

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"I'm Not Scared"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPORTS STADIUM -- DAY

WIDE ANGLE of a large sports stadium from a high altitude as a lone figure runs around the track. The center of the stadium isn't like today's football stadiums, but that of a Parisses Squares court, but the familiar running track is still present around the outside, next to the seating that surrounds the stadium in a rounded rectangle shape.

The stadium isn't far from a coastline, it looks like we're somewhere on the African coastline. The camera slowly pans around and begins to close in on the stadium below.

We CUT TO reveal the figure running towards us -- it's ERIK GREY. We can see from his stride and pace that he's a powerful athlete, but he begins to slow down mid-run; an explanation for which is given as we move behind him and see an ELDERLY MAN, dressed in casual civilian clothes, walking towards Grey. He has a confident stride, giving him a look of importance and power.

Grey nods at the man, before:

GEORGE

Good track?

GREY

I've run better.

GEORGE

I had no idea that you were an athlete.

GREY

(smiles)

Not many people do. There's rarely a spare moment for me to practice on the Enterprise.

GEORGE

Then this lifestyle's beginning to suit you to the ground.

GREY

I'm still a Starfleet officer -- I'm not prepared to throw away everything I've worked for just yet.

GEORGE

Understandable. You have a good record. Tarnished by the actions of one man...

GREY

One man? The crew chose to follow those orders.

GEORGE

You're still clinging to that, aren't you? Even though it pulls you down with him.

(beat)

Doesn't it haunt you?

GREY

Would it be human to say that it doesn't?

GEORGE

I know that it takes a strong one to pull through it.

They look at each other for a while.

GREY

I've done worse.

Beat.

GEORGE

The Sheliak?

GREY

(laughs)

There's no such thing as a peaceful war, George. Now why don't we skip the pleasantries and move on to why you're here?

GEORGE

Dyson Corp. is beginning to send ships out even further than they ever have before. We can't rival that, but we can take on high risk and more... questionable assignments.

GREY

Questionable?

GEORGE

Ships that Starfleet wouldn't be pleased if they found out Dyson were helping them.

GREY

Such as?

GEORGE

There's been a heavy increase in
Imperialist warships attacking suspect
Reformist supply ships.

Grey takes a breath...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There's quite a few adrift out there
just waiting to be finished off and...

GREY

(imitating George)

And quite a tidy profit could be
made from helping these ships reach
their final destination.

(shakes head and sighs)

You know I'm not comfortable with
taking a payment at all, and I'm
certainly not comfortable with
becoming a Reformist sympathizer. I
am due to return to Starfleet soon.

GEORGE

This opportunity won't last forever.

GREY

I'm not helping the Reformists,
George. I won't.

George ponders for a moment.

GEORGE

Who said anything about helping them?

GREY

What do you mean?

GEORGE

We help them. We charge them.

(beat)

We jail them.

GREY

You mean call Starfleet?

GEORGE

In as advance as possible.

(mock hatred)

One way or another those bastards
will pay.

GREY

(slightly sarcastic)

Sounds reasonable...

GEORGE

Then you'll do it?

There's a beat as Grey contemplates what he is about to say.

GREY

I don't know. I don't know if I could look them in the eye and tell them that I was there to help them.

GEORGE

I know it's a big test for you Erik, but just think what would happen to them once Starfleet caught up with them... think about how Starfleet would see you once you, Erik Grey, were partially responsible for the capture of Reformist supply ships!

Grey looks at him, thinking. He begins to look more and more convinced.

GREY

I know I'm going to regret doing this...

GEORGE

I'll book you passage on a ship right away.

As the camera closes in on Grey we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. VILLAGE

A small, quaint traders village based on something very recognizable to us -- we're on the moon, now fully terraformed and with the magnificent view of the Earth basking in the background.

To the west side of the village there is a large building/alcove where ships are docked, that very much blends into the village's old fashioned surroundings -- though we can not tell if it is designed to look like that or if it is indeed that old.

Something has obviously been done about the gravity on the moon by now as well -- we see figures walking through the small street and alleys off it.

INT. TAVERN

We're in a TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY ERA TAVERN, decorated with HUMAN SPACE MEMORABILIA from that era, as well as a LIVE ON STAGE BAND that plays on a RISEN PODIUM in the corner, playing the classics from the days of the twenty-first and twenty-second centuries.

The tavern is full of TRADERS crowded around the central bar area with various DRINKS in their hands. It should be noted that only a small minority of the people present are from species other than human.

We close in on the BAR where a figure, while sat at the center of the bar, is still a very solemn figure, a man with blonde hair...

We cut to the front, to reveal Grey sitting drinking a GREEN LIQUID from a glass that he sips from time to time. He sits in silence, apparently not interested in the goings on around him. He sits playing with a Starfleet commbadge, which is not visible to those around him from the way he is holding it.

The door at the entrance of the tavern OPENS he looks over his shoulder for a brief instant and sees a man wearing ragged clothes and not looking in a particularly good condition fortunately he fits in well with most of the other patrons.

Grey follows the man with his eyes, until the man sees Grey and takes a seat next to him. They speak quietly, not making eye contact for very long. Grey speaks with a tone of distrust and in parts disgust as he talks to the man -- even though they are obviously only just meeting for the first time.

MAN

You're Erik Grey?

GREY

I am.

The man leans forward to shake Grey's hand and smiles.

MAN

(appreciatively)

The universe needs more men like you, Erik -- we're lucky we found you. My name's Sean.

Grey gives him a half smile, but doesn't move his hand to return the gesture -- he's apparently not too impressed with the "the universe needs more men like you" comment, but this could be for many a reason.

GREY

I wish I could say the same.

SEAN

(sighs)

But it could do with less of that...

GREY

I don't think the universe would be at that much of a loss if we lost some of your kind, either.

SEAN

I see my reputation precedes me...

GREY

Indeed it does.

SEAN

You shouldn't believe everything you hear.

GREY

What shouldn't I have heard?

There's a BEAT. Sean doesn't know what to say -- obviously he's uncomfortable about this but he seems to be embarrassed too.

SEAN

That the captain I'm working for is a Reformist sympathizer and that we're supplying the Reformists with weapons from within the Federation.

