

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"Paintings on a Wall"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. Y'LAN'S SCIENCE LAB

Y'LAN is working at his TABLE, which is littered with strange Q'tami contraptions with strange lights.

CROSS ENTERS.

CROSS

Y'lan? What do you need?

Y'lan turns around.

Y'LAN

I wish to access your science databases.

CROSS

(confused)

Any Starfleet panel in the room will let you do that.

Y'LAN

Not the classified files. I wish to find information on the Talosians.

CROSS

You'll have to contact Starfleet Command for that type of thing. I can't give you the key myself.

Y'LAN

Perhaps you could contact them for me? I doubt they would trust me.

Cross approaches the table.

CROSS

(beat)

You could just do it yourself.

Y'LAN

I could.

CROSS

And yet you didn't.

Y'LAN

I was under the impression that that sort of thing wasn't allowed.

CROSS

It isn't.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

(smiles)
I'm impressed.

Cross turns to the door.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Talk to Commander Talora.

He is ready to walk out.

Y'LAN

(calling after him)
Why her?

CROSS

She's got a perfect record.

He exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise at warp.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Personal Log, Stardate 78890.1. It's been a month since the Enterprise was sent away from the Klingon border. Since then, it's been tedium. Carrying cargo to Betazed. Assisting some terraformers on Mars. Y'lan's latest request access to some classified information would no doubt be the most exciting event since I helped the Klingon refugees. But Talora will handle it.

(beat)

I didn't know a Captain could be reprimanded until it happened. In my case, it was severe. No choice missions anymore. We're currently passing through Trill space on our way to Starbase 90. What fun.

INT. BRIDGE

Cross is in command. JENNIFER QUINLAN is at the Conn, GRIL DOJAR at tactical, SUKOTHAI at Ops. On the viewscreen is a large shuttle, dead in space. Debris trails from the lifeless vessel.

DOJAR

No response to our hails, sir.

Talora enters from the back.

TALORA

Captain. You requested my presence.

CROSS

We received a distress call about an hour ago and came to investigate.

DOJAR

The shuttle has been severely damaged. One life sign.

CROSS

All right, we'll send an away team. Is life support functioning?

DOJAR

Yes, sir.

CROSS

(to Talora)

Commander, I want you and Lieutenant Dojar to investigate. Take a security team.

TALORA

Yes, sir.

Talora and Dojar exit.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Dojar and Talora head towards the Transporter Room.

TALORA

Whose shuttle?

DOJAR

It's a transport shuttle, Federation. It was en route to Sempus from Trill, a two hour trip.

TALORA

That's not a long way. How many passengers?

DOJAR

This class of shuttle was small.

(MORE)

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Probably ten, fifteen passengers at most. Not many people go to Sempus.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE

The shuttle has a single compartment. Two civilian pilots are in the front, while the sides are lined with baggage and seats for twelve, all occupied.

The shuttle is severely damaged. Pieces of the ceiling have fallen to the floor. The controls are flickering. Both Trill pilots are slumped over the controls, bleeding red blood.

Most passengers are the same way.

Six figures MATERIALIZE. It's Dojar, Talora, LESMI, JONESS, and ATKINSON.

TALORA

Examine the crew and passengers first.
Ensign Joness, check the flight log.

Talora and Dojar move to a group of three passengers: two human males and a Vulcan female. All are bleeding profusely. They are examined with tricorders.

One human MAN comes to his senses. He slowly looks up, surveys the room. His face shows no emotion.

He sees Talora. He smiles, and in a chipper voice, says

MAN

Good morning! How are you?

On Talora's shocked expression, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SHUTTLE

Same as before.

DOJAR

(whispering to Talora)

It's probably some sort of traumatic shock.

TALORA

(to the man)

I'm doing quite well. However, I'm afraid you aren't. We're going to have to beam you to Sickbay.

MAN

(coughing)

Oh, I'm quite fine. Don't--

(cough)

Worry about me. Although I want some breakfast.

Talora looks at Dojar.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise slowly reels in the damaged shuttle on a tractor beam.

INT. SICKBAY

Fourteen beds are full, with the passengers we saw before. ELRIS LEA is working on one patient and is getting particularly frustrated. Atkinson hovers by her side.

ELRIS

Damn it!

She looks at a monitor, grabs a hypospray, injects, and looks at the monitor again.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Damn it, if you want to open your eyes again, then...

She looks at a monitor.

Elris throws down the hypospray and walks out into the middle of the floor.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Another one.

ATKINSON

I don't know what to tell you, Doctor.

ELRIS

How many more patients are left?

ATKINSON

Only one. Regained consciousness on the shuttle. I had to sedate him.

He points to the last bed, where the MAN we met before lies in a peaceful, blissful sleep. The nurse leads Elris over.

ATKINSON

Human male. Physically, I think he'll be all right. I've treated most of his wounds. But there's something else you should see.

They arrive at his bed.

ELRIS

What's that?

ATKINSON

Look at his neural patterns.

Atkinson touches a button on the monitor, and up pops a diagram of the human brain.

ATKINSON

His brain is unevenly shaped.

ELRIS

It's a brain. That's how they are.

ATKINSON

Look at his synaptic patterns. The right half of the brain is incredibly powerful, working right now during REM. But the left half is underdeveloped.

ELRIS

I've seen this before, but to this degree?

ATKINSON

I've seen it like this. It's definitely Rectoneuria.

ELRIS

That's a disorder in Betazoids, not humans.

ATKINSON

His DNA indicates that he's one
sixteenth Betazoid. Rectoneuria can
show up in someone not even 1%
Betazoid.

ELRIS

That explains it.

(beat)

Damn it.

ATKINSON

What's wrong, Doctor?

ELRIS

This is the only survivor.

ATKINSON

I'm sorry. There wasn't much we could
do.

(beat)

Doctor?

ELRIS

Yes?

ATKINSON

There's something else you need to
see. Right this way.

They move to another bed, where a bloody and deceased Saurian
lies on the bed.

ELRIS

What is it?

ATKINSON

She's got a Trill symbiont in her
abdominal cavity.

Elris looks surprised.

