

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"Day In..."

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

Commander TALORA, Lieutenant Commander ELRIS LEA, Lieutenant ERIK GREY, Lieutenant J.G. GRIL DOJAR, Crewman JENNIFER QUINLAN, Ambassador Y'LAN and Lieutenant GUER all sit around the main table. Captain NEIL CROSS is standing at a monitor on the opposite wall.

CROSS

This, is the McKeggan Wormhole. You all of course know that we've been ordered here, but you may not know why.

There is a beat as a slight grin appears on Cross's face, he's enjoying keeping his people in the dark.

CROSS (CONT'D)

The McKeggan Wormhole is a scientific miracle. It is the second known wormhole that has been found to be stable in the galaxy. But unlike the Bajoran Wormhole, the McKeggan Wormhole does not have verterons.

Y'LAN

Your term "verteron" did not translate. Please explain it to me.

Cross nods, understanding.

CROSS

A veteron is a type of atomic particle, which is able to make wormholes stable. Without verterons, a wormhole would merely be transient, come into existence and then collapse a moment later.

Y'LAN

Interesting. The Q'tami have yet to encounter such a phenomena. It must be rare indeed.

TALORA

Has the source of the stability of the wormhole been detected?

CROSS

No, not yet. That's why they are sending us out - the wormhole was only spotted in this sector a week ago on long range sensors.

TALORA

Has the location of the other endpoint been established?

Cross shifts a bit. Evidently he doesn't like the question at hand.

CROSS

Yes and no. We've discovered that only the end we are at is stable. The other endpoint moves around at a rapid pace, to a new location every ten seconds. Sometimes the endpoint has even strayed beyond our galaxy.

Talora raises both eyebrows at this.

TALORA

(dismissive)

If we can not use its endpoint effectively, this wormhole is useless.

QUINLAN

Last time I checked, the Starfleet charter was exploration, not consolidation and conquest like your Romulan Navy. I wouldn't dismiss this so easily, Commander.

TALORA

To your human society such exploration may have value, but to Romulans it is irrelevant.

GREY

You considered an attempt to save my life a waste of effort. I don't think your assessment of what is relevant and what is not relevant can be accepted. Your opinions are quite frequently in violation of Starfleet protocol.

CROSS

There is no need to debate the point of the wormhole's usefulness, people. There is a very good chance that this wormhole will be beneficial, even from Talora's perspective. Once we find out what is keeping it stable, the element or whatever it turns out to be will more than likely be an enormous boost to Starfleet efforts to create its own stable wormhole.

(beat)

Anything else?

No one speaks.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(looks at senior staff)

Commander, you'll be coordinating everything from Mission Ops. Doctor, see if you can find out if there are any medical effects from the wormhole. Lieutenant Grey, I'd like you to modify some probes to send in with Lieutenant Dojar. Y'lan, see if you can pick anything up on your sensors, Lieutenant Guer, work with Doctor Elris and Lieutenant Grey. I don't want our proximity to the wormhole to cause any side effects, technological or medical.

(beat)

Any questions?

No one says anything, Quinlan looks uncomfortable but doesn't say anything.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Good, you've all got your assignments. Dismissed.

Everyone STANDS and EXITS through the various doors which either lead to a corridor or to the Bridge. Quinlan follows Elris down the corridor, Grey takes another door and the rest of the crew take the door to the Bridge.

As Talora is about to exit, Guer stops her.

GUER

Commander! I think I'm ready to take the command test.

TALORA

You think? You are either ready or you're not, Lieutenant. I will not waste my time with someone who is not ready.

GUER

(contemplative)

Then I am. I want to take the test.

Talora NODS approvingly.

TALORA

It has been three weeks since I put through your application to the Corsica. I will set up a series of exams on the holodeck over the next few days.

GUER

Thank you, Commander.

Guer stands in front of Talora, MOTIONLESS.

TALORA

Will that be all, Lieutenant?

GUER

Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

Guer still remains motionless. Talora looks agitated.

TALORA

(matter of factly)

Then please move out of the way,
Lieutenant.

GUER

Of course Sir, sorry Sir.

Guer moves out of the way and Talora exits, leaving Guer looking slightly embarrassed.

INT. CORRIDOR

Elris and Quinlan slowly walk along the corridor to sickbay.

ELRIS

I notice our valiant Captain left
you out of the mission briefing.

QUINLAN

Unfortunately, I can't see a lot the
Tactical Advisor could do while we're
sat here in the middle of desolate
space doing nothing. Besides, I'm
used to it -- I haven't had anything
to do --

that's been in my job description for weeks now.

ELRIS

It's that bad, huh?

QUILAN

(depressed)

In all but name I've become the ship's
gossip officer. And even that's
becoming hard to find work for.

ELRIS

So Kinnan and Sukothai have worked
out their little "misunderstanding"?

QUINLAN

Well...

ELRIS

Go on.

QUINLAN

She talked and he talked. They've
 come to an
 (beat, bitter)
 Agreement.

ELRIS

So where has your community service
 been taking you lately?

QUINLAN

Ugh, the cargo bay, waste extraction
 central. You name it, I've been there.
 And those guys in waste extraction --
 nothing to talk about whatsoever.

ELRIS

Well, as much as I'd like to stay
 and chat, I've got to get back to
 Sickbay, I've got work to be doing.

QUINLAN

Later.

Elris takes the next junction in the corridor to sickbay and
 Quinlan continues walking. We follow her down the corridor
 as she wanders aimlessly around the ship, after a while we
 see a WICKED GRIN spread her face as she begins to concoct a
 plan.

INT. CARGO BAY

Quinlan ENTERS and PICKS UP A TRICORDER where she begins
 scanning VARIOUS CRATES AND BOXES that arranged in piles all
 over the cargo bay floor.

QUINLAN

Ewww... live Garankhai Slime
 lizards...

The crate begins to JUMP and ERUPTS covering Quinlan in SLIMY
 LIZARDS.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Ummm, Quinlan to security. We have a
 (beat)
 problem in Cargo Bay one.

DOJAR

A problem?

QUINLAN

A crate containing some slime lizards
 just

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

(beat)
exploded.

DOJAR

What did you do to it?

QUINLAN

(offended, sarcastic)
Nothing. I scanned the crate, Dojar!
It's not as if I have a craving for
having slime lizards all over me.

DOJAR

Understood.

A lizard begins to CLIMB up the side of Quinlan's face and on to her ear.

QUINLAN

Aaargh! I don't care if you have to
take someone off guarding the warp
core, Dojar, get someone down here
now!

DOJAR

(obediently, quickly)
Understood. Dojar out.

Quinlan SIGHS.

QUINLAN

I hate my life.

INT. WASTE EXTRACTION

Quinlan ENTERS, she has wet hair and has obviously had a shower, she walks over to a WATER DUCT. She PICKS UP a complicated looking PIECE OF EQUIPMENT which she sticks into a hole in the wall where lots of water bubbles past.

