

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"Living in the Shadows"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

An image emphasizing the vastness of space.

TALORA (V.O.)

Exploration. From the moment a species first comes into being, its primary instinct has been to discover what lies ahead, what is hidden beyond the edge of their sight. As it develops, its ambitions broaden first to cross the land, then the sea and then to look beyond the confines of their own world, to look up at the stars, and reach out for them. For many it is a quest for enlightenment, for others, simply a reassurance that we are not alone in the universe. No matter what the goal though, there is one thing all explorers eventually discover. There is no end. There is always another horizon, always another world. It was once said space is the final frontier, but now we know that is no longer the case. We can chart the stars until every last one is known, every last comet is recorded, every last species catalogued, but it is not the end. As the horizons of the physical world slowly disappear, it is the ones of the mind that will come to the fore, and the exploration of the psyche that will make up the new voyages of discovery. And it will be of some comfort to natural explorers to know that those horizons will never be reached.

EXT. SPACE -- NEBULA

The view changes and the camera slowly zooms through a nebula.

TALORA (V.O.)

The Vulcans call it "IDIC," the Romulans "sty'shu," the Terrans "human nature." Whatever it is, whatever drives us to be who we are, we will never truly know. Why we do what we do is the biggest mystery of all, and it is of some comfort to know that there is just as much diversity

(MORE)

TALORA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
in that as there are stars in the
sky.

EXT. PLANET

The camera has now reached a planet, which looks vaguely familiar. It starts to pan down through the atmosphere.

TALORA (V.O.)
We all have love and happiness in
our lives, we all have pain and
suffering. It is the conflict between
the two and how we deal with that
conflict that drives us. Some of us
are able to control our emotions,
and channel them into positive
directions.

EXT. REFORMIST COLONY -- COULAR -- DAY

It is the Coular colony, several days after the attack. It is abandoned. Several fires still burn in the wreckage of the buildings, and everywhere bodies are strewn. We zoom around and down into the bunker, which is a hideous sight the bodies are piled on top of one another in the dark, dried blood splattered on the walls. The camera pans over them.

TALORA (V.O.)
For others, the pain is so great
that nothing else exists. It
overtakes them, consumes them, becomes
their life. For most of us, we are
able to overcome most obstacles as
just another stop in the journey of
ourselves. For them, however, there
is no journey, no exploration, for
they are frightened of what they
might find.

We finally see one sole shadow standing above the bodies. It is evidently a Klingon, but he is facing away from us, and his face is in shadow.

TALORA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For these people are the ones that
hide, that prefer not to look into
the light of the horizon. These are
the ones who prefer to live in the
shadows.

ON THE FIGURE WE SLOWLY...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MARINE OBSTACLE COURSE -- EARLY MORNING

We start with a CLOSE-UP of RUNNING FEET across what looks to be a dirt track. We hear heavy breathing. A caption is super-imposed over the image: "Five days earlier." We cut to a wider angle, and find it is GRIL DOJAR in a tracksuit, running across an obstacle course. Sweat is freely pouring down his brow, and we can see from the background that he is nearing the end. He comes to a climbing frame, and ascends. At the top is a rope bridge, but as he tries to cross it, he stumbles, and falls. Grabbing the rope he dangles for a moment.

DOJAR

Damn.

He hangs for a moment, before reaching into his reserves and pulling himself up on to it. He gets to the end, and jumps down, where we find another guy in a similar tracksuit, standing with a stopwatch. This is DOYLE. He stops the stopwatch.

DOYLE

Three minutes twenty. You've lost ten seconds.

DOJAR

It would have been less if I hadn't tripped on that bridge.

DOYLE

Indeed. Still, a good time considering what you were.

DOJAR

Think I'd be in with a chance?

DOYLE

If you were anything but Cardassian, I'd say you were a shoe in. We need people like you. But some people still have issues with it.

DOJAR

The fact I'm on the Enterprise wouldn't help either.

DOYLE

Well, there is that. You weren't directly responsible for that, though...

He trails off as he sees Dojar staring past him at the ridge. Silhouetted against the rising sun is a tall person with pointy ears -- COMMANDER TALORA. She nods at Dojar.

DOJAR

Hello, Talora.

TALORA

It's time.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- SAN FRANCISCO -- DAY

It's a beautiful, sunny day. People mill about in the lush, open grounds.

CLERK (O.S.)

All rise for Mr. Justice McKenzie.

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS HEARING ROOM

A courtroom, it is packed today with reporters and interested parties. Amongst those sitting are Talora, Dojar, ERIK GREY and, at a separate section, ADMIRAL DELFUNE and ADMIRAL CHIANG. They all stand as the judge comes in.

MCKENZIE

Please be seated.

They do so.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

We are here today to open the preliminary hearings into the military strike on the Klingon separatists on the planet Coular, Mr. Justice McKenzie presiding. Our purpose is to ascertain the cause of the resulting deviation from the official battle plan that occurred and to ensure that steps are taken that such a contretemps can never happen again. We begin with opening statements. Admiral Delfune.

Delfune stands.

DELFUNE

Your honor, I move for a postponement.

MCKENZIE

On what grounds?

DELFUNE

Not all the principal parties involved are present.

MCKENZIE

Who is missing?

Delfune glances over at Talora.

DELFUNE

Captain Neil Cross of the Enterprise is not in the courtroom today.

MCKENZIE

Well, considering he is the primary person charged with deviating from the orders, that would appear to be quite a serious absence. Where is he?

DELFUNE

His present whereabouts are unknown. He is absent without leave.

MCKENZIE

I see. Admiral Delfune, you know as well as I do that the Federation Council is up in arms about this crisis. I have been instructed by them to resolve the matter as quickly as possible.

DELFUNE

I understand that, your honor.

MCKENZIE

However, with the eyes of the Federation on us, not to at least attempt to have the principal lead present would run the risk of prompting a mistrial.

(beat)

I will adjourn for one week. If he is not found in that time, then we will have to proceed without him, whatever consequences that may hold. Court adjourned.

He bangs his gavel on his dais.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Talora, Grey, and Dojar are walking through the greenery. Around them is the usual throng.

DOJAR

"Whatever consequences that may hold." Doesn't sound too good.

TALORA

You know as well as I do, the Captain is in the firing line here. People want to know what happened.

GREY

What happened was we were following our orders. A swift, direct strike on the Reformists.

DOJAR

Unfortunately, the general public don't see it that way. All they see are the images of the Reformists being shot at by the Enterprise swooping right over their heads, running for their lives. All they want to hear is why the Almighty Starfleet felt the need to wipe the entire colony out.

GREY

They were our orders.

TALORA

That's the problem -- technically they weren't. Taking the Enterprise down over the colony is considered one step too far, too aggressive, and as a result the Captain is seen to almost have had a blood lust.

GREY

We were told to take out the Reformist base. Captain Cross was just following his orders.

DOJAR

Are you really sure about that?

A beat. Talora shakes her head a little.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

What?

TALORA

When I first came on board the Enterprise, the Captain asked me that if he were to order the crew to jump off a cliff after him, would I do so?

DOJAR

And what did you say?

TALORA

I said I'd push him over myself.

There is a small beat.

GREY

Where do you think he is?

TALORA

I don't know. He seemed to disappear into thin air the moment we got back.

DOJAR

Not that you'd have noticed much difference.

GREY

What do you mean?

DOJAR

Well, he was hardly on the Bridge on the way back anyway, was he?

TALORA

Understandable.

(she sighs)

We need to get back onto the Enterprise, get back to normal.

DOJAR

Yeah, if this so-called refit is ever finished.

GREY

Starfleet told us they wanted to update some systems. They said they might as well use the downtime.

DOJAR

So how's it going?

GREY

I don't know.

DOJAR

What do you mean?

GREY

I'm no longer assigned to it. I've been moved to Theoretical Engineering at the Academy. I spend my days now teaching about the Slipstream and trying to improve its capabilities.

DOJAR

When did that happen?

GREY

Pretty much as soon as we got back to Earth.

DOJAR

Oh. And what's it like over at
Theoretical Engineering...

GREY

We think we can raise the speed
another half unit of lightspeed.
It's pretty exciting.

