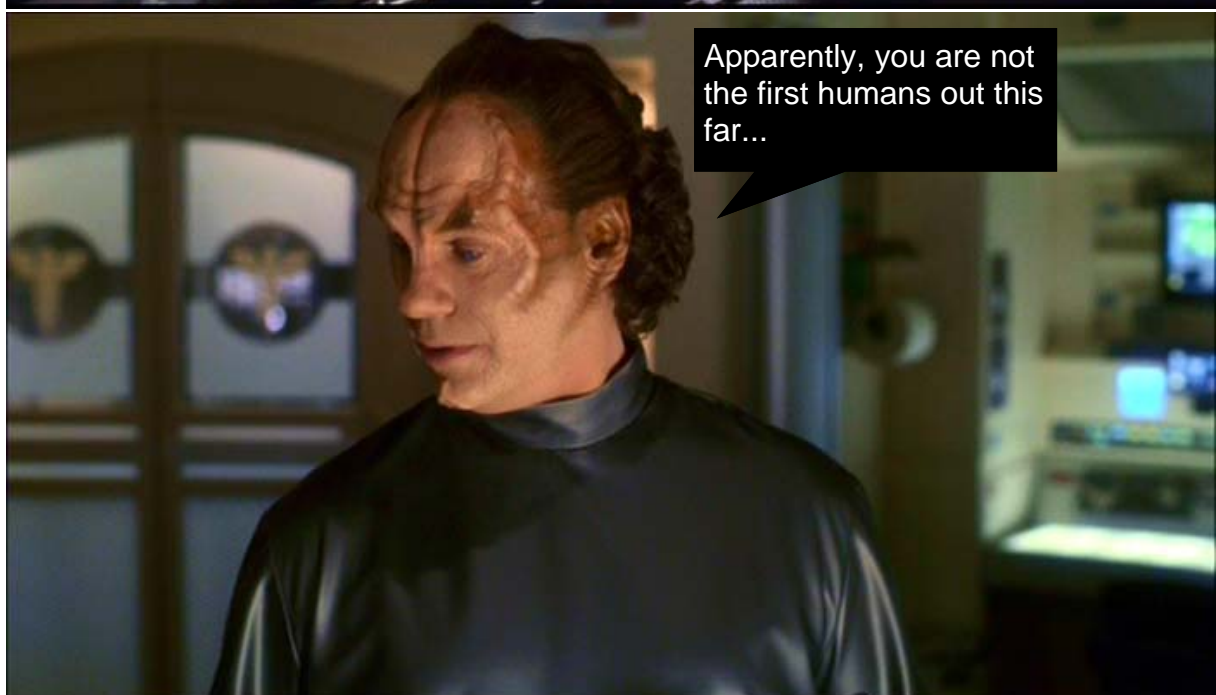


He's human.

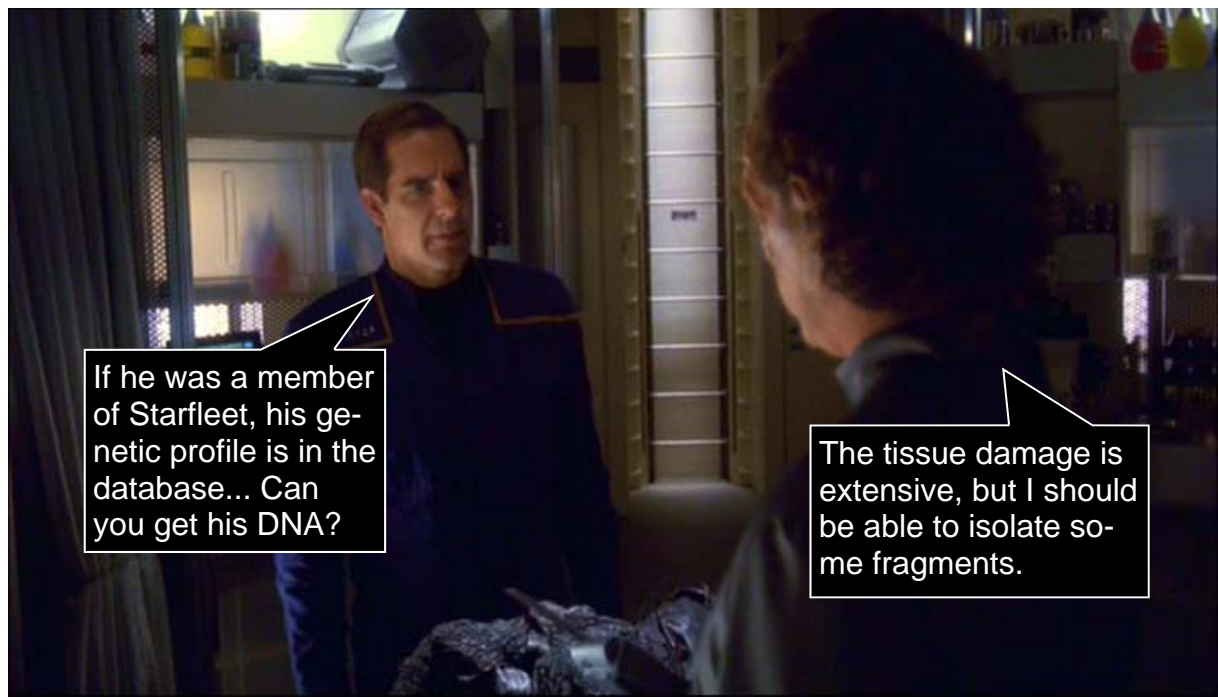


This was a human male. A scan should tell us his age...

DR. PHLOX IS GOING TO INVESTIGATE.



Apparently, you are not the first humans out this far...

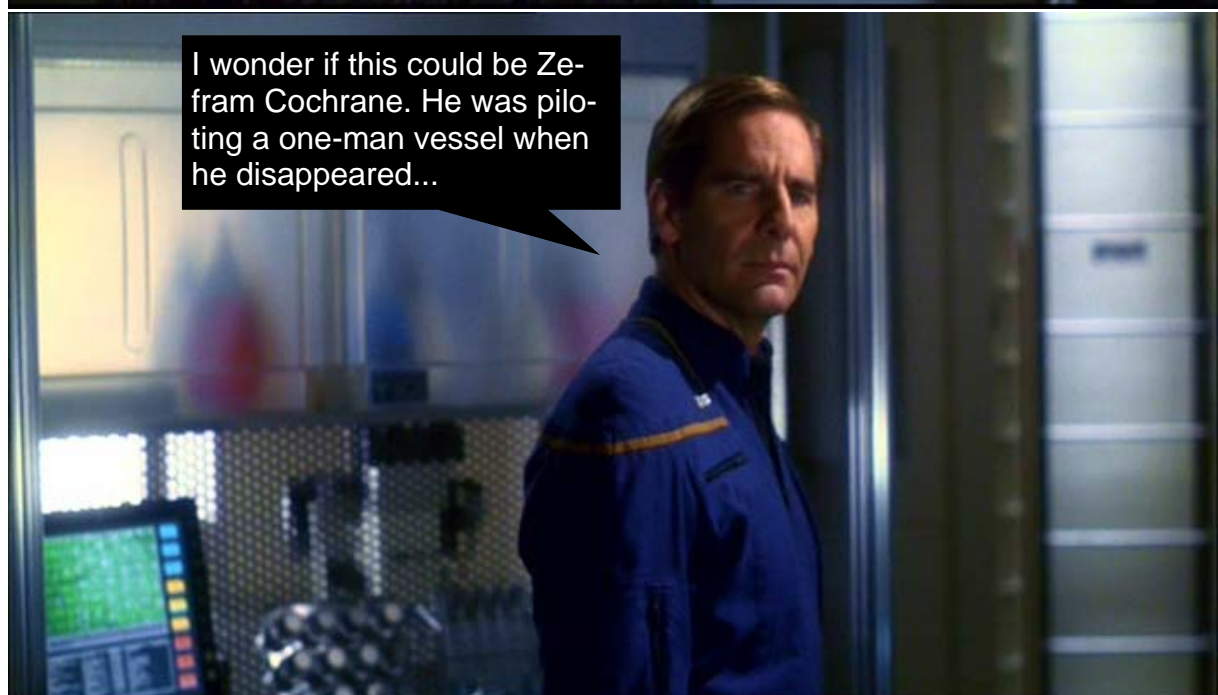


If he was a member of Starfleet, his genetic profile is in the database... Can you get his DNA?

The tissue damage is extensive, but I should be able to isolate some fragments.



There are no ships or inhabited systems for several light years...



I wonder if this could be Zefram Cochrane. He was piloting a one-man vessel when he disappeared...



How could he have travelled this far?

They say he was testing some kind of experimental warp ship...



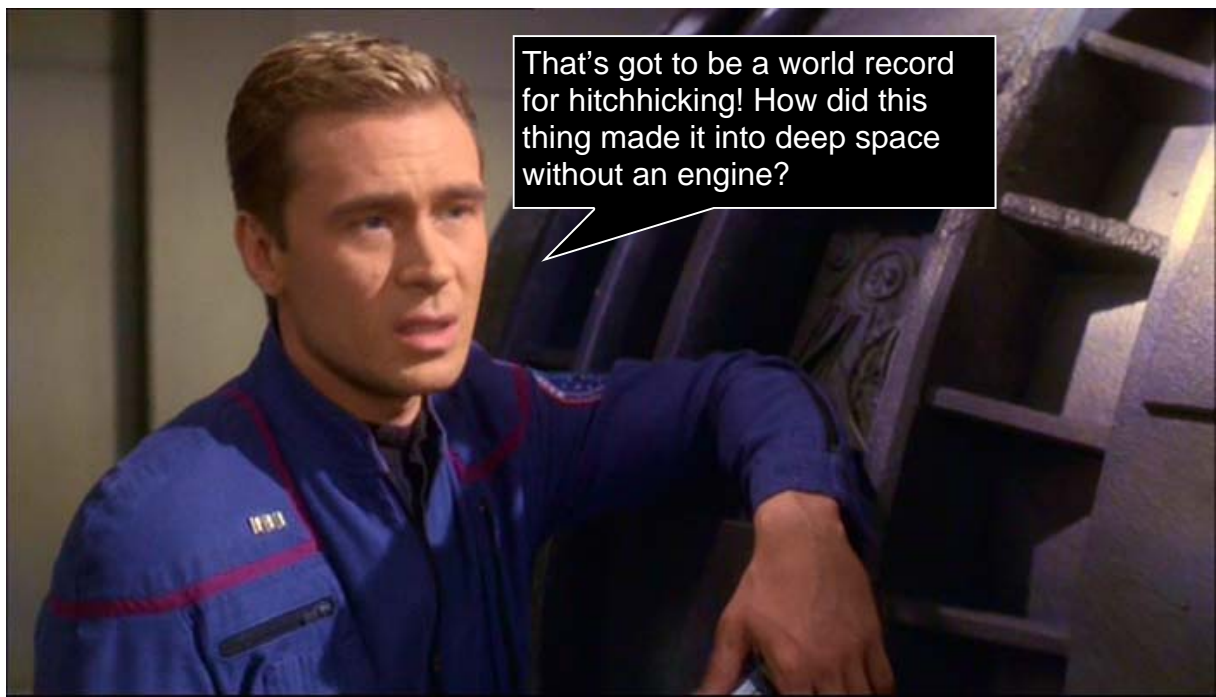
The hull seems to absorb EM radiations...

THE SHIP'S ANALYSIS DOESN'T GIVE MUCH HELP.



We are more than 30 years light from the nearest trade route... How did he made it?

Maybe he got a ride from someone...



That's got to be a world record for hitchhiking! How did this thing made it into deep space without an engine?

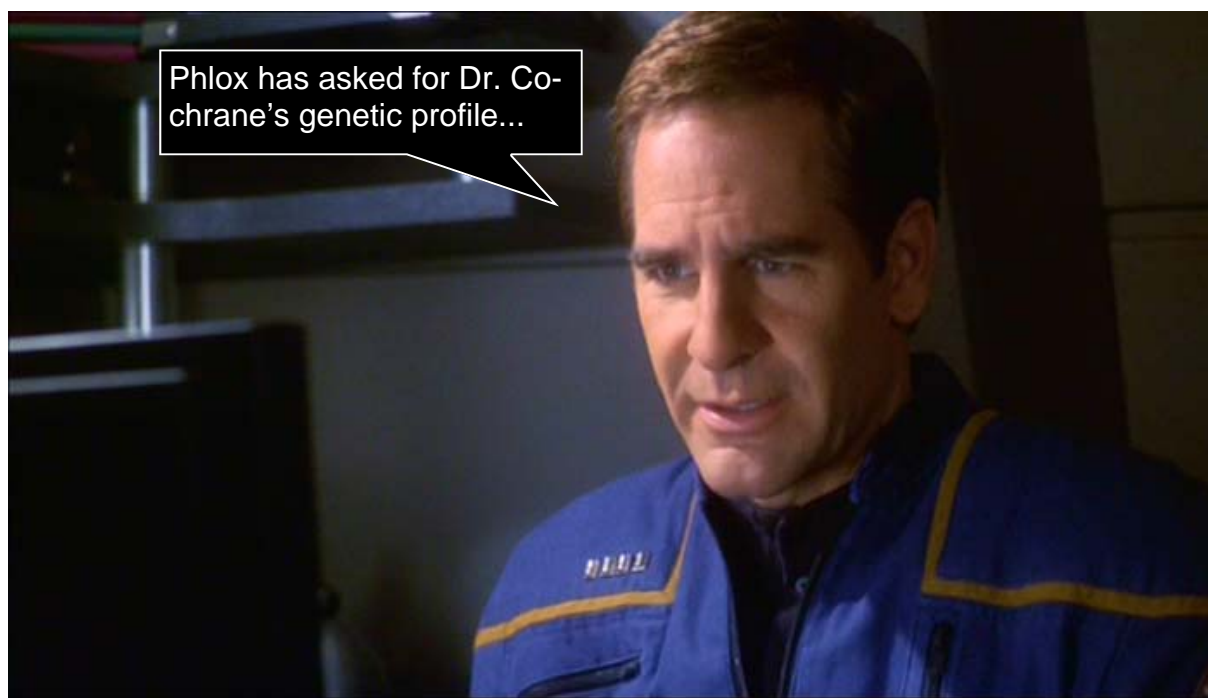


MEANWHILE ARCHER REPORTS TO ADMIRAL FOR-REST.

Any new mission you haven't told us about...?



I wish it was! It's possible it was launched from the Vega colony but they are a long way behind you.



Phlox has asked for Dr. Cochrane's genetic profile...



You might have solved the greatest missing-person case of the century...



**TUCKER AND
REED GO ON
WITH THE SHIP.**

Maybe we should get Phlox to come down...

It looks as organic circuitry...

AN HEAVY HATCH IS LIFTED...

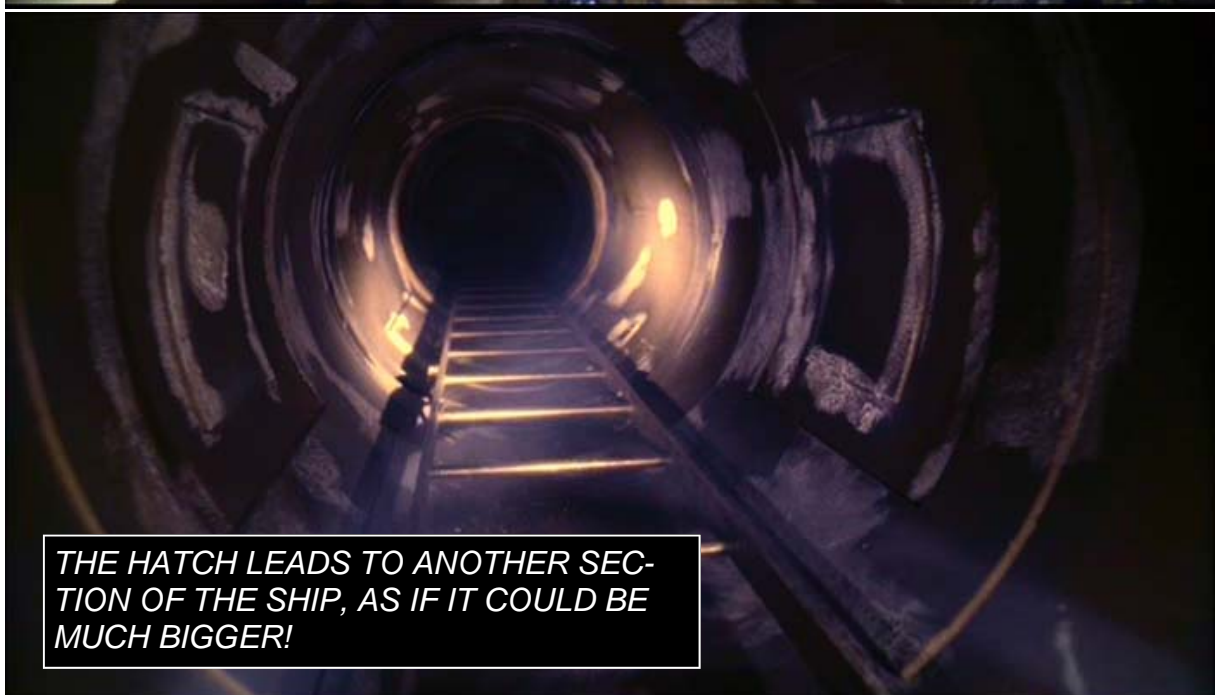


...SHOWING AN INCREDIBLE SURPRISE.



