STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"Encounters of Chance"

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise at warp.

QUINLAN (V.O.)
The USS Enterprise, NCC-1701-G. The flagship of the Federation, the pride of Starfleet. With 21 decks, over four hundred crew members and a maximum cruising speed of warp 9.998, it is the eighth starship to bear the name of Enterprise and continues in her predecessor's historic legacy to explore strange new worlds, seek out new life and new civilizations and to boldly go... ugh, no, that's such a cliché nowadays...

INT. TEN FORWARD

Evening, and the bar is fairly busy. In one corner sit ELRIS and QUINLAN, the latter reading from her PADD.

ELRIS
I'm sure Zefram Cochrane would be flattered to hear that.

QUINLAN
Well, I'm sorry, but it is. If I say this to this lot, they're just going to want to throw up.

ELRIS
Throw up?

QUINLAN
Sorry, is that not the correct terminology?

ELRIS
We prefer emesis.

QUINLAN
Great. Think I can put that in my tour?

ELRIS
It's too bad you're stuck doing this while the rest of us are out having fun.
QUINLAN
All part of my community service.
Why should I get any shore leave when there are guests to be shown round?

ELRIS
I think it's marvelous how you don't complain more.

QUINLAN
I know, I'm a saint.

ELRIS
Why is Neil allowing people to look around the ship, anyway? We're not a tourist attraction.

QUINLAN
Oh, some new Starfleet policy that's just come through. The idea is if your ship is using a planet for shore leave, the very least you can do is repay the hospitality by showing people around non-sensitive areas. Although in my experience showing people your sensitive areas is a lot more fun.

ELRIS
You have a one-track mind, Quinlan.

QUINLAN
Well, can you blame me, it's been a while.

ELRIS
Not everything revolves around sex, you know.

QUINLAN
So, I've heard. Don't believe it myself.

DOJAR enters the room, and NODS briefly at them.

ELRIS
Dojar.

DOJAR
Doctor, Quinlan.

He walks over to the bar.

ELRIS
I wonder how he's going to get on?
QUINLAN
What do you mean?

ELRIS
Ionis has a large Bajoran population, particularly in the capitol.

QUINLAN
But that's not a problem any more is it?

ELRIS
Not as much as it was, but old prejudices die hard sometimes. Some people have very long memories.

QUINLAN
Yeah, but surely they're the minority? I can't believe in our enlightened society...

ELRIS
Look over there.

She POINTS at Dojar, who is sitting alone.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
How often do you see him eating with someone? Or drinking? Or socialising at all?

QUINLAN
Maybe he's just antisocial.

ELRIS
Maybe he is. Or maybe we don't have as enlightened a society as we'd like to think. We all have skeletons in our closets after all... and some people keep wanting to resurrect them.

Quinlan glances at Dojar again.

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'LAN is working at his table while GREY is working at an OPEN WORK PANEL with a TRICORDER.

Y'LAN
And what do you do during this time?

GREY
We rest, and try and relax a little bit.
Y'LAN
I have never seen you relaxing before.

GREY
No. Surely the Q'tami aren't working all the time?

Y'LAN
Meditation is part of our daily routine, and as such we do not need to designate other periods for... relaxing.

GREY
(not really listening)
This conduit is going to need replacing. I need to go down to Engineering to get a tool.

Y'LAN
I do not require it at the moment.

GREY
That's okay, I don't mind doing it. Between you and me, I don't mind spending some time out of Engineering, Ensign Boyle is being... difficult.

Y'LAN
Your mate is refusing to copulate? That could be interesting to observe...

GREY
On second thought, I think there's a replicator in Ten Forward that needs fixing. I'll send someone down to fix this.

Y'LAN
Ensign Boyle?

GREY
(firmly)
Absolutely not.

Y'LAN
Perhaps it is as well. I wish to communicate with the Hegemony. They will be greatly interested in the phenomenon of shore leave.

GREY
Thank you.

As he replaces the cover of the conduit, Y'lan POWERS DOWN his table. Grey frowns as he stands up.
GREY (CONT'D)
I thought you were going to contact your people?

Y'LAN
You forget, I do not need subspace.

GREY
But don't you send them your findings?

Y'LAN
The table is not a conduit for transmitting my research, just collecting it. Once I have done so, I can recall it all. Sending data telepathically is much quicker.

GREY
I'll leave you to it then.

He EXITS. After he is gone, Y'lan closes his eyes and begins to go into a TRANCE-LIKE state. Suddenly, his eyes fly open and he lets out a high-pitched SQUEAL as his body starts to shake. His tentacles start to FLARE as he goes into a SPASM, lashing out at his table, the door, the conduit where Grey was working. He continues to THRASH wildly as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise orbits a small-looking planet with green land masses and blue seas.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's log, Stardate 78457.4. The Enterprise has entered orbit around Ionis, and the crew are looking forward to a relaxing few days. I have assembled the senior staff for a final briefing before we all have some time off. However, concern has been raised for the health of Y'lan, who was found earlier today unconscious in his lab. Doctor Elris is monitoring his condition.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

CROSS, TALORA, Grey, Quinlan, and Dojar are present. As the scene begins Elris ENTERS.

ELRIS

Sorry.

CROSS

No need to apologize, Doctor. How is he?

ELRIS

I wish I could tell you. He's still unconscious but his life signs, as far as I can see, haven't changed since we brought him in. We know so little about Q'tami physiology that your guess is as good as mine at the moment.

QUINLAN

We should contact the Hegemony, ask them for advice.

CROSS

Unfortunately, the Hegemony are less than easy to get a hold of. The only way we've been able to communicate with them is through Y'lan, so at the moment we're stuck.
GREY
I tried again at his table, but I couldn't find anything that looked like a communication port.

CROSS
Suggestions, Doctor?

ELRIS
We'll keep him under close observation, keep an eye out for any further deterioration. We can't do more than that.

CROSS
All right, keep me informed. Moving on, Mr. Dojar, Harris informs me you've reduced the number of security details from four to three, why is this?

DOJAR
Captain, Lieutenant Jaid has taken her maternity leave, and until she returns we cannot keep up four details.

CROSS
Lieutenant, the security of this ship is of paramount importance. I cannot believe you couldn't replace the lieutenant while she is away.

DOJAR
Sir, Lieutenant Jaid's training was very specialised

CROSS
Lieutenant, whether she is replaced by a non-specialized person or not, it is still unacceptable for you to pare down rotas like this just because one member of your team is absent. It's the sign of a weak team. I'm sure you're aware that Ionis, like any other planet nowadays, has its share of extremists that are not akin to Federation policy. Just because we're taking time off doesn't mean we can let standards drop.

DOJAR
Sir, I...

CROSS
Dojar, replace the Lieutenant. (MORE)
CROSS (CONT'D)

Four is the minimum number of teams
I want on this ship.

Understood?

DOJAR
Yes, sir. I'm sorry.

CROSS
Does anyone else have any business?

Nobody says anything, as a comm CHIRPS.

SUKOTHAI'S COMM VOICE
Sukothai to Quinlan, your guests have arrived.

QUINLAN
Acknowledged.

CROSS
I think that's our cue to leave.
Everyone have a good shore leave.

They all NOD and start to stand.

ELRIS
Just to say, in the capitol city, Traken, this weekend, the Bajorans are holding the annual Gratitude Festival, where we are given the chance of turning over a new leaf. It's usually a pretty spectacular show.

CROSS
Thank you, Doctor.

Everyone files out, Elris hanging back. Cross looks at her.

CROSS (CONT'D)

You have that look in your face.

ELRIS
Weren't you a bit hard on Dojar?

CROSS
I don't think so, I will not have laxity on my ship.

ELRIS
Maybe so, but did you have to be so brusque with him, in front of everybody?
CROSS
That's what staff meetings are about. I knew once we'd finished everyone would be disappearing down to the surface, and I didn't want to let it go.

ELRIS
It's no excuse, Neil, and you know it.

CROSS
Yes, well, when I want advice on how to handle my staff from you, I'll let you know.

ELRIS
Don't take your own problems out on others.

CROSS
What's that supposed to mean?

ELRIS
You've been getting more and more edgy lately, ever since the conference.

CROSS
Can you blame me?

BEAT.

ELRIS
Your name isn't down on the shore leave list.

CROSS
I'm too busy, I'm not going.

ELRIS
You are going and that's an order. Doctor's Privilege. You need time off. You're going down to that planet and you're going to relax.

Another beat, before Cross smiles ruefully at her.

CROSS
I suppose this is why you saved my life, just so you could pull rank on me?

ELRIS
Damn right. Now get out of here before I say you're not competent for command.
CROSS
Yes, sir.

INT. CORRIDOR
Talora and Dojar walk down it.

TALORA
You are quiet.

DOJAR
Just reflecting on what the Captain said.

TALORA
I'm sure he didn't mean to be so blunt, he has been under a lot of pressure recently.

DOJAR
I've found that stress brings out people's true feelings, Commander.

TALORA
Meaning?

DOJAR
The Captain doesn't like me.

TALORA
Has he said that?

DOJAR
No, but it's a feeling I get. Little things he says, the way he looks at me. He is uncomfortable with me around.

TALORA
Some people just don't get on. Try and forget about it in the next couple of days. What do you have planned?