DOJAR

Yes.

TALORA

I don't know. With you being moved
there, Dojar, you training with the
marines, Doctor Elris gone back to
Bajor, Y'lan to the Hegemony and
Cross to God knows where, it...

She trails off.

DOJAR

It what?

TALORA

(in a far away voice)

It sometimes feels that no one's
expecting the Enterprise crew to be
returning.

Another beat.

DOJAR

We all need time out, Talora. All
of us.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAJORAN HILLS -- DAY

The grounds of a building, with people moving about. ELRIS
LEA is sitting outside it, looking at the incredible view,
nursing a cup of steaming drink. An elderly Bajoran woman
emerges.

WOMAN

Lea. There's a message on subspace
for you.

ELRIS

Who is it?

WOMAN

A Romulan. She says it's about Neil.

Elris nods.

ELRIS

I'll take it out here.

She bends down and picks up a PADD, and activates it. Talora's face appears on it.

TALORA

(on screen)

Doctor.

ELRIS

Commander. What can I do for you?

TALORA

I apologize for contacting you like this, but we have a problem. The Captain is still missing.

ELRIS

I know.

TALORA

The hearing started today. He was expected there.

ELRIS

What are they going to do?

TALORA

It's been adjourned. We have a week to find him.

ELRIS

And if he doesn't turn up?

BEAT.

TALORA

I don't know.

ELRIS

Talora, I don't know what I can tell you. I haven't heard from him since we got back to dry dock. I didn't hear much from him before then either.

TALORA

Did he confirm your divorce?

ELRIS

Yes.

TALORA

And you can think of nowhere he might be?

ELRIS

No.

(beat)

Wait. There is one place.

TALORA

Which is?

ELRIS

When our son, Daniel, when he died, Neil did something like this. He requested reassignment, but it took a while to come through, and while he was waiting he took what he called a sabbatical.

TALORA

Where to?

ELRIS

Bangkok. He wanted to get as far away as possible. He considers it a safety net. There's not a Starfleet presence there, and he said he enjoyed the anonymity...

TALORA

Bangkok is a big place. Anywhere in particular?

ELRIS

I don't know, he never told me.

TALORA

Okay, thank you, Doctor. I'll let you know if we find anything.

ELRIS

Talora?

TALORA

Yes?

ELRIS

Do you think I'm going to be needed back at this hearing?

TALORA

I don't know. Maybe.

ELRIS

Okay, thank you, Talora.

TALORA

I'll keep in touch. Talora out.

The PADD goes off. The woman comes out with a jug of drink.

WOMAN

Who was that?

ELRIS

Someone looking for my husband.

(corrects herself)

My ex-husband.

WOMAN

From what you tell me, you're better off without him.

ELRIS

I know. But I can understand his position. Running away... is sometimes a very attractive option. Easier than facing up to the truth...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- KLINGON CRUISER

A beaten-up Reformist Napoch-class cruiser passes at warp.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- MEDICAL BAY

Dark and dank -- the equipment is hardly cutting edge technology. It's evident even from this room that the ship has taken a battering -- conduits lie open, the occasional wire hanging about. In the center, almost like some kind of altar, is a stasis chamber. Through the glass, we see the face of a KLINGON WOMAN, perhaps once handsome but now with a lacerated face. A KLINGON DOCTOR putters around it, occasionally checking it. Another Klingon, GALLAMM, enters.

GALLAMM

How is she?

DOCTOR

No change.

He nods, and walks over to the chamber.

GALLAMM

Hello, my love.

He strokes the glass by her face, surprisingly tenderly for a Klingon. He shakes his head sadly.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

It is no way for a Klingon warrior such as she to live.

DOCTOR

You know what I think.

GALLAMM

I do, and I will not allow it. Her destiny is to die gloriously on the battlefield, not wither away like a Terran in some medical bay. She will get better.

DOCTOR

There are no signs...

GALLAMM

(furious)

She will get better!

He looks at the doctor for a moment, almost pleading for him to agree with him, but the doctor just looks at him. After a moment, Gallamm returns to the stasis chamber and looks in again.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

She will have her day on the battlefield. She will lead an army again, and go down in glory, for that is how she wishes it to be. Then, and only then, will she enter Sto-vo-kor, a warrior, not a victim.

DOCTOR

Gallamm, you originally instructed me to keep her alive so that she might give birth to your son. You did not say that...

Gallamm turns and looks at him firmly.

GALLAMM

She will die a warrior.

Suddenly we become aware of crying -- a baby. Gallamm walks over to another section of the room, where a Klingon baby lies in a cot.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

He cries for his mother. A child needs to be raised by his bearer, needs to be suckled by her, needs to be shown the ways of the world by her.

DOCTOR

And raised as a warrior...

This hurts Gallamm, who almost winces.

GALLAMM

You think because I am not of the battlefield that I am not worthy to show him the way of the warrior?

DOCTOR

No. I do not.

Gallamm looks at him, but does not respond. Then his comm chirps.

GALLAMM

Gallamm.

KORZ'S COMM VOICE

We have news, we need you down in engineering.

GALLAMM

I'm coming.

He looks at the doctor again, growls, and then exits.

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- ENGINEERING

A number of Klingons mill around, doing engineering things. Again, it's not up to date technology. The usual Klingon red hue permeates the gloom. GALLAMM appears.

GALLAMM

Captain!

KORZ, the captain, is conferring with a group of engineers. He detaches himself and goes over to him.

KORZ

Gallamm.

GALLAMM

What news?

KORZ

We have made contact with the Terran captain. We rendezvous with him in six hours.

GALLAMM

Excellent. He thinks he can get past the Terran security?

KORZ

He says he won't need to -- he runs a legitimate merchant vessel.

GALLAMM

Good. And the men?

KORZ

They know what they have to do.

GALLAMM

Then we are ready. Soon we will
have vengeance, and the ghosts of
Coular will be able to rest...

He looks at a schematic on the wall of the planet Earth as
we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. STARFLEET ACADEMY - LECTURE HALL

GREY is lecturing to a group of about thirty cadets. On a big LCARS display, we see various complex schematics, including what looks to be a diagram of the slipstream drive.

GREY

Remember, the slipstream is only stable for as long as the quantum harmonics have their constant injection of gamma particles. If that injection is cut off...

He slows down as he sees at the back of the room SARAH BOYLE enter furtively. She stands leaning against the wall and winks.

GREY (CONT'D)

...is cut off then the slipstream begins to decay and, eventually, dissipates altogether. It's one of the most important things to monitor during a flight, and you will get asked about it on your exam next week. Okay, I think that covers it. I will be in my office for the next hour. Class dismissed.

The students begin to disperse, as Boyle walks to the front.

BOYLE

So, when I am going to get an injection of gamma particles?

They hug and have a quick peck.

BOYLE (CONT'D)

You decided where we're going to dinner tonight? There's a new bistro just opened, I hear... what?

She has seen a cloud cross Grey's face.

GREY

There's been a change of plans.

BOYLE

(warningly)
Erik...

GREY

Sarah, I'm sorry.
(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

I've been invited to some admiral's get-together tonight by Admiral Thel. A private dinner at the officer's mess.

BOYLE

I see. All right, is it formal?

GREY

Yeah, black tie.

BOYLE

Well, I have that cocktail dress from Zeneb 3...

GREY

No, you don't understand. I've been invited. Strict orders not to bring anyone.

BOYLE

What kind of dinner is this?

GREY

I don't know. But I think it may have something to do with the hearing.

BOYLE

Oh?

GREY

There's been a lot of rumors going about at the moment. Not just about that either. Some people are saying they don't think the Enterprise is going to be returned to service.

BOYLE

You're kidding. The flagship of the Federation?

GREY

A flagship that has been tarred by recent events.

BOYLE

Hmm.

GREY

Between you and me, there's something going on that we don't know about.

(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

I think I might be able to get an inkling of it tonight. We all need to keep our ears open at the moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANGKOK -- DAY

A bustling city street in what is evidently the poorer end of town. The people look miserable, and the buildings that rear up into the pouring rain are ramshackle at best. The street has a cramped feeling, almost as if the buildings are leaning into one another. It is market day, and vendors are selling everything from livestock to produce to more exotic items. Through this tumult we see JENNIFER QUINLAN and Talora making their way.

