

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"Changing Symphony"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise at warp, flying through space.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 78596.3.
The Enterprise in en-route to Starbase
23, Admiral Portman's new posting. I
look forward to seeing my old friend
again, but the reason for our visit
is much more important than a house
call. We are to help in negotiating
a new member of the Federation the
D'Khrag.

INT. BRIDGE

Only the SENIOR STAFF are present, CROSS PACES, whilst TALORA
READS a PADD, DOJAR and QUINLAN are at their stations.

CROSS

On the way to the Starbase, we have
been instructed to pick up an alien
diplomat, who's presence will remain
unknown to the crew of the Enterprise,
with the exception of the senior
staff.

Cross STOPS PACING and TURNS.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Time?

DOJAR

Another few minutes, Sir.

CROSS

I don't like the idea of a shuttle
flying into the Shuttlebay while
we're traveling at warp. I'll be
glad when this is all over.

DOJAR

I think we all will, Sir.

Cross turns to LOOK AT Talora, who is still reading.

CROSS

What are you reading, Commander?

TALORA

Tron, Killer of Remus. It is a Romulan
epic.

CROSS

You'll have to let me borrow it some time.

TALORA

Perhaps -- but it may be a while.

It is a very long book.

CROSS

How long?

TALORA

I have been reading it for approximately two hours a day for five years.

Cross WHISTLES and LOOKS DOWN at the PADD.

CROSS

Maybe I'll replicate my own?

TALORA

A wise choice, Sir.

Cross NODS.

DOJAR

It's time, Sir.

Cross NODS, nervously.

CROSS

Let's get this over with, people.

(to Quinlan)

Keep your speed and course steady, Quinlan. We don't want any accidents.

QUINLAN

(over enthusiastically)

Aye-aye, Sir!

Cross rolls his eyes before he walks towards the turbolift.

CROSS

Dojar, clear the Shuttlebay and all corridors to our guests quarters I don't want anyone seeing the ambassador.

DOJAR

Aye, Sir.

Cross ENTERS the turbolift, with Dojar close behind.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

The turbolift doors SWOOSH OPEN and Cross and Dojar EXIT.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

We're receiving the ambassador's
signal, Captain.

Cross and Dojar TURN A CORNER.

CROSS

Then let's not keep him waiting,
Commander. Let's open the bay doors.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY -- CONTINUOUS

Dojar DISMISSES two security guards as the Shuttlebay doors begin to OPEN. The bay is in total darkness, except for the light being emitted by some spot lights near to the bay doors.

A shuttle at high speed is HEADING TOWARDS the bay, as it ENTERS its speed drops to DEAD SLOW as it LANDS and the shuttle doors CLOSE.

Cross and Dojar WALK to the shuttle as the doors begin to open. An alien, wearing a hood walks out of the shuttle, before pulling his hood down to reveal an alien unlike anything we've ever seen before.

He is humanoid, but has an EXTREMELY LARGE HEAD with huge BLACK EYES which reflect what he is looking at. He is wearing NOTHING, and all of his skin is semi-transparent, allowing us to see all of his interior, including his brain and beating heart.

Cross WALKS up to him, before seeing a shadow of someone, or something, else EXIT the shuttle. Cross EYES Dojar, who also notices the figure. He DRAWS his PHASER.

TALORA

Captain, our readings show that there
is another life sign in the
Shuttlebay.

CROSS

I know, Commander.
(to figure)
Identify yourself.

The figure says nothing, before rounding the corner, and we see that it is Admiral PORTMAN, grinning.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(to comm)

It's all right, Commander.

(beat)

It's Admiral Portman.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Acknowledged, Captain.

CROSS

(to Ambassador)

Welcome on board the Enterprise,
Ambassador. I didn't realize you
were being accompanied on your trip.

The ambassador just NODS, and Cross EYES Portman.

PORTMAN

It's good to see you too, Neil.

CROSS

I didn't expect to see you until
tomorrow.

PORTMAN

I obviously couldn't contact you to
let you know the change of plan.

CROSS

Of course.

He nods at the ambassador, who again NODS back.

CROSS (CONT'D)

If you'd like to follow me I'll take
you to your quarters.

The ambassador just NODS. Cross LOOKS AT Portman, and walks
off, Dojar and Portman FOLLOW.

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Cross GLARES at Portman, obviously wanting to ask questions,
but unable to, at least for now. The Ambassador SMILES. Cross
NODS, before shaking himself out of it and GLARING at Portman
again who WINKS.

The three STOP outside a section of corridor which appears
to be empty. Cross HITS some controls on a wall and part of
the wall reveals itself to be a disguised door. Cross STEPS
FORWARD and the door OPENS, revealing some spacious,
comfortable quarters not unlike Cross'.

Cross GESTURES for the Ambassador to ENTER, which he does.
Cross SMILES, the ambassador NODS. Once the Ambassador is
safely inside and out of earshot, Portman walks by and Cross
steps towards him:

CROSS
(re: ambassador's
nods)
I wish he'd stop doing that.

Portman turns and NODS sarcastically at him. Cross is not amused, and follows Portman inside. The wall reappears, replacing the image of the door.

INT. AMBASSADOR'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

The three stand in front of the sitting room, Portman smiles at the Ambassador who nods. Cross rolls his eyes and makes his way towards the door.

PORTMAN
I'll see you tomorrow, Ambassador. I
hope you get your voice back.

The ambassador SMILES and NODS as Cross and Portman EXIT.

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Cross and Portman EXIT through the wall and walk towards a TURBOLIFT.

CROSS
(rhetorically)
You hope he gets his voice back?

PORTMAN
A monkey stole it.

CROSS
Ah.

PORTMAN
And you claim your wife's a doctor?

Cross gives Portman a look as the two ENTER the turbolift.

INT. TURBOLIFT -- CONTINUOUS

CROSS
As long as we don't lose him, like
the last time we had an ambassador
here, I think we'll all be happy.

PORTMAN
Lose him?

CROSS
I never told you about that, did I?

PORTMAN
No.

CROSS
And I never will.

The lift STOPS.

INT. BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Cross and Portman EXIT the turbolift and walk straight for Cross' ready room. Talora LOOKS UP.

TALORA
Admiral Portman?

PORTMAN
At ease, Commander. I'm but a myth.

TALORA
Understood, Admiral.

Portman and Cross EXIT.

INT. READY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cross SITS behind his desk, and Portman LOOKS AROUND the ready room, picking up little trinkets Cross has collected from various away missions.

CROSS
So. Why are you really here?

Portman LOOKS UP and takes out a TRICORDER and scans the room. Cross SIGHS.

CROSS (CONT'D)
If there were something here, I think our sensors would have detected it.

PORTMAN
On the contrary, Neil. According to these readings, you have a dead Cardassian vole about one meter below us.

CROSS
Really?

PORTMAN
You'll smell it in around four months if you don't do something about it.

Cross WINCES.

CROSS
I've smelled too many of those in my time.

PORTMAN

I'm sure you have.

There is a LONG BEAT.

CROSS

You haven't answered my question
Admiral.

Portman looks at Cross.

PORTMAN

As I'm sure you've gathered, the
Enterprise isn't really here to
negotiate an entrance into the
Federation.

(beat)

It's far more important than that.

Portman waits for Cross to say something, but seeing that
nothing is coming, carries on.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

The Klingon Empire...

Cross REACTS.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

...is at the most dangerous point
it's ever been in history. The two
warring factions are tearing the
Empire, and a valuable ally, apart.
Starfleet have decided to step in
now, before the Empire decays any
further.

On Cross's intense expression, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. READY ROOM

Same as before.

CROSS

(bluntly)

Who are we to decide who lives and who dies?

PORTMAN

Excuse me? I know you've had some problems from them before, Captain, but this is an order and you don't have any choice in the matter.

CROSS

Then why tell me?

PORTMAN

Do you want to go into the first meeting with them blind? I want to surprise as few people as possible.

CROSS

Understood.

PORTMAN

We're meeting for the first time on Monday morning. Our new friend, you and myself will be present, along with four Klingons; Two Reformists, two Imperialists.

CROSS

We'll be outnumbered.

PORTMAN

Doesn't matter. The entire room will be monitored by surveillance equipment and cloaked phaser drones. If there's any trouble the Klingons will be on the floor in an instant.

CROSS

(sarcastic)

And that makes me feel so much more secure.

PORTMAN

Great, isn't it?

Cross NODS sarcastically. There is a LONG BEAT.

CROSS

How's life on the Klingon border?

PORTMAN

(sighs)

You know what they're doing, don't you?

Cross NODS.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

Tossing me out on to the border... trying to make my voice go unheard. It's been happening all over the Federation; the Starfleet attaches to Betazed and Vulcan have been stationed on the Romulan and Tholian borders two very good friends of mine. Makes you think, doesn't it?

CROSS

(ponders)

There does seem to be a lot of moving around in the fleet.

(beat)

It wasn't that long ago since Delfune tried to kick me off the Enterprise.

PORTMAN

It wouldn't surprise me if she's behind it all.

CROSS

What happened to her after the hearing?

PORTMAN

Nothing. She went back to Headquarters and kept quiet, but apparently she's starting to bare her teeth again.