DOJAR
I'm not going down to the surface.

TALORA
Why not?

DOJAR
Ionis's population is 65% Bajoran. I don't want to go somewhere where I'm not welcome.

TALORA
I didn't think there was a problem any more.
DOJAR
People still react to you, even if they try to hide it. It's like I'm a leper.

TALORA
I would think people would just feel sorry for Cardassians nowadays.

DOJAR
Some people do. They look at you and they remember the poverty we've fought against for the past twenty five years, and they remember the loss of our dignity as we were brought down. But they also remember the Occupation, and they remember how we treated people in the camps during the War. People like the Captain.

Talora bites her lip and doesn't know what to say.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
If you'll excuse me, Commander, I would like to get started on those rotas.

He enters his office and leaves Talora standing outside.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY
Quinlan enters and is pointed to a group of TOURISTS by a supernumerary. She slowly approaches them.

QUINLAN
Are you Councillor Stan's party?

They NOD.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
My name is Jennifer Quinlan, I'm here to show you round the Enterprise. If you'll follow...

She suddenly STOPS as she catches sight of a TALL MAN, standing at the back of the group. He raises an eyebrow at her and GRINS, and it is clear she recognizes him.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
(losing her train of thought)
- erm, if you'll just follow me, we begin our tour in Astrometrics. This way please.

She slowly turns and MAKES A FACE at the supernumerary as they walk out of the shuttlebay.
INT. SICKBAY

Elris enters, as AGOLIVE is working by Y'lan's side. The Q'tami's tentacles are slowly moving, almost as if he is stretching.

AGOLIVE
Doctor.

Elris hurries over.

AGOLIVE (CONT'D)
He's just started showing signs of consciousness in the last few minutes.

Elris takes a TRICORDER and runs it over Y'lan.

ELRIS
Y'lan? Can you hear me?

Y'lan's eyes suddenly OPEN WIDE.

Y'LAN
Doctor Elris.

He slowly maneuvers himself into a sitting position.

ELRIS
How are you feeling?

Y'LAN
I am... uncertain. How much time has elapsed?

ELRIS
We found you last night, in your lab.

Y'LAN
Yes, I recall. I was attempting to communicate with the Hegemony when I... that is troubling.

ELRIS
What is? Do you know what happened to you?

Y'LAN
I... believe so. I could not establish a telepathic link with my people. In trying to force the issue I entered some kind of psionic shock.

ELRIS
Psionic shock?
Y'LAN
Yes. It is common when Q'tami reach the end of their life cycle that they lose their ability to communicate with the Hegemony psychically. They find themselves unable to cope with the severance of their bond with the rest of our people, and their mental functions shut down. It is... troubling that it should happen to me.

ELRIS
You're not old for a Q'tami, are you?

Y'LAN
I am not.

ELRIS
Do you know what might have caused the loss of your link?

Y'LAN
No.

He pauses for a moment.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)
I still seem to be unable to connect.

ELRIS
What can I do to help you?

Y'LAN
Nothing, this matter is beyond your limited abilities. I must contact the Hegemony myself for guidance.

He gets up and walks to the door without another word.

ELRIS
Please let me know what they tell you, if we can help at all.

Y'LAN
You will not be able to.

He disappears out the door. Agolive looks after him.

AGOLIVE
I don't think I've ever seen him so upset.

ELRIS
Nor me.
She looks troubled.

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

It is in darkness as Y'LAN enters. He walks in and the doors close behind him, but the lights do not initially come on.

Y'LAN

Computer, lights.

The LIGHTS come on. Y'lan looks around in surprise, for his lab, which when we last saw it was completely smashed up, is now cleared up completely, with his table fully repaired. Y'lan pauses.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)

Where are you?

R'LAL (O.S.)

I restored your work area while you were gone.

Y'lan turns around, and standing behind him in the darkest corner is another Q'TAMI, slightly larger than him. He moves forward into the light. This is R'LAL, who has a SLOW STEADY way of speaking, as though considering every word carefully. There is a slight RASP to his voice as well, harsh whereas Y'lan's is fluid.

R'LAL (CONT'D)

I'm here to help you.

Y'LAN

How did you know I needed assistance?

R'LAL

You summoned us.

Y'LAN

I was not aware I had done so.

R'LAL

We keep a very close monitor on such things.

Y'LAN

I have lost connection...

R'LAL

I know what is wrong with you.

Y'LAN

How do you know?
R'LAN
We keep a very close monitor on such things. We must work quickly if your condition is not to become permanent. We must assemble your healing chamber.

Y'LAN
It is stored below there.

He gestures to a chamber under his table. R'lan nods and goes to get it as Y'lan looks on, faintly puzzled.

INT. ASTROMETRICS

Quinlan is giving her standard speech to her group as several officers work around them. On the large DISPLAY is a schematic for the area of the space they are in. At the back the tall man continues to watch.

QUINLAN
Most navigational decisions are taken here, and any data we collect about the systems we visit is processed and analyzed here. If you look at our display...

She looks at the man at the back again. He is making a certain HAND MOVEMENT with his wrist that seems to suggest he doesn't think much of the tour. She tries to ignore it.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
...our display, you will see that at the moment we are looking at the data we collected during a recent supernova we visited, as well as tracking several subspace fluctuations that we have read.

TALL MAN
May I ask a question?

Quinlan looks at him for a moment with displeasure.

QUINLAN
Please feel free.

TALL MAN
What is that purple patch just below the constellations there?

QUINLAN
That one there?

She points.
TALL MAN
No, below that.

Quinlan sighs and points to another one.

QUINLAN
There?

TALL MAN
Up a bit.

QUINLAN
There?

TALL MAN
That's the one.

QUINLAN
That is a comet.

TALL MAN
A comet, eh? That's very interesting, please continue.

Small beat.

QUINLAN
Although we have computers to analyze the majority of data we collect, we still need scientists to assess the impact the information we...

TALL MAN
Excuse me.

QUINLAN
(silently counting to ten)

Yes?

TALL MAN
Does the comet have a name? I'm a bit of an anorak when it comes to comets and I don't believe I've got that one yet.

QUINLAN
I don't think it's been designated a name.

TALL MAN
Are you sure?

QUINLAN
I'm sure it hasn't.
TALL MAN
Could you please check. It's my hobby.

Quinlan turns and taps at a console, which makes the schematic change to the comet.

QUINLAN
There, asteroid class 7, classified G650.

TALL MAN
(feigning disappointment)
Oh, class 7? You didn't tell me that, I'm only interested in class 6. Carry on.

Quinlan glares at him, but the man looks very pleased with himself.

QUINLAN
Right, I think we've seen all we can of Astrometrics, next stop Engineering. Follow me.

She walks ahead of them as they enter...

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

...the corridor. QUINLAN grabs the TALL MAN as she passes him, pulling him away from the group as she walks ahead of them.

QUINLAN
I don't appreciate this.

TALL MAN
Hello, Twister, long time no see.

QUINLAN
What are you doing here, Devon?

TALL MAN
I can't look up an old friend?

QUINLAN
Old friend? If I recall correctly, the last time we parted it wasn't exactly as friends.

TALL MAN
Exactly, so I've come back so you can apologize to me. You know you want to.
QUINLAN
Saying that didn't work back then, and won't work now.

TALL MAN
Come on, Twister...

QUINLAN
Please don't call me that. And please stop causing trouble here.

TALL MAN
I'm just asking questions.

QUINLAN
You know what I mean. Look, we can talk later, please just let me finish this tour.

TALL MAN
I love it when you beg...

They look at each other for a moment, and then suddenly become aware of a COMMOTION amongst the rest of the group. Someone at the back is SHOUTING.

QUINLAN
What's going on?

She pushes her way through, and finds LAMAN, a Bajoran, shouting at Dojar who is walking behind them.

LAMAN
See, the Federation has betrayed us once again! They bring cold-blooded killers onto our ships and give them uniforms and power.

QUINLAN
Hey! That's enough!

LAMAN
See how they try and quell free speech at every opportunity?

QUINLAN
Free speech is one thing, racist slurs against a crewman is another.

DOJAR
It's all right, Quinlan, I can handle it.

LAMAN
Yeah, like you handled the Bajoran people so many times?
QUINLAN
Quinlan to security, please report to Deck 8, Corridor 7B, we have an incident.

LAMAN
You can try and cover it all you like, but the fact remains you allow people like this to continue to repress decent people like ourselves...

Dojar makes for his phaser, but suddenly Devon grabs Laman and SHOVES him against the wall.

DEVON
Hey, leave him alone! He hasn't done anything to you.

LAMAN
I would expect you to side with them, you money-grabbing...

DEVON
Watch it. Do yourself a favor and shut up before they throw you in the brig.

LAMAN
You think prison frightens me? They kept us locked up for...

Two guards, JONES and HARRIS, arrive.

JONES
Lieutenant?

DOJAR
Will you please escort our guest to the transporter room.

HARRIS
Sir.

They grab Lamin and pull him away, as he continues to yell.

LAMIN
That's right, Cardassian, let others do your dirty work for you, just like always. Your day will come...

He disappears.

DOJAR
I'm sorry about that.
QUINLAN
God, Dojar, it's not your fault. You all right?

DOJAR
Yeah.
(to Devon)
Thank you.

DEVON
Any time.