QUINLAN

When you said Bangkok, I thought you meant the ritzy end of town. You know, the glamorous side, not the side where you wonder what disease you're stepping in.

TALORA

Why do you think I called for you? This is your kind of place. I assumed you'd know your way around.

QUINLAN

Charming. Do we have any leads?

TALORA

None. That's the problem -- Elris didn't know where in Bangkok he went. But if he didn't want to be found, he'd have to be at this end of town. Given the amount of media coverage our expedition to Coular's had, people would recognize him in the more civilized end of the city. Here people don't care what you look like as long as you have money to spend.

QUINLAN

Okay. I think we should split up, we'll cover more ground that way.

TALORA

All right. Keep in comm contact.

QUINLAN

Will do.

They go their own separate ways.

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS BALLROOM -- EVENING

An exquisitely decorated room, full of old fashioned portraits and low hanging chandeliers. The designs of these kinds of rooms haven't changed in centuries. Sitting at the dinner table are many important-looking people, all in black tie, including THEL, CHIANG, DELFUNE, ADMIRAL GONZALES and, looking rather ill-at-ease, GREY. THEL is holding forth.

THEL

So there we were, surrounded on three sides by Jem'Hadar who were holding the Bajorans hostage. They told us to drop our weapons or the hostages died.

CHIANG

So what did you do?

THEL

We shot them. The Jem'Hadar might be biologically enhanced, but they didn't have the advantage of surprise.

GREY

How many Bajorans survived?

THEL

Six out of ten. A good result, really. It was imperative we get the data we'd collected out of there, you see. Ended up turning the whole Dominion War around.

DELFUNE

Oh, if only it were that simple these days. "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few" no longer seems to apply.

THEL

Indeed.

DELFUNE

Mainly it's the media don't see it like that. They get outraged every time someone's nail gets broken, no matter what outrages they've committed. And of course whatever the media says the masses should think, the masses duly think it. It's pathetic, really.

THEL

Good thing we have someone to take the heat, really.

CHIANG

Cross?

THEL

The very same. How is the search for our errant Captain going?

DELFUNE

Who cares? It'll just make it easier to convict him if he isn't there to defend himself.

Grey is beginning to look apoplectic.

GREY

Excuse me, what are you talking about? Captain Cross was just following his orders.

DELFUNE

Lieutenant Grey, Captain Cross interpreted his orders in such a way that he should massacre everyone on that colony.

GREY

He was under the impression...

DELFUNE

(interrupting)

Under the impression? We are talking about the Captain of the Enterprise here! He should not be under any impressions. He should do his job and nothing more. He let emotion interfere with his duties, and now he is going to pay for the consequences.

GREY

The attack was always going to be a massacre.

DELFUNE

I don't remember you being present in the briefings, Lieutenant.

GREY

I...

DELFUNE

A swift brutal strike, that was our purpose. We were certainly not meant to swoop down onto the planet, kill every living thing, and then allow who knows how many Klingons to suffocate on that station.

Grey has no answer to this.

THEL

Exactly.

DELFUNE

Lieutenant Grey, we asked you here this evening to offer you a post, but if this is the kind of insubordination we can expect, perhaps we had better reconsider.

Grey looks at her.

GREY

What post?

CHIANG

After many years, Professor Williams is retiring. We want you to replace him.

GREY

Williams... the head of Starfleet?

CHIANG

The same.

GREY

But that's -- I mean, it's a very prestigious post.

DELFUNE

It is indeed. And we will only offer it to someone who will, shall we say, tow the party line?

GREY

I...
(the implications
start to seep in)
What about the Enterprise?

The Admirals look at each other.

DELFUNE

I don't think you need to worry about the Enterprise. Think about it. Let me know within the next week.

She gestures to a waiter.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)

We are ready for dessert now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

In the foreground hang two ships -- the Napoch class Klingon ship and a tatty looking merchant ship, The Tears of the Jackal.

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- BRIDGE

Gallamm is led onto the bridge by a minion. In the hot seat sits BRODY, the captain of the ship. He stands to meet the Klingon.

BRODY

Gallamm.

GALLAMM

Captain Brody. Are we prepared?

BRODY

We are. I am expected in one hour.

GALLAMM

Excellent. You are sure no one will attempt to search the vessel before then?

BRODY

Why would they? I bring medical supplies, it's a free ticket. Now relax and enjoy the ride.

A COMM chirps.

KLINGON'S COMM VOICE

Captain, we are all aboard.

GALLAMM

Good. When you're ready.

Brody nods.

BRODY

Helm, lay in a course for earth.

INT. BANGKOK CYBER CAFE -- NIGHT

Quinlan is at a computer terminal, clicking away.

QUINLAN

Ah-ha.

She gets up and walks out into...

EXT. BANGKOK STREET MARKET -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The rain is still teeming down. Quinlan taps her comm badge.

QUINLAN

Quinlan to Talora.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Talora here.

QUINLAN

Talora, I hacked into the credit records for this city for the past week. Guess whose name came up?

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

The Captain's?

QUINLAN

Exactly. The last record shows him paying some four hundred credits to an address about six blocks from here. I'm going to check it out.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Give me the address and I'll meet you.

QUINLAN

I'm sending it over to you now.

She taps at her PADD.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Got it. I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS BAR -- EVENING

Grey is sitting gloomily in a corner nursing a pint. Dojar enters, slightly breathless, in a tracksuit streaked with sweat. He spots Grey and comes over to him.

GREY

What have you been doing to yourself?

DOJAR

Training again. We had a sixteen-kilometer run.

GREY

The Marines work you tough. That's the aspect of it I don't miss.

DOJAR

Yes, well I figured as a security officer I should use this down time to get fitter and hone my combat skills. The Marines are here to stay, we might as well use them. It'll benefit the Enterprise in the long run.

GREY

I admire your optimism.

DOJAR

What do you mean?

GREY

The Enterprise.

DOJAR

Why? What have you heard?

GREY

Just hints and rumors. People saying it's not a factor any more. Ever since I was taken off the refit, it's been lying derelict in the shipyards.

DOJAR

You're kidding.

GREY

No one's been near it to do any of the refit.

DOJAR

That's not what I've heard.

GREY

What do you mean?

DOJAR

On the Marine grapevine, I heard a squadron of them were on the Enterprise a few days back.

GREY

Are you sure?

DOJAR

That's what I heard.

GREY

What would Marines be doing on the ship?

DOJAR

I don't know. Maybe some of the repair work?

GREY

I doubt it. It would need skilled engineers.

DOJAR

Oh. That's what I assumed it was. I haven't been keeping up to date, I didn't realize it's been abandoned.

GREY

From what you say, I'm not sure it has been...

He stares into space, thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANGKOK STREET -- NIGHT

A nasty, dirty little street. Homeless people squat at the side of the road, suspicious-looking women loiter on street corners and most of the people walking down the street look like the sort you don't want to make eye contact with. Talora and Quinlan walk down it, the latter holding a PADD.

QUINLAN

What on Earth would he be doing down here?

A man comes up to them.

MAN

Looking for business?

The two women roll eyes -- at each other.

QUINLAN

Get lost.

MAN

Come on, I got money. I've never been with a Romulan before...

Quinlan grabs the man in her famous twister fashion. The man's eyes bulge.

QUINLAN

I said, get lost.

She lets go, and the man, tears running down his eyes, quickly scarpers.

TALORA

You might want to disinfect that hand.

QUINLAN

I think it would be safer just to chop it off. Now, according to this map, the address should be right about... here.

They look up at a building. In garish neon, it proclaims itself as THE PLEASURE PALACE. Pictures of scantily clad women holding exotic animals are posted on it, as well as various emblems of cards, roulette wheels, etc.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me.

TALORA

Are you sure this is the place?

Quinlan checks her PADD.

QUINLAN

This is the place.

Talora nods.

TALORA

After you, Twister.

Quinlan looks at her wryly, and walks in.