GREY

Sounds about right.

SEAN

I assure you we're not.

GREY

(sarcastically)

That makes me feel better -- almost as much as being attacked by some Reformists does.

SEAN

You've had a rough ride with them in the past?

GREY

You could say that...

SEAN

Would it surprise you to learn that we've had just as bad an experience with the Reformists as you have?

Grey harrumphs. There's a beat.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm not your enemy, Erik. We were as helpless as you were against them, just trying to make a living.

Grey raises an IRONIC EYEBROW,

SEAN (CONT'D)

...and my ship needs your help...

Sean looks into Grey's eyes, trying to look into the complexities of Grey's brain patterns -- trying to work out what's going on behind a deeply thoughtful face.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Maybe we should just get back to the ship, so you can do what you're being paid for.

Grey chirps in abruptly, just as Sean's about to stand up and from the expression of disbelief on Sean's face it's not a come back he was expecting.

GREY

Or I could just stay here.

A BEAT -- what do you say to something like that?

SEAN

If it's more money that you're looking for, I'm afraid we just don't have it.

GREY

I don't want your money. I'm afraid the last time some acquaintances of mine were on a merchant ship one of them lost his life and I've lost any more trust I might have had after hearing of your escapades.

SEAN

I'm sorry to hear --

GREY

I don't want your sympathy either.

Sean turns and looks at him; Grey's face is one of mixed emotions though they are not entirely visible.

SEAN

What would you like?

GREY

Nothing.

They sit in silence for a while, as Sean watches Grey DRINK from his glass before finishing.

SEAN

I don't know what to tell you, Erik, maybe you just need a little trust? It's not just a crew who's on board that ship -- it's our families as well. My son, the captain's mother and father -- they're vulnerable out there until somebody steps in to help.

A beat. Sean looks around him -- before something catches his eye -- a HOODED FIGURE using a KLINGON COMMUNICATOR. He reacts, and becomes more rushed in trying to pull Grey in.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(hurriedly)

So what do you say -- you want to come and repair our ship or not?

Grey looks at him, not realizing why he's suddenly changed his attitude towards convincing him to leave. He looks down, stares at the commbadge he's been holding in his hand. He sighs, before looking back up at Sean.

GREY

Let's go.

Sean's face begins to show a smile, before he quickly pushes it back, realizing that Grey will probably not appreciate it and still uncomfortable from seeing the communicator.

Instead he just gives Grey a straightforward nod and stands to leave, looking at the hooded figure as he does so, who quickly says something into his communicator and puts it back inside his coat.

He stands, and Sean, becoming increasingly more edgy begins to walk faster, almost pushing Grey out as he does so.

SEAN

There's a shuttle waiting for us
across the village.

As they do so Grey nods in response, only just missing a bolt of PHASER FIRE, which barely misses his ear.

The band playing suddenly STOP, the crowd of the bar let out a CRY OF SHOCK AND HORROR, though this is barely audible as many of the patrons are so out of it, they barely notice the passing weapon fire.

Grey PULLS Sean to the floor, diving over him as a second blast flies over their heads. Grey LOOKS UP and sees a HOODED FIGURE firing at them as a table flies in front of Grey, shielding not only his body but his view as well.

We hear phaser fire erupt from ANOTHER DIRECTION, before all weapons fire comes to a short silence. Grey LOOKS OUT from below the table, and sees that the hooded figure is on the floor, blood running from a wound on his chest. Grey looks over to where the other weapons fire was coming from, and sees ANOTHER HOODED FIGURE talking into an ALIEN COMMUNICATOR.

GREY

Hey!

Grey stands, and looks at the hooded figure, who BEAMS OUT without saying a word. Suddenly, Grey realizes that there's something on his hands, and lifts them to his face -- they're covered in BLOOD. He looks down at the man he thought he had pulled to safety, only to find him laid with his eyes WIDE OPEN, seemingly looking at Grey with an expression of shock on his face.

Grey looks at him, just laid there in the middle of the tavern for a moment, before snapping to and walking over to the hooded figure who was originally shooting at them, and pulling the hood back, to reveal a KLINGON.

GREY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

What the hell's going on?

Grey shakes his head and pulls out a TRICORDER and scans the Klingon, which draws some attention from the sober patrons of the bar. After finishing the scan he puts the tricorder back into a pocket and quickly EXITS the bar.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Grey walks out of the tavern and out into the night, his warm breath creating a cloud of condensation against the cold night air. He quickly walks across the street and down to the SPACE DOCK we saw earlier.

INT. SPACE DOCK -- TERMINAL

The terminal area of the space dock is very much like the present day airport terminal, except that there are no check in desks, only boarding gates which lead to ships.

The terminal's pretty empty -- only a handful of people about, mostly human, but the odd alien passer by is also present. Outside one of these gates is a human WOMAN, we'll call her MEG, dressed very much like Sean was, she's pretty WELL BUILT and looks like she could put up one hell of a fight if she needed to. She marches towards Grey, a prominent stride in her step.

MEG
(matter-of-factly)
You're Grey. Where's Sean?

GREY
And you are?

MEG
A friend.
(more forcefully)
Where's Sean?

GREY
Dead. Some friends of yours decided
to attack us.

MEG
Who?

GREY
How about I ask the questions?

Meg walks up to Grey and pins him back against one of the terminal walls.

MEG
Who fired at you?

Grey's not got much air to work with here; it's being cut off by the rather large hand that's grabbing his neck.

GREY
Klingons!

MEG
What? Why?

GREY

How the hell...
(gasps)
am I supposed to know?

She releases him and Grey rubs his neck.

MEG

They should not have known we were here -- someone must have informed them of our whereabouts.

GREY

You're not helping the Klingons?

MEG

Never have done.
(she looks around)
We've got to get out of here -- we're not safe now they know that we're here.

She walks towards the airlock she was standing in front of earlier, but Grey has remained rooted to the stop.

MEG (CONT'D)

Are you coming?

Grey, looks at her and sighs.

GREY

Better then staying here.

He walks to the airlock, which opens after Meg has hit a code, and the two disappear as the door begins to close...