DOJAR
If you'll excuse me, I have work to do.

He walks off slowly. They watch him go.

DEVON
You never did like the quiet life did you?

QUINLAN
(watching Dojar with concern)
No.
(she shakes her head)
All right, everybody, I apologize for that, if you follow me, we'll try again and reach Engineering.

They walk on, but Quinlan glances back with concern as they round the corner...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. TEN FORWARD

The room is moderately busy. Quinlan and Devon sit at a table in the corner. It is evident they have just sat down. Through the window we can see Ionis.

QUINLAN
Devon Kalhoun. There's a name I wasn't expecting to hear again.

DEVON
Why on Earth not? You must have known I'd track you down eventually.

QUINLAN
You been stalking me all this time?

DEVON
You flatter yourself, Twister. No, I just keep my ear to the ground. Heard you were on the Enterprise, then found out you were heading in this direction. It was too good an opportunity to miss.

QUINLAN
You never were one who could resist a good opportunity.

DEVON
A business man such as myself can't afford to.

QUINLAN

DEVON
Don't say it so vindictively, Twister, you were one too, once upon a time. And not too long ago, either.

QUINLAN
Long enough.

DEVON
I have to say, I was surprised when I heard you'd rejoined Starfleet.

QUINLAN
Not as surprised as I was.
DEVON
What happened?

QUINLAN
Long story.

DEVON
I got time.

QUINLAN
I haven't.

BEAT.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Why'd you come here, Devon?

DEVON
Your note made it pretty clear you never wanted to see me again. "As long as either of us breathed," I think it said. I couldn't resist a challenge like that.

QUINLAN
I should have known better.

DEVON
Why did you leave?

QUINLAN
I don't want to talk about it.

DEVON
(firmly)
I do. You left a lot of people in the lurch, me included. We took you in, looked after you, and you repaid us by running away.

QUINLAN
Looked after me? You used me, Devon, used my Starfleet knowledge for your own profits. You took advantage of me when I was at my most vulnerable.

DEVON
Vulnerable, my ass, you knew what you were doing. You were bitter at Starfleet for not giving you a fair hearing, and you wanted to hit back at them. I was just the guy who helped you do it.

QUINLAN
And if you profited at the same time, all well and good.
DEVON
I have to earn my living.

QUINLAN
Whatever.

Long beat.

DEVON
I did care about you, you know.

QUINLAN
Bullshit.

DEVON
No, it's not bullshit. I did. We all did.

QUINLAN
Yeah, Mac especially.

DEVON
We didn't know that Mac was like that. He got his anyway. He's rotting away on Rura Penthe now, you know.

QUINLAN
Good.

DEVON
You put as much into what we did as any of us, you've got no reason to be all Miss High-and-Mighty now, Quinlan. You weren't any different to us.

QUINLAN
Why do you think I left?

DEVON
I don't know, and I think inside you don't either. I think inside you know this life isn't for you, it's not right and it's only a matter of time before you admit that to yourself. I just wanted you to know, we're here for you when you do.

QUINLAN
Devon...

DEVON
Just think about it. All right?

He gets up and hands her a PIECE OF PAPER.
DEVON (CONT'D)
That's where I am at the moment. If you change your mind.

He walks out of the bar.

INT. DOJAR'S OFFICE

Dojar is working at a CONSOLE when Talora comes in. She is carrying a PADD.

TALORA
These new shifts are acceptable. The Captain's gone down to the surface, but I'm sure he'll approve them when he gets back.

DOJAR
Thank you.

Beat.

TALORA
I heard you had some trouble earlier.

DOJAR
One of the guests got a little excited.

TALORA
I heard he made some racist remarks.

DOJAR
Nothing I haven't heard before.

TALORA
Dojar, why don't you come down to the surface, with me?

DOJAR
I'd rather not.

TALORA
Why? Come on, you're not going to let a few individuals' racist opinions affect you, are you?

DOJAR
I don't want to make anyone feel uncomfortable.

TALORA
I'm going down and I'll feel uncomfortable going on my own. I'd like you to come. What's the worst that could happen?
DOJAR
I suppose...

TALORA
No one cares any more. That Bajoran was an exception. You'll be doing so much good for your people showing that there is a Cardassian as a senior officer on the Enterprise. Please.

DOJAR
All right. You're right, I guess.

TALORA
Good. I'll meet you in Transporter Room 3 in an hour.

She turns and begins to walk out.

DOJAR
Commander.

TALORA
Yes?

DOJAR
Thank you.

She nods and walks out.

INT. A MEETING HALL

Quite small, and what space there is is only held by a few BAJORANS, who are talking amongst themselves. There is a PLATFORM at one end. Suddenly the door opens and TIMIN POL enters. An aggressive-looking BAJORAN with a scar, he walks down the center of the room while the people around him applaud. He gets onto the platform and turns to them.

TIMIN
Gentlemen. The rumors are true. We have here amongst us somebody who has seen at first hand the evidence that it is so. Step forward, Laman.

Laman (the Bajoran from before) steps forward.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
Laman has only just returned from the Enterprise. Tell them what you saw.

LAMAN
It's true. There was a Cardassian wearing a Starfleet uniform.

There are MURMURS.
TIMIN
(slowly, emphasizing)
A Cardassian wearing a Starfleet uniform. Even the very words send shivers down my spine. Surely they cannot have sunk so low? And yet, they have. How dare they present such a slap in the face to us? We, who have done nothing but support them? I truly do not know. They asked for our help during the War and we gave it. They asked for our patience, afterwards, when many hundreds of thousands of Bajorans were deprived of even the most basic facilities, and we gave it, little imagining all this time they are working behind our back, laughing at us while they colluded with their so-called vanquished enemies. And do you know what the problem is?

The crowd murmur no.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
The problem is they just do not see us as important enough to worry about. We are just the pacifistic, weak Bajorans, we will go along with whatever we are told because we can't do anything else. They can make us do anything they like because they don't fear us. They hold us in contempt!

Murmurs of anger.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
And they must be shown the error of their ways. They must be shown we are not just going to roll over and accept whatever they tell us to. We will strike back, and show them we are just as capable of making our voices heard as anyone else. All we ask are equal rights, and I certainly do not think that is too much to ask for, am I right?

The crowd say "Yes!"

TIMIN (CONT'D)
And what better way to strike back than at the very symbol of that contempt, the ship that mocks us by having a Cardassian in uniform.

(MORE)
TIMIN (CONT'D)
The time has come when Bajor will once again be seen as a force to be reckoned with. This young man...

He holds Laman.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
...is going to make the first strike, and he is willing to lay down his life to ensure Bajor's voice is heard once again. We envy you, Laman, as in the years and centuries to come, history will ring with your name, remembered ever more as the soldier who struck the first blow for Bajor. Tomorrow, at noon, the page will be turned as a new chapter for our race is written! We salute you!

The crowd CHEERS as Laman looks on.

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

R'lal is working at a chamber that has been constructed, and looks identical to the one Y'lan was found in in "Aftermath." To one side, Y'lan watches.

R'LAL
The construction is nearly completed.

Y'LAN
I am unfamiliar with this procedure.

R'LAL
I believe that your telepathic abilities have been hampered by not being close to a stable Hegemony environment. Your neural pathways have not been stimulated enough by this barren atmosphere. By re-entering this chamber, your neurons will be stimulated again as they enter the proper atmosphere.

Y'LAN
Why has this not occurred sooner?

R'LAL
I believe that your experiences on Macana may have stunted the decay.

Y'LAN
Did the Hegemony approve of my actions there?
R’LAL
They were most satisfied. They are pleased in general with your work here.

Y’LAN
Are they still following us?

R’LAL
No, we have had other matters to attend to, so have not been in the local area for some time.

Y’LAN
How then did you arrive so speedily when my link was severed?

R’LAL
The Hegemony had been aware for some time that your link was weakening, and as such sent me.

Y’LAN
They did not inform me.

R’LAL
They were hoping I would arrive before the connection was severed completely. Regrettably, this was not the case. Are you prepared?

Y’LAN
I am.

Y'lan enters the chamber.

R’LAL
You may experience some discomfort.

Y’LAN
I understand.

R’lal presses a button, and the chamber's door slides shut. R’lal presses another button and a BLUE LIGHT begins to SHIMMER into view inside the chamber. Y’lan wriggles a little bit, and then suddenly we hear a LOUD PITCHED WHINE and small darts of WHITE LIGHT appear inside the chamber. Y’lan begins to SHAKE again, like he did in the teaser, as R’lal looks on impassively.

INT. QUINLAN’S QUARTERS

The lights are dim, and Quinlan is looking out of the window at Ionis below. She holds in her hand a PADD with a picture, and she looks down at it.
It shows a group of people in plain clothes, herself and Devon in the middle, standing for a group photo, arms around each other, all smiling and looking happy.

QUINLAN
Computer, run personal log for stardate...

The picture changes to Quinlan initially staring at the screen.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Personal log, Stardate 75861.2. We have finally arrived at Deneb IV after possibly the longest journey in the history of the universe ever, but it was worth the wait. Check out these views.

The image changes to looking out of a window, across a wide, green looking valley with a waterfall in the distance.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
After our recent run-in with the Nausicaans, it'll be nice for us to be able to kick back for a bit. I think we'll... hey!