INT. PLEASURE PALACE -- CONTINUOUS

A dingy, horrible place. It is one huge room with many different sections. In one area, a number of gambling tables are laid out, with people surrounding them. In another, we see a group looking down into a pit, in which we can see two animals fighting each other viciously, to the cheers of all concerned. A woman with nothing on dances in a cage high above, seemingly ignored by all, while in another corner a number of men are being privately attended to. Another area has a group of people just staring, obviously having imbibed some kind of narcotic. Over it all, very loud and very aggressive music plays, the sort that makes you wish you were listening to Klingon opera instead. Talora and Quinlan enter, and pay at the kiosk before beginning to look around.

TALORA

Isn't this where you used to work, Quinlan?

QUINLAN

Very amusing, I don't think. I can't believe the Captain's here.

TALORA

Look around. Don't touch anything.

They begin to mingle. Quinlan looks in disgust at the animal fighting, while Talora looks at the various gaming tables. Unseen by her, at one of them a rough-looking individual with a straggly beard watches her, smoking a cigarette. Finally he gets up and begins to walk towards her.

ROUGH-LOOKING GUY

We don't welcome your kind here.

He grabs her arm.

TALORA

Hey! Get off me.

ROUGH-LOOKING GUY

We don't want pointy ears here.
You're coming out with me.

TALORA

Quinlan!

She struggles, but the man's grip is quite impressive. Quinlan, way on the other side of the room, doesn't notice. The man pulls her towards a back entrance.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Let go of me, now!

ROUGH-LOOKING GUY

I'm going to show you what we do to
people like you here.

He kicks the door open and drags her through into...

EXT. BANGKOK ALLEY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

It is still raining. The Rough-Looking Guy pushes Talora out into it, follows her, and slams the door shut. Talora pretends to stumble, and then swings at him, connecting hard with his jaw. He reels and as he does so his voice changes...

ROUGH-LOOKING GUY (CONT'D)

Hey Talora, what the hell are you
doing?

TALORA

Captain?

ROUGH-LOOKING GUY

Yeah.

He nurses his jaw as she looks at him in amazement.

CROSS

God, I don't look that bad, do I?

ON HER REACTION WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- EARTH ORBIT

As always, a hive of activity with ships, both Starfleet and private, coming and going. A starbase hangs a little way off, monitoring it all. Our MERCHANT SHIP enters orbit.

MERCHANT SHIP HELMSMAN'S VOICE

Merchant vessel classification 4
kappa 1 alpha tau zeta four,
requesting permission to orbit.

STARBASE CONTROLLER'S VOICE

Merchant vessel 4 kappa 1 alpha tau
zeta four, permission granted.
Welcome back, Brody.

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- BRIDGE

Brody stands next to Gallamm, and gives the Klingon a smile.

BRODY

See, what did I tell you? No problem.

GALLAMM

Good. Now to find our quarry.

BRODY

We have a couple of ideas on how to
do that...

GALLAMM

Show me...

They walk over to a console.

BRODY

The Captain is proving to be elusive
to Starfleet, but we have certain
contacts who can help...

CUT TO:

EXT. BANGKOK STREET -- EVENING

Cross, Talora and Quinlan walking slowly down it.

CROSS

Sorry about that, but that's no place
for ladies like you.

QUINLAN

I'm sure we could have protected
ourselves.

CROSS

It wasn't you I was worried about.
(beat)
How did you find me?

QUINLAN

Credit history. You leave a paper trail when you gamble.

CROSS

You shouldn't be able to access those records.

TALORA

It's useful having a pirate on your side every so often.

CROSS

So it would appear.

TALORA

Captain, what are you doing here? People are looking for you.

CROSS

Are they really? Then why haven't they found me? If you and Quinlan can find me with the barest of resources, what's stopping anyone else doing the same?

TALORA

I don't know.

CROSS

They don't want to find me.

TALORA

The hearing's started.

CROSS

Good. Be sure to let me know how it goes.

TALORA

You need to come back with us.

CROSS

No, I don't. They're just going to stick my head on a spike and throw stones at me. You know that as well as I do.

TALORA

They're talking about you as if you're a war criminal.

CROSS

I am a war criminal.

He stops and turns to them.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Talora, I appreciate you coming to find me. I appreciate the concern. But let's be honest. It's not going to matter one way or the other if I'm at that hearing. They're going to take me down. And I'm not really prepared to go through that. I'm much happier here, away from it all. Nobody knows me, nobody wants to know me. It's like a weight's been lifted off my shoulders, and it's just the way I want it. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a game I have to finish.

He turns and heads back towards the Pleasure Palace. Talora and Quinlan look at each other.

QUINLAN

And there they are back home saying he's not mentally competent.

Talora looks at her with a worried expression.

CUT TO:

INT. MARINE BARRACKS -- EVENING

The room is a typical barracks -- two rows of neatly made beds against the walls. The room is spotlessly clean. Doyle is working at a console by his bed as Dojar enters.

DOYLE

Hey Dojar.

DOJAR

Hey.

He sits on the bed next to Doyle, and winces slightly.

DOYLE

You okay?

DOJAR

I think the run is starting to catch up with me.

DOYLE

And here I was thinking all Cardassians were super-fit.

DOJAR

We just like to give you that impression to lull you into a false sense of security.

They laugh.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Doyle, what have you heard about the Enterprise recently?

Doyle looks at him, his face suddenly a mask.

DOYLE

Why?

DOJAR

I'm just curious, it is my ship after all. I heard that there was a squadron of Marines there the other day.

DOYLE

Really?

DOJAR

Yeah. Did you happen to hear anything?

DOYLE

(shortly)

No.

DOJAR

(pressing)

Doyle?

DOYLE

Look, Dojar, I like you. I think you'd make a good Marine. But one thing you have to learn is not to worry about things that don't concern you. You won't get anywhere if you start poking your nose into places it's not wanted.

DOJAR

Doyle, what have you heard?

DOYLE

Nothing, and if you're smart neither have you. I gotta go.

He taps at his console, watched by Dojar, and gets up, heading for the door.

DOJAR

I'll see you later.

Doyle doesn't acknowledge as he goes out. Dojar looks thoughtful.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PLEASURE PALACE -- NIGHT

Talora and Quinlan are still standing there. It is noticeable that the lowlifes are now all carefully avoiding them, especially Quinlan. The door opens and Cross emerges. He sighs when he sees them.

CROSS

Can't you two leave me alone?

QUINLAN

Apparently not.

CROSS

I could have you arrested for stalking.

QUINLAN

Could you really?

CROSS

...No.

He looks at them.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Come on, you might as well get something to eat.

They begin to walk.

TALORA

Where are we going?

CROSS

My apartment.

QUINLAN

You live down here?

CROSS

Certainly not.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA OF BANGKOK -- NIGHT

This is evidently the rich end of town. Tall gleaming skyscrapers line the skyline as far as the eye can see.

The land is hilly, with trees, cliffs, and even in one corner, by a particularly swish apartment block, a waterfall, cascading down nearly the entire length by the building. Cross, Talora, and Quinlan head towards this one.

QUINLAN

How much money do you make gambling?

CROSS

A lot more than I do as starship captain.

CUT TO:

INT. CROSS'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The layout is one giant room. Along three sides are sheer glass windows, giving a beautiful panoramic view of the city below, beautiful in the way cities are at night. The waterfall can be seen out of one side of the windows as well. The room is furnished with the bare minimum however: a sofa, a bed in one corner, generic decorations on the wall, presumably already there before Cross moved in. Cross, Talora, and Quinlan enter.

QUINLAN

Wow.

CROSS

Now tell me, would you leave this place?

TALORA

Captain, I cannot believe you earn that much.

CROSS

I helped someone out here a long time ago. They owed me a favor. This was it.

He walks over to the replicator.

CROSS (CONT'D)

What do you want?

TALORA

You to come back.

CROSS

I don't think the replicator does that.

TALORA

Captain, please.

CROSS

Talora, nothing you say will change my mind. There's nothing left for me at Starfleet now. Every reason I had to be there has gone.

TALORA

What about us? Your crew? Your friends?

CROSS

You're quite welcome to visit anytime you like.