Portman PAUSES again, waiting for Cross to ask a question, which never comes.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

(shakes head)

I should have realized this was coming... The rest of the Fleet Admirals have been shrugging off my comments for months. Strangely enough, as soon as I mentioned the Klingons they were all ears...

(beat)

Now I'm Starfleet's official ambassador to Qo'noS. I never should have said anything.

CROSS

It will get easier. Starfleet can't stay like this forever.

PORTMAN

No.

(beat and looks up at Cross)

It can only get worse. The fleet isn't even like it was ten years ago, let alone before the Dominion War. We've changed, Neil. Starfleet isn't about exploration and discovery anymore, it's about security and conquest. And all of the voices that encourage the exploration we once stood for have been put far enough away that the vacuum of space has muted them.

CROSS

The Enterprise will always be loyal to you. Each Enterprise before us has been a vessel of exploration that isn't going to change now. Not under my watch, and certainly not under yours.

PORTMAN

I hope you're right. But look at your activities over the past few months, you've fought off a Q'tami exploration mission, you've had a terrorist attack on your hands because of a member of your crew. You've been kidnapped by the Klingons. The amount of military missions is beginning to surpass the number of exploration missions.

Cross remains unaffected and continues to look at his mentor.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

There's a lot of good ships, with good captains out there Neil. You just have to go looking for them. They need someone to look to, a blazing beacon of light just like a phoenix. You can be that light, Neil. You just have to find the match to light your torch.

Cross REACTS to this.

CROSS

I'm not exactly the best Captain to look up to. I've got my share of prejudice and nothing's ever going to change that.

PORTMAN

There's nothing we... or you can do about that. You were raised in an environment that was out of control; other Captains don't have that excuse. There's nothing we can do about the state of Starfleet unless we try, the fleet will just continue to walk down the wrong path more and more often. And if no one tries there won't be a fleet left for anyone to worry about.

We cut back to a WIDE VIEW of Portman and Cross sat looking out at the stars.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise slowly approaches Starbase 23, an advanced example of Federation hardware, as two HEAVILY ARMED Klingon cruisers also approach.

INT. BRIDGE

Cross and Portman arrive on the Bridge. Tension has filled the Bridge as the Enterprise crew stirs at what is on the viewscreen.

TALORA

Two Klingon cruisers just decloaked off our starboard bow, Captain.

PORTMAN

At ease, Commander. They're the reason why we're here.

TALORA

Captain?

CROSS

You heard the man, Commander.

Talora gives Cross an AGGRAVATED look.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(to the senior staff)

I'll talk to you all later, right now, it looks like our Klingon friends

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)
are going to be wanting to talk to
us.

DOJAR
We're receiving a hail from both
ships, Captain.

CROSS
Put them both on screen, Lieutenant.

Dojar TAPS some keys and the faces of TWO KLINGONS appear.
SACHRON, a reformist, on the left, and MOLAR, an Imperialist
on the right.

SACHRON
Federation starship; I demand that
you disarm your weapons immediately
and prepare to be scanned.

MOLAR
You forget, Sachron. This area of
space is not under your jurisdiction.
Just like the rest of the galaxy!

The crew behind Molar LAUGH.

SACHRON
P'taK!
(points to someone
off screen)
You! Get a lock on the Imperialist
ship and prepare to destroy it!

Portman steps up to the viewscreen.

PORTMAN
(calmly)
Gentlemen, please. Violence is not
the answer.

The two Klingons growl at each other. Sachron glares at Molar
menacingly.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)
Reformist ship. We request that you
stand down and remain that way
throughout your stay.

SACHRON
I will not disarm my ship whilst
that p'taK has his weapons aimed
directly at me!

Portman SIGHS and turns to look at Molar.

PORTMAN

Imperialist ship. Please stand down.

Both Klingons seem to be glaring at each other via the viewscreen. No one speaks.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Dojar. Bring the quantum torpedoes online and alert Starbase 23 to do the same.

Dojar NODS.

SACHRON

I thought violence wasn't the answer, Starfleet.

PORTMAN

I don't believe it is. But if I take both of your weapons systems offline there won't be any risk of that. Will there?

Reluctantly, Sachron indicates to someone off screen.

DOJAR

The Reformist ship is standing down, Admiral.

Cross continues to watch from a distance. Portman looks at Molar.

MOLAR

(grunts)

Stand down.

Portman NODS approvingly, before moving back and sitting in Cross's chair.

PORTMAN

Klingon vessels, you have the schedule for our negotiations, I hope you are prepared to stick to them. If either of you arm your weapons again during your stay, your ship will be disabled and I personally will ask your respective government to come and tow you home. Is that understood?

Both Klingons growl at Portman before disappearing from the viewscreen, one after the other.

DOJAR

You're quite the negotiator, Admiral.

PORTMAN

You need to have your wits about you
when you're negotiating with the
Klingons...

(indicates Cross)

As I'm sure you'll know.

Cross just NODS. Portman LOOKS AT Quinlan at the helm, not recognizing her in a Starfleet uniform.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

Lieutenant...

QUINLAN

Quinlan, Sir.

PORTMAN

Quinlan?

(to Cross)

You promoted Quinlan?

Cross point to Talora who cocks her head to one side slightly and looks back at Portman, reassuringly.

QUINLAN

Do you have a problem with that,
Sir?

PORTMAN

Not at all, Lieutenant. Begin the
docking procedure.

QUINLAN

Aye, Sir.

PORTMAN

And Lieutenant?

QUINLAN

Yes?

PORTMAN

Try not to scratch the paint.

Quinlan SMILES.

QUINLAN

Yes, Sir!

CROSS

There'll be a staff meeting as soon
as we've docked. Senior staff only.

Talora NODS and turns, to sit back in her chair. She looks at Portman, who is still sat in Cross' chair, and watches Cross exit into his ready room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise docked with Starbase 23.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

All the senior staff, with the exception of Cross are present. Cross and Portman ENTER together, moments later and take seats at either end of the table.

CROSS

By now, you all know what's brought us here. The Klingons are ready to begin peace negotiations, and we're here to delegate them. The Diplomat we have in our crew quarters, is here for obvious reasons, but because of his gifts, it's vital that his presence here remain a closely guarded secret. We can't afford for anything to happen to him.

ELRIS

What are these gifts, exactly?

CROSS

He's a telepath, but not the type you know of. He has the ability to take consciousnesses and mix them with his own. A telepathic meeting room where negotiations can take place with total control over all actions.

Elris looks thoughtful.

DOJAR

What's so important about him that needs to be kept a secret? He's just an ambassador.

CROSS

His gifts could be grossly misused. If he was to be held hostage he could be forced into negotiating a settlement, or a war, which is illegitimate.

GREY

I see.

PORTMAN

We'll be moving the ambassador to quarters onboard Starbase 23 within the hour. The same protocols as when he arrived will be in place, and he is not to be disturbed.

Elris looks up.

ELRIS

Admiral, I'd like to examine the ambassador. I would keep the files on my tricorder until he has departed, but this could be an incredible opportunity for us.

Portman nods.

PORTMAN

Agreed. You may have access to the Ambassador, Doctor.

ELRIS

Thank you.

CROSS

Is there anything else?

DOJAR

Do any security arrangements need to be in place whilst we're docked at the Starbase?

CROSS

Only from the Klingons, but I can't foresee them causing us any trouble.

Dojar nods.

DOJAR

I'll have at least two security guards at the air locks at any one time. I take it starbase security will be guarding the ambassador?

PORTMAN

There's patrols monitoring him twenty-four seven. You have nothing to worry about.

CROSS

Anything else?

No one moves.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Then you're all dismissed.

The group stand and EXIT.

CUT TO:

INT. TEN FORWARD

Quinlan sits reading a PADD.

ELRIS (O.S.)

Hey.

Elris moves into view and sits next to Quinlan.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

(indicates PADD)

What's that your engrossed in?

QUINLAN

Something Devon gave me back on Ionis.
It's the legend of the Balinese
Terror, apparently it kidnaps and
eats Bajoran cats, but not before
it's driven them mad first.

Elris gives a small laugh.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

The Bajorans have been tracking this
thing for years, but apparently have
never found it.

ELRIS

Keep your eye out for it, Jennifer.
It might have smuggled itself back
on board the Enterprise.

Quinlan shows mock fear in her expression before putting her
PADD down and looking up at Elris.

QUINLAN

So, what's up?

ELRIS

That's just it. Nothing. I'm perfectly
happy.

QUINLAN

You and the Captain seem to be getting
along better lately.

ELRIS

I've noticed. He seems a lot more
laid back about things.

QUINLAN

You should have seen the look on his face when he saw me sat at the con. He's probably still in shock from that.

Elris SMILES.

ELRIS

I wish I knew what was going on inside his head.

QUINLAN

I thought you said you were both getting along?

ELRIS

We are... I just don't know where I am with him, it's like we're just null. Just stuck in a place which neither of us really want to be in or talk about.

QUINLAN

It's hard for you?

ELRIS

Not really. But this Diplomat that's aboard...

(beat)

I think he could help me.

QUINLAN

What?

ELRIS

A telepathic meeting, between me and Neil.

QUINLAN

You heard what Cross said. Let it go, Elris, you can't do this. It's going to cause even more trouble between you two.

ELRIS

Or maybe resolve some.

QUINLAN

He won't be happy.

