

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"Reflections"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

We watch as a shuttlecraft, the Socrates, sweeps through the endless bounds of space. As it does so:

Y'LAN (V.O.)

Ambassador's Record, Entry 124.
Returning from Parliament after over-
viewing the multiple peace treaties
the Federation has bartered and the
ongoing attempt of reconciliation
between the Selay and the Anticans.
Forwarded reports to the Q'tami
Hegemony. Returning to the Federation
ship Enterprise to resume my
Ambassadorial function onboard said
vessel.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

NARV OZRAN is at the Conn Controls while Y'LAN sits in the seat next to him. Y'lan, its alien features contorted with an expression we cannot even begin to decipher, studies Ozran.

Y'LAN

And you contain this symbiont within
your body?

OZRAN

Yes.

Y'LAN

Two totally alien species in
symbiosis. It was unknown such an
achievement had been achieved by the
Federation. We did not expect the
medical advancement in knowledge to
render it possible for quite some
time. But then, the species were
probably compatible in the first
place.

OZRAN

(irritated)

We barely stay together!

Y'LAN

The fact you have not mutually killed
yourself is in itself a marvel. Gorn
must be somehow...

OZLAN

The Trill are compatible to the hosts of the same name. No other races were considered stable enough for a moment. I mean, it has been known to happen in very rare conditions, but it's never lasted.

Y'LAN

Then why are you joined?

OZLAN

There was an accident. The previous symbiont died. I was the only option. The Trill was embedded in me in hope it could survive, a slim hope indeed. When I was rescued, it was too late. We were joined for good.

Y'LAN

That is unprecedented.

OZLAN

I've been told that many times.

Beat.

OZLAN (CONT'D)

(bitter)

But I don't want, nor do I enjoy being the first such case.

Y'LAN

But the survival is remarkable. You are a credit to both your species.

OZLAN

If there is one thing we -- I ever agree on, it's that this is one credit I don't want to take.

Y'lan's expression changes to another totally foreign one. The console near Y'lan beeps. It checks it.

Y'LAN

(off-panel)

There is an ionic storm coming in from portside.

From the window, we can see a whirling purple blaze of a storm, a cross between a nebula and a hurricane, thrusting towards the shuttle. Ozran looks up at the sight.

OZLAN

(cursing)

By the Elder!

Ozran then frantically struggles with the controls.

OZRAN (CONT'D)

(to Y'lan)

Reroute all power to the warp drive.

Y'LAN

That will not be enough.

OZRAN

Then what will?

Y'lan works on the panel, thinking faster than any human could.

Y'LAN

There is...

EXT. SPACE

The shuttle desperately tries to veer out of the way, but it is too late. The ion storm smacks dead on the shuttlecraft, sending the small craft reeling head-over-heels.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

The shuttlecraft lurches. Everything onboard is flung around, some things shattering on the bulkheads. Ozran is thrown from his panel as it EXPLODES. He hits the wall, and stays there for a moment before the shuttle shakes again and he is flung against another wall. Y'lan grips its chair and stays where it is, despite everything.

EXT. SPACE

The shuttle passes through the thick of the storm, tossing and turning like a fishing boat in a mighty gale. After a few fierce seconds it flies out of this torment. We can see that the Enterprise is there just beyond the chaos.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

Ozran remains on the wall and then lurches upright, grabbing his console and pulling himself back into his chair. He notices Y'lan hasn't moved.

OZRAN

What... how?

Y'LAN

I have a limited ability to defy gravity to some degree.

OZRAN

What?

Y'LAN

When you reach our stage of advancement, you will find that improving your species resiliency and adaptability within environments most advantageous. We Q'tami have been structuring our evolution for the maximum yield.

OZRAN

When humans attempted controlling their evolution, the result was a coup by barbaric dictators.

Y'LAN

Our attempts have been far more advanced and therefore proven more successful.

Ozran gives Y'lan a cynical look but lets it rest.

OZRAN

What's our status?

Y'lan checks his panel.

Y'LAN

The shuttle is heavily damaged. Power is being drained at a rapid rate.

OZRAN

What was that?

Y'LAN

Unknown at the present time. That's odd.

OZRAN

What?

Y'LAN

For a brief moment in there, the sensors were reading another shuttle. However, there is no sign of one now.

OZRAN

Shadow, then. It happens in distortion.

Y'LAN

Perhaps.

He stops and SWAYS slightly.

OZRAN

You all right?

Y'LAN

Yes -- there is something strange.

OZRAN

What?

Y'LAN

I... do not know.

We can see some residue clouds from the storm quickly fading outside the window. As the clouds fade the Enterprise becomes visible.

Ozran breathes a sigh of relief, while Y'lan changes to yet another foreign expression. A VOICE comes in through the comm. From the sound of it, it's been repeating its message a number of times.

PILLER'S COMM VOICE

...to Socrates. Enterprise to
Socrates. Come in, Socrates.
Enterprise...

Ozran presses a few buttons and speaks towards the panel.

OZRAN

Socrates here. That storm has heavily
damaged the shuttle, could you tractor
me to the shuttlebay?

PILLER'S COMM VOICE

Very well. Will you upload the
tactical data you obtained from
Parliament?

OZRAN

(surprised)
Excuse me?

PILLER'S COMM VOICE

(annoyed)
Don't tell me you didn't obtain the
data.

OZRAN

(confused)
What data?

PILLER'S COM VOICE

(angry)
Don't play fool with me, Ozran.
Grey will not let you get away with
your failure this time.

OZRAN

What--

The link is severed.

OZRAN (CONT'D)

(to Y'lan)

This isn't right.

Y'lan goes under his panel and takes out a small, tricorder-like device which is clearly Q'tami in origin. He hooks it up to the computer panel he is at.

A complex code of colors and shapes pass through the panel's screen, a combination going at such a speed only Y'lan can really see the rapidly moving images.

Y'LAN

That would be a correct assumption. The quantum signature scans I am reading are not compatible with the standard ones for our universe.

OZRAN

What does that mean?

Y'LAN

The makeup of this area of space is different to what I am used to. Can't you feel it?

OZRAN

No.

Y'LAN

Your body is not as in tune with your environment then as ours is. Another example of our superior evolution. The only conclusion I can draw is we have... passed through to another dimension.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ENTERPRISE -- MIRROR

The SHUTTLE is brought in.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY -- MIRROR

The main tractor beam changes places with the shuttlebay tractor beam which pulls the shuttle the rest of the way into the ship. The interior of the shuttlebay has a symbol of a sword intersecting a planet on the walls and door.

The shuttlebay tractor beam operator, Crewman FAO-2, is dressed distinctly different than she usually is. She is wearing a more revealing version of the Starfleet uniform, with a commbadge of the same sword intersecting a planet.

She has a sash around her waist and the hilt of a half-hidden dagger is visible from the edge of her long boots.

At this point, the doors to the shuttlebay creak aside and a security detachment enters. They are all male. They are all dressed in uniforms nearly identical to the Starfleet uniform, but with sashes, daggers hidden in long boots, commbadges with a planet being intersected by a sword, and in the case of their leader, who is none other than ERIK GREY-2, a dubious amount of medals lining his chest. Grey also carries a long black cane that he holds in one hand, twirling it and seeming intent to use it.

Fao salutes them in the same manner of the ancient Roman army, an arm extended out followed by a thump on one's chest.

Also among the guards is PETERSON-2.

The shuttle doors OPEN and both Y'lan and Ozran ENTER.

GREY-2

(gruffly, to Ozran)

You failed to complete your mission
and yet you have seized an inferior
race.

Ozran looks incredulous. Y'lan's expression is still very alien but it's probably an expression of surprise or disgust.

Grey, with military precision, whips around to his security team.

GREY-2 (CONT'D)

Peterson, take this filth to sickbay.

Peterson clicks the heels of his boot with precision.

PETERSON-2

Yes sir!

Peterson strolls over to Y'lan, grabs the Q'tami tightly by the nearest joint and drags him off.

GREY-2

An interesting quarry...

(beat)

Might make good slave labor. But you failed in your mission.

Grey-2 shakes his head.

GREY-2 (CONT'D)

I cannot allow such a deviation of the Captain's orders to go unpunished, Ozran. Your violation of this major sort is unacceptable.

(beat)

It took a lot of nerve for you to come back here empty handed, slave or no.

Grey twirls his cane with the precision Sisko had when tossing his baseball.

OZRAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

Grey ignores Ozran's comment. It's clear he isn't in the mood for excuses and explanations, if he ever did enter such a mood.

GREY-2

(grimly)

Your Agonizer, please.

Grey motions towards Ozran's chest, and Ozran looks down. It isn't until now he realises he is dressed in the exact same manner with his uniform like the rest of them, a uniform he was wearing since he passed through the ion storm. He is surprised and shocked, since he knew he wasn't wearing before.

GREY-2 (CONT'D)

(furious)

Your Agonizer, please.

It's clear that wasn't a suggestion. Ozran fumbles around to see what would be this "Agonizer" he speaks of.

Grey's patience is limited, he simply bends down and grabs the Agonizer (a small, orange plastic device) from Ozran and then slams it on the area of Ozran's heart.

A stinging noise is heard and Ozran lets out an unearthly Gorn roar of pain. Grey keeps it in position, ferociously pressing it on the Gorn's chest. Ozran lowers towards the ground, lurching downwards in a pathetic attempt to avoid this pain. Grey matches his moves, keeping the Agonizer firmly in place at Ozran's heart. Ozran finally collapses in a heap on the ground.

In the background, Dojar watches.

EXT. SPACE

Our ENTERPRISE hangs in the background. A shuttle approaches.

INT. SHUTTLE -- MIRROR

It looks quite similar to our shuttle, but has the same Federation symbol as the ISS. In the background, Y'LAN is behind a forcefield, thrashing around desperately trying to escape. OZRAN-2 is in the helm, looking mean.

OZRAN-2

Ozran to Enterprise, preparing to dock.

DOJAR

Understood. Welcome home, Narv. We see you went through an ion storm, did...