A GREEN LIGHT flashes on the device and Quinlan takes it out.

A CREWMAN walks past Quinlan and sits at a desk opposite her.

QUINLAN

So,
(beat)
Anything interesting happen while I
was gone?

CREWMAN

No. Nothing ever happens here.

QUINLAN

(grimaces)

Then why do you work here?

CREWMAN

Acids could work their way into the system and destroy many areas of the ship.

QUINLAN

And the odds of that happening are...

CREWMAN

Very low.

QUINLAN

And that justifies a team of ten people taking the pH level every day?

CREWMAN

Yes. I believe it does.

There is a LONG AWKWARD silence as Quinlan gazes HYPNOTICALLY at the flowing bubbles. A red light flashes next to where she is stood and Quinlan turns around and looks out of a window into space and hits a button.

EXT. ENTERPRISE WINDOW

We see Quinlan through the window as the camera slowly zooms off it as we see some FLUID spraying off into space, as in APOLLO 13. The camera keeps on BACKING OFF the window to reveal the Enterprise slowly moving in on the space where the wormhole is, and from this we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ENGINEERING

Grey and Ensign BOYLE are working side by side at a console. It is clear they are doing a maintenance check of some sort. Other Engineers can be seen working in the distance, including Lieutenant ROBERT KINNAN.

They are all reporting what they read on their console.

GREY

(matter-of-factly)

Thermal exhaust ports are at optimum efficiency.

BOYLE

Power relays functioning within normal parameters.

GREY

Quantum Induction Core at maximum efficiency.

BOYLE

Life Support systems operating at expected rate.

GREY

Warp field stable and unchanged.

BOYLE

Bio-neural gel packs providing three percent below required norms.

A sudden, profound change overcomes Grey's posture, for no apparent reason, He looks uneasy, and begins to sweat.

GREY

(not facing her)

Um...

(beat)

ah...

(beat)

Boyle, you better...

Grey shakes slightly. He fidgets. His face reddens. Boyle looks up at Grey, confused.

BOYLE

Sir?

Grey rubs his neck, and a forming embarrassment is replaced by rage. He lurches from his console and strides out of the room, seemingly furious.

GREY

(yelling, enraged)

Kinnan! You have command!

Grey then EXITS. Kinnan walks over to the console Grey was at and then exchanges a worried glance with Boyle before continuing the work Grey was doing with Boyle a moment before.

INT. SCIENCE LAB

Y'lan is sitting beside his ever mysterious and unintelligible Q'tami SENSOR TABLE, and is leaning towards a device protruding out of the sensor table which looks like a dictation device.

This time, the sensor table has an image displayed across itself. It is of a crew quarters. A CREWMAN is sitting at the table in this projected room, and he is eating a meal. It is clear that Y'lan is seeing this event live, but unbeknownst to the crewman, like an anthropologist studying his target from afar.

Y'LAN

(into dictation device)

Begin recording. Y'lan, reporting on the condition of the human species, their regressive peculiarities and subculture. I would transmit via telepathy, but a permanent record of the human state is required for future use.

(beat)

The action being shown here is the human requirement of eating. Not only has this race have yet to evolve from this primitive form of energy attainment, they seem positively attached to it. Judging from my human facial expression index, the specimen seen here, is actually enjoying the event. This human attachment to food is quite regressive and regrettable, as it is disgusting. Although I am urged to maintain objectivity in the face of such a striking primitive and barbaric culture, the sadistic enjoyment they find in shoveling matter and liquid down their throats is as regrettable as it is repulsive and sickening. It is a clear sign of how far behind humans are from the Q'tami. It is most hard to believe we Q'tami were once forced to do the same.

(MORE)

Y'LAN (CONT'D)

I estimate that humans will, however, prefer to continue performing this perverted practice rather than have auto-generative energy cells bio-engineered.

Y'lan presses a button of sorts on the panel. The view switches from the crewman's quarters to Ten-Forward. Out of the corner of the screen, Dojar enters the room.

INT. TEN-FORWARD

As earlier. Dojar continues walking towards a replicator in the corner of the room. He taps some controls and a STRANGE, ALIEN DISH materializes which he picks up.

As we follow him we see people consciously AVOIDING him.

Dojar smiles politely as people not only move out of the way, but walk away from him. He takes his dinner to a table where a group of thirty-something other officers sit.

DOJAR

(politely)

Can I sit here?

The officers don't respond or look at Dojar. Dojar sits down anyway.

OFFICER 1

Do any of you know if the rumors about the Victoria are true?

OFFICER 2

Rumors?

OFFICER 1

I heard that she was destroyed in the Mutarian Nebula.

OFFICER 2

I haven't heard anything.

OFFICER 3

Neither have I.

DOJAR

The rumors are true, Starfleet abandoned the search yester...

OFFICER 2

How was it destroyed?

Dojar looks critically at her.

DOJAR

It's not known. Last Starfleet heard...

OFFICER 1

I heard they were following an unidentified ship into the nebula.

Dojar looks angry.

OFFICER 3

Another ship destroyed in a nebula? How many is that now?

OFFICER 1

Three... four? Maybe...

OFFICER 2

Wait a minute. Can you smell something?

OFFICER 1

Smell something?

OFFICER 2

Yeah. Something that smells like it doesn't belong here... out of place.

OFFICER 1

Oh! That smell.

OFFICER 2

It doesn't seem to be going away.

OFFICER 3

Then maybe we should move instead.

They all LAUGH and move to a neighboring table, leaving Dojar looking distraught, watching them go. He's embittered and sits down.

Another officer walks over to Dojar and sits down at the table opposite him.

OFFICER

Can I sit here, Sir?

DOJAR

(angrily)

Sit wherever you want!

Dojar stands up, leaving his dinner on the table and EXITS.

INT. MISSION OPERATIONS

Talora ENTERS the room. As she walks through the room, she notices that people are giving her a wide berth as well.

No one looks up and nods respectfully or stands to attention.

TALORA

Report.

Sukothai is reading off a data display, she doesn't look up or stop what she is doing. She is seemly entranced in her work.

SUKOTHAI

We're still taking in all of the information from the various departments and are putting together a detailed report for the Captain and yourself. We're still waiting for data from the probes and Doctor Elris.

TALORA

I see. Lieutenant, run a full-level scan on the wormhole using our short-range sensors to accompany the probes.

SUKOTHAI

(doesn't look at her)
We're doing that, sir.

Beat.

TALORA

(uneasy)
I'll be in my office.

SUKOTHAI

(same as before)
Yes, sir.

Talora EXITS to her office.

