

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"Dead and Buried"

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*For the Heroes. One year on...*

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Total darkness. Until we hear the rumbling of drums and a catchy theme tune when the screen shows an image of the Earth slowly rotating from orbit which ever so coolly morphs into the seal of the United Federation of Planets seal. Under the seal the words NEWS BULLETIN appear.

NEWS PRESENTER 1

Tonight on the Federation News Service, the continuing Coular controversy -- just what exactly is happening?

NEWS PRESENTER 2

And in local news, why it's going to be fun, fun, fun on Vulcan this Friday!

INT. NEWS ROOM

The first news presenter we heard speaking sits on a chair, with the same view of the rotating Earth in the background, he smiles, looking straight into the camera and:

NEWS PRESENTER 1

Good evening, and welcome to the Federation News Service.

He turns to face another camera.

NEWS PRESENTER 1 (CONT'D)

Another development hit the Coular inquiry today, when it was revealed that Captain Neil Cross, one of the key figures of the attack on Coular three, more than two weeks ago, is missing. The inquest into the attack, which was due to begin three days ago, has been postponed for one week in order for Cross to be found. However, today it was revealed that Cross may have fled the planet. Julia Adams, who's been following the Coular story from the beginning, today talked to Starfleet's Admiral Delfune.

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- DELFUNE'S OFFICE

A woman in her mid-twenties enters the office and shakes DELFUNE'S hand, who's stood at her desk, smiling.

She indicates a chair that has been placed in position for the reporter and the reporter sits down.

We cut to a typical interview edit, the camera in on Delfune, followed by the questions and reaction from the reporter and so on.

JULIA

Admiral, the attack on Coular III happened almost three weeks ago now, and the general consensus is that Starfleet is beginning to drag the hearing out.

DELFUNE

We are aware of the time factors, yes, but the hearing will go ahead in seven days, whether Captain Cross is present or not.

JULIA

Do you know anything on the whereabouts of Captain Cross?

DELFUNE

We're having a great difficulty tracking the captain down, but we do expect him to be present when the hearing recommences on Monday.

JULIA

What would you expect to have happened by the end of the hearing?

DELFUNE

Captain Cross, and most of his senior staff, has been put on trial for disobeying orders and most of them may walk away with a reprimand, but I'd be lying if I said that I thought Captain Cross would get off with the same.

JULIA

Can you say anything more specific, Admiral?

DELFUNE

Captain Cross holds a high and important rank in Starfleet, one that relies on him following our orders.

Julia NODS and looks up at Delfune, bracing herself for her final question...

JULIA

Admiral, with rumors of the Enterprise being put in permanent dry dock and scandal rocking Starfleet Command, has the Federation ever faced such a challenge within its own hierarchy?

As the camera slowly zooms in on Delfune we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The shuttle Talora, Dojar and Quinlan were in at the end of the last episode.

INT. SHUTTLE

The three are still slightly in shock from the revelation at the end of the last episode that the Enterprise is to be destroyed...

QUINLAN

So what now?

DOJAR

We should go back to Starfleet Command... tell them what we know. Someone back there will listen to us.

TALORA

By now they should have realized that it was us who were on the Enterprise, I very much doubt that they would be pleased to see us.

QUINLAN

Starfleet knows what's going on, Dojar; we'll be right back where we started.

DOJAR

What else do we have to go on?

TALORA

Very little. The coordinates we found on the Enterprise, and continuing references to the word Janus.

QUINLAN

And we know that the Enterprise's files regarding Coular have been wiped.

TALORA

Unfortunately, the only thing that tells us is that someone wants something regarding the Coular attack covered up, and we have no clue what the word Janus means -- or indeed, if it means anything.

(MORE)

TALORA (CONT'D)

The coordinates are the only piece of information that we have of any value. The obvious option is to proceed to that location.

QUINLAN

Starfleet knows what ship we're flying...

DOJAR

And they probably know that we have the coordinates as well...

TALORA

Then we find another ship and deal with Starfleet if and when we come in contact with them.

QUINLAN

Easier said than done. How many people do you think are out looking for who boarded the Enterprise right now?

Talora looks at her for a while, before turning to look at a monitor next to her and hitting some controls.

TALORA

(to Quinlan)

Take us to the edge of the system.

Quinlan complies.

TALORA (CONT'D)

(looks at console)

There are twenty-seven merchant ships in Earth orbit, six of which have warp eight or above.

DOJAR

(smiles)

We may be able to get passage on one of them.

TALORA

As much as some people would like to say otherwise, many merchant ships do not obey Federation law.

QUINLAN

So what do we do? Sit on the moon with our thumbs up and hope that a ship picks us up and doesn't turn us over to Starfleet?

TALORA

We have a full database at our disposal. I suggest that we make use of it.

Dojar eyes Quinlan ironically, before turning around and calling something up on a monitor of his own.

DOJAR

(reading off monitor)  
Merchant ship Raven... track record,  
one arrest for smuggling...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Klingon ship from the previous episode glides past the screen. If this had been almost any other ship it would be a stunning shot... unfortunately, like most things Klingon, it manages to take the beauty away as soon as it creeps into view.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- BRIG

Cross remains how and where he was at the end of the previous episode -- curled up in a corner, bruises covering his body, with his head down. The bruises from where he was attacked in the last episode have become more pronounced, but as far as we can tell he's otherwise unharmed.

We hear the doors at the opposite side of the room slide open before we hear footsteps approaching us. The camera tilts upwards to reveal the Klingon we saw earlier standing next to his comatose wife. He takes a while to look at Cross, giving him a look of hatred, but sympathy as well.

GALLAMM

You're looking well, Human. Quite an achievement considering that you've been on a Klingon warship for the better part of two days.

Cross doesn't reply.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

I was really hoping that you'd say something.

Still nothing.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

I won't give you a chance later.

Cross looks up at the Klingon ironically.

CROSS

This all you've got to throw at me?

Gallamm cocks his head and shrugs Cross's comment off. It means nothing to him.

GALLAMM

Stand up.

Cross remains curled up in the corner, but he begins to look down at the floor rather than up at the Klingon.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Stand up!

Cross sighs before looking up at Gallamm once more and slowly lifting up off the floor and looking Gallamm square in the eyes, even though he's considerably smaller than the below-average Klingon.

Gallamm walks to the center of the room and indicates for Cross to go and stand there, which he does, before he himself recedes to the side of the room, and begins to walk around Cross.

Cross does not turn with Gallamm, and at key points during the conversation Gallamm should stop and stare at Cross, whether he's behind him, at the front of him or to his side -- it doesn't matter.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

I'm going to tell you something that may surprise you, prisoner. Something that's very important to my heart and to myself as a Klingon. I'm a holy man. A priest. I have never killed another man, or hurt one physically, for as long as I've lived and I'm very proud of that. Time and time again I've had people ridicule me because of it; but that's what has made my faith grow even stronger. It's made my pity for people like you grow even more and it makes me proud to stand up here today and say that I am a Klingon! For all of my life I've been proud of my heritage and never more so than today, the day that I, a priest, have captured Neil Cross, the man who without a second thought ordered the destruction of an innocent civilian bunker!

CROSS

(disgustedly)

Innocen-

GALLAMM

Don't interrupt me, prisoner. I warned you that I would not let you speak. You have no idea how far beneath me you are right now, and how few civil rights you actually have left.

(beat)

I'm a man of deep emotion... emotion that I draw on to praise my God, to give everything that I have to him. But over the last two weeks it's been exceedingly difficult for me to keep my emotions for worship. I won't bore you with the build up to the fact that two weeks ago your ship fired upon the bunker that my wife was sheltering in. It took four days for the cleanup team to find her. Only for all my life service to the one that I love and worship more than any other, more than my wife and dear son, to seem to have dissolved into nothingness, for doctors to tell me that my wife is brain dead and that she will never think another thought. That she will never speak another word with her beautiful voice again.

CROSS

(interrupts -- quickly  
before Gallamm can't  
stop him)

Maybe that tells you something about your God?

GALLAMM

You will watch what you say, prisoner. I didn't say that I had given up on the one that I love; nothing will make me turn away from that. Not even a man like you. The one that created us loves us all equally, even you. Everything that happens in this life happens for a reason, sometimes reasons that are beyond your or my comprehension.

(beat)

You may feel relieved that I have told you all but that I will not do you any harm, but rest assured

(MORE)

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

captain, that I and my God, do believe entirely in vengeance and that if necessary, there are forty-two very angry, very unenlightened Klingon warriors outside that door that wish to beat you until your entire body has gone a shade of purple...

(indicates Cross's bruises)

...as you may have already witnessed.

CROSS

You don't believe in violence so you get your friends to do it for you? Sounds like an easy way out!

GALLAMM

(ignores him)

Right now, I am the only man on this ship who knows the key code to enter this room. As long as that's in effect no harm will come to you, physically at least. You see, captain, I do intend to damage your soul. I hope to make it burn in the fires of hell before we reach your final destination. I hope to make you ache in agony every time you close your eyes, or open your mouth to breathe.

(beat)

I'm going to make you wish that you were never born.

HOLD on Cross's bemused reaction...

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE

Dojar and Talora are reading through another ship report while Quinlan is busying herself keeping an eye on the sensors and occasionally changing course. Dojar and Talora look at each other and Dojar smiles. (It should be noted that Talora, Dojar and Quinlan are no longer wearing Starfleet uniforms, and are now in civilian gear.)

DOJAR

We've got it.

TALORA

A small dilithium trader, Tears of the Jackal, it's due to depart within the next thirty minutes.

DOJAR

I'm surprised that they're still permitted in the system with the number of black dots against their name.