But... Am I hallucinating...?

THE HATCH LEADS TO ANOTHER SECTION OF THE SHIP, AS IF IT COULD BE MUCH BIGGER!



THE TWO MEN COME DOWN FOR
AN INCREDIBLE INSPECTION...

I have never heard a theory
that would explain this...



What do you think,
a warp reactor...?



I'm picking up an
energy signature...





UNPREDICTED NEWS ON THE BRIDGE.

Sir, a vessel has dropped out of warp...



THE SHIP IS ON THE SCREEN.



It's suliban. I don't believe it's a combat ship...



We're being
hailed...



*THE SULIBAN IS NOT PROPERLY
KIND.*

We have a salvage claim
on the vessel in your
launch bay. We were sent
to retrieve it.



I don't believe I had
the pleasure... And
the pilot is human!



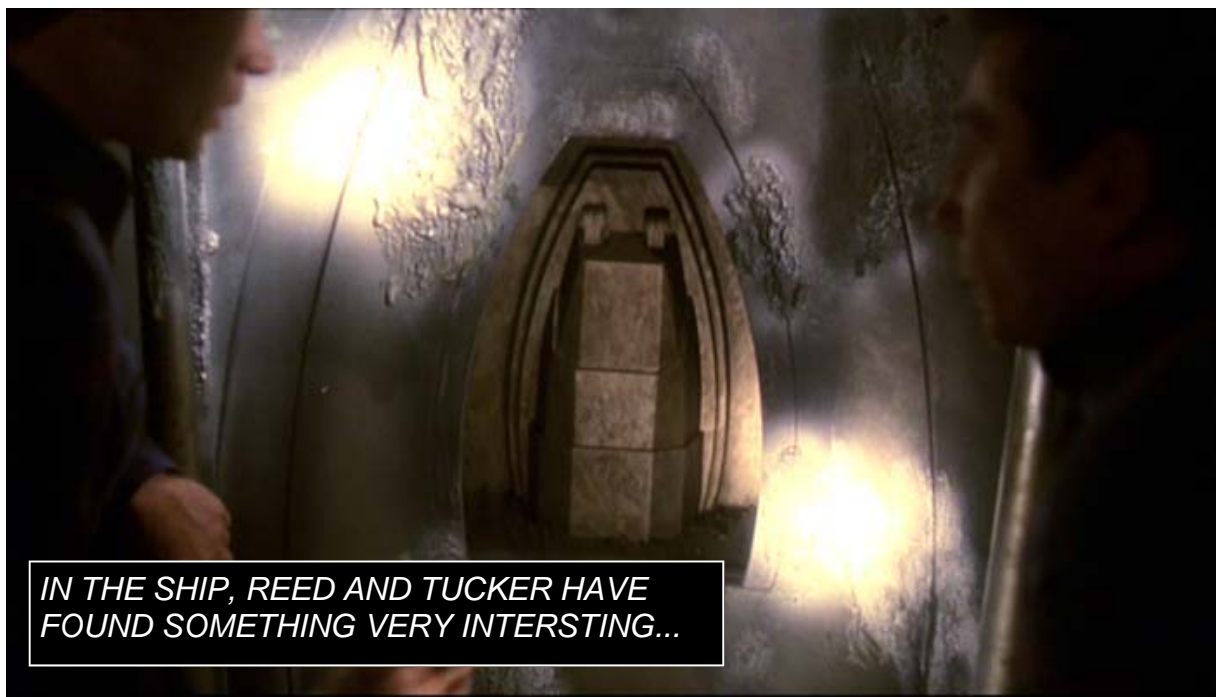
I'm not interested in the corpse... Release the vessel! Now!



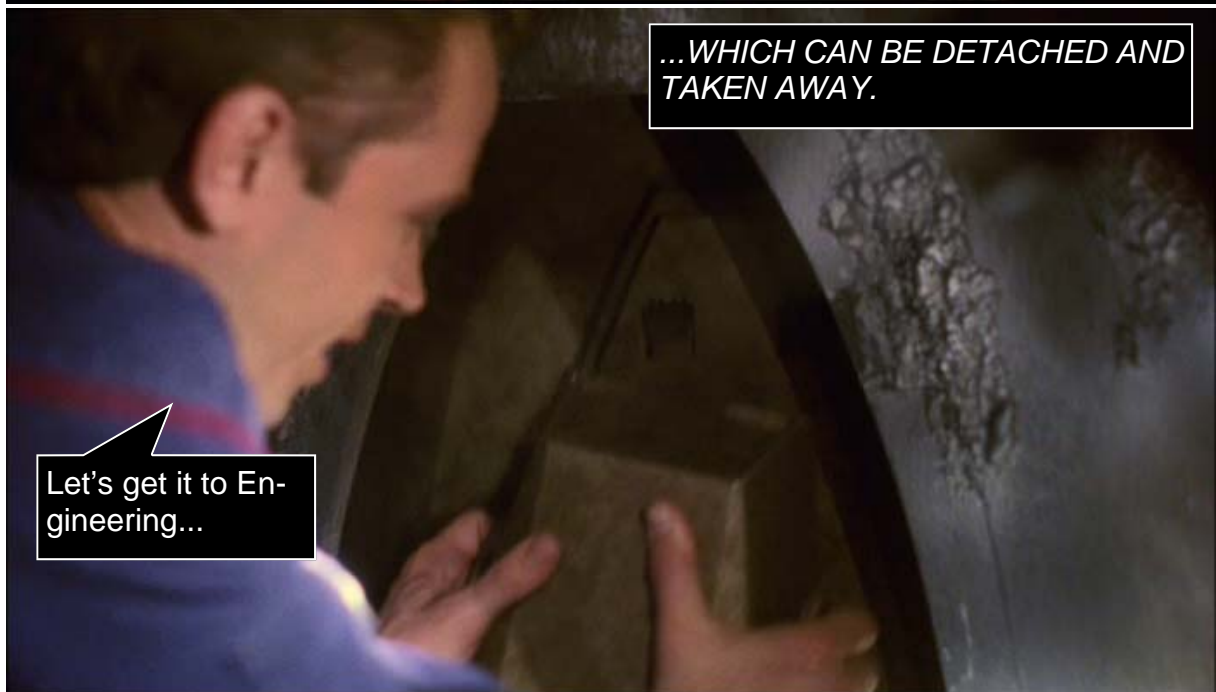
What's your interest in that ship? I don't respond well to threats...



They are charging weapons...



IN THE SHIP, REED AND TUCKER HAVE
FOUND SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING...



...WHICH CAN BE DETACHED AND
TAKEN AWAY.

Let's get it to En-
gineering...



SULIBANS ATTACK THE
ENTERPRISE.



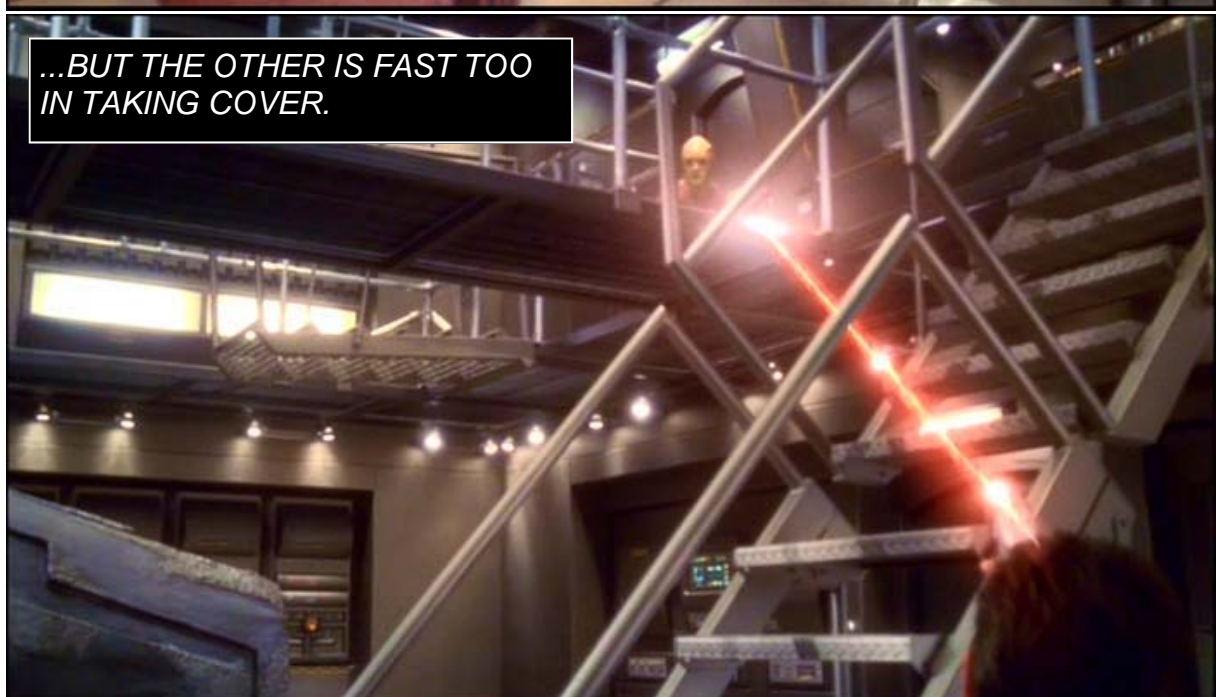




ANOTHER SULIBAN APPEARS...



REED IS VERY FAST TO GET A PHASER
AND STUN AN INTRUDER...



...BUT THE OTHER IS FAST TOO
IN TAKING COVER.



HE FIRES BACK TO REED...



...AND LOCKS HIMSELF IN
THE CONTROL ROOM.



They're trying to
open launchbay 2!

Lock them out! And
send a security team!

HOSHI IMMEDIATELY UNDER-
STANDS THEIR INTENTIONS.

*MEANWHILE TRAVIS HAS REVERSED
THE BATTLE...*

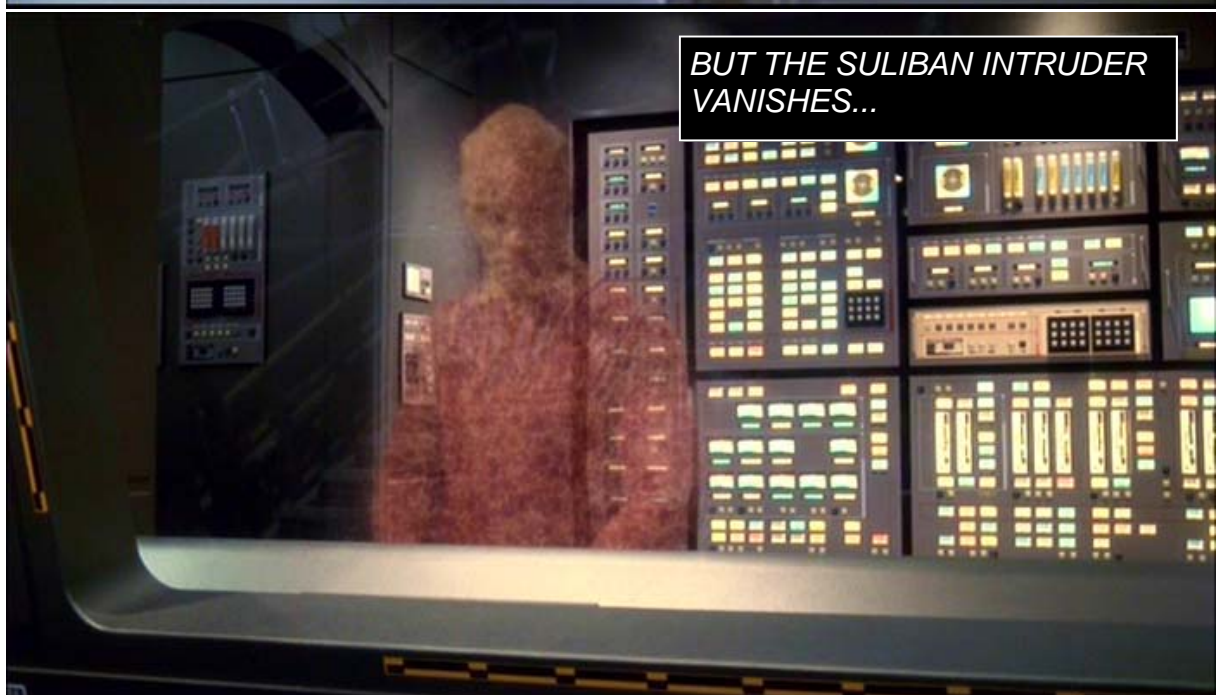


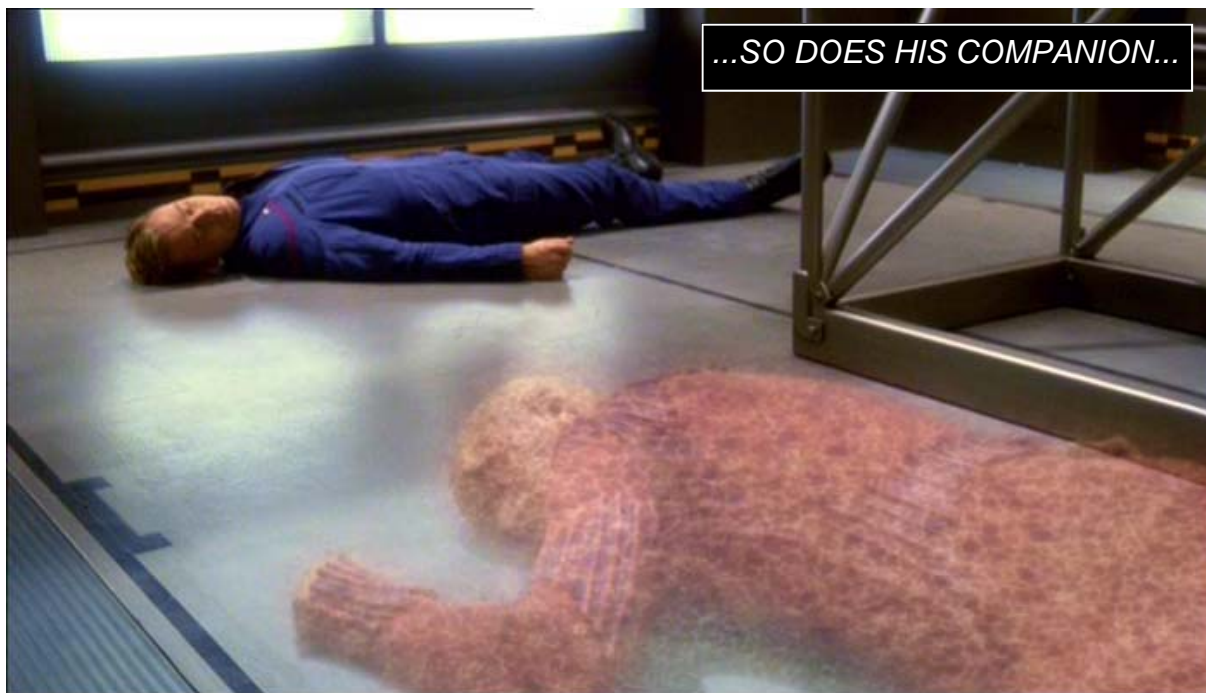
Their weapons have
been disabled! They-
y're moving off...

Stay with them! I'd like to
know what they wanted...



*BUT THE SULIBAN INTRUDER
VANISHES...*





...SO DOES HIS COMPANION...