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

The peaceful serenity of the quiet village's night is suddenly broken by a SHUTTLE LAUNCH, much like a village's silence would be interrupted now by an aeroplane taking off. It's a loud noise and the dirt that rests on the ground around the space dock is disturbed by the force of the blast off.

EXT. SPACE

The shuttle speeds out of the moon's atmosphere and out into space, heading out of the solar system at high impulse.

INT. SHUTTLE -- COCKPIT

Silence. Grey and the woman are both seated, and another MAN, we'll call this one Dan, is also present, also seated, but nothing is said for a moment or two before

MEG

We should have gone back.

GREY

You could have been killed ask
yourself if...

MEG

(interrupts)

If it was worth the risk to bring
the body of a man I've known for six
years back to his son? I think it
would have been worth it!

She sighs, and sits back in her chair, tears welling in her eyes as she fights to regain control in front of a stranger she's only just met. Dan taps some controls and turns around...

DAN

What do we tell Joe?

Grey looks up from his own thoughts.

GREY

Joe?

MEG

His son.

Grey swallows.

GREY

How old is he?

MEG

Seventeen.

Grey's eyes open wider; a shock, a sympathy that cannot be described. What can you say to that? There's a long, appropriate mournful silence before we...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The ship that Grey boarded earlier is approaching a much larger cargo ship that's drifting in space. It's been damaged, made obvious by the scorch marks covering the hull and a thick white substance leaking from the side of the ship in various places. The ship Grey is on heads towards the shuttle bay.

INT. SHUTTLE -- COCKPIT

Same as before, silent and solemn as they go about their work until:

MEG

Archimedes -- requesting permission
to dock.

VOICE

Granted -- welcome back Meg.

Meg doesn't reply, and only hits the command to cut off the comm, and looks up at the ship growing larger and larger on the screen.

MEG

(to herself)

What do I say to him?

Grey stands up and walks next to her -- gives her a reassuring hand on her shoulder -- to which Meg pulls away from.

Dan turns around.

DAN

You'll know what to say.

MEG

Will I?

Dan just nods, and Meg gives him a half smile in return.

NOTE: The following scenes should have no noise, only music, but when the airlock scene's playing the beat should match the footsteps of one of the characters, making it really heavy and dark.

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- SHUTTLE BAY

The shuttle slowly maneuvers into the bay through a small circular door, and sets down, before the bay begins to pressurize and a docking tube extends to the shuttle's airlock.

INT. SHUTTLE -- AIRLOCK

Meg and Dan walk together down the airlock corridor, with Grey following them behind, towards the closed doors at the end of it -- we can see a silhouette stood outside waiting for the three to exit... or should that be four?

They reach the end of the corridor and the airlock door slides open, revealing a middle-aged-going-on-elderly, ORIENTAL MAN; this one's called WEN.

Meg and Dan stop at the exit, Grey a few footsteps behind them as Meg explains what's happened -- though we can't hear anything here, only music, as Wen reacts to the news of Sean's death...

FADE TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- CREW QUARTERS

Grey lies alone on his bed, reading a PADD, cases neatly piled up around the room, engineering cases are also present. The door CHIMES and Grey gets up and walks over and presses a key for the door to open -- apparently the ship's computer isn't voice activated.

The door slides open where Meg stands.

GREY

Hello.

MEG

Hey.

Grey steps to one side and holds out his arm, inviting her in -- she complies and walks into the room.

GREY

How's everyone holding up?

MEG

Good...

(beat)

but Joe...

She stops, doesn't finish the sentence,

GREY

How did he take it?

She looks at him.

MEG

His father just died -- how would you take it?

Grey looks away, realizing how obvious a question he's just asked. There's a beat before either of them say anything.

MEG (CONT'D)

I've come to show you our engine room.

GREY

I've been looking forward to getting to work.

MEG

Take your mind off things?

GREY

Partly -- I haven't done any real work for some time now.

MEG

You'd better still be up to scratch.

GREY

(smiles)

You can count on it.

She nods and turns, picking up some of the engineering crates that are piled up on the floor. Grey also picks some up and they head off out of the room, Meg leading the way.

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- CORRIDOR

Meg and Grey walk down the battered looking corridor, there are scorch marks here as well -- it's a mess really, and things don't look in a particularly good or safe state at all.

MEG

As you can see we're in a pretty bad way.

GREY

I thought you said you were handling it well...

Meg looks at him.

MEG

I meant the ship.

GREY

(awkwardly)

Ah -- of course.

There's a beat.

MEG

I don't know how much longer we can survive out here before the Reformists attack us again.

GREY

Why are they attacking you?

MEG

Why did they attack Starfleet's starbase?

GREY

Starfleet is supporting the Imperialist cause -- attacking civilian ships is something very different.

MEG

Well like it or not they are -- and they'll strike again.

GREY

Why didn't they destroy you last time?

MEG

We don't know -- we detected something strange on sensors, maybe a cloaked ship, I don't know.

Grey frowns.

GREY

Strange.

They reach the end of the corridor, and Meg indicates a door, which Grey helps her PULL OPEN, it's thick and looks incredibly heavy. They walk through it to reveal...

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- ENGINEERING -- CONTINUOUS

A small battered room, that looks like it's barely holding itself together -- all of the equipment looks old and battered... and like it's being used for more than one thing and also for what it wasn't intended to be used for...

MEG

But we're alive -- and that's what matters.

GREY

What do you need to me do?

Meg points at the old, battered-looking warp core, which Grey pulls a face at upon seeing. It has multiple wires coming out of it and it is making a strange buzzing sound.

MEG

Our warp core took a glancing hit to the lower injection assembly. Of course, we've got other problems as well...

He walks over to it and immediately starts looking at the cables attached to it. As he touches them, various lights and consoles around the room flicker on and off.

GREY

It looks like you're still using it to generate power. Can't you shut it down?

MEG

It may have been given more than one use over the years, but it's kept us going. We're pretty sure that this is where the problem is, as well as in the power distribution grid...

GREY

From this, it looks like it will need a lot of work.

MEG

How soon can you start?

GREY

Right away...

MEG

And how soon can you finish?