The image changes and we see Devon's face pressed against the screen.

DEVON
What Twister is trying to say is that she thinks she's going to get a damn good seeing to now, and I intend to be the one that gives it to her.

QUINLAN
Devon, give that back.

DEVON
No, can't make me.

QUINLAN
Right, that's it. You're finished, mister.

The image goes blurry for a moment, and there is the sound of running and laughter, before the image stabilizes to the foot of a bed as the PADD that was being carried has evidently been dropped. We see in the distance bed sheets moving about and hear more giggling. Quinlan watches this for a minute and then says

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Computer, close log.
She stands up, hesitates for a moment, and then heads for the door.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Quinlan enters just as Talora and Dojar do from the opposite direction. At the console is OZRAN.

QUINLAN
Talora, Dojar.

QUINLAN
Talora. Off to the Gratitude Festival?

QUINLAN
No, actually, going to see an old friend.

TALORA
Then I would imagine that gives us an extra reason for celebrating.

QUINLAN
Thank you, Talora.

TALORA
You first, or us?

QUINLAN
Where you headed?

TALORA
Traken.

QUINLAN
(looks at her paper)
Great, me too.

TALORA
Looks like I spoke too soon.

They climb the platform and look at Narv.

TALORA (CONT'D)
Energize.

EXT. TRAKEN MARKET AREA -- DAY

It is a large open area, surrounded on all four sides by buildings no more than four stories high. All around market stalls are set up where everything you can imagine is being sold, from cloth to wines, as well as a few more exotic-looking items. It is very crowded, but amongst the many civilians walking there are a fair number of Starfleet uniforms looking around too. Street performers mingle too: a mime artist, a clown and so on.
Talora, Dojar and Quinlan watch a juggler on a unicycle keep three flaming torches in the sky before moving on, Quinlan looking round anxiously.

**TALORA**

Don't let us keep you.

**QUINLAN**

Don't worry, I won't. I... Oh, there is he!

She has spotted Devon, who is bartering at an earring stall. He turns and waves to her, and she runs off to join him.

**DOJAR**

Who's that she's with?

**TALORA**

Unknown.

**DOJAR**

Doesn't look very reputable, does he?

**TALORA**

And you are surprised?

They disappear into the crowd. As they do so, they pass Timin, who looks with ill-disguised loathing at Dojar. After they have gone, he walks over to a building.

**TIMIN**

Well, well. The Prophets evidently look favorably on our mission today. (tapping a comm badge) Laman, we are ready.

At the earring stall, Devon pays the owner and presents Quinlan with a traditional Bajoran earring.

**DEVON**

For you.

**QUINLAN**

Hmm, I wonder what Lea would think of me wearing this?

**DEVON**

Do you care?

Quinlan pauses, then grins and tries to put it on. She is fiddly with it, however, and Devon helps her. The contact with his hands on her ear evidently means something to her, as she looks at him. He finishes.
DEVON (CONT'D)
There. Now you can take part with your head held high.

QUINLAN
Thank you.

DEVON
So tell me, what changed your mind?

QUINLAN
What tells me I've changed my mind?

DEVON
You forget, I can read you like a book.

QUINLAN
Yeah, well in that case...

Suddenly she breaks off as SCREAMS are heard, coming from the crowd. Almost simultaneously, PHASER FIRE is heard, and ORANGE LIGHT FLASHES can be seen in the sky. People begin to run away from it.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
What the hell?

She tries to push against the crowds of people running away, and runs into Talora and Dojar.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
What's going on?

DOJAR
Someone's shooting!

They push further forward, and amidst the screams that run through the crowd can be heard LAMAN'S voice. As they get nearer they see what is happening -- Laman is standing still, shooting his phaser at people as they run away from him.

LAMAN
(shouting)
The Federation has brought shame on the Bajoran people! They have caused death and misery upon us all, a Cardassian walks among them!

Talora draws her pistol and aims it for Laman, who is still quite a distance away. Devon suddenly sees what she's doing, and rushes forward.

DEVON
No, don't shoot him!
But it is too late; Talora's phaser is fired, and Laman is hit. Devon pulls Quinlan down, diving for cover under a stall as Laman's body instantaneously EXPLODES in a huge fireball, engulfing the screen with an almighty noise. The last image is of orange flame sweeping outwards as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
GUER is at conn, SUKOTHAI is at ops, several other supernumeraries at various stations. The viewscreen shows Ionis below. Suddenly, there is the faintest of flashes on the planet's surface.

GUER
Hey, what was that?

SUHOTHAI
What was what?

GUER
There, on the screen. Like a flash.

SUHOTHAI
Whereabouts?

GUER
I don't know, about there.

He uses his console to get the coordinates.

GUER (CONT'D)
Grid reference 212 mark 321. It was Traken.

SUHOTHAI
Scanning now... oh my God.

GUER
What?

SUHOTHAI
I'm reading thermal discharges down there, the heat... it's like...

GUER
Sukothai?

SUHOTHAI
Like a detonation occurred. I'm sure of it, scanners are disrupted, apart from the heat I'm not reading anything.

GUER
Life signs?

SUHOTHAI
I can't get anything.
GUER
(taps comm badge)
Guer to Captain Cross, please report to the Bridge.

Silence.

GUER (CONT'D)
Computer, what is the location of Captain Cross?

COMPUTER'S VOICE
Captain Cross is not onboard the Enterprise.

GUER
Strange. He wasn't due to go down until tomorrow.
(taps comm badge)
Guer to Commander Talora. Please respond.

SUkOTHAI
She won't. According to the itinerary, she would have been in Traken now.

We look at Guer's aghast face.

EXT. TRAKEN MARKET AREA -- DAY

The scene is complete carnage. The stalls that haven't been completely obliterated are burning fiercely. The buildings surrounding the area have been hit as though a demolition ball was hitting them, with walls caved in, windows shattered and debris falling from them. Bodies lie around, while debris from the stalls litters the whole area. There is an eerie calm surrounding the area, and a wind whips the flames. There is vague movement from a few, and we pan down to see a hand shakily scrabbling out from under the remains of a stall. It is quickly followed by another, and finally DEVON emerges, crawling out, coughing and spluttering. He staggers to his feet and looks around.

DEVON
Jennifer? Jennifer!

He burrows around, and sees another bit of rubble moving. People are slowly beginning to emerge, scrabbling out, although it is noticeable that the closer to the epicenter of the blast the fewer people there are.

QUINLAN (O.S.)
Here.

Devon quickly digs her out. She is bruised and battered too.
DEVON
You alright?

She nods.

QUINLAN
I think so. What the hell was that?

DEVON
I don't know. Some kind of blast.

QUINLAN
The others? Dojar, Talora?

DEVON
Look, over there.

He points, and we see a little way away TALORA and DOJAR, slowly getting to their feet. Dojar looks dully around, as sounds of crying begins to emerge.

DOJAR
Did you see him?

TALORA
Yes.

DOJAR
He was the Bajoran from yesterday.

TALORA
On the Enterprise?

Dojar dully NODS. Talora's comm CHIRPS, and Talora sees it lying a little way away in the rubble.

GUER'S COMM VOICE
Commander Talora, please come in.

Talora scrabbles over and picks it up.

TALORA
Talora here.

GUER'S COMM VOICE
Thank goodness. Are you alright?

TALORA
Yes, but we were lucky. We need emergency medical assistance immediately. There are...
(looking round)
...a large number of casualties.

GUER'S COMM VOICE
Understood. Doctor Elris?
ELRIS' COMM VOICE
On our way.

GUER'S COMM VOICE
Commander, what happened?

TALORA
An incendiary device of some kind, attached to a Bajoran.

Dojar reacts again as she says this.

TALORA (CONT'D)
We need fire fighting teams down here too. Where's the Captain?

GUER'S COMM VOICE
We can't raise him, he must be on the surface somewhere.

TALORA
Hell of a time for him to take a sabbatical. All right, try and find him. Talora out.

A few Starfleet supernumeraries have pulled together, all looking shell shocked. Talora looks at them.

TALORA (CONT'D)
Fan out. Look for survivors amongst the rubble. The medics are on their way. Dojar.

She looks round for Dojar. Finally, she spots him, staring at the whitened blast spot where Laman was standing, lightly coated in blood. His eyes are glassy.

TALORA (CONT'D)
(urgently)
Dojar. You all right?

DOJAR
(deathly voice)
I'm fine.

As the officers begin to fan out, more and more people slowly pull themselves out. Some of sitting on their own, crying, others are crying in pain, others are just staggering round dumbly, shell shocked. From the distance, Timin watches from the ruins of one of the buildings, a small smile on his lips. Several teams of EMERGENCY MEDICAL TEAMS SHIMMER into existence around the site, amongst them ELRIS, ATKINSON and AGOLIVE. Also, a couple of SECURITY DETAILS armed with FIRE-FIGHTING devices appear. Devon and Quinlan have dug out a man with a leg that is bleeding profusely; Quinlan is holding his head as Devon tries to staunch the bleeding ineffectively. The man is writhing in pain, and babbling.
MAN
Please... my leg, please don't let me lose my leg, please.

QUINLAN
It's all right, we're not going to let you lose anything. Doctor, over here!

Elris hurries over with a NURSE, a medkit and tricorder in her hand. She hunches down and runs it over the man.