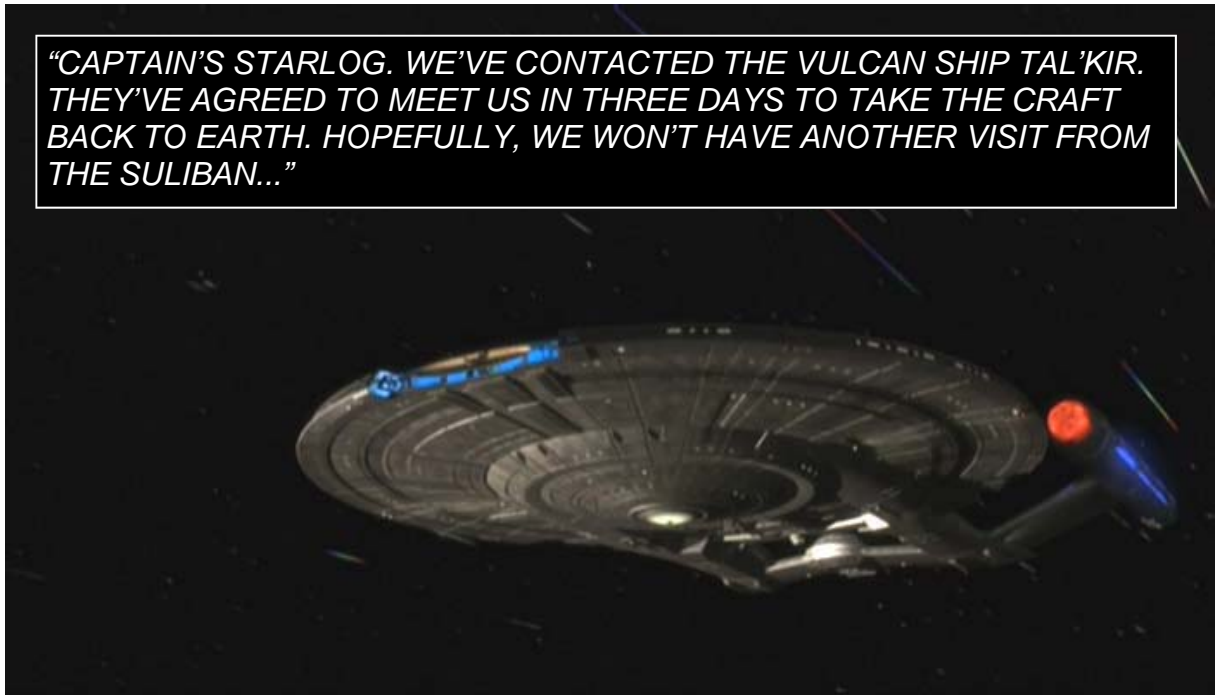


...AND THEIR SHIP.



REED CAN SET AGAIN THE ALTERED CONTROLS.

"CAPTAIN'S STARLOG. WE'VE CONTACTED THE VULCAN SHIP TAL'KIR. THEY'VE AGREED TO MEET US IN THREE DAYS TO TAKE THE CRAFT BACK TO EARTH. HOPEFULLY, WE WON'T HAVE ANOTHER VISIT FROM THE SULIBAN..."



TUCKER SHOWS HIS LAST FINDINGS.



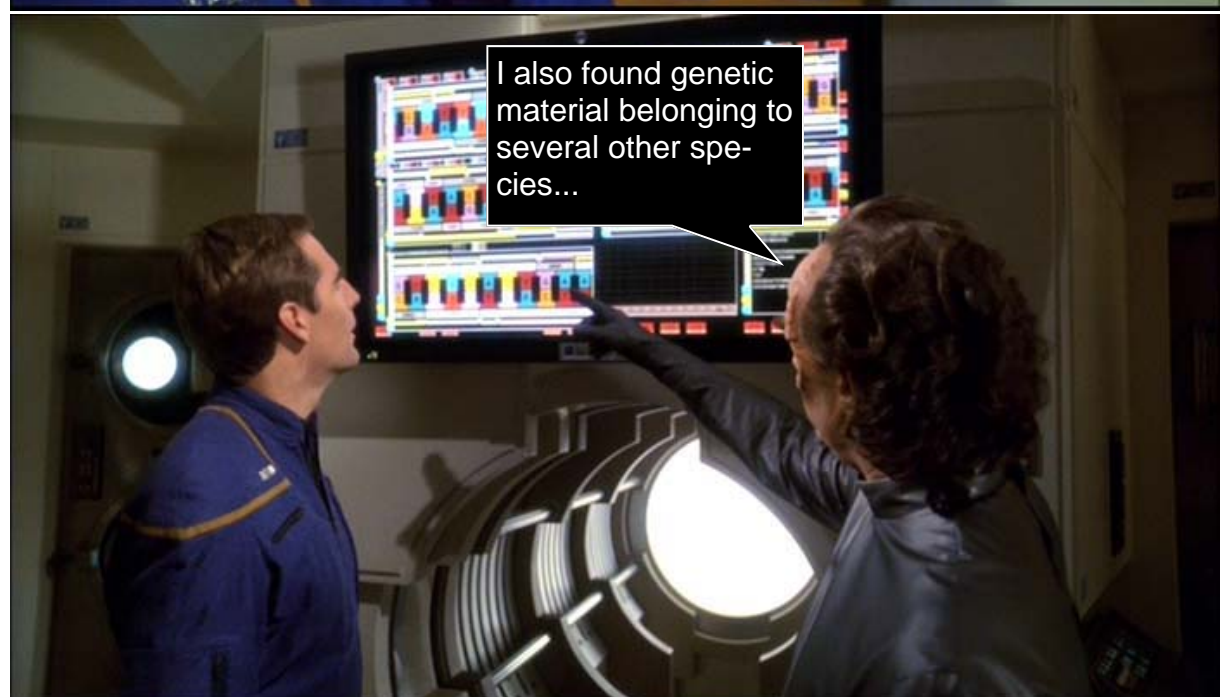
It was heavily shielded, might be the black box...

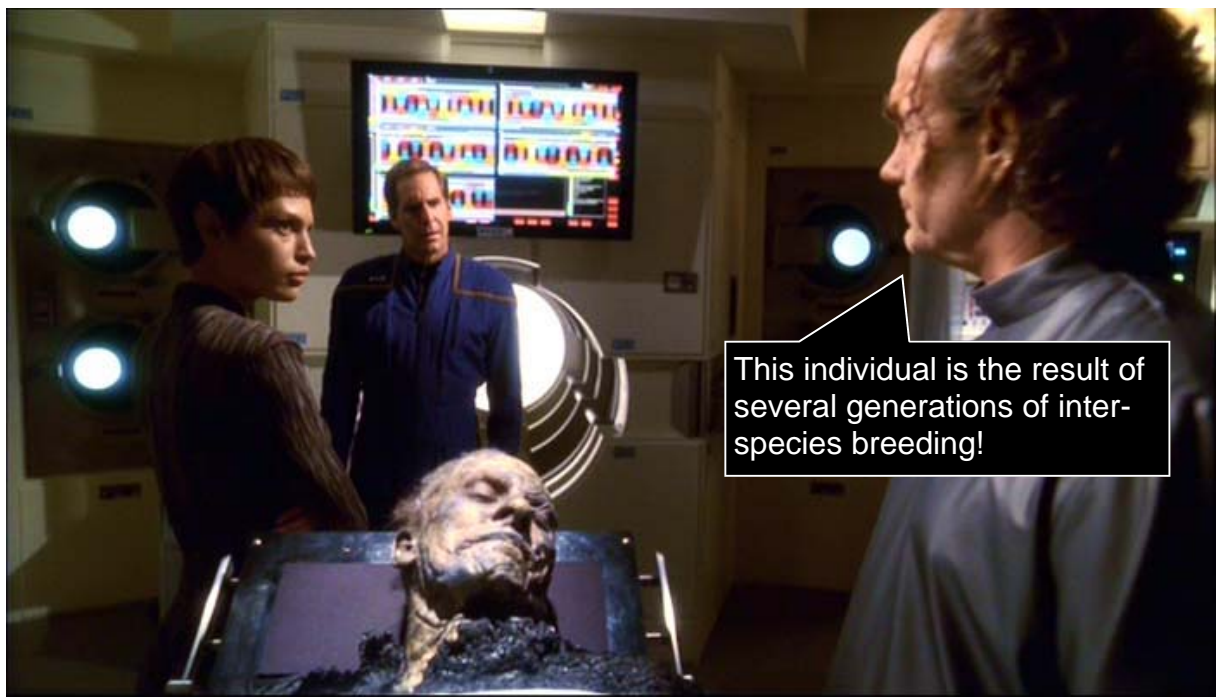
It could tell us what happened...

Assuming we can get it working! But I gotta take you down in that chamber! Bigger than outside... You won't believe to your eyes!









This individual is the result of several generations of inter-species breeding!



Daniels left a database from the future...

ARCHER LOOKS FOR ANSWERS IN DANIELS' QUARTERS (cfr. "Cold front").



I'm not certain he would approve of this...

We'll keep to ourselves...

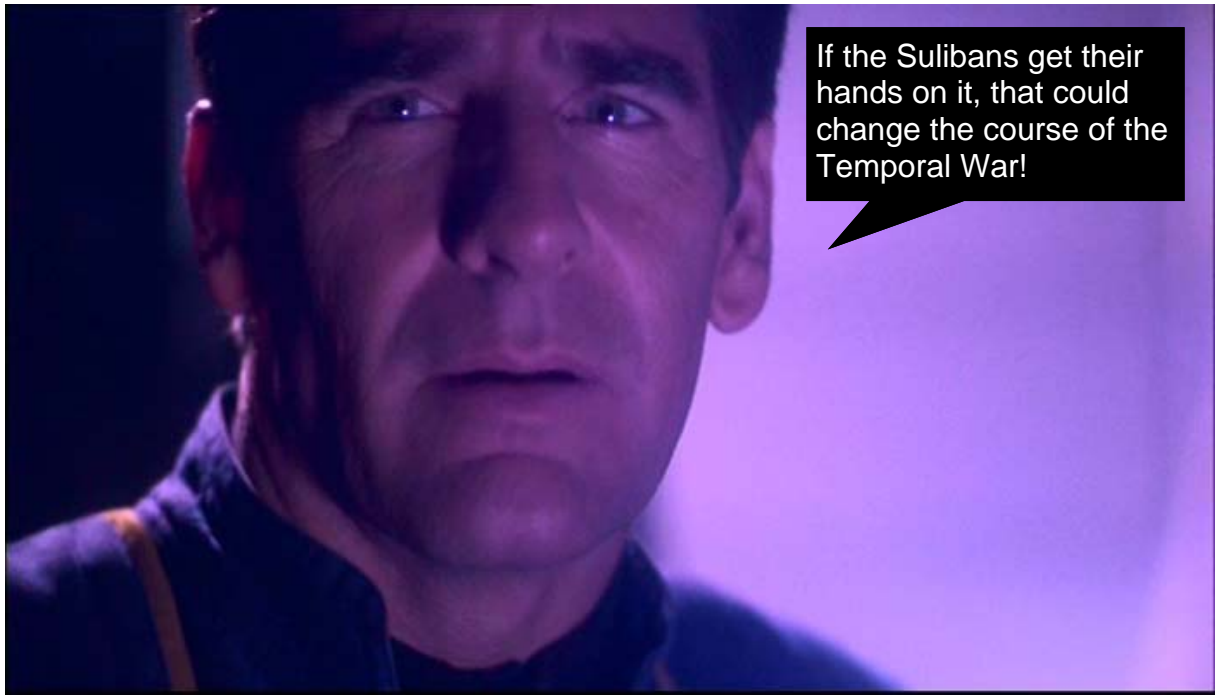
A LITTLE BOX CREATES AN HOLOGRAM.

I Vulcan cruiser, but I don't recognise the configuration...

That's because it hasn't been built yet...

It's unlikely we could reproduce with humans. There are significant biological differences...

That's it. Look at the commission date: that's almost 900 years from now... It's powered by a temporal displacement drive.



If the Sulibans get their hands on it, that could change the course of the Temporal War!



Assuming the vessel is from the future, why haven't they retrieved it?

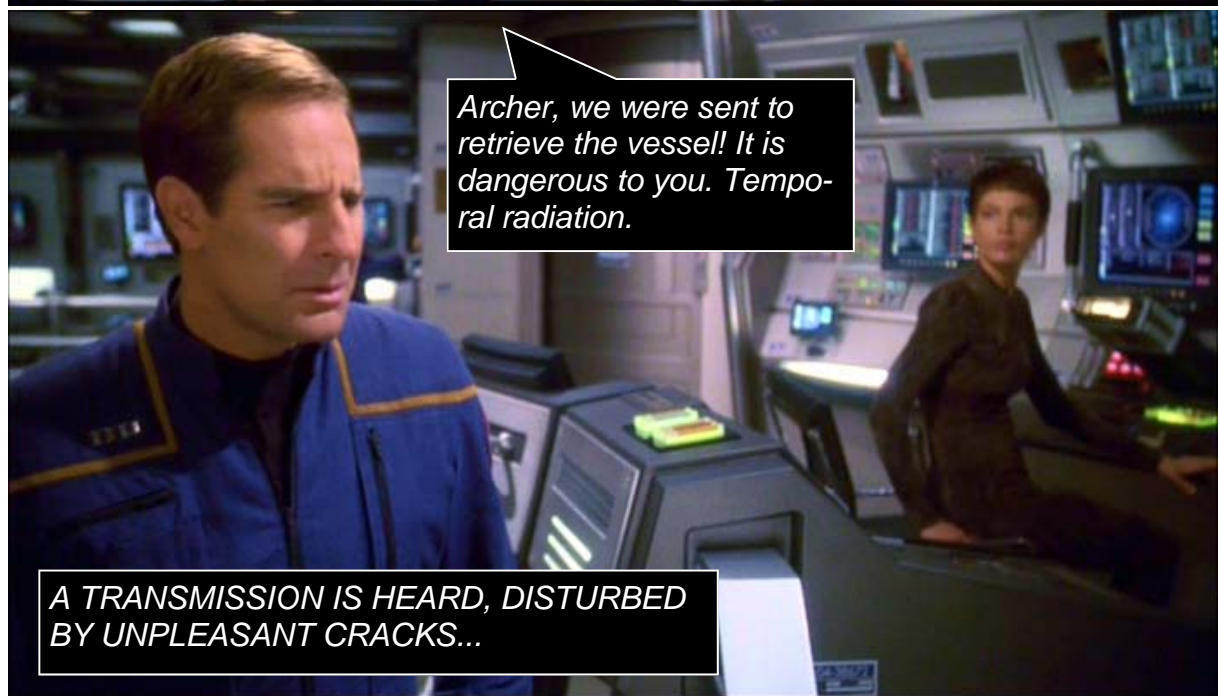


BUT THERE ARE MORE URGENT PROBLEMS. ANOTHER SHIP IS PURSUING THE ENTERPRISE. NOT A SULIBAN ONE.



T'pol ?

The vessel is Tholian. They're extremely xenophobic. It's unusual for them to travel this far from their system...



Archer, we were sent to retrieve the vessel! It is dangerous to you. Temporal radiation.

A TRANSMISSION IS HEARD, DISTURBED BY UNPLEASANT CRACKS...



Thanks for the warning, but we can't give it to you!

THOLIANS WANT TO HOLD IT...



They've locked onto us with a tractor beam. It is interfering with our targeting scanners.



ARCHER IS REALLY FED UP.



Release us, or I will destroy the ship in our launch bay...

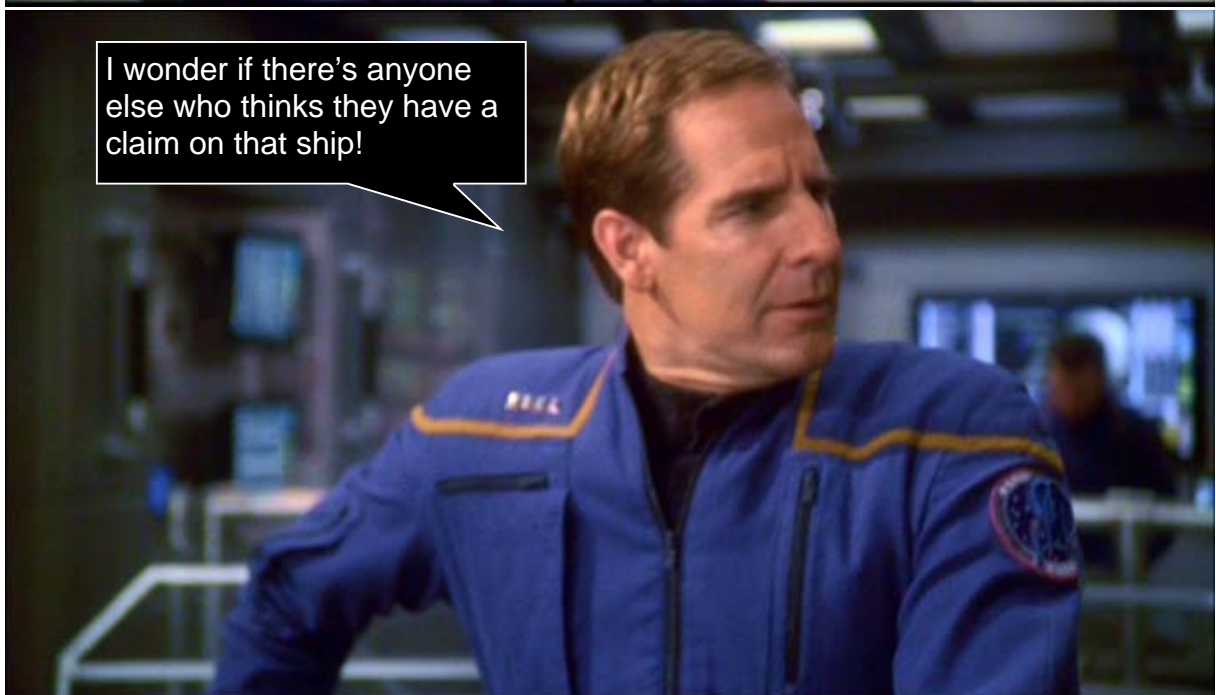
WITH GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT, THOLIANS
ARE FORCED TO HOLD OFF...