GREY

Three... maybe four days?

MEG

So around two then?

GREY

No. I don't exaggerate my estimates.

Meg smiles.

MEG

Then I'll leave you to it.

She turns to leave, leaving Grey alone with the strange, antique, buzzing warp core.

Grey looks at the core and pulls at the wires, more lights and consoles flicker and he sighs. He sits there for a while, just looking at the seemingly falling apart core, before standing up and walking towards a maintenance tube access

point, pulling the door off and getting down on all fours and working his way in.

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- MAINTENANCE TUBE

A ladder, with Grey's blonde-haired head coming towards us -- it's a tight squeeze, if anyone was claustrophobic they probably wouldn't be able to make it -- fortunately, however, apparently Grey isn't, and pulls himself up through the ladder and into a large SPHERICAL ROOM with a group of JUNCTION BOXES on one side, and a LARGE WINDOW looking out down the length of the ship and into space on the other.

Sat in front of the window, looking out into it, is a figure, which Grey doesn't take in straight away, and he looks away before looking back at him.

GREY

Hello?

FIGURE

I said I didn't want to see anyone...

GREY

I'm sorry -- I didn't realize that anyone else was up here...

FIGURE

Neither did I...

A beat.

GREY

You're Joe, aren't you?

FIGURE

I am.

Grey walks over to him, places a hand on the boy's shoulder. He looks small for his age, brown hair hanging to just above his eyes, wearing a shirt and a pair of trousers. His brow is furrowed, deep in thought, but we can see that he is pained as well.

GREY

I was with your father when he died.

JOE

You're Grey.

Grey nods. Joe watches this in the reflection in the window.

GREY

I'm sorry about what happened...

Nothing.

GREY (CONT'D)

I don't know what to say...

JOE

No one does.

GREY

What do you mean?

JOE

I said no one ever knows what to say to me anymore.

GREY

They just don't want to upset you.

JOE

Maybe not being talked to -- not being treated the same as I used to be is even more upsetting?

GREY

I thought you said that you didn't want to see anyone?

JOE

Why would I want to if they don't have anything to say to me?

There's a beat -- what do you say to that if you don't have anything to say in return?

GREY

Is... is there anything I can do for you?

Joe looks at him.

JOE

Talk to me...

Grey gives him an awkward expression in return not something he was hoping for.

GREY

I may not be the best person to...

JOE

(interrupts)

Please.

There's a beat before Grey sits down next to Joe at the window. Joe looks at him, at his eyes, before resting against the wall next to the window, as if he's being embraced by it. He indicates it to Grey with his eyes.

JOE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wish that it would just swallow me up.

Grey looks grim.

GREY

I'm sure you've got so much to live for.

JOE

On this wreck? I wished that the wall would swallow me long before yesterday.

GREY

Why?

JOE

Because for once in my life I'd have control over something -- where I'm heading, what I'm doing with my life. I wouldn't have to keep on playing out this...

(beat)

charade for any longer.

GREY

Is that what it feels like?

JOE

Yeah -- and now my Dad's gone, it doesn't feel like there's anything anymore. Just nothing.

GREY

What about the rest of your family?

Joe looks at him.

JOE

My Mum died just after she gave birth to me -- you can imagine how that makes me feel... and I don't have any brothers or sisters...

GREY

Then what's keeping you here, on the Archimedes?

JOE

(shakes head)

Nothing... I don't do anything, I don't talk to anyone... I am nothing.

He lets out a small sigh, Grey looks at him feeling nothing but sympathy for him.

GREY

Well... I'm here for the next few days -- why don't you help me? It'd take your mind off things...

Joe smiles -- while this isn't particularly thrilling it looks like it's the best thing that he's heard in the past few days.

JOE

Sounds good.

Grey extends his hand -- Joe extends his, shakes Grey's firmly.

GREY

So why don't you tell me what you want to do when you leave "this wreck" while I find us some equipment?

Joe smiles as Grey begins to sort through some boxes, and as we pull out from the scene we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- ENGINEERING

Grey is knelt down in front of the warp core, scanning some of the wires with his NON-STARFLEET ISSUE TRICORDER and detaching the wires that apparently aren't necessary, while Joe sits watching what he is doing from the stool of a console.

They're in silence as Grey works; Joe looks a little uncomfortable -- not knowing whether or not to interrupt Grey from his work.

GREY

You can say something, you know. I won't bite.

JOE

(smiles)

I didn't want to distract you.

GREY

Distract me? Impossible.

JOE

If you say so...

GREY

So what do you want to talk about, kiddo?

JOE

I'm not a kid.

GREY

Of course you're not.

JOE

I'm not! I'm seventeen!

GREY

How long is it until your eighteenth?

He stops to think for a quick beat.

JOE

Just over five months.

Grey stands up and walks over to the console next to where Joe is sat and sits down. He begins to tap at the controls.

GREY

I guess we can drop the kid thing then. Are you looking forward to it?

JOE

Yeah -- my Dad was going to take me to Earth... to show me where he grew up...

Grey holds up his hand a little.

GREY

One second.

He taps the controls and the console emits a beeping sound
Grey stands up and picks up his tools.

JOE

What did you do?

GREY

I shut down the power to some parts of the ship, so we can start repairing the EPS system.

JOE

Right.

Grey finishes picking up the equipment before beginning to walk out. Before he does he turns, and looks at Joe who's still sitting at the console.

GREY

Are you coming?

Joe gets up and smiles and runs to catch up with Grey, who sets off at a brisk pace.

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Grey and Joe walk down a corridor, and by the end of their dialogue should have reached part of the corridor wall with access to a maintenance tube.

GREY

So what were you saying?

JOE

I said that my Dad was going to take me to Earth to show me where he grew up.

GREY

Where was that?

JOE

It's in England... they call it Robin Hood's Bay.

GREY

I can't say I've heard of it.

During this line of dialogue Joe starts using his hands a lot, describing things with them for Grey. It's important that he doesn't look at him until the end of his dialogue.

JOE

Not many people have -- it's a small village, hundreds of years old, on the coast of the North Sea -- huge rolling cliffs that it's tucked away in, and a roaring sea that hits them like thunder. There's a beach that...