INT. TALORA'S OFFICE

Talora ENTERS her office and sits down in a chair. She looks over at a PICTURE of her family which she picks up and looks at admirably. All of the family are stood in a typical Romulan pose, none of them are smiling but from the family group and environment we can tell that they are happy.

Talora looks at the image of her brother, he is a well built, tall male in his late twenties. As she starts looking at him we see a FLASHBACK.

INT. ROMULAN QUARTERS -- FLASHBACK

The cramped, utilitarian quarters of a Romulan Warbird.

TALORA is present. She looks younger then previous, and is wearing a Romulan UNIFORM.

She is sitting on the sole chair of the room and reading a PADD.

The door CHIMES.

TALORA

Enter.

BREVOK

(impassionate)

Sublieutenant, your brother has been killed in action. He died a soldier of our people.

We see a sudden burst of emotion in Talora's face, but she quickly puts up an unreadable mask.

TALORA

How?

BREVOK

The report did not include details. I suggest you inquire with Command.

TALORA

Thank you.

BREVOK

I thought I would deliver the news in person. No one deserves to be told over the comm system that someone close to them has been killed.

TALORA

I appreciate it, Commander.

With that Brevok EXITS.

Talora is stunned. Behind the deeply unreadable and arrogant Romulan visage, we can see pain.

INT. TALORA'S OFFICE

We are back in the present again, and we see the pain we saw in Talora's eyes earlier on. It is obvious that she had a close bond with her brother, and his death has affected her quite profusely.

EXT. FIELD -- FLASHBACK

A green open field. In the distance, the grey of a ROMULAN CITY can be seen. A younger TALORA walks by her brother, NELAR. They both look happy and in high spirits, and in an abnormal mood for Romulans.

TALORA

How was it?

(MORE)

TALORA (CONT'D)

(with a smirk)

Did you kill any Klingons?

NELAR

(equally jovial)

No, I'm getting around to that. I may have to get a better fishing rod, Ri'ran.

TALORA

(mock annoyance)

I told you not to call me Ri'ran anymore. I haven't played hri'talk for nine years now.

NELAR

But you're one vicious player, no matter the field. I'll never forget the look on father's face...

TALORA

I suppose it was too much off the top then?

The two CHUCKLE at the light joke.

TALORA (CONT'D)

So, how is command? I mean, how is it really? Out there, on the frontier.

Nelar CONTEMPLATES for a few seconds before responding.

NELAR

(thoughtfully)

Well, it's the toughest thing I've ever done in my life. Sometimes those decisions haunt me at night. I told my Chief Engineer to repair a damaged console last week.

(beat)

She did it, but the console ignited. It killed her instantly.

(bitter)

That should've been me.

Talora bows her head in remembrance and thought for the officer.

TALORA

I'm sorry.

NELAR

Don't be. It's one of the burdens of command.

(MORE)

NELAR (CONT'D)

She was as willing to give her life in the line of duty as the next Romulan. It doesn't console me much, but it reminds me that out there, I can make a difference. My conscience may be threatened, and I may have to make some hard decisions... but I'm in control, and I'm making the decisions that matter. It's the best job I've ever had. It's the hardest job I've done...

(beat)

but it's also the most rewarding.

Talora looks at Nelar in a manner seemingly combined with compassion and envy.

INT. TALORA'S OFFICE

Talora sits looking at the picture of Nelar. She seems entranced by it and stares into his eyes as if he is really standing in front of her. Slowly, she begins to quietly speak to the image of her fallen brother.

TALORA

So, this is command. I always thought you were the lucky one, Nelar. In control and making the decisions that mattered. And now... well now, I'm there. Command.

(beat)

You told me a lot of things about command... but you never told me it was so lonely.

We CUT BACK to a view of Talora sat alone in her office HOLDING the picture of Nelar. She looks cold and isolated. From this we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SICKBAY

ELRIS is busy working in her office, while QUINLAN is busying herself CLEANING SHELVES and other medical equipment in the room behind her. The doors WOOSH open and CROSS enters.

ELRIS

Captain. What can I do for you?
Need another hypospray for all this
turbulence from the wormhole?

Quinlan SMIRKS and quickly regains composure just before Cross THROWS A GLANCE in her direction.

CROSS

No, actually - this is a, erm...
Personal matter.

ELRIS

Personal?

CROSS

I was thinking that this might be a
good time to talk.

ELRIS

You are joking, aren't you?

CROSS

We're on a quiet science mission,
Lea - this is as good an opportunity
as we've had.

ELRIS

But I'm not ready to talk to you.

CROSS

Not ready? We've been on the ship
together for nearly ten weeks now
and you're still not ready?

ELRIS

Old wounds take time to heal, Captain.

Cross SIGHS and walks around closer to her desk and pulls her computer away from her and looks her straight in the eyes.

CROSS

Then how long is it going to take? A
week, a month
(beat)
a year?

ELRIS

You listen to me. I never wanted to be on board this ship, but I'm here. I don't want to go to staff meetings, but I go to them. I don't like certain members of the senior staff, but I tolerate them. I don't need you going on to me about things past as well.

CROSS

(agitated)

You do realize that we'll have to talk sooner or later. You can't avoid that.

ELRIS

I can for now. Good day, Captain.

Cross EXITS, leaving Elris to her work. Cross quickly turns, not seeing a smiling Quinlan staring at the place their argument took place. Her eyes LIGHT UP and she walks over to Elris, who has turned her computer screen back around and is working again.

QUINLAN

So what was all that about?

ELRIS

The walls in here aren't sound proof, Quinlan -- you don't need me to repeat it for you.

QUINLAN

You were very... cordial, Doctor.

ELRIS

Is that a joke?

QUINLAN

Your behavior was interesting, Doctor. Very interesting for a spouse. Not quite like any other marital argument I've seen --

ELRIS

(cutting in, aggravated)

My personal life is none of your business! Do you understand me?

On hearing this, Quinlan ABRUPTLY EXITS. Elris quickly returns to her work and just as the doors WOOSH close she looks up at them, and sighs.

INT. DOJAR'S QUARTERS

Dojar's quarters are more or less normal. There are a number of replicas of famous Cardassian pieces of art and a few Cardassian items lying around, but that is all.

Dojar is lying on the sofa, with a BOOK open in his hand.

On the cover, we can see the title of the book in unintelligible Cardassian letters.

Dojar is looking at the book. His eyes dart across the pages occasionally and then drift out into space. After a few seconds, a tired and frustrated Dojar puts the book down.

A CHIME sounds at his door.

DOJAR

(tired)

Come in.

Grey ENTERS.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

What do you want?

Grey shifts from foot to foot.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

(more annoyed)

Well? What is it?

Grey begins to pace. He paces over to the far end of the room and stops there. As he paces, he says:

GREY

(matter-of-fact)

It is a highly inappropriate situation for a commander to be in and yet I am enraptured in it.

DOJAR

(confused)

What's inappropriate? What's going on?