ELRIS

I swear, this job gets weirder every
day...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

Cross, Elris, Dojar, Talora, Y'lan, Quinlan, and ERIK GREY
are gathered around the conference table.

DOJAR

My first impressions tell me that it
was an accident.

(MORE)

DOJAR (CONT'D)

The flight log indicates that they hit an ion storm a few minutes before they stopped. They sent out the distress call.

GREY

The storm could have depolarized engines and navigational deflectors. If environmental systems failed, that would explain the bleeding.

DOJAR

Right. And the space debris started pelting the hull. That could be the cause of more damage.

CROSS

What about your second impressions?

DOJAR

A few things I've noticed. There's an ion storm near here, but it's not severe enough to warrant this kind of damage. Even if it was, the two pilots were experienced, from their records. They would have known to avoid it.

TALORA

Perhaps we should investigate.

DOJAR

It can't hurt.

CROSS

(to Elris)

Doctor, what's the status of our survivors?

ELRIS

I'm afraid it's just survivor. A human male, the one who approached Talora in the shuttle. He has rectionuria.

CROSS

Rectonuria?

ELRIS

It means his right brain is hyperdeveloped while the left brain is underdeveloped. It results in visual acuity but retardation.

TALORA

He seemed odd, but not severely ill.

ELRIS

He seems to be an anomaly among anomalies, if I may say so myself. I'm still having an investigation of my own.

CROSS

Sounds good.

ELRIS

There was one other thing.

CROSS

Doctor?

ELRIS

One of the other passengers, a Saurian female, displayed unusual life signs.

(beat)

She had a Trill symbiont.

Grey immediately looks CONCERNED, but then attempts to weather it.

GREY

(slowly)

This is like what happened to Chief Ozran and I -- we were attacked in a shuttle. He's got a symbiont.

Cross NODS.

CROSS

But his symbiont was genetically altered in exceptional circumstances. According to my records he's the only one to ever have one.

(beat)

Dojar, this may confirm some of your suspicions.

DOJAR

Are you suggesting?

CROSS

I wouldn't put it past them.

Uneasy silence.

DOJAR

Do we continue with the investigation, then?

QUINLAN

Why not?

DOJAR

I understand that the information
regarding our last hostilities were...
(beat)
...classified. Isn't this sensitive?

From the expressions around the table few like this
conversation. Cross stands, looks to the stars, pauses, and
then turns back to the rest of the crew.

CROSS

We'll do it. We were never ordered
not to do so, and if the Trill are
behind this I believe we should know.
Objections?

Silence.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Very well. Talora, I want you to
prepare an interrogation for the
survivor.

Talora nods.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Mr. Dojar, Miss Quinlan, I want you
to go over the shuttle with a fine-
toothed comb. Elris, how stable is
your patient?

ELRIS

He's alive, if that's what you mean.
But... he may only live for a few
more weeks, given his condition.

CROSS

I see. Can we wake him without
causing any problems?

ELRIS

Yes. But given his condition I doubt
we'll get anything sensible out of
him at all.

CROSS

It's worth a try.
(beat)
Well, unless there is anything else,
dismissed.

All exit except Cross and Elris.

ELRIS

Captain, I think the questioning
should be put on hold.

(MORE)

ELRIS (CONT'D)

I'm not entirely familiar with Rectoneuria, and I'm not sure what an interrogation would do to him.

CROSS

Okay, we'll put it off for a short time. Maybe we can put him up in the V.I.P. quarters, gain his trust. But there are issues here larger than one patient.

ELRIS

(beat)

I know. Just a day or two.

There is an uncomfortable pause.

CROSS

All right.

They EXIT.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING

SARAH BOYLE is working at a station near the warp core, and ENSIGN CHAMBERS stands nearby.

Grey ENTERS and walks up to Boyle.

GREY

Hey.

Boyle turns around.

BOYLE

Afternoon, Lieutenant.

She smiles coyly, but looks around. Chambers glances at the two of them, then looks back at his work.

GREY

Harris down in the Shuttlebay tells me that the shuttles need Engineering servicing.

BOYLE

Can't his guys handle it?

GREY

No, this isn't routine. He said the weapons systems are out of alignment. Can you go take a look so I can assign the right people to it?

Boyle puts a hand on his shoulder.

BOYLE

Erik...

(smiling)

My shift's over in ten minutes. We were going to get some dinner.

GREY

Harris seemed to think it was urgent.

BOYLE

Can't you get somebody else to do it?

GREY

Well...

(beat)

But you owe me.

Boyle smiles and returns to her work. Chambers glances over again, and sees Grey coming towards him.

GREY

Ensign Chambers? I need you to report to the Shuttlebay. Ensign Harris is having some problems with the weapons systems.

CHAMBERS

(beat)

Sir, I'm swamped in work.

GREY

It won't take you long.

Grey walks away, whistling. Chambers rolls his eyes.

CHAMBERS

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY

We're back at the bed of the Rectoneurial patient, who is being examined by ELRIS, who holds a tricorder.

She moves the tricorder over his head.

ELRIS

(mumbling)

Okay... time for some tests.

She touches the patient's right hand, while holding the tricorder over the left half of the brain.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

Not much response here...

She touches the other hand, holding the tricorder over the left half of the brain. She looks at the tricorder.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Well. That's certainly on the opposite end of the spectrum.

MAN

What spectrum?

(beat)

What's going on?

Elris looks up, startled.

ELRIS

I'm just running some tests on you.

MAN

Who are you?

ELRIS

I'm a Doctor. You're on the Enterprise.

MAN

Oh. The shuttle. I didn't know I was traveling with a doctor.

He looks around.

MAN

It sure is comfortable on this shuttle. The last one I was on had these chairs.

ELRIS

(beat)

You're not on a shuttle.

MAN

Yes, I am.

Elris looks at him quizzically, then makes a decision.

ELRIS

No, your shuttle had some problems. You've been transferred to the Enterprise.

MAN

I have?

(looks around)

I was going to Tempus.

ELRIS

This is... on the way.

MAN

Oh.

She keeps performing tests, but keeps the conversation going.

ELRIS

Where are you from?