Joe looks over at Grey who's smiling, and lets out a small laugh.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm getting a little carried away aren't I?

GREY

(smiles)

A little.

JOE

It was... my Dad used to tell it...

He goes quiet and begins to slow down... tears begin to build up in his eyes and Grey turns and looks at him.

GREY

Hey -- no one can ever take that away from you -- never forget that.

He pulls Joe close to him, lets him cry for a few seconds, before Joe pulls back away from him, eyes still red but under control emotionally.

GREY (CONT'D)

Okay?

Joe nods and they continue to walk.

GREY (CONT'D)

So what else did he tell you about it?

They reach the entrance to the maintenance tube and Grey kneels down to open it.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- MAINTENANCE TUBE

A different tube to the one that we were in earlier -- there isn't a window in this one, and it appears to be even more cramped than the one we saw earlier was.

Grey's laid underneath a power distribution junction and we keep hearing buzzing noises from the tools that he's using though we can't see him or the tools. Joe's knelt down next to him, looking through one of Grey's toolboxes. We have apparently entered midway through a conversation.

JOE

...and for a while we stayed there after my Mum died, not that I can remember any of it or anything -- but he always told me how a good place it was to live in. He's got some photos that I can show you...

Grey speaks from under the junction, so his voice sounds a little muffled -- he doesn't stop what he's doing while he's speaking.

GREY

I'd like that.

(beat)

And a lot of Earth's like that -- I was only in San Francisco two weeks ago.

JOE

Have you been to Starfleet Command?

GREY

Uh-huh.

JOE

(inspired)

What's it like?

GREY

Not like it used to be.

JOE

What do you mean?

GREY

From what I've heard... there's a lot of corruption there now.

(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

Many people are beginning to think that Starfleet is becoming more of a military force than one of exploration.

Joe frowns.

JOE

Weird...

(beat)

How come you never joined up -- it looks like you've got enough talent.

A beat, Grey pushes himself out from underneath the junction and looks at Joe.

GREY

It just... wasn't for me.

JOE

I've read about Starfleet ever since I was a child... but I've never seen a ship or met an officer.

Grey smiles, but Joe doesn't see this.

GREY

Who do you look up to the most?

JOE

Captain Kirk.

Grey looks at him, unsurprised.

GREY

(smiles)

Oh come on Joe! I thought you'd be more original than that!

Joe smiles back, shakes his head.

JOE

There's nothing wrong with Kirk! Anyway, I haven't read any really recent Starfleet history.

GREY

Which was the last Enterprise you read about?

JOE

The "E."

GREY

Have you read about what happened to it?

JOE

I haven't gotten to that part yet.

GREY

It's the best part -- make sure you read it.

JOE

I will.

Grey looks at one of the tools that he's holding.

GREY

Joe.

Joe looks up, Grey indicates the tool and throws it to him.

JOE

What's this do?

Grey opens a panel on the junction, and looks inside.

GREY

See this?

He points to a circular device, and Joe nods.

GREY (CONT'D)

It needs to be replaced so that we can reroute the power grid away from the warp core.

JOE

Right.

GREY

Do you know what to do?

JOE

I think so.

Grey moves aside and Joe moves the tool to the side of the circular device, beginning to unscrew some connection wires that are passing through it.

GREY

So you're thinking of going to the Academy?

JOE

(concentrating)

I want to see the galaxy -- and looking out of the window of a cargo ship wasn't exactly what I had in mind.

GREY

It's a tough four years; you really have to...

JOE

Argh!

A spark comes out of the wiring that Joe is working on, propelling him backwards across the small room. He hits the back wall, not hard enough to knock him out but he'll have a bruise from it. Grey rushes over to him.

GREY

You okay?

JOE

Yeah... What happened?

Grey turns back to look at the wiring Joe's been working on and frowns.

GREY

I don't know -- there shouldn't be any power running through that part of the system anymore...

Joe's frowns, before Grey picks up a small screw up off the floor and throws it at the junction Joe was working at it sparks like before.

GREY (CONT'D)

That's odd.

He presses a comm. panel next to the junction box.

GREY (CONT'D)

Grey to Bridge.

MEG'S COMM VOICE

Bridge.

GREY

Can you confirm that the power for deck eight, sections C through F has been shut off?

MEG'S COMM VOICE

One moment.

We hear quiet talking in the background, Meg doesn't reply for a few long beats. Grey looks at Joe, frowns.

MEG'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)

Confirmed -- why do you ask?

A beat while Grey thinks.

GREY

I was just about to begin working on the distribution box -- I didn't want a shock!

MEG'S COMM VOICE

Understood, Erik. I'll leave you to it.

Grey closes the comm and picks the screw that he threw at the junction up off the floor.

JOE

What are you doing?

GREY

Testing something.

Grey waits a second, before throwing the screw at the panel again. Nothing happens. Grey frowns and pulls out the NON-STARFLEET ISSUE TRICORDER.

GREY (CONT'D)

The power supply hasn't been shut down -- it's been rerouted through another section.

JOE

Why would they do that?

GREY

I don't know...

(beat)

What's on deck eight, sections C through F?

JOE

That's the cargo hold.

Grey nods.

GREY

Right.

Grey stands and walks to the door of the maintenance tube, Joe also stands and begins walking.

JOE

You're going to the cargo hold?

GREY

Yes -- I'll come and find you later.

They step through the door.

INT. ARCHIMEDES CORRIDOR

JOE

No need -- I'm coming with you.

GREY

(firmly)

Not now, okay?

Joe looks at Grey, but sees the resolution set in Grey's face and sees that he's doing this for his own good, not because he doesn't want to be around him.

JOE

I'll be in my quarters.

He heads off in another direction to Grey. Just before he walks around the corner Grey stops and turns.

GREY

Hey!

Joe looks back.

GREY (CONT'D)

It's nothing personal...

JOE

(smiles)

I know.

Grey smiles back, before turning the corner and heading down to deck eight...

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- CARGO HOLD

The room is barely lit; we can just about see Grey entering from the light that's being emitted by the corridor on the other side of the door that Grey has just pulled open.