OZRAN-2

Shut up, Cardassian scum. Just have the shuttlebay ready. I have the info and a special present...

INT. BRIDGE

DOJAR, GUER at helm, CROSS and TALORA all look put out.

CROSS

Sounds like that ion storm gave him a bang on the head. Dojar?

Dojar taps at his console.

DOJAR

There's something odd here. The shuttle's quantum signature is out of alignment.

TALORA

By how much?

DOJAR

Only about point three microns. But still...

TALORA

The point is that it shouldn't be out of alignment at all. That just can't happen.

CROSS

I think we better go and meet Mr. Ozran and Y'lan, make sure they're all right. Dojar, you're with me.

They get up and head for the turbolift.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY

The shuttle comes in. CROSS, DOJAR, and two security personnel enter as the forcefield is erected. OZRAN-2 EXITS, with Y'LAN-2 at phaser point.

OZRAN-2

Captain. Dojar, what happened to your beard? What's going on?

CROSS

I was about to ask you the same question. Put the phaser down.

OZRAN-2

Captain? I captured this beast on my way back. He could prove...

CROSS

Narv... that's Y'lan, you know that.

OZRAN-2

What are you talking about? Captain, I...

DOJAR

Put the phaser down and let Y'lan go.

OZRAN-2

Like I would listen to you, Cardassian--

He trails off as he realizes things are against him.

OZRAN-2 (CONT'D)

Fine, you want him, here.

He pushes Y'lan-2 towards them and FIRES at them, diving behind the shuttle.

CROSS

Spread out, cover him. Y'lan, are you all right?

Y'lan-2 ROARS, and runs away, trying to escape. The two guards manage to come round either side of Ozran-2 and SHOOT him down, knocking him unconscious.

GUARD 1
We got him, Captain.

CROSS
Take him to the brig.

Y'lan-2 meanwhile, has climbed up the side of the wall of the shuttlebay, trying to escape.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Y'lan! It's all right, what's going on?

Y'LAN-2
Please! Stay back! We know what you are like!

CROSS
Y'lan, it's us. Please, we're not going to hurt you.

Y'LAN-2
You lie. The reputation of the ISS Enterprise goes before you.

CROSS
ISS..? This is the USS Enterprise...
Oh God...

The penny suddenly drops.

CROSS (CONT'D)
The Mirror Universe...

INT. SICKBAY -- MIRROR

Similar to our sickbay, but different. There is an array of torturing devices where there would normally be medical equipment. Like in the shuttlebay, symbols of a planet bisected with a sword are everywhere. The people here are wearing the medical versions of the uniforms we saw in the shuttlebay, and are all recognizable as Enterprise medical staff.

On a bed is Ozran, who is clearly unconscious. Nurse KATHRYN AGOLIVE-2 and Doctor ATKINSON-2 are next to him, standing side by side. They look over him eagerly but do nothing. It's clear they have a stake of some sort.

On a bed further down is Y'lan, who is seemingly unconscious. It is being studied by ELRIS LEA-2, who runs a tricorder across it. She looks like a beaten, traumatized woman with a lot on her mind.

We can see a purple mark just above her eye, a cut on her lip, and multiple other bruises around her body.

In addition, there are two security guards standing at that door, one of whom is a Zaldan. Zaldans are aliens that look identical to human beings except for their fingers, which are webbed.

ELRIS-2
(whispering)
The Mirror Universe...

Y'LAN
That is also correct. I believe you call our universe the "Mirror Universe."

This takes Elris off-guard -- It's clear she thought it was asleep. Y'lan perceives this.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)
I was not unconscious. Do not be alarmed.

ELRIS-2
But, but -

Y'LAN
I was beaten heavily by those security guards? I know. But then, I doubt that I am anything like either they or you have encountered.

Y'lan gets up with no sign of strain.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)
I have healed myself. I am in perfect health.

Y'lan nods to Ozran.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)
He will be the one in need of your aid.

As if on cue, Ozran regains consciousness and slowly struggles upright. As he does so:

AGOLIVE-2
(upset)
Dammit!

ATKINSON
(grinning)
Pay up, Kathryn.

Agolive gets some credits from her pocket and gives them to Atkinson. They both part.

Ozran then moves fully upright on the bed. It's clear he is still aching from his encounter with Grey earlier, as his skin swells and ripples slightly. He looks around the room, grimacing at this chamber of horrors.

A wary Elris approaches Ozran and begins to scan him, prompted by Y'lan. Ozran and Y'lan exchange nods but say nothing to each other.

OZRAN
(to Elris)
What was all that about?

Ozran motions towards Atkinson and Agolive.

ELRIS-2
(with a hint of disgust
herself)
They were betting on whether or not
you'd live.

Ozran is slightly disturbed by this; it's visible in his facial features.

Elris continues to run her tricorder across him. A look of puzzlement forms on her face. She continues to scan him. Whatever the results she is getting from her tricorder, they pique her curiosity.

ELRIS-2 (CONT'D)
Do you know where you are?

OZRAN
The Enterprise? But what's happened
to it?

ELRIS-2
Everything and nothing. You're no
longer in your own universe. This
is, to you, the "Mirror Universe."

OZRAN
But, how... Wait a minute -- the ion
storm! That's it!

ELRIS-2
What?

OZRAN
There is an ion storm in the vicinity,
isn't there?

A beat as Elris considers.

ELRIS-2

Yes, I do believe there is.

OZRAN

An ion storm is what caused the first encounter with the Mirror -- I mean, your universe if I remember correctly. We have to get back out there and back to our universe!

Y'lan nods.

Y'LAN

Although this parallel development is of considerable value to the Q'tami Hegemony, it is not my place to analyze it. I am an Ambassador, this is the job of one of our Culture Specialists. I have no wish to stay.

Elris shakes her head, somberly.

ELRIS-2

I'm sorry, no one can leave the ship without the Captain's permission.

OZRAN

Then please ask him. We don't belong here.

ELRIS-2

I don't think...

OZRAN

Please.

ELRIS-2

All right. I'll try.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY -- MIRROR

Everyone has left but our shuttle is still there. DOJAR-2 approaches cautiously, and after a moment making sure no one is watching him, enters it.

INT. SHUTTLE

DOJAR-2 sits at the helm and begins tapping.

DOJAR-2

Dojar to Portman. Dojar to Portman.
Come in.

Nothing. He frowns, taps away again for a minute and tries again.

DOJAR-2 (CONT'D)

Dojar to Portman. Please come in.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

(very crackly)

Dojar? Where are you?

DOJAR-2

I can't speak for long. I am in the shuttle from the Mirror Universe.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

What?

DOJAR-2

The Mirror Universe. We have two visitors from there.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

You're taking a big risk calling me.

DOJAR-2

No, that's the point. With this shuttle's field harmonics set up differently, it means that any transmission made from it will not be detected by the Enterprise. The Alliance can use it.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

Are you sure?

DOJAR-2

Yes.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

If what you say is true, it could be a potent weapon for the Alliance against the Earth Empire.

DOJAR-2

Indeed.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

Okay, keep me in touch. And be careful. You know what they are like.

DOJAR-2

Only too well...

INT. READY ROOM -- MIRROR

There is a silhouette in the Captain's Chair in the Ready Room. Clearly visible as a person, but is so enshrouded by darkness it is unrecognizable as any individual.

The Ready Room is dim-lit, and like all other rooms adorned with the Terran Logo wherever possible, but aside from that it is the same room as the one we know.

Elris steps into the Ready Room. It is strategically lighted so that whoever is sitting in the main chair cannot be seen but he can see whoever has just entered.

ELRIS-2

(uneasy)

I've run a scan on Chief Petty Officer Ozran and the alien, sir.

VOICE

(grim pleasure)

No doubt Ozran is alive. Grey would never kill one of his officers unless he had very good reason to do so -- but he is fond of testing their endurance to the limit. I suppose you are here to discuss the status of the alien.

The voice comes from the same general location as the silhouette, but it doesn't look like anything has moved.

ELRIS-2

The alien is unlike anything I've ever seen, but that's not why I'm here.

VOICE

Then why are you here?

ELRIS-2

Because they are both from the Mirror Universe, sir.

(beat)

And they both want to return.

The man in the dark comes forward and we can see that it is Captain NEIL CROSS-2.

He is dressed in a uniform bearing the same color scheme as the Starfleet uniform, but his uniform is unique. He wears an extravagant and decorated breastplate, similar to those of legates and emperors of Ancient Rome. It shows a swirling stylized picture of the galaxy - bisected with the standard of the Empire, which is made very much in the same vein as the standard of Rome. But it is clear the armor is for decor only and serves no real purpose.

This Captain Cross, though, in appearance doesn't look like a grand Emperor but like the twisted fascist he is.

CROSS-2

Well, we know all we need for the destruction of Parliament anyway. The planet has virtually no weaponry. We do not really need to get our Ozran back, his inferiors can handle his duties just as adequately as he can, if not more so.

(beat)

They are human, after all. Members of the Master Race are superior in every respect. No, we have no further need for our Ozran, but this Mirror Ozran could indeed be of use to us. The alien also. Now, detain this Ozran in the Sickbay. When we reach a Starbase we will hand him over to the -- authorities.

(beat)

No doubt he will reveal some interesting technology we can incorporate into our vessels, and the current condition of this Federation. And this alien whom you say you have seen nothing like will make a great vivisection project for the

(beat)

"doctors" specializing in that area.

Cross gets out of his chair and loftily strolls towards Elris. Before he can get too close, Elris asks another question:

ELRIS-2

(uncertain)

Then what of Parliament? Why must it be made an example? Why must we destroy a planet which has been so far obedient to the rule of the Empire?

This immediately sets Cross off. He grabs Elris by the shoulders and whirls her towards him. His nails engrain in her flesh. She lets out a yelp of pain at the hands of this brutal tyrant.

CROSS-2

(roaring)

Are you questioning my orders?

ELRIS-2

(terrified)

No sir...

Cross releases her, shoving her away. He turns his back to her and looks out the window. She tends to her wounds, cradling them like she would a child.