MAN

Earth.

ELRIS

Oh. I've been there. It's nice.

MAN

It's very nice.

A long pause.

ELRIS

What's your name?

MAN

Michael Kavanagh.

ELRIS

Oh. I'm Elris Lea.

MAN

You can call me Michael.

ELRIS

You can call me Elris. Or doc.
Whichever you prefer.

MICHAEL

You're very beautiful.

ELRIS

Why thank you, Michael. We're going
to put you up in some quarters.
I'll show you the way...

She helps him up off the bed and they head out the door as
we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The damaged shuttle, near the Enterprise.

INT. SHUTTLE

Dojar, Quinlan, and Lesmi are examining the shuttle interior. Dojar is at the computer console, while Lesmi scans with a tricorder. Quinlan examines the luggage compartment.

DOJAR

Damn...

QUINLAN

Trouble?

DOJAR

There's absolutely nothing in these logs out of the ordinary. They checked out of the spaceport on Trill okay. They exited the Trill system okay. Nobody tried to stop them. Their passenger list was cleared.

QUINLAN

Strange.

DOJAR

Especially since within hours some Trill came back to destroy the ship.

QUINLAN

They didn't clean up after themselves.

DOJAR

Yes they did. They just didn't get rid of the bodies, that's all.

CUT TO:

INT. TALORA'S OFFICE

Joness and Talora are going over the flight logs. Each holds a PADD.

TALORA

They dropped out of warp four and a half hours into the trip.

JONESS

That's probably when they encountered whoever destroyed them.

TALORA

You're right -- they stopped there, because that far into the trip, they'd have stopped right here, and here they are.

JONESS

That puts the encounter at 800 hours our time.

TALORA

When did we find them?

JONESS

1200 hours.

TALORA

That's a four hour difference.

JONESS

A long time.

Talora thinks.

TALORA

Any ship of considerable size could have destroyed that transport in a matter of minutes.

JONESS

They didn't destroy it. People beamed on, killed the passengers and crew, but left the ship relatively intact.

TALORA

The whole fiasco couldn't have taken more than an hour.

A pause.

JONESS

Perhaps somebody stumbled in, catching the attackers red-handed.

They consider.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP QUARTERS

These are large and spacious, with a seating area and a doorway leading off to a bedroom area. There is a replicator on the wall. There are a few paintings on the wall.

The doors part, and Elris and Michael enter.

ELRIS

These are your quarters.

MICHAEL

They're very nice.

ELRIS

There's a seating area here, and a bed in the other room.

MICHAEL

I'm hungry.

ELRIS

(smiles)

I was just getting to that. If you need food, come over here, and tell the computer what you want.

She touches the replicator controls.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Computer, set replicator hearing range to wide.

But Michael looks confused.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Water.

Water appears in the alcove.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

See?

Michael catches on.

MICHAEL

Milk.

Milk appears; Michael takes it and downs it in a single gulp.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot! Where's T'Pangeth staying? Is she in the next room?

ELRIS

T'Pangeth? Who is that?

MICHAEL

My friend, T'Pangeth. She's a musician. Haven't you heard of her? She's really famous.

ELRIS
(confused)
I'm afraid I haven't.

MICHAEL
Well, she's here, I'm sure. She
wouldn't abandon me.

Elris thinks for a second.

ELRIS
Describe her to me.

MICHAEL
She's a Vulcan woman, very beautiful.

Elris thinks for a second, then frowns.

ELRIS
I think I know who you're talking
about. I'll have to...
(beat)
Check on her.

MICHAEL
Oh.

Elris's combadge CHIRPS.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
Cross to Elris.

ELRIS
Elris here.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
What's the status of our patient?

ELRIS
I've shown him to his quarters. He
seems fairly stable.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
Thanks. Staff meeting in ten minutes.
Cross out.

Elris looks up, but Michael is across the room, examining the artwork on the wall. In particular, he is fascinated with a painting of the Enterprise.

MICHAEL
This -- what is this? An animal?

ELRIS
No. That's... the Enterprise, the
ship we're on.

MICHAEL

Oh. It's beautiful.

(beat)

Where are we?

Elris approaches the painting and points to a window on the dorsal hull, right under the words "ENTERPRISE."

ELRIS

Right here. Those white spots right there...

(points to windows
behind them)

Are those windows.

But Michael doesn't turn to look; he is still gazing at the painting.

MICHAEL

The background...

ELRIS

Stars.

MICHAEL

It's ugly.

ELRIS

Well, that's how it really is. Look.

Again she gestures to the windows, but Michael is standing back now, examining the painting from farther back.

MICHAEL

It should be navy. Dark blue.

Elris doesn't protest.

ELRIS

Why?

MICHAEL

For the balance of color. Navy and silver go together quite well. Black and silver is too... boring.

(points at nacelles)

And the navy would complement the light blue of these things...

Elris looks at him, amazed.

ELRIS

Are you an artist or something?

MICHAEL

Sort of.

ELRIS

Wow.

She is certainly amazed, although Michael doesn't notice.

ELRIS

Well...

(beat)

I've got to go to a meeting, but
I'll be back in a while.

She exits. Michael moves on to another painting.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

The senior staff is assembled again, minus Y'lan.

DOJAR

There's nothing to be found. The databanks were wiped clean of anything we could have used. They could have easily done that.

GREY

He's right. Civilian shuttles don't have high-security computers, and a skilled engineer could erase all electronic traces of his presence in less than a minute.

DOJAR

I'm sorry, Captain, but there's no physical evidence. Only the flight log.

CROSS

(to Talora)

And what about the flight log?

TALORA

Joness and I found what may be an important clue. Between the time of the encounter and our arrival on the scene, four hours elapsed. That's more than enough time to do away with the entire crime scene.

QUINLAN

Heck, if they were looking to save time, they could have foregone murdering each individual passenger and used their ship's phasers.

TALORA

But they didn't.

CROSS

It's possible they wanted something from the databanks.

TALORA

Right. But I'm guessing that a third party showed up, making the attackers desperate.

DOJAR

But that leaves two possibilities. Either our attackers were chased away or destroyed...