ELRIS

Then he'll just have to grim and bare it. I'm going to ask the Ambassador later today. I don't think he'll have a problem with it.

QUINLAN

What makes you think that?

Elris just SMILES.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

I think you're making a mistake,
Elris.

ELRIS

We'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE CORRIDOR

The corridor, is empty, until the Ambassador, Dojar and four security guards round the corner. Dojar taps some keys on a tricorder and like before, a wall materializes and the ambassador is taken inside.

The ambassador nods at the security ensemble and they leave, leaving him alone in his quarters. As the ambassador moves into an office style room, the camera pans up to reveal a surveillance device, in the corner of the room...

From this we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DIPLOMAT'S QUARTERS

The Diplomat is sat working at his desk when a comm. system chirps.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE
Ambassador, are you reading me?

The Ambassador presses some keys on the comm system.

DIPLOMAT
Good evening, Admiral.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE
I've had a request from the
Enterprise's chief physician, Doctor
Elris Lea, she'd like to give you an
examination so that we can find out
more about your species. I assure
you that necessary security
precautions will be in place regarding
the data.

DIPLOMAT
I do not see any reason not to.
Give the Doctor my permission.

PORTMAN
Thank you, Ambassador. Doctor Elris
will be beaming in to your quarters
momentarily.

DIPLOMAT
Thank you, Admiral.

There is a BEAT before Elris appears in a SHIMMER OF LIGHT, with the usual transporter sound accompanying it. Elris looks around and gets a grasp on her surroundings, before SMILING at the Ambassador.

ELRIS
It's nice to finally meet you
Ambassador...
(beat as she tries to
recall a name)
ambassador...

The Diplomat puts Elris out of her troubles and speaks:

DIPLOMAT
I do not have a name, Doctor.
(MORE)

DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Because my people speak to each other telepathically, we only refer to each other by an image. I am unique.

ELRIS

I see. How come you're not speaking to me using telepathy now?

DIPLOMAT

I have found that using my vocal chords gives you humanoids who rely solely on speech a more comforting atmosphere than if I used telepathy. It makes the whole experience much more pleasant.

ELRIS

A lot of people are still uncomfortable about having their minds "probed."

DIPLOMAT

(nods)

They have nothing to worry about from my species. We look into their thoughts only when they want us to, and even at that point we can still only look at what they want us to see.

ELRIS

So you could never look into someone's mind who...

(beat)

Who, didn't know that you would probe him. Could you arrange one of your meetings?

Elris takes out her tricorder.

DIPLOMAT

Arranging a meeting and taking part in one are two very different things. I would have no problem taking said person into my subconscious, but whether or not they would cooperate is another question.

ELRIS

Fascinating.

DIPLOMAT

I get the impression that you would like me to arrange a meeting with someone, Doctor.

ELRIS

Perhaps.

DIPLOMAT

There is no reason why I could not do that, Doctor. But I would also need to be present.

Elris NODS.

DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

If you would like me to arrange a session all I need are the subjects brain wave patterns. The only other object I ask is gold-pressed latinum.

ELRIS

You have to make a living somehow, don't you?

DIPLOMAT

So we have an agreement?

Elris nods.

ELRIS

I'll have the patterns to you for tomorrow night.

DIPLOMAT

Have you finished your scans?

ELRIS

Yes. Yes I have.

DIPLOMAT

Then I will see you tomorrow night, Doctor.

Elris turns, looking slightly worried now that she has done the deed, and heads towards the door.

DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

Doctor?

ELRIS

Yes?

The Diplomat indicates the door, and shakes his head.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, right. Sorry.

(taps comm badge)

Elris to Enterprise, one to beam up.

And with that, Elris exits how she came, in the familiar glow and sound of a transporter effect.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Starbase 23 hovers in space.

INT. BLACK ROOM

Cross, Portman and the Diplomat ENTER the room through a door, where four Klingons, two Imperialists, Molar and TORTATZ and two Reformists, Sachron and GROISE are waiting. Each party looks edgy and there's a reason why. Each Klingon has a phaser drone locked on them, and another four for safe measure guard the rest of the room.

The two Klingon parties are stood on either side of the room, neither looking particularly happy to be breathing the same air as the other. Portman, Cross and the Diplomat stand in the middle of them.

SACHRON

Federation liars!

(indicates the Diplomat)

What is this p'taK doing here? I was not informed of his presence.

MOLAR

Nor was I. What kind of treatment is this for your allies?

Portman steps in between them and firmly looks at both of them.

PORTMAN

This is our Starbase, and we'll do this on our terms. If either of you have a problem with that, I suggest you leave.

Sachron GROWLS.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

The Diplomat is here to help us in our negotiations. We will all be entered into his sub-conscious and be able to negotiate within his mind. There will be no violence, and he will have total control over everything. No harm will come to any of you.

Sachron walks up to the Diplomat and looks him in the eye.

SACHRON

You had better hope so, transparent one, because I know exactly where I need to stab you, to kill you.

The Diplomat does not react to this at all, and Sachron smiles a wry, malicious grin. He toys idly with his KNIFE, which is suddenly evident in his hand. As he speaks, he circles the Diplomat, hissing in his ear.

SACHRON (CONT'D)

Maybe...

(beat)

I should just have you killed now?
To get it over with.

He licks his lips. His grin becomes wider.

SACHRON (CONT'D)

To save time.

He goes right up to the Diplomat's face. His knife strafes near the ribcage but doesn't touch it.

SACHRON (CONT'D)

It's been a while since I ate a beating heart.

Cross MOVES TOWARDS Sachron and the Diplomat in an effort to break them up.

CROSS

That attitude will not be tolerated during these negotiations.

Sachron breaks off from the Diplomat abruptly and spins over to Cross, in what looks like a sudden, sparked rage of fury. The hand holding the knife nears Cross's throat. Sachron glares at him menacingly. He spits at Cross.

SACHRON

(raised voice, angry,
mockingly)

Or you'll do what, Federation? Shoot me with your phaser drones?

He laughs a Klingon laugh.

PORTMAN

(from behind, coldly)

At the press of a button, Sachron.

This clearly wasn't the answer Sachron was expecting, and the petulant smile on his face fades. Sachron grunts and turns around towards Portman, his knife not moving away from Cross's throat. Portman, deadpan, looks at Sachron.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

Sachron, if you continue in this manner you will be disposed of. We won't tolerate anything of this sort at these talks.

Sachron grunts again and turns to face Cross. Cross eyes Sachron with a contemptuous expression. Cross nears his neck towards the blade until it touches him.

CROSS

Tempting, isn't it?

Sachron's eyes narrow to thin slits.

SACHRON

(hissing, threatening)
Don't mock me, Human.

CROSS

What? I thought you wanted to eat a heart.

Sachron becomes totally livid. It is clear he is barely restraining himself. He growls deep and menacingly, his eyes widen with fury. Cross smiles a very thin smile. Portman looks concerned.

Cross pushes his neck even closer, until we see a small trickle of blood appear from under it.

Sachron, humiliated and knowing that he is beaten, GROWLS again in a threatening gesture and haughtily steps back.

SACHRON

This is not finished, Human. There are many other good days to die.

Cross doesn't respond and moves away from Sachron. He leaves the small wound, and does not touch it. Portman gives Cross a concerned look, but after a reassuring nod from Cross, he moves back into the center of the room.

PORTMAN

(formal)
Now that we're all acquainted, I think we should get started.

The Ambassador will be pleased to answer any questions you have about the process.

MOLAR

(to the Diplomat)
What does it require? What must we do to see these...
(beat)
visions?

DIPLOMAT

A touch. Once I have touched you,
your brain patterns will become part
of me until our session has finished.

MOLAR

And what happens to our brain patterns
after that?

DIPLOMAT

They are too complex for me to
remember. I will have no knowledge
of them.

Molar nods. Sachron looks suspicious.

SACHRON

And how can we be sure that you won't
keep us in your brain? Disembody us
permanently?

DIPLOMAT

You have my word that I will do no
such thing.

Sachron nods, slowly, still looking evidently very suspicious.

Molar smiles a smug, arrogant smile.

MOLAR

(belligerent)

What's the problem, Sachron? Afraid?

SACHRON

Of course not!

MOLAR

Then you won't mind going first.

Beat. Molar's grin widens and he bares his teeth.

MOLAR (CONT'D)

Will you?

Sachron glares at Molar, and then at the Diplomat.

SACHRON

(to Groise, but still

facing the Diplomat)

Groise, if the transparent one harms
me in any way...

GROISE

With pleasure.

Groise SNARLS lowly and gutturally, like an animal. He bears
his teeth menacingly at the Diplomat.

Cross rolls his eyes, evidently quite tired of this already.

Sachron STEPS FORWARD and the Diplomat places his hands on his forehead. Almost instantly, Sachron's eyes close and he becomes bolt upright. Groise walks up to Sachron and punches him in his chest, but to no result.

DIPLOMAT

He is fine. Do not worry.

GROISE

If he isn't, I won't be the one doing the worrying.

Groise then turns on his heel around to Cross. He points a finger at him.

GROISE (CONT'D)

You next.

CROSS

Very well.

Cross confidently steps forward and the same as above occurs.