CROSS-2

(coldly)

My choice for the example could have
just have easily been Trill, Bolarus
IX or...

(beat)

Bajor.

He lets the last word sink in, with a grim little smile on
his face due to Elris's obvious discomfort.

CROSS-2 (CONT'D)

(sharply)

I chose to make an example because
an example must be made.

Cross contorts in an array of emotions, it is clear he is
back into one of his more vicious moods.

CROSS-2 (CONT'D)

(threatening)

Now if you question my orders any
more, Doctor, I will most certainly
put you in the Agony Booth.

We can see that Elris is pained at the thought of the agony
booth.

Cross then motions to the table.

CROSS-2 (CONT'D)

(maliciously)

Now sit and entertain me.

Elris stiffens, but uneasily sits down on the table
nonetheless.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY -- MIRROR

DOJAR-2 emerges from the shuttle. He looks around and is
about to exit when GREY appears.

GREY-2

What were you doing?

DOJAR-2

I was... examining the shuttle.

GREY-2

You were examining the shuttle...

He nods, pauses, and then WHIPS out with his cane, striking
Dojar hard across the face and chest.

GREY-2 (CONT'D)

Liar! You were not!

(MORE)

GREY-2 (CONT'D)

Why would you spend half an hour
examining this shuttle? You don't
have the brains to be that curious.
Now tell me what were you really
doing?

DOJAR-2

I was, I swear.

Grey strikes him again, a hard blow across the temple.

GREY-2

Will you not tell me?

Dojar spits out blood, but gathers his strength.

DOJAR-2

(firmly)

There is nothing to tell.

GREY-2

We will see about that.

Grey hauls him to his feet.

GREY-2 (CONT'D)

Maybe an hour in the Agony Booth
will loosen your tongue, hmm? Guards,
take him away!

Two guards appear and take Dojar away while Grey looks smug
and we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BRIG

On "our" Enterprise. OZRAN-2 is in a cell, throwing himself repeatedly against the forcefield. Y'LAN-2 is in another, but sitting more calmly. There is a GUARD, watching impassively. CROSS enters.

CROSS

Anything?

GUARD

He's been doing that since he woke up.

CROSS

All right. Mr. Ozran?

Ozran continues to smash against the forcefield.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Are you aware that you are no longer in your dimension, that you are in an alternate universe?

OZRAN-2

Let me go!

CROSS

I can't do that until we've decided what to do.

Ozran-2 continues to snarl and bash against the forcefield.

Y'LAN-2

It's no good, he's little more than an animal. Like the rest in his universe.

Cross turns to Y'lan.

CROSS

(to Y'lan)

Ion storm, right?

Y'LAN-2

That is correct. And I was taken capture by this...

(waves to Ozran)

person. Captain, I request asylum onboard your vessel.

A pause.

CROSS

I can't accept that. You stay, and we lose our Y'lan.

(beat)

And I have nothing but your word that you mean no harm, and the word of the Mirror Universe is often twisted.

Y'LAN-2

Captain, I understand your concerns. But where I come from, we are hunted like animals, for sport. I know you cannot take a chance with me, but please I beg of you, at least keep me here.

CROSS

Y'lan, I'm sorry. Whether what you say is true or not, my first priority has to be getting my crew back.

Y'LAN-2

I can understand that, for the same reason I don't want to go back. The Mirror Universe is a very violent place.

INT. AGONY BOOTH

A man-sized tubule is on the wall. The room is similar in size to our Enterprise's Brig. DOJAR-2 is in it, screaming in agony. Grey watches to one side, satisfaction on his face. ELRIS-2 enters. She sees that Dojar-2 is strapped to the Agony Booth. She turns green.

GREY-2

Doctor?

ELRIS-2

Dojar will need medical assistance when he is released.

GREY-2

His kind do not deserve it.

ELRIS-2

If he does not get it, he will not survive for you to put in the booth again.

Grey smiles at this. Elris looks uncomfortable.

INT. SICKBAY -- MIRROR

Atkinson and Agolive are both looking at the torture on the monitor in Elris's office.

The sounds of Dojar's pain and the occasional inhuman roar from the populace near Dojar are echoing throughout the room. Ozran is still sitting on the biobed, Y'lan standing at his side. Hearing these noises, he gets up and walks towards the monitor during the following dialogue:

AGOLIVE-2

I'm betting the Cardassian will pass out after thirty minutes.

ATKINSON-2

How much are you wagering?

AGOLIVE-2

Fifty credits.

Agolive puts the said amount on the table.

ATKINSON-2

You're on.

Atkinson follows suit. The two now maintain perfect poker faces as their eyes lock on the screen.

Ozran is now just outside the office part of Sickbay, looking in at the torture. Atkinson-2 and Agolive-2 are so immersed in their wager and the suffering of Dojar-2 they don't notice him.

Ozran looks at the horrendous sight of Dojar-2's torture with horror. He remains transfixed on the reeling and twisting sight of Dojar and the jeers erupted by the people assembled. Y'lan approaches him from behind and views it also. When Ozran's eyes finally trail off from this sickening sight, he notices Elris herself on the monitor, uneasy like himself in comparison to the jeering of Grey-2 and all assembled. Ozran then turns away from the sight altogether. Something is gnawing at him. Although we are oblivious to the meaning of Y'lan's expressions, it seems clear it can decipher ours.

Y'LAN

(whispered)

What is it?

OZRAN

(whispered)

It's... it's Elris. She hates those lynchings just as much as I do.

Y'LAN

(whispered)

She does seem different from the others.

OZRAN

(whispered)

I wonder why that is. Look at her face, too.

Y'LAN

What?

OZRAN

She didn't have that bruise when she went to see the Captain. Now look at it. It's half swollen up.

Y'LAN

It would appear the Captain did not take kindly to her request.

OZRAN

What kind of world are we in?

INT. BRIDGE -- MIRROR

It's like our bridge, but with the Terran Logo adorned everywhere and the Bridge crew all in Imperial garb. The Captain's Chair is much different here -- it resembles more of a Roman Throne than the chair we know. It is raised above all the other chairs considerably and can swivel the full 360 degrees, giving whoever sits in it complete command of the room.

Commander TALORA-2 is notably sitting in the First Officer's chair, which is bleak and Spartan particularly beside the grandeur of the Captain's Chair. However, despite the chair she sits on it is clear she's the one in command for the moment. She looks quiet and reserved. A scar runs down her face, and she has the Romulan emblem tattooed on her arm.

At the CONN is Lieutenant JENNIFER QUINLAN-2, who looks like the model Terran. She is eager and blood-lustful, looking out at the viewscreen with anticipation.

The other officers on deck are Lieutenant SUKOTHAI-2 at Ops and Lieutenant J.G. PILLER-2 at Tactical.

At the moment, the only thing that can be heard is the soft bleeping of panels.

Quinlan gets up from her chair to leave.

TALORA-2

Where are you going?

QUINLAN-2

(eagerly)

To see Dojar in the Agony Booth.

TALORA-2

(irritated)

You're duty shift isn't over for another hour.

Quinlan whirls towards Talora, a blur of energy and rage. In moments, she is right in front of the Romulan with a knife right at Talora's throat.

We notice none of the other officers on deck do anything to interfere. They suddenly become interested in their panels for no apparent reason but an expression of fear is visible.

Fear of arousing the wrath of either Talora or Quinlan.

QUINLAN-2

(angry)

It is now.

(beat)

Or shall I report a mutiny on the first officer's part?

TALORA-2

(aghast)

You wouldn't...

Quinlan presses the knife just a tad harder on Talora's throat.

The Romulan stiffens and even whimpers slightly from the pain. It's clear that Quinlan is an expert at handling this weapon. We see an ever so slight pulsation around that area, if Quinlan pushes even a minuscule harder it will surely slit Talora's throat.

QUINLAN-2

(nearly whispering,
with a vicious
quantity)

Yes, I would. And with Grey's help I'd have the records to prove it.

(beat)

Now you either let me leave, or you face destruction.

Quinlan lets this sink in, and Talora's face becomes ashen.

Quinlan moves the knife back just a bit so Talora can speak without slitting her neck.

TALORA-2

(quietly, defeated)

You're relieved, Lieutenant. I'll schedule Billings's shift an hour early.

QUINLAN-2

Good.

A grin of victory is clear on Quinlan's face as she exits, leaving a distraught Talora on the bridge. Talora rubs her neck and the throbbing wound remaining from Quinlan's assault.

TALORA-2

I love it when the crew have sensible discussions...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

Our ship. Cross, Talora, ELRIS, GREY, QUINLAN, and Dojar are present.

CROSS

Right, you all know the situation, we've lost our Ozran and Y'lan, presumably to the Mirror Universe, while we've got their counterparts in their place. The mirror Y'lan has requested asylum here.

ELRIS

Are there any precedents here?

CROSS

Several. Although rare, crossings between the two worlds have happened several times before over the past two centuries. Ironically, the first recorded time was also on an Enterprise.

QUINLAN

Let me guess. Kirk.

CROSS

Yes.

QUINLAN

(groans)

Why does it always come back to Kirk?

CROSS

According to this Y'lan, the Q'tami in his universe are little more than hunted animals.

GREY

If we keep him, does that mean we lose our Y'lan?

QUINLAN

I can't see the Hegemony looking too kindly on that.

CROSS

I don't know.

TALORA

Captain. Although the mirror analogy is convenient, it is not exactly accurate. What happens in one does not necessarily correlate with what happens in the other.

QUINLAN

Talora, please speak so we can understand you.

TALORA

I see no reason why if we keep this Y'lan we cannot also get our own back, given the circumstance that they are attempting to return.

CROSS

But at the same time, we don't know what this Y'lan is really like, We only have his word for it that he's not really a homicidal Q'tami, like the others from his world.

DOJAR

He looked pretty scared in the shuttlebay.

QUINLAN

Could have been an act.

ELRIS

What about the Ozran?

QUINLAN

We can't send him back. I've been going over his shuttle logs, and he's gathered military information about Parliament.

CROSS

What kind?