(beat)

Or the third party was chased away or destroyed. In that case, the attackers would still be panicking.

CROSS

And they would leave the scene early.

(beat)

I'll talk to the Trill government and see if there are any ships missing.

(beat)

That leaves one final matter. What's the status of our survivor?

ELRIS

Well, he has a name. Michael Kavanagh, or so he says.

TALORA

That name was in the passenger list.

ELRIS

I've put him up in quarters, and I'm going back to check on him.

(beat)

Apparently, he was friends with a Vulcan woman named T'Pangeth.

TALORA

I recognize that name too.

ELRIS

He claims she's a famous musician, but he doesn't realize that she's dead.

CROSS

If you let him know, it may trigger some memories of the attack.

ELRIS

I'll break it to him before you interrogate him.

CROSS

Good. Is there anything else?

(beat)

Dismissed.

They file out.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING

ROBERT KINNAN is working in a deserted corner of Engineering, recalibrating some relays.

CHAMBERS comes up behind him.

CHAMBERS

Lieutenant Kinnan? Can I speak to you for a second?

Kinnan turns around.

KINNAN

(smiles)

Chambers, what's going on?

CHAMBERS

It's about Lieutenant Grey...

KINNAN

I thought he lightened up on the efficiency requirements?

CHAMBERS

That's not it.

(beat)

It's him and Sarah Boyle. Today, I overheard a conversation between them. He asked her to run an errand, but she wasn't in the mood. So he asked me, and when I told him how swamped I was, he ignored it.

KINNAN

This is Lieutenant Grey?

CHAMBERS

Yes. And two days ago, he kept all the junior Engineering officers except her after shift to work on his project.

KINNAN

Maybe she had other work for him to do.

CHAMBERS

She was at a birthday party.

KINNAN

(understanding)

I see. I'll talk to him about it.
Thanks for telling me.

CHAMBERS

No problem.

Chambers walks away, and Kinnan returns to his work,
pondering.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP QUARTERS

Michael is asleep on the couch. The doors part, and Elris enters, pushing a cart that holds ART SUPPLIES and some FLOWERS.

ELRIS

Michael?

He awakens and looks at her.

MICHAEL

Good morning.

ELRIS

I brought you something.

MICHAEL

What's this?

ELRIS

Well, for starters, I brought you
some flowers.

She takes the vase off the cart and places it on a table.
The flowers are yellow, with four round petals each.

ELRIS

These should brighten the place up a
little.

(returns to cart)

I also brought you a canvas and some
paints.

She places these on a table. Then, Elris takes a folded-up
easel off the cart and sets it up by the window.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

I thought you might like to paint
while you're here.

Michael's grin stretches from ear to ear.

MICHAEL
Thank-you so much!

He engulfs her in a bear hug.

ELRIS
Oh... oh... well, you're very welcome.

Michael releases her.

MICHAEL
I...
(beat)
I was lonely while you were gone.

ELRIS
I'm sorry.

MICHAEL
Do you know where my friend is?

ELRIS
Um...
(beat)
No, not yet. But I'll see what I
can do.

MICHAEL
Okay.
(beat)
Do you play a musical instrument,
Elris?

ELRIS
(confused)
No, I'm afraid not. Would you like
some music?

Michael nods.

ELRIS
Computer, music.

The computer BLEEPs in reply, and soon, a symphony can be heard. Michael smiles.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
I've got to get to my job. If you
need anything, just go to the
replicator.

She exits, while Michael begins to slowly, almost subconsciously dance to the music by himself. He goes in circular motions on the floor.

His thoughts are obviously somewhere else, because he doesn't notice when he accidentally KNOCKS the vase of flowers the floor. It SHATTERS, and that gets his attention. He looks at it, surprised, and then moves to the table and picks up the paints.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise and the shuttle.

INT. TRILL OFFICE

A TRILL man is sitting at his desk, looking into the camera.

TRILL

Captain, I know what you're going to ask. We just can't spare any ships right now, but we appreciate what you're doing.

ZOOM OUT -- he's actually on a computer screen in...

INT. READY ROOM

Cross sits at the desk, talking to the Trill. Talora is seated by the window, watching the conversation.

CROSS

Actually, there's something else I wanted to ask you. Are there any ships that have been passing through this area that disappeared recently?

TRILL

I don't think so. There's a lot of interference between here and where you are, Captain, but I don't think we've lost anyone. I can check the most recent records...

CROSS

(considering)
No, that's all right.

TRILL

Is there anything else I can help you with?

CROSS

No. But thank you.

He touches the screen and the Trill man disappears.

TALORA

Nothing?

CROSS

Nope.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I just don't understand. It's clear they were interrupted in the middle of doing whatever they were doing.

TALORA

Maybe it wasn't a Trill ship that was passing by. It could have been something cloaked...

CROSS

But who? Klingons and Romulans are hundreds of light-years away, and there isn't anybody nearby with a cloaking device.

TALORA

Maybe someone at Starfleet Command would know. Have you contacted them yet?

CROSS

No, only the Trill fleet. They'll be asking questions soon, though.

TALORA

(beat)

With all due respect, Captain, an Admiral needs to know soon.

Cross considers.

CROSS

I'll contact Portman. Meanwhile, I want to start asking Mr. Kavanagh some questions soon. I believe Doctor Elris is visiting him shortly. Perhaps you could go check in on them?

TALORA

I'll do that.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Elris is walking down the corridor. Talora catches up with her.

TALORA

Doctor!

ELRIS

Oh, Commander. I'm on my way to Michael Kavanagh's quarters.

TALORA

I know. I want to come along.

ELRIS

What for?

(beat)

You're interrogating him tomorrow.

TALORA

I know. I want him to get to know me first.

ELRIS

(smiles)

Good thinking.

TALORA

I know.

They reach their destination and Elris touches the controls beside the door, which parts.

INT. VIP QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Elris and Talora enter. Michael Kavanagh is sitting on the couch, putting the FINISHING TOUCHES on a canvas. He doesn't hear them.

ELRIS

Michael?

MICHAEL

Come in, come in. The color's all wrong. Look at this -- this yellow is too pale.