QUINLAN

(smugly)  
Worse than me?

DOJAR

It makes you look like a traveling circus act.

Quinlan looks a little hurt at this but tries to disguise it as best she can. She looks over at Talora for support but only gets a raised eyebrow in return.

QUINLAN

Shall I hail them?

TALORA

I can handle it, Lieutenant.

Quinlan nods as Talora hits some keys on the shuttle's controls. The face that appears on the screen is instantly recognizable -- it is BRODY, the man that helped the Klingons reach Earth in the previous episode.

TALORA (CONT'D)

With whom do I have the pleasure of speaking?

Brody's working on something and not looking at the screen, he realizes that Talora is a Romulan as he turns to look at her as he completes his sentence.

BRODY

I could ask you the same question...  
Romulan.

TALORA

My name will not mean anything to you. All that you need to know is that I'm willing to pay you a substantial amount of money if you will take me to a set of coordinates.

Brody raises an eyebrow and returns to the console, hitting some controls.

BRODY

My scans show that you're in a pretty powerful ship yourself. What's wrong with that?

TALORA

Starfleet security is in the process of searching for our vessel. I don't think that we'd get very far in...

BRODY

How much do you have to stop me from calling them right now? I never have been very fond of Romulans.

At this Dojar stands up and walks behind Talora, and bends down so that her eye level is the same as Talora's.

DOJAR

You'll do as the Romulan asks or I'll inform the Romulan government that we've found the man who smuggled a test tube full of the Gellidian Flu on to Romulus.

BRODY

A Cardassian too, eh? This just keeps getting better.

Dojar looks at him, very intense.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I highly doubt that a Warbird would be able to reach me in time.

TALORA

You may find the number of cloaked Warbirds in and around the Sol system surprising.

BRODY

I can't see the Federation being too pleased at the prospect of a Warbird pulling up on its front lawn. Your people won't break a treaty just to find a man like me.

TALORA

(sighs)  
We'll pay you.

BRODY

What with?

Talora looks around at Quinlan and Dojar, who both look blankly back at her, not knowing what to trade.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I thought you said you had money?

A beat, Talora looks back blankly.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I'd be willing to take you where you want to go in exchange for a night in your company, Romulan.

Talora doesn't seem too fond of the idea.

TALORA

No. But I'm willing to offer you the craft that we're currently traveling in.

BRODY

It's a wanted vessel.

TALORA

In some parts of the galaxy... just like your own.

Brody pauses for a moment, considering the offer.

BRODY

Where do you want to go?

TALORA

I need to know that you will allow us passage before giving you the coordinates.

Brody nods.

BRODY

I will rendezvous with your ship within the hour.

TALORA

We'll be ready.

BRODY

Tears out.

Talora turns around and looks at Quinlan.

QUINLAN

It looks like you're beginning to enjoy playing pirate, Talora.

TALORA

(smiles)

I think I could get used to it.

Quinlan smiles and turns back to her console as Talora turns back to Dojar who gives an optimistic smile back.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- DELFUNE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Delfune is sat at her desk when the doors open and an INTERN enters.

INTERN

Lieutenant Grey to see you, Ma'am.

Delfune nods as the Intern exits and Grey enters. She remains silent until the doors slide closed.

DELFUNE

Mr. Grey, I'll skip the pleasantries. The data you and your former colleagues have obtained is none of your concern.

GREY

(confused)

I don't know what your talking about, Admiral.

DELFUNE

We know Talora and Dojar were on the Enterprise!

GREY

Really? I thought the Enterprise was off limits?

DELFUNE

(fuming)

It is!

GREY

So what were they doing there?

DELFUNE

(slowly, annoyed)

We traced a communication from the Enterprise. It was sent, to somewhere within a ten mile radius, a radius that encompasses your apartment.

GREY

My apartment is in a densely populated area, Admiral. It could have been sent to anyone, if it was even from Talora and Dojar at all.

DELFUNE

Need I remind you, Mr. Grey, that a position as head of Starfleet Research is at stake here...

The camera slowly closes in on Grey.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)

That job is still open to you... and all of this will be forgotten. Providing, of course, that you denounce Neil Cross at the hearing on Monday.

Grey looks at her, perhaps the bribe is tempting to him, we can't tell from his expression. But this is Erik Grey... surely he won't be the least tempted? He turns to leave.

GREY

I'll consider it.

DELFUNE

Really?

The doors slide open, and as Grey walks through, without turning he says:

GREY

Go to hell, Admiral.

The doors slide closed, leaving Delfune looking more aggravated than ever.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Tears of the Jackal traveling through space at warp, before slowing and traveling at impulse towards a huge junkyard. It is an amazing sight... one that we have seen before. Thousands of ships, or parts of ships, perhaps ones that have been there for hundreds of years, rest peacefully in space.

TALORA (V.O.)

Personal Log, Stardate 79056.1.  
After almost a day of travel aboard Tears of the Jackal, we are about to arrive at the set of coordinates which we have found belongs to a point within the Hellion Expanse, an area of space which Quinlan and Dojar have visited once before...

## INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Quinlan and Dojar in mid flow of reminding Talora what they were up to here before. They're sitting away from Brody (who sits in the forward pilot's seat), speaking in hushed tones.

QUINLAN

...and this is where the Q'tami brought him.

DOJAR

Only after doing considerable damage to the Enterprise.

TALORA

It was only four months ago, Dojar, I remember.

DOJAR

(half joking)  
Time passes so slowly...

TALORA

Where exactly did you find Y'lan?

DOJAR

On a fleet of dumped Cardassian warships.

QUINLAN

I don't think the ships are where they were the last time we were here.

DOJAR

They've been moved?

QUINLAN

Looks that way, Sherlock.

Dojar raises an eyebrow.

DOJAR

Maybe someone's doing some spring cleaning?

Quinlan gives a half smile.

TALORA

How far are we from the coordinates?

BRODY

(calls to Brody)  
Another four or five minutes at this speed...

Talora opens her mouth to speak...

BRODY (CONT'D)

But we can't risk using anything  
more than thrusters with all this...  
(indicates ships)  
junk flying around. It's too erratic.

Talora sits back and turns to look at Quinlan, who nods,  
confirming what Brody has told them.

EXT. SPACE

The Tears of the Jackal heading further and further in to  
the gigantic junkyard.

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Same as before.

DOJAR

We're within viewing range of the  
coordinates. I'm detecting multiple  
ships...

Dojar seems to be holding something back as the screen  
flickers to life and as what we are seeing begins to sink  
in, Dojar finishes his sentence.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

They're Reformist.

The camera closes in on our three officers before we cut  
back to the viewscreen, where we see some heavily battered,  
battle scarred Reformist ships looming closer and closer...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Continuous action from the end of Act One.

TALORA  
Life signs, Dojar?

Dojar remains silent for a second, just staring at the Reformist ships on the viewscreen, before looking down at the sensor read outs before having to be told to do so.

DOJAR  
It's hard to tell...  
(looks up)  
There's a lot of radiation being emitted.

QUINLAN  
Care to hazard a guess?

DOJAR  
I don't think that there's any more than one or two, throughout all eight ships.

TALORA  
Is there an atmosphere?

DOJAR  
There's only one ship with a full atmosphere left intact, the rest have entire sections blown out into space or are filled with toxic gases.

TALORA  
Shields?

DOJAR  
We can beam aboard.

TALORA  
Very we...

BRODY  
(interrupts)  
Now you hold on one damn minute!  
Those are Klingon Reformist ships!  
I said I'd take you to your coordinates, but stick around while you poke your noses around? I don't think so!

TALORA

Mr. Brody...

She very slyly nods at Quinlan, who begins to approach Brody from behind.

TALORA (CONT'D)

As much as we appreciate everything  
what you've done for us thus far...

She gives Quinlan a far more obvious nod, but it's too late for Brody... she's pulled his arm behind his back and twisted it so far it's on the verge of breaking.

TALORA (CONT'D)

If you even think about moving, I'll  
have Miss Quinlan here break every  
bone in your body.

Brody reluctantly nods, as much as he'd probably hate to admit it he really doesn't have much of a choice in the matter. Talora reaches into a pack that she has and pulls out a small pentagon-shaped device that lights up and begins to glow when she slaps it on to the navigation console.

TALORA (CONT'D)

This is an self-destruct mechanism.  
(she places it on the  
console)

It hooks into your sensor array,  
navigational controls and warp core.  
If it detects even the slightest  
adjustment in course... it will  
instruct your warp core to overload.

BRODY

But... but what about the debris?  
If that hits me I'll...

TALORA

(interrupts)

You'll almost certainly be dead, and  
if your shields are anything like  
your piloting skills...

(she pauses)

You'll just have to hope that nothing  
heads in your direction.

BRODY

You're a liar!

TALORA

I am?

QUINLAN

Trust me; really she isn't.

She raises her eyebrows in complete seriousness at him. Brody puts his hand on the device, apparently preparing to pull it off.

TALORA

It's also tamper proof. Any person who tries to remove it other than with my DNA will also trigger the warp core overload.

Brody lets out a loud audible sigh and sits back down in the pilots chair, apparently making himself comfortable, though he still looks very uncomfortable with the situation he's in.

TALORA (CONT'D)

We'll be back within the hour.  
(indicates Dojar and Quinlan)  
Suit up.

Dojar opens a BAG that he's been carrying and pulls out THREE PHASER RIFLES and some HEAD GEAR. (Note that they should be using a NEW phaser rifle design that we haven't seen before.)

TALORA (CONT'D)

The Marine's new weapon? Dojar, you've outdone yourself.