QUINLAN

Main bases of operations, as well as a number of nuclear facilities.

CROSS

That doesn't sound promising.

QUINLAN

Nope.

CROSS

Was there any information about the Q'tami on the shuttle database?

QUINLAN

Nothing.

CROSS

Odd.

GREY

But isn't this a Prime Directive issue? Interfering with another culture. For all we know, their Parliament might be the most evil planet in the known universe.

QUINLAN

But does that justify destroying it?

GREY

Without all the facts, I don't think we can make a judgment.

CROSS

Unfortunately we don't have the luxury of passing the buck on here. I will study the past encounters with the Mirror Universe and try and decide. Meet back in an hour.

They all begin to file out as Cross sits thinking. Elris hangs back.

ELRIS

You can't send that poor creature back if he's going to be hunted down.

Cross doesn't react, and Elris exits.

INT. AGONY BOOTH

DOJAR is still in there, reeling, crying out, shrieking in pain. GREY stands by with a pleased expression on his face.

There is still a small crowd watching.

GREY-2

(sneering)

Now, Cardassian, you know pain.

At this point, Quinlan rushes in and stands beside Grey.

QUINLAN-2

(to Grey)

I'm sorry I'm late.

Grey's eyes are fixated on the Cardassian, they do not move.

GREY-2

I was beginning to think you would
not show up at all.

QUINLAN-2

I couldn't deny myself the
satisfaction of seeing this Cardassian
tortured, could I?

Her eyes lock on Dojar and a sneer fills her face as well.

GREY-2

No...

(beat)

and no human being should be without
satisfaction at this act.

QUINLAN

What kind of satisfaction?

She slinkily puts her arms around Grey, right in front of
the booth and begins to kiss him passionately, running her
hands over him. Grey breaks away after a moment.

GREY-2

(to all assembled, a
rhetorical speech
voice)

None of you could resist seeing
this Cardassian reel in pain. To
subjugate the mind as well as the
body to the glory of the Empire!
You, my comrades, are the glory of
the Empire!

A echoing CHEER from all assembled breaks out. But it is
more of a ferocious animal roar than a cheer. The room is
practically drowned in this barbarian echo. It is supported
by stamping of the feet and the punching of the chest. After
a few moments, this echo finally dies down. Elris-2 at the
back though can hardly contain herself, and runs out.

INT. CORRIDOR -- MIRROR

ELRIS-2 runs out and gags. After a few moments she composes
herself. PETERSON-2 comes out.

PETERSON-2

Doctor, they're ready to release
him.

Elris-2 nods.

ELRIS-2

Just a moment.

He nods and goes back in.

ELRIS-2 (CONT'D)
Prophets help me, please, let me
find some way to live in this world.

She goes back in.

INT. AGONY BOOTH

ELRIS-2 helps DOJAR-2 out of the booth. QUINLAN-2 and GREY-2 look on.

ELRIS-2
I'll get you a stretcher.

DOJAR-2
(firmly)
No. I'll walk.

ELRIS-2
You sure?

DOJAR-2
Yes.

She helps him out. Quinlan-2 looks on in disgust, and kicks Dojar-2 as he walks past, hard. She and Grey-2 laugh.

INT. BRIG

OZRAN-2 and Y'LAN-2 are still in their cells, the former a little quieter, lying on his bed. The GUARD watches over them. CROSS enters.

CROSS
A moment alone, please.

The guard nods and exits.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Ozran. Get up.

Ozran-2 doesn't.

CROSS (CONT'D)
I said, get up.

He still doesn't. Cross nods and taps at the console. The bed jerks with a shock. Ozran-2 gets up, squealing. He SNARLS and throws himself at the forcefield again.

CROSS (CONT'D)
That doesn't get you anywhere. Why
were you collecting information about
Parliament?

Ozran-2 smiles.

CROSS (CONT'D)

You collect military information, I guess you're going for some kind of strike?

OZRAN-2

Not some kind of strike, Captain. Complete obliteration.

CROSS

What?

OZRAN-2

With that data, we can target a series of installations which nuclear capabilities. It will be like starting a chain reaction. Once hit, the devastation will be total. People will run in the streets, but it will be too late. Children will cling to their parents, but there won't be anything they can do to save them. Slowly, the nuclear fire will spread, striking down everything in its wake. Have you ever smelt burning flesh, captain? Go near Parliament soon and you will. No one will survive, and the Earth Empire will have reinforced itself as the dominant force.

Y'LAN-2

See what he is like, Captain?

CROSS

Yes. I do.

He turns and walks out.

OZRAN-2

That's right, run away Captain! At least you can!

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Cross walking along. He taps his comm badge.

CROSS

Cross to senior staff. I have made the decision.

RENAISSANCE: "Reflections" - ACT TWO

31.

As he walks along we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SICKBAY -- MIRROR

Elris-2 enters, with Dojar-2, barely conscious. Ozran is sitting on the biobed in patient contemplation, Y'lan by his side. Agolive-2 and Atkinson-2 look up as the doctor and patient enters.

ATKINSON-2
(grinning, to Agolive)
That's twice you owe me, Kathryn.

AGOLIVE
(upset)
Damn.

Atkinson smiles and scoops up both his and Agolive's fifty credits and pockets them. He then turns to the security officer who has just entered the room.

ATKINSON
(to the security officer)
Put him on the bed over there.

Atkinson points to a biobed next to Ozran and Y'lan. Elris does so, lowering him down gently. Dojar passes out.

ELRIS-2
I'll look after him.

ATKINSON-2
Whatever.

He goes back to Agolive, while Elris begins to strip Dojar, looking at his wounds. As she runs a tricorder over him, she spots a small TATTOO on his thigh, with two symbols on it.

She obviously recognises it, as she looks up, almost guiltily, at Atkinson-2 and Agolive-2, who don't notice.

Hurridly she covers the tattoo with a sheet.

Ozran and Y'lan watch her.

OZRAN
(whispered)
We need to talk to her. See if we can get out peacefully, and, if not, find a way to escape with her help.

Y'LAN
(whispered)
Agreed.

Y'lan begins to move towards Elris, but Ozran blocks him.

OZRAN
(whispered)
I think I should go.

Y'LAN
(whispered)
Why?

OZRAN
(whispered)
You may have studied the many species
of our niche in the galaxy, but I
know and understand them better. One
of my many hosts was a physiologist.

Y'LAN
(whispered)
It would seem what you deem a curse
is in fact a blessing.

OZRAN
(whispered)
Rare insights hardly make up for an
endless array of chaos, Y'lan.

Ozran leaves Y'lan's presence and walks into Elris's office.

Elris looks up.

ELRIS-2
(curtly)
How may I help you?

OZRAN
(low voice)
You're not like the others, are you?

Elris's expression changes instantly, becoming much more guarded.

ELRIS-2
(evasive)
What do you mean?

OZRAN
I saw the way you reacted to Dojar
in the Agony Booth. And look at your
face, you didn't have that bruise
before you went to see the Captain.

A mixture of emotions passes through Elris's face, and she motions to a chair. Ozran sits down.

ELRIS-2
(straight to the point)
All right, how much do you know?

OZRAN

Only that, Doctor. Only that.

(beat)

But I'm guessing you don't like it here.

Elris still seems uneasy.

ELRIS-2

(self-sacrificing,
defeated)

I must accept whatever path the Prophets give me.

(beat)

If they want me to suffer like this, so be it.

From the look on Ozran's face we can gauge that isn't the response he was hoping for, but that it isn't specific enough for him to determine which side she is on.

OZRAN

Do you agree with what is going on here?

A silent pause.

ELRIS-2

(finally)

No.

(beat)

I don't.

OZRAN

Then tell me this, is the Captain going to let us get back to our universe?

Elris shakes her head.

ELRIS-2

No. You are to be detained here, and then handed over to the "authorities" for an interrogation. And your alien friend is going to be cut up by our keen scientists.

OZRAN

Then we must escape. Will you help us?

Beat.

ELRIS-2

(honestly)

I -- I don't know.

We can see that Ozran now decides to take a more inviting approach.

OZRAN

Perhaps the Prophets are calling now, Elris.

(beat)

Perhaps it is time you made a difference.

ELRIS-2

How could you be sure?

OZRAN

Are you sure they want you to live a life of servitude?

Beat.

ELRIS-2

No -- I'm not.

OZRAN

Then perhaps it is time to make a difference.

ELRIS-2

(reluctantly)

Let me show you something.

She draws him over to Dojar's body, making sure Agolive-2 and Atkinson-2 are still engaged in whatever they are doing.

She reveals the tattoo.

OZRAN

What is that?

ELRIS-2

It's the tattoo of the Freedom Alliance.

OZRAN

What's that?

ELRIS-2

A group of resistance fighters, who oppose the Earth Empire's regime. I didn't know Dojar was a member.

OZRAN

Are you a member?

ELRIS-2

No.

OZRAN

Are you going to be?

BEAT.

ELRIS-2

Dojar could help you escape. If he ever wakes up that is. Prophets know he'd welcome some friendly faces for a change--

She looks at Dojar-2 in concern.

INT. CORRIDOR -- MIRROR

Grey-2 and Quinlan-2 are walking along, arm in arm.

QUINLAN-2

That was fun.

GREY-2

I didn't know you found the Agony Booth so arousing.

QUINLAN-2

Best kind of foreplay there is.

They laugh as they kiss again, opening their quarters doors--

INT. GREY-2'S QUARTERS

Grey-2 and Quinlan-2 enter and begin stripping off. Suddenly Quinlan-2's comm goes.

TALORA-2'S COMM VOICE

Quinlan, will you be reporting for your duty shift this afternoon?

QUINLAN-2

Erm, let me think about this for a minute.

Grey runs his hands slowly up her legs.

QUINLAN-2 (CONT'D)

That would be a NO. Goodbye. Bitch.

GREY-2

(conversational)

I hear you held up Talora.

QUINLAN-2

(self-absorbed)

And did a damn good job of it too.

Beat.

GREY-2

(probing)

How insecure can you make Talora?