Grey turns right around.

GREY

It's Boyle, Gril. I'm in love with Boyle.

Dojar's features relax into ones of contempt.

DOJAR

(uninterested)

Boyle. Great, you're in love with Boyle. Good for you.

GREY

But you don't understand! This is Boyle. My inferior officer. Just yesterday I complained to her for realigning the upper EM band by diverting power from the main deflector dish!

DOJAR

(bored, annoyed)

So you've had a change of heart about her? Considering re-evaluating your officers? Wonderful.

GREY

Not at all. There's just this

(beat)

I don't know, this thing. I have this thing for Boyle. I can't explain it, but it's done

(beat)

well, this.

Grey dismisses the 'thing' with his hand. He is shaky, agitated. He walks across the room and throws himself down in the nearest chair. He looks across at Dojar.

GREY (CONT'D)

That's why I've come to you for advice. How do I say it to her, how do I tell her...

Dojar simply can't take it anymore.

DOJAR

(louder, interrupting)

You came for advice? From me? On women? Grey, I don't know a damn thing about women!

Grey gets out of the chair, taken aback from Dojar's tone.

GREY

(surprised)

I'm sorry, I thought you might...

DOJAR

(roaring)

Well I don't! Don't assume I do until I tell you so!

(MORE)

DOJAR (CONT'D)

I have problems of my own which are certainly far more severe than this trivial matter! I'm not the counselor! Take it to her!

GREY

(taken aback)

Okay, okay.

Grey gets up and backs away from the burning fury that is Dojar, and EXITS.

Dojar lets out a long sigh. Now more tired, he walks over to the couch and sits back down in it. He picks up the book and begins to drift over it again. In moments, Dojar mutters something unintelligible but sounding like a curse and puts the book back down.

INT. SCIENCE LAB

Same as before. This time, however, the image on the sensor table shows a crew quarters once again. A CREWWOMAN is sound asleep in the room's bed. Y'lan, poised over the dictation-device, begins to comment again.

Y'LAN

(to dictation device)

Another one of the most primitive human customs, connected to their disgusting process and attainment of energy. That being shown here, is currently in a state of non-consciousness, a state which would frighten any sane Q'tami, but which the humans seem to accept so readily. They fall into the state as being recorded above every sixteen of their hours, and remain in this state for six hours.

(beat)

Rather than attempting to extend medical research to reduce, or even eliminate, the requirement of sleeping, these humans seem to embrace this horrifying state. It takes years of mental conditioning for Q'tami to be able to face non-consciousness without going insane, but humans do not just readily embrace this unenviable position but actually seem to enjoy it. I believe that such an enjoyment is a required part of their evolutionary status, and since they need to sleep on a regular basis from birth it would be a requirement.

(MORE)

Y'LAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Naturally, they also have the deficiency of actually having to undergo this torture of non-consciousness, whether they enjoy it or not. I believe that if we can remove the pleasure from this experience we will be able to successfully remove this backward part of human livelihood from this species altogether. It will bring the humans one more step into the Q'tami fold. How they would react to this proposal is still unknown, since only a limited amount of information has been acquired from them at this time.

INT. HOLOGRAPHIC TRAINING FACILITY

Guer is standing in a room not unlike a Holodeck when TALORA ENTERS. Talora still doesn't look like her normal self and looks and talks stern and to the point. Guer TURNS and stands at attention.

GUER

(dutifully)

Commander.

Talora eyes Guer for a moment, sizing him up.

TALORA

Lieutenant, I hope you are as ready for this as you claim to be.

GUER

(confident)

I believe I am, sir.

Talora NODS.

TALORA

Then let's not waste any time, Lieutenant. Computer, activate command simulation alpha zero three. Authorization Talora pi epsilon.

The hologrid MORPHS into...

INT. HOLOGRAPHIC TRAINING FACILITY / STARSHIP BRIDGE

The bridge of a GALAXY CLASS starship. A HOLOGRAPHIC CREW is already available, standing at their respective stations. But one crewmember is missing: the Captain.

Guer looks about, and then strides down across the bridge. He takes a central position directly in front of the vacant Captain's chair.

At the back of the bridge, Talora sits down at the Engineering station. Guer turns to her and NODS.

TALORA

Computer, begin simulation.

Guer TURNS again to face the screen. Everything suddenly comes to life. The static officers begin perspiring and breathing, looking at their stations. This goes on for a few minutes before the tactical station BEEPS.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Captain, I'm receiving a hail from the away team.

GUER

(not looking at her)
On speakers.

There is a second bleep.

COMM VOICE

Captain! We have an emergen...

Over the speakers we here something which sounds like a fight.

Guer paces towards the viewscreen.

GUER

(urgent)
Away team, respond!

The sound of violence turns into an eerie static. Guer grows more worried.

GUER (CONT'D)

Away team, do you hear me?

SECOND VOICE

They hear you, Captain.

GUER

Who is this? What have you done to my officers?

SECOND VOICE

I've done nothing to your officers
(beat)
yet.

Guer FROWNS.

GUER

Who is this?

The voice ignores his question.

SECOND VOICE

I assume you know that we Kenoa have
been fighting a long and bitter war

(beat)

and with no advantage going either
way. Well Captain, that is now going
to change. I have something you want

(beat)

and you have something I want.
Transfer your complete tactical
database to the Planetary Central
Computer.

Guer doesn't look too happy.

SECOND VOICE (CONT'D)

You have five minutes to give us
that before I kill one of your crew.
And I will continue that pattern
until you comply.

GUER

I will give you my decision shortly.
Saint Louis out.

Guer whirls around to his tactical officer - he has no time
to lose.

GUER (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, can we beam them up?

The tactical officer WORKS at her console.

TACTICAL OFFICER

No sir. They are being protected by
the city's shield grid.

Guer nods, and mulls the options over in his mind. After a
while:

GUER

Lieutenant

(beat)

target the capital city of the Kenoa.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Yes, sir.

Talora raises both eyebrows, surprised, and she gets up out
of her station. She walks over to the railing and assumes a
position to the left of the tactical officer.

TALORA

You aren't going to --

Guer turns to face her and interrupts.

GUER

No. I'm not.

(beat)

But they will think I will.

TALORA

(seeming to realize)

You're bluffing?

GUER

Not exactly...

TALORA

(interested)

Then what are you doing?

GUER

You'll see soon enough, Commander.

Guer turns back to the viewscreen, with his back to both Talora and the Tactical Officer.

GUER (CONT'D)

Fire a full burst of quantum torpedoes... directly above the capital city, Lieutenant. Make the blast as low as possible without it causing damage.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Yes sir.

(beat)

Firing.

We hear the torpedoes LAUNCH and see some SMALL EXPLOSIONS on the view screen, which seem to be on the planet's surface.

TACTICAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

We're being hailed, sir.

