

QUANTUM LEAP

meets

ENTERPRISE



Theorizing that one could time travel within his own lifetime,

Dr. Sam Beckett led an elite group of scientists into the desert to develop a top-secret project known as Quantum Leap. Pressured to prove his theories or lose funding, Dr. Beckett prematurely stepped into the Project accelerator and vanished.

He awoke to find himself in the past, suffering from partial amnesia and facing a mirror image that was not his own.

Fortunately, contact with his own time was maintained by brainwave transmissions with AI, the Project Observer, who appeared in the form of a hologram that only Dr. Beckett could see and hear.

Trapped in the past, Dr. Beckett found himself leaping from life to life, putting right things that once went wrong and hoping each time that his next leap would be the leap home.



Five years of leaping and Dr. Beckett has still not returned.



Wherever he's leaped,
he's still himself...

There's no one in the
waiting room.

I've got a feeling Sam's
leaped beyond his lifetime.



He's in the future.
Don't ask me how I know,
I just do.

He's in the future.
Way in the future.
Far beyond his lifetime.

The bartender sent him.

The past has been mere prologue. Where Sam has gone, there is great danger.



Captain?



Captain? Are you okay?

That *photonic explosion* must've zapped you a good one!

Captain?

You look disoriented. Perhaps you should go to your ready room? It *has* been a... *difficult* morning.

Uhhh...yeah. Good idea. Thanks.



"Good idea???"



Meanwhile, back at Project Quantum Leap...



Ziggy...
How long have we been at this?



And...?
Anything on if Sam's in the future?

Seven hours, forty three minutes and five seconds, Admiral

Like I've already told you, Admiral, That would be most improbable .



Dr. Beckett cannot leap beyond his own lifetime.

What about the leap into the civil war?

An unforeseen genetic glitch...

But it is possible!

No offense, Admiral, but even I can't predict our future... What good will you be?

What good?!?
Who flew the X-2? Me!
Who taught him Elvis' moves? ME!
Who taught him to box, shoot pool, draw a six-gun...
...Kiss the girl!
Sam needs me!



I'm not gonna let my best pal get lost in time.

I guess I know what I gotta do...



Gooshie... Warm up the accelerator.

Admiral?

Neurons, Mesons...
Fate, Time...
I'm gonna find him.



Tell Beth...
I'll be back



Er... Thanks for checking in...

No problem...



Dr. Phlox will be by shortly...



crk? whimper?

Hey, Porthos... Don't give the Cap'n a hard time, 'k?



Phlox?

Porthos?

What kind of crazy leap is this? ...No offense.



This is like "Captain Galaxy" all over again...



There's no way...



beep!

This can't be real...



Personal Log, Captain Jonathan Archer Starship Enterprise NX-01, 2151...!

Oh, boy...



Geez...
Look at all this...

Holographic chambers...
Male pregnancy...
Visitors from the future...
Heh.



What's gotten into you?



Don't know...



Maybe
it's me...?

ALI!



You're here!



Well... Yeah!



You didn't think I
ditched you, did ya?

Well, no...



So, what does Ziggy
say I'm here to do?

I dunno.
Ziggy doesn't have
information on the future.



What are you
telling me, AI?

You're really
in the future
and you're really
in space.

Ain't that a
kick in the butt?



Doctor?

Doctor.



Ah, Subcommander! What a pleasant surprise!



What can I do for you?

Captain Archer is in his ready room. He is in need of your assistance.



I'm afraid you're mistaken. The Captain just left here a few minutes ago.



He'd come in for a couple of brief scans. Something about a bright blue flash and suddenly finding himself in the corridor...




Thank you, Doctor.

This is most...unusual.




Hm.



Al, this is ridiculous!
I can't leap into the future!
It's past my lifetime!
I can't leap past my lifetime...

The rules don't matter anymore!
Whoever... Whatever it is
that's controlling your leaps
wants you to be here...