QUINLAN-2

(sarcastic)

Who, me?

GREY-2

Yes you.

QUINLAN-2

Why not just get one of your goons
to do it?

GREY-2

Because none of them are on the bridge--
and none are as effective as you.

QUINLAN-2

(humored)

I'm flattered.

GREY-2

Well?

QUINLAN-2

(teasing)

Engineering and Security not good
enough for you, Erik?

GREY-2

Nothing's good enough for me. You
just give Talora a good shaking up.

QUINLAN-2

What's in it for me?

GREY-2

(bargaining)

When I become OX, I will have to
shed either Engineering or Security
from my belt. How's Chief of Security
and the CONN Officer Quinlan sound?

QUINLAN-2

Hmmm -- pretty damn good. It's too
good to turn down. And what about
Dojar?

GREY-2

After today, I don't think Dojar's
going to be a problem for quite a
time.

A wicked grin spreads across Quinlan's face, as they fall
down onto the bed together.

INT. SICKBAY -- MIRROR

Elris-2 is still tending to Dojar-2. Ozran and Y'lan stand nearby,

ELRIS-2
He's coming round.

Dojar-2 slowly groans as he wakes up.

ELRIS-2 (CONT'D)
Don't move too fast.

DOJAR-2
Am I dead?

ELRIS-2
Sadly for you, no.

Dojar-2 spots Ozran and Y'lan.

DOJAR-2
The Mirror Universe people. Why are they still here?

ELRIS-2
They've asked for my help to escape from the ship.

DOJAR-2
Really.

ELRIS-2
So is that tattoo for real?

DOJAR-2
What do you mean?

Elris doesn't respond-- yet. A few minutes pass as Elris heals Dojar's wounds. We can see Dojar breathe sighs of relief as the throbbing pain begins to subside. When this is done, Elris brings Dojar to a corner and they begin to speak in low voices. Ozran watches. Agolive and Atkinson are absorbed in another gambling discussion of some sort at the other side of the room.

ELRIS-2
(low voice)
So are you a member of the Freedom League?

DOJAR-2
Is it safe to speak out here?

ELRIS-2
Yes.

DOJAR-2

Are you sure?

ELRIS-2

You can count on it.

Dojar eyes her again, but again finds no indication of anything.

DOJAR-2

In that case, I am indeed a member of the Freedom League.

Elris sighs with relief, and motions for Ozran to do come.

ELRIS-2

(to Dojar, Y'lan and Ozran)

Don't worry; he's on our side.

Ozran glances to Y'lan as if to say he's their representative. Y'lan seems to pick up the subliminal message and nods. Ozran and Dojar both regard each other warily for a moment.

Then Dojar nods, as if indicating Ozran to speak. Ozran takes one look left and right, and then:

DOJAR-2

You're from the universe of the Federation, correct?

OZRAN

Yes.

DOJAR-2

We of the Freedom League hope to one day emulate your Federation. To us, your government is a shining beacon of hope of what this everlasting chaos could become.

(beat)

Yes, I shall help you.

OZRAN

There is also a question that plagues me: What went wrong? When we were last in this universe the Terran Rebellion was spreading and the possibility of a Federation-like government was near.

DOJAR-2

The Revolution was corrupted, like Ancient Earth's Communist Revolution or the Revolution of Trust on Zaldan.

(MORE)

DOJAR-2 (CONT'D)

After the many revolutionary cells united, from the Terok Nor cell to the Andor cell to the most important of them all, the Antares cell, a very real hope of overthrowing the Klingon-Cardassian Alliance was a possibility. The fleet recaptured Sol System. They had a home again.

(beat)

Then Picard proclaimed himself Emperor. Stealing starship designs from your universe like the very one we are standing on today, they struck out against a falling Klingon-Cardassian Alliance. The fleet inflated at a tremendous rate as people joined our liberation "cause," never realising until too late it was a case of one Empire besetting another. When they had finally annexed Cardassia Prime and Qo'nos, they were the strongest and most brutal military force in the known galaxy, encompassing most of the Alpha Quadrant. Many Cardassians and Klingons were sent to the death-camps and never heard of again.

A pause.

DOJAR-2 (CONT'D)

(intensely bitter)

Including my own father.

Ozran somberly nods. We can see the leader of Dojar emerging here.

The four go to Elris's office, and Dojar sits in the main chair. Ozran and Elris pull up to other chairs and sit beside him. We can see all three relax, they know they can speak in here without fear of being overheard.

ELRIS-2

Don't worry; my office and sickbay are fully debugged of sensor devices. The Captain doesn't seem to think I'm a problem.

DOJAR-2

Then that is a failing of his.

A pause. Elris seems to be having an inner debate with herself.

DOJAR-2 (CONT'D)

What about you, Elris? You want to join in fighting the good fight?

ELRIS-2

I -- don't know. But I will help you on this ship, Turn my back on what is going on.

DOJAR-2

That's practically joining.

ELRIS-2

Please.. don't push me. I want to join -- I think -- but I need time to think.

Dojar nods as if to allow for Elris's request.

OZRAN

Is there anyone else on the ship who is a member?

DOJAR-2

A few low ranking crewmembers. It would be useful to have some high ranking people who could help us.

ELRIS-2

Why?

DOJAR-2

We need a Freedom operative in a position of authority if Operation Tiberius is to be a success.

ELRIS-2

(lost)
Operation Tiberius?

Dojar waves it away.

DOJAR-2

That is a discussion for another time, Elris. I need to speak to her. Do you think you can arrange it?

Beat.

ELRIS-2

I think so.

DOJAR-2

Good.

(MORE)

DOJAR-2 (CONT'D)

Now Doctor could you also proclaim,
officially, that my medical condition
is that I am unfit for duty for an
indefinite time. Our Gorn friend
over here
(motions to Ozran)
you should say needs more scans due
to, um...

Dojar then motions to Elris for some help.

ELRIS-2

Quantum destabilisation due to the
passing from one reality to another.

DOJAR-2

(empathic)
Exactly. And for... um...
(he motions to Y'lan)

Y'LAN

Y'lan.

DOJAR-2

(to Elris)
--Y'lan?

ELRIS-2

Further study required for such an
alien species.

DOJAR-2

That will do.

Beat.

ELRIS-2

Very well, I'll compile the records
immediately.

Elris puts a hand on the computer terminal placed on the
desk and swivels it around to face her, and begins to
immediately make the said reports.

DOJAR-2

What about those assistants of yours?

ELRIS-2

Their lives are gambling. They are
too self-absorbed to care about
anything else.

DOJAR-2

They aren't a threat?

Now it's Elris's turn to be emphatic.

ELRIS-2

Hardly.

Dojar is probing every contingency in both his mind and by querying Elris now. An air of professionalism and a degree of expertise in the whole issue is radiating from the Cardassian.

DOJAR-2

The guards?

ELRIS-2

Their orders are to guard the door.

They hardly ever waver from that position unless they are off-duty.

As long as you keep your work in my office, you're unlikely to be noticed.

DOJAR-2

I see. We need to figure out a way to get you two to the shuttlebay, without our involvement being detected. Those guards being the first problem.

Y'LAN

I have an idea. How good are you at accessing restricted files on the ship?

DOJAR-2

If you're talking about hacking, it has to be done from my office, I have several guards against detection there.

Y'LAN

We need to get there then, without being seen.

Elris-2 smiles, and walks over to a wall, undoing a hatch to reveal the Jefferies tubes. Dojar-2 looks at Ozran and Y'lan.

DOJAR-2

After you two.

They begin to climb in.

EXT. SPACE

The USS ENTERPRISE has returned to the ion storm, and is hovering nearby.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's log, Stardate 78328.7.
After listening to the Mirror Universe
Ozran's speech, I have decided we
cannot send them back through the
vortex. I cannot condone the
destruction of a planet, in our
universe or any other. However, the
Enterprise has returned to the vortex
to try and assess whether we can
still try and rescue our crewmen
from the other side.

INT. BRIDGE

Cross, Talora, Guer at helm, Sukothai at ops, and Y'lan-2,
guarded by Dojar and HARRIS.

CROSS

Anything?

SUKOTHAI

Nothing as yet Captain. I can't even
tell if the portal is still open.

CROSS

Keep scanning.

Y'LAN-2

I am grateful for your decision,
Captain.

CROSS

Mr. Ozran's performance in the brig
was more than enough to convince me
we had no choice.

Y'LAN-2

Yes. I think I am tired now, I would
like to rest.

CROSS

Of course. Mr. Dojar, will you escort
our guest to his quarters.

DOJAR

Captain.

He leads Y'lan-2 into the turbolift with Harris. The turbolift
door closes.

TALORA

I don't think he should be shown
around the ship just yet.

CROSS

Talora, unless the Q'tami are great actors, which I don't think they are, it was genuinely scared. I couldn't leave him in the brig with that raving Gorn. No one could have put up with that.

INT. CORRIDOR

The turbolift opens and Dojar, Harris and Y'lan-2 exit.

HARRIS

So the Q'tami are really on the ropes in your universe?

Y'LAN-2

We are unlike you here, we do not have access to technology like this. We are defenseless.

DOJAR

Harris, leave him alone.

Y'LAN-2

However, I do not think it will be that way for too much longer.

DOJAR

What do you mean?

Y'lan-2 suddenly LASHES OUT with his tentacles, and strikes Dojar and Harris, leaving them knocked out.

Y'LAN-2

The time has come to redress the balance a little.

He enters the turbolift again.

Y'LAN-2 (CONT'D)

Brig.

As the doors close we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DOJAR-2'S OFFICE

It's initially empty, but a Jefferies Tube hatch is knocked out and DOJAR-2 crawls out. He quickly looks around the office.

DOJAR-2

All clear.

OZRAN and Y'LAN climb out.

DOJAR-2 (CONT'D)

Y'lan what do you want me to do?

Y'lan walks over.

Y'LAN

You need to access voice files--

DOJAR-2

Wait a minute. There's a message on my system. That's odd.

Y'LAN

What is it?