TALORA

Captain, does nothing of what we went through on the Enterprise mean anything to you? What we faced, what we've experienced? It's too much just to turn your back on.

CROSS

It's in the past. It's over. I can't go back.

QUINLAN (O.S.)

I can understand that.

They look at her. She's facing away from them, at one of the windows, looking out. She speaks in a far away voice.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

After the Nightingale, I didn't want to look back either. I didn't want to see anyone, or talk to anyone, or even think about anyone. I wanted to escape the ghosts of the past. But in the end I learnt that I couldn't. They were always there, always with me, never letting me be at peace. And by cutting myself off from those who could have helped me, I found myself in a far darker and lonelier place than if I had been strong. It was an abyss, and at the end I couldn't see a way out.

She turns and looks at Cross.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Fortunately, there was someone there who was able to pull me out. Someone who still believed in me, no matter how I'd behaved.

(beat)

It's rare to find someone like that. I wouldn't want to lose them again.

Beat.

CROSS

(slowly)

I would like to be on my own for a bit, if you don't mind.

TALORA

Okay.

She hands him her commbadge.

TALORA (CONT'D)

I brought this. You can contact us, we're staying a couple of blocks away.

CROSS

Thank you.

Talora and Quinlan slowly walk out. Quinlan turns and looks back. Cross is looking away from them. She starts to speak, then thinks better of it, and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. MARINE BARRACKS -- NIGHT

Dojar is sitting on his bed, with a console propped on his knee, rather like a laptop nowadays. There is no one else in the room. He is whispering all the time.

DOJAR

Computer, activate trace blocker.

COMPUTER VOICE

Blocker activated.

He looks at the screen. It says USERNAME. He types in DOYLE. A second screen appears: PASSCODE. He types in the code he saw Doyle using before -- Lambda epsilon upsilon tau omega nu. He holds his breath, but the computer accepts it -- the screen changes to a "Welcome Doyle" logo. He types in "Search Key: Enterprise." Suddenly the console beeps.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Blocker being probed. Time to collapse: sixty seconds.

DOJAR

Dammit.

COMPUTER VOICE

Search complete. No files pertaining to search key located.

DOJAR

That's ridiculous. Search again.

COMPUTER VOICE

Time to collapse: fifty seconds.

DOJAR

Come on, come on.

COMPUTER VOICE

Search complete. No files pertaining to search key located.

DOJAR

Dammit. Computer, search recently deleted files.

COMPUTER VOICE

Unable to comply. Recently deleted files no longer exist. Time to collapse: forty seconds.

DOJAR

Rubbish. Computer, search file fragments, search key Enterprise.

COMPUTER VOICE

Searching.

(beat)

Time to collapse: thirty seconds. Search complete. Three file fragments pertaining to search key located.

DOJAR

Mail them to account Kappa Epsilon Gamma Gamma four seven.

COMPUTER VOICE

Complying. Time to collapse: twenty seconds.

A bar appears on the screen, showing how long it'll take the files to be mailed. It inches across the screen painfully slowly.

DOJAR

Come on, move it.

COMPUTER VOICE

Time to collapse: ten seconds.

DOJAR

Dammit.

The bar is still not complete.

COMPUTER VOICE

Five seconds. Four. Three. Two.

The bar finishes.

DOJAR

(very hurriedly)

Computer, log off.

COMPUTER VOICE

Logging off.

The beeping stops. Dojar breathes a sigh of relief, and falls back onto his bed.

INT. TEARS OF THE JACKAL -- BRIDGE

Gallamm is pacing as Brody and a lackey work at a console.

GALLAMM

Still nothing?

BRODY

No. According to this, Starfleet Command has no leads on where he is.

GALLAMM

It is not good enough!

He strides purposefully over to the console.

GALLAMM (CONT'D)

What about those closest to him?
His crewmen, his friends, his lovers?

BRODY

His wife is on Bajor -- we are certain he is not with her.

GALLAMM

And his crewmen? His second-in-command.

BRODY

We can patch into her comm signal.

GALLAMM

How?

BRODY

We have access to the central Starfleet computer core.

GALLAMM

The famed Starfleet security is not all it is said to be.

BRODY

Oh, it is, we just have special privileges. Hmmm, that's odd.

GALLAMM

What?

BRODY

Currently her comm signal is coming from Asia, the city of Bangkok.

GALLAMM

Why is that odd?

BRODY

There's no Starfleet presence there. I'm not sure why she would be there.

GALLAMM

We will track her. She may know Cross's location.
(he taps his badge)
Gallamm to crew. Prepare to beam down.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- CREW QUARTERS

A long corridor, looking like a typical apartment building. Dojar walks along it, wincing as he hears indistinguishable shouting. He knocks on the door, which suddenly flies open. Boyle, her face like thunder, charges out and pushes past him without a word, stomping down the corridor. Dojar peers in nervously, to see a flustered-looking Grey in the hallway.

DOJAR

Bad timing?

GREY

Come in, Dojar.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Continued from before. Dojar walks in and looks at Grey.

DOJAR

Trouble in paradise?

GREY

As ever.

DOJAR

You sounded like a Klingon mating couple.

GREY

No such luck. What can I do for you?

DOJAR

I'm sorry about the late hour. I need you to look at something for me.

He walks over to a console.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Computer, access account Kappa Epsilon Gamma Gamma four seven, authorization Romeo Omega Bravo one six.

COMPUTER VOICE

Authorization accepted.

DOJAR

Look at these files for me would you?

Grey sits in front of the console.

GREY

What are they?

DOJAR

I don't know. I logged into the Marine database, to see if I could find out why they'd been on the Enterprise.

GREY

And?

DOJAR

Nothing. Every mention of the Enterprise had been erased, even basic historical stuff. The only references I could find were these deleted files. I was wondering if you could reconstruct them.

GREY

You're in luck. Reconstructive work was an area I excelled at. During the War I was able to decode messages transmitted by the Sheliak half a system away from the barest fragments.

He starts to tap.

GREY (CONT'D)

I didn't know you had access to the Marine database.

DOJAR

I don't.

Grey looks at him.

GREY

You sure you weren't traced?

DOJAR

Positive.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- DELFUNE'S OFFICE

Doyle is standing in front of Delfune.

DELFUNE

You deny accessing these files about the Enterprise?

DOYLE

I do.

DELFUNE

Why should I believe you? It was your passcode that was used. Who else could get it?

DOYLE

I don't know, I...

(stops)

Wait a minute, Dojar was asking me about the Enterprise yesterday. And he saw me logging out a couple of hours ago.

DELFUNE

Gril Dojar, formerly of the Enterprise?

DOYLE

That's right, Admiral.

DELFUNE

Somehow that doesn't surprise me.

(MORE)

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
(she taps a button on
her desk)
Admiral Delfune to Lieutenant Dojar.
Please respond.

INTERCUT:

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

As before, Grey and Dojar. They look at each other. Dojar taps his commbadge.

DOJAR
Dojar here.

DELFUNE
Please report to my office
immediately.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANGKOK -- CROSS'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

FIVE KLINGONS materialize in front of the building. Gallamm is not amongst them. One consults a small reading device.

KLINGON 1
This way.

INT. RESIDENTIAL CORRIDOR -- OUTSIDE CROSS'S APARTMENT

The five Klingons make their way along it.

INT. CROSS'S APARTMENT

Cross is staring out of the window over the city, looking pensive. In his hand he fingers the comm badge. Suddenly the door is KICKED OPEN. He turns round to face the FIVE KLINGONS, stomping in.

CROSS
Can I help you?

The Klingons, momentarily surprised to see Cross and not Talora, smile at him nastily.

KLINGON 1
Captain Cross. How fortunate. You
will come with us.

CROSS
I would, but I don't want to.

The Klingon raises a phaser and shoots it at him. Cross dives behind the sofa and taps the commbadge.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Cross to Quinlan!

INT. QUINLAN AND TALORA'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

It looks like some kind of local hostel. Quinlan is lying asleep on one bed, Talora on the other. Quinlan stirs at the commbadge, and sleepily grabs at it.

QUINLAN
Captain?