...so, you're here.

But I can't be
the Captain of a spaceship!

I mean,
I crashed the X-2...

I couldn't even make it
into space as a *chimp*!
This is--


SAM...




Would you
chill already?!

We'll get through this one
just like we got through
all the others...
We'll... wing it.

I'm here to help you,
remember?




Thank you.
Yes, you're here, I'm here
and we're *both* here
with *no data* as to
what I have to do!




sigh...

This is great.
Just great...




I can only *imagine*
what Ziggy would say
about my odds of
getting home now...



Wait a minute!
If Ziggy doesn't have information
'cause I'm in the future...

That means he wouldn't be
able to lock on to me either!



Without a lock...
The Imaging Chamber can't...
AL! How did you find me?

Aww... Sam...
You don't want to know that...



Al...

You're gonna get all cranky...

What did you do?



I leaped.

You leaped?!?

Well...
When you leaped outta that bar
and no one showed up in
the Waiting Room,
we figured you were
still leaping around as you.



Leaping around as me?

Ziggy couldn't get a lock on you.
I wasn't gonna let you go
bobbing around in time without me...

And with us
connected
with our... Our...



Neurons and Mesons,
you thought that by leaping
you'd be able to find me?

What were you thinking?
That's insane!
The odds against it
were astronomical!

No more insane
than you jumping in the accelerator...
It worked, didn't it?



Look, let's just say I had a gut feeling.
Has that ever been wrong?



Al... We don't know how to get *either* of us back.
We don't even know who you've leaped into!

I hadn't thought about that...



This whole leap is giving me a headache...
There's so much weird stuff going on!
The Future, *you leaping*...



And if I leaped as myself, then why is everyone calling me "Captain"?
And why didn't this little guy flip out until you showed up?



I dunno... Maybe you're a dead ringer for him or he's your great great grandson or something...

sssssssst

Very funny, Al...
But doesn't it strike you as kind of weird?



Oh, boy...

I don't know who you are, but you'd better have a good explanation...



Uh...
Sam...!



What?

No, I haven't seen the Captain!

We just left 'im in his ready room. Shouldn't he still be there?



Yes. But the Doctor seems to think otherwise.



According to the Doctor, Captain Archer left sickbay just a few minutes before we arrived on this deck. Presumably, he was on his way back to the Bridge.

We only jus' got here... Wouldn't we have seen 'im?

Exactly.



Okay, so maybe the Doc made a mistake. What's your point?

A mistake?



All I'm sayin' is maybe he got his times mixed up or somethin'. Or maybe the Cap'n was feelin' better and walked by when our backs were turned. It's no big deal.

He's a big boy. He can walk 'round his own ship if he likes.



Commander... The Captain has been on the bridge all morning. We left him in his ready room. In the time it took to get here, it's unlikely that Captain Archer could have gone to sickbay and left, especially without us noticing.



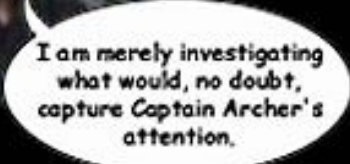
And...?

Dr. Phlox keeps excellent records of his patients' visits. It is highly unlikely that he would mistake another crewman for the Captain or confuse the time.

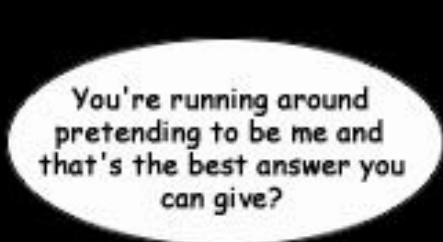
And as you know, the intercom system is still in repairs after this morning's explosion.



If the Captain is ill, I am in command and am required to act as he would see fit.



I am merely investigating what would, no doubt, capture Captain Archer's attention.





Look, I don't see what the problem is. So a couple of things seem a little weird. So what? That doesn't mean anything!

The comm system is back on line...