I don't know what they
said, but I don't think
they were paying you a
compliment ...



I wonder if there's anyone
else who thinks they have a
claim on that ship!



*T'POL AND PHLOX CASUALLY
MEET IN THE DINING ROOM...*

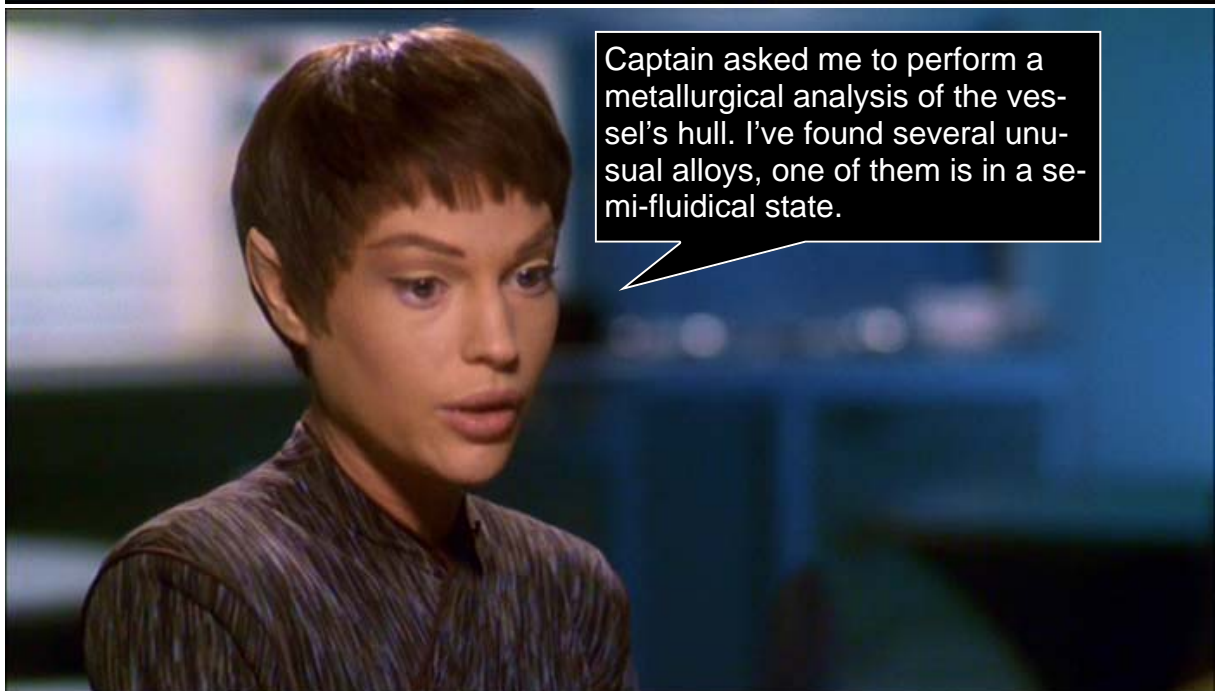
I didn't realise how late it was until my stomach reminded me it was time to eat!

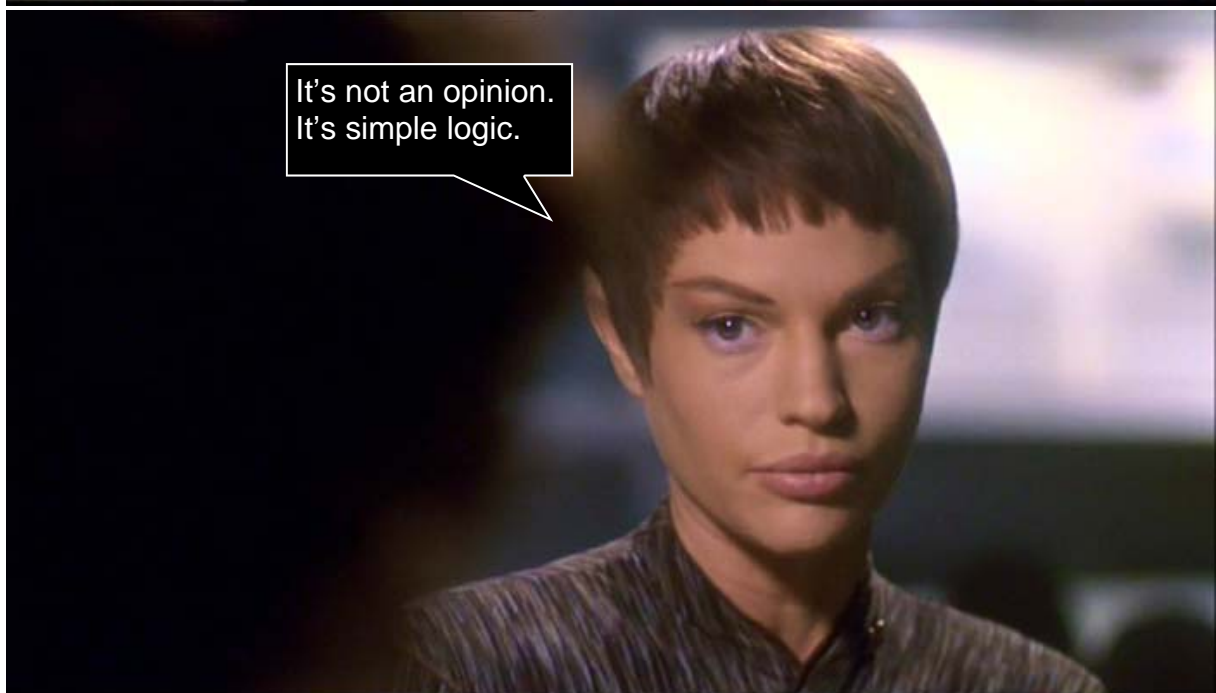
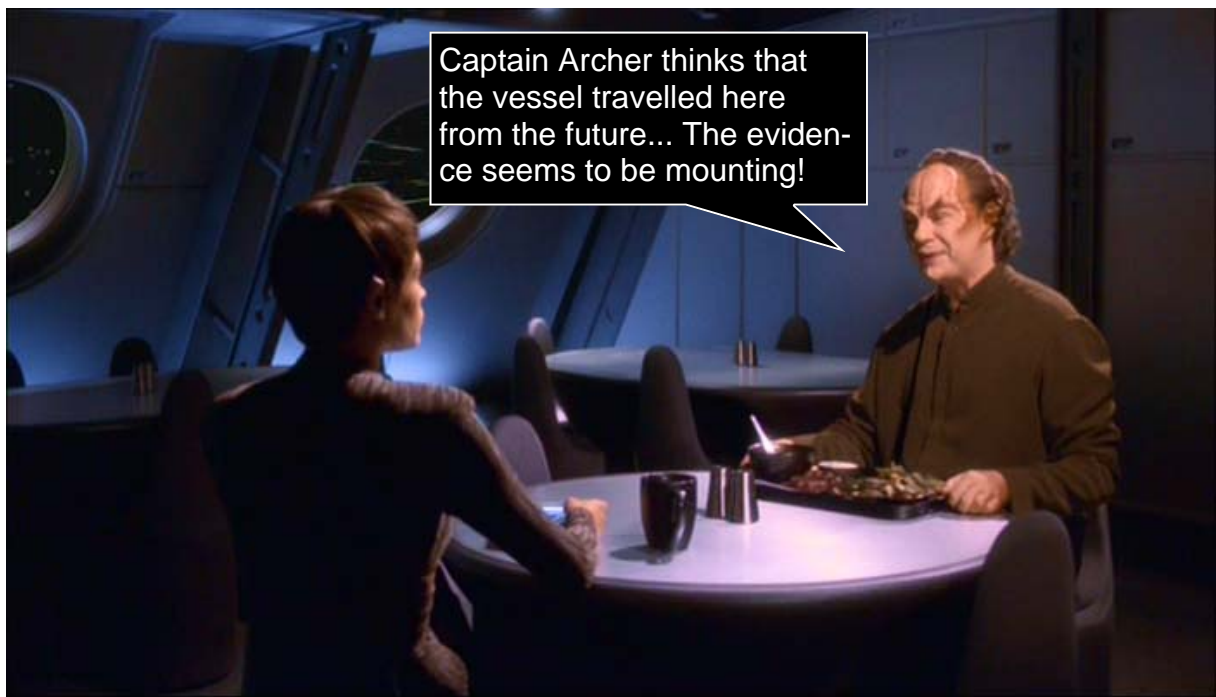


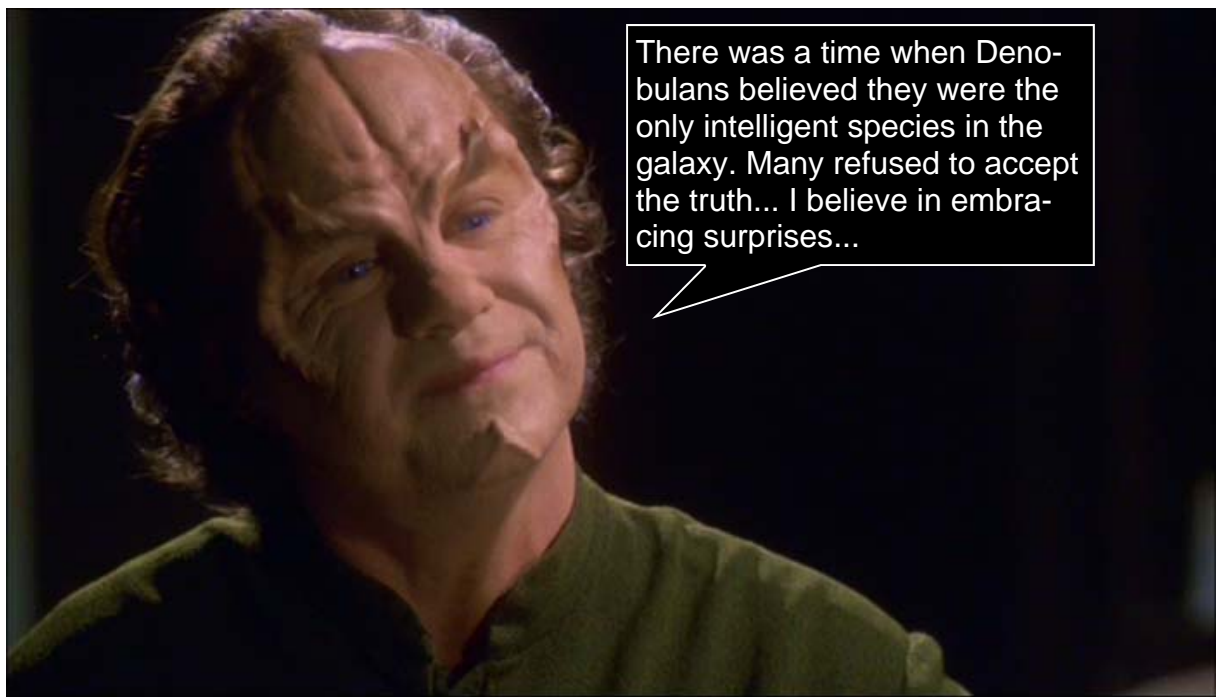
I found another nucleotide sequence in the pilot's genome... You found anything noteworthy?



Captain asked me to perform a metallurgical analysis of the vessel's hull. I've found several unusual alloys, one of them is in a semi-fluidical state.







There was a time when Denobulans believed they were the only intelligent species in the galaxy. Many refused to accept the truth... I believe in embracing surprises...

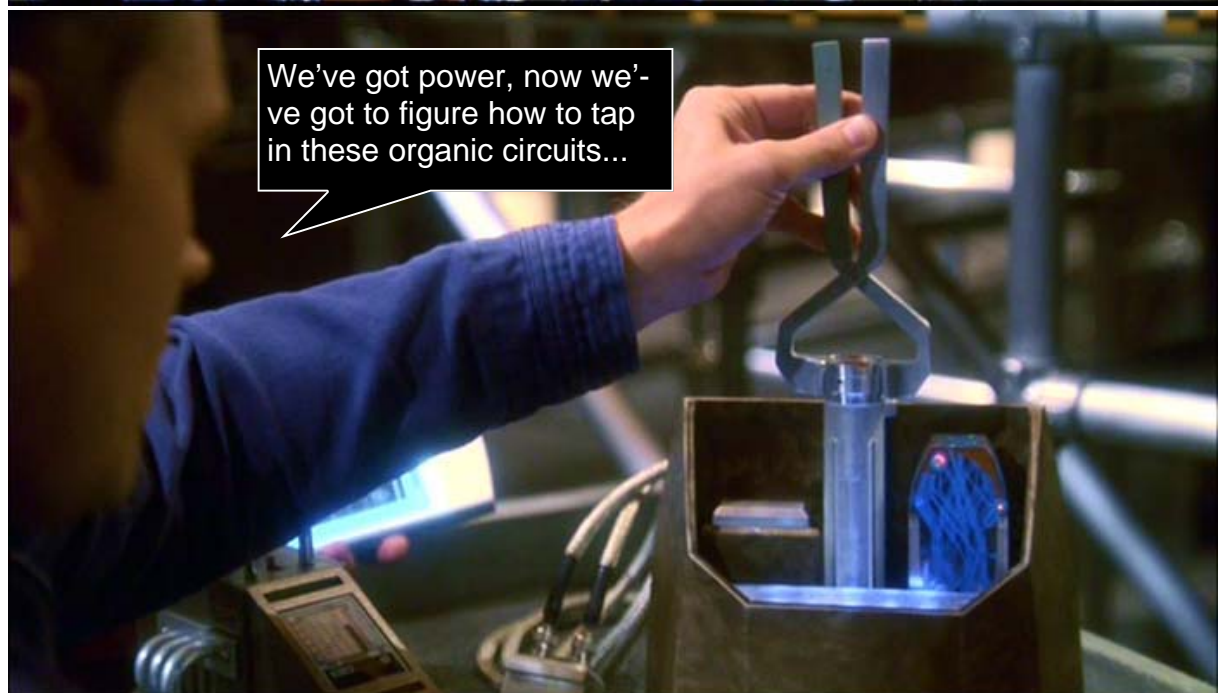


I prefer to embrace logic.



TUCKER AND REED TRY TO HAVE THE MYSTERIOUS BOX WORKING...

Let's start re-initialising the power grid... Assuming that is the power grid!





They're similar to the ones in the cockpit. We might be able to salvage some of them and build an interface....



I'd like to see the past... I always wanted to meet a stegosaurus...

He'd probably make a quick meal of you...



The stegosaurus was an herbivore...

I'd like to go in 1588, when England defeated the Spanish Armada...



I'm sure someone
named Reed had a
lot to do with that...

Why there?



I'd like to see the past... I
always wanted to meet a
stegosaurus...