The room is stacked high with CRATES. Grey pulls out his TRICORDER and begins scanning the room, it begins to let out a STRANGE BEEPING NOISE almost immediately, and Grey begins to walk through the crates towards the back of the room.

As he gets closer and closer to the back of the room the tricorder's beeps become more frequent, and we begin to hear a strange humming/churning noise that gets louder the closer back we get.

Grey reaches the back wall and looks down to find FOUR CRYOCHAMBERS laid side-by-side next to each other. They're not transparent, so we cannot see who is inside them.

Grey runs his tricorder next to them, and stands in front of them for a moment, apparently trying to scan the contents, but by the NOISE the tricorder is making he's not having much look.

Before he can finish, Grey hears hurried FOOTSTEPS heading towards him from the back of the room, and he turns to see Wen and Meg heading towards him.

WEN

What are you doing down here, Mr. Grey?

GREY

I could ask you the same question.

Wen SWALLOWS, apparently this is something he didn't want Grey knowing about. No one says anything.

GREY (CONT'D)

Tell me the truth or I'm leaving.

Meg pulls a weapon out of a pocket in her cargos and points it at Grey.

MEG

I'm afraid we can't allow that to happen.

On Grey's confused and shocked reaction we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- CARGO BAY

Continuous action from the end of Act Three.

GREY

What's so important about these chambers that it's worth killing for?

(beat)

Reformists?

WEN

They are not Reformists.

Meg gently elbows him.

MEG

We don't have to tell him anything!

WEN

Why not? We'll be raising his suspicion still further -- if we tell him we'll be in a much better position.

MEG

How do we know we can trust him?

WEN

He seems to have gained the trust of the boy...

MEG

(shakes her head)

I don't think we should.

WEN

Then what do you suggest we do? Ask him to leave so that he can go and tell the Reformists... Starfleet?

Meg sighs, and doesn't say anything. She puts her gun away back into her pocket and takes a few steps back. Wen walks up to him.

WEN (CONT'D)

What I am about to tell you does not leave this ship. Understood?

Grey nods.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- WEN'S QUARTERS

Decorated with a Chinese style theme, Wen's quarters are very different to what we have seen on the ship so far. It's well-decorated and reflects Wen's Oriental background -- reds and golds and some transparent drapes hanging from the ceiling, along with vases and other strange ornaments dotted around the room.

Wen and Grey sit on the floor on some oriental mats, Meg stands at the door, as if she's guarding the entrance, even though it serves no purpose at all.

WEN

Three years ago, nine Reformist sympathizers, who happened to be very wealthy human businessmen, went deep into Reformist territory to aid them in their battle against the Imperialists.

Wen pauses for a second and looks at Grey, who's looking at him intently, before Wen looks away and at Meg who has her back turned to us, still "guarding" the door.

GREY

Go on.

WEN

Three weeks ago, after the attack on Starbase Twenty-Three, seven of them decided that they no longer wished to help a group of people who would launch such an attack. Unfortunately, each of these men had deeply embedded themselves within the Reformist's inner circle -- their money had helped to pay for weapons and the like, and they had knowledge of the Reformists strategic abilities.

Wen looks at Grey, who hasn't changed his line of sight since the last time that he looked.

WEN (CONT'D)

I believe it is sufficient to say, that the Reformists were not pleased to see them leave.

(beat)

Three of them had been killed by the time they had reached the rendezvous point and by the time we had arrived...

(MORE)

WEN (CONT'D)

the four you saw in our cargo bay
were already cryogenically frozen.

There's a beat -- it looks like Grey's expecting more from him, and when he realizes that he's not getting what he wants, he asks for it.

GREY

Why are they still in the chambers?
They could have been walking around
the ship and I would have never known
any the better.

WEN

Each of them has a small implant,
implanted into the base of their
skull so that it is impossible to
remove without causing heavy brain
damage. The cryogenic chambers
protect them from being discovered
by the Reformists -- unfortunately
we were attacked en route anyway.
I'm sure you can understand why we
did not tell you of their presence
when we requested your service.

GREY

Where are you taking them?

WEN

To Earth to be debriefed -- no one
knows that they are coming as of
this moment, but they will be a
treasure trove for Starfleet once we
reach them.

Grey nods and speaks for the first time since he's reached Wen's quarters.

GREY

I respect what you're doing -- but
you've put your entire crew, as well
as myself, in danger.

MEG

We're always in danger, Erik. Whether
it is from the Reformists, the
Imperialists, or whoever wants to
take our cargo -- but at least this
way we're doing something for the
good guys, for Starfleet.

WEN

It's all part of the job.

Grey doesn't know what to say to this -- it's not what he was expecting at all.

GREY

How do I know that you're telling the truth?

WEN

Without removing the protection the cryogenic chamber gives, you will not.

MEG

You'll just have to trust us, Erik.

A beat.

GREY

So what do I do now?

Wen smiles.

MEG

Carry on with your work -- get us up and running again for tomorrow, like you said.

GREY

Okay...

Wen stands, followed by Grey. Meg moves out of the way of the door and let's Grey EXIT before walking over to Wen.

MEG

Do you think he trusts us?

WEN

He masks his thoughts well -- his face is difficult to read.

Meg SIGHS.

MEG

We're not doing this ever again, Wen.

Wen looks at her.

WEN

I know.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- CORRIDOR

Grey marches a long the corridor at a furious pace.

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- JOE'S QUARTERS

Joe sits alone on his bed, reading from a PADD. The door chimes and he moves to open it, he pulls it open and Grey pushes past him and into the room, closing the door behind him.

JOE
What's happening?

GREY
Did you tell them where I'd gone?

JOE
Yes. Why?

GREY
You went and told them?

JOE
No -- they asked me. Why?

GREY
Apparently your captain has taken it upon himself to smuggle some Reformist deserters through Klingon space and through to Earth -- unfortunately, Starfleet has been given the impression that you are Reformist sympathizers is on it's way here.

JOE
How do you know that?

There's a beat.

GREY
I'm a Starfleet officer.

JOE
You told Starfleet?

GREY
No -- but someone I work for did.

JOE
Won't Wen just show Starfleet the deserters -- or hand them over to them?