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
Quinlan, I'm under attack by five
Kling--

The message CUTS OUT. Quinlan sits up.

QUINLAN
Talora. Wake up. NOW!

TALORA
(sits straight up,
immediately alert)
What is it?

QUINLAN
The captain. Emergency transport to
Commander Talora's comm signal.

She dematerializes into...

INT. CROSS'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Dawn is beginning to break through the window. The sofa is upended, and there are phaser burns scorched on the wall. There is no sign of Cross though. Quinlan hurries through, looking frantically.

QUINLAN
Captain! Captain! Oh no.

She looks down. There, on the floor, is TALORA'S COMMBADGE, next to a small pool of blood. Off her reaction we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CROSS'S APARTMENT

Continued from the last act. Quinlan is still standing in the middle of the room. She taps her commbadge again.

QUINLAN

Quinlan to Starfleet Ops, code red.
Security clearance Delta Alpha Zero.
Emergency transport.

She shimmers into nothingness.

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- OPERATIONS -- CONTINUOUS

The room is large and bustling. Think of the Starfleet equivalent of air traffic control. Many people sit over consoles, there are large schematics on the wall showing starcharts and various navigation tools. In one corner is the transport area. Quinlan shimmers into view, as ADMIRAL GONZALES, the admiral in charge here, walks towards her.

GONZALES

What's going on? Who are you?

QUINLAN

Lieutenant Jennifer Quinlan, Starship Enterprise. You have to put an immediate holding pattern on all ships leaving Earth's system.

GONZALES

What? Why?

QUINLAN

Captain Cross has been seized by Klingons. They'll want to leave the system immediately.

GONZALES

You can't just put a moratorium out like that, it needs to get through the proper channels.

QUINLAN

Dammit, man. They'll get away, and you don't want to be the one explaining why the lead witness in Starfleet's highest profile hearing in twenty years slipped through your fingers just because you wanted to follow correct protocol, am I right?

Short BEAT. Gonzales nods at someone at a console.

SUPERNUMERARY

This is Starfleet Headquarters
Operations issuing an immediate
holding pattern to all ships currently
in orbit. I repeat, this is...

As she continues to speak, Gonzales pulls Quinlan to one side.

QUINLAN

We need to get Talora here. And who's
in charge?

GONZALES

I'll contact her right away.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- DELFUNE'S OFFICE

Delfune has brought Dojar in for questioning. To one side sits Doyle.

DELFUNE

Do you deny accessing privileged
files?

DOJAR

No.

DELFUNE

Then why did you do it?

DOJAR

I wanted to find out what was
happening to the Enterprise.

DELFUNE

Why didn't you just ask?

DOJAR

I did. No one answered.

DELFUNE

Don't you think there might have
been a reason for that?

DOJAR

I'm the ship's Chief of Security.
It's my nature to be curious.

DELFUNE

I see.

Her comm BEEPS.

GONZALES'S COMM VOICE
Gonzales to Delfune.

DELFUNE
Delfune here.

GONZALES'S COMM VOICE
Please report to Ops immediately.
We have a code red.

DELFUNE
On my way.

She stands and moves round her desk.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
Don't leave the grounds until we
speak again. We've cut off your
security clearances for the moment,
so you don't get curious again.

Dojar nods, and stands too.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- OPERATIONS

A few minutes later. Talora shimmers into view on the transporter platform as Quinlan is leaning over one SUPERNUMERARY'S desk.

TALORA
What's happening?

QUINLAN
We're trying to trace the transporter
signal.

TALORA
Any luck?

SUPERNUMERARY
Not yet. There's some kind of
distortion effect on the transport
signal.

QUINLAN
Good news -- Admiral Delfune is on
her way.

TALORA
(wryly)
Oh, good.

SUPERNUMERARY

Okay, I've got the transport signal from the Bangkok end. However, I can't seem to follow it to its point of origin. It seems to split into about four different node points, it's all over the place.

TALORA

Did the signal get corrupted?

SUPERNUMERARY

No, it's more likely they've disguised it somehow. Piggybacked it onto another, or relayed it, used something like that.

TALORA

Can you track it?

SUPERNUMERARY

If they're amateurs at it, yes. If not, I'm not sure.

DELFUNE

What is going on here?

They look up as DELFUNE strides masterfully into Ops. Quinlan and Talora exchange a look.

TALORA

It's Captain Cross. He's been kidnapped.

DELFUNE

I see. By whom?

TALORA

We think Klingons.

DELFUNE

Well, I can't say I'm surprised. They're an aggressive bunch at the best of times, and the Captain's recent activities won't have endeared him to them.

QUINLAN

We think he's in a ship in orbit. We're starting to trace the transport signal.

DELFUNE

Understood. Well, keep me informed.

She turns and starts to walk away.

TALORA

Admiral, we need to start contacting the ships, get searches going.

DELFUNE

Why?

TALORA

His life might be in danger.

DELFUNE

I would say that is very likely. However, as much as I worry for his well-being, we cannot afford to go pestering every freighter captain up there and demanding to search their ships. We have neither the time nor the manpower.

TALORA

No, but at least we can look at who is in orbit, narrow down the likely suspects.

DELFUNE

Fine, you do that. I have other things to do.

TALORA

I would have thought getting the Captain back would be a top priority.

DELFUNE

Captain Cross has brought shame down on Starfleet in the past few weeks. He has disobeyed orders, and then refused to turn up for a hearing to answer the charges against him. If he'd stayed put there would have been no chance of this happening. Frankly, my patience is at an end. We will do what we can to get him back, but no more.

TALORA

Admiral Delfune, he is still a member of Starfleet...

DELFUNE

Yes. I wonder for how much longer, though? You have my instructions. Keep me posted.

As she moves to go out, Gonzales sidles over.

GONZALES

We've placed the ships in a holding pattern.

DELFUNE

Keep them there for one hour, no more. We can't inconvenience them any more, even if it is for the sainted Captain Cross.

She turns and leaves the room. The Supernumerary turns to Talora and Quinlan.

QUINLAN

(sotto voce)

Bitch.

TALORA

Quinlan, keep working here. I'll be back in a minute...

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Delfune is striding along it purposefully. Talora emerges in the background, and chases her. As they talk they walk.

TALORA

Admiral.

DELFUNE

I'll a busy woman, Talora.

TALORA

I know what's going on here.

DELFUNE

I somehow doubt that.

TALORA

You don't care if the Captain does end up dead. It'll just make it easier for you to focus the blame on him at the hearing.

DELFUNE

Well, it was his fault.

TALORA

You know as well as I do he was just following orders.

DELFUNE

Maybe I know that, maybe you know that, but no one else knows that, and that's how it's going to stay.

TALORA

You cannot abandon him.

DELFUNE

It would appear I can.

She starts to walk on again, and then turns around again.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)

A word of advice, Commander. Don't try and fight me. I have many more friends than you do. You'll come off second best.

TALORA

Are you threatening me?

DELFUNE

As I said, just a word of advice.

She continues to walk off.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)

Oh, and we arrested your chief of security earlier today. You people formerly of the Enterprise really are a troublesome lot...

She disappears around a corner. Talora frowns.

TALORA

"Formerly of the Enterprise?"

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- OPERATIONS

We see a montage of scenes as Quinlan and the supernumerary work together, but it becomes clear from their expressions that they're making no progress. Finally, they look up as Gonzales approaches.

GONZALES

Time's up.

They nod, and Quinlan walks slowly, defeated, towards the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- DAWN

The sun is rising over the whole establishment, silhouetting it against its fiery redness. Even the sun looks cross.

EXT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- CAFE -- DAWN

Talora, Quinlan, and Dojar have gathered, sitting on the chairs outside. The cafe isn't open yet, and the grounds are empty. For a time they sit in silence, watching the early morning light.

DOJAR
I hope it's quick.

QUINLAN
What?

DOJAR
You know. The Captain.

QUINLAN
Don't say that. You don't know they've killed him.

DOJAR
Why do you think they've taken him? They'll take him to some Reformist camp, hold a mock trial, and then execute him. There's nothing we can do.

TALORA
First the Enterprise. Now this.