Guer paces slightly to the left, and turns his head to the screen.

GUER

I'd suspect as much. On speakers.

SECOND VOICE

Captain--

GUER

(Kirkesque)

Be careful for what you wish for,
Kenoan. You may just get it. You
were correct in your assumption that
the Federation has a powerful arsenal.
In fact, I'm inclined to use it.

The voice CHUCKLES over the comm before responding.

SECOND VOICE

Do you think I'm an amateur, Captain?
I know you can't fire on this planet
without authorization by the
Federation Council. And even if you
could

(beat)

your people are still down here, and
we can still kill them.

GUER

If you kill those people under the
authority of your government, you've
committed an act of war against the
Federation.

(beat)

And if you are as knowledgeable about
the Federation as you claim, you
know I will then have the authority --
and inclination -- to reduce your
planet to ashes.

SECOND VOICE

You may have the authority, but I
know you won't do it. You Federation
types are weak. Cowards, never
wanting to get a bloody nose.

GUER

You want action, Kenoan? You'll get
it. And more then you can handle.

(to Tactical Officer)

Lieutenant, target the capital city
again with a full batch of quantum
torpedoes and...

SECOND VOICE

(urgent)

Your point has been made, Captain.
We are lowering the force-field.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Transporter Room has a lock on them,
sir.

GUER

Energize.

TALORA

Computer, end program.
Congratulations, Lieutenant -- you've
passed your first exam.
(beat)
And in a quite unorthodox manner.

GUER

Commander, in Starfleet the innovative
bluff is the norm.

TALORA

The Romulan Navy frowns on such
actions, since the probability of
failure is so high.

Guer shrugs.

GUER

Well Commander, I'm not applying for
a posting on a Warbird, am I?

CLOSE IN on Talora, as she gives Guer a half smile, her
eyebrows raised again. From this we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CROSS'S QUARTERS

Cross enters and pulls off his jacket and sits on a chair looking out into space. There is a TABLE in front of him, with a picture of HIM AND ELRIS at happier times. He picks it up and looks at it thoughtfully, studying the details on each of their faces, their smiles, their happiness... something that seems so far away right now.

He puts the photo down and stands up and walks to the replicator.

CROSS

Hot chocolate, touch of mint.

A mug of hot chocolate APPEARS and Cross drinks it, looking down into the steaming mug, thinking. Suddenly, his thoughts are interrupted as the door CHIMES.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Come in.

The doors SLIDE OPEN and QUINLAN slowly walks in. She seems awed by Cross's barren quarters and looks at them with surprise -- it is obvious that she expected something more from the Captain.

QUINLAN

Nice quarters.

CROSS

Thank you, I like them this way.
Now, what can I do for you?

QUINLAN

Ever thought of doing anything with them?

CROSS

Like what?

QUINLAN

I don't know, add a little color, some art, you know? Make the place look more like home.

CROSS

To me, this is home. I never got to paint my room or have anything in the POW camp -- I don't have anything here. At least not anymore.

QUINLAN

Anymore?

CROSS

Lea used to...
(pauses)
why am I talking to you?

QUINLAN

Maybe because you need a counselor?

CROSS

A counselor?

QUINLAN

Yeah.

CROSS

Don't like them, never have.

QUINLAN

You could talk to me.

CROSS

(dubious)
You?

QUINLAN

Something wrong with that?

CROSS

I'd never consider you one of my
confidants.

QUINLAN

(faking hurt)
Why not?

CROSS

Because you're a liar, a pirate and
more than likely, a thief.

QUINLAN

I'm honored by the trust you put in
me.

CROSS

So what did you really come here
for?

QUINLAN

To talk.

Cross LAUGHS out loud. Quinlan QUICKLY EXITS.

INT. TEN FORWARD

Chief Petty Officer NARV OZRAN is sitting at a table. A glass
of a strange, exotic drink is in his hand. Grey walks over
to him.

GREY

(motioning to sit)

Can I take this seat?

Ozran looks up.

OZRAN

Sure.

Grey sits down. Ozran takes a long slurp of the exotic concoction he has grasped in between his claws. Grey cringes slightly at the strange, otherworldly noises Ozran makes while drinking.

Ozran then puts the drink down.

OZRAN (CONT'D)

What's on your mind?

The question takes Grey by surprise.

GREY

Excuse me?

Ozran smiles.

OZRAN

It doesn't take a telepath to figure out that something is on your mind. And by the look of it, something very important.

GREY

Am I that obvious?

Ozran nods, with a smile. Grey casts a look to the left and right before saying:

GREY (CONT'D)

It's Boyle. I'm in love with Boyle.

Ozran smiles.

OZRAN

Boyle? This really must be a love-hate relationship! Grey, I didn't know you were such a good actor -

GREY

(deadpan)

I'm serious.

Ozran looks Grey in the eye and the smile evaporates.

Ozran eyes him for a good ten seconds, sizing the situation up.

OZLAN

You really are serious, aren't you?

GREY

Of course I'm serious!

Ozran takes another sip from his drink.

OZLAN

Given the way you treat her, I would never have guessed.

GREY

I know, this just happened when I was last in Engineering.

OZLAN

I see.

GREY

I need your advice, Ozran. How do I tell her?

Ozran's face flickers. The following conversation that follows seems like Ozran is arguing with himself.

OZLAN

Make an appeal to the Elders of her clan. Tell them the history of your clan, your fertility...

OZLAN (CONT'D)

That's a stupid idea. Gorn tradition is so tedious and...

OZLAN (CONT'D)

(outraged)

Tedious?

Grey watches the "conversation" with the air of a man who, although he finds it unusual, has seen it before.

OZLAN (CONT'D)

Yes, tedious, and humans aren't like that.

OZLAN (CONT'D)

(to Grey)

Ask her out. Be yourself. That's all it takes.

OZLAN (CONT'D)

(also to Grey)

If her family has any ambition, they will not stop at such a humility.

(MORE)

OZRAN (CONT'D)

You must promise them that your joining would increase annual egg production...

OZRAN (CONT'D)

Not everyone are like Gorn. Now that I think of it...

Grey sighs, downcast. He waves it away.

GREY

(not wholeheartedly)

Thank you

(beat)

you've been very helpful.

OZRAN

(probing)

Which piece of advice has?

GREY

(hurriedly)

Both.

Before either side of Narv Ozran can respond, Grey gets up and leaves. He looks more confused then when he came in. Both sides of Narv Ozran's mind resume their heated debate on the same subject seconds later.

INT. SCIENCE LAB

Same as before. This time, Y'lan is watching CREWMAN WHEDON playing the oboe. The term "playing" can be used very liberally here, since the Crewman is crucifying the tune with a wide range of off-notes.