DOJAR-2

It's a message from Commander Talora. She says she wants to see me in Ten Forward.

OZRAN

Why's that odd?

DOJAR-2

I don't know, I just don't tend to speak to her that much.

OZRAN

When does she want you there?

DOJAR-2

Hmmm, ten minutes from now. What are your plans, Y'lan?

Y'LAN

Okay, here's what we're going to do...

INT. BRIDGE -- MIRROR

Talora in captain's chair. Quinlan-2 enters.

QUINLAN-2

Talora.

TALORA-2

I didn't think you were coming down?

QUINLAN-2

Changed my mind. You got a problem with that?

TALORA-2

None. My shift ends now anyway.

QUINLAN-2

I'll try and contain my disappointment. Oh, that reminds me.

TALORA-2

What?

QUINLAN-2

I ran into Dojar below. Still looking a little the worse for wear.

TALORA-2

Why should I care?

QUINLAN-2

Oh, no reason. I always thought you had a soft spot for him. You know, losers should always stick together.

Talora-2 gets up stiffly and walks towards the exit. She enters the turbolift, as Quinlan-2 turns round and looks pleased with herself.

INT. TURBOLIFT -- MIRROR

Talora-2 on her own. She thinks for a moment.

TALORA-2

Computer, locate Lieutenant Dojar.

COMPUTER'S COMM VOICE

Lt Dojar is located in Ten Forward.

TALORA-2

(to turbolift)

Ten Forward.

INT. BRIG

Ozran-2 behind forcefield, bored looking GUARD at console. Y'lan-2 enters.

GUARD

Hey, what the--?

Y'lan-2's tentacles whip out and knock the guard against the wall, out cold.

He comes and stands in front of Ozran-2's cell.

OZRAN-2

What do you want?

Y'LAN-2

We do not have much time. I wish to make a deal with you.

OZRAN-2

I make no deals with you, animal.

Y'LAN-2

Then you will die here. Goodbye.

He turns to go.

OZRAN-2

Wait. What do you want to say?

Y'LAN-2

You wish to return to our universe?

OZRAN-2

Yes.

Y'LAN-2

So do I. I will take you if you pilot the craft, I am unable to do so.

OZRAN-2

What's the catch?

Y'LAN-2

You allow me to take the shuttle when we arrive back.

OZRAN-2

Why?

Y'LAN-2

The Q'tami do not have any technology like it. We can study it and use it in our war against you.

OZRAN-2

Help you fight us? No way!

Y'LAN-2

It is that or stay here. Are you really that noble you would stay here just to save your precious Empire?

BEAT.

OZRAN-2

All right.

Y'lan-2 lowers the forcefield as the RED ALERT alarm starts to blare.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Intruder alert! A Q'tami is loose on board the ship, consider him armed and dangerous.

Y'LAN-2

We must hurry.

OZRAN-2

(sarcastic)
Really?

They run out.

INT. TEN FORWARD -- MIRROR

Like the rest of the ship, adorned with the Terran Logo of a planet bisecting a sword virtually all over the place. This place is much more uncivilized than our Ten-Forward as officers stagger around and collapse from too much alcohol.

Someone throws a stool at someone else as Talora enters.

Immediately a bar fight breaks out, which judging from the haphazardness of the place isn't uncommon, as the drunken barflies hurl on top of one another, whacking each other in the face and in some cases throwing each other across the room. Avoiding attention, Talora makes her way to the counter, and sits down on a stool, and waits.

In the mist of the bar fight is HAL-2, the bartender. He grabs one of the drunkards by the collarbone, to which a cracking sound is heard. Hal then promptly and pulls the drunkard around.

Hal gets up onto a table so he is visible to all.

HAL-2

(shouting over the
din)

If you don't stop now I'm cutting
off your beer supply for a month!

This has the immediate desired effect as the noise instantly subsides.

CUSTOMER

(disbelieving)
You can't be serious!

HAL-2

(indignant)

Of_course I'm serious! Was I joking
when I cut off the supply two weeks
ago?

There is a general mumbling of the assembled people of "No,"
though in the cases of some people it is little more than a
negative grunt.

HAL-2 (CONT'D)

Then stop this at once.

Hal then throws the drunkard he was manhandling to the ground
and makes his way back to the counter. He jumps over the
counter back into his usual place. He then notices a patient
Talora and approaches her.

HAL-2 (CONT'D)

Is there something I can get you?

TALORA-2

Romulan Ale, please.

HAL-2

Sorry, our supply of Romulan Ale
washed up yesterday. Seems like you're
not the only one with a taste for
the beverage.

Hal nods to the general crowd in reference.

HAL-2 (CONT'D)

Is there something else I can get
you?

TALORA-2

Vulcan Mocha.

Hal nods and disappears under the counter.

At this point, Dojar-2 enters. He sees Talora at the counter
and makes his way towards her, pulling up a chair beside
her.

DOJAR-2

(straight to the point)

Talora. You wanted to see me?

TALORA-2

I-- I guess I did.

Hal reappears from under the counter. Talora-2 is immediately
cut off.

HAL-2

One steaming cup of Vulcan mocha.

(MORE)

HAL-2 (CONT'D)
(notices Dojar)
Can I get you anything?

ELRIS-2
No thanks. Could you excuse us?

Hal shrugs.

HAL-2
No problem.

Hal walks off to tend to another customer.

Talora turns to Dojar, in a matter-of-factly manner.

TALORA-2
Even the bartender's aggressive.

DOJAR-2
You don't like it here, do you?

This comment catches Talora completely by surprise.

TALORA-2
What?

DOJAR-2
Here, on the Enterprise. Being
repressed, manipulated at every move.

A slow pause.

TALORA-2
No, I don't.
(beat)
And neither do you.

Dojar-2 realizes he's getting the wrong message across and switches gears.

DOJAR-2
Talora, we need you.

TALORA-2
We?

Then her eyes widen as she runs her leg under the table they are sitting at. There is a button under there. Talora quickly taps something in a PADD and hands it to Dojar-2.

DOJAR-2
What's this?

HE READS IT. IT SAYS: WE ARE BEING TAPED. FOLLOW ME.

Talora-2 stands up and walks out. Dojar-2 looks round and then follows her.

INT. CORRIDOR -- MIRROR

Dojar-2 and Talora-2.

DOJAR-2
I got a message you wanted to see me.

TALORA-2
(realizes)
Quinlan.

DOJAR-2
What?

TALORA-2
What did you mean when you said "we need you"?

Beat.

Dojar-2 and Talora-2 lock eyes. Dojar-2 searches Talora-2's face.

DOJAR-2
(whisper)
We-- The Freedom League needs you.

This catches Talora immediately off guard.

TALORA-2
(surprised)
You're a member of the--

DOJAR-2
(insistent)
Sssh!

Dojar-2 looks around the room to see if Talora's cut-short outburst piqued the curiosity of the people nearby.

Thankfully for her, it didn't.

TALORA-2
(suspicious)
Why do you trust me with such information? I could have security detain you on the spot.

DOJAR-2

(insistent)

I tell you because I trust you,
Talora. You are just as persecuted
as I am.

TALORA-2

(evasive)

How would you know that?

DOJAR-2

I've seen how you're treated on the
bridge.

TALORA-2

A pretty vague basis to make your
assumption.

DOJAR-2

But it's true, isn't it?

Talora's face is now very troubled.

TALORA-2

You know; I have a fine life here.
First Officer of the flagship.

(beat, not really
believing herself)

Not so bad for someone who grew up
in Romulan prison camps.

DOJAR-2

But you will never be at home here.
You're Romulan. An "inferior" race
in the eyes of the Empire. Just as I
am Cardassian, the scum of the
universe.

Talora looks down on her tattoo. Like the Star of David which the Nazis forced on the Jews, she wore this tattoo to remind everyone of her inferiority. She is visibly pained merely by looking at it.

She then runs her hand down the scar that stretches across her face.

Finally, her hand rests on the slight wound Quinlan's knife caused when at her throat. She has reached her conclusion, but she knew it all along.

TALORA-2

You're right.

(beat)

I'll never be at home here.

DOJAR-2

(quiet insistence)

Then join us! Get a new tattoo. One
you choose to have.

A long silence. We can see it's one thing for Talora to admit her alienation, but quite another to openly betray what she lived with. But the boundaries between the two where now rapidly collapsing in her mind.

TALORA-2

(finally)

All right, I will. What must I do?

Dojar-2 breathes a sigh of relief.

DOJAR-2

At the moment, nothing. Although we could use a little help. I'm trying to help the two people from the Mirror Universe to escape.

TALORA-2

Why?

DOJAR-2

Because they come from a better place, a place of honesty and integrity, a place I can believe in and one I can aspire to. Will you help me?

BEAT.

TALORA-2

Yes.

DOJAR-2

Thank you. I have to get back. We'll let you know when we need you.

INT. CORRIDOR

Cross, Grey and Dojar are running along it.

DOJAR

They'll be trying to get back to their shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY -- CONTINUOUS

There are three GUARDS already there as Cross, Grey and Dojar run in.

CROSS

Any sign?

GUARD 1

Not yet, sir.

CROSS

(taps comm badge)

Talora? Anything?

INT. BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Talora in her seat.

TALORA

Nothing, there's no sign.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY -- CONTINUOUS

Cross, Dojar, Grey and guards as before.

CROSS

Then where the hell are they?

GREY

When Y'lan tried to escape before,
he went up the--They all look up. Y'lan-2 and Ozran-2 are on the ceiling,
motionless.

OZRAN-2

Boo.

Y'lan-2 moves down the wall rapidly, evading the phaser fire.
Y'lan's tentacles whip out again, sending the three guards
flying. Grey dives into the shuttle as Ozran-2 shoots at
Cross and Dojar, who duck behind another shuttle. Ozran-2
gets into the shuttle too, and Y'lan-2 hesitates for a moment.

Y'LAN-2

Let this be a lesson to you, Captain
Cross. Never trust a Q'tami.

He then enters the shuttle...

INT. SHUTTLE -- CONTINUOUS

Grey is at the console and Ozran-2 is pointing a phaser at
him.