GREY
He could do... but it doesn't look like it's going to be that simple.

JOE
Who else knows?

GREY

I don't know -- since you know I presume that most of the crew...

JOE

(interrupts)

No -- I mean that you're from Starfleet.

GREY

Oh.

(beat)

No one.

JOE

So what do we do now?

He pauses.

GREY

I need to get to a transmitter.

Joe stands up and heads towards the door and pulls it open.

JOE

Come with me.

Grey does as he's told and they EXIT.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- COMM ROOM

Joe and Grey enter a SMALLISH ROOM, filled with COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT, VARIOUS AGES and it looks as if, with most things on the ship, that much of it will not work. Joe walks forward to the MAIN CONSOLE and hits some keys.

JOE

My Dad used to keep in touch with some old friends from Earth on this... he's the only one that ever used it.

Grey nods as Joe works on the console.

JOE (CONT'D)

Where do you want me to direct the communication?

GREY

Earth, African continent -- these coordinates.

He shows Joe a PADD and Joe inputs them into the console.

JOE

It's ringing...

GREY
(confused)
What?

Joe smiles, a private joke (though anyone watching the episode now will obviously get it). A small screen on the back wall suddenly begins to come to life -- static at first, followed by the gradual appearance of an elderly human -- it's George, the man Grey was talking to in the teaser.

Grey slowly pushes Joe out of its line of view -- though Joe still watches what's going on. Once the image is clear enough Grey begins to speak...

GREY (CONT'D)
George -- I don't have much t...

GEORGE
(interrupts)
Erik! How are you? Done with the Reformists yet?

Joe doesn't look particularly pleased with the comment.

GREY
They're not Reformists, George -- you can't call Starfleet.

GEORGE
What?

GREY
The Archimedes is working for the good of the Federation -- but you cannot call Starfleet.
(beat)
George -- please tell me that you didn't call them.

GEORGE
I did.

Grey SLAMS HIS FIST down on to the console.

GREY
Damn it!

GEORGE
If the ship's working for the Federation won't they just let them go.

GREY
I don't think it's going to be that simple for some reason.
(beat)
We messed up George.

George looks CONFUSED.

GEORGE

I don't understand... what...

GREY

(interrupts)

I don't have time to explain - how long until Starfleet reach us?

GEORGE

Anytime --

George's image suddenly begins to turn to static, followed by it going dead completely -- Grey looks at Joe, confused, who looks back just as baffled.

Suddenly we see the deck beginning to shake, followed by a sudden JERKING, indicating that the ship has been caught in a tractor beam.

GREY

(horrified)

They're here...

Grey walks over to another COMM PANEL on the side of the room, like the one in the junction box, and hits the open channel button.

GREY (CONT'D)

Grey to Bridge -- what's going on?

WEN'S COMM VOICE

It's a Reformist ship -- they have us in a tractor beam!

Grey looks even more horrified.

GREY

I'll be right there...

He begins to exit, Joe remains seated at the console, Grey turns to face him.

GREY (CONT'D)

Are you coming?

A sudden change seems to come over Joe. He shakes his head.

GREY (CONT'D)

Why not?

A beat.

JOE

I'm scared...

GREY

What?

JOE

If the Reformists have got us in a tractor beam they must know we have the people that they're looking for... and I don't want to die.

GREY

You aren't going to die.

JOE

Why not? My Dad did.

GREY

That was different.

JOE

How? There were Klingon Reformists shooting then and there's Klingon Reformists about to shoot us now.

Grey sits down next to him.

GREY

(sighs)

Your Dad was doing his job -- to help you, to help everyone on this ship. It's all part of the job -- and if you die doing that job you're a hero to so many people.

JOE

But there's still so much for him -- for me -- to live for.

GREY

Even on this piece of "junk"?

JOE

(smiles)

Yeah...

GREY

Don't worry, we'll get you out of this. We always do -- we're Starfleet. The good guys.

Joe just gives an uneasy nod as Grey stands up and strides out of the door, and closes it, leaving Joe in the barely lit communications room...

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- BRIDGE

The Bridge is slightly bigger than the smaller engineering room, but there are more people in here, giving it the impression that it is even more cramped than it should be. The instrumentation is just as battered and old as everything else on the ship, and the main viewscreen in the center looks more like one of the ones from the late 23rd century than one from the 25th century.

Grey enters. Meg, Wen and various others are already present looking at the face of a Klingon Reformist who's talking to them. We're in mid flow as Grey enters.

KLINGON

...human Reformist traitors escaping into Klingon territory!

WEN

There are plenty of other ships out there besides the Archimedes.

KLINGON

There are not many with Starfleet engineers on board.

WEN

Starfleet engineers?

Grey tries to lurk back in the shadows.

KLINGON

Lieutenant Erik Grey -- chief engineer of the U.S.S. Enterprise.

WEN

You must be mistaken -- Erik Grey works for an independent company. He agreed...

Grey steps forward, unable to keep himself hidden.

GREY

The Klingon's right.

WEN

What?

GREY

I'm currently on leave from Starfleet.

KLINGON

Well, now that we all know whom each other is, perhaps we can just beam aboard and search your ship.

GREY

I disagree -- a Starfleet vessel is due to arrive in this sector within the hour.

KLINGON

Your vessel will be destroyed within the hour!

Grey looks around the Bridge, sees the comm operator and does a cut sound gesture to them. They comply.

WEN

What is going on?

GREY

I work for Starfleet... and for reasons that were beyond my control, a Starfleet vessel is on its way here to take you into custody.

MEG

I always knew there was something different about you!

WEN

You may have killed us all, Mr. Grey.

GREY

I am aware of that.

WEN

What do we do?

GREY

Keep them occupied for as long as possible -- once Starfleet arrives we'll be safe.

Wen NODS.

WEN

I hope to God that you are right.

As the camera closes in on Grey we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- BRIDGE

Continuous action from the end of Act Four.

Wen looks at the comm officer.

WEN

Let me talk to him.

The comm. officer complies and the Klingon reappears on the screen.

WEN (CONT'D)

I'm prepared to let you search our vessel -- so long as you release us from your tractor beam.