INT. DIPLOMAT'S MIND

We can only see those present, Cross and Sachron. They are lit, but nothing else around them is, there is simply nothing but whiteness other than those two. Portman ENTERS.

CROSS

(to Portman)

It's not how I imagined it would be.

Groise ENTERS.

PORTMAN

Our host hasn't entered yet there won't be anything until he enters himself.

Tortatz ENTERS.

CROSS

Isn't he always here?

PORTMAN

He has to be unconscious, just like us for this to work. Right now, he should be entering Molar, before joining us himself.

They watch as Molar appears, and then finally, the Diplomat himself. The Diplomat smiles, as he walks forward into the center of the circle.

DIPLOMAT

Welcome to my mind. While you are here there will be no violence between us, I have total control over what your actions are. We are here to talk.

SACHRON

Talk? Talk has gotten us nowhere. What good is talking when no-one listens to you?

(points accusingly at Molar)

When we have spoken to the Imperials, we were silenced! War is all they understand. War is all they will ever understand.

DIPLOMAT

But is it? I have seen no evidence of this having worked you are still in the same position now as you were before you began fighting.

MOLAR

(snorts)

This p'taK has no honor. He refuses to speak the truth because it does not help him. The Reformists are belligerent and aggressive. We do not listen to them because when we do the only response we get is a war. Only through war can they ever get their points across!

DIPLOMAT

But there will be none this time. Let us begin.

During all of the following scene transitions which take place inside the Ambassadors mind, the transitions should morph from what we saw before, and into the new image. The sets should all look blurred compared to the characters, who stand out, crisp and clear in comparison to them.

DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

What you are about to see is purely metaphoric. Over the last twenty years the Klingon Empire has become what you are about to see... One man taking wounds while another gives him instructions, and another man who is unwilling to give in.

INT. HALL OF WARRIORS

On one side of the Hall there is a HUGE STATUE OF MARTOK holding a bat'leth in glory, above his head. On the other side, there is a HUGE STATUE OF NAPOCH. Molar and Tortatz bow their heads reverently in the direction of Martok's statue, while Sachron and Groise look upon Napoch as if he was the most welcome sight they had seen in a long time. Sachron looks quite moved.

MOLAR
(semi-whisper, hoarse
but reverent)
Mar-tok...

TORTATZ
(eager)
Savior of the Klingon people!

GROISE
(seemingly oblivious
to Molar and Tortatz)
Napoch! Qa'pla Napoch!

SACHRON
Our great leader...
(beat)
Standing at his rightful place in
the halls of the Klingon honored,
our warriors...

As we watch, the two statues morph into real people, and PUSH Sachron etc. to one side and move towards each other at a high speed; Bat'leths raised, ready for battle, screaming.

MOLAR
Victory will be ours!

SACHRON
Only through treachery can victory
ever be yours!

Molar bears his teeth vehemently at Sachron.

MOLAR
If we were not trapped here right
now, Sachron, I would show you the
true prowess of an Imperial warrior!

The Diplomat waves then to be silent, and they go back to watching the fight.

Tortatz GRINS as he watches the battle take place, but the grin quickly turns to a look of disappointment, when Martok is quickly pinned down. Martok CRIES OUT in pain, as the Bat'leth moves closer and closer to his chest.

Suddenly, behind Martok and Napoch we see another statue, KRANG, morph into a real, living Klingon, and the Imperialists again look on with pride.

He jumps Napoch, and pushes the Bat'leth off Martok and pulls Martok to his feet.

KRANG

Qap'la! Martok, leader of the Klingon
Empire!

MARTOK

Qap'la!

Martok goes back to fight Napoch, but we can see that Martok is extremely weak, and is loosing his ability to see where his opponent will strike next. As we watch, Krang begins to tell Martok how to fight.

KRANG

Lower your sword and swing it around
towards his stomach!

These instructions continue in the background, and we see Martok follow his instructions and continue to hold a fight against Napoch, with no signs of either winning the fight. We see obvious gaps where Martok could potentially strike a blow to Napoch, but Krang tells Martok to attack Napoch in another place, and Martok misses his window of opportunity. We also see Napoch striking Martok, and injuring him, as blood appears on Martok's uniform, as he gradually gets weaker and weaker.

DIPLOMAT

The Klingon people can not let this
go on forever. A peace must be found
before the Klingon people destroy
themselves from within. A dishonorable
end, for a warrior race.

SACHRON

The Klingon empire will never die!
The Empire is unshakable,
indestructible! Not even the
debauchery of the current corrupt
regime will stop us from taking hold
of the Empire and leading it once
more to glory!

MOLAR

We will never let the Reformists
destroy the Empire with their
inefficient ways! You are not capable
of leading our Empire to anything
but ruin! We will protect its glory
and honor in any way we can!

(MORE)

MOLAR (CONT'D)

Chancellor Martok will stay our leader!

SACHRON

Your "Chancellor" doesn't even rule the Empire any more! He is but a pawn, as is the entire Klingon government.

Molar GROWLS fiercely, his face loaded with venom. He is about to speak but Sachron cuts him off.

SACHRON (CONT'D)

(turns to face Portman)

We want democracy, Admiral. Isn't that what the Federation stands for?

MOLAR

(angry)

Democracy! You use it as only a veil to hide your true intention of robbing the Empire of all its dignity!

Portman cautiously looks back and forth from Molar to Sachron, and back again.

PORTMAN

(to Sachron)

The Federation does support democracy...

Sachron GRINS.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

But it also supports a fairly elected government.

Sachron's grin fades.

SACHRON

How dare you imply that we are anything otherwise!

PORTMAN

Oh, I never did. Just informing you of the Federation's general stance.

Molar belches out a Klingon laugh.

MOLAR

What's the matter, Sachron? Afraid of the truth?

Sachron glares at Molar, who laughs again.

FADE TO:

EXT. DECIMATED KLINGON VILLAGE

Dead Klingons lie all around the village, houses burn and smoke fills the air. Blood is on the walls of the houses, and blood runs down the paths and roads. What we are seeing is barbaric. Cross and Portman wince at the sight, both groups of Klingons appear to be disgusted by the scene, returning once more to a very grim seriousness.

MOLAR

What you are seeing here, are the Reformist democrats in action, Admiral. They did this to our fathers. Our wives.

(beat)

Our children.

(beat)

All that we held dear killed in the name of their "democracy." What type of government is a government for the people if it slaughters those people in the process? How can you let them go unpunished for such an outrageous crime? These villagers were innocent, they never did any harm to them. There was no excuse to kill them, not that the Reformists would need an excuse.

Portman reacts to this with a doubtful look, but Cross nods his head in agreement. Sachron seems beyond furious. His muscles are twitching, and he is shaking with almost unbelievable rage.

SACHRON

(extremely angry)

You lie! You filthy, pathetic Imperial scum! You quivering, sniveling p'taK! Have you no honor at all? You lie to protect yourselves! You will not admit guilt to the crimes that you committed! Have you no dignity, no sense of decency in any way whatsoever?

(turns to face Portman)

Why do you think that the houses are outdated, Admiral? Why is there no technology to help them? Why is the village in such pathetic shambles?

(MORE)

SACHRON (CONT'D)

This village is an innocent village,
and that is the only truth to what
that Imperial targ said. All they
wanted...

(beat)

was democracy. And in their
(jabs an accusing
finger at Molar)
despicable, corpulent rule, they are
not allowed to even have such a wish.

Molar GLARES at Sachron coldly.

MOLAR

A lie. A typical Reformist lie. The
Reformists have got so used to lying
it is all they are able to say. They
speak of the deaths of civilians
being terrible and horrible...and
yet they killed them in cold blood
in their High Council bombings.

SACHRON

(to Portman)

They were killing our families!

DIPLOMAT

And you retaliate by killing theirs.
The war between you is going around
in circles. They hit you, and you
hit them back.

(points to Sachron)

You do not have the resources to
stage a full-scale attack on the
Imperialists,

(points to Molar)

but you do nothing but taunt your
enemy. Rather than make an attempt
to hunt them down, you merely destroy
everything in your path which seems
even remotely Reformist, making those
deaths play on your enemy's
conscience.

(beat)

The Reformist cause may be a just
one, but the extent to which they go
to achieve it is unreasonable.

CROSS

(to Sachron)

Your people kidnapped me, hoping
that the Federation would support
you. We may not be neutral in all of
this, but you have no right to involve
us.

SACHRON

No right? The moment you got involved in our conflict we had the right to attack you, Captain. The rules and conventions of war apply. So long as you supply weapons and ammunition to our enemies, you can never claim to be neutral.

CROSS

Those weapons are part and parcel of a treaty signed long before your movement ever existed!

SACHRON

That makes no difference to us. You are still giving them weapons.

(beat)

What do you expect them to do with those weapons? Dust crops?

PORTMAN

The man has a point. Starfleet has to become more active in this war, or stop its activities all together. We can't toe the line. I think we should either commit ourselves altogether or stop sending the Imperialists supplies. And frankly I lean towards the latter.

MOLAR

What? To break off ties with your allies? Do you realize what you just said?

CROSS

Admiral?

PORTMAN

We had no choice with whom we sided with during the war. We were allies of Martok, and that has stuck with us right the way through to now.

CROSS

You're saying that we should have, should, side with the Reformists?