I'm not saying there is a problem. There are merely some inconsistencies that warrant investigation.



Investigating? How 'bout jus'bein' nosy? I'm sure nothing's wrong.

T'Pol, Trip... My ready room...

Nosy?



...



See? He's fine!

Trip.. T'Pol...



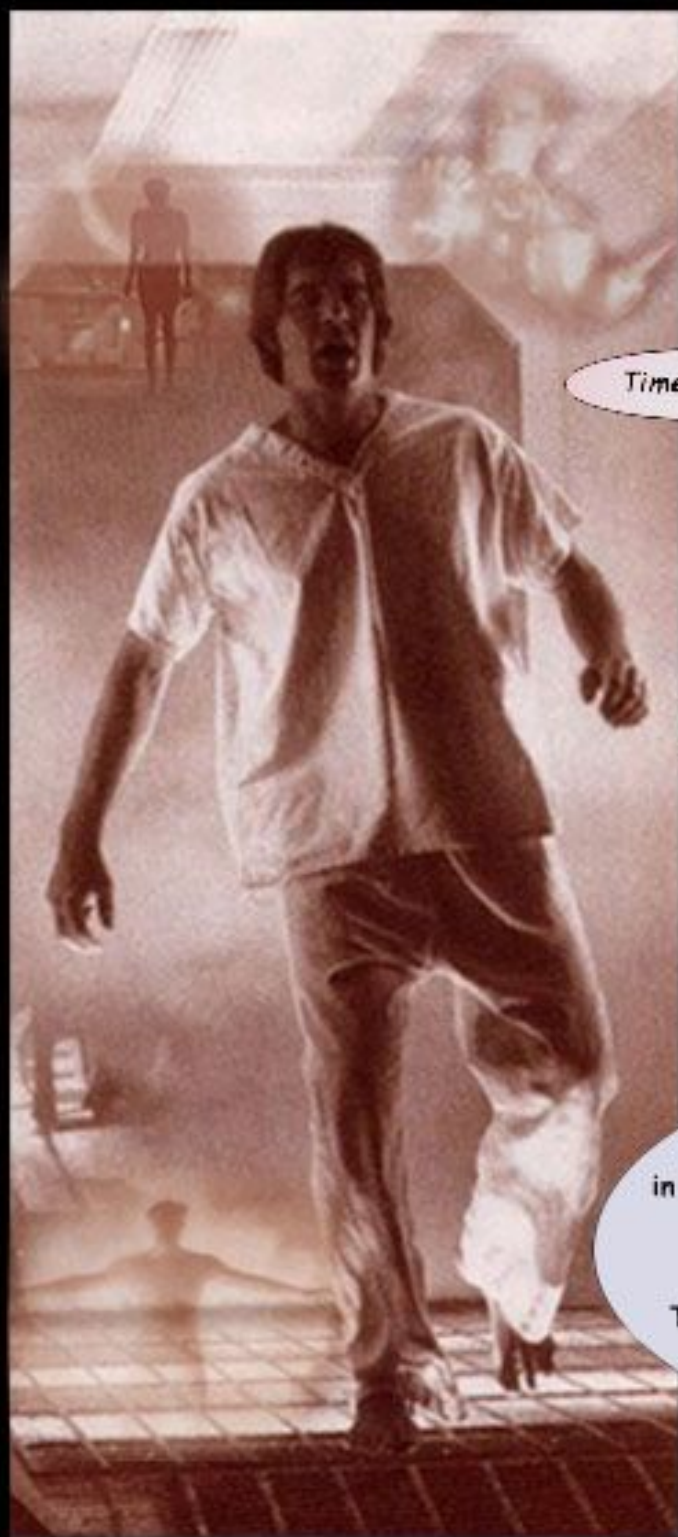
Hi...

I'd like you to meet Admiral Al Calavicci...

...And Dr. Sam Beckett.



Cap'n... What's goin' on here?