ELRIS
His artery is severed, we need to stop this bleeding. Here.

She pulls a tourniquet out of the medkit, and ties it around the leg above the cut.

MAN
Please, am I going to lose my leg?

ELRIS
I hope not.

She gets a HYPOSPRAY out, and INJECTS him with something.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
This is for the pain.

The man's face alters and he looks at her, obviously in some relief.

MAN
Thank you.

ELRIS
(to the nurse)
Take him up and get a heparin infusion into him stat. That tourniquet should help staunch the bleeding until I can see to him.

NURSE
Thank you, Doctor.
(taps comm badge)
Two to beam up, straight to sickbay.

MAN
Thank you, Doctor, thank you so much.

They SHIMMER into nothingness.

AGOLIVE
(shouting across)
Doctor Elris, quickly!
Elris hands Devon and Quinlan a hypospray each.

**ELRIS**
(to Quinlan and Devon)
Congratulations, you've just become field medics. Use these for pain relief, on those where nothing can be done up the dosage by fifty percent, on those that something can be done, call one of us over.

**QUINLAN**
Wait a minute, how the hell do we assess those where nothing can be done?

Elris is hurrying off to Agolive.

**ELRIS**
(calling but not looking back)
You just must.

Quinlan turns to Devon.

**QUINLAN**
Oh my God, I can't do this.

**DEVON**
Yes you can, come on.

Quinlan has gone completely pale.

**QUINLAN**
Devon, I can't do this.

**DEVON**
Jennifer, listen to me, people are depending on you. We don't have time to mess about. Come on.

She shakes her head in horror, and hurries after him. Meanwhile, Dojar is equipped with an extinguisher, fighting a blaze but not really seeing it, when he sees some debris moving.

**BAJORAN WOMAN (O.S.)**
(weakly)
Down here, please.

Dojar drops the extinguisher and hurries over. He digs furiously.

**DOJAR**
It's all right, I'm getting you out.
He continues to dig, and finally manages to uncover the top half of an ELDERLY BAJORAN WOMAN. She looks at him in horror for a moment.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
I'll... I'll go and get someone else.

BAJORAN WOMAN
No, please. Just find my son. He was here somewhere.

It is evident she is frail. Dojar gestures to a team to come over, which do, amongst whom are Atkinson.

BAJORAN WOMAN (CONT'D)
Please leave me, just find my son.

ATKINSON
It's all right, we'll find him. Dojar?

DOJAR
What did he look like?

BAJORAN WOMAN
He was just working over there. She points over and looks. Suddenly she sees a BODY lying in the debris, and screams. My son! my beautiful, beautiful son. What have they done to my son...?

Tears stream down her face. Her voice suddenly cuts out with a gurgle. Atkinson's tricorder begins to give off alarming bleeps.

ATKINSON
Cardiac arrest. Ten CC's of cordrazine.

Immediately a MALE NURSE hands it to him, and Atkinson injects it. The tricorder continues to blare.

ATKINSON (CONT'D)
Damnit. Stand clear.

He gets out the two small shock pads from the medkit and places them on the woman's chest. They shock her. The male nurse who is holding the tricorder now shakes his head.

MALE NURSE
Nothing.

ATKINSON
Okay, up the dose to 300. Clear.
He shocks her again. Still nothing. Dojar, who's eyes have grown wider and wider during this, finally breaks and turns and runs away. Talora, tending to a man with a broken cut nearby, yells after him.

TALORA

Dojar! Dojar! Excuse me a minute.

The man nods, and Talora hurries after Dojar, who has ignored her. Finally she intercepts him, and grabs hold of his arm. Tears are streaming down his face.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Dojar, where are you going?

DOJAR

Don't you see, Talora, don't you see? This, this is all my fault. My fault.

TALORA

Dojar, calm down.

DOJAR

How can I calm down? Look what's happened! All because of me. You heard what that man was saying, he was doing this because of me! A Cardassian walks among them, that's what he said, moments before... before...

TALORA

Dojar, it's not your fault!

DOJAR

I'm sorry, tell them all I'm so sorry... I never wanted this to happen...

He breaks free of Talora's grasp again and runs away.

TALORA

Dojar!

Nothing. She sighs and turns round, stepping on something. She looks down and sees Dojar's comm badge lies beneath her shoe.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Oh no.

She bends down and picks it up. As Dojar runs past one of the buildings, TIMIN, who is still watching, spots him, and silently turns to follow. As he does so he looks down and sees a STARFLEET PADD, which has obviously been thrown across the area by the blast.
He bends down and picks it up, activating it. It bleeps acknowledgement.

TIMIN
The Prophets look kindly on me this day.

He turns and quickly and follows the path Dojar took. Meanwhile, Quinlan and Devon are sifting through the rubble, trying to find any more survivors.

QUINLAN
Anything?

DEVON
No.

Quinlan winces, and holds her side. He hurries over to her.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Hey, you alright?

QUINLAN
Yeah, fine, just a little...

DEVON
Come on, let's have a look.

He sits her down against a mound of rubble, and sees she has been hiding a gash in the side of her jacket.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Fine, my ass. Here, hold still.

He gets out the hypospray.

QUINLAN
Devon, don't. That stuff numbs your mind.

DEVON
You need it. Here.

He injects her.

DEVON (CONT'D)
It may take a minute to settle.

He sits next to her, and looks at the scene in front of them. The authorities have arrived now, and paramedics assist the Enterprise crew, while several vehicles have drawn up, with people being carried in.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Bloody hell. Unbelievable.
QUINLAN

Devon.

Yeah?

QUINLAN

How did you know what was going to happen?

DEVON

What do you mean?

QUINLAN

You knew, that when Talora shot that kid, that was going to happen.

DEVON

Well, I saw, he had some kind of explosives attached to him...

QUINLAN

No, he didn't. I saw him too.

BEAT.

DEVON

(hesitating)
I didn't know for certain, but I thought there was a chance he might have ingested some cyoxin.

QUINLAN

Cyoxin? Oh my God.

DEVON

I'm sorry, I've got to earn my living somehow. I didn't think they'd ever use it.

Quinlan is speechless.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Oh, don't look so shocked, you used to supply it too.

QUINLAN

Before we knew how dangerous it was!

DEVON

Yeah, well, like I said, I didn't think for a moment they'd use it, I thought they just wanted it to feel like big men.

QUINLAN

We agreed a long time ago...
DEVON
Yeah, well times are hard. Not all of us have Starfleet to come crawling back to, and I still had three liters of the stuff to offload. I tried to pick the people who were least likely to use it, so I come here to the dead end of the galaxy. How was I to know Starfleet's finest was going to show up for shore leave?

Quinlan has slowly staggered to her feet and tapped her comm badge.

QUINLAN
Commander Talora, will you please come and find me. I'm in the southwest corner of the square. Bring security.

TALORA
On my way.

Quinlan has produced a phaser and is pointing it at Devon.

DEVON
What are you doing? Twister, dammit!

QUINLAN
I'm sorry to have to do this to you, Devon, but I have no choice. I am placing you under arrest for supplying terrorists.

DEVON
I can't believe you.

Talora and TWO GUARDS have appeared.

QUINLAN
Talora. I've found the man responsible for this carnage.

Devon looks amazed at Quinlan's actions.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Dojar is running, blindly, and finds himself in a dead end. He turns and finds TIMIN standing at the entrance.

TIMIN
You all right, my friend? You look a little lost.

DOJAR
No, I...
TIMIN
Were you involved in that blast? It's awful, isn't it?

DOJAR
I... what's the nearest way out of the city?

TIMIN
I know a route. You want me to show you?

Dojar hesitates, and then nods. Timin smiles and puts his arm around him.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
Follow me, and I will show you the right path to take

He gently guides Dojar down a very dingy-looking street as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise orbiting Ionis.

TALORA (V.O.)
First officer's log, supplemental.
We continue to treat as many of the wounded from the blast as we can manage on the Enterprise, while makeshift hospitals have been set up on the outskirts of Traken.

INT. SICKBAY

The place is overcrowded -- every bed is occupied, while others lie on gurneys placed carefully around. The MEDICAL STAFF move urgently but professionally around, and our view is focused on Elris.

TALORA (V.O.)
Doctor Elris reports that most patients we have are no longer critical, but that in the first two hours after the blast she herself treated more than fifty fatalities, amongst which were nine crewmen. I wish to place on record an official commendation for the professionalism and courage with which the Enterprise's staff have responded to the crisis. However, we are still unable to establish the location of the Captain, and now our chief of security, Lieutenant Dojar, has also gone missing we are scanning the planet, but neither are wearing comm badges which makes finding their life signs difficult. We are also having difficulty scanning the blast area for more survivors beneath the rubble, as the fallout from the blast is causing sensor malfunctions. I am going to request Y'lan's assistance and see if his Q'tami equipment can help us in our search.

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

There are no lights on, and the only light in the room is coming from the CHAMBER, where Y'lan is being bombarded by little points of WHITE LIGHT; every so often the entire chamber flashes a brilliant light. R'lar stands impassively by, every so often making an adjustment to the chamber's console controls. The door opens suddenly and Talora enters, her face still grimy from the blast.
R'RAL
(urgently)
Keep the door closed, keep the light out!

TALORA
What's going on here?