He smiles before beating the weapon against his chest, as if he is beating his heart with it before throwing it to Talora.

DOJAR

Proud to be of service.

He picks another out for Quinlan and another for himself before they walk on to the transporter pads. They attach their head pieces, load up their rifles and then in turn Dojar and Quinlan nod at Talora.

TALORA

Ene...

BRODY

(shouts)  
Wait!

Talora, Dojar and Quinlan look up.

BRODY (CONT'D)

What if you're killed? How will I get out of this... thing?

QUINLAN

The Expanse?

Brody nods.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

You won't.

Brody's face turns pale.

TALORA

Energize.

Dojar smiles as they beam out, as Brody changes his facade completely, and pulls a tricorder out and walks up to the device Talora put on the navigational console.

BRODY

(to himself and  
monotonously)

Well, aren't you in for a surprise...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Klingon ship we saw Cross on earlier flying through space at warp.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- BRIG

The scene has changed slightly since the last time that we were here. Cross is now stood at the back of the room, and Gallamm has receded into a darkened corner, allowing us only to see the outline of the side of his face, his Klingon ridges looking even more threatening, his face looking more angered than ever. He's holding a PADD, reading off it.

GALLAMM

Stardate 78987. The Federation Starfleet launches a retaliatory strike against the Klingon Reformist movement after the Reformists destroyed one of Starfleet's starbases. An attack wing, including the U.S.S. Enterprise, commanded by one Captain Neil Cross, provides massive damage to the Klingon colony of Coular III.

He looks up from the PADD and continues from his own perspective.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

Included in the casualties are sixty-six innocent Klingon civilians. Indeed, the entire colony of Coular was innocent. Granted, there was a starbase in orbit of the planet, but it was of no strategic interest.

(MORE)

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Tell me, Captain, why did Starfleet decide to attack Coular?

CROSS

It was where the Reformist fleet that attacked our starbase originated from.

GALLAMM

Lies.

CROSS

You'd be surprised.

GALLAMM

No fleet left here to attack your starbase, we knew nothing of it until it was on the news bulletin!

CROSS

We have evidence.

GALLAMM

(smirks)

No fleet left Coular to attack your starbase, prisoner. I give you my word.

Cross raises an eyebrow at this.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

Believe what you will.

He lowers the PADD and turns to look at Cross, still completely covered by the shadows.

CROSS

Either way we still had the right to attack your Reformist colony.

GALLAMM

(shouts)

What right was that?

CROSS

(shouts)

The right you had to attack a Starfleet starbase with the finest damn officer I've ever met on board!

Gallamm nods, calms himself -- no longer shouting.

GALLAMM

So yours was a mission of revenge.

CROSS

We'd done nothing to provoke that attack.

(beat)

There were civilians on the starbase too.

GALLAMM

(looks up)

Name them.

CROSS

What?

GALLAMM

What were there names?

CROSS

I... I don't know their names. I know that my friend's wife... one of his children were on board...

GALLAMM

You claim it was a mission of vengeance yet you did not even know the names of those you were avenging? You disgust me!

CROSS

And you know the name of every civilian who died on Coular?

He smiles -- he's got Cross where he wanted him. Over the course of Gallamm's dialogue we close on Cross, and we see a slight hint of emotion appear on his face, though he is trying to disguise it.

GALLAMM

And more. Jur'oq, aged twenty-two. An architect. He was so excited that one of his dreams was about to be realized. A city planner from Kronos had licensed one of his designs and it is to be built as a central merchant's annex. Certainly an achievement to be proud of. He threw a party for every one of us in the village that night. His mate made the best gagh that I have ever tasted, his children had organized Com'antaghs the like of which none of us had ever seen before!

(beat)

Aronz, aged sixteen.

(MORE)

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

His father was teaching him to become his successor, only five weeks ago he was learning how to plow a field, to analyze which crops needed more fertilizer than others. He'd just fallen in love. For the first time. Something that many other children had ridiculed him about. She had only been on a passing cargo ship to the homeworld, but there was no separating the two while she was here. She was indeed beautiful, and yesterday he was due to take a shuttle to meet her out by a nebula.

(beat)

Sixteen years old! How can you live with yourself knowing that you've disrupted and taken such a young life? One that was showing so much potential and love for life? These people were innocent!

CROSS

Then why didn't your God protect them? I've never been one to insult other peoples' gods, but one thing that's always struck me as so profoundly stupid is that if a God is indeed real and loves everyone of us equally, like you claim yours does, then why do they punish us? Why do they hurt us? Is it because they have no real control over us and that we do live our own lives, or just that they don't love us? That they don't care about our existence and that we're just jesters, amusing them with our antics, with our conceptions of love and hatred. Of humor and anger. Of vengeance and reconciliation.

(beat)

My life, it's been so damn hard for me... and I've haven't had control over every aspect of it. My family were killed in the Dominion War and as soon as I got out of that camp I grabbed a phaser and I shot the bastards. I shot them I could find and it felt so good it was unbelievable. I felt something go through me when I did it and I've never felt so relieved, so injected with power then I did in that moment. And I felt some of that when I fired on your colony.

There is a beat. They look at each other.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(shouts)

You killed my best friend, damn it!

Another long pause. Gallamm slowly walks out of the shadows, heading towards Cross.

GALLAMM

(solemnly)

Murtor, aged thirty seven. She had just given birth to her husband's first child. Only seven months earlier she'd lost her father and had lost all reason to live. She lost her perspective on life and found no reason to live in it anymore she did not want to play a meaningless game that would eventually end and that she too would dissolve into nothingness.

(beat)

I taught her what it meant to live again. To feel the joys of life surging through her and to look forward to the day that our God would see fit to release her from this river of pain and into a sea filled with joy and happiness.

His expression becomes pained, his demeanor one of agony.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

You killed my wife. You left my soul hanging stranded, with a child who will grow up never knowing who his mother was. Never knowing the sound of her voice or the feeling of having been embraced in her arms.

He grimaces, unable to control his emotions. His face turns from one of complete and utter despair to one of complete and utter hatred.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

(shouts)

You killed yourself!

And with that Gallamm strikes Cross across the face.

At this point we descend into a blurred SLOW MOTION, as we watch Cross being knocked back against the wall and to the floor from Gallam's perspective. We hear shallow breathing and a raised heart beat as he looks down at the hand he struck Cross with, at the hand that has broken a life long promise to himself.

We cut to Cross's point of view, looking up at Gallamm, looking at his hand. Tears roll down his eyes.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

(softly)

You killed yourself...

With that he turns and exits, leaving Cross on the floor, thinking about God's, friends and life...

CUT TO:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- CORRIDOR

A dark, empty Klingon corridor. The only source of light is coming from a faded red alert klaxon, that has grown dimmer and dimmer in time. The only way that anyone would be able to recognize this as a Klingon ship would be from the five dead bodies strewn across the camera shot, as Talora, Dojar and Quinlan beam in.

They look around, the usual post transport surroundings familiarization, before the smell of decaying flesh begins to take hold of them, overwhelming them, as all three begin to balk, having to hold their hands to their mouths.

Quinlan is the first to see the Klingon corpses and points them out to Dojar and Talora.

QUINLAN

These smell like they've been dead for weeks!

Talora checks her tricorder.

TALORA

They have. According to this, these men were killed more than four weeks ago.

DOJAR

Four weeks? What did they die from?

TALORA

Multiple causes. Some died from phaser fire, others from blood loss, suffocation... damage to the spinal chord.

QUINLAN

How many are there?

TALORA

I'm detecting twenty on this deck... and another twenty spread throughout the ship.

DOJAR

But why do the coordinates lead here?  
What relevance does this have to the  
Enterprise... or Janus?

TALORA

Perhaps the one life sign remaining  
on the ship will provide us with an  
explanation?

Quinlan looks doubtful, as though she's already made her  
mind up about something.

QUINLAN

Where is he?

TALORA

The sickbay. The majority of the  
corpses were left there.

QUINLAN

Great.

Talora and Quinlan begin to head off down the corridor, while  
Dojar stands alone over the five corpses.

DOJAR

If it wasn't for us they'd never  
have been found...

Quinlan stops and turns around.

QUINLAN

Dojar, they're Reformists!

DOJAR

And I'm a Cardassian! A lot of people  
would have said the same about me  
not so many years ago. They're people  
too and if they died a death like  
this they certainly don't deserve to  
be left to rot in a glorified garbage  
yard!

Quinlan looks a little shocked at Dojar's sudden outburst.

QUINLAN

I'm sorry...

Dojar looks down at his feet, a strange expression overcoming  
his face. By this point Talora has also stopped, but she is  
not looking back at Dojar and Quinlan so much as looking  
straight ahead at the corridor in front of her.

TALORA

We'll inform the relevant people  
when we get back, Dojar.

Dojar remains silent, and begins to walk along with them.

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- CORRIDOR

Talora, Dojar and Quinlan round a corner and Talora indicates a door to Dojar and Quinlan. The two raise their phaser rifles as Talora steps forward and hits the control to open the door. The doors part and as they do so, a pink liquid begins to flow out from in between the doors and slowly begins to spill out into the corridor. It's Klingon blood. Dojar winces at the sight, as Talora and Quinlan look up into the sickbay itself as a mixture of shock and disgust fills their faces...

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- SICKBAY -- CONTINUOUS

It's a room of total death, of total carnage. It's disgusting. Klingons lay out on beds with eyes open, death hasn't taken away the look of pain and fear in them as the camera pans down to reveal huge wounds made across their chests and stomachs from their own daggers, which still remain where they cut into their owner last. These wounds look serious, but not serious enough to kill straight away -- they've bled to death. We see restraints which have held these Klingons in place.