Doctor Beckett claims to be the inventor of some kind of time travel mechanism...

Time travel!?

...Whose test run resulted in his accidental displacement in time.

The Vulcan Science Directorate has determined that time travel is impossible.

No, no... It's not!
It's very possible!

Sam...

The Admiral is his partner, who has *also* time traveled, in an effort to bring Doctor Beckett back to his present day, roughly a hundred and fifty years ago...

Their ability to travel in time appears to be based on the condition that they complete a mission. They believe they are here to fix something for the better so that they may return home. Until then, they're stranded here.



That's a great story Cap'n...
But what're we supposed to do?



We shouldn't do anything.

What?

How do we know these men are telling the truth?



What is she talking about? You don't think-

Look, we've been out here a while and not all of the folks we've met have been what you might call "friendly".



We're not here to start anything, I swear. We just want to go home.



Trip, take them to Dr. Phlox and see if he can confirm whether they are who they say they are.

If they are, do what you can to help them. If not, let me know and we'll... deal with it.



Aye, sir.



Thanks.

Uh... yeah... Thanks...



T'pol?



After all we've seen... Do you think what they're saying is really possible?

You're the one who claims to have had traveled in time...



Well, doc?



The analysis of the tests will be done in a few minutes, Commander.

Please try to be patient.



Hmm...

What?



The analysis is complete.

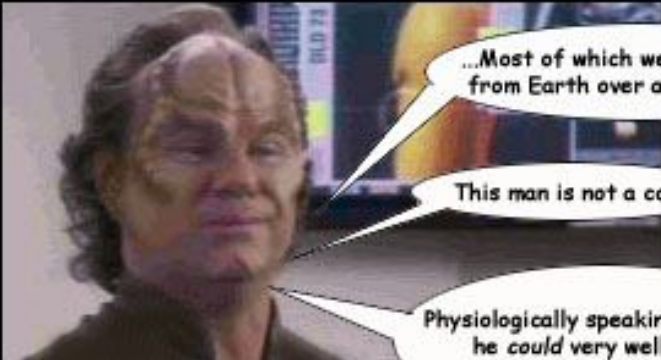
What'd you find?



If you'll take a look at the screen, you'll notice that beyond anatomical similarity, this man's genetic structure is nearly identical to the Captain's.



However, there are several interesting differences, such as traces of residual man-made pollutants in his lungs and bloodstream...



...Most of which were eliminated from Earth over a century ago.

This man is not a copy.

Physiologically speaking, however, he could very well be the Captain's great-grandfather.



Well I'll be darned.







You asked to see me?



Cap'n?

Phlox and I have come up with some... Interesting information.



"Interesting"?

It seems our visitor... is a time traveler. And a very unique one at that... He's my Great-Grandfather.



Your... Great-Grandfather.



The data and their story all link up...



That's *not* conclusive.

I know...

But I still want to help them.



They're just trying to get home.

And if what they're telling us is true... They have the ability to change things for the better.



I mean... If you had the chance to fix something you knew would happen...

Wouldn't you take it?



Regret is a human emotion.

It is illogical to want to change that which has already happened.

But it *hasn't* already happened.

And isn't it *logical*...



...To do what we can to optimize our future?



I want you to help them.



Aye, sir.