The door closes behind her as she walks up the chamber.

TALORA (CONT'D)
Who are you?

R'RAL
My name is R'ral, I am administering treatment to Y'lan.

TALORA
We need his help.

R'RAL
Impossible.

TALORA
There's been an attack on the planet, we need...

R'RAL
I am well aware of the events on the planet below.

TALORA
Then...

R'RAL
If you interrupt Y'lan's progress now, you risk damaging him, perhaps sending him into permanent psionic shock.

TALORA
Then at least let us access his table.

R'RAL
No one must come in here and disturb us, we are at a most delicate stage of his treatment.

TALORA
Please. People will die if you don't.

R'RAL
Then they will die.

BEAT.
TALORA
How long until Y'lan is able to help us?

R'LAL
I do not know, but I do know your presence is hindering and thus delaying his recovery.

Another beat. Finally Talora turns and begins to walk away. As she does so, Y'lan suddenly SHRIEKS in his chamber. She turns back.

TALORA
What are you doing to him?

R'LAL
(very firmly)
Go.

TALORA
Is he in pain?
(no answer)
I said, is he in pain?

R'LAL
Leave and do not come back, if you want Y'lan to live.

Talora shakes her head and turns, walking out.

INT. CORRIDOR

Talora stalks down it, and Quinlan runs to catch up with her.

QUINLAN
What happened?

TALORA
I... don't know. Using his scanners are out now. Have you had success?

QUINLAN
Not at all. I'm not exactly Devon's favorite person at the moment.

TALORA
Quinlan, we need to find out who did this, and fast, to make sure it doesn't happen again. Do whatever it takes, but get the identity of the people out of him.

QUINLAN
Talora, I don't think I'm the best person to be...
TALORA
(emphasising)
Whatever it takes. We have to find them before they do any more damage.

She walks quickly off before Quinlan has a chance to respond.

INT. TIMIN'S HOME -- CELL

The first thing we are aware of is Dojar hitting the floor with a THUMP. There is a long trickle of blood running down his nose, and one eye is blackened. He is picked up again by Timin, who strikes him again across the face with a knuckleduster. We see that Dojar is tied naked to a chair in a small, ramshackle room of what looks like a small, ramshackle house; squalid and dirty, with stained walls and detritus littering everywhere. Timin has the look of blood lust in his eyes.

TIMIN
Cardassian dog! Do you see what your presence causes! What pain, what suffering? Do you! Do you! Answer me!

He strikes Dojar again, who is only barely conscious now.

DOJAR
I... see.

TIMIN
Liar! You say what you want me to hear. Like all of your kind, lying to save your own back. Can't trust you an inch.

DOJAR
(weakly)
I... I haven't done anything to you. Why are you doing this to me?

Timin shoves a photo of himself as a young man with two others of the same age and two more elderly people under Dojar's face.

TIMIN
My family! Do you know what happened to them?

DOJAR
No...

TIMIN
Died in a Cardassian labor camp, choking on the excrement they were forced to clean for the Gul, rotting
(MORE)
TIMIN (CONT'D)
away from malnutrition as disease
ravaged their bodies. Do you know
what it was like to see that? To see
those you cared about dying before
your very eyes? Do you?

Dojar looks at him with steel in his eyes.

DOJAR
Yes.

Timin can't believe he has responded like that and seizes
Dojar by the throat, squeezing his windpipe as he screams at
him.

TIMIN
You know nothing! You know nothing!

Finally he lets go and walks slowly away, composing himself.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
(softly)
And the only thing I wanted was to
die with them. That's all I wanted.
It's not much is it? Not much to ask
for? And yet... that wasn't for me.
No, I got to watch them die while I
was fed and washed and used by the
Gul as his own personal plaything.
He used to ask me if I felt guilty,
lying in his warm bed while they lay
on the harsh stone floor. And I did,
so much I did.
(he turns and looks
at Dojar again)
I was a child!
(suddenly aggressive
again)
And you have the arrogance to say
you haven't done anything to me.
Your race will burn in the very pits
of damnation.

DOJAR
Then kill me.

TIMIN
Now you want to die, just like I
did. But, just like me, you're not
going to be allowed that luxury. No,
like me, you are going to see everyone
you care about die first.

He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a PADD that looks
slightly damaged; it is the one Timin picked up from the
blast.
TIMIN (CONT'D)
The Federation spits in our face by having you on board their ship, and we will not accept it. They must be made to see that our mission for vengeance cannot be interfered with, and they will do. Do you know what this is?

Dojar looks dully at him.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
This is my key to your world, and how they will regret the day I ever got hold of it. The market was going to be our only strike, but the Prophets have told me that more is needed, by giving me this PADD. And you will have the privilege of knowing that as those people up there die, whether it be from the explosion or asphyxiation in the coldness of space, you are responsible for each one of them, just as you were responsible for those people in the market. And that will be the last thing you think of as I twist the knife in your neck. How you've made people suffer.

He gets up and walks up to Dojar.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
Night night.

He smacks Dojar hard across the temples with the edge of the PADD, knocking Dojar out cold. He then turns and exits quickly.

EXT. TIMIN'S HOME -- MAIN ROOM -- CONTINUOUS
Timin ENTERS. There is a single man there, sitting, JUN.

TIMIN
Jun, keep an eye on him. I don't think he'll be any trouble. I will return in a couple of hours for the assembly.

JUN
Where do we meet?

TIMIN
The same place again. We will bring the Cardassian out and show him the footage of the Enterprise burning, before executing him.
JUN
Are you sure you want to do this?

TIMIN
People might ignore a massacre, no matter how bad, on a remote colony world; they will not be able to ignore the loss of the Federation's flagship. This is what the Prophets want me to do. It is my destiny.

Jun nods and Timin pats him on the shoulder. He walks over and picks up the soiled uniform of Dojar, which is lying on a chair.

TIMIN (CONT'D)
Ironic, isn't it? To destroy him I must become him. It's almost poetic.

He walks out.

INT. BRIG

Devon is pacing back and forth, clearly very angry. A GUARD watches from his station as Quinlan enters. She nods at the guard, who obeys her command.

QUINLAN
Leave us.

After the guard nods and leaves she turns to Devon.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Devon...

DEVON
Quinlan, I don't want to hear it. I don't want to see you, or be near you, or ever hear from you again.

QUINLAN
"As long as either of us breathes"?

DEVON
I am not in the mood for jokes.

QUINLAN
Neither am I, Devon. Lives are at stake. Not least of which is yours.

DEVON
Oh, so Starfleet has a policy of executing its prisoners now, does it?
QUINLAN
Devon, you are facing extremely serious charges, if you do not cooperate you face a lifetime's hard labor.

DEVON
And if I do cooperate? My life won't be worth jack, Quinlan. Everybody in the sector will know I spoke. I wouldn't make it past the end of the month.

QUINLAN
Yes, well, at the moment that is very low on our list of priorities.

DEVON
I can assure you it's pretty high on mine.

BEAT.

DEVON (CONT'D)
What happened to you, Twister? You were one of us, you were a pirate. More so, sometimes the work you did with Mac...

QUINLAN
No. No. You still don't get it, do you? That wasn't me. It never was and it never will be. I was lost and confused, and I fell in with the worst crowd I could possibly have. I was led and I got caught in the rush, but I never liked it.

DEVON
Bullshit. Don't tell me that night with the Nausicaans, you didn't take as much pleasure as the rest of us in seeing them trashed.

QUINLAN
They were as guilty as us. They weren't innocent people who were suffering.

DEVON
There were plenty of innocent people who suffered.

QUINLAN
I didn't realize the extent of what we were dealing with, and the second I did, I left.
DEVON
Quinlan, you betrayed us, as you
betrayed Starfleet before that, and
will again, I have no doubt. I don't
want anything to do with you.

QUINLAN
Then, I guess we have nothing to say
to each other.

DEVON
I guess we don't.

Quinlan turns and walks away. As she is walking out the
doors...

DEVON (CONT'D)
Tell me, do you still hide your
conscience at the bottom of the
whiskey bottle?

Quinlan doesn't turn back but stops in her tracks.

QUINLAN
Devon, are they going to strike again?

DEVON
(beat)
Yes.

Quinlan nods and quickly exits.

DEVON (CONT'D)
(calling after her)
That's right, Twister, run off to
the cabinet, I'm sure you know where
it is.

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'lan remains his chamber being bombarded, with R'lal
watching. As we watch, Y'lan's image begins to BLUR, as though
he is moving in slow motion and leaving his image behind
him. His voice is slow and drawn out.

Y'LAN
You are a human? He is known to be
merciless. There is nothing you can
do to change the past, it's the
present that matters and the future
that counts.

R'lal makes some adjustments on his console and looks pleased.
Suddenly the blurring stops, and then starts again, but
seemingly in the opposite direction, as though it has been
reversed.
Y'LAN (CONT'D)
How did you know? I would hold onto something. I am sure the Admiral knew what he meant to you.

R'nal checks his console again and looks pleased. He powers down the chamber, plunging the room into darkness.

R'LAL
Lights.

The room lights up again. R'nal opens the chamber door and Y'lan seems to flop into his tentacles. R'nal lies him onto the floor. Y'lan, half conscious, looks at him.

Y'LAN
Was the procedure successful?

