

**STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE**

**"Encounters of Chance"**

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TEASER

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

ACT ONEFADE 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 your 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'LAL

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'lal 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, JONESS and HARRIS, arrive.

JONESS

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

ACT TWO

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

Business man? Now who's flattering himself? Pirate, more like.

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.

TALORA  
Quinlan. 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

ACT THREE

INT. BRIDGE

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?

SUKOTHAI

What was what?

GUER

There, on the screen. Like a flash.

SUKOTHAI

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.

SUKOTHAI

Scanning now... oh my God.

GUER

What?

SUKOTHAI

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

GUER

Sukothai?

SUKOTHAI

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

GUER

Life signs?

SUKOTHAI

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.

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

ACT FOUR

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'lal 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'LAL  
(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'LAL  
My name is R'lal, I am administering  
treatment to Y'lan.

TALORA  
We need his help.

R'LAL  
Impossible.

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

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

TALORA  
Then...

R'LAL  
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'LAL  
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'LAL  
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 life time'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 about 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 door...

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'lal 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'lal opens the chamber door and Y'lan seems to flop into his tentacles. R'lal 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'lal 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

ACT FIVE

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