Other Klingons headless bodies lie on the floor, not far from where their heads rest, a bat'leth close by. Yet more have been killed by phaser blasts, perhaps the most lenient way to go from what we have seen so far. Others hang from a noose in mid-air, apparently made from their own hair as the hair on their head has been removed -- scalped.

Finally, another lies on a table, blood seeping from his mouth that is still slightly open. We can see that all of this man's teeth have been removed, and not in the comparatively gentle dentist-like fashion.

QUINLAN

This must be why the oxygen was left on; they killed all the others quickly and had some fun with the crew of the final ship...

DOJAR

It's sick.

We cut to one of the Klingons, lying face up as it's menacing eyes spring open. As we pull out to reveal that it's the Klingon without the teeth we cut back to Dojar and Quinlan talking, as Talora walks through into another room.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

I can't believe anyone would ever do this...

Behind them we see a Klingon moving... and slowly sitting up which neither Dojar nor Quinlan sees as the Klingon begins to walk towards them.

QUINLAN

And the fact that we found the coordinates for the ships on the Enterprise...

Realization suddenly dawns upon Dojar.

DOJAR

They're framing us for this?

Cut back to the Klingon getting closer and closer to Dojar and Quinlan.

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- SICKBAY LAB -- CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Talora is in another section of the sickbay, though Dojar and Quinlan are just visible through the doorway behind her the light is still very low, very red. Talora still has her tricorder out, analyzing another of the dead Klingons.

QUINLAN

(from behind Talora)

Could be. It would explain why all the data has been purged from the Enterprise computer.

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- SICKBAY LAB -- CONTINUOUS

The Klingon quietly picks up a bat'leth, before turning to look at Quinlan and Dojar.

QUINLAN

No sensor logs, navigational records...

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- SICKBAY LAB -- CONTINUOUS

QUINLAN

No, nothing...

Talora's tricorder beeps loudly and she swings around to see the Klingon quickly approaching Dojar and Quinlan, bat'leth in hand.

TALORA

(shouts)

Look out!

The Klingon, apparently unaware of Talora's presence, is thrown off by this and swings too soon, though it is still within only millimeters of Dojar and Quinlan.

Talora aims and fires at the Klingon, knocking him out and on to his back, as Dojar and Quinlan look at the Klingon, at each other, and finally at Talora, who remains standing with her weapon drawn.

QUINLAN

Well... looks like we found our Klingon.

She lets out an anxious, adrenaline driven sigh before...

CUT TO:

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Brody crouches on his knees, sat next to the chair that Talora was sat in, going through the bag that she brought with her. A glimmer of hope crosses his eyes as he pulls out a PADD she was using earlier. He pulls out a tricorder, analyses it and smiles, before pulling a scanner out of a small locker and placing the PADD in it. He taps some keys and the scanner slowly begins to scan the length of the PADD. But before it's done, the comm chirps.

Brody walks over to a monitor, hits a key and the viewscreen springs to life -- unfortunately we can't see who's on it or recognize their voice, the signal is either too weak or encoded to travel like that, as static fills part of the screen and the audio is also filled with a crackling noise.

VOICE

Progress?

BRODY

I was wondering when you'd call. The Romulan planted some kind of self destruct mechanism on my helm control -- I'm not going anywhere for the time being. But...

VOICE

(interrupts)

Then remove it.

BRODY

(sighs)

If you'd let me finish!

(beat)

But it requires the Romulan's DNA to remove. I'm attempting to replicate some from a PADD she was using, but it's proving most difficult.

He looks over at the scanner that's now a quarter of the way down the PADD.

VOICE

Good. I want nothing left of the Reformist debris. You'll deal with the situation accordingly.

BRODY

I understand.

The figure nods and the monitor turns off. Brody turns around to see that the scanner is almost finished. He watches the final few seconds of the scan before a beep sounds. Brody walks up to the scanner and smiles, uploading the results into his tricorder and uploading them into the computer's database.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Computer, replicate the DNA sample I've just uploaded.

He walks over to a replicator where one of Talora's hands appears. He picks it up, examines it and smiles.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Computer, replicate another.

Another hand materializes and Brody picks up both hands, and claps them together jubilantly.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Computer! Connect with all of the Reformist ships and set a silent self destruct sequence to be activated in five minutes!

He smiles, looks down at the hands, and heads over to the device that Talora placed on the helm control, and with Talora's replicated hands, slowly tries to remove the unit. He stops for a second, looks at Talora's hands and smiles.

BRODY (CONT'D)

(re: hands)

Think I'll keep these when I'm done...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Hellion Expanse, we can still see the Tears of the Jackal, though the shot favors the Reformist ship that Talora, Dojar and Quinlan are on.

INT. CORRIDOR

Dojar carries the unconscious Klingon, as Talora and Quinlan march in front.

DOJAR

How long do we have left before our  
hour's up?

Quinlan looks at Talora.

QUINLAN

You don't really think that we're  
going to stick to that do you, Dojar?

Talora looks back at Quinlan, a bemused expression on her  
face.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Aw, come on! We're rebels -- we can  
do what we like!

TALORA

There are another twenty-seven minutes  
until Mr. Brody is expecting us to  
return.

QUINLAN

Maybe you wouldn't make such a good  
pirate after all.

TALORA

Perhaps not...

CUT TO:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- BRIDGE

The doors part as Talora and Quinlan enter, followed by Dojar  
and the unconscious Klingon he's still carrying.

QUINLAN

What are we looking for?

Dojar puts the Klingon down and finds a console for himself  
to work on.

TALORA

Anything that might help us find out  
who did this -- looking for any  
reference to the word Janus may be a  
useful starting point.

Quinlan nods and begins working at a console, which beeps  
almost immediately.

QUINLAN

A lot of the files have been  
damaged... but I think we'll be able  
to reconstruct them.

TALORA

How long?

QUINLAN

A few minutes.

Something else beeps -- this time it's on Dojar's console.

DOJAR

We may not have that long...

QUINLAN

What?

DOJAR

According to this... the self destruct's been activated.

TALORA

How long?

DOJAR

Three minutes, twenty two seconds.

TALORA

Brody.

Dojar nods.

DOJAR

According to this, the sequence was activated via the comm. channel.

TALORA

(frowns)

The communication array's still functioning?

DOJAR

(shakes head)

Only incoming messages are coming through.

QUINLAN

Does this strike anyone else as a set up?

TALORA

We'll worry about that later... but now, we need to get out of here.

The camera cuts to the clock, it's three minutes and counting...

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Hellion Expanse -- the Reformist ships and the Tears of the Jackal dominate the screen.

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Brody is fiddling with the device attached to the helm control with Talora's hands, but he can't quite control the second set of hands; he's trying to control the fingers and lift it off, but he's not getting anywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- BRIDGE

The clock's still ticking, 2:59, 2:58, 2:57... Dojar's left the console and heads over to pick up the Klingon, Talora walks over to look over at Quinlan.

TALORA

How long?

QUINLAN

I'm one-third of the way into restoring the Janus references.

TALORA

We won't have time for any more.

QUINLAN

I can stay here... catch you up.

TALORA

You don't know where we're going.

Dojar's now holding the Klingon,

DOJAR

Commander, there's a full complement of unused escape pods on all decks.

TALORA

How far is the closest one to the bridge?

DOJAR

(indicates corridor)

Just around that corner -- but there's only room for three in each pod and the next is a deck down.

TALORA

(sighs)

We have to go. Now.

QUINLAN

If there's only room for three in each pod, let me stay! I'll be able to get to that other pod as soon as the files are restored.

TALORA

I'm not leaving without you.

Dojar walks forward.

DOJAR

Then let me stay. I can do it.

TALORA

I'm not leaving without anyone.

DOJAR

Commander! This information... it could be vital.

Talora looks over at the clock -- only one minute fifty-nine seconds left. Talora nods at Dojar who gives her the Klingon.

TALORA

Quinlan -- let's go.

QUINLAN

I can do this.

TALORA

I have no doubt over your ability to perform the task, but Dojar has just completed weeks of Marine training.

Quinlan sighs and stands up and Dojar takes her seat.

QUINLAN

Fine!

Talora looks at Dojar.

TALORA

You can do this, Gril.

Dojar smiles.

DOJAR

I know I can.

Talora and Quinlan head quickly for the doors.

QUINLAN

Good luck!

They exit, leaving Dojar alone as he watches the percentage of data restored increase on one side, and the self destruct countdown continue on the other. 1:47, 1:46, 1:45...

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- CORRIDOR

Talora and Quinlan run down the corridor, Talora carrying the unconscious Klingon.

CUT TO:

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Brody finally manages to pry off the device on the helm control with Talora's hands, he has the fingers wrapped around it with one hand and the other hand's palm enclosing it, and rips it off the console. He sits himself down in the pilots seat and hits some controls.

EXT. SPACE

The Tears of the Jackal's thrusters fire, and the ship slowly begins moving away from the Reformist ships, it's not moving fast because of the debris moving around -- it's too risky to go any faster as Brody said earlier.

CUT TO:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- CORRIDOR

Talora and Quinlan stop running outside the entrance to an escape pod, and hit the controls on the door and the door WOOSHES upwards towards the ceiling as Talora, carrying the unconscious Klingon, and Quinlan hurry in.

CUT TO:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- BRIDGE

Dojar's now standing up, partially kneeling on the seat ready to run as soon as the restoration is complete. A tricorder lies open next to the console downloading the data restored so far. Next to that the countdown continues, 1:02, 1:01, 1:00...

CUT TO:

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (1)

Quinlan hits the key to close the door, which closes considerably slower than it opened.