R'LAL
Oh yes. It was quite successful.

Y'LAN
The ship -- it is in danger.

R'LAL
Yes, it is. But do not concern yourself. You must rest now.

Y'lan nods and he sinks down, relaxing completely, his eyes closing as R'nal watches him.

INT. SICKBAY

The lights are dim, and it is evident that the night shift is beginning. A lot of injured are still about, but there are no more alarms going off. Elris is washing her hands as Quinlan enters.

QUINLAN
Am I intruding?

ELRIS
No, things have quieted down. What about with you?

QUINLAN
Nothing. I don't know what to do.

ELRIS
He's not saying anything?

QUINLAN
Oh, he's saying plenty, just not anything useful. He thinks I've betrayed him.
ELRIS
I see. And do you think that?

QUINLAN
What? No, of course not.

ELRIS
How long were you part of his crew?

QUINLAN
A little over two and a half years.

ELRIS
It's a long time.

QUINLAN
Too long. I just wish it was out of my hair now, but Talora still thinks I'm the best one to get the information out of him.

ELRIS
Wow, she complimented you.

QUINLAN
No, of course not, Talora would never say anything remotely complimentary. I think she just thinks I'll screw it out of him or something, someone with my low moral standards.

ELRIS
She said that?

QUINLAN
She said use any means necessary, which is implying the same thing.

ELRIS
Perhaps, but her words are open to interpretation.

QUINLAN
How do you mean?

ELRIS
Any means necessary. You have carte blanche to do what you have to to save lives. That's what's important here. Not what happens to one lowly pirate.

QUINLAN
He's not that lowly.
ELRIS
When I was young, I used to read quite a lot of Terran literature, it came from Starfleet having such a presence. One of my favorites was "Treasure Island." Long John Silver and his cronies. I particularly liked the end.

QUINLAN
I never read it. How did it end?

ELRIS
Everyone lived to fight another day.

BEAT.

QUINLAN
I like that ending. I must read it some day.

ELRIS
Great book. I'd get moving if I were you.

Quinlan nods and hurries out. Elris looks around, smiling.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
Ahh, Jim lad.

INT. BRIG
Devon is sitting on his bunk as Quinlan enters, looking at guard

QUINLAN
Leave us.

The guard exits. Quinlan goes over to the console and taps at it.

DEVON
I didn't think I'd see you again for a couple of days. The bar out of gin?

The console makes a negative noise.

QUINLAN
Dammit.

DEVON
What are you doing?

QUINLAN
Trying to get you out.
DEVON
Alpha gamma seven one.

Quinlan looks at him wryly, and then taps it in. The forcefield round the brig SHIMMERS into nothingness.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Handy being able to type-read.

QUINLAN
Well, what are you standing there for? Don't you recognize a jail break any more?

INT. CORRIDOR
Quinlan and Devon hurry down it, Quinlan looking around.

DEVON
Am I to take it this is not an organized bargain?

QUINLAN
Not exactly. I just haven't told anyone about it.

DEVON
You always were good at making matters suit yourself, Twister.

QUINLAN
Where are we heading?

DEVON
Not until we get to the surface and I know I'm safe.

QUINLAN
We must hurry. We don't have much time.

They brush past a CREWMAN as they turn a corner and continue onwards. The crewman turns around to be revealed as Timin. He smiles after them as he clutches what looks like an engineering kit.

TIMIN
Oh, you have much less time than that.

ON HIS EXPRESSION WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
INT. CORRIDOR

Timin walks down cautiously, but there is no one around. He opens an access port, and climbs into the Jefferies Tube before pulling the panel shut after him.

INT. ENGINEERING

Several crewmen, including GREY and KINNAN, are working at portals.

GREY
Damn, there's that leak again. Kinnan, I thought you repaired it yesterday?

KINNAN
I did.

GREY
It's leaking again. Go and check it.

KINNAN
Okay.

He accesses the Jefferies Tube and crawls in.

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE

Timin is following a schematic on his PADD as he climbs down a ladder. Below he suddenly sees KINNAN pass under him. He stops, hesitates, and then brings out a PHASER and continues to climb down. He sees Kinnan a little way ahead of the tube, working at a conduit, and hides his phaser behind his engineering kit.

KINNAN
Crewman?

TIMIN
I... was sent to help you.

KINNAN
Really, there's nothing needs doing. I was just...

As Kinnan turns back to his conduit, Timin quickly STUNS him. Kinnan slumps down. Timin crawls over and opens his kit. We see what looks like a surprisingly old-fashioned bomb making kit, complete with gelignite and timer. Quickly, he begins to work.

EXT. TRAKEN STREET

Quinlan and Devon are hurrying along it.
QUINLAN
What do you mean you can't remember which house?

DEVON
Look at them, they all look the same.

QUINLAN
Devon, this is not the time.

DEVON
I... look, there.

He pulls Quinlan over to a doorway, and points across the street. They watch as a couple of men enter a house, with another nodding at them.

DEVON (CONT'D)
I recognize them. That's their meeting place.

QUINLAN
Thank you.

DEVON
You're welcome. I'll see you...

QUINLAN
Wait, look!

They watch again as two men are seen carrying a STRETCHER into the meeting house, with a body covered in a blanket. The blanket momentarily drops and Dojar's unconscious form is seen. They quickly cover him again and rush him inside.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Dojar! We need to get him out of there.

DEVON
We? There is no we about this. I've done my part of the bargain, I'm out of here.

QUINLAN
But did you see him? He was battered. If I call for Security they'll go in guns blazing.

DEVON
Not my problem. Why don't you just beam him out?

QUINLAN
Because it'll alert them that we're onto them. Look, they know you.

(MORE)
QUINLAN (CONT'D)
You can say that you're there to see the head one, or something.

DEVON
What did you have in mind?

QUINLAN
Remember what we did with the Ferengi that time?

Devon suddenly breaks into a GRIN.

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE

Timin continues setting up his bomb, HUMMING a small tune while he's at it. He delicately wires it up to the CONDUIT.

EXT. TRAKEN STREET

Devon loudly knocks at the door. It is opened by Jun.

JUN
What do you want?

DEVON
I come bearing gifts.

He pulls Quinlan, looking surly, from beside the door.

JUN
What's this?

DEVON
Slave girl. Timin told me you were having some kind of celebration here tonight. Thought she might add some... pep to proceedings.

Jun looks from one to the other. Then nods and allows them in. Devon pushes Quinlan in ahead of him.

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE

Timin clicks the timer in place, and sets it to SIXTY SECONDS. He then closes his engineering kit and looks at KINNAN again. He draws out his phaser and shoots him again.

TIMIN
Better safe than sorry.

He turns and begins to crawl out.
INT. MEETING HOUSE

The main meeting area is just off a small hall. A small room on one side holds Dojar, which Devon and Quinlan note as they are led into the meeting area by Jun. The other supporters frown at this intrusion, and touch their phasers which hang from their belts.

JUN
Entertainment for the party.

Quinlan nudges Devon.

DEVON
Erm, yes, Miss Rosebud here will need somewhere to get changed.

JUN
She can get changed here for all I care.

DEVON
If she does that, it'll spoil the surprise for later, now, won't it?

Jun looks at him and nods.

JUN
Come with me.

He takes her, leaving Devon with the other prisoners. Jun leads her into the small anteroom where Dojar is still lying. Quinlan acts surprised at the Cardassian's body as Jun closes the door.

JUN (CONT'D)
Ignore him. Right, get changed.

QUINLAN
Some privacy please.

JUN
I think privacy is the last thing you really want.

He leers at her. Quinlan looks at him, and then slinkily walks over to him.

QUINLAN
You know, you're right, what I really really want is...

She suddenly grabs Jun where it hurts and TWISTS.
QUINLAN (CONT'D)
...for you to get the hell away from
me before I catch something nasty
off you. Do I make myself clear.

JUN
(in pain)
Very. Clear.

Quinlan lets go and Jun quickly leaves.

QUINLAN
Haven't done that for a while.

She bends down by Dojar.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Dojar. Dojar, wake up, it's me,
Quinlan, we have to get you out of
here.

Dojar slowly looks around.

DOJAR
What the...? Where am I?

QUINLAN
It's all right, I'm getting you out
of here.

She places a comm badge on his chest, and then taps hers.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Quinlan to Enterprise. Two to beam
up to Sickbay.

They SHIMMER and depart.

INT. CORRIDOR
Timin hurries along it quickly as he glances at his watch.

INT. SICKBAY
Quinlan and Dojar materialize in the transporter pad.

QUINLAN
Help me with him.

Elris and Agolive hurry over, and support Dojar to the bed.
He is trying to murmur something.

ELRIS
What the hell happened to him?

QUINLAN
He ran into some friends of Devon's.
ELRIS
Charming company he keeps.

She runs a tricorder over him.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
Cracked ribs, perforated lung, some internal bleeding. They did some work on him.

Dojar is still trying to speak.

DOJAR
B... b...

ELRIS
Dojar, don't try to speak. It's all right. I'll get you something for the pain.

Dojar SHAKES his head.

DOJAR
B... bomb...

QUINLAN
Bomb? Did you say bomb?

He NODS, furiously.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Where? Traken again?

He shakes his head and sits up, seeming to gain strength.

DOJAR
No.

He points down at the floor, urgently.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
On the Enterprise.

