

## 'NAVAAR'

Off Kelby, his determination melting away...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - NAVAAR'S QUARTERS

Navaar is on her bed, gazing up at the ceiling when the DOORBELL CHIMES.

NAVAAR

Come in...

The door opens and Archer ENTERS. She gets to her feet, bows her head respectfully.

NAVAAR

I was wondering when you were going to visit me... I've been yours for two days now.

ARCHER

Navaar...

Archer tries to put this as gently as he can.

ARCHER

There are some things we need to talk about.

(beat)

First of all... you and your sisters don't belong to anyone anymore...

NAVAAR

I don't understand.

ARCHER

My people don't practice slavery... we haven't for hundreds of years.

NAVAAR

Are you saying you don't wish to own me?

ARCHER

I'm saying you're here as our guests.

It's a difficult concept for Navaar to grasp.

STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE

ARCHER

I've asked our protocol officer, Hoshi Sato, to brief you on ship's operations.

(beat)

Certain areas are reserved for Starfleet personnel...

NAVAAR

I know about what happened in engineering... I've already spoken to D'Nesh.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

ARCHER

There's no need to apologize... It's a pretty big adjustment, I know.

NAVAAR

I've been a slave my entire life... on many different worlds... for many different owners... not all of them kind...

(beat)

May I ask you something?

ARCHER

Go ahead.

NAVAAR

Do you find me attractive?

The question catches Archer off guard.

ARCHER

Yes.

NAVAAR

I'm glad. Even though I'm not yours... I still want to please you.

She practically melts her body into his. It's clearly having an effect on Archer.

NAVAAR

If I choose to do this...

She leans in and kisses him on the lips. Archer doesn't kiss her back... but neither does he pull away.

2.23

NAVAAR

...would that violate your ship's protocol?

It takes Archer a moment to gather his thoughts.

ARCHER

Not necessarily...

She smiles, leans in to kiss him again.

3A3

STAR TREK ENTERPRISE

802

NAVAAR  
Additional  
Sides

NAVAAR SIDES:

INT. ENTERPRISE - DECON CHAMBER

Navaar, D'Nesh and MARAS (the third Orion Slave Girl) are being held here. A pair of MACOs guard the outside of the chamber.

Archer enters with T'Pol. He steps over to the glass. Navaar moves closer, she exudes a subtle defiance.

NAVAAR

So, this is what you meant... when you said we were free to start new lives?

Archer isn't in the mood... he holds up a small ALIEN DEVICE.

ARCHER

We found this in your quarters.

Navaar reacts.

NAVAAR

It seems we have no privacy either.

ARCHER

It's a communication device. You've been in contact with Harrad-Sar... as recently as two hours ago.

NAVAAR

And what if I have?

ARCHER

You were sent here to disable my ship... that was his plan from the start, wasn't it?

Archer is growing more and more agitated. Navaar grins.

NAVAAR

You're delusional...

ARCHER

Dammit --

Archer lashes out furiously, SLAMMING his fist into the wall. Even the MACO's are shocked at his behavior.

Pg 10b2

ARCHER  
You better start telling me the truth.

NAVAAR  
I'm truly worried about you, Captain... you don't look well...

ARCHER  
I'm not the one you should be worried about.

NAVAAR  
You're threats aren't very convincing.

ARCHER  
I know some people who'd disagree with that.

Navaar considers.

NAVAAR  
We were a gift... nothing more. A true commander would know how to appreciate such a gesture...

Even in this situation, she's attempting to seduce.

ARCHER  
Tell me when he's going to attack.

Navaar moves closer to the glass... her tone subtly mocking.

NAVAAR  
Let me out of here... and I'll whisper it in your ear.

She's so close to the glass, her breath fogs it. To his own disbelief, Archer finds himself tempted to do what she asks. As his hand moves to the door latch...

T'POL  
Captain...

Her tone stops him short. Navaar gazes at Archer mockingly.

NAVAAR  
I'm not the only woman with power over you.

Archer makes no reply... instead he turns and heads out. T'Pol follows.

HARRAD-SAR

HARRAD-SAR SIDES:

STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE

INT. HARRAD-SAR'S BARGE - MAIN CABIN

Bedecked with exotic tapestries and artifacts from numerous worlds, this lavishly-appointed suite doubles as a living area and bridge. Functional opulence at its finest.

Harrad-Sar, Archer, Reed and the two MACO's are sitting near the center of the room, on comfortable chairs that are mostly cushion. A lavish meal is spread out before them, the centerpiece some kind of roasted animal.

A pair of male ORION SLAVERS stand guard at the far end of the cabin. Harrad-Sar, Archer and the others are drinking from a glass filled with some multi-hued concoction.

HARRAD-SAR

I am a Privateer, Captain... my allegiance is to myself alone. I make a living in various ways... buying, selling...

REED

Plundering?

HARRAD-SAR

When the situation calls for it... but piracy is a risky business. I prefer commerce.

Archer reacts favorably to the taste of the drink.

HARRAD-SAR

(re: drink)

From a world in the Gorn Hegemony.

REED

The Gorn?

HARRAD-SAR

The less said about them, the better.

(holds up his glass)

However, they brew the finest Meridor in the five systems.

Reed takes his word for it. Archer takes another sip.

ARCHER

It's delicious.

D9 124

HARRAD-SAR

I'm pleased.

Harrad-Sar drains his glass.

HARRAD-SAR

You've acquired something of a reputation, Captain.

ARCHER

Favorable, I hope.

HARRAD-SAR

You're wanted in both the Klingon Empire and the Orion Syndicate.

(beat)

I don't know why, but I imagined such a man would have a more robust appetite.

ARCHER

(lightly wry)

With all those people after me, I need to stay quick on my feet.

Harrad-Sar grins.

ARCHER

You said you had something important to discuss with us.

HARRAD-SAR

It's poor custom to talk business before entertainment.

Harrad-Sar taps a button on a SMALL PANEL built into his chair. Suddenly, MUSIC fills the room, exotic and alien. Archer and Reed trade a glance.

HARRAD-SAR

(to Archer)

If the food didn't arouse your hunger... this should.

Three ORION SLAVE GIRLS enter the cabin. Stunningly beautiful, they begin a WILDLY SENSUOUS DANCE, part ceremonial, part erotic.

After a few moments, Harrad-Sar glances at his guests.

HARRAD-SAR

What do you think?