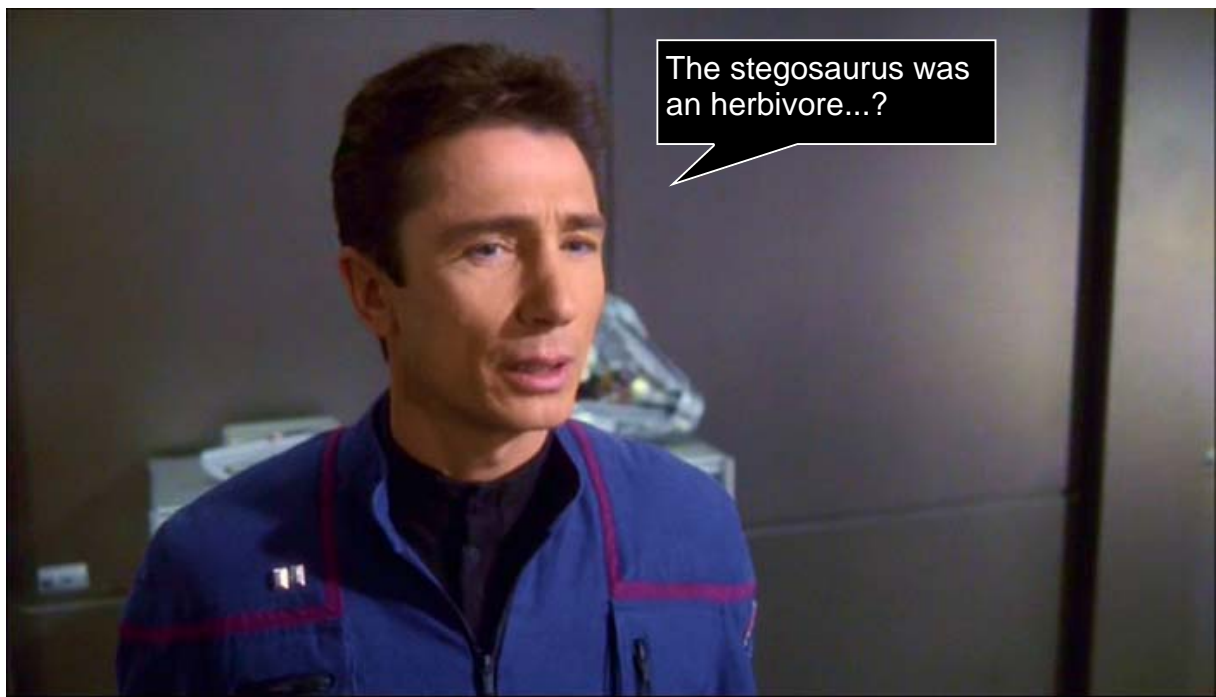
He'd probably make a quick meal of
you...



The stegosaurus was
an herbivore...



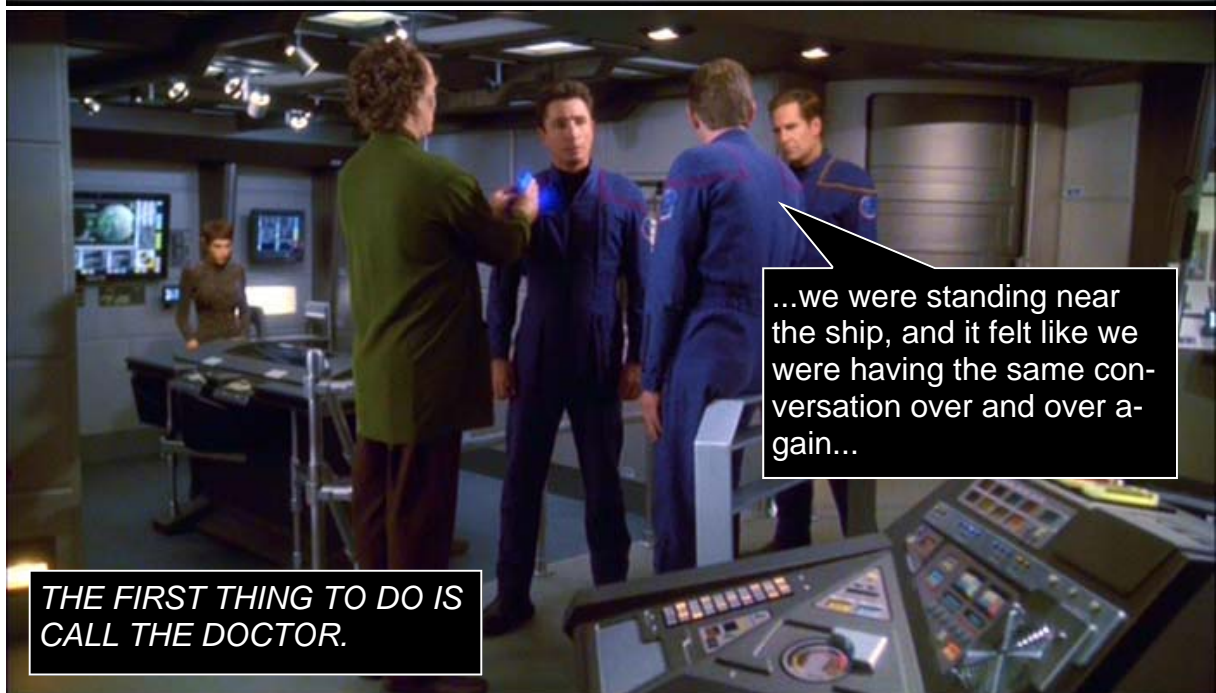




The stegosaurus was an herbivore...?

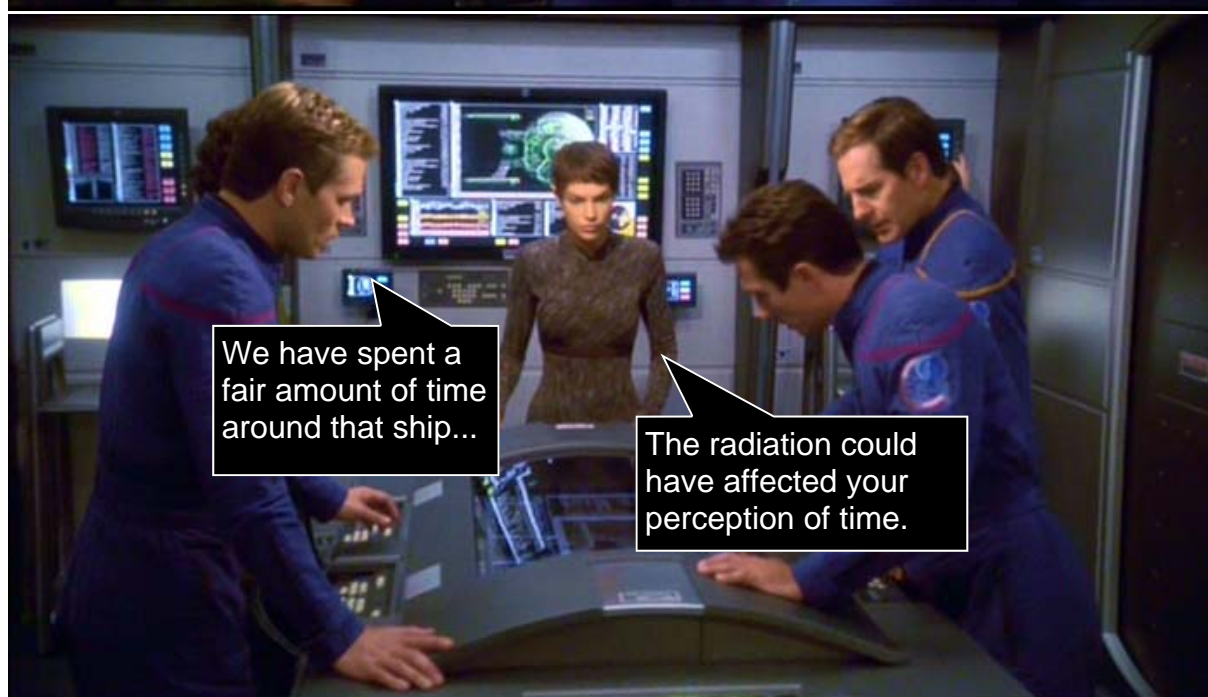


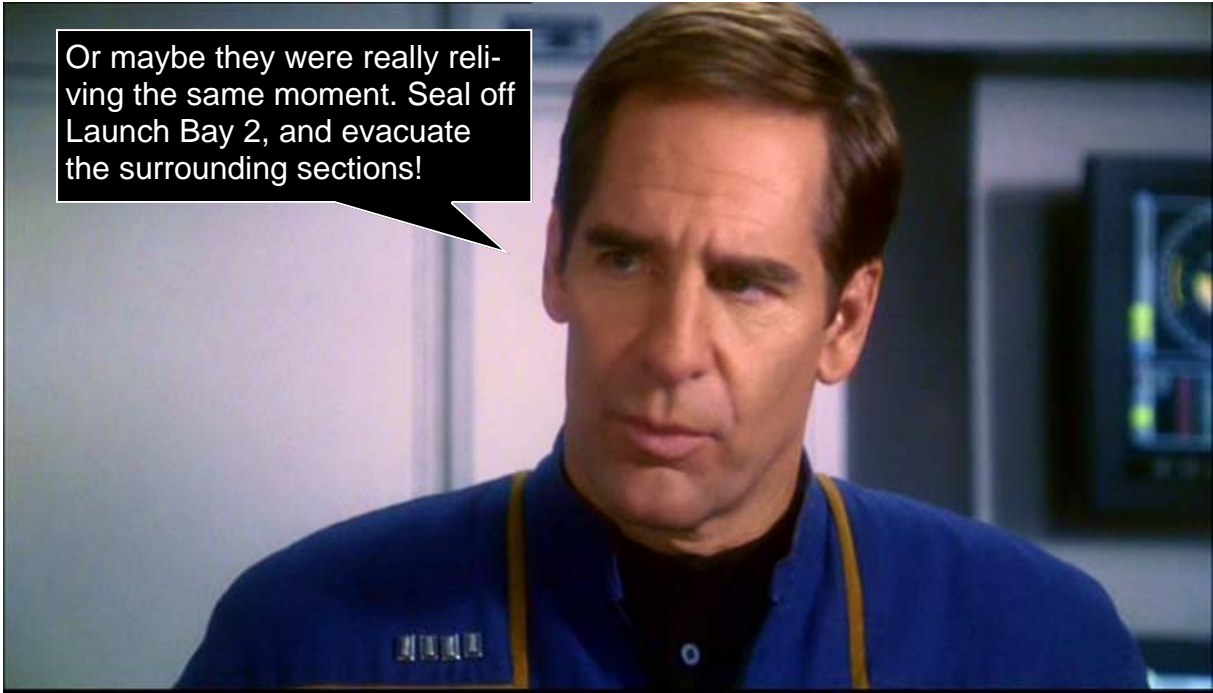
THE TWO MEN ARE ASTONISHED. SOMETHING VERY STRANGE IS HAPPENING.




...we were standing near the ship, and it felt like we were having the same conversation over and over again...

THE FIRST THING TO DO IS CALL THE DOCTOR.



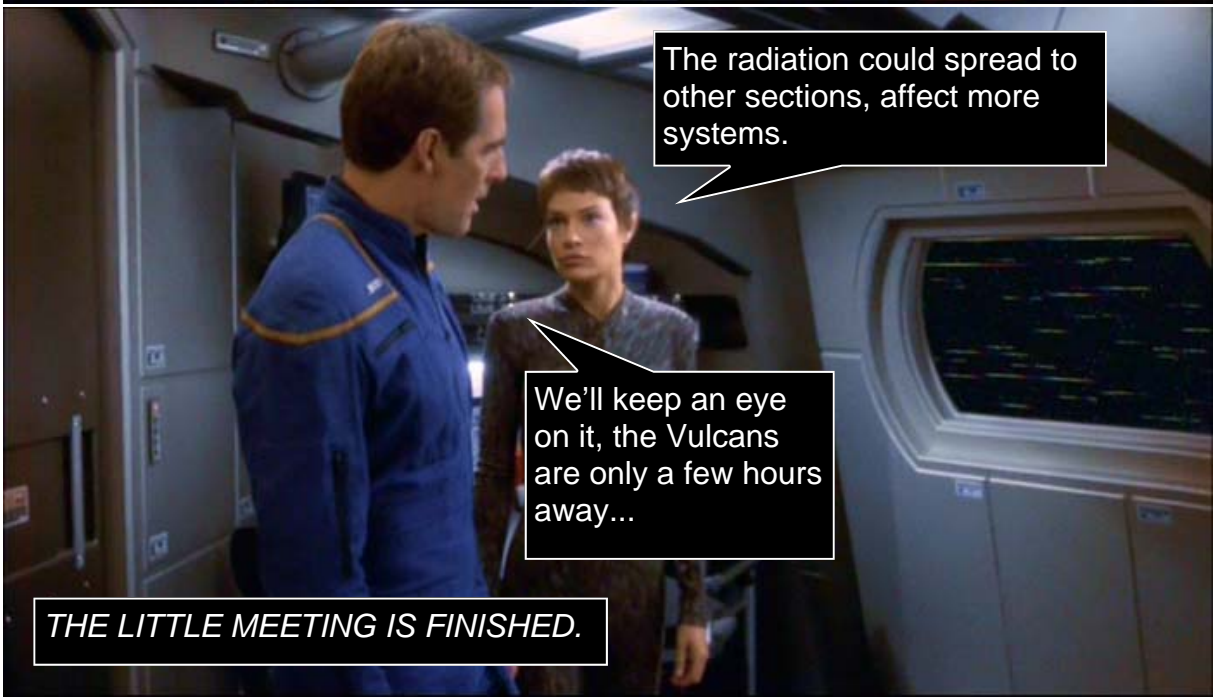


Or maybe they were really reliving the same moment. Seal off Launch Bay 2, and evacuate the surrounding sections!



How are you coming with the black box?