Elris and Quinlan look at each other in horror.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Narv Ozran is behind his post as Timin barges in, and heads for the console.

OZRAN
Hey, what are you...?

Timin shoots him with his phaser and sets the controls. He quickly hurries over to the transporter. Just as the transporter noise begins Quinlan and a SECURITY TEAM come in.
QUINLAN

Stop him!

A SECURITY GUARD quickly stops the transport while the rest of the team cover Timin with phasers.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Drop it.

Timin smiles at her.

TIMIN

Too late.

He presses a button.

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE

The countdown starts ticking at sixty seconds.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

As before. Timin on the platform, Quinlan and the security team covering him.

TIMIN

This ship has sixty seconds before it is blown out of the sky. Beam me down and I will tell you where it is. Don't beam me down, and we all die.

DOJAR (O.S.)

No, we won't.

They look round and Dojar has entered, supported by Elris. But, unsteadily, he shakes Elris's support off and walks shakily towards Timin.

QUINLAN

Dojar...

DOJAR

He won't blow this ship up while he's still on it.

TIMIN

The Cardassian lies.

DOJAR

Yes, like we always do. We're funny like that. But do you know what else is funny? To destroy him, you must become him. And you have. You're now nothing more than a lying, murdering Cardassian.
He approaches Timin slowly, as the latter looks increasingly scared.

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE
The countdown has reached forty five seconds.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM
As before; Timin, Quinlan, Dojar, the guards, and Elris.

TIMIN
(now unsure of himself)
You will let me go!

DOJAR
Why should I, that's not what Cardassians do, is it? Is it? Look at me.

Timin looks up at him.

TIMIN
Are you willing to let all your friends die on this ship? Are you?

DOJAR
No one is going to die, and you know it.

He continues to advance on him.

TIMIN
Someone stop him, will you!

QUINLAN
Why should we? He is Chief of Security, this is his job.

Dojar wobbles slightly on his legs, but is almost to Timin now.

DOJAR
Are you really prepared to die? Are you?!

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE
The countdown has reached thirty seconds.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM
As before.

TIMIN
begins to break
I will not allow you to stop me
DOJAR
You and I both know you won't blow this ship up, because you're a coward.
(furiously)
A coward! Only a coward would send a youngster like that to die and to kill innocent people, while he himself hid away. Only a coward would use the name of persecution to strike out at those he is meant to be protecting, while those who truly injured him lie in the ground, long since dead. And only a coward would use the name of his gods as the scapegoat for his actions as he knows, deep down, what he is doing is very, very wrong.

TIMIN
(cringing back now)
You're mad.

DOJAR
(slowly, firmly)
No. I am a Cardassian, and I am proud to be.

He's almost standing over Timin now, who kneels in front of him.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
I am going to ask you one more time. Where is the bomb?

TIMIN
(whispering)
Jefferies Tube four seven alpha.

QUINLAN
(taps comm badge)
Quinlan to Grey, there is a bomb in Jefferies Tube four seven alpha. Get to it now.

INT. ENGINEERING
Grey looks up alarmed.

GREY
I'm on my way!

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE
The bomb clicks down... 5, 4, 3... Suddenly a TENTACLE appears and presses a button, and the dial FREEZES on 2. We see Y'lan and R'lal by the bomb.
R'LAL
These bipeds are very destructive to their own kinds.
(he checks Kinnan's pulse)
He will live. Come.

They turn and leave, just as Grey appears from the other direction, presenting him with just a deactivated bomb and an unconscious Kinnan.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

As before. The guards hurry forth to grab the sobbing Timin, while Elris comes forward to support Dojar. Quinlan just watches. As Elris and Dojar walk past her, Dojar stops them.

DOJAR
Thank you. And thank your friend.

Quinlan nods and they walk out.

QUINLAN
I wonder how he's getting on.

INT. MEETING HALL

Devon is nervously standing around, watched by Jun and the others.

DEVON
I think... I think I'll just go and check, see if she's ready yet.

He quickly turns and hurries out.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise orbiting Ionis.

TALORA (V.O.)
First officer's log, Stardate 78468.4.
The leader of the terrorists has been taken into custody, although I regret to report that when Ionis security returned to their base of operations they found an abandoned building; the small fry have slipped the net. Also currently missing is Devon Kalhoun, the arms dealer who supplied the terrorists with their weaponry. Although the Ionis security team assure me they will catch up with him, I have it on good authority he may prove more elusive than they expect.

(MORE)
TALORA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I am pleased to report that Lieutenant
Dojar is expected to make a full
recovery, although he has been ordered
to take a week's leave to recover
from his shore leave. Y'lan, too,
seems to have recovered, although he
as usual does not share his status
with the rest of us.

INT. SICKBAY

Elris is running scans over Y'lan.

ELRIS
These readings don't look any
different to the ones I took when
you were sick.

Y'LAN
That is because your equipment is
not sophisticated enough to detect
changes in my physiognomy.

ELRIS
Well, they're the best I've got. Has
your friend gone?

Y'LAN
If you refer to R'lal, then yes.

ELRIS
I didn't see him go.

Y'LAN
No. You did not.

ELRIS
Tell me, how did you two know about
the bomb? Did you use your wonder-
table?

Y'LAN
It was not active at the time.

ELRIS
Then how did you know?

Y'LAN
I... am uncertain.

BEAT.

ELRIS
All right, well, as much good as it
does, I officially discharge you
(MORE)
ELRIS (CONT'D)
from my care. I'm heading down to
Ten Forward now, do you want to join us.

Y'LAN
No.

ELRIS
Right. Well, I'm glad you're better.

Y'LAN
Yes.

INT. TEN FORWARD

Elris and Quinlan are sitting at a window table, looking
down on the planet below them. Dojar enters, and walks to
the bar. Quinlan nudges Elris and points him out to her.

QUINLAN
He looks better.

ELRIS
Yes, he's getting there.

QUINLAN
That was pretty unconventional therapy
you used.

ELRIS
When?

QUINLAN
Allowing him to confront Timin like
that.

ELRIS
He had some skeletons he needed to
bury.

Dojar looks across to them, hesitates, and then walks over.

DOJAR
May I join you?

ELRIS
Of course.

He sits.

QUINLAN
How are you feeling?

DOJAR
A little stiff, but I'll survive.
QUINLAN
Timin is going to be tried by Starfleet under the Xenoterrorism Act. The Columbia is picking him up.

Dojar nods.

DOJAR
You know, it's funny. A week ago I'd never have sat here with you.

ELRIS
Why?

DOJAR
I would have been worried, a Cardassian sitting with a Bajoran. How it would seem. But now I'm not.

ELRIS
Then some good did come out of it.

DOJAR
I finally realized that I am not responsible for my forefather's actions. What the Cardassians did was terrible, but it wasn't my fault, and I'm no longer going to live as though it is.

QUINLAN
I'll drink to that. To the future.

DOJAR
The future.

They clink their glasses.

INT. BRIDGE
Talora is at command, Sukothai at Ops and Guer at helm.

SUKOTHAI
Commander? It's eighteen hundred hours.

TALORA
Anything?

SUKOTHAI
No.

Talora sighs and presses a button.
TALORA
(taps comm badge)
Will all senior staff please report
to the Briefing Room immediately.
(she presses a button
on her PADD)
First Officer's log, supplemental.
The time is eighteen hundred hours
and shore leave for the crew has
officially ended. The Captain has
failed to report in and I am now
declaring him missing. End log.

She stands up and walks towards the Briefing Room.

TALORA (CONT'D)
Guer, you have the bridge.

EXT. TRAKEN MARKET -- NIGHT

The place is deserted, lit only by the stars overhead. The
rubble and debris is still everywhere, but there is some
work being done on the clean up. It looks less like a bomb
site now and more like the remains of a bonfire. Quinlan
stands staring up at the sky. Suddenly she hears a NOISE,
and turns. Devon is standing there.

QUINLAN
Devon.

DEVON
Twister.

He walks over to her.

QUINLAN
You got away.

DEVON
Evidently.

BEAT.

DEVON (CONT'D)
I'm glad we rescued your friend. You
were right, it was just like old
times.

QUINLAN
You mean, making things up as we
went along, improvising ways out of
life and death situations?

DEVON
Exactly.
QUINLAN
Nothing's changed, I'm still doing it. I'm just doing it for the right reasons.

DEVON
Not all of us have that luxury.

QUINLAN
I know.

DEVON
Don't tell me you don't miss it.

QUINLAN
Not in the least. It was the wrong way to live.

DEVON
Do you regret it?

QUINLAN
(with a half smile)
Not in the least.

DEVON
Change of tune.

QUINLAN
You can't change the past, you can only make sure the future is better.

DEVON
Maybe.
(beat)
I'll miss you.

QUINLAN
And I you.

Another, longer beat.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
I don't know what to say.

DEVON
How about goodbye?

They look at each other, uncertain whether to embrace or not, and then Devon walks away.

QUINLAN
Devon.

He stops, turns.
QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Starbase 716. Has a surplus supply of self-sealing stembolts, I heard the Captain complaining he didn't know what where to put the damn things. Cargo bay 12. Security around them might be lax. Just thought you'd like to know.

He smiles and continues to walk away, and as Quinlan stands still staring at the sky and we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END