Elris and Talora look at the canvas, and then at each other in surprise. It's a beautiful PAINTING of the vase of flowers that Elris brought; all the colors are perfect, the design of the vase is an exact match, and the flowers -- perhaps a little pale -- are still a fine impression of the real thing.

ELRIS

Wow, that's...

(beat)

Michael, I'm speechless. I didn't know you had this kind of talent.

(to Talora)

I brought Michael some flowers as a sort of housewarming gift...

She gestures to the table where they were, but the flowers are gone. She sees only the shattered REMAINS of the flowers.

Michael still hasn't looked up at his visitors by now, but he takes this opportunity to look at Talora.

MICHAEL
(excited)
T'Pangeth!

TALORA
I'm Commander Talora, first officer
of this ship.

MICHAEL
T'Pangeth! It's so good to see you.
I was wondering when you'd show up!

Elris and Talora look at each other. Elris thinks quickly.

ELRIS
(to Michael)
That's right. I found your friend!

TALORA
I am not...

But Michael gives "T'Pangeth" a big bear hug. Talora glares
at Elris.

TALORA
Oof...

She gently lets him go.

TALORA (CONT'D)
(to Elris)
Doctor, I think we should tell Michael
the truth...

ELRIS
(interrupting)
You're right. I agree completely.
Michael, T'Pangeth had pneumonia
this week, and that's why she hasn't
been to see you.

TALORA
(raising her voice)
Doctor Elris!

Michael looks at her in shock.

TALORA
I will speak to you outside.
(to Michael)
I'm sorry. I meant to visit you.

MICHAEL
That's all right. Are you feeling
better?

TALORA

Like a whole new person.

Michael moves to hug her again, but Talora flinches and turns to the painting.

TALORA (CONT'D)

What's this?

MICHAEL

I made this for you, T'Pangeth. The colors are all wrong.

TALORA

(sotto voce)

No, not the colors.

(aloud)

Who taught you to paint this?

MICHAEL

I taught myself.

He picks up the canvas and offers it to Talora, beaming with pride, despite the colors.

MICHAEL

I want you to have it!

Elris elbows Talora.

TALORA

(smiles)

I... really appreciate this. I'll go hang it up right now. Doctor Elris, come help me find a spot.

THEY EXIT.

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Talora has forgotten the painting as she turns on Elris.

TALORA

Don't ever do that to me again!

ELRIS

(cool)

It will help him feel comfortable.

TALORA

I think he's a little too comfortable.

ELRIS

How can you be too...

TALORA

He hugged me! We've never met.

ELRIS

Yes you have! You're best friends.

TALORA

I'm not laughing. For one, you're lying to him. What about when this man has to leave the ship?

ELRIS

(serious)

This man is named Michael Kavanagh and he needs a friend. I was thinking he'd choose me but apparently he and you are good buddies now. He... He won't live much longer. When he leaves the ship, you can tell him that you're staying here. Commander, I think this would be good for him. He trusts me but I'm not going to be the one asking him questions about the shuttle incident. It will most likely be you. Does it hurt for him to trust you?

Talora considers.

TALORA

All right. But I'm not playing the clarinet for him.

ELRIS

Of course not. T'Pangeth plays the flute.

TALORA

This isn't a joke.

ELRIS

And it's not a Tal Shiar investigation.

TALORA

(beat)

From now on I call the shots. Understood, Doctor?

Elris knows when to stop.

ELRIS

Understood.

She walks off, leaving Talora standing alone in the corridor. Talora holds up the PAINTING, and looks at it. It's really quite a good painting.

Then she continues on her way, only to hear FOOTSTEPS coming up behind her. It's KINNAN, who matches her pace.

KINNAN

Commander, I wanted to talk to you about something.

TALORA

Yes, Lieutenant?

KINNAN

There have been some complaints in my department about Lieutenant Grey. Several different people have told me that he's playing favorites.

TALORA

He is dating Sarah Boyle.

KINNAN

Exactly.

TALORA

I suggest you talk to Lieutenant Grey first.

KINNAN

I did. He ignored me.

TALORA

I'll talk to him.

KINNAN

Thank you, Commander.

TALORA

Thank you for telling me.

They go their separate ways.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

CHIEF NARV OZRAN, the Gorn in a Starfleet uniform, is manning the controls when Grey and a CREWMEMBER enter.

OZRAN

Lieutenant, what can I do for you?

GREY

I want to talk to you, Chief.

OZRAN

My shift's over in ten minutes...

GREY

Chao will relieve you early. Come on.

Ozran nods, leaving the crewmember at the controls as he and Grey go to the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Ozran and Grey head out into the corridor.

OZLAN
What's going on?

GREY
(beat)
Well, it's about that destroyed shuttle.

OZLAN
Rumor has it that the senior staff suspects the Trill.

GREY
That...
(beat)
Well, yes.

OZLAN
Frankly, I don't see why the Trill would attack innocent people.

GREY
The Trill can be quite belligerent. We have firsthand knowledge of that...

OZLAN
Yes, but that was different.

GREY
No.
(beat)
It wasn't.

OZLAN
(surprised)
You mean...

GREY
There was a passenger on board who had a Trill symbiont. She was Saurian.

Ozran is speechless.

GREY (CONT'D)
So naturally, we suspect the Trill.

OZLAN
This is... this is almost genocide.

GREY

I know. But our encounter in February was the first and only case that I ever found out about.

OZRAN

What does Starfleet think?

GREY

I don't know if the Captain has told the higher-ups yet.

OZRAN

When there could be a major conspiracy inside a major Federation member government?

(beat)

I sound like I'm paranoid.

GREY

You're not. But to some of the top brass, you -- and Captain Cross -- might. I think that may be part of what he's worried about.

(beat)

Chief, you're a good friend to me. I'm not going to let you down.

OZRAN

Thank you, Erik, but...

GREY

If you need anything...

OZRAN

(interrupting)

I am fine. Thanks, I am fine. I have to return to my duties.

GREY

Chief, your shift is up.

OZRAN

Right.

GREY

Chief, come to the mess hall. Let's get a bite to eat. It'll take your mind off things.