Y'LAN

Another human irregularity can be viewed here. Music. Unlike eating and sleeping, music seems to provide absolutely no usefulness. It is, apparently, a form of human entertainment. How humans can be entertained in a non-engaging activity which does not improve their race as a whole is most puzzling, and clearly non-productive. The aim seems to be to repeat an order of noises which do not seem to amount to any form of language. Possibilities of music being a Starfleet code system is being explored, but so far it seems merely to be an unusual practice which results in pleasure.

(MORE)

Y'LAN (CONT'D)

It has been hypothesized why sleep is entertaining, but that reasoning cannot apply to music. It is possible that the correct arrangement of noises gives the human in the process of music satisfaction. If so, it is a misplaced joy for the completion of an irrelevant feat, which in no way advances their race. The joy itself though, can be utilized. We could be able to direct this joy, with work, into the welfare of the Q'tami Hegemony. However, of all the decadent aspects of the humans I am listing this will be perhaps the hardest to purge. Unlike eating and sleeping, which are requirements, no matter how much humans enjoy them, music and other forms of entertainment are completely voluntary. A careful program of exposure to the far more entertaining prospect of assisting the Q'tami Hegemony will probably need to be initiated.

SUKOTHAI'S COMM VOICE

Sukothai to Y'lan. Report to Mission Operations.

Y'lan's facial expression changes.

Y'LAN

On my way. Y'lan out.

The link is severed.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)

(to sensor table)

Continue recording and save after the "music" has ceased. Save dictation at stop-off point. Have this image and dictation set at time index 5:47.

Q'TAMI COMPUTER VOICE

Instructions shall be carried out.

The image of Whedon is replaced by the usual, strange Q'tami layout. Y'lan EXITS.

INT. ELRIS'S QUARTERS

ELRIS enters her quarters and goes into the back bathroom and splashes her face. She looks frustrated and tired and on the verge of falling to sleep.

She walks back into the main living quarters, her quarters are much more decorated than Cross's, but we see that the usual Bajoran shrine that we see in most Bajoran's homes is missing.

She walks over to a bag which has been discarded on a chair and looks at it. She wraps her fingers around the zip and prepares to open it up, but stops and regards the bag for a few seconds. After giving it some thought she pulls the bag open.

She pulls out of the bag the same picture we saw of her and Cross earlier on in Cross' quarters, a bundle of hand written letters and some PADDs. We see some dried flowers and jewelry, all of which are apparently "souvenirs" of her marriage to Cross.

She picks everything up and empties it all into the replicator, and with a heavy, stern look on her face taps some buttons.

ELRIS

Computer, recycle all material in my replicator.

Everything BEGINS TO DISAPPEAR, and as it does we begin to SLOW DOWN, and zoom in on Elris' face.

INT. BAR -- FLASHBACK

A large crowd is gathered in the bar, which looks out on a RINGED PLANET. A YOUNGER ELRIS walks through the crowd, alone, until she sees a YOUNGER CROSS and smiles. She walks up behind him and teases him by playing with his hair.

ELRIS

Guess who?

CROSS

Admiral Portman?

He swings her around and looks into her eyes and KISSES HER. She sits down opposite him and lowers herself down to his eye level.

ELRIS

So, Neil Cross. How was your day?

CROSS

Awful -- until now.

He grins and holds her hand, it is obvious that they are madly in love with each other.

ELRIS

I was thinking -- maybe we could take our next leave together.

CROSS

And go where?

ELRIS

Risa?

CROSS

You've got to be kidding me? An artificial paradise when there are natural ones just waiting to be discovered?

ELRIS

What do you have in mind?

CROSS

We take a runabout and take it to an uncharted sector. Find a planet and name it after you.

She looks at him and SMILES.

ELRIS

I love you, Neil.

CROSS smiles, as we see someone coming up behind them.

The figure TURNS AROUND and Cross and Elris LEAN IN CLOSER to each other and smile. There is a bright flash of light...

INT. ELRIS'S QUARTERS

...And we CUT BACK to the replicator dissolving the same photograph.

The camera pans around to Elris, who has traces of tears in her eyes, but with the same stern look we saw on her face earlier on. From this we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. MISSION OPERATIONS

Talora, Y'lan and Sukothai all stand at an Astrometrics-esque station in the middle of the room. Cross ENTERS.

CROSS
(matter-of-factly)
Report.

The three look over to him. Cross strides over and takes a commanding position at the station.

TALORA
We have done a full sensor sweep and spectral anyalsis of the McKeggan Wormhole, using all sensors on all frequencies available to us.

CROSS
And?

TALORA
Nothing sir. There is no indication whatsoever of what could be keeping the wormhole stable.

CROSS
Y'lan?

Y'LAN
I already attempted to use all Q'tami sensors, with no results.

CROSS
Damn...
(beat)
Well, we're not giving up so easily. This is the Enterprise. I want alternative measures of scanning as soon as possible.

Cross begins to leave.

Y'LAN
Captain, I already have such a plan.

Cross is stopped in his tracks. He turns around, with a glimmer of hope.

CROSS
All right, let's hear it.

Y'LAN

It is quite probable that interference from the wormhole's entry point is preventing us from detecting whatever is making it stable. Therefore, the only way to find out what is going on in there...

TALORA

(interrupts)

We have already tried sending probes. It didn't work. Once the probes were inside, communications could not be maintained.

Y'LAN

I didn't mean a probe. We could send a shuttlecraft. It would have to stop in the middle of the wormhole and avoid exiting it while scanning, but since it is larger and better equipped communications may be a more real possibility.

TALORA

A shuttlecraft? Since we don't know how this wormhole is being upheld, sending in a shuttlecraft could collapse the wormhole, and kill all onboard.

Y'LAN

I know. That is why I did not think of proposing it prior. But since Captain Cross is so determined...

Cross, whose demeanor has become bitterly somber, speaks.

CROSS

(softly)

All right. We'll do it. But I want this mission to be strictly voluntary.

Cross looks up and eyes each three in turn.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(compassionate)

I'm sending no-one here to their possible death.

TALORA

(matter-of-factly)

I volunteer.

CROSS

Talora, I think you should give this some more thought...

TALORA

There is no need, Captain. I am the First Officer. Whether I am in Starfleet or not is irrelevant, I am still an officer of the Romulan Star Navy. Death, in the line of service, is an irrevocable fact of life.

A pause.

CROSS

Are you sure you want to do this?

TALORA

Of course.

CROSS

Then it's agreed.

Y'LAN

Captain, might I suggest we equip the shuttlecraft with Q'tami sensors? Since the sensors are superior to your own it would assist the ship in its ability to perform the task at hand.

CROSS

Are you going with her too, Y'lan?

Y'LAN

No. I might be lost in the expedition and that would be a loss to the Q'tami. If the mission is a success, you will share your information in any case. Rather than risk myself, I will remain here. It is clearly a wiser action for the Hegemony.