QUINLAN
Why? What about the Enterprise?

DOJAR
That's just it. We don't know.

QUINLAN
I don't understand.

DOJAR
All activity on it has been stopped it's been effectively quarantined. No one's allowed in or out. Like they're hiding something.

GREY
That's for certain.

They look up. Grey is walking towards them, clutching a PADD.

DOJAR
What do you mean?

GREY

I've been working on these files all night. There's something very peculiar happening.

QUINLAN

Why?

GREY

I only managed to get fragments, but this is what I got. There were Marines on the Enterprise, and it seems their orders were quite specific.

DOJAR

What were they?

GREY

(reading from the
PADD)

"All sensor data collected and relating to the Coular strike erased."

QUINLAN

Why would they do that?

GREY

I don't know. And there's another thing. Several times the word "Janus" appears in these things.

TALORA

Janus?

GREY

Yes. I have no idea what it means.

QUINLAN

Did you find out who ordered the erasure?

GREY

No. But there was one phrase I got that has added significance given last night's events.

He flicks through his PADD again.

GREY (CONT'D)

Here it is.

(reading)

"We have received word that Cross himself will not be a problem much longer. He will not go to trial. Then something something... fortunate."

QUINLAN

Oh my God.

TALORA

We need to find out what's going on,
and fast.

GREY

How, though?

QUINLAN

Erik, where did you get those files?

GREY

Dojar found them on the Marine net.
They were deleted, but fortunately I
was able to reconstruct part of them.

QUINLAN

So... you would be able to reconstruct
more deleted material then?

GREY

I'd have to see it.

TALORA

You're thinking of the Enterprise
files?

QUINLAN

I am.

TALORA

We'd need to get on board.

GREY

Covertly.

QUINLAN

Well, with my criminal expertise and
Dojar's newly discovered Marine
training, that shouldn't be too much
of a problem.

DOJAR

We'd have to be quick. Don't want
people to notice we're gone.

GREY

I would be missed, I teach three
classes a day.

QUINLAN

Okay, you'd have to be ready for any
data we'd send you...

They all look at each other.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

What do you think? Should we do this?

TALORA

It might be the only chance we have of finding the Captain.

DOJAR

And learning what's going on.

QUINLAN

And, most importantly, piss Delfune off.

They smile at her.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Not that she'll ever find out of course...

TALORA

Time is of the essence. If we hurry we can catch the first cargo ship leaving for the shipyards.

QUINLAN

Let's go to work.

They stand up, and begin to walk towards the sunrise as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- UTOPIA PLANITIA FLEET YARDS

A wide shot of an enormous space station orbiting Mars. Many ships are about, all surrounded by the familiar scaffolding we've seen countless times before. All are connected to each other, and the whole thing looks rather like a giant spider's web -- the entire facility is even bigger and busier than we've seen it in years past. The main administrative area is right at the center. There are many transport ships buzzing about, going to and fro. We focus on one as it enters the main area.

INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA -- RECEPTION

Talora, Quinlan, and Dojar, together with the other passengers on their transport, file off into the huge reception area rather like an airport. All three of them are wearing barely noticeable wires on one of their ears. They look around for a moment, orientating themselves to their new surroundings.

TALORA

Bay seventeen.

Dojar looks, and points to a series of turbolifts. They head for them.

INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA -- CORRIDOR

A glass corridor suspended between the shipyards. The view is awesome below, above and surrounding them are the ships. There are few people here milling about, and it noticeable a couple of the shipyards are in darkness. The turbolift bay door opens, and Talora, Quinlan, and Dojar walk out.

TALORA

There she is.

They walk over, and look down on the giant hulk of the Enterprise. She is in complete darkness.

QUINLAN

She looks so sad. All alone in the night.

DOJAR

Look.

He points. There is a slight shimmering around the ship.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

A shield. It's being generated by the surroundings.

TALORA

Let's hope our fearless engineer is
in position.

She taps her commbadge.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, are you ready?

INTERCUT:

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

Grey is sitting at a desk, a console in front of him, from which we can see all three of their point of views, from the wires on their ears.

GREY

Reading you loud and clear.

INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA -- CORRIDOR

As before -- Talora, Quinlan, and Dojar.

TALORA

Our first problem: getting through a
shield.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

You're going to have to get closer
to it, in a shuttle. There are some
in every drydock out there. You
should find one somewhere along the
corridor.

Talora looks ahead, and does indeed see a section further along that leads to a small bay. They begin to walk along it.

TALORA

Okay, we've got it. Do we need a
code?

GREY

Yes, hang on, getting a generic one
now. Okay, it's Seven Two Alpha
Romeo Kappa Lambda Lambda Romeo.
That'll make the system think you're
just a bunch of engineers.

TALORA

Got it.

EXT. ENTERPRISE -- DRYDOCK

In the background, we see a small SHUTTLE detach from a pack and begin to move towards the Enterprise.

INT. SHUTTLE

Quinlan is at the helm, Talora and Dojar at the other stations.

QUINLAN

Right, we're as close now as we can be without causing the shield to go bzzzt. Now what?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

There's a safety system on board all engineering modules that can neutralize a passive shield as it passes through. I'm sending you the field harmonics now. Stand by.

TALORA

What's a passive shield?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Engineering term. It's basically a field put round a ship during construction or refitting. It's basically a big net to catch any materials that are "dropped," as it were. Or even people sometimes. It's not like a shield on a starship. I'm banking that's what they've used here.

DOJAR

We'll soon know. I've engaged the override. Quinlan, take us in.

EXT. ENTERPRISE -- DRYDOCK

The shuttle passes through the Enterprise, causing a momentary shimmer in the immediate area.

INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA -- OPERATIONS

Another main organizational area, rather like Earth ops. At a desk a SUPERNUMERARY frowns as something flashes up on his screen. He taps a button and a VOICE answers.

VOICE

Yes?

SUPERNUMARY 2

Sir, we've just detected a minor energy fluctuation on the Enterprise net. You told me to tell you.

VOICE

Understood.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

It is in complete darkness, which is lit briefly as Talora and Dojar beam in. They turn on flashlights which light up beams around the area.

TALORA

First thing's first, how do we turn on the lights.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Is there no light at all?

TALORA

No.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Okay, be careful then. That means that the gravity will be off.

TALORA

We have the boots.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Still, be careful. Find the main engineering console. Underneath in a small conduit is a switch.

Dojar walks around, and bends down by a console. He pulls off a hatch and looks.

DOJAR

Think I've got it.

He presses it, and dim lights, looking a little like Christmas lights only not as numerous, light up the area around them.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

What is this, party time?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

I rigged them up in case the power grid was ever shut down. They run on their own power source.

TALORA

Okay, we can see. Now what?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Now you turn the lights off again.

TALORA

What? Why?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

If all systems are shut down, the only way to access the computer core is to link in a portable power unit. Like that one used for those lights.

DOJAR

Why can't we just power up Engineering?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

You could if you wanted to attract the attention of everyone in the whole yard.

DOJAR

Good point. The last thing we want to do is attract attention.

INT. SHUTTLE

Quinlan is watching the action, which is now from Dojar's POV, on the screen, facing away from the front of the shuttle. Thus she fails to notice through the viewscreen another small shuttle detach itself from the shuttlebay and start to make its way towards the ship.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

Talora pulls off another hatch and shines her torch down the Jefferies tube. It's a ladder leading down. She pulls the manual release and the floors open, showing the ladder descends deep into the bowels of the ship. She begins to climb down, followed by Dojar, who is now carrying the small generator with him.

EXT. ENTERPRISE -- DRYDOCK

The second shuttle gets closer. Quinlan's shuttle is partially hidden on the underside of the ship, but it won't be long before the shuttle gets there.

INT. SHUTTLE

Quinlan still watching. Suddenly the forcefield surrounding the Enterprise shimmers, lighting the cockpit up. She reacts suddenly.

QUINLAN

Shit.

She spots the shuttle, and quickly pilots the shuttle up and away, sticking close to the side of the Enterprise.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Er, guys? We've got company.