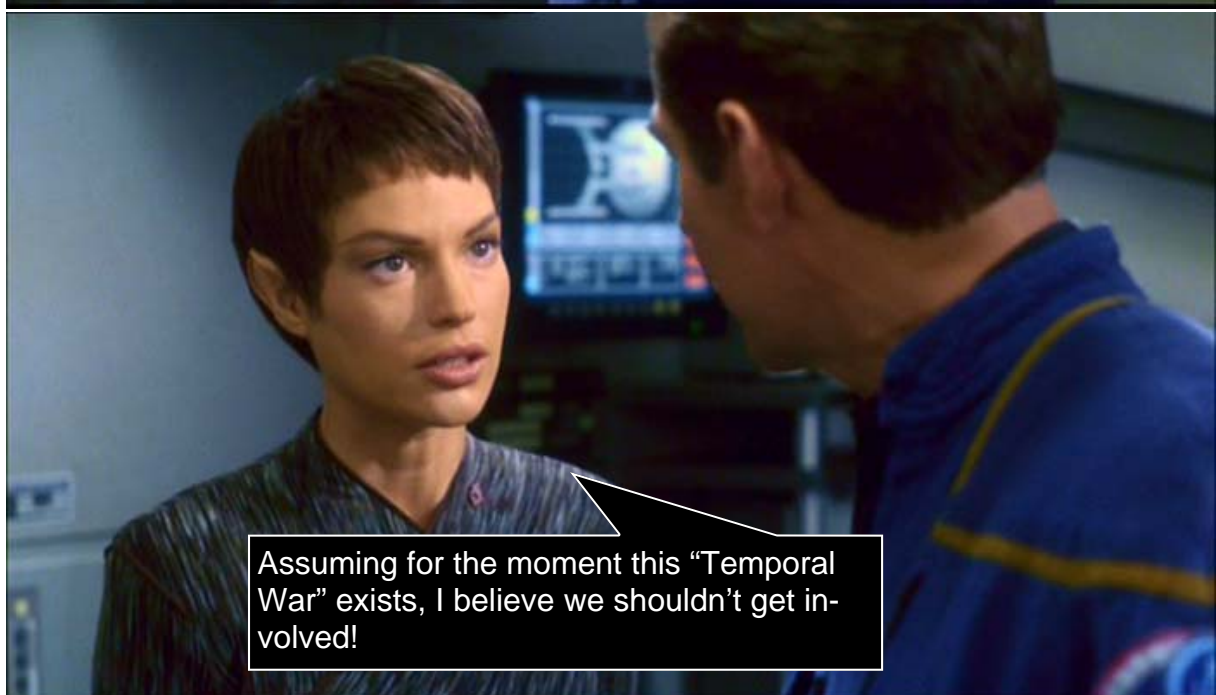
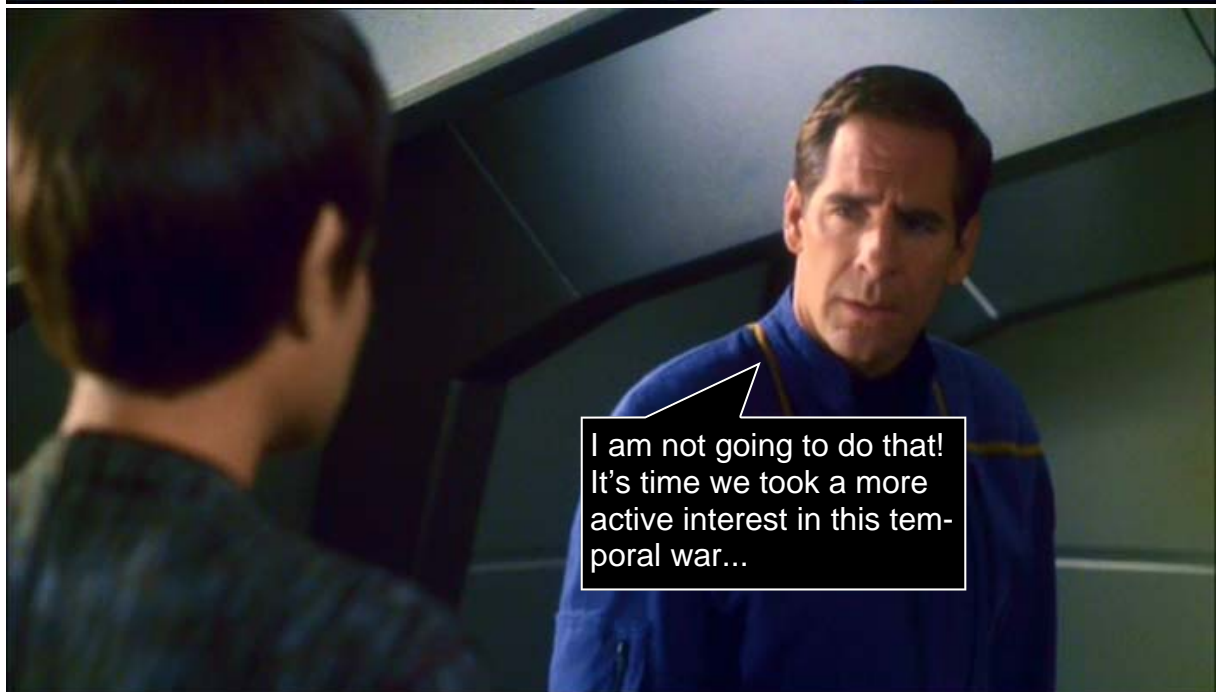
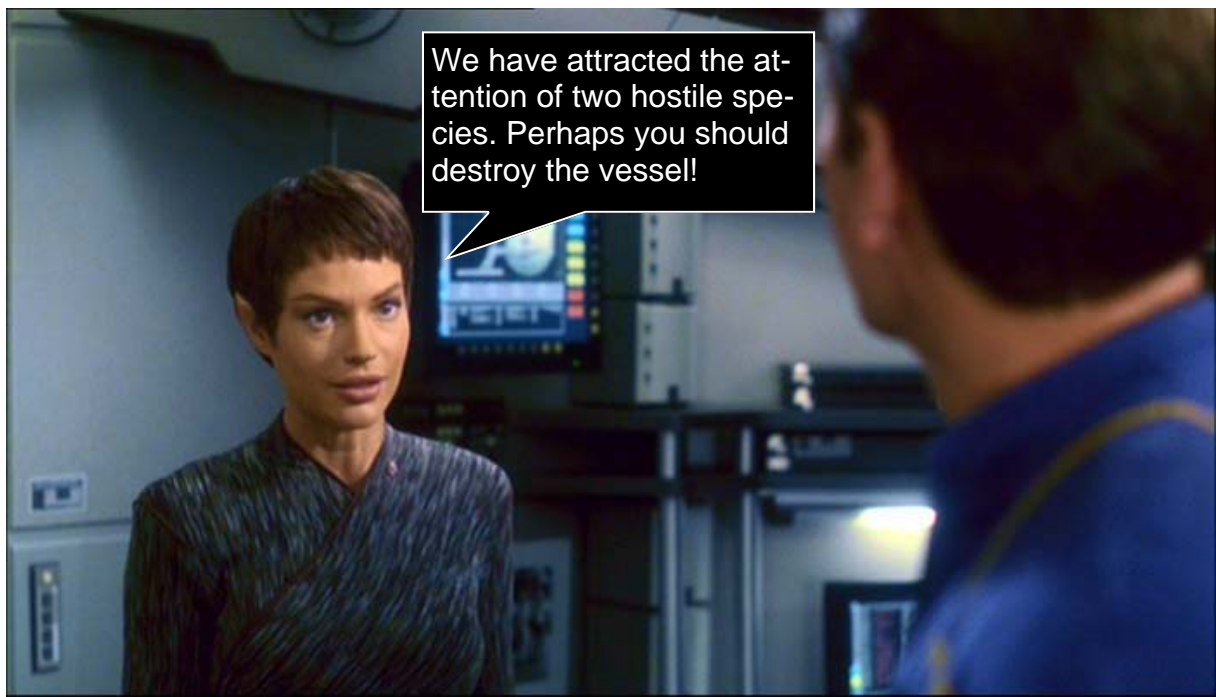
The power is online, but we still can't access the data.

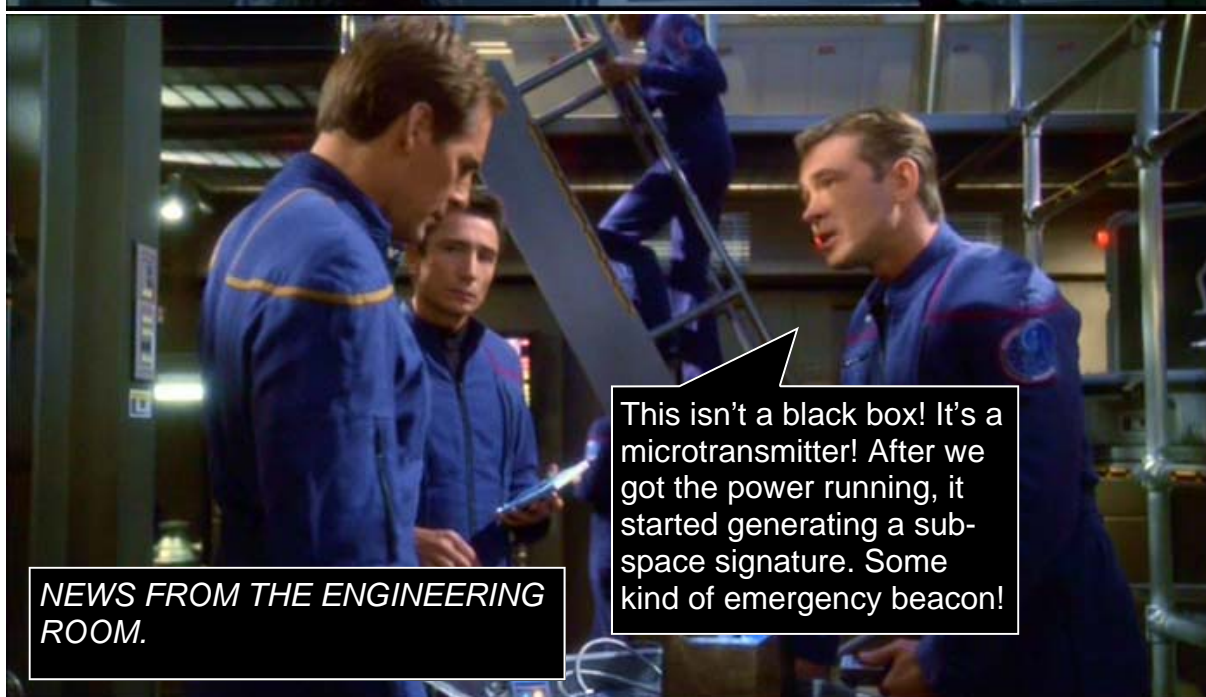


The radiation could spread to other sections, affect more systems.

We'll keep an eye on it, the Vulcans are only a few hours away...

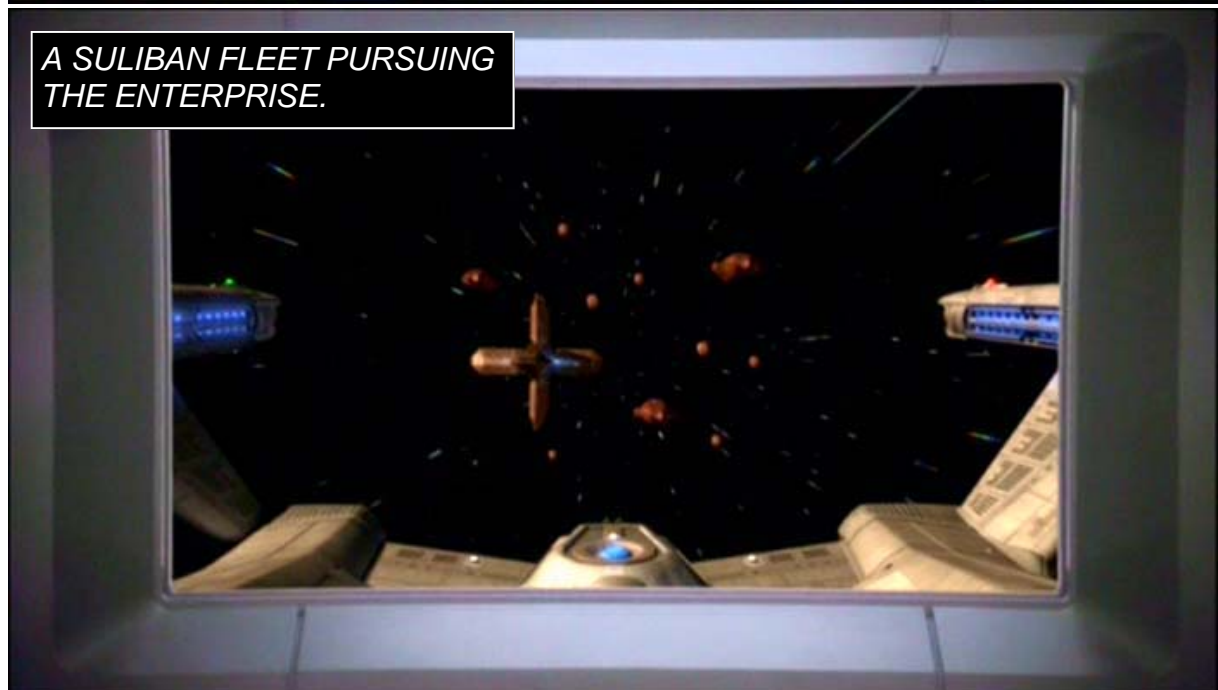
THE LITTLE MEETING IS FINISHED.







Bridge to Captain Archer!
Several Sulibans vessels
are approaching!



A SULIBAN FLEET PURSUING
THE ENTERPRISE.



Tey'll be in range
in 20 seconds...

Go to maximum
warp!



How long to the rendezvous point?

Three minutes...



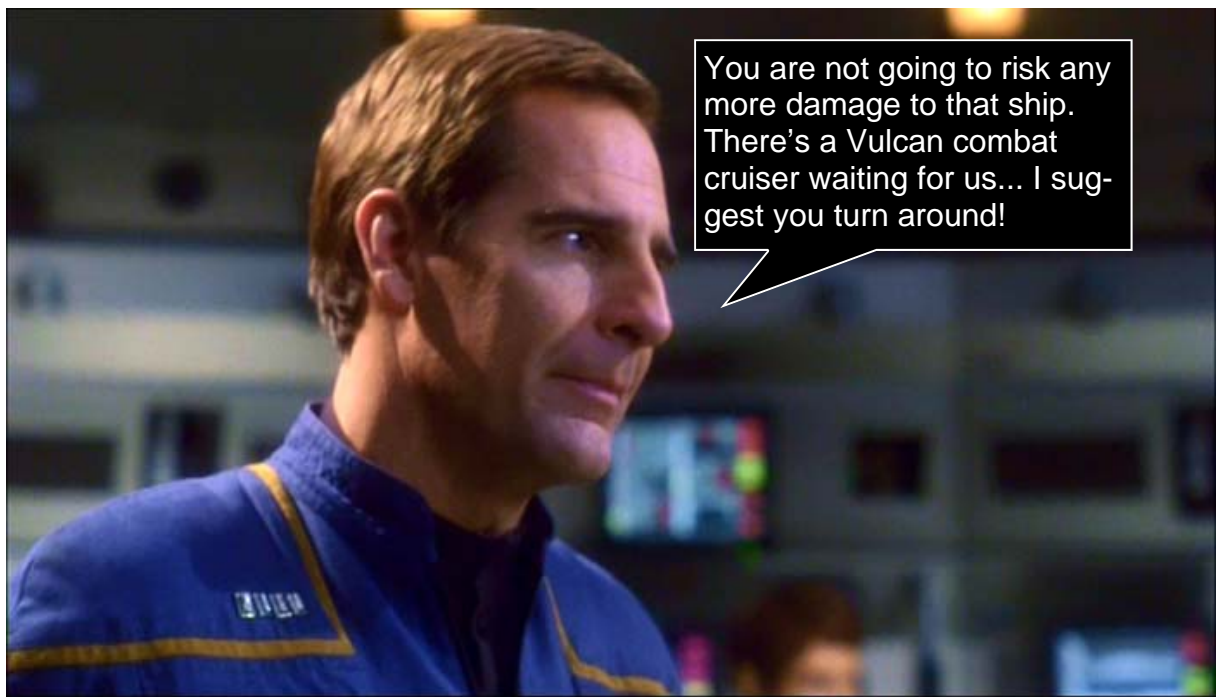
Contact the Tal'Kir, let them know we're bringing company.

We're being hailed by the Sulibans...



Drop out of warp and prepare to be boarded!

SULIBANS DON'T WASTE TIME FOR DEALING, AS USUAL.



You are not going to risk any more damage to that ship. There's a Vulcan combat cruiser waiting for us... I suggest you turn around!

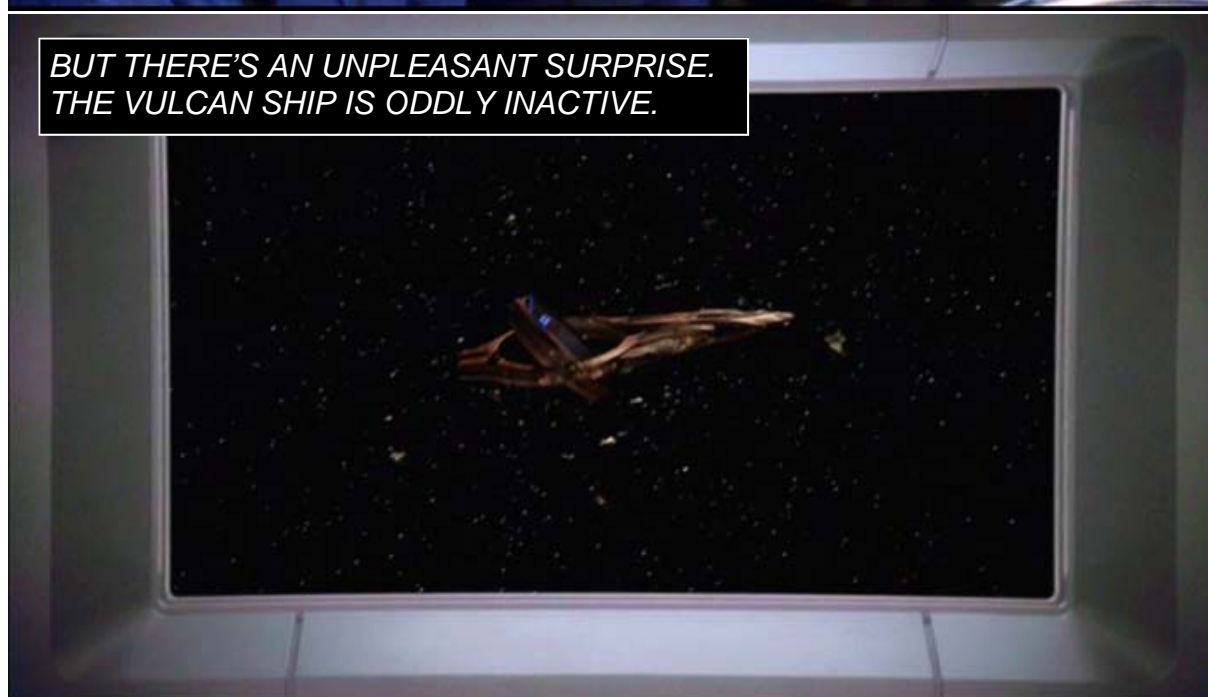


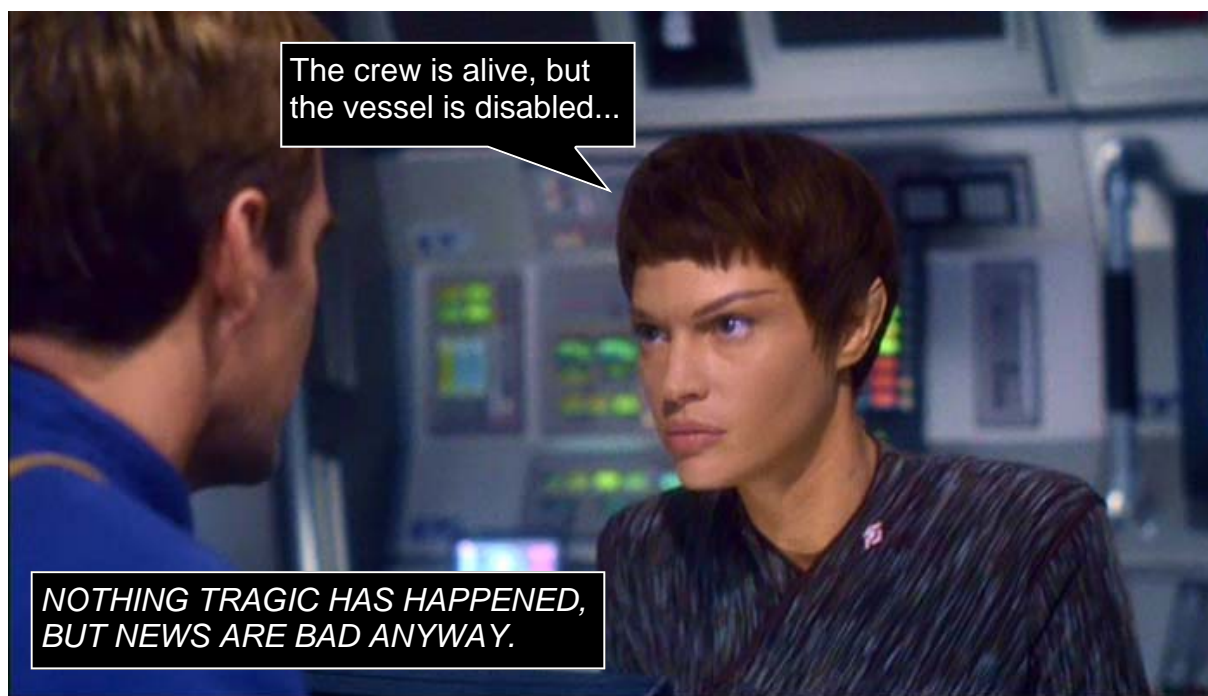
Vulcans won't risk their ship for an Earth vessel!