OZRAN

Okay.

They head down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP QUARTERS

Michael Kavanagh is sitting in a chair next to Elris and Talora who are on the couch.

ELRIS

We just want to ask you a few questions about what happened on the shuttle.

Michael looks at Talora.

TALORA

It's all right.
(beat)
You know me.

Elris smiles at this.

Talora takes a PADD that's lying on the table and takes the STYLUS out of the holder on the side. Another PADD remains on the table.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Tell us -- who was on this shuttle.

MICHAEL

Me. And T'Pangeth. We were going to Tempus.

TALORA

Did you know anyone else?

MICHAEL

I...

He trails off, looking at T'Pangeth.

TALORA

What about this woman?

She takes the remaining PADD and hands it to Michael. On it is a picture of the Saurian who held the Trill symbiont. Michael's look is blank.

MICHAEL

I don't know this person.
(beat)
She looks friendly enough though.

TALORA

Did she talk to you at all?

MICHAEL

She...

(beat)

She might have. I don't remember.

TALORA

How did the flight go?

Michael fidgets. Talora glances at Elris, who shakes her head.

TALORA

Was there any trouble, near the end of the flight?

MICHAEL

I don't remember.

Talora frowns.

ELRIS

Are you sure you don't remember anything?

MICHAEL

It was dark. Not pitch black, you know, but dark.

There is a pause in the conversation.

CROSS

Thank you, Michael. Perhaps I'll come back tomorrow.

He and Talora exit. Elris remains, studying Michael. But Michael is staring at the PADD. On the Saurian in the picture, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise and the shuttle.

INT. READY ROOM

Cross is talking to ADMIRAL PORTMAN.

PORTMAN

Neil, you've been out there for days. Thel, Delfune, and Joon, not to mention the liaison for the Trill Symbiosis Commission, are starting to ask questions. What's going on?

CROSS

I'm gathering information.

PORTMAN

(urgent)

Captain, you have to file a report soon. I don't have a problem with you investigating on your own because I know you're capable. But not everyone agrees with me.

CROSS

I know. I'll write up a report tonight.

PORTMAN

Why are you doing this, Neil? You've never been like this before.

CROSS

I'm...

(beat)

It's Admiral Thel. He's only slightly less pro-Trill than, say, the Trill.

PORTMAN

He does bend the rules for them, but that's just how Thel does things when it comes to political matters. You do it too.

CROSS

Yes, but I think he'll find a mission somewhere else for me lickety-split and I won't be able to finish what I've started.

PORTMAN

(beat)

I'll pull all the strings I can, but I've got four other missions that are going to be thrown away if I don't pass on the report. They're important.

CROSS

This is important!

PORTMAN

(resigned)

I just don't have any choice in the matter this time. File a report tonight and expect word back from somebody on Earth.

(beat)

And remember. There are other battles.

Cross smiles to himself.

CROSS

I'll talk to you later, Admiral.

PORTMAN

Right. Portman out.

He disappears from the scene.

CROSS

(under his breath)

Dammit...

There is a CHIME at the door.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Come in.

DOJAR and QUINLAN enter.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Anything?

Dojar shakes his head.

DOJAR

I've had Grey track every warp signature in the sector we could find. Nothing. I've gone over that shuttle. Nothing. I've checked with all my contacts on Trill. Nothing.

QUINLAN

Captain, it's possible that nobody caught the attackers in the act. I think we need to focus on who did this again.

DOJAR

The weapon signatures on the hull of the shuttle didn't match anything in the database. Whoever did this had pretty advanced technology.

CROSS

All right. I'm filing a report with Starfleet Command tonight. If you find anything else, let me know. See if you can figure it out.

QUINLAN

You got it.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP QUARTERS

Michael is finishing another painting, this one of a HOUSE on an Earthlike planet, surrounded by flowers.

Elris enters, carrying her MEDICAL KIT.

ELRIS

Michael!

Michael is intent on the painting and doesn't hear her.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Michael?

She touches his left shoulder, and he jumps.

MICHAEL

(startled)

Don't scare me like that!

ELRIS

Sorry... how are you doing?

MICHAEL

(nonchalantly)

I'm fine.

He turns back the painting.

ELRIS

I'm going to run a few scans on you, okay?

(MORE)

ELRIS (CONT'D)

It's been a few days since you checked out of Sickbay and I want to make sure that you're still doing well.

MICHAEL

Sure.

Elris pulls out a MEDICAL TRICORDER and runs it over his head. She frowns, and runs it again.

ELRIS

(to herself)

Right hemisphere showing 1% growth.

She pauses, looks at Michael, shakes her head, and puts the tricorder away. She sits next to him.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

What are you painting?

MICHAEL

My home.

ELRIS

Wow. It's beautiful...

CUT TO:

INT. READY ROOM

Cross is at the couch, reading a PADD.

There's a CHIME at the door.

CROSS

Come in!

Talora ENTERS.

TALORA

Captain, I wish to speak with you about something.

CROSS

Obviously. Sit down and speak your mind.

Talora sits on the couch next to him.

TALORA

Lieutenant Kinnan approached me this morning. He claimed Lieutenant Grey is playing favorites with Ensign Boyle.

CROSS

They're dating, right?

TALORA

It's a strange world we live in, Captain. But Kinnan tells me that Grey doesn't make Boyle do anything she doesn't want to. She doesn't work overtime, that sort of thing.

CROSS

(beat)

Well, from what I've heard -- and not just from Grey -- she's doing quite well. She could be chief engineer on a smaller ship today if she wanted.

TALORA

That may be true, but her talent should not get her out of work. And I doubt it's her skill at Engineering.

CROSS

I see. Can't you talk to him about it?

TALORA

I will.

(beat)

I've had complaints from other departments too. In Stellar Cartography Lieutenant Marshall is best friends with Ensign Lockley and the rest of the staff isn't too happy about that. In Operations two of the crew don't like each other and it gets in the way of productivity. That's only three of the cases.

CROSS

This sounds like a major problem. I'll send out a memorandum tomorrow morning and tell department heads to address it at their meetings.

Talora is silent.