OZRAN-2

Step away from there.

Y'lan-2 enters.

OZRAN-2 (CONT'D)

Y'lan?

Y'lan grabs Grey with his tentacle and thrusts Grey out of the shuttle. The door closes as Ozran sits at the console.

OZRAN-2 (CONT'D)

I hope those tentacles of yours can
keep you steady...

INT. SHUTTLEBAY

Grey slowly picks himself up, helped by Dojar, while Cross checks the guards. The shuttle starts to fire up.

GREY

(grim)
He's going for the doors...
(urgent)
All personnel evacuate!

The assembled officers rush out of the room, all pushing and shoving for the exit. Finally, they all manage to escape.

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

It's the corridor right outside the shuttlebay. The officers are all now outside the room. Many rush down the corridors.

Only Grey, Fao, and a few others stay near the area.

GREY

(frantically, to Fao)
You take the left panel, I'll take
the right!

FAO

Yes sir!

Grey works on a panel to the right of the door, Fao works on a panel to the left.

GREY

Sealing off the room... now!

Grey and Fao punch two identical buttons on each panel simultaneously the moment the word "now" is spoken.

A force-field flickers in place across the door as they step back.

Grey and all the other officers in the area breathe a sigh of relief.

GREY (CONT'D)

(pretty much to himself)
We won't be sucking vacuum today...

INT. SHUTTLEBAY

Same as before.

The shuttle rams its way out of the shuttlebay. From the view of the smashed doors we can see it fly off towards the rift.

INT. CORRIDOR

As before.

GREY

Should we pursue?

CROSS

Not yet, we don't know the rift is safe yet. I don't want to lose any more men.

INT. DOJAR-2'S OFFICE

DOJAR-2 enters as Y'LAN continues to hack away at the terminal.

DOJAR-2

How's it going?

Y'LAN

We're nearly complete, just a few more moments--

OZRAN

About time, I'm tired of being cooped up in here.

Y'LAN

Once this is done, we should get going.

Now.

Suddenly a RED ALERT is sounded.

COMPUTER'S COMM VOICE

Intruder alert, intruder alert, all security personnel to deck 18, waste extraction. Intruder alert.

DOJAR-2

Impressive.

OZRAN

It's handy having a Q'tami around sometimes. I think we should move.

Y'LAN

Agreed.

They stand up and exit as we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. ENTERPRISE -- MIRROR

Still hanging in space.

INT. CORRIDOR -- MIRROR

Imperial officers are rushing towards waste extraction, presumably. Attracting as little attention to their selves as possible are Dojar-2, Ozran and Y'lan as they slip through the crowd. The officers walking by are so self-absorbed they pay little or no attention to them. Some shoot a glance Y'lan's way and Ozran makes an intimidating gesture towards Y'lan as if to indicate he's in charge of Y'lan.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY -- MIRROR

This is clearly the Imperial Shuttlebay. No one is present expect Crewman Fao-2, who is still manning her post. Dojar-2 enters alone.

DOJAR-2
Crewman.

FAO-2
Sir?

DOJAR-2
You... are needed in sickbay. For your medical.

FAO-2
Sir.

She leaves by another way. After a moment, Ozran and Y'lan enter.

OZRAN
Will Elris cover for you?

DOJAR-2
I think she will.

Ozran and Y'lan turn to Dojar-2.

OZRAN
Thank you.

DOJAR-2
No, thank you. For reminding me why I keep fighting.

OZRAN
Good luck.

DOJAR-2

And to you.

Ozran and Y'lan both go to the shuttlecraft.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

The door closes behind them and they walk up to the front of the shuttlecraft. They return to the positions they had been previously, Ozran at the Conn and Y'lan in the second chair.

Y'lan checks the readouts from his panel.

OZRAN

Y'lan, what's our status?

Y'LAN

The Mirror Universe inhabitants were unable to decode my Q'tami information in any form.

OZRAN

I'm not surprised. And the shuttle?

Y'LAN

Completely repaired.

Ozran smiles.

OZRAN

That's exactly what I was counting on.

Ozran hits his commbadge.

OZRAN (CONT'D)

Ozran to Dojar. I'm ready.

DOJAR-2'S COMM VOICE

(link is sub-frequency,
scrambled -- voice
slightly out of sync)

Confirmed. Opening the Shuttlebay doors now.

From the window of the shuttlebay, we can see the doors open that reveal the stars beyond.

DOJAR-2'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)

(still out of sync)

Lowering force field.

There is a flash at the opening, as the force field deactivates.

DOJAR-2'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)
 (still out of sync)
 You're all clear.

OZRAN
 (respectful)
 Thank you. I won't forget you for
 this.

DOJAR-2'S COMM VOICE
 (happily, out of sync)
 The pleasure is all mine.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY -- MIRROR

The shuttle powers up and flies out.

EXT. SPACE

The shuttle races in the opposite direction of the Enterprise,
 towards the ion storm.

INT. BRIDGE -- MIRROR

CROSS-2
 Report?

GUARD'S COMM VOICE
 Sir, we can find no sign of an
 intruder down here.

CROSS-2
 Who started the alert?

GUARD'S COMM VOICE
 Unknown sir, we can't trace the
 source.

CROSS-2
 (urgent)
 Cross to Grey!

We hear some more muffled noises. Cross waits a few seconds
 but he gets no more a response then that.

CROSS-2 (CONT'D)
 (angry)
 Grey!

Some more muffled noises. Cross has little patience, and its
 reached its limit.

Furious, Cross whirls around to the Tactical Station.

CROSS-2 (CONT'D)
 Piller --

Grey finally responds, cutting Cross off before he can say another word.

GREY-2'S COMM VOICE

(tired)

No need to call security to get me up, Captain -- what is it?

CROSS-2

(commanding)

We have a saboteur onboard. I want you to get your security teams to detain anyone who falls under suspicion.

GREY-2'S COMM VOICE

Yes sir.

(beat)

In fact, I think I know the one behind all this.

CROSS-2

(threatening)

Whether you do or not, Lieutenant, you better know who is behind this and soon. Cross out.

Cross hits his commbadge again, severing the link.

CROSS-2 (CONT'D)

(as an afterthought)

All senior bridge crew to the bridge!

INT. SICKBAY -- MIRROR

Elris-2 in foreground, Agolive-2 and Atkinson-2 in background. The door to Sickbay swishes aside.

FAO-2

Crewman Fao, reporting for examination as ordered.

Atkinson and Agolive look slightly taken off guard by this.

ATKINSON-2

Examination?

Elris exits her office.

ELRIS-2

What's going on?

FAO-2

Sir, Dojar said you wanted me for my medical checkup--

In the background DOJAR-2 enters. He motions to Elris.

ELRIS-2

Of course.

ATKINSON

(protesting)

But Fao's check-up--

ELRIS-2

(interjecting)

I have decided to examine her prematurely. Doctor's Privilege.

Atkinson shrugs. He considers it odd, but it isn't his concern.

ATKINSON-2

Yes sir.

ELRIS-2

Just a minute, Crewman.

She goes over to Dojar-2.

ELRIS-2 (CONT'D)

What's happened?

DOJAR-2

(assuredly, to Elris)

We've been able to confuse the sensors to say the shuttle did not, in fact, escape. Disabled all security systems to alert them to the breakout, the internal sensors of the bay itself completely offline, and I have used a sensor scrambler to remove the shuttlecraft from their sensors. They should know that something is wrong by now, but with any luck they won't be able to pinpoint it until it's too late.

(beat)

I wouldn't have been able to do it without Y'lan. Y'lan was extremely skilled at this.

(beat)

If all his race are like this, I'd love to meet them.

ELRIS-2

I see.

Elris then returns to her office, and bends over to Dojar to make sure neither the assistants or Fao will pick up what she says.

ELRIS-2 (CONT'D)
(low whisper, to Dojar)
Dojar, stay here. Delete all evidence
of our involvement.

DOJAR-2
(slight grin)
Don't worry; I'm good at that too.

ELRIS-2
(half-jokingly)
Why am I not surprised?

Dojar grins at this response.

DOJAR-2
So, doctor, are you in or out?

Elris pauses.

ELRIS-2
I'm in.

She smiles at him. Elris gets up from her position and walks out of the office. She picks up a tricorder along the way.

When she reaches Fao she begins to scan her for her bogus medical check-up.

INT. TURBOLIFT -- MIRROR

TALORA-2 is in it. It stops and QUINLAN-2 gets onboard.

QUINLAN-2
(scathingly)
Commander.

TALORA-2
Quinlan.

QUINLAN-2
I don't suppose you'd know what's
going on?

TALORA-2
No, don't you? I'm surprised your
recorder hasn't picked everything up
already, or have you only the one in
Ten Forward?

Quinlan-2 looks very cross.

TALORA-2 (CONT'D)
Don't try and entrap me again,
Quinlan. I'm onto you.

The turbolift arrives...

INT. BRIDGE -- MIRROR

Same as before. Talora and Quinlan enter. Talora sits down in the First Officer's chair and Quinlan relieves Ensign Billings at the CONN. Billings leaves.

Cross is fuming in silent rage, and Sukothai is working away rapidly at her console.

SUKOTHAI-2

I have something now, sir. Someone's hacked into the main computer and rerouted the sensors of Shuttlebay One!

CROSS-2

Shuttlebay One--

Cross scrunches up his face a bit as he recalls the relevance of this shuttlebay.

CROSS-2(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

--that's where the Socrates is docked! They must have launched it!

SUKOTHAI-2

Sir, if they did launch it, we would detect it!

CROSS-2

(realizing)

Not if it was cloaked, or had a sensor scrambler of some kind. Now if I were them where would I go -- Quinlan, double back on our current course, maximum warp!

QUINLAN-2

(following his line of thought)

To the ion storm?

CROSS-2

Exactly.

QUINLAN-2

Yes sir, laying in a course.

EXT. SPACE

Our shuttle heads towards the ion storm.

INT. SHUTTLE

Our Y'lan and Ozran are present.