THE SULIBAN IS NOT IMPRESSED.



SULIBANS RAPIDLY USE ROUGH MANNERS...





*THE ENTERPRISE IS CAUGHT BY THOLIAN
FORCE FIELDS.*



Engines are down. I
can't go back to warp.



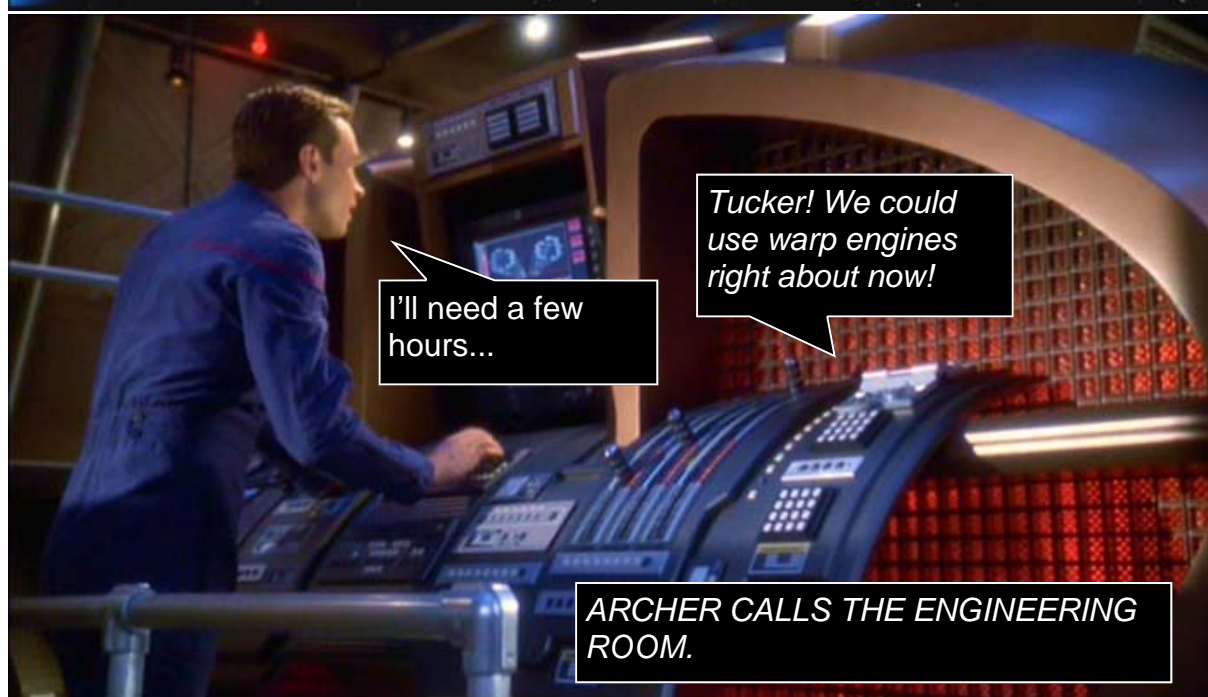
Weapons off-line too.
The hull plating is depo-
larising.



Sulibans have dropped out of warp...



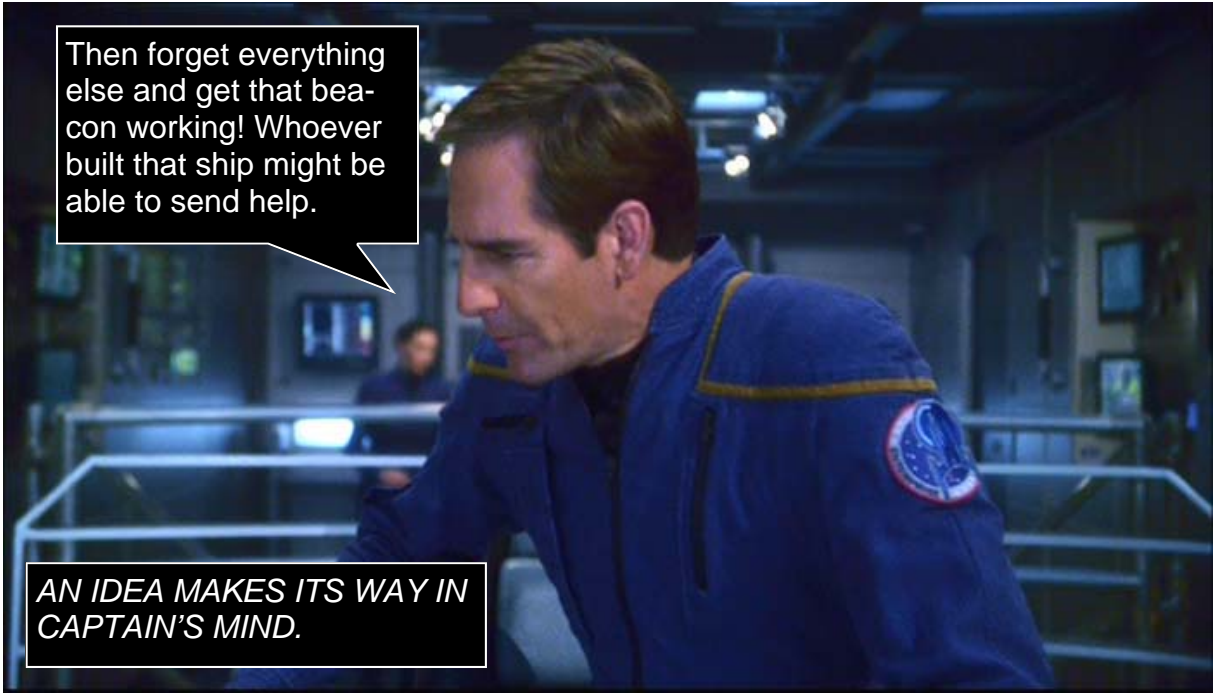
A BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN SULIBANS AND THOLIANS. THE ENTERPRISE IS THE PRIZE.



I'll need a few hours...


Tucker! We could use warp engines right about now!

ARCHER CALLS THE ENGINEERING ROOM.




Then forget everything else and get that beacon working! Whoever built that ship might be able to send help.

AN IDEA MAKES ITS WAY IN CAPTAIN'S MIND.



Even if you're correct, it's unlikely help will arrive in time...

T'POL IS SCEPTICAL.



How long would it take to remove one of the torpedo warheads?

Four minutes. Less if I had some help.



Let's go! You head the bridge!



OUT IN SPACE SULIBANS ARE LOSING THE BATTLE.



I'm going to hold you to that four minutes...

It was only an estimate, sir...

TUCKER SWITCHES ON
THE TRANSMITTER...

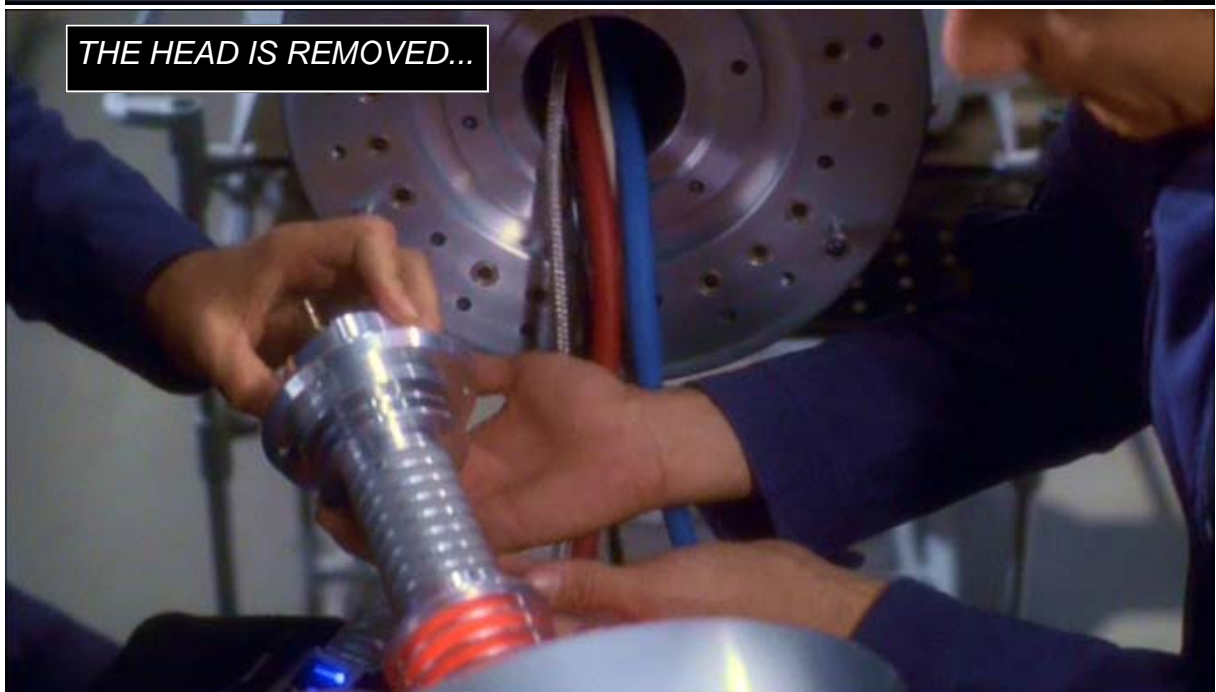


NEWS FROM THE
BRIDGE.

The Sulibans have lost
more than half of their
ships. You don't have
much time...



THE HEAD IS REMOVED...



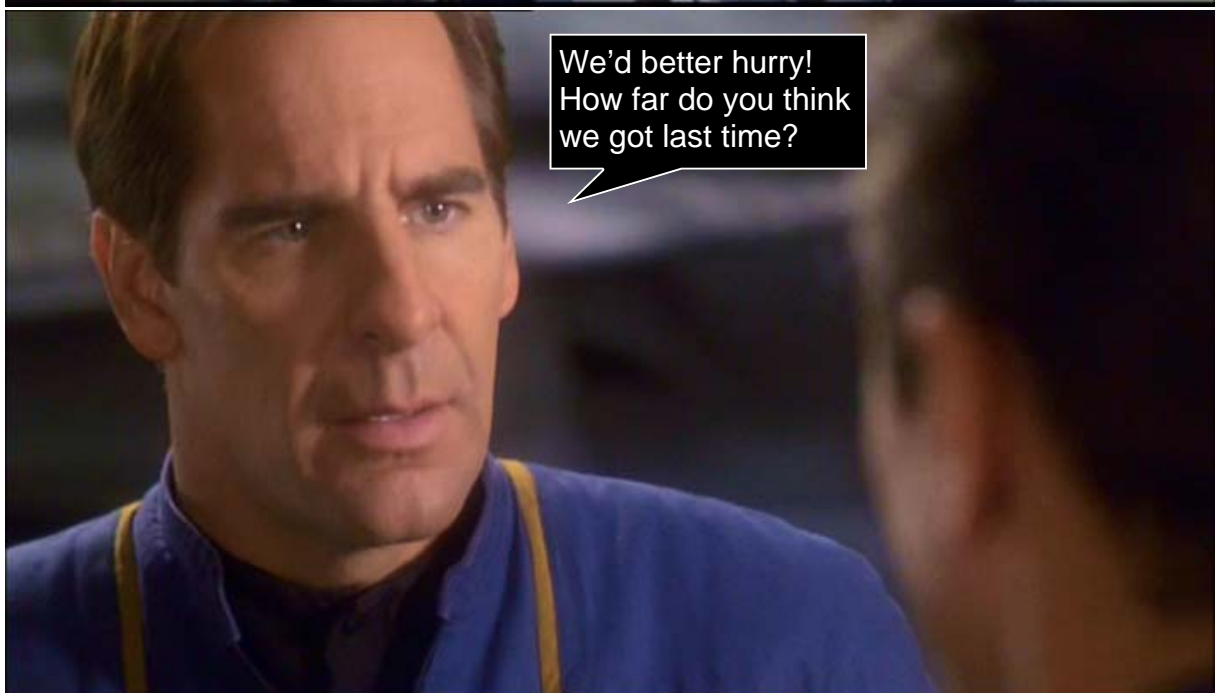
BUT THEN...

I'm going to hold you
to that four minutes...

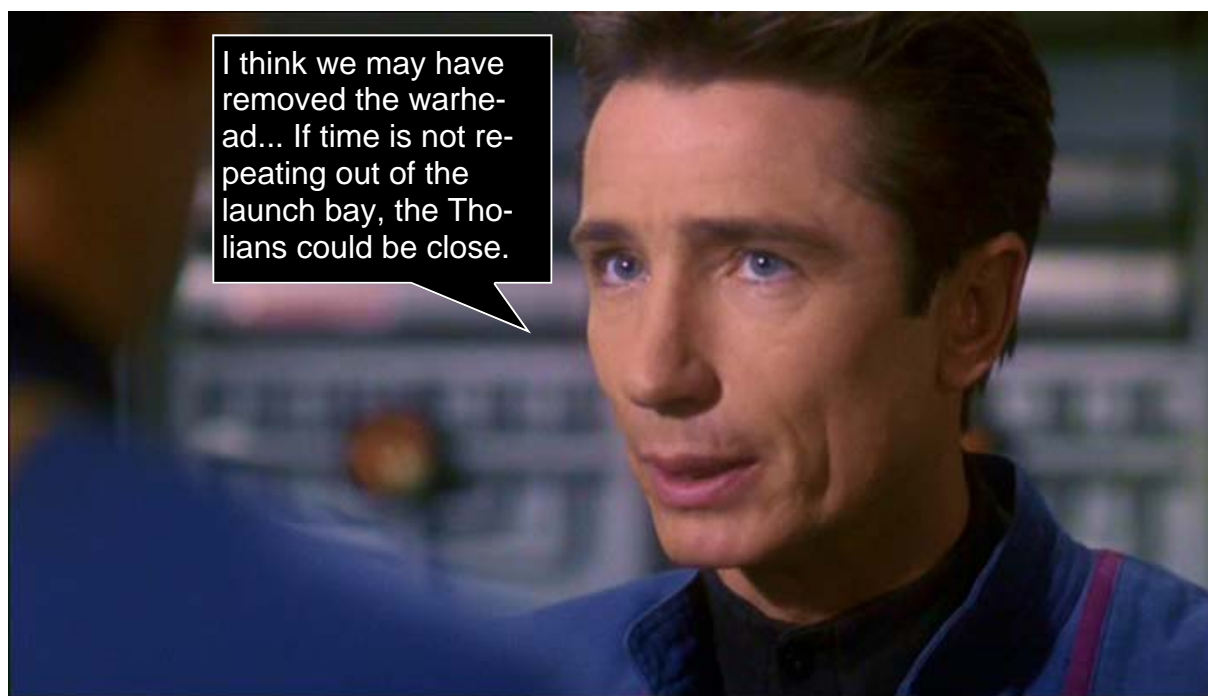
It was only an
estimate, sir...