QUINLAN  
(sarcastically)  
Whoo! This is quick!

She sits down in front of what looks like the helm control (it's only an escape pod so the controls are down to the bare minimum) and begins to strap herself in.

Talora has already strapped herself in and is now working on the Klingon. She hits her commbadge.

TALORA  
Talora to Dojar, progress?

INTERCUT:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- BRIDGE

It's getting tenser by the second, Dojar is still stood in the same position watching the restoration and the countdown.

DOJAR  
It's four-fifths of the way there,  
Commander! I'll be out any second  
now!

TALORA'S COMM VOICE  
Good. We're ejecting the escape pod --  
I'll see you on Brody's ship.

INTERCUT:

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (1)

The Klingon is now fully strapped in, as is Quinlan.

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE  
Will do!

Talora puts on a grim yet emotionless face.

TALORA  
Talora out.

She hits the eject button and another WOOSHING sound is heard, as the window at the front of the pod shows the escape pod accelerating quickly away from the Reformist ship and into the Hellion Expanse.

QUINLAN  
Let's hope we don't hit anything.

Talora says nothing, only raises her eyebrows in acknowledgement.

CUT TO:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- BRIDGE

The countdown's now on Dojar's tricorder as well as the percentage uploaded and restored. The countdown reads 0:14, the restoration 98% and the upload at 96%. We watch Dojar sweat, intercut as the numbers get lower and higher respectively, until finally at 0:08 both percentage readouts read 100% and Dojar picks up the tricorder and runs as quickly as he can out of the Bridge and around the corner...

We cut back to the console which reads 0:04...

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

...into the corridor and hits the control on the nearest escape pod and the door whooshes open and Dojar hurries in.

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (2) -- CONTINUOUS

He hits the control for the door to close and straps himself in.

INTERCUT:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- BRIDGE

The display now reads 0:02.

INTERCUT:

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (2)

We watch as the escape pod door slowly closes, Dojar's getting restless and his hand rests over the eject button.

INTERCUT:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- BRIDGE

The display now reads 0:01, before flicking over to 0:00. We cut to a wide view of the Bridge which explodes in a huge ball of flames and proceeds to head down to the corridor.

INTERCUT:

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (2)

Dojar sits as the door is about to close looking out through the window, aching to press the eject button, aching to get away from the ship that's dying around him...

INTERCUT:

INT. REFORMIST SHIP -- CORRIDOR

The camera follows the flames and we reach the space where we should see the escape pod -- a beat as the camera lingers on the shot for a while... has it left the ship? The flames flash past obscuring the view of the escape pod...

EXT. SPACE

Yes! It's off and moving away, but the Reformist fleet that were gathered in the area begin exploding into a huge ball of flames which nothing could survive -- as we see the escape pod incinerated in the flames. The sight of the Klingon ships exploding is an amazing sight, a sight which should send a rush of awe and adrenaline into each viewer... but it's tainted with grief and sympathy...

We cut to another area of space, as Talora and Quinlan's escape pod rushes away, the flames getting closer and closer.

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (1)

Quinlan is tapping some controls at the make shift helm as the pod begins to rattle and shake all over the place.

TALORA

(shouts over the noise)

How far are we from the Tears of the Jackal?

QUINLAN

(also shouts)

Not far! The acceleration from the ejection gave us some extra power.

TALORA

Let's get as close to it as possible!

QUINLAN

We'll bounce off its shields!

TALORA

Or be enclosed by them!

QUINLAN

Risky!

TALORA

Do it!

Quinlan nods.

EXT. SPACE

Talora and Quinlan's escape pod heads upwards and away from the camera, as the flames suddenly engulf the camera -- they're just running in front of them.

Cut to a new shot, and the escape pod heading closer and closer to the Tears of the Jackal.

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (1)

The ship begins to stop shaking for a second, and though Quinlan and Talora should probably be relieved, but they know it's not over yet, as a yet more intense shaking begins.

EXT. SPACE

We're above the escape pod, the flames have begun to slow and stop moving but that's not the end of it yet the shockwaves from the destroyed warp cores are heading towards each other, and it's not long before they've all merged together and are heading towards the escape pod and the Tears of Jackal as one huge, mighty shockwave!

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (1)

The pod is shaking violently as Quinlan taps away at some controls, futilely try to steady the pod.

TALORA

How long until we reach the Jackal?

QUINLAN

Not long now! Within a minute or so.

TALORA

Any ideas how to get on board?

There's a beat as Quinlan thinks.

QUINLAN

Do you still have a tricorder aboard the Jackal?

Talora nods, realizing where Quinlan is going.

TALORA

You think we could disable its shields through the two tricorders?

QUINLAN

The timing would have to be to the second -- they'd have to be back up by the time the shockwave reaches us.

TALORA

Understood.

EXT. SPACE

The shockwave grows closer...

INT. REFORMIST ESCAPE POD (1)

Talora is now holding a tricorder tapping its controls.

TALORA

Whenever you're ready.

Quinlan looks up at the incoming ship, it's approaching fast, and she stands up and picks up the giant hulk of the Klingon.

QUINLAN

Let's go.

Talora nods and hits some keys. Quinlan looks at her, confused.

TALORA

The shields haven't dropped.

QUINLAN

Why?

TALORA

There's some kind of defense mechanism inside the shield controls -- I've never seen anything like it.

QUINLAN

Let me see.

Quinlan puts the Klingon down before Talora throws her the tricorder. Through the viewport, the Jackal looms closer...

QUINLAN

No problemo...

She taps some keys; the escape pod is only seconds away from hitting the Jackal now. She hits a final key and reaches down, holding the fallen Klingon as they dematerialize.

EXT. SPACE

The escape pod appears to be just about to hit the Jackal when the Jackal's shields miraculously spring back to life, resulting in the stricken escape pod being pushed away into the path of the oncoming shockwave.

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Total blackness -- lit for a brief second by the light from the transporter glow. We see the outline of Brody running past, but we do not see where he is moving to.

Talora and Quinlan fully rematerialize, getting used to their surroundings before pulling out two small flashlights that they scout around the ship with.

QUINLAN

Brody! Why did you try and kill us,  
you bastard?

Silence. No answer in return, but the shaking from the oncoming shockwave is beginning to become more intense -- so much so that it's getting hard for our two crewmembers to maintain balance.

They continue to flash their lights around looking for Brody.

TALORA

Computer, lights.

COMPUTER VOICE

Unable to comply. Voice pattern not recognized.

BRODY

Do you really think I'd be that stupid, Romulan?

TALORA

Appearances can be deceiving, Mr. Brody.

BRODY

Very true. Oh, and by the way, you have a very nice set of hands on you. I think your little device might have worked if it wasn't for that pesky DNA you left on some PADDs.

Talora quietly curses.

QUINLAN

(to Talora)

I wouldn't have thought he'd have had the brains.

BRODY

(laughs)

Something else that may be of interest to you both. I detected another escape pod leaving the ship you were on...

Talora looks up, letting her guard down for a moment.

BRODY (CONT'D)

It was incinerated... I hope no one was on board.

Talora and Quinlan begin to fume.

QUINLAN

If anything has happened to Dojar, you'll pay with your life!

BRODY

Ah, the Cardassian? Shame, he was such a... bubbly person.

Talora grits her teeth, beginning to listen for where Brody's voice is coming from.

QUINLAN

When I find you I'm going to throw you out of the nearest airlock!

BRODY

Really? I've always wanted to  
experience what that feels like!

Talora turns a corner, but before she can react to seeing Brody direct in her flashlight, he grabs her and pulls out a knife.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Computer, lights!

The lights obey his commands and the cockpit is illuminated once again, as Quinlan swings around to see Talora with a knife to her throat. She points her phaser in his direction, but Talora is still too close to him, even for the new phaser's headset.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Don't have the brains you say? I'd  
say I have more then you two put  
together!

The shockwave is becoming even more intense -- we've seen the destruction of one warp core before, now imagine that multiplied by eight!

TALORA

If you kill us, you'll never be able  
to return to Earth again.

BRODY

Why? Are they going to set up a  
search for you, just like they did  
for your precious captain? That was  
a joke!

QUINLAN

What do you know about the captain?

BRODY

What everyone knows from the  
newscasts... not a lot.

Quinlan looks at him questioningly -- does he know more then he's letting on? Brody pushes the knife closer to Talora's neck, but an even more violent shake pushes him off balance.

Talora seizes the opportunity and delivers an elbow to his stomach, swinging around and planting her knee their too, before knocking the knife and knocking Brody to the ground with her fist.

At this point the shaking begins to slowly dissipate, but it's not gone for a while still.

TALORA

Looks like the tables have turned.

Brody gives her a half smile before thrusting himself upwards and knocking Talora off her feet.

BRODY

It does, doesn't it?

Talora quickly regains her balance and begins to fight hand to hand with him, before Brody is struck down by an aggressive looking Quinlan, who's holding Talora's hands, complete with the self-destruct mechanism grasped.

QUINLAN

Good hands.

Talora isn't amused. Quinlan walks up to her and takes the knife and walks up to Brody, sitting on the lower part of his stomach and holding the knife above his chest.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't end your sad excuse for a life right this minute?

BRODY

You think I have one?

QUINLAN

I think you know more than you're letting on about our captain.

BRODY

I really don't.

Quinlan pulls the blade up to Brody's face, and slowly begins to push closer and closer towards his skin.

QUINLAN

I think you do.

Brody swallows.

BRODY

He was here. But he's not anymore! The Klingons took him on to their own ship! I don't know any more than that, I swear!

Quinlan moves the blade up to Brody's hair line.