CROSS

Something else?

TALORA

You're not going to like the sound of this.

CROSS

With that look on your face, how
could I?

Talora stands and walks a few feet, then turns to face Cross.

TALORA

I think that you're setting a bad
example.

CROSS

Me? I'm not dating anybody.

TALORA

But your relationship with Doctor
Elris is no secret. People are taking
that as a sign that it's acceptable
to mix personal and professional
matters.

CROSS

What "relationship"? We barely have
one.

TALORA

When the Enterprise returned from
her maiden mission, you and the good
Doctor had an argument over a trivial
experiment that nonetheless was
brought up at the hearing and hurt
your case. I had to relieve Doctor
Elris from duty when she could not
completely fulfill her duties as
Chief Medical Officer because you
were injured by the Anticans. For a
while, when the rumors were
circulating like mad, the crew was
starting to take bets on the future
of your relationship with Doctor
Elris. Not to mention...

CROSS

(interrupting, angry)

All right, I get it!

(calming)

It's just... it's hard to keep it
under wraps when I don't know what
the hell is going on myself.

TALORA

I trust that now you're aware of the
situation so you'll take care of it.

CROSS

(thinking)

I'll... I'll talk to Grey.

TALORA

That's not what I meant. I'll talk to Grey, but with all due respect, Captain, you need to handle your private matters in private.

CROSS

(beat)

All right. And all betting is off.

TALORA

Doctor Elris took care of that.

Cross nods.

CROSS

Dismissed.

Talora turns on her heel and walks out.

Cross sits in thought, clearly unhappy.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP QUARTERS

Same as before, but several minutes later. Elris is watching Michael paint.

There's a CHIME at the door.

ELRIS

Come in.

It's Talora.

TALORA

Michael, we're going to ask you some more questions.

Michael turns around, and his face lights up.

MICHAEL

T'Pangeth! I'm glad to see you. Look, I painted my house. This was my house on Earth.

TALORA

(slight smile)

You must have really liked it there.

Elris gives her a silent look: good job, she says.

TALORA

I wantÖ to ask you some more questions.

Michael frowns.

TALORA

First let me tell you about your shuttle. We found it with phaser burns inside the cabin. The pilots were...

(beat)

Bleeding.

Michael's face is blank, as he tries to remember.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Please, try to remember.

MICHAEL

I...

TALORA

For me. Your friend.

(beat)

Men might have appeared. Out of thin air.

Michael's face shifts from blankness to a shred of memory.

TALORA (CONT'D)

They would have had spots on their face.

His face lightens a little more. He's remembering.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Do you have an idea of what I'm talking about?

MICHAEL

(barely audible)

Maybe.

TALORA

They had weapons.

Michael's face changes to PAIN. He puts his hand on his head.

ELRIS

What's wrong?

He closes his eyes, then MOANS.

Elris takes out her TRICORDER and scans again.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

The pressure of his cranial fluid is increasing.

She taps her commbadge.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Elris to sickbay, emergency transport for two.

She stands by Michael, putting her arm around him.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

(to Talora)

Meet us in sickbay.

(to Michael)

It'll be all ri-

But they are whisked away in a FIZZLE of energy. Talora is out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY

Michael lies on the biobed with monitors on his forehead and equipment surrounding his body. A DOCTOR and a NURSE are monitoring him.

Talora comes in the door and ELRIS makes a beeline for her. Cross is right behind Talora.

ELRIS

His condition is advancing. Because the right half of his brain has swelled so much recently, the pressure of the fluid between his brain and his skull has greatly increased.

CROSS

What can you do?

ELRIS

I've tried transporting out some of the fluid, but I'm afraid that's only a temporary solution.

TALORA

What about long term?

ELRIS

(grimly)

There isn't going to be a long term.

Talora's eyes jump from Elris to the sedated man on the biobed.

ELRIS

There is one piece of good news. In past cases, this swelling is followed by a period of brief normal health. Michael will probably be able to return to his quarters for a day or so. I'd strongly suggest that you not question him, though, because that adds extra stress.

CROSS

He may still talk to us...

TALORA

(still watching Michael)
What happens after a day?

ELRIS

(beat)
Usually a coma.

TALORA

That's it?

ELRIS

(beat)
I'm sorry. There's not much I can do at that point.

Talora leaves the trio and approaches the biobed. Elris immediately moves to a workstation where she can monitor Michael's vitals. Cross only watches from afar. The nurse and doctor, speaking in hurried and urgent voices, work around Talora..

NURSE

There's still too much liquid.

DOCTOR

Laser drill, 30 micrometers.

The nurse taps controls on a small panel, and a device similar to a hypospray MATERIALIZES. It's a LASER DRILL.

The doctor takes the drill and holds it to Michael's skull. The nurse holds a tube, ready to catch the fluid.

The doctor presses a button on the drill, and we hear a low hum. He takes the drill out and the nurse puts the tube up to the microscopic hole. It attaches with suction power.

Meanwhile, Talora watches Michael's face, which is asleep but pained.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Same as before.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 78890.4.
Doctor Elris has treated Michael
Kavanagh and he has returned to his
quarters to spend his last few
conscious hours there. Meanwhile,
I'm waiting to hear back from
Starfleet on my orders.

INT. READY ROOM

Cross sits at his desk. ADMIRAL THEL, the Andorian we saw
in "Unusual Circumstances," is on his computer screen and is
quite angry.

THEL

You should have contacted me earlier,
Captain.

CROSS

I know.

THEL

We're going to turn the investigation
into these deaths over to the Trill
government.

CROSS

"Deaths" is a rather...
(beat)
Mild word for what occurred.

THEL

I'm in no mood for semantics.
(beat)
I've read your report and thank you
for a job well done.
(beat)
However, your ship is needed for a
mission to Cardassia.

Cross takes this in; he's a little uneasy about going to
Cardassia. But he doesn't bring it up.

CROSS

With all due respect, I'm not finished
here.

THEL

(angry)

This is a Trill case now.

CROSS

(urgent)

We may be able to figure out who did this. If you will permit the Enterprise to stay at the scene for just another day, we could track the ship that did this.