PORTMAN

No, you misunderstand. I just don't think we should be involved in their civil war at all. I'm just beginning to doubt the Imperialist cause. Just what exactly are you fighting for, Molar?

Molar thumps his chest.

MOLAR

Honor!

PORTMAN

(matter-of-factly)

Elaborate.

MOLAR

We want the Empire to continue to be ruled how it has been since it began, to continue the tradition of our fore-fathers for centuries past. We want to protect ourselves and our families, and indeed the whole Empire, from injustice and indecency, from incompetent and foul rule. We want...

PORTMAN

(interrupts)

You want to protect yourselves. How far are you willing to go to do that, Molar?

MOLAR

We would kill to protect the Empire.

PORTMAN

Even if it means kidnapping and killing other peoples children?

Molar NODS.

MOLAR

You may not like it, but this is a time of war. We are forced to take such actions by the necessities of such a conflict. There is no other way we can win. Harsh...

(beat)

but true.

PORTMAN

(to Cross)

You said that the Reformists told you that they began by attacking military bases, and once they had been accused of killing innocent civilians, they went on like that?

Cross NODS.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

They have the right to take civilian lives just as much as the Imperialists do.

(MORE)

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

Whether either of you has a right at all is a topic for another time and place. But they never did intend to injure civilians; the Imperialists put them there, didn't you?

MOLAR

What on Qo'noS do you mean?

PORTMAN

The Reformists were right when they said that they didn't know you employed civilians in the offices of the High Council. At least not in the offices they were attacking.

MOLAR

Believe what you want to believe, Admiral. We have the privilege to employ civilians wherever we wish, and the Imperialists will not take that from us. The Federation has a treaty with the Imperialist government, and from what I hear; you have little to know influence left in Starfleet. They aren't going to break that treaty now, least of all because of you.

PORTMAN

Perhaps not. But we know what you're doing, Molar. Don't ever think that we don't.

Molar SNARLS.

MOLAR

(half-mockingly)

Of course, Admiral. We are allies, after all.

Molar smiles a petulant, domineering, Klingon smile bearing his yellow teeth. Portman smiles weakly but diplomatically. Molar breaks off and turns around to Sachron.

Cross indicates to Portman and they move off.

CROSS

(quietly to Portman)

You're backing the Reformists?

PORTMAN

I suppose I am.

CROSS

Why?

PORTMAN

Like I said, I believe that we have
been backing the wrong side.

For emphasis, Cross rubs the part of his neck where the wound
is still visible.

CROSS

You're sure about that, Henry?

Portman winces.

PORTMAN

I know you've had bad experiences
with the Reformists, but believe me
Neil, they're not all like that.
Some of them are a bit brasher and
aggressive, but there are those who
really believe in their cause.

CROSS

Maybe. But which ones are the ones
who are really in control?

PORTMAN

It's hard to tell. The Reformist
movement has become very decentralized
since the death of Napoch. They barely
coordinate with each other any more,
if at all. If they do ever win this
war, it would be questionable who
would actually take control.

CROSS

That's a big if, Admiral.

Portman NODS. Cross looks back at Sachron, Molar, Groise and
Tortatz, who are all bickering intensely. The Diplomat is
keeping at arms length from each other.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(motioning to Klingons)

I'm sure you've just put our two
governments into a fierce debate.

PORTMAN

I hope that I have.

Portman pats Cross on the back, and the two move back towards the Klingons as...

FADE TO:

INT. KLINGON BRIDGE

On the viewscreen we see an entire system fly by as we close in on a Klingon starbase, which is being attacked by a fleet of Klingon ships.

Molar smiles a wide grin and licks his lips eagerly.

MOLAR

(proud)

The Battle of Mutragh!

Sachron, who seems far more compassionate than he has been before, slowly turns away from the screen.

SACHRON

(quieter, but loud
enough for Molar to
hear)

I would not call this a battle.

Molar laughs uproariously.

MOLAR

You're right. You didn't even return fire, you were too cowardly to even try and defend yourselves. Your men committed suicide. Some glory for the supposed next rulers of the Empire!

SACHRON

We had no weapons. How could we defend ourselves?

MOLAR

You were Klingons! Klingons always find a way!

SACHRON

What would you have us do? Ram our station into your ships?

MOLAR

That would be a warrior's death!

SACHRON

The people on that station were no warriors.

Molar grins savagely.

MOLAR

That is right. They were cowards!

Sachron doesn't respond. He slowly turns to look again at the screen, but it is still clear that it is hard for him to bear the sight -- but that he feels he must see it. Molar turns to Tortatz, points at Sachron, and laughs.

MOLAR (CONT'D)

Reformist weakling! Hasn't the strength to watch his people be killed in battle!

Both Molar and Tortatz laugh impetuously. Groise moves in front of Sachron, in a defensive posture.

GROISE

(angry)

What true Klingon warrior could bear to see such an honorless, heartless massacre? You kill defenseless women and children and the elderly. The only males that are there have no weapons. And you call that a battle, something of glory and honor? How can you do that and claim to have any idea of what honor means?

Molar's face goes pink with rage.

MOLAR

Why you despicable p'taK...

The Diplomat immediately stands in between them. He holds a hand up to each.

DIPLOMAT

There will be no fighting here. Besides, what good has fighting ever brought to resolving your conflict?

Molar grunts, clearly very annoyed and still angry, and steps back. He points a threatening finger at Groise.

MOLAR

You just wait until this is done...

GROISE

(baiting)

I'll be looking forward to it, Imperialist. I'll be looking forward to it.

As we watch, a small pod detaches itself from the side of the starbase and flies off towards the systems sun. Sachron sighs a deep, mournful sigh.

SACHRON

(points to pod, voice
tinged with sorrow)

Two hundred and fifty civilians were
on that pod...

He looks to the ground. He is struggling with his emotions quite visibly.

SACHRON (CONT'D)

...including two of my daughters.

Cross and Portman exchange CONCERNED glances.

SACHRON (CONT'D)

This is what we are resorting to, to
die honorably.

(beat)

Suicide was never an honorable way
to die, but it is better than dying
at the hands of an unfair government.
We are being attacked without
provocation, we are trying to fight
for a just cause. And we are failing.

MOLAR

It seems that nothing is above the
Reformists. Do you know no honor? Do
you know no dignity? You paint
yourselves as victims when you were
the ones to fire first! You started
the war! You were the ones who started
the attacks! I lost my brother...

(beat)

my brother...

(beat)

in the first wave of your cowardly
terrorist attacks. And despite all
the killing that you have done, you
are no closer to your aim of ruling
the Empire than you were when this
began. Tell me, Sachron, if you are
so incompetent that you cannot win
this war, so blundering that you
allow it to continue indefinitely,
why do you deserve to be in government
at all?

Cross MOVES TOWARDS Molar, and faces Sachron.

CROSS

Molar has a point. You started this.
You gave the first blows. You were
the ones who began to give the
Imperials a bloody nose. Why does
it come as such a shock when they
start to do the same thing to you?

SACHRON

(angry)

We began the war because we had no other choice! The Imperials were executing any member of the Klingon Reform Party they could get their hands on, even though our methods were entirely peaceful!

(beat)

And government is not all about war! And if we had a fighting chance, an honorable chance, we would win this war instantly!

MOLAR

You had an honorable chance! At the battle of Krisina! And we were victorious! That battle should have ended your pathetic struggle. But you have continued.

DIPLOMAT

(intervening)

It is the fight that we are here to end. War brings scars, and scars demand retribution. Your war has long lapsed into nothing but a continual cycle of revenge. It is an unappeasable cycle that will know no end to its fulfillment, a cycle that will achieve nothing but destruction and despair. That is why this war must end.

FADE TO:

INT. DIPLOMAT'S MIND

The same white soundstage as seen at the beginning of this sequence.

DIPLOMAT

I think we've seen enough for one day. I will see you all tomorrow?

MOLAR

(with a hint of sarcasm)

Of course. In the interests of peace.

PORTMAN

Sachron?

SACHRON

As long as there is a hope that something, however tenuous, may come of this, we will be there.

PORTMAN

Then it's settled.

The DIPLOMAT LEAVES, followed by Molar. One by one they depart, in the precise opposite list of before.

EXT. SPACE

The camera slowly closes in on one of the Klingon ships.

INT. KLINGON QUARTERS

Nobody is present, but we hear a loud mob approaching from outside in the corridor. The camera swings around and we see a Klingon enter, laughing. He regains his composure as he sits down in a chair and pulls out a knife from a shelf.

He then pulls out some components of a sniper rifle, that he begins to put together, cleaning the lens with his knife as he does so. From this we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CROSS'S QUARTERS

Cross stands at a replicator and takes out two steaming cups, before walking over to Portman, who stands looking out into space.

CROSS
That was certainly...
(beat)
interesting.

Portman doesn't say anything, but takes his cup off Cross. There is a long beat, were neither man talks. Cross looks across at Portman, about to say something, but changes his mind.

PORTMAN
What were you about to say?

CROSS
I can't believe that you're siding
with the Reformists.

PORTMAN
I feel that we're backing the wrong
side.

CROSS
Even though they threatened to kill
me if the Federation didn't give
them it's backing? It doesn't sound
like we should be backing these people
to me.

PORTMAN
From all of the intelligence I've
read, it certainly looks that way.