QUINLAN

Where'd they take him?

BRODY

I don't know!

QUINLAN

Ever been scalped before?

She pushes the blade down into his skin, and a small trickle of blood runs down his face, but Quinlan doesn't move it any more than that.

BRODY

All right, all right! They took him  
to the Coular System!

QUINLAN

Coular?

BRODY

That's what they said! Argh!

Quinlan removes the knife, but remains seated on top of Brody.

QUINLAN

Looks like we're going to Coular.

TALORA

Dojar might still be out there...

Quinlan's eyes open wide, she swings around to Brody.

QUINLAN

Where you lying about that too?

BRODY

No! I swear! I'm not morbid enough  
to lie about someone's death.

Talora looks at him, he nods. Quinlan's face begins to go a shade of deep red, before she knocks Brody out. She slowly walks up to a console, followed by Talora. There's a long silence, one that's almost unbearable.

TALORA

(quietly)

Lay in a course for Coular.

Quinlan nods and sits down at her console and taps at some keys.

TALORA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Initiate.

As we close in on Talora's solemn yet angered face we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Klingon cruiser which Cross is on flies past the screen.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- BRIDGE

The doors at the rear of the Bridge part, and Gallamm enters, walking towards the Klingon captain, KORZ.

KORZ

Is the prisoner dead yet?

GALLAMM

(half heartedly)

The prisoner is...

He clenches his fist, solemnly examining his knuckles.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

...a man of deep anguish.

The captain notices Gallamm examining his fist, but doesn't mention it -- yet.

KORZ

And I suppose you intend to rectify that before we kill him?

GALLAMM

I do intend to make him suffer for his weaknesses, but you will not kill him.

KORZ

This is my ship, and if I order that the prisoner be killed, my crew will obey.

GALLAMM

You forget, Korz, only I have access to the prisoner.

KORZ

I do not care. If I want the man dead then I will have him killed -- be it with or without your permission.

GALLAMM

But his time of judgment is near! If you harm him now you'll be destroying everything that I have planned for him on Coular!

KORZ

Explain.

GALLAMM

I believe that the prisoner is beginning to realize the full extent of what he has done... that guilt and the fear of sin is beginning to set in. The main is in inner pain. Whether he knows it or not.

KORZ

Unfortunately it is not the pain that I wish for him to be in!

GALLAMM

Once we reach Coular he will...

A beat. We see something flicker across his eyes that we have never seen in this man before.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

...He won't last long.

The captain nods and Gallamm turns to exit.

KORZ

So long as he is dead!

Gallamm begins to walk, but he swallows before he gives his response to Korz.

GALLAMM

He will be. But not by my hand.

KORZ

You're going to be a murderer, my friend!

Gallamm stops dead in his tracks.

KORZ (CONT'D)

Perhaps there is hope for you as a warrior yet?

Gallamm spits on the floor before continuing out of door, Korz smiles.

KORZ (CONT'D)

Helmsman! ETA at Coular Three?

HELMSMAN

Twenty three minutes.

Korz smile grows even wider as he looks up from the helmsman and into the viewscreen at the stars flying past them...

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- MEDICAL BAY

Gallamm enters and stops at the doorway as light floods the darkened room, illuminating his wife and baby son, who lies sleeping in a crib next to her.

He walks up to the infant and picks him up, holding him close to his chest and walks over to his wife. He rest his hand on hers and the three share a quiet moment together before:

GALLAMM

The time for vengeance is almost near, my love. The time for you to walk through the gates of Sto-vo-Kor is almost at hand... Our son will be told the stories of his warrior mother and of how she died a glorious death in battle! And like the prophecies have foretold, he will be the man to unite the houses! He will be the man who brings peace to the Empire!

His son looks up at him and gives a baby laugh. Gallamm smiles down at him.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

You are the One, my son. You have a great life ahead of you.

He smiles and puts his son down next to his mother, and embraces them both.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

Treasure this moment -- for it will never come again.

The baby slowly closes his eyes and Gallamm takes in the scene -- his wife and son together, a family together, one last time.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Tears of the Jackal, at warp.

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Quinlan is at the helm, Brody is now tied up in one of the rear seats, unconscious, and Talora is standing over the Klingon that the two brought back from the Reformist vessel earlier in the episode.

Talora is holding a hypospray and presses it to the Klingons neck, as his eyes open wide in rage. He shouts in Klingon and tries to stand up -- but it is impossible -- he is being restrained using a forcefield which fizzes as he comes into contact with it.

When the Klingon speaks it must be remembered that his teeth are still not present, and thus his dialogue will sound a little off...

KLINGON

Where am I? What is this?

Talora takes a few steps back.

TALORA

My name is Talora, I've come to help you.

KLINGON

If you have come to help me then why have you restrained me?

TALORA

You attempted to kill two members of my crew when we boarded your vessel.

KLINGON

I was defending myself! The crew has gone through enough without another Federation crew taking advantage of us!

TALORA

Another Federation crew?

KLINGON

How do I know I can trust you? That you are not one of them?

TALORA

We rescued you, we took you with us before your vessel exploded.

KLINGON

What?

TALORA

The crew of your vessel, of your entire fleet, were dead when we found them. You were the only survivor.

KLINGON

How did you find me?

TALORA

We found the set of coordinates within the computer core of our ship, the Enterprise. The entire database had been wiped with that one exception.

KLINGON

You should have left me to die! It would have been an honorable death!

TALORA

I need you to tell me what happened to your fleet -- how they ended up in the Hellion Expanse.

The Klingon grimaces, but talks anyway.

KLINGON

Janus did this.

Quinlan turns from the cockpit.

QUINLAN

You know who Janus is?

KLINGON

We were only told what we needed to know -- they hired us to attack a Federation starbase.

QUINLAN

(shocked)

What?

TALORA

Which starbase?

KLINGON

Number twenty-three. We destroyed it.

QUINLAN

And a Federation crew hired you to do this?

KLINGON

Yes -- they were cowards, all of them.

TALORA

Do you know who they are? Where we can find them?

KLINGON

No. The crew of the vessel was acting as a go between, between our fleet and Janus.

TALORA

Do you remember the name of the vessel?

KLINGON

I do not -- I was only told what I needed to know. The information would have been in our computer core though.

A beat.

TALORA

A member of my crew attempted to restore the data -- we have not heard from him since your ship was destroyed.

KLINGON

That is unfortunate.

Another beat, slightly longer.

TALORA

How did your ships reach the state they were in?

KLINGON

Janus told us that if we attacked the starbase, that the Federation would press our cause to the Imperialists. They also told us that they would supply our fleet with weaponry. The Hellion Expanse was the location we were to collect the weapons from. Without warning, the group acting on part of Janus attacked us, we were the final ship to be boarded and we tried to defend ourselves -- but there were too many of them. They tortured us.

QUINLAN

I don't believe this.

KLINGON

Believe it.

He shows her his toothless mouth.

KLINGON (CONT'D)

Your Federation is not as perfect as you would like to think.

QUINLAN

How do we know you're telling the truth?

KLINGON

If you had the data from the computer core you would.

Talora sighs. She's going to have to believe him, she nods at him and walks to the front of the cockpit where Quinlan is sat. They talk quietly, so not to be overheard.

TALORA

What do you think?

QUINLAN

He knows about Janus, and we're almost sure those ships were Reformist.

TALORA

I don't know what to believe.

QUINLAN

What else do we have to go on?

TALORA

Maybe we should turn around... try and find Dojar and the computer data? We'd...

QUINLAN

Talora! Look at yourself! We don't have time to turn around! We're still another twenty minutes away from Coular at best, and we need the captain! Whether we like it or not, Dojar's probably dead.

Talora sighs.

TALORA

He's a survivor -- turn us around.

QUINLAN

Talora! It won't get us anywhere! Dojar knew the risks when he signed up to Starfleet, when he signed on for this mission! We have to find the captain and find out what the hell's going on here. We can't afford to turn around!

Talora nods and retreats into the back of the cabin without saying another word, where an unconscious Brody is beginning to stare once again...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Klingon cruiser drops out of warp at the edge of a familiar star system -- it's Coular. The deep red nebula clouds our entire view, like a bloody shroud.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- BRIG

Cross sits alone in the darkness, deep in thought.

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- CORRIDOR

Gallamm paces through the corridor, carrying something, and towards the brig, where Cross is being held. The doors part and the camera follows him in.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- BRIG -- CONTINUOUS

Gallamm drops what he's carrying on the floor -- it's a Klingon military uniform. Cross sat in the corner of the room, looks at it.

GALLAMM

Put it on.

Cross walks up to it and looks at it, before looking back at Gallamm.

CROSS

I won't wear that.

GALLAMM

You will wear it or you will die.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

You know what? I'm fed up of you threatening to kill me when you've already told me that you'll do me no harm!

Gallamm looks at him in silent for a moment.

GALLAMM

Take them or leave them. Either way we beam down in five minutes.

CROSS  
Where are we going?

GALLAMM  
We're about to arrive in orbit of  
Coular III.

The camera closes in on Cross's less than pleased reaction.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)  
Your final destination.

Cross swallows. Maybe this is the end after all...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Tears of the Jackal approaches the Coular System and reduces speed.

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Quinlan is at the helm, Brody is now fully awake and the Klingon sits in silence still presumably surrounded by the force field.

QUINLAN  
Talora!

After a moment or two Talora enters from the rear of the ship.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
We're approaching Coular... and I've detected a Klingon ship in orbit of the third planet.

TALORA  
Lay in a course.

Quinlan nods and complies, taking the Jackal to impulse. Talora walks to the rear of the cabin and stands in front of Brody.