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SECONDARY COMPUTER CORE

Darkness, lit by torches from above. Talora and Dojar descend from a ladder in the ceiling, and hurry over to a large bank of technological looking equipment. As the following dialogue takes place, Dojar sets up the generator to the bank.

TALORA

What's that?

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE

I dunno, but there's a shuttle here.

TALORA

Damn. Grey, will they be able to detect us?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

If they beam over to the ship they will.

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE

Oh good, nothing to worry about then.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Quinlan, shut down the shuttle. They might have a harder time detecting you then.

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE

Okay.

DOJAR

There.

The computer core begins to power up. Talora quickly types something into one of the consoles.

TALORA

Okay, starting the download now...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

SIX FIGURES shimmer into existence. They are clad completely in black, but their suits give off a powerful glow, which enables them to see. The effect is a bit like six walking glow worms. One holds a tricorder in his hand. He scans for a moment, and then gestures to the floor.

VOICE

They are somewhere below us.

They begin to move.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE

Quinlan has powered down all systems, and the shuttle is hanging in the air.

QUINLAN

Are you sure they can't detect me?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

No, I'm sure they can.

QUINLAN

Then why aren't they coming after me?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

I guess as long as you've shut down the systems, they know you're not going anywhere...

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SECONDARY COMPUTER CORE

The download continues, Talora and Dojar look tense. Dojar has powered up a schematic on the screen, on which can be seen six dots, moving through the corridors about ten decks above them. The dots are dropping rapidly through the levels of the ship.

TALORA

How long, Dojar?

DOJAR

If they know the ship, less than two minutes. If they don't, who knows?

TALORA

How long on the download?

DOJAR

Two minutes. I've just concentrated on data altered in the last two weeks, otherwise we'd be here until doomsday.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- JEFFERIES TUBE

The six figures slowly descend. One voice is speaking softly.

VOICE

They are not at the primary computer core. My guess is they went for the secondary. We'll be there in under a minute.

COMM VOICE

Beam in.

VOICE

Negative. We would be vulnerable. We don't know what weaponry they have.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SECONDARY COMPUTER CORE

Talora and Dojar, as before.

DOJAR

We really should have brought some weapons.

TALORA

We might need to improvise. Any ideas?

DOJAR

Actually, yes.

He begins to tap at the computer console.

TALORA

Time?

DOJAR

One minute, thirty.

TALORA

Quinlan, get ready to beam us over when we say.

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE

All right, give me fifteen second's warning to fire up the shuttle again.

Suddenly we hear CLUNKING, and see from the Jefferies tube in the ceiling, as well as the glow from the figure's suits faintly dropping down.

TALORA

I think now would be a good time.

INTERCUT:

INT. SHUTTLE

Quinlan fires up the shuttle, and it begins to come to life again.

QUINLAN

All right, guys.

(beat)

Guys?

INTERCUT:

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

Grey at his desk, watching the data streaming to his console.

GREY

(urgently)

Talora, Dojar? You there?

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SECONDARY COMPUTER CORE

Talora and Dojar are staring at the barrels of six phaser rifles pointed at them by the black-clad figures.

VOICE

Move away from the console.

Talora and Dojar do so. The figure nods to another who walks over to the computer console.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Talora and Dojar don't answer, but begin to edge towards the side of the room.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Answer me.

Suddenly the computer console goes beep.

DOJAR

All done?

TALORA

All done.

DOJAR

Okay. Computer, now!

Suddenly the room is lit up, the light so blinding after the darkness that everyone instinctively covers their eyes.

TALORA

Beam us up, now!

They dissolve into nothingness as the figures shoot blindly at them.

INT. SHUTTLE -- CONTINUOUS

Quinlan is beginning to manoeuvre away from the Enterprise as Talora and Dojar emerge from the transporter pad.

QUINLAN

Did we get it?

TALORA

Yes, barely.

Dojar slings the power generator onto the chair besides him.

QUINLAN

Okay, this might be a bumpy...

The shuttle suddenly SHUDDERS.

TALORA

Now what?

QUINLAN

The other shuttle's latched onto us with a tractor beam.

She presses a couple of buttons on the console, but with no luck.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

It's no good. That's a proper military shuttle out there, ours is just an engineering shuttle. We're being hailed.

TALORA

We might as well hear what they have to say. Audio only.

Quinlan taps at the console.

VOICE ON COMM

Shuttle, power down your shields and prepare to be boarded. I repeat...

Quinlan stabs a button and the voice is cut off.

DOJAR

If they arrest us, they'll court martial us. We'll be finished.

QUINLAN

Great. Why can't I stay on the right side of the law?

The shuttle SHUDDERS again.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

They're increasing the strength of the tractor. The shields will drop in thirty seconds.

TALORA

Dammit!

She sits down heavily on the chair with the power generator, and reacts. She stands up again.

TALORA (CONT'D)

What's this?

DOJAR

The power generator. What?

He's looking at Talora, who is suddenly looking thoughtful. She breaks into a grin.

TALORA

Grey, what would happen if we transported this generator into the tractor beam?

GREY'S COMM VOICE

It would cause a feedback loop...

GREY AND TALORA

...neutralizing the tractor beam.

TALORA

Dojar.

He hurries the generator over to the transporter pad.

QUINLAN

Ten seconds 'til shields fall.

DOJAR

Energize!

EXT. ENTERPRISE -- DRYDOCK

The two shuttles are locked together in the beam. Suddenly there is a shimmering in the beam, followed by a small explosion, that seems to send a violent recoil along both

ends of the tractor beam. The two shuttles are tossed in opposite directions.

INT. SHUTTLE

Quinlan, Talora, and Dojar, as before.

QUINLAN

Go to warp?

TALORA

If you please.

QUINLAN

My pleasure.

EXT. ENTERPRISE -- DRYDOCK

The shuttle warps into open space, as the other is still trying to recover from the feedback.

INT. SHUTTLE

Quinlan, Talora, and Dojar, as before. Quinlan has a satisfied look on her face.

QUINLAN

Not many pilots could have got out of that roll into warp straight away.

TALORA

Yes, well done. Just get us as far away from here as possible before they get their act together.

QUINLAN

Will do.

DOJAR

Don't take us back to Earth immediately.

QUINLAN

Why not?

DOJAR

There'll be a security sweep out a shuttle like this. We should keep a low profile for a few hours.

TALORA

Agreed. Quinlan, take the scenic route back.

EXT. SPACE

We see the SHUTTLE in warp, away from the station.

FADE TO:

EXT. SPACE -- SOME TIME LATER

The shuttle is still at warp.

INT. SHUTTLE

Quinlan is at the console, Talora and Dojar reading PADDs in the background.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Grey to shuttle.

QUINLAN

Quinlan here. What have you got?

INTERCUT:

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

GREY is sitting at his console, looking at it worriedly.

GREY

I've been looking at the data here.
There's one file in particular that's
worried me...

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

What is it?

INT. SHUTTLE

As before. Quinlan, Talora, and Dojar are all listening intently.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

It appears to be from a transmission,
made from the ship about a week ago.

(reads)

"Computer bank now erased. All sensor
data related to Coular is negated.
Enterprise can now be safely
decommissioned and dismantled without
fear of data leakage. Are proceeding
to coordinates, and it has them here,
for next stage of mission. Inform
Janus. Message ends."

They look at each other in horror.

QUINLAN

Dismantled?

TALORA

"Formerly of the Enterprise..." That's what Delfune said to me.

They look at each other.

DOJAR

Now what do we do?

Talora suddenly looks determined.

TALORA

We stop them. Find out why they want to eliminate this Coular data.

DOJAR

How?

TALORA

I don't know, but we'll think of something...

She looks at them.

TALORA (CONT'D)

We always do...

She looks out of the window...

EXT. SPACE

An exterior shot of the shuttle.

TALORA (O.S.)

...for the Captain's sake, if not for ours...

The view pans and WARPS through space, and lightens again on the Klingon ship we'd seen Gallamm on in Act One.

CUT TO:

INT. KLINGON CRUISER -- PRISON CELL

Cross is lying naked on the floor, beaten to a pulp. One eye has swollen completely shut, and there are numerous sores and marks on his body. He is conscious, but barely. On his haunted expression we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END