CROSS
Intelligence?

PORTMAN
You'll just have to take my word for
it, Neil.

CROSS
I understand. But it would be helpful
if I knew something.

Portman SHAKES HIS HEAD.

ELRIS'S COMM VOICE
Elris to Cross.

Cross taps his comm badge.

CROSS

Cross here.

ELRIS'S COMM VOICE

Can you report to sickbay, Captain?

CROSS

For what, Doctor?

ELRIS'S COMM VOICE

I'd like to examine you now you've had your first experience inside the Diplomat's mind.

CROSS

On my way. Cross out.

Portman looks at Cross and smiles.

PORTMAN

(teasingly)

Any excuse to get you to Sickbay, eh?

CROSS

You know there's nothing between me and Elris any more.

PORTMAN

How's it going?

CROSS

(sighs)

She seems to think that our friendship has matured a great deal since the other month.

PORTMAN

You mean when you were shot?

Cross nods.

CROSS

But I'm not so sure of where either of us stands.

PORTMAN

Why?

CROSS

I don't know. She seems to have been a lot more open with me about things; things she never would have been before.

PORTMAN

And that makes you feel uncomfortable?

CROSS

No...

(beat)

It's not that.

(beat)

I don't know if she thinks everything's back to normal. Like we're friends again, friends from ten years ago or something... I feel like I'm stuck behind a door that she's holding open. I don't feel like anything's changed at all.

PORTMAN

Does she know?

CROSS

No. I don't think so.

PORTMAN

Talk to her. You'll never resolve anything with her unless you start talking to her about it. You can't stay like this forever.

CROSS

I think that's what it is. I know that she talked to me while I was unconscious. About the two of us. About Daniel. But I can't remember any of it. It's like she's talked about everything that she's wanted to, but I haven't.

(beat)

And now I feel like I'm holding back. And she doesn't even realize it.

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY

Elris is sat at her desk working, when Cross ENTERS.

CROSS

Doctor.

ELRIS

Captain. This shouldn't take too long.

CROSS

What exactly are you going to scan?

Elris walks over to a biobed and Cross follows and sits down.

ELRIS

I'm going to be scanning your brain functions primarily, to see what effect the experience may have had on your brain stem.

CROSS

I see.

Elris pulls out a tricorder and begins examining Cross, tapping buttons on it every now and then. There is a long beat during which nobody speaks.

ELRIS

So. How are things?

CROSS

Good. You?

ELRIS

Couldn't be better. And the crew is healthy too. I haven't seen a Sickbay less full for years. Maybe we should just replace me with an EMH?

Cross lets out a small laugh. Another long beat.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

I got a message from one of my old friends from Bajor the other day. He said he was trying to get a placement in Starfleet.

CROSS

Did he say where?

ELRIS

Actually, he was hoping for a position on board the Enterprise.

CROSS

And why's that?

ELRIS

We're the flagship.

CROSS

There's a lot of young cadets who want to be here to serve on the flagship, Doctor. Not just to rekindle old friendships.

ELRIS

Wasn't that what you brought me here for?

CROSS

I brought you here because you're
the best.

Another long beat. Elris's tricorder makes some noises and she closes it.

ELRIS

That's it. You're all checked out.

CROSS

Anything unusual?

ELRIS

Not that I can see now.

CROSS

Good. Let me know when you finish
your scans.

ELRIS

I will.

With that Cross walks towards the door.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

See you later.

and EXITS without saying a word. After Cross has left Elris goes into her office and downloads the scans into her computer, which displays some waves on her screen below:
CROSS, NEIL -- BRAIN FUNCTIONS STARDATE 78602.1.

CUT TO:

INT. DIPLOMAT'S QUARTERS

The Diplomat is again sat at his desk, when his console beeps. He taps some buttons and Elris's face appears on the screen.

DIPLOMAT

Doctor Elris. I presume you are using
secure channels.

ELRIS

I am. I have the Captain's brain
patterns for you in an encoded
package, I'm sending you them now.

DIPLOMAT

You have included your own brain
patterns also?

ELRIS

They're there.

The Diplomat nods and a file transfer is shown on the screen.

DIPLOMAT

When do you wish for me to set up the meeting?

ELRIS

Tonight. If that's possible.

DIPLOMAT

Of course. I will set it up in your sleep.

At this point the camera TILTS UP towards the surveillance device and closes in on it, but the exchange between Elris and the Diplomat continues.

ELRIS

When do you want your payment?

DIPLOMAT

After the session. Then if you're not completely satisfied I can not give you your money back.

ELRIS

Thank you, Ambassador.

The Diplomat just nods, and we hear the distinctive beep indicating the conversation has finished.

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON SHIP

A klingon monitor. We see the Diplomat working at his desk as the camera pans around to reveal the same Klingon we saw earlier, D.L.K. (Dangerous Looking Klingon) observing the Diplomat, another two Klingons, KLINGON 1 and KLINGON 2 sit either side of him, watching.

KLINGON 1

This man could pose a significant threat to us if the truth is revealed.

D.L.K.

I will take care of him.

KLINGON 1

Tonight will be an ideal opportunity to do so.

D.L.K.

No. I will target him when he is open to attack.

KLINGON 1

When will that be?

D.L.K.

The next time he enters a meeting
with our two representatives.

KLINGON 2

Phaser drones cover every man in
that room.

D.L.K.

If the phaser drones do not work,
how will they defend the inhabitants?

Klingon 1 SMILES.

KLINGON 2

We have scanned the starbase for its
weaknesses! Why do we not just destroy
it?

D.L.K.

What would be the point? We only
need to eliminate one individual!
The Federation will miss one diplomat
much less than an entire starbase
and flagship.

KLINGON 1

Then strike when you wish to, my
friend. Qa'pla!

KLINGON 2

Qa'pla!

D.L.K. bows his head and stands.

D.L.K.

I must prepare.

With that he exits, leaving S and Klingon 2 in the room alone,
looking at the screen showing the Diplomat.

INT. CROSS'S QUARTERS

Cross is lying asleep in bed, when Elris and the Diplomat
MORPH IN. Cross opens his eyes, and the background changes
to the strange blurred one we saw earlier.

CROSS

What the hell?

Elris is behind the Diplomat and remains silent.

DIPLOMAT

A friend of yours requested a meeting,
Captain. I hope you do not mind.

CROSS

(angry at Elris)

I can't believe you've done this! I specifically told the entire senior staff that the Diplomat's gifts must not be misused.

ELRIS

Actually, he agreed to it.

The Diplomat bows his head.

CROSS

(still angry)

Is there anything I can do to avoid this?

ELRIS

We're going to have this talk sooner or later.

CROSS

Will we?

ELRIS

I think so, yes.

Cross looks at the Diplomat.

CROSS

You said that if we did not wish to participate we don't have to, right?

DIPLOMAT

Correct.

CROSS

I don't want to do this.

ELRIS

Why?

CROSS

I don't have anything to say.

ELRIS

You never have anything to say to me, Neil.

CROSS

Do you have some kind of fetish about talking to people while they're unconscious, or in their subconscious? Can't you talk to people when they're actually awake?

ELRIS

What's that supposed to mean?

CROSS

After I was shot and you didn't know if I was going to live or not, you talked to me while I was unconscious. I don't remember much about it, but it seems like you got a lot off of your chest.

ELRIS

I did.

CROSS

And where do you think that puts me? I haven't been there I don't know what to say to you. I don't know where I am with you.

ELRIS

So what do you want me to do? Shoot myself so you can go through the same emotions?

Cross doesn't answer.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Maybe you just have to keep going, Neil. You haven't spoken to me properly for weeks, I don't know what's going on inside your head.

CROSS

Maybe I don't want you to know.

ELRIS

Like what?

Cross SIGHS and looks at the Diplomat.

CROSS

Can you leave us for a while?

The Diplomat SHAKES HIS HEAD.

DIPLOMAT

Unfortunately, I can not. But nothing I hear within you, will be revealed without you.

Cross and Elris stir at each other.

ELRIS

What don't I know?

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

Cross and Elris stand over the body of their baby boy, Daniel. Cross LOOKS AWAY, unable to face being here again.

CROSS

I don't want to be here.

ELRIS

Why? Do you blame me for this?

CROSS

Of course I do! You didn't let anyone else near him. They could have saved him! You killed us and you killed him!

ELRIS

I did not kill him. We've been through this too many times, Neil.

CROSS

And I'm still not over it!

ELRIS

Then maybe you'll never be over it. Maybe you just have to get on with your life and move on.

CROSS

How can I move on from this? We created him Lea! He's a part of us, yet he's never going to move on past this moment. I think I'm stuck there as well.

FADE TO:

EXT. GARDEN -- DAY

Cross and Elris watch as a younger Cross and Elris play with their baby boy on the grass.

CROSS

We'll never have anything like this.

Daniel crawls along the floor and pulls himself up so that he is standing, and as we watch he takes his first footsteps. Cross watches with no expression on his face, as the younger Cross and Elris smile and laugh.

Cross walks over past Younger Cross and Elris and takes Daniel's hand as he walks. He turns to look at Elris, who has tears in her eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM

Cross stands again, holding an older Daniel's hand as he walks him into his classroom for his first day at school.

ELRIS

If you're trying to make me feel guilty, you've succeeded.