BRODY  
What do you want?

TALORA  
Why did you try and kill us?

BRODY  
I don't like you.

TALORA  
That's not good enough.

BRODY

It'll have to be.

A beat.

TALORA

You've got some advanced equipment on this ship for just a cargo ship, Mr. Brody.

BRODY

You'd be surprised how much I use it in my job.

TALORA

I'd be surprised if you'd found a use for your DNA scanner and replicator.

Brody remains quiet.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Who are you working for?

He remains silent. Talora walks away from him and sits herself at a console and begins reading through some files.

CUT TO:

EXT. REFORMIST COLONY -- COULAR -- EVENING

The massacred Coular colony which the Enterprise attacked in last years season finale, and where Gallamm was at the beginning of the last episode.

INT. KLINGON BUNKER

The same scene of devastation from the beginning of the last episode blood is spattered on walls and dead bodies lie on the floor, undisturbed since the last time we saw them.

Five figures and some equipment beam in, revealing themselves to be Cross, who is wearing the Klingon clothes Gallamm presented to him earlier, Gallamm, Korz, two other Klingons and Gallamm's wife.

Cross takes in the scene of destruction.

GALLAMM

You never thought you'd see this did you?

Cross shakes his head.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

You thought you'd do your job, get out and try to forget about all of this. But you're never going to forget this sight, Captain, because you're going to die here. Buried alive with every person you ordered dead.

Cross just stares into the bunker, unable to say anything.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

It feels right, doesn't it?

Cross doesn't seem to comprehend what he is seeing, he doesn't know what he's answering to when he nods.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

I'm glad you agree. But there's one thing, one final person who I'd like you to kill for me first.

CROSS

(totally out of it)  
I won't kill anyone else.

GALLAMM

You put my wife into a coma, prisoner! She's nothing more than a body. She took refuge in being able to move on to Sto-Vo-Kor when she was gone and now that is not possible unless she dies an honorable death. Only you can provide that, captain.

(beat)

What's one more life to all of these you have taken so far?

CROSS

One life is everything...

GALLAMM

I'm glad that you're beginning to understand that, but it is not the time to be changing your attitude towards killing people! My wife must die!

CROSS

You don't agree with that... why...

GALLAMM

It is what she wanted! Why should someone else's life have nothing but sin reflected on it when your life is already full of anything but sin?

CROSS

I'm a good man...

GALLAMM

You are not a good man! You killed these people! Look at them! Look around you! Look at my wife -- she is nothing. She is gone. You can help her move on!

The camera closes in on Cross...

CUT TO:

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- COCKPIT

Same as before.

QUINLAN

We're in orbit of Coular III, Commander.

TALORA

The Klingons?

QUINLAN

They haven't detected us -- we're on the opposite side of the planet, but it won't last for long.

TALORA

Good. Get ready to beam down.

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON BUNKER

Same as before.

GALLAMM

What problem do you have with taking one life when you have already killed another sixty-six, and who knows how many more? You can kill her; I give you my consent to do so!

CROSS

What gives you the right to decide who lives and who dies?

GALLAMM

She deserves to die! No one deserves to live like this!

CROSS

Then you're as ruthless as I am... even more so.

Gallamm shakes his head, and looks at the Klingon guards.

GALLAMM

Set up the forcefields.

The guards comply and begin to set up some portable force fields at the center of the bunker...

Meanwhile, further back and away from Cross, Gallamm and the other three Klingons, Talora and Quinlan beam in. They look around and see the forcefields being set up.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

If you will not kill her now, I will leave her to die here with you. Can you live with having to watch her die?

Talora and Quinlan look around -- how can they rescue Cross without drawing suspicion?

QUINLAN

Sound's like they're going to leave him here... we could wait until they've gone...

Talora looks at Korz who is holding on to the disruptor in his pocket.

TALORA

We may not have that option.

Cross has remained silent. Gallamm pushes him into the center of the bunker and into the center of where the forcefield generators have been set up.

GALLAMM

I will only give you one more chance prisoner... kill her or watch her die? What will be worse?

Cross takes his line of view from Gallamm to his wife.

CROSS

How?

Quinlan looks at Talora. Gallamm brings out a ceremonial blade which he holds up to Cross.

GALLAMM

One swing will terminate her suffering.

Cross nods and reaches out for the weapon.

KORZ

What are you doing? He'll kill us all!

He raises his weapon and aims it at Cross.

KORZ (CONT'D)

Gallamm wasn't the only man to loose someone in this bunker, Cross. I'd rather shoot you here and now!

GALLAMM

Korz! The suffering of the prisoner will...

KORZ

I do not care for the suffering of the prisoner! The only thing I care about is his death.

He points his weapon at Cross. Talora and Quinlan look at each other. Talora takes aim through the head piece of the phaser rifle and Quinlan takes aim at one of the other Klingons present, they fire, but the Klingon guard Quinlan is to fire at moves just before the beams hit.

The remaining two Klingons grab their weapons and aim for Talora and Quinlan who dive for cover, while Gallamm dives for the floor next to his wife.

GALLAMM

(whispers)

Kill her. Kill her.

Talora takes out another Klingon, but the other Klingon is proving to be an awkward target -- there is a long moment of silence were nobody moves.

Then from behind Cross, Quinlan sees something move, and through her rifle sees someone behind him.

QUINLAN

Captain!

Cross looks at her, and ducks, but not before a phaser has dissipated behind him. Has he been hit? Quinlan fires at the other Klingon and before long he is knocked down, and Talora runs over to where Cross is.

TALORA

Captain?

Cross is laid on his front, we can't see his face. Talora grabs his shoulder and gently pulls him over. He coughs and looks up at her, but doesn't say anything.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Are you injured?

He shakes his head and begins to stand up, looking over to where Gallamm is with his wife. Talora looks over with him.

TALORA (CONT'D)

What did he do to you?

CROSS

I... I don't want to talk about it...

Talora nods.

TALORA

We need to get you back to Earth.

CROSS

Anywhere but here.

Gallamm is kneeling over his wife, with his arms around her. Quinlan walks up from behind them and looks at the scene of devastation.

QUINLAN

We fought over a mass grave...

She sees Gallamm's wife.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Oh God, please tell me we didn't  
kill someone else!

Cross shakes his head and continues to look at Gallamm.

CROSS

No. No we didn't.

Gallamm turns around and looks at him.

GALLAMM

Please! Kill her! I beg of you!

Cross doesn't react.

TALORA

What do we do?

CROSS

Leave them. They have a ship in  
orbit -- let them go.

QUINLAN

Captain?

Talora looks at him, his face is resolute yet pained. She nods at Quinlan.

TALORA

(to Cross)

Are you ready to go?

He nods.

CROSS

Take me home...

Quinlan looks at Cross, Talora looks at Gallamm, Gallamm looks at Cross, Cross looks at Gallamm's wife. They say nothing, there is nothing that can be said...

Talora taps some controls on a tricorder and they dematerialize... leaving Gallamm and his wife alone, mourning over the life his wife is yet to leave. He looks at her, strokes her face and kisses her on the forehead and looks over to where the ceremonial blade lies on the floor...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

The following scenes are a short montage.

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

We are in orbit of Earth, as the sun comes up from behind it's sphere, illuminating part of the world below.

EXT. SPACE

The Tears of the Jackal docked at a starbase.

INT. STARBASE -- CORRIDOR

Cross, Brody and the Klingon are led away by Starfleet Security, followed by Talora and Quinlan.

INT. SMALL ROOM

Cross is present, we don't know where he is other than that it is well furnished and out of one of the windows we can see green countryside with rolling meadows and trees outside. He looks like he is in contemplation. The camera zooms in on him, slowly, before he looks up and sees a cloudy sky...

The montage ends on the scene listed above.

INT. TALORA'S APARTMENT

Talora records her log sitting on a balcony looking out over San Francisco Bay, looking out over the still Bay, and looking up at a cloudy sky as she records her log.

TALORA

Personal Log, Stardate 79113.6.  
It's been two weeks since our return to Earth and the hearing into the Coular Incident is almost over; we expect to hear a verdict by the end of the day. But when I say "we," I can't help but wonder what that means anymore. I haven't seen Captain Cross since he was taken into protective custody, Doctor Elris hasn't been heard from on Bajor since last Wednesday, and Dojar...

(beat)

Dojar is still missing... or that's what he's been officially listed as, anyway... but I've started to feel something after a while, something that isn't quite right that tells me that he isn't here anymore... that

(MORE)

TALORA (CONT'D)

he no longer occupies this life with me...

(beat)

I hope that he is alive, I pray -- no, we pray -- everyday that he is... and I wonder, with all the odds stacked against his survival, if we'll ever be able to rest not knowing what happened to him...

CUT TO:

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

He lies in bed, alone and awake, before an alarm activates and the lights in the room also activate. He records his log as he prepares for the trial, getting washed, putting on his dress uniform before he too steps outside and looks up at the cloudy sky.

GREY

The past few weeks have been a blur. I don't think our thoughts, words and actions have begun to sink in yet. Are we really the same people we were a year ago? Five weeks ago we murdered innocent civilians -- knowingly or not it was we, the crew of the heroic starship Enterprise that put an end to the lives of innocents. It sends a shiver down me. I feel a strange feeling in the back of my throat that makes me want to throw up. It makes me want the world to have taken me with them no, it makes me want the world to take me instead of them. It makes me feel numb.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- MORNING

This is the only of the logs we hear in voice over, as Quinlan walks through the streets heading towards Starfleet Command, looking up and seeing the cloudy sky and through it's gardens before arriving outside, and meeting with Talora and Grey, before the three head inside.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

The news bulletin reported that the weather system is due to be taken down for maintenance today, which inevitably means that it will rain on Earth. I hope this isn't a sign.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What strikes me as ironic is that even as a pirate I've never been involved with mass murder... well, never... No.