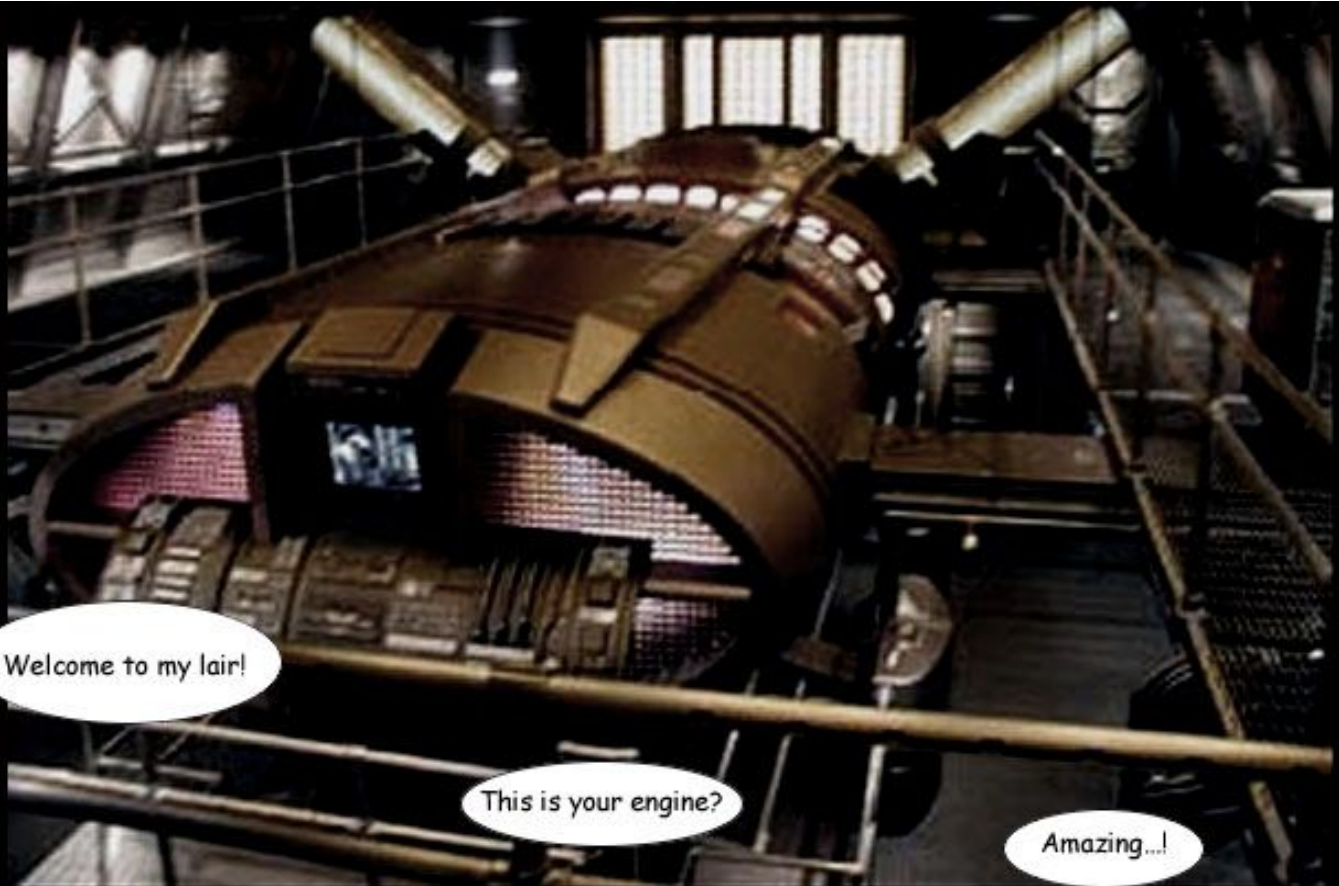
Just hope he knows what he is here to... "fix".



I wonder if it has anything to do with that gal in the Captain's office...

With the pointed ears?





Welcome to my lair!

This is your engine?

Amazing...!



You haven't even seen the first of it.

Maybe we'll have time for th' grand tour later.



I can only imagine what I'd do if I had this kind of technology at my disposal...

Well...



Consider it done



What?





So what d'ya have in mind?



I noticed your ship layout mentions a set of... "transporters"?



Yeah... But they only transport mass through space... not time.

Oh...



But what if they could?

I mean, what if we could make them...