CROSS

I know you feel guilty. Every time I look at you I see the guilt in your eyes.

ELRIS

Then what are you living all of this for? It's not real.

CROSS

I dream about this all of the time. About what it would be like if he was still here. I've dreamed about him graduating from the academy. He could have been so much.

FADE TO:

INT. TORPEDO BAY

The bay is empty. A younger Cross and Elris stand over a small coffin, both crying, while a younger Admiral Portman stands behind them both.

ELRIS

I'm so sorry.

Cross can't think of anything to say to her. He just watches as a younger version of himself and Elris touch the coffin for the last time, as Portman places it on to a torpedo launcher.

Cross turns away, unable to watch.

FADE TO:

INT. SICKBAY

Cross lies on a bio bed in a similar condition to what we saw him in in "In Sickness and In Health." Elris stands over him. Cross is still in shock from seeing his son's funeral again.

CROSS

(slowly, unsure)

You know what? I think you came out of this experience a lot better than I did. I'm lost and I don't know how to find my way out of here.

(beat)

I don't know how to talk to you anymore.

ELRIS

Have you ever known how to talk to me?

CROSS

I think we've argued so much I've forgotten what it's like to be friends.

ELRIS

Is that how you see us? As friends?

CROSS

(nods)

Friends.

Elris SMILES. At this point another Cross and Elris appear next to them, passionately kissing. Both Cross and Elris look on at this in shock, each unable to believe what they are seeing, yet one of them must be thinking about this. From this we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SICKBAY

Same as before, with the blurred background etc. Cross jumps out of the bed and walks over to face the Diplomat.

CROSS

(angry)

Let me out of here. I can't do this any more.

DIPLOMAT

You are sure?

CROSS

Definitely.

DIPLOMAT

Then I must let you go.

The scene of Cross and Elris kissing FADES AWAY followed by sickbay, before each of the characters FADE INTO NOTHINGNESS.

INT. CROSS'S QUARTERS

Cross JUMPS UP out of bed and pulls on a shirt as he exits the room and into a corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Cross walks down the corridor, slamming his feet down as he goes.

CROSS

(shouts)

Computer! Where is Doctor Elris?

COMPUTER

Doctor Elris is in her quarters.

Cross storms off down the corridor, in search for his wife.

INT. CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Cross ROUNDS A CORNER and runs up to Elris's quarters, and just as he is about to reach them, Elris in full Starfleet uniform EXITS and goes out in the other direction, without seeing Cross.

CROSS

(angry)

Elris!

Elris TURNS AROUND and sees Cross stood in the middle of the corridor, and quickly turns back around and heads towards a turbolift.

Cross RUNS UP towards Elris, and just as she is about to enter the turbolift, he puts his arm in front of her, stopping her from entering.

CROSS (CONT'D)

What were you going to do? Go and hide behind your work and pretend that nothing had happened? Tell me that it was all a dream?

ELRIS

My shift's about to begin.

CROSS

That's convenient.

There's a BEAT before either of them speak again.

CROSS (CONT'D)

When you first came on board you accused me of always wanting to talk, and you never wanted anything to do with me. But you know what? It's you who does that more than anyone lately! You can't seem to make your mind up what you want!

ELRIS

That's not true.

CROSS

Of course it is! One day you don't want anything between us, the next you want us to be friends and the next you've got some Diplomat trying to resolve the "problems" between us.

ELRIS

What did you want me to do? Wait for me to come and talk to you in your own time? You told me that you don't know what to say to me.

CROSS

And that should have been my decision, and not yours.

ELRIS

You didn't have to say anything. You could have just left.

CROSS

And miss the revelation that you're still in love with me? I wouldn't have missed that for the world!

ELRIS

You think that was me? I thought it was you!

CROSS

Don't be ridiculous!

ELRIS

Somebody was thinking about it, Neil, and I know that it wasn't me.

Cross stands in silence, not knowing what to say to that.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

Portman to Cross. Where are you, Neil?

CROSS

I'm a little busy right now, Admiral.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

We're meeting with the Klingons in ten minutes and you're nowhere to be found. What's going on?

Cross LOOKS DOWN and realizes that he's not wearing his comm badge.

CROSS

I'm not wearing my comm badge.

PORTMAN'S COMM VOICE

Understood. Meet me on the starbase as soon as you can. Portman out.

CROSS

(calmly to Elris)

I'll talk to you later.

Cross turns and heads back down the corridor, leaving Elris stood in front of the open turbolift, wondering why she did what she has just done.

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON QUARTERS

D.L.K sits at his desk looking at a monitor, displaying a diagram of Starbase 23. He hits some controls on his monitor and we see some lights on a diagram of the starbase go out and a light fade out, on what appears to be an airlock.

After this, D.L.K. gets up and EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. CROSS'S QUARTERS

Cross ENTERS and sits down in a chair and puts his head in his hands, wondering what is going on between him and Elris. Realizing that he doesn't have time for it, he exits into another room and walks out moments later, pulling on a Starfleet uniform as he walks through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON CORRIDOR

A pair of doors open as D.L.K. ENTERS and begins to walk down a corridor. He is wearing full Klingon uniform and carries the same gun we saw him putting together earlier.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM

The whole group is present, all in trance like states with the exception of the Diplomat who stands waiting for Cross. The atmosphere becomes very tense as Cross enters. He looks at the Diplomat who returns a blank expression at Cross.

DIPLOMAT

Shall we begin?

Cross just NODS.

DIPLOMAT (CONT'D)

I am sorry if I have caused you any discomfort, Captain.

CROSS

You've endangered us all.

DIPLOMAT

How?

CROSS

Your telepathic link could have been detected.

DIPLOMAT

Let me ask you something, Captain. Does it really matter if my presence here is known or not? I find an attempt on my life very unlikely.

CROSS

There are Klingons all around us!

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

We have no idea what any of them are
planning or hiding from us.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK

The airlock door ROLLS OPENS and D.L.K. continues to march
down the corridor towards the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM

Same as before.

DIPLOMAT

Believe what you want to believe,
Captain, but I think that the security
precautions you have in place are
unnecessary.

Cross steps up to the Diplomat who lays his hands on his
head. Cross goes into a trance like state like the rest of
the people around him.

INT. BLACKNESS

The same lighting as before. We can only see the people
present, darkness surrounds them. The entire group, with the
exception of Cross and the Diplomat are present. Cross FADES
IN next to Portman.

CROSS

You're never going to believe what
happened.

The Diplomat ENTERS.

PORTMAN

Tell me later.

Cross nods as the Diplomat steps forward.

FADE TO:

EXT. QO'NOS -- NIGHT

We are on top of a large volcano looking down on the capital
city. The volcano bubbles with boiling hot lava, looking
like it is ready to erupt. Suddenly, without warning, the
entire city is covered in lava from the eruption.

As the group move in around the Diplomat to talk about what
they have just seen, something catches Cross's eye and he
walks forward to look down at the destruction caused below.

MOLAR

(aggressive)

What is this supposed to imply?
That our home world will be destroyed
from above by this coward?

SACHRON

Or maybe that your way of ruling is
coming to an end, so that the Empire
can have a new beginning?

Cross continues to look down over the side of the volcano,
and Portman walks over to look at what he's looking at.

PORTMAN

What are you looking at?

CROSS

I'm trying to work out what this
means.

Cross indicates a figure, walking up the lava flow towards
them. As the figure gets closer, we see that it is D.L.K.
heading towards them. Cross and Portman look at each other,
confused before:

FADE TO:

INT. STARBASE CORRIDOR

D.L.K. continues to walk towards us down a corridor on the
Starbase, heading towards us.

CROSS

(to Diplomat)

What does this mean?

The Diplomat looks confused.

DIPLOMAT

I am unsure.

Cross looks up in realization before turning to look at the
four Klingons, as D.L.K. continues to walk towards them...

CROSS

It means that someone here, is
planning to have us all killed.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Two security guards stand outside of the room, talking, before
D.L.K. rounds the corner and SHOOTs them both.

He looks up at a WEAPONS SENSOR, makes sure that it does not go off, and SMILES.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Cross, Portman and the rest of the group all look at the dead security guard. Cross taps his comm. badge.

CROSS

Cross to Dojar.

Nothing. Cross looks at Portman who in turns looks at the Diplomat.

PORTMAN

You won't get a reply, Neil. We're still inside the Ambassador's head.

(to Diplomat)

Am I right?

The Diplomat NODS.

CROSS

Then break the link!

DIPLOMAT

I have already attempted to do so and failed.

MOLAR

What?

PORTMAN

Any ideas why?

DIPLOMAT

None.

Cross looks back at the Reformists, who looks as enraged as the Imperialists do.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM

The entire group is in the same trance-like states as we saw earlier. D.L.K. looks up at the phaser drones, which don't move, he smiles.

We slow down into SLOW MOTION, as D.L.K. raises his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM

The group watches as D.L.K. prepares to fire, still in slow motion. The Diplomat closes his eyes, unable to watch his own death.

DIPLOMAT

May my thoughts guide me.

D.L.K. prepares to fire, and the group look on, unable to do anything about what is happening. The camera pans on to Cross and on to a wall, as we hear a weapon fire, and blood cover the once white wall.

The group watches as the Diplomat falls to floor.