TALORA

Q'tami sensor equipment is impossible to interface with.

Y'LAN

No, not impossible. It's merely beyond your comprehension.

This flares up Talora's wrath immediately.

TALORA

(angry)

I'll have you know that we Romulans could adapt to any of your Q'tami devices with ease! You underestimate our ingenuity.

Y'LAN

No, you overestimate them. Romulans are, from our studies, a rather average and unremarkable humanoid race.

TALORA

(bitter)

Only a species so decadent as your own from being semi-omnipotent for too long could make such a fatally flawed judgment on the flower of the universe.

CROSS

(commanding, angry)

Stop it! I'll have no bigotry on my ship. Do I make myself clear?

TALORA

(chastised)

Yes, sir.

Cross turns to Y'lan.

Y'LAN

Your point is mutually accepted.

CROSS

All right. That will do. Y'lan, can you give your Q'tami sensors a Starfleet interface?

Y'LAN

It would be redundant, but it is possible.

CROSS

I want you to do that, and then install your modified devices into the Aristotle.

Y'LAN

I will do as you ask.

CROSS

Good. Is that all?

TALORA

I believe so.

Cross nods, and EXITS. Y'lan does the same.

INT. CORRIDOR

Cross and Y'lan both enter the corridor from Mission Operations.

Cross then walks down one way, and Y'lan the other. We follow Cross.

Soon we see Grey walking down the corridor behind Cross.

Grey sees Cross, and catches up until they are neck-and-neck. During the following conversation they both walk at a rapid pace down the corridor.

GREY

Can I have a moment, sir?

CROSS

Lieutenant, I'm very busy right now. Just submit your report to Talora.

GREY

It's not a report, sir.

CROSS

Oh? Whatever it is, I'm sure Talora can field it.

GREY

I don't think she can, sir. It's of a personal nature.

CROSS

A personal nature? Does it directly concern me?

GREY

No sir, but it is something I would like to discuss with you, sir.

CROSS

Can't you discuss it with someone else?

GREY

I have sir.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

Very well, Lieutenant. What is it, and please make it brief.

GREY

I need your advice, sir.

Cross looks around into the corridor, looking for a distraction.

CROSS

On what?

GREY

On women, sir.

Cross ABRUPTLY looks back at Grey.

CROSS

(surprised)

My advice on women?

Cross chuckles softly.

GREY

(oblivious of the
irony)

Yes sir.

CROSS

You've come to the wrong man, Grey.

(beat)

I know you aren't exactly the center
of the rumor mill but everyone knows
about my failed marriage with Elris
by now.

GREY

Yes, but you did get together with
her in the first place...

CROSS

Besides, I have no time, nor
inclination, to give social lessons.

Cross turns his head to face Grey, who still looks partially
hopeful.

CROSS (CONT'D)

The case is closed, Mr. Grey.

Grey, who now seems very, very frustrated, falls behind Cross.

INT. SICKBAY

Elris is working on some equipment next to a BIO-BED as
QUINLAN enters.

QUINLAN

Good morning, Doctor.

ELRIS

(without looking up)

Ah, Jennifer. I hope you didn't take
my little outburst too harshly
yesterday.

QUINLAN

Of course not. We all need to let
off some steam every now and then.

ELRIS

(smiles)

Good. I'm glad you understand. So what are you here for?

QUINLAN

To talk.

ELRIS

About what?

QUINLAN

I've been thinking a lot about how you convinced me to stay on board the ship when I was going to leave.

ELRIS

And?

QUINLAN

And... I wanted to thank you.

Elris EYES Quinlan suspiciously.

ELRIS

I thought you said that you were bored of life on board the ship?

QUINLAN

But it's given me a new opportunity, a chance to redeem myself. A second chance.

ELRIS

No problem.

QUINLAN

And... I think you need the same help now.

ELRIS

I knew that was coming.

QUINLAN

Well, since you don't seem to talk to anyone else about it and I'm the closest thing you've got to a counselor at the minute -- I'm all ears.

ELRIS

(sighs)

I find it hard to trust people.

QUINLAN

Why?

ELRIS

(shrugs)

Don't know. Always have, but like you say -- we all need someone to talk to every now and then.

Quinlan nods understandingly.

QUINLAN

So what's troubling you?

ELRIS

I'm reconsidering staying on board the Enterprise.

QUINLAN

Because of Cross?

ELRIS

Yes. I'm not exactly having a pleasant time here.

QUINLAN

That's understandable. But are you willing to give up the Enterprise_just because of your ex-husband?

ELRIS

You've got to understand that it's not easy for me being here. Neil and I have been separated for years and being together in such close confinement -- it makes me feel uneasy.

QUINLAN

Then how come the two of you never got a divorce?

ELRIS

(considering)

To tell you the truth...

(beat)

I don't know. I guess we never got around to it.

QUINLAN

Or maybe you just don't want to.

ELRIS

Jennifer, we separated years ago because of something that happened between us which was unbearable. We've never been the same since.

QUINLAN
(knowing when to stop)
That bad, huh?

ELRIS
Yeah. That bad. I hoped that Neil
might have changed
(beat)
but that didn't happen.

QUINLAN
Maybe the reason for not divorcing
is that you still have hope?

ELRIS
Huh?

QUINLAN
And if you did, maybe you hoped that
you might be able to put aside what
happened and start from where it all
went wrong.

ELRIS
You think so?

QUINLAN
That's for you to decide. See you
later.

And with that QUINLAN exits, leaving Elris sat on the bio-
bed, thinking. From this we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. GREY'S QUARTERS

A bare, Spartan quarters which looks like it's part of a barracks and not a starship. Grey has not only not added anything to the room, he's taken away things. The only furniture in the room is a sharp slab which apparently constitutes as a bed and a few bare chairs. Grey is up against the computer terminal in the room.

GREY

Computer, compile all available
"Advice for Love."

The screen flashes and a long index appears. Grey begins to scroll through them.

GREY (CONT'D)

Computer, how many entries are there?

COMPUTER

There are nine thousand, four hundred
and thirty-seven different entries
under the parameters specified.

Grey sighs.

GREY

Computer, narrow the search
parameters. "Advice for Love, Human."

COMPUTER

There are one thousand, one hundred
and four entries under the new
parameters.

GREY

Computer, narrow the search parameters
to "Advice for Love, Human, highly
recommended."

COMPUTER

There are five hundred and ninety
five entries under the new parameters.

Grey is increasingly frustrated and aggravated.

GREY

Show me the first one.

The computer LIGHTS up and does so. Grey looks at it for awhile, then:

GREY (CONT'D)

Cancel search.

A pause.

GREY (CONT'D)
Computer, replicate wall mirror.

The replicator hums and a mirror appears within. Grey takes it out, and gets up. He walks over to the nearest wall and fastens the mirror there.