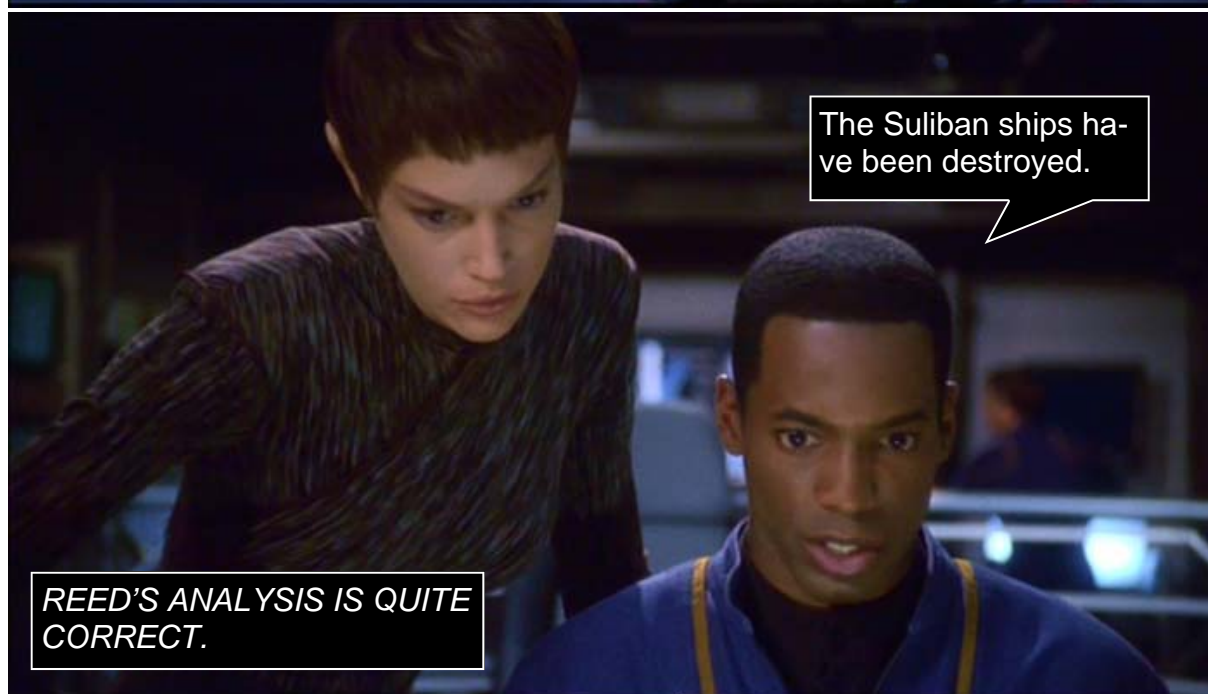
It's happening again!
We have had this con-
versation before!



We'd better hurry!
How far do you think
we got last time?



I think we may have removed the warhead... If time is not repeating out of the launch bay, the Tholians could be close.




The Suliban ships have been destroyed.

REED'S ANALYSIS IS QUITE CORRECT.




Tholians are hailing us!

A medium shot of T'Pol, a Vulcan, in a Starfleet bridge. She is looking upwards and to the right with a serious expression. The background shows various control panels and monitors.

A METAL-LIKE VOICE
WITH UNPLEASANT
CRACKS.

Give us the
vessel!

A medium shot of T'Pol, looking slightly to the left with a concerned expression. The background is the same Starfleet bridge.

We are preparing to surrender...
But our launch bay doors took he-
avy damage... We are going to
need more time.

VULCANS CAN LIE TOO, IF
NECESSARY.

A medium shot of Travis Mayweather and T'Pol. Mayweather is on the left, looking towards T'Pol on the right. They are both in the Starfleet bridge.

THOLIANS ARE NOT MORE
PATIENT THAN SULIBANS.

They have locked onto
both docking ports.



IN THE HANGAR THEY ARE STRUGGLING AGAINST TIME. LITERALLY.



SECURITY GUARDS STAND BY TO WELCOME
THOLIANS...



...WHO DON'T SEEM TO BE SLOWED BY TIME
INTERFERENCES.



They're cutting
through the doors!





Let's get those doors open!



THE SHIP IS FREED IN SPACE...



AND A THOLIAN SHIP IS READY TO CATCH IT WITH A TRACTION BEAM.





Now! Blow it up!



T'Pol to Archer, they have neutralised the warhead...

NOT SO EASY.



JUST THEN THE TRANSMITTER DISAPPEARS WHILE TUCKER IS STILL OPERATING IT.

THE PILOT DISAPPEARS
TOO...



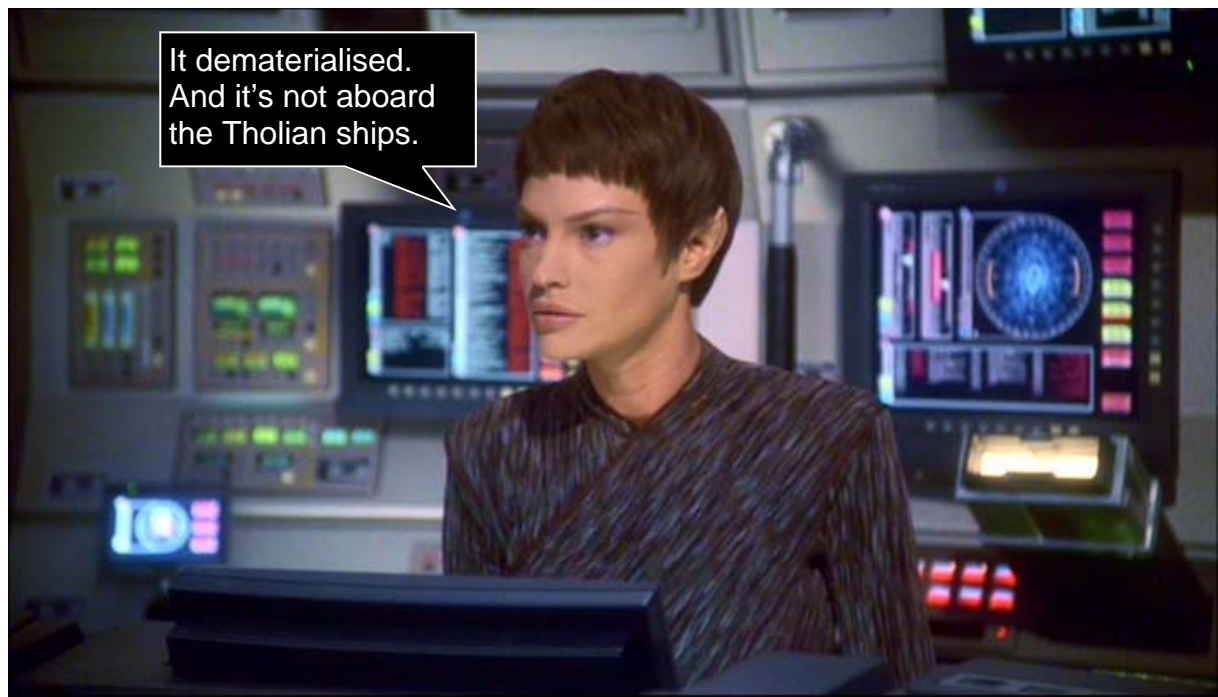
...TOGETHER WITH HIS
MYSTERIOUS SHIP.

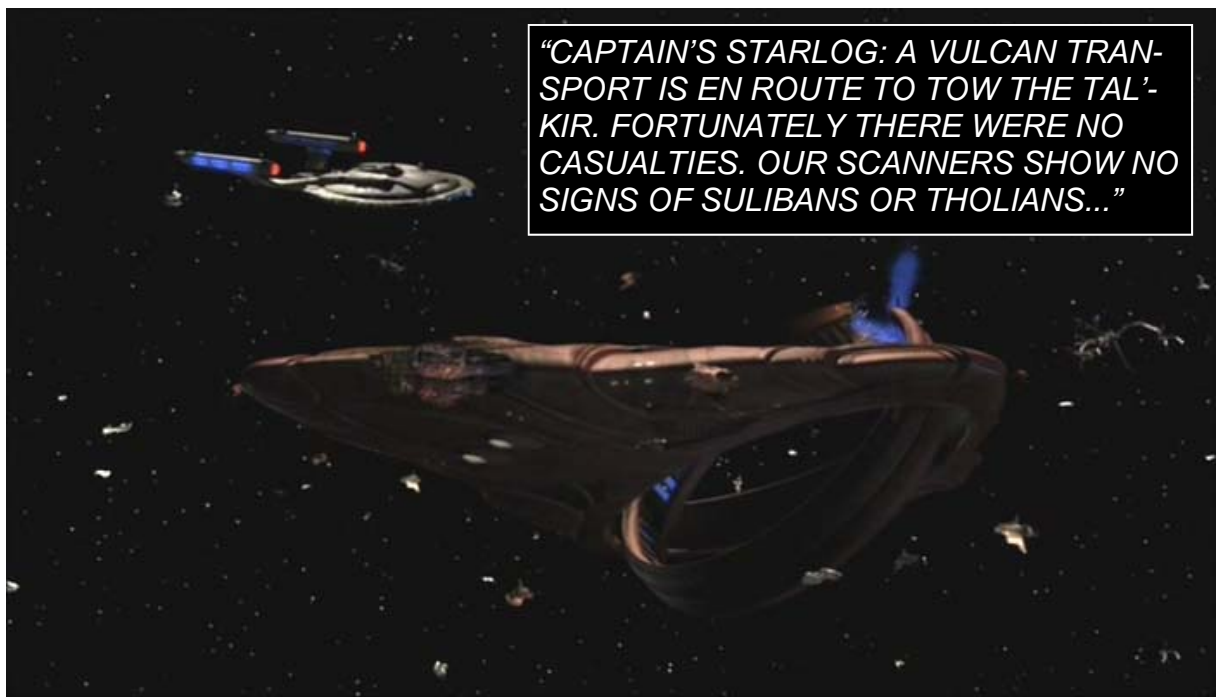


ON THE BRIDGE THEY
CAN'T BELIEVE IT.



Sir, it's... gone!





"CAPTAIN'S STARLOG: A VULCAN TRANSPORT IS EN ROUTE TO TOW THE TAL'-KIR. FORTUNATELY THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES. OUR SCANNERS SHOW NO SIGNS OF SULIBANS OR THOLIANS..."

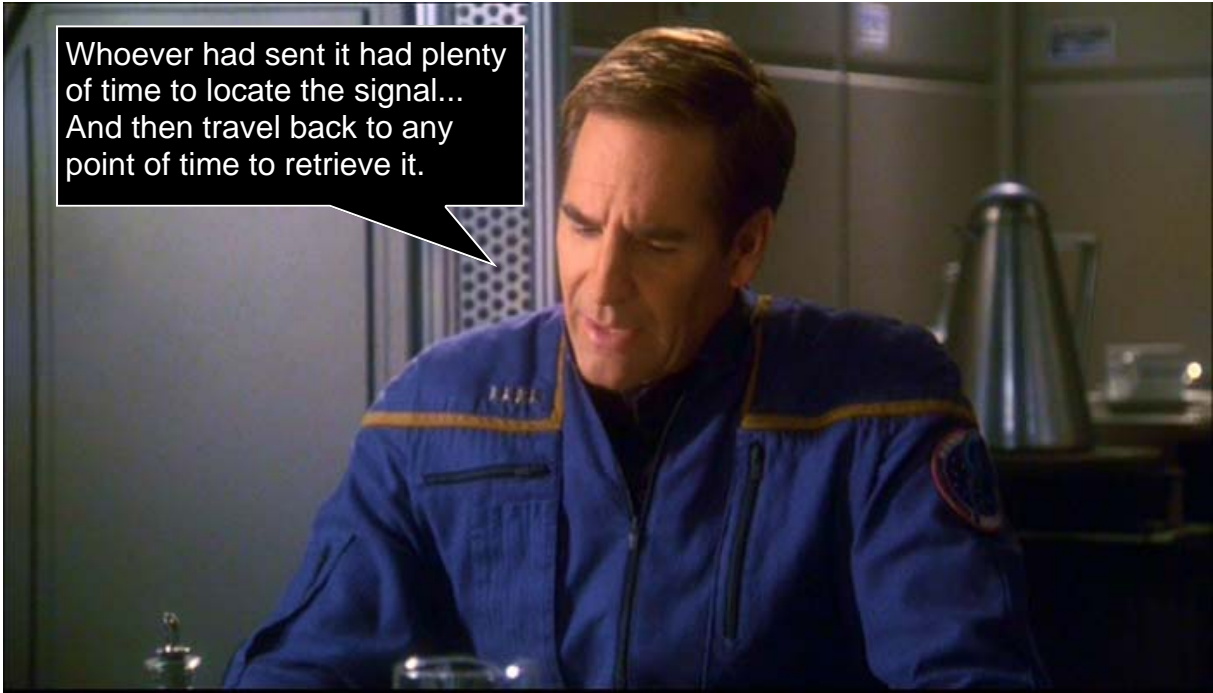


IN THE DINING ROOM, THE OFFICERS IN COMMAND CAST THEIR MINDS.


I wish we'd had more time to explore that ship. It looks like they sent the whole kit and caboodle in the XXXI century...



What I don't understand is how quickly everything disappeared. That beacon was online for less than a minute...

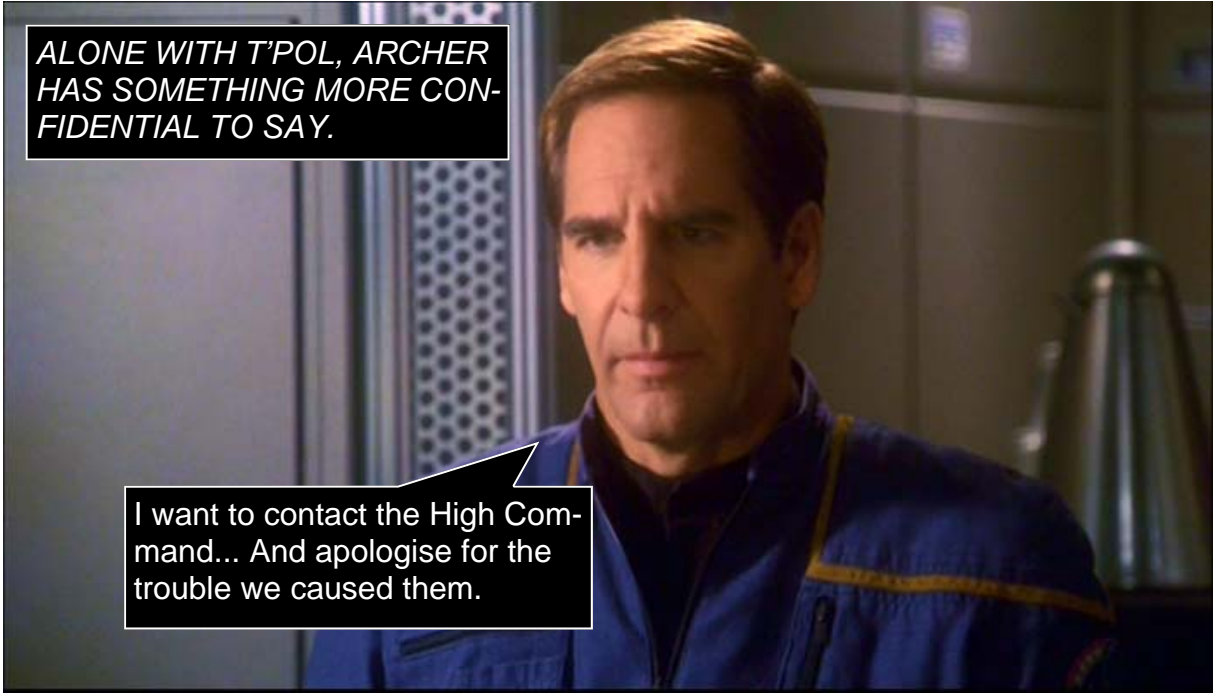


Whoever had sent it had plenty of time to locate the signal... And then travel back to any point of time to retrieve it.



Unfortunately, time isn't irrelevant in my engine room. I've got repairs to finish. See you later.

ALONE WITH T'POL, ARCHER HAS SOMETHING MORE CONFIDENTIAL TO SAY.



I want to contact the High Command... And apologise for the trouble we caused them.