D.L.K. looks at the dead body of the Diplomat, before raising his weapon once again, and pointing it at the Imperialists.

MOLAR

(to Portman)

Tell me, Admiral. Do you still believe you are on the wrong side now?

Suddenly, everything turns dark and the group is plunged into darkness.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. WHITE ROOM

D.L.K. is still pointing his weapon at the Imperialists. He remains like this for a LONG BEAT, before dropping his weapon and EXITING.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

Talora, Dojar and Quinlan are all present. Other crew members fill other stations.

DOJAR

Commander, I'm detecting weapons
fire on board the Starbase.

Talora looks up, confused.

TALORA

Open a channel to the Operations
Center.

Dojar taps some buttons, and a middle-aged COMMANDER appears on the screen.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Commander, the Enterprise sensors
have detected weapons fire on board
the Starbase.

COMMANDER

Our sensors picked up nothing.

DOJAR

We picked up something, Commander.

COMMANDER

At what location?

Dojar studies his readings before answering.

DOJAR

(in slow realization)
Deck sixteen, section three.

Talora looks up with an urgency at the screen, the commander she is speaking to looks back.

TALORA

Dojar, get a security team over there
now!

COMMANDER

Intruder alert, seal off all airlocks
and access points to deck sixteen!

The crew moves into action as Talora walks back to Dojar's console and examines the data, as Dojar moves off into a turbolift.

TALORA

Commander, the airlock to the
Reformist ship is still open.

COMMANDER

Our readings show that it's closed.

Talora looks up and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKNESS

Cross, Portman, Sachron, Molar, Groise, and Tortaz are all present, lit like before. Suddenly, another light appears from above them, and we see some droplets of blood, hitting the floor. Molar looks up as the body of the Diplomat falls from above, and hits the floor with a loud thud.

Blood pours from his head, and none of his internal organs are moving like before. He's dead.

MOLAR

This p'taK did this!

Sachron remains silent, and Molar moves towards him, as if to hit him, before:

FADE TO:

INT. BLOOD

We see white and red blood cells flow past us, along with all other substances which make up the blood. The Diplomat is coming towards us from far back on the current, as we see him shot again, and falling into the blood as he gets closer. Just as he is about to reach the group, he falls from our line of sight, and vanishes in a thick layer of blood. The camera pans around, and everyone present begins to develop gun wound at various points on their bodies, and each character is separated from the others.

We follow Cross as he is taken away from everyone else, as his wound becomes more and more visible. Something rips across Cross' shirt, ripping it open. We see blood pour from a gash on his chest.

We watch as Cross gradually decomposes, as his skin morphs into flesh and bone, and we see different parts of his body in various stages of decay as Cross screams in agony.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBASE CORRIDOR

Dojar and a security team from the Enterprise BEAM IN, phasers drawn, and run towards the security checkpoint, as a team from the Starbase run in from another direction. They reach the checkpoint at the same time as each other and see the dead crewmen. They both look at the other and tap some controls which open the door.

INT. WHITE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The camera comes in behind them, as we see all present in spasms on the floor, with the exception of the Diplomat, who lies dead, with blood pouring from a wound on his head. Dojar hits him comm badge.

DOJAR

Dojar to Talora. The Diplomat's dead and the Captain, Admiral Portman and the four Klingons present appear to be in some kind of shock.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Understood, a medical team will be with them shortly.

INT. BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Talora is still at Dojar's station.

TALORA

Get on to deck sixteen, and start looking for the assassin. I'm not detecting any life signs except for the security teams -- but they must be there somewhere.

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE

Understood. Dojar out.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK

D.L.K. runs through the airlock, and taps some controls, causing the door to ROLL SHUT.

INT. BRIDGE

Talora notices what has just happened on her console.

TALORA

Dojar! Get down to the Reformist
ship now!

INT. STARBASE CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Dojar and three security guards run down a corridor.

DOJAR

On our way, Commander!

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON BRIDGE

D.L.K. enters the Bridge, and walks to the Command chair
where Klingon 1 sits. D.L.K. nods at Klingon 1.

KLINGON 1

Helm! Take us out of here. Maximum
warp!

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

Talora taps some keys and the Commander we saw earlier appears
on the viewscreen.

COMMANDER

Enterprise, the Reformist ship is
powering up its engines.

TALORA

Understood. Quinlan, take us out of
dock, and quickly.

QUINLAN

Yes, Sir.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise's engines power up and it slowly moves away
from the Starbase, while on the other side, the Reformist
ship pulls back and begins to accelerate.

The Enterprise finally clears the Starbase and also begins
to accelerate chasing, the Reformist ship. The Reformist
ships fires its phasers at the Enterprise.

INT. BRIDGE

The bridge shakes as Talora hits the console, and on the
screen we see the Enterprise fire back.

TALORA

Engineering, how long will it take
to power up slipstream?

GREY

How long do I have?

TALORA

Minutes.

GREY

Then it can't be done, Commander.

TALORA

Understood, give me as much power as
you can to the engines.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise tries to catch up with the Reformist ship,
but it pulls away, steadily getting faster. It fires two
torpedoes at one of the Enterprise's nacelles and the
Enterprise begins to turn to one side.

INT. BRIDGE

Same as before.

TALORA

Status, Grey.

GREY

The nacelle's been damaged, Commander.
I'm afraid we're going to have to
slow down or we'll spin out of
control.

On the viewscreen the Klingon ship goes to warp and Talora,
watching it go, sighs.

TALORA

(unhappy)

Quinlan, can you get us back to
Starbase 23?

QUINLAN

I think we can get there under our
own steam.

TALORA

The nearest ship in range is two
systems away.

QUINLAN

It looks like the Reformists have
got away with it.

TALORA
Until next time...

FADE TO:

INT. BLOOD

Cross continues to scream in agony, as flesh is ripped from his leg. We can only see half of his face, the other half is blood and bone, not even his eye is present. Cross falls back in agony before:

FADE TO:

INT. SICKBAY

It becomes clear that we are no longer inside the Diplomat's mind, as the background becomes clearer and clearer. We cut back to a wide view as Elris walks over towards Cross and taps some buttons on an instrument on his forehead. Cross tries to sit up, but fails, as Elris pushes him back down.

CROSS
(weak)
Elris? Is this real?

ELRIS
You're back in reality, Captain. It seems that you were caught inside the Diplomat's mind as it shut itself down. There was nothing we could do accept wait for your patterns to be
(beat)
forgotten.

CROSS
The others?

ELRIS
Admiral Portman regained consciousness a few hours ago. The Klingons hours before him.

CROSS
Where are they now?

ELRIS
The Imperialist ship left two hours ago and took the two Reformists with them.

CROSS
What?

ELRIS

Apparently the Reformists were responsible for the murder, they left almost straight after the attack. We chased them, but they got away.

Cross tries to sit up once again, but Elris pushes him back.

CROSS

I can't stay here.

ELRIS

You need to be here for another few hours at least.

CROSS

Then I want another Doctor.

ELRIS

I'm the best you've got, remember?

There's a LONG BEAT, Cross looks back at her, straight into her eyes.

CROSS

I remember...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise's nacelle has an arm attached to it from Starbase 23, and is being repaired by a team of engineers.

CROSS (V.O.)

Personal Log stardate 78608.5. The Enterprise is remaining at Starbase 23 so that repairs can be carried out on our port nacelle, which was damaged by the Reformist ship. Following the murder of the Diplomat, Starfleet has given the Imperialists assurances of full military backing if and when they request it in their continuing fight against the Reformists.

INT. STARBASE OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Portman and Cross stand at the front of a small group of people, watching.

CROSS (V.O.)

The events of the last day have left us all shaken, and made us realize we have to reevaluate feelings to the people around us...

PORTMAN

There he goes.

He points out, and we see a COFFIN has just been shot out of the Enterprise's torpedo tube, shooting into the depths of space.

PORTMAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Sleep well.

CROSS

You all right? You look tired.

PORTMAN

I am a bit. I'm almost glad I'm on this Starbase now, get some peace and quiet...

CROSS

You expect peace and quiet now? The Reformists have just shown us they'll go to any length to get what they want.

PORTMAN

I still believe in them. Maybe not their methods, but certainly what they stand for. The Klingon heirachy now...

(beat)

I fear for the future.

CROSS

I don't know whether I agree with you. But I certainly understand your point of view.

PORTMAN

Really?

CROSS

Oh yes. Seeing things from other people's perspectives is something I've doing a lot of these past couple of days...

Portman raises an eyebrow but says nothing, and they turn and watch the coffin disappear into the distance, becoming one more star in the vastness of space..

INT. ELRIS'S QUARTERS

We see Elris entering and flopping down on her sofa, tired after a long day. She looks out of the window before picking up a PADD that lies on the table, and thoughtfully presses some buttons on it, although we don't see what she is doing.

CROSS (V.O.)

We never really know what people are thinking -- sometimes it's a curse, sometimes it's a blessing -- but it's hard enough knowing what you yourself think, and whether you are thinking with your head....

Elris looks at the PADD with an uncertain expression on her face. We end with a close-up of what she is looking at -- there is a photo on it, taken several years ago, of her and Cross kissing passionately.

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

(beat)

...or with your heart.

We linger on this photo for a moment before we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END