GREY (CONT'D)
(to mirror)
"Hello, I'm Lieutenant Grey, but you can call me Sir." No, that doesn't sound right...
(beat)
"Hello, I'm Grey. We work in Engineering, remember me?" That sounds worse. "Hi, I'm Erik Grey, but you can call me Erik."
(beat)
It's no use!

Grey turns away from the mirror.

GREY (CONT'D)
I thought "Efficient Command" covered any normal, acceptable contingency. Why the hell didn't it ever prepare me for this. An inferior officer! An inferior officer!

Grey, who is now sweating, brushes his hair back. He takes a good, long look at himself in the mirror.

Sweating, uncertain, semi-dizzy, with his formerly crop regulation hair all over the place in a ball-like mess.

GREY (CONT'D)
(surprised at himself)
What has happened to me?

INT. BRIDGE

Talora, Dojar and Guer are all at their stations. Quinlan enters looking quite pleased with herself. She goes over to Dojar, who isn't looking particularly happy, and sprawls out over his station, much to the amazement of Talora.

QUINLAN
Dojar, why the sad face?

DOJAR
Don't you have something else to be doing?

QUINLAN
Not particularly, no.

DOJAR

(shouts)

Then find something.

Quinlan looks a little bit SHOCKED at Dojar's outburst, but doesn't move on.

QUINLAN

You know what Dojar? I think you might just need counseling.

She lightly pats him on the back before turning, about to leave. CROSS enters.

DOJAR

(stands up shouting)

Remove your hand from my back or I will remove it from your arm!

CROSS

Hey! Hey! What's going on?

DOJAR

Miss Quinlan here, is becoming a distraction, Sir.

CROSS

I see.

QUINLAN

(smiles)

I was just leaving.

CROSS

(angrily)

My ready room. Now.

QUINLAN

I'm heading for the mess hall. Care to meet me there?

CROSS

I'm not playing your games anymore, Quinlan. I let you on board my ship, and you do what I say. Nothing else. Is that understood?

QUINLAN

Then give me something to do, Captain! You say that I'm the tactical advisor, but I haven't had anything in my job description since I came aboard.

CROSS

And that's why you also have your community service.

QUINLAN

(shouts)

You can't keep me in waste extraction forever, Cross!

CROSS

No?

QUINLAN

No, you can't. Because I'm not a member of your crew and I can come and go from this ship as I please.

CROSS

And be arrested at the next star system you visit? No, I don't think so, for some reason.

QUINLAN

Then find me something to do, Captain! I'm fed up of checking the pH level of toilet water everyday. I want to be the "Tactical Advisor" I came aboard for.

And with that Quinlan marches off the Bridge and straight into a turbolift.

INT. MESS HALL

Quinlan sits at a table looking particularly drunk, talking to HAL. Quinlan is holding a BOTTLE OF VODKA, or the 24th century equivalent of it.

HAL

You know, I think you've had a few too many bottles of that.

QUINLAN

I never really liked synthehol, Hal. Hally Hal Hal.

(laughs)

And if I remember correctly, there's nothing you can do to stop me from drinking.

HAL

Suit yourself, I just don't want to be cleaning the carpets tomorrow morning.

QUINLAN

You probably have a more interesting life than I do, Hally.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

I sit in waste extraction looking at toilet water, I check the cargo inventory in the cargo hold and I talk to anyone who has the nerve to talk to me. I'm always the one who's left out. Everyone else has something interesting to do and I'm not accepted because of that.

Hal remains quiet. Quinlan looks at him, trying to prompt him to say something.

HAL

Well don't look at me, I'm just the bartender.

Hal WALKS AWAY.

HAL (CONT'D)

Why do they always think the bartender can help?

Quinlan ROLLS HER EYES and takes another sip of her drink. She then proceeds to collapse on the floor.

HAL (CONT'D)

Great. Hal to sickbay...

INT. SHUTTLEBAY

The shuttlecraft ARISTOTLE is being prepared to fly.

TALORA enters, regarding the shuttle. The shuttle bay itself is huge, a lot bigger than the ones which we have seen on previous series, but there are also other craft as well as the shuttles. Some streamlined shuttles which resemble the DELTA FLYER are lined against one of the walls. These are fighter crafts, more military vessels for a more militaristic ship.

Y'LAN ENTERS, exiting the shuttle.

Y'LAN

Commander, I have installed the necessary Q'tami sensors on board the shuttle. I had to remove some of your Starfleet components to make room for the main array, but it is ready to fly.

TALORA

What about the computer core?

Y'LAN

Some of the information in it had to be deleted, none of the essentials for the mission, so that the space required could be gained.

Talora NODS, and Y'lan EXITS. But as the shuttle bay doors are about to close, DOJAR ENTERS.

TALORA

Come to wish me luck, Lieutenant?

DOJAR

No, Commander. I was hoping that I might be able to join you on the mission.

TALORA

You understand the risks involved?

DOJAR

Yes, sir.

TALORA

And you've cleared this with Captain Cross.

DOJAR

He said that with your permission I could join you.

TALORA

Then what are you waiting for, Lieutenant?

Dojar and Talora board the shuttle, and we see them take their seats inside. Talora TAPS SOME CONTROLS and the shuttle lifts off the ground, before EXITING INTO SPACE.

EXT. SPACE

The shuttle heads out from the shuttle bay and heads off into the area where the McKegan wormhole is found.

INT. SHUTTLE

Talora and Dojar sit at their consoles, Talora piloting and Dojar looking at the data coming in from their scans.

DOJAR

So far the Q'tami sensors have picked up nothing of interest.

TALORA

As expected.

Dojar NODS in agreement. Five beats pass and Talora and Dojar are still doing their tasks on the shuttle. Neither speaks.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Talora to Enterprise, we are about to enter the wormhole, Captain.

INT. BRIDGE

CROSS

Acknowledged, Commander. Good luck.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Romulans don't believe in luck.

CROSS

(grunts)

Then see you in a few hours.

Cross out.

INT. SHUTTLE

TALORA

Entering the McKeggan wormhole in five, four...

EXT. SHUTTLE

The shuttle approaches the wormhole, and it opens in a flare of bright light and swirling colors. Something unlike we've ever seen before.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Three... two... one...

The shuttle enters the wormhole and disappears into its depths. Seconds after it enters it the area where the wormhole was EXPLODES into bright flames and a shockwave erupts from its position which hits the Enterprise.

The Enterprise turns up on its back and flies off backwards into space, being carried by the shock wave.

INT. BRIDGE

The bridge is in chaos following the eruption of the wormhole. Cross pulls himself off the floor, and stares.

CROSS

(exclaims)

What the hell?

RENAISSANCE: "Day In..." - ACT FIVE

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On the viewscreen, we can see the wormhole which our shuttle just entered, in flames...

SUPER: TO BE CONTINUED...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END