Y'LAN

The Enterprise is in pursuit.

OZRAN

Not close enough, though. In we go--

EXT. SPACE

The ion storm is in the foreground. Our shuttle enters as the Enterprise in the distance shoots at it. The shuttle disappears. After a moment, another shuttle, almost identical, reappears.

INT. BRIDGE -- MIRROR

As before.

QUINLAN-2

Sir, the shuttle has reemerged from the ion storm. They're hailing.

CROSS-2

On speakers.

OZRAN-2'S COMM VOICE

This is Chief Petty Officer Narv Ozran-- I was stranded with those Federation bastards but I managed to escape! Uploading the tactical data of Parliament to you now. The Parliamentarian defences are weak, they shall be easily subjected.

CROSS-2

Good work, Ozran.

INT. SHUTTLE -- MIRROR

Ozran-2 looks at Y'lan-2.

OZRAN-2

I'll have to send the data before I let you have the shuttle.

Y'LAN-2

Do it -- carefully.

OZRAN-2

Enterprise, sending data now.

He taps at a console. Suddenly, sparks fly from it, and the whole console erupts.

OZRAN-2 (CONT'D)

What the--?

He suddenly remembers Grey in the shuttle.

OZRAN-2 (CONT'D)

Booby trapped. All the data's gone!
The bastard!

Y'LAN-2

I am now going to take my shuttle
from you.

INT. SICKBAY

Dojar-2 and Elris-2 are listening to this exchange on the
monitor, and smile at each other.

DOJAR-2

It's moments like that we're fighting
for.

Elris smiles again, a new ally in the fight.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

Same as before, except Ozran is now back in his own uniform.

Ozran works on his panel.

OZRAN

Socrates to Enterprise, respond.
Socrates -

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE

This is Enterprise.

Ozran smiles.

OZRAN

(relieved)

Dojar, you don't know how glad I am
to hear your voice again.

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE

(happily)

I think I do. Is Y'lan with you?

Y'LAN

I am indeed.

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE

That's good to hear.

(beat)

Can you come home by yourself,
Socrates?

OZRAN

I believe I still have enough power
for that, Dojar.

Ozran works at the controls.

EXT. SPACE

With graceful precision, the shuttlecraft Socrates flies into the Shuttlebay.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

Ozran smiles as his home unfolds before him.

On Ozran's face we

FADE OUT.

EXT. ENTERPRISE

Same as before. The ion storm is slowly fading in intensity.

INT. CORRIDOR

It's the corridors of the Enterprise we know and love. Ozran strides down them. Y'lan catches up with him, and then GRIL DOJAR does as well.

DOJAR

(conversational)

What was the Mirror Universe like?

Y'LAN

Quite interesting.

Ozran looks at Dojar's face, examining it for a moment.

INT. READY ROOM

It's the good old Ready Room. Captain Cross is laid back, watching the stars. A beep sounds at the door.

CROSS

Come in.

Both Ozran and Y'lan enter.

Cross's chair swivels around to face them.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(motioning to a PADD
on the table)

I've read your reports. You two have done something few men have done. Your name now resides side by side with James Kirk and Benjamin Sisko. You incited change in the Mirror Universe.

Y'LAN

Captain, although the credit might be beneficial, Ozran was the engineer--

Ozran smirks at Y'lan's unintentional pun.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)

--of that arrangement.

CROSS

I see. Congratulations, Ozran. I can't help but wonder though, was it really for the good?

OZRAN

The Mirror Dojar seemed pretty sincere in his statement he wanted a world which emulated the Federation.

CROSS

I have no doubt he was sincere. But so was the mirror Spock. The mirror Jennifer Sisko. The mirror Miles O'Brien. They did what they promised. But after Spock made the Terran Empire into a peaceful society, the Klingons and Cardassians swept it away and replaced it with another bloody dictatorship. And from what your visit indicates, the Terran Rebellion has been swept away and replaced with a new Terran Empire.

(beat)

It seems to be a continual cycle in the Mirror Universe.

OZRAN

But sir, was the Klingon-Cardassian Alliance any more brutal than the Old Terran Empire? Is the New Terran Empire any more brutal than either predecessor? True, perhaps the Alpha Quadrant will pass into the hands of yet another dictator - but not a dictator worse than the one they are at the hands of now. And, at the very least, it gives them a chance for a better government. A better way of life.

CROSS

That is true, Ozran. That is true.

(beat)

When I read over your report and Y'lan's, I noticed that the people you have incited to revolt risked a lot to get you out of there.

Y'LAN

(interjecting)

The Mirror Dojar's an expert saboteur and spy. I believe that they will be survive.

OZRAN

And they helped us on their own free will. I respect them for that.

CROSS

I hope they are all right, Y'lan, as you suggest. For the sake of that troubled reality we call the Mirror Universe.

(beat)

But we cannot be sure. For all we know, this Freedom League has already died a quick death.

OZRAN

I most sincerely hope not, sir.

CROSS

So do I. But we may never know whether they win or loose. It's been over two decades since our last encounter with the Mirror Universe -- our next could be another two decades, it could be centuries, it could be tomorrow, it could be never.

Ozran and Y'lan exit, and Cross swivels his chair about to once more face the stars.

INT. TEN FORWARD

Y'lan, Grey, Ozran and Quinlan are sitting at a table.

QUINLAN

(chiding)

Y'lan, what have I told you about calling people specimens?

Y'LAN

But Narv Ozran is very interesting in the specimen sense. A remarkable biological achievement.

Ozran rolls his large, pupil-less eyes.

OZRAN

(sarcastic)

I'm flattered.

Y'LAN

This is a truly extraordinary thing
to report back to the Q'tami Hegemony.

QUINLAN

Y'lan, he isn't just a thing. Like
all of us, he's a person.

OZLAN

A person who would appreciate to not
be referred to like he's not here.

Quinlan smirks.

QUINLAN

(to Ozran)

If you say so.

Y'LAN

I am aware that he is, indeed, a
person. But it is not him on a
personal level I find fascinating.

OZLAN

What, am I too bland for you?

Y'LAN

I see I have fallen into a verbal
trap.

(beat)

This is indeed an unusual society.

GREY

In what way are the Q'tami different?

Y'LAN

We all view each other as specimens.
We do not have nor require this
"personal" interactivity.

QUINLAN

Must be awfully boring.

Y'LAN

No, it is awfully compelling to
complete our ultimate goal.

QUINLAN

And which goal is that?

Y'lan falls silent. An uneasy pause, broken by the very
diplomatically timed HAL, who comes up with a PADD.

HAL

Can I take your orders?

GREY

One glass of water here.

OZRAN

Molaska'Hadyh.

QUINLAN

Sherry.

Y'LAN

Nothing.

Hal scribbles the three orders on his PADD and walks off.

GREY

What was it really like Ozran, in the Mirror Universe? And don't give me that beard answer either.

OZRAN gives Grey a long, hard look.

Grey's face morphs into...

INT. SHUTTLEBEAY -- MIRROR -- FLASHBACK

...the face of the Mirror Erik Grey. It's clear this is a flashback to the shuttle scene just after Y'lan has exited, the scene where uses the Agonizer on Ozran.

The scene replays as it did previously, but with a slightly orange glow to indicate its source.

INT. TEN FORWARD

Same as before.

GREY

Ozran?

Ozran looks perturbed.

OZRAN

(slowly)

It's-- it's nothing.

GREY

(concerned)

I thought I lost you for a second.

Another beat.

QUINLAN

Y'lan, I suppose you won't be as tight-lipped as our Ozran on this, will you?

Y'LAN

You can read everything in my report.

QUINLAN

Well, surely there's something you can add...

Y'LAN

It is a detailed an concise report.

Although emphasis is placed on "is," it is not an emphasis of any particular known emotional tone of voice.

Hal strides up with a tray on which lies the two drinks.

HAL

(places glasses on
table)

Here's one cold glass of water...
one steaming glass of Molaska'Hadyh...
and one glass of Sherry.

We can see that Molaska'Hadyh is a bubbly green liquid with wisps of smoke continually strafing from it. It's the exotic drink we have seen Ozran drink previously. It also a straw in it.

Hal walks off, and Ozran begins to slurp the Molaska'Hadyh through the straw. Quinlan views the drink with unguarded revulsion.

QUINLAN

How can you drink that?

OZRAN

I'm not human. As a matter of fact,
I find most of your food and drink
appalling.

Grey slugs down his water, while Quinlan takes a swig of her sherry.

Y'LAN

Much preoccupation seems devoted to
these "drinks."

QUINLAN

Let me guess, the Q'tami just process
the liquid?

Y'LAN

With a complete internal bio-scan of
the liquid to determine it's
usefulness and poison properties.

QUINLAN

How monotonous.

It's clear that Grey is struggling with his own curiosity.

Finally, it overcomes him.

GREY

Something happened in the Mirror
Universe, didn't it?

OZLAN

Yes.

GREY

What?

OZLAN

(solemnly)

You -- your mirror counterpart --
tortured me.

Quinlan nearly spits out half-swallowed sherry.

GREY

If it helps, your mirror counterpart
threw me to the ground the moment he
got out of his shuttle.

OZLAN

He did?

Grey nods.

GREY

And he blasted his way out of the
shuttlebay when we tried to cut him
loose.

(beat)

We're still repairing the damage.

OZLAN

Not like me at all.

(beat)

I'd take the less discreet approach
for my jailbreak.

Grey smiles.

Y'LAN

This mirror universe is most
interesting. It seems that it does
indeed live up to its name, a reversal
of our current state.

(beat)

How something came about will be
likely to plague our scientists for
decades.

QUINLAN

So you do have limits.

Y'LAN

We all have limits, Quinlan. Ours
are just higher than yours.

Quinlan opens her mouth to make a witty rebuke but whatever
she was going to say dies on her tongue.

OZRAN

As the Captain himself noted, I cannot
help but wonder what is happening
over there now.

The four then both look out the window of Ten-Forward. The
remaining wisps of the ion storm are visible as they
dissipate.

ON THE FADING STORM WE

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END