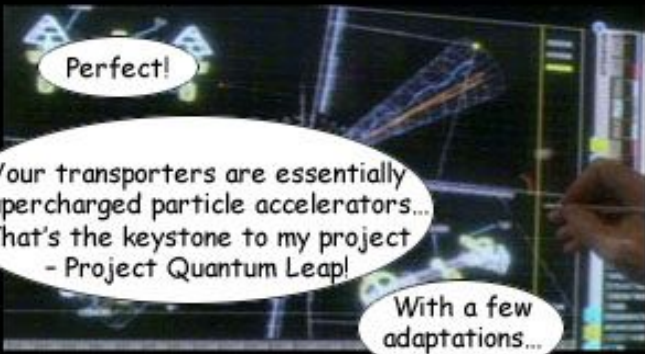
I don't get it. Are you saying we can make a time machine out of our transporter?

Possibly...



How exactly do the transporters work?

They convert your bodies to a transmissible data and matter stream by operating on a quantum level and accelerating your atoms to the speed of light...



Perfect!

Your transporters are essentially supercharged particle accelerators... That's the keystone to my project - Project Quantum Leap!

With a few adaptations...



It'll work!



Y'know what? It sounds crazy... But I think you're onto something!



It all sounds good on paper... now if only we could bring it to reality...
**SAM!
LOOK OUT!**



Wha-?
Hey!
What're you doing?



I thought you said you were going to help us!
I am!
I'm just scannin' your body so that its specs can be added to the transporter system.



It's perfectly safe.



Uh huh... You might've said something though...



You better not be trying anything funny...
See... You don't feel a thing!



I'm gonna need to scan your friend here too.
How long is this going to take?



Not long at all. Look, your data's comin' up already.



Can you come down here for a minute Malcolm? I've got a project you might be interested in.




Well, they're a special case. He'd probably give 'em the keys to the ship if they asked.

So what exactly is this "project" you're working on?

I seem to recall you sayin' that you always wanted to build a time machine... Dr. Beckett is giving us a chance to.









I can't believe this...

I told you he was a security threat!




It's not him that's the threat...
It's the Suliban that attacked us.




Even so, he is the reason we got attacked.

Not really...
It was Cap'n Archer they were after.




Oh that's a comfort.
Any sign of them?

No...
It looks like they're gone.




You know...
They're in for a bit of a shock when they find out that they didn't actually kidnap the Captain.

Actually, I think Dr. Beckett's in for a bigger shock...



Trip? Malcolm?
What's going on?
Status report!



Suliban attack, Sir.
Main Power's having some problems...
And they've kidnapped Dr. Beckett!





Where am I? Did I leap again?







You made a time machine...
Out of our transporter?



Not exactly.
We put Dr. Beckett's
modifications into the computer.
We haven't activated
or tested 'em yet...



But they are in
the system.

Yes.

That could be
a problem

Sir?

Travis has been able to
track where the Suliban
took Dr. Beckett.



It would be more logical
to transport him back to us.

No...
We're having difficulty
pinpointing his bio-sign.

Mister Tucker did say that Dr. Beckett's
modifications have not yet been activated.
If you insist on carrying out your suggested plan,
they should not pose a problem.

**WAIT A SEC...
HOLD ON!**



It's heavily guarded,
but I thought
we might transport
a rescue party...



If you're planning on rescuing my best friend, you can bet I'm goin' with ya.



Now... What does this thing do again?

You worried?



Kid, I was shooting m'self into the unknown when your grandpa was still in diapers.

Okay... In a nutshell, this thing rips your molecules apart and sends 'em streamin' 'cross space to wherever you wanna go.



Sounds good.

Beam me up.



Admiral... If you insist on joining us, we won't stop you... But perhaps you should let us get set up first, hm?

Yeah, yeah...



Okay... System's online...



Mr. Tucker, would you like the honor of being first?



Bein' the guinea pig, you mean.