(beat)

Never.

(beat)

Captain Cross brought me on board the Enterprise with a promise that I'd be rebuilding my life, that I'd be making a difference again. Hell, I've made a difference, haven't I? I've made one hell of a difference.

(a long beat)

Talora's still clinging on to hoping that Dojar's still alive. Maybe she's right to? It should have been me who's out there now, and I keep hearing Dojar's voice... telling me that

(beat -- a tear perhaps)

telling me that I'm not to blame.

Maybe I'm to blame for everything that's ever happened to us.

Everything bad that's ever happened.

I've always felt that I've lived for longer than I ever should have done...

maybe my time's up. Maybe it's time for me to leave everything behind again, but this time for me to face

up to my own inner demons? Maybe

it's time I faced up to myself...

maybe it's time for us all to...

(beat)

End log.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING

Darkness is beginning to set in over the beautiful grounds of Starfleet Headquarters as storm clouds gather above. We close in on one of the smaller buildings where people enter. Security guards are present around the perimeter, and attendees are being checked as they walk into the court. Starfleet isn't letting anyone get in without walking through intense security checks.

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- HEARING ROOM

Quinlan, Grey, Talora, and Cross are all standing on the front line of chairs, but the rest of the court is also standing as Justice McKenzie enters the courtroom and walks to his position in the hearing room.

MCKENZIE

Please be seated.

Talora, Grey and Quinlan look at each other as they sit down, but Cross continues looking directly at McKenzie right the way through the hearing, never breaking his gaze or looking somewhere, or at someone, else.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

Over the last twelve days this hearing room has heard the evidence presented against the crew of the U.S.S. Enterprise, for the disobedience of Starfleet orders and breach of the Interstellar War Crimes Charter.

There's silence for a moment while McKenzie lets this sink in -- it's clearly one hell of a charge.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

I needn't remind anyone present that being charged with either is a serious offence, and must be dealt with severely.

(beat)

When this hearing first began, and was adjourned, the crew of the Enterprise were charged only with the disobeying of Starfleet orders... but since then, in three crew members' search for the truth and for their captain, they themselves have revealed that it was civilians who were hit. In his testimony Captain Cross took full responsibility for this, he was forewarned by Starfleet Command of the potential of civilians being present. Captain Cross has taken the full weight of this upon his shoulders... a heavy burden indeed. The captain is not just carrying the lives of all the Enterprise took that fateful day, he is also carrying the lives, careers and friendships of his crew. They were following his orders and looked to him for strength and for guidance. A crew is a crew, a captain their captain and a ship their ship. A captain takes responsibility for their crew just as a ship protects them all from the vacuum and the deadly environment of space. It is a cycle. A promise to one another. Therefore I am ordering the following.

(MORE)

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

The U.S.S. Enterprise NCC 1701-G will remain in space dock while a full investigation into the activities reported by Commander Talora takes place. Once this is complete, the Enterprise's fate will be decided -- this is the Federation flagship, it shows our strength as a galactic power. To destroy it a year out of space dock is unacceptable. Another alternative will be provided.

A sigh of relief.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

The Coular incident will be marked upon each crewmember's record. In the cases of Commander Talora, Lieutenant Jennifer Quinlan, Lieutenant Erik Grey and Lieutenant Junior Grade Gril Dojar, currently listed as missing, each of the names listed went beyond the call of duty to rescue their captain and to find the truth. However, the aforementioned did directly, or indirectly, take part in the theft of Starfleet property, disobeyed a direct order, and acted against Starfleet interests.

(beat)

Each will receive a reprimand for these and will be marked on their permanent record. A report will also be sent to the Romulan government. Further to this, for the duration of the Enterprise investigation, the entire crew will be given extended leave, with immediate effect. The crew's fate will be determined when the Enterprise's final fate is decided upon.

The remaining senior staffers smile, they're going to be let off lightly -- but Cross knows that he still hasn't been judged and his line of sight is still focused tightly on McKenzie.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

Captain Cross -- you are responsible for the death of sixty-seven Reformist civilians. You ordered the Enterprise off the designated attack plan and overall acted immorally.

A long, agonizing beat, the camera closes in on Cross, on McKenzie, on Cross...

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

It has been decided that you will  
spend life imprisonment in the New  
Zealand Penal Colony...

We descend into the same slow motion blur as earlier in the episode with Gallamm... Cross sinks back into his seat and seems completely out of everything that is going on. McKenzie continues talking for a while before banging his gavel on his dais, still in slow motion, as Cross sees two security officers walking towards him. He stands up and walks out of the room, saying nothing to his crew, his friends, to the side of him.

We cut to the reactions of Talora, Grey and Quinlan as Cross is led off, a mixture of shock, sorrow and perhaps relief in Grey's face. We watch as he is lead through some doors and down a corridor, and as the doors swing shut we see our final glimpse of our captain... our hero.

Cut back to Talora, Grey and Quinlan a minute or two later, this is apparent as they are all now sitting down, each lost in his or her own thoughts.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Talora looks up to see a security guard looking down at her.

SECURITY GUARD

Your captain has asked to see you.

Grey and Quinlan also look up.

SECURITY GUARD

All of you.

They look at each other and begin to walk off through the same set of doors that Cross was just led out through.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM

Cross is stood in a small, windowless, plain grey room. The only items present are a vase, holding a green plant, which rests upon a table, five chairs and pitcher of water with glasses by the side; both resting on another table.

The door opens and Talora, Grey and Quinlan enter, before the door closes again, leaving the four in silence. A beat. No one speaks.

TALORA

Captain?

Cross looks at her.

CROSS

It looks like it's going to be Neil from now on.

Another long beat.

CROSS (CONT'D)

I couldn't leave without saying goodbye to you all... as much as I'd like to, I couldn't.

GREY

(interrupts)

Captain...

CROSS

Let me say what I need to say, Erik.  
(beat, then awkwardly)  
Over this last year we've become a crew...

(shakes head)

And I'd like to think that we've become more than that.

(he looks at each one of them)

To say that I can consider each of you a very dear friend... I couldn't have done the things we've done... the good things we've done without any of you.

(he smiles)

And that's what I'd like you all to remember -- the good times. I think we had them every now and then.

Quinlan smiles.

CROSS (CONT'D)

I want you all to get on with your lives, wherever it is you end up. Don't dwell over me or what I am responsible for. I don't blame any of you...

He smiles.

CROSS (CONT'D)

I hope you all have a great life. You deserve it.

Quinlan is close to tears, Talora and Grey speechless. Cross nods at them, they all give half smiles or nods back, it's all very solemn.

Cross looks at the door, walks up to it and knocks. A guard enters and Cross begins to walk out of the door, just before the door's about to close he looks back:

CROSS (CONT'D)

Oh, and a letter or a visit wouldn't go amiss from time to time.

He looks at them all, gives them a reassuring nod and exits, away from his crew... his friends. We close in on Talora, Grey and Quinlan.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Cross and the two guards walk down a corridor, noticeably they are nearing the end of it and there are no apparent exits. They reach the end and turn, the two guards not apparently looking anywhere, but Cross is looking down towards the end of the corridor... towards where his life once was.

Without warning, Cross is engrossed in the shimmer of a transporter effect, leaving only the two guards behind. And with that he's gone. In the usual transporter effect, in the usual shimmer of light, he's just gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS

Talora, Quinlan and Grey stand outside the Starfleet symbol that has succeeded in destroying their careers, that is working more and more for itself than any time in its history.

Our view slowly zooms out and upwards, to see our crew standing in the middle of a great concourse in front of the building, with the seal of Starfleet Command engraved in the stones of the walkway under their feet. The seal of the same Starfleet Command that has succeeded in destroying their careers, that is working more for itself than at any time in its history.

DOJAR (V.O.)

Over the past few weeks we've fought for our innocence and for our rights as a being, be us Human, Romulan, Cardassian... But none of us have really considered just what this really means and what that means to others.

(MORE)

DOJAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We're all in this together now... since we first set foot on to the deck of the Enterprise we have been and always will be... Some people will consider us heroes. Does that make us a hero? No. Some people will consider us heartless. Does that make us heartless? No. It's our actions what count and it's our actions that make us guilty of crimes against life...

Slowly, one by one, the three begin to step forward. Not in the same direction, but breaking apart, pushing everything that's happened over the last year into the past, a past which while never forgotten will haunt them all for the rest of their lives.

Will they live in the shadows? Maybe. Is the Enterprise -- and everything she and her crew ever stood for -- dead and buried? Perhaps. But lives go on, and as the rain pats down on them, each of the former crewmembers look up into what should be a star filled night sky, but instead only see clouds.

HOLD on the seal of Starfleet Command as Talora, Quinlan, and Grey each pass out of view, each heading their separate ways, before a flash of lightening illuminates the screen and thunder rolls behind them.

FADE OUT.

DOJAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Life. How fragile it is.

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

We fade in on the stars, any viewers caught unaware will miss our suspense-filled ending... as we close in on a nondescript alien starship, flying at warp...

INT. ALIEN SHIP -- BRIDGE

Y'LAN is working at a console, examining readings, before a beeping is heard. He looks over at the console before looking up and tapping a commbadge.

Y'LAN

My suspicions were correct... we must warn them.

GARBLED COMM VOICE

Understood. I've set a course for Earth...

Y'LAN

We may be too late...

He looks down at the console and sees the names of the Enterprise's senior staff on a list...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END