THEL

No. The Trill are coming to pick up the remains of the shuttle.

(beat)

You know the deal.

CROSS

I don't like this deal, Admiral.

THEL

Fortunately, you don't make the decisions. This is a Trill matter.

CROSS

That's your explanation?

Thel is ready to explode.

THEL

We've put up with a lot from you recently. You've danced with the law, you've remained out of contact. You're not popular here. That's my explanation and don't ask again.

Cross is silent.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP QUARTERS

The strains of a Beethoven SYMPHONY waft out of concealed speakers.

Michael sits at the canvas, paints spread out on the table.

He is painting, quickly but carefully. Every few seconds he looks back to check his work.

He dabs on some BROWN, some GREY. Then RED and BLUE. These colors may or may not be right, but he seems to be working with a definite purpose.

He dabs on GREEN and YELLOW and ORANGE and BLACK. A painting is forming; we cannot see what it is.

We do, however, get a CLOSE UP on various parts of the painting:

A blue-green EYE, seemingly raging.

A cold HAND, clamped against metal.

A bright blue line, meeting a SPLASH of SCARLET.

And finally we move off the painting and focus on MICHAEL'S OWN FACE. A cranial monitor adorns his TEMPLE; a tiny green light shines out the side.

AND THEN THE LIGHT TURNS RED.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Elris and Talora are on their way to Michael's quarters. The former's commbadge chirps.

ATKINSON'S COMM VOICE
Sickbay to Elris.

ELRIS
Elris here.

ATKINSON'S COMM VOICE
I'm getting some strange readings on Michael's cranial monitor.

ELRIS
I was just on my way. Thanks.

She and Talora pick up the pace.

CUT TO:

INT. VIP QUARTERS

Elris and Talora rush in. Michael has slipped out of consciousness on the couch.

ELRIS
He's going into a coma.

She taps her commbadge, then stands by Michael.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
Sickbay, prepare for transport.
(to Talora)
Once again, meet me at...

This time, Elris and Michael DISAPPEAR before she can finish her sentence. Talora is ready to run out the door, but something stops her.

She turns, and looks at the painting. It's of the damaged SHUTTLECRAFT from the teaser -- an interior.

PASSENGERS line the walls.

Three angry TRILL wield PHASERS, and their rage accentuates Talora's sudden understanding.

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY

Again, Michael is on the biobed. Elris and a doctor and a nurse work at a hurried pace. We don't hear what they're saying.

In the background, Cross steps in, again watching as Elris works on the man's body. Michael's innocent face is not unlike that of a child.

But the efforts to prolong Michael's life are failing.

Talora also ENTERS, standing beside Cross.

Together, First Officer and Captain, they watch as Michael slowly slips away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise at WARP.

INT. BRIDGE

Cross crosses the bridge, his heart heavy. He makes his way to the

INT. READY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cross enters and walks to the replicator.

TALORA (O.S.)

It's late, Captain. Coffee will keep you up.

He looks to find Talora on the couch.

CROSS

Well, it's not like I sleep that much anyway. And you should know I drink hot chocolate.

(to replicator)

Hot chocolate.

TALORA

There's a lot going on.

The hot chocolate appears and Cross takes a sip.

CROSS

What do you mean?

TALORA

The Trill, the Klingons, the Cardassians, the Q'Tami. Admiral Portman, Admiral Thel, Admiral Delfune...

(beat)

Commander Talora.

CROSS

Now what do you mean?

TALORA

(beat)

I didn't mean to get on your back about you and Doctor Elris.

CROSS

Oh, well, I deserved it.

TALORA

No.

CROSS

Talora, it's your job.

TALORA

It's not always about the job. Sometimes it's about an individual.

Cross turns to his desk.

CROSS

Michael Kavanagh's funeral will be on Earth this Wednesday. If you want to go...

(beat)

The Enterprise can drop you off at Starbase 41. You've racked up plenty of leave.

TALORA

No. I have something to remember him by.

CROSS

Well, if you change your mind...

(beat)

You're right. There is a lot going on.

TALORA

Any word from -- or, shall we say,
about -- the Trill?

CROSS

Obviously, we have confirmation.

TALORA

Admiral Thel won't accept it so
willingly.

CROSS

He's admitted Trill involvement
before.

TALORA

It's not prudent for him to keep
going, though.

CROSS

True.

(beat)

I've been thinking about why they
left that ship right in the middle
of space just when we were about to
come across it. Nothing stopped the
Trill from cleaning up after
themselves.

TALORA

I wonder if your conclusion is the
same as mine.

CROSS

They wanted us to find it.

(beat)

A message. To us. To Ozran.

TALORA

I see we think alike.

There is a pause. Cross turns back to Talora.

CROSS

I sent a message of my own to Admiral
Thel.

TALORA

Oh?

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- ADJUTANT'S DESK

A smallish room with a desk for an ADJUTANT and a door leading
to Thel's office. A large, flat, paper-wrapped package leans
against the wall.

THEL ENTERS.

THEL
Morning, Vok.

ADJUTANT
Good morning, Admiral.

Thel sees the package.

THEL
What's this?

ADJUTANT
It came for you this morning, on the
transport from the Trill sector.

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- THEL'S OFFICE

A largish office with the usual desk and decorations.

Thel enters, carrying the package. He sets it on his desk
and RIPS open the paper.

It's the painting of the TRILL ATTACKERS. There's a notecard:

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THIS MICHAEL KAVANAGH ORIGINAL.
-- NEIL CROSS

A flash of anger crosses Thel's face.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL

Several crew watch as Talora hangs the PAINTING of the FLOWERS
on the wall.

She backs away, examines the colors, and exits. The crewmen
look at each other, then at the painting. A few are confused
but some look at it with deep respect.

CUT TO:

INT. TALORA'S QUARTERS

Talora enters her own austere quarters. On the long, barren
wall opposite the windows, she searches for a spot. She
finds one above a desk.

She goes to the couch and takes the PAINTING of the HOME,
examines it, and positions it on the wall.

RENAISSANCE: "Paintings on a Wall" - ACT FIVE

54.

It's really quite a good painting.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END