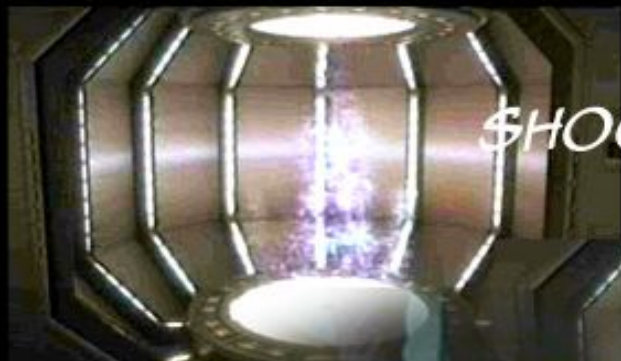
What're you worried for? You're the one who just programmed it.

I'm not worried...

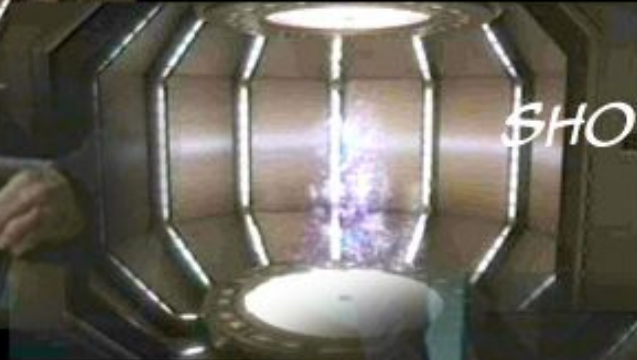


SHOOOM

Transporting. Admiral, it's your turn.



SHOOOOOOM



Subcommander?

SHOOOOOOM




Captain?

Be careful, sir.



SHOOOOOOM



There's something unsettling about being transported.

Part of it is the fact your molecules are ripped apart and shot across space.

Part of it is not knowing whether you'll arrive in your destination in one piece.

But the most unsettling thing, perhaps, is the fact that you're taking a leap of faith into the unknown.



I'm *telling* you, I'm *not* Archer!

I don't appreciate being taken for a fool, Jon.



And neither does he.

"He"?



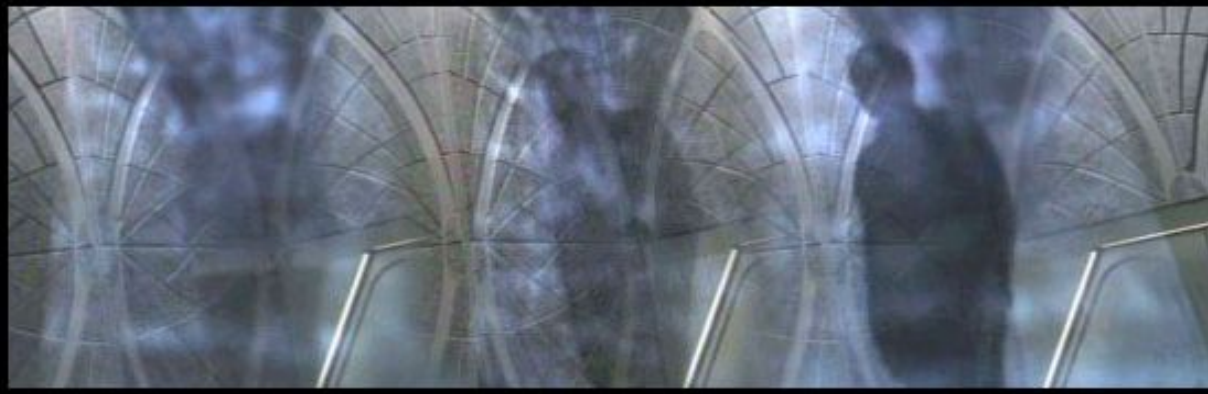
It would be in your best interest to avoid trying such nonsense with him.



He has been wanting to talk to you for a while.



How long has it been since you two last spoke?



There.

Aren't you ever going to say hello?

H-hello.