KLINGON

You're hardly in a position to make demands, Human.

WEN

We are not exactly in a state to go anywhere -- and even if we did, we would not get very far.

The Klingon looks back behind him on his screen, and shouts something in Klingon -- the feel of the tractor beam is suddenly dropped, leaving the Archimedes apparently free in space.

KLINGON

We will begin beaming boarding parties to your ship immediately.

WEN

How many of your officers can we expect?

KLINGON

What does that concern you? You have...

Suddenly, something BLEEPs behind him -- another officer behind him shouts something in Klingon. The Klingon gives Wen a bitter look before cutting the communication.

MEG

What happened?

OFFICER 1

There's another vessel coming in... it's Starfleet.

Grey smiles, triumphant. On the viewscreen we see the sleek shape of a PHOENIX CLASS STARSHIP approaching us, as the Reformist vessel jumps to warp.

OFFICER 2
They're hailing us, Wen.

WEN
Open a channel.

The screen flickers to life, and CAPTAIN JOEL (from "Men of War and Science" and "Shadows of a New Dawn") appears on the screen.

JOEL
Reformist vessel -- prepare to be boarded.

WEN
We are not a Reformist vessel.
Seconds ago their ship had us in a tractor beam.

JOEL
We've received information that points to your vessel as a Reformist supplier.

Grey steps forward.

GREY
Captain Joel -- Lieutenant Erik Grey, Enterprise. I believe some of that information came from a colleague of mine. These people aren't Reformist suppliers.

Joel looks quite surprised at seeing Grey there.

JOEL
Lieutenant... I didn't realize that you were aboard.

GREY
I need to beam over and speak to you right away.

Joel nods, and indicates to someone off screen next to her and before we know what's happening Grey has been beamed from the bridge of the Archimedes and has appeared on the viewscreen displaying the Bridge of the Leviathan!

INT. LEVIATHAN -- BRIDGE

Grey looks slightly shocked at the transition.

GREY

When I said "right away"...

JOEL

Why waste time on pleasantries?

She smiles at the crew of the Archimedes of the viewscreen.

JOEL (CONT'D)

I'll contact you shortly.

And then nods at the station controlling communications and the viewscreen cuts back to looking out into space, where we can see the damaged cargo vessel -- no sign of the Reformist ship..

Joel walks over to Grey.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Care to tell me what the hell's going on, Lieutenant?

Grey looks at her, a mixture of distrust and tiredness on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVIATHAN -- READY ROOM

Grey is sitting in the chair facing where the captain should be, but instead of being in her chair, Joel is pacing around the room.

JOEL

(disbelieving)

Reformist deserters?

GREY

As far as I know.

JOEL

Do you have any proof?

GREY

Only what the crew have told me -- but I believe them.

JOEL

Good for you -- but that doesn't help me in the slightest.

GREY

Isn't the word of one officer enough?

JOEL

Apparently not.

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

For the past few weeks, since the Coular strike, Starfleet has been picking up background chatter that the Reformists are planning to strike back, using cargo ships to enter Federation territory.

GREY

What would that achieve?

JOEL

They could slowly build up an army, hell; once these "Humans" are being debriefed at Starfleet Command, what's stopping them from setting off a bomb?

There's a beat.

GREY

What are you going to do, Captain?

JOEL

We need to see who's inside those stasis chambers.

GREY

If there are any cloaked Reformist ships nearby...

JOEL

I have a Phoenix Class starship at my disposal, Mr. Grey. I think that you yourself demonstrated just how powerful these things are with your attack on Coular -- an entire Reformist fleet...

GREY

(interrupts)

That was because there was a Starfleet fleet as well.

JOEL

Even if there are twenty Reformist ships surrounding us, I intend to find out what exactly is in those status chambers, before I allow that ship to move another millimeter.

Grey looks at her.

GREY

If that's all.

Joel nods, Grey gets up and begins to leave.

GREY (CONT'D)

I'm beaming over to the Archimedes.

JOEL

I think you'll find that I will be joining you there shortly.

Grey doesn't say anything to this, and just leaves. Joel looks out of the ready room window where the stricken cargo ship lies in space.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- BRIDGE

Grey BEAMS IN, and Wen and Meg walk over to him.

MEG

Looks like we weren't the only ones keeping secrets.

GREY

It's a long story -- but I never intended any harm to come to any of you.

MEG

(laughs)
Of course you didn't.

Ironically, Grey is now in the same position as Sean was in at the beginning of the episode.

GREY

My mission was to repair your ship, take a fee and then see you be picked up by Starfleet. If this were any other ship...

WEN

(interrupts)
Mr. Grey -- if this were any other ship, you would be dead right now. We are supporters of the Federation -- of Starfleet -- and this is how you repay your debt to us. To be honest, I find it rather repulsive.

GREY

I can't tell you how sorry I am, but right now it's important that we find a way to let Captain Joel see the occupants of the stasis chambers without the Reformists detecting the occupants.

WEN

Are you really so blind, Lieutenant? Starfleet knows that as soon as we deactivate the chambers the Klingons will destroy us. And now you're telling me that your captain...

GREY

Actually, she's not my captain...

WEN

No matter. But you're telling me that this captain wants proof of our cargo? Mr. Grey, we are helping the Federation in more ways than she can ever imagine, and now she is going to destroy us.

GREY

She won't destroy you.

WEN

Perhaps she won't.

Grey looks at Wen, unsure of what he's saying.

GREY

Whatever happens, Captain Joel is going to be requesting to beam aboard this ship at any time.

(beat)

You need to decide what you're going to do.

There's a pause as Wen decides what to do. The crew look at him, wondering -- before as if right on cue, the comm system BEEPS.

COMM OFFICER

It's the Leviathan, captain.

Wen looks at the screen, pondering what do, before:

WEN

On screen.

The crew watch in anticipation, as Joel's figure appears on the viewscreen.

JOEL

Archimedes -- my name is Captain Joel. According to our scans you're carrying dangerous substances in your cargo hold -- fortunately for you that means I'm hesitant to send over a security team.

The bridge crew around Wen look relieved.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Once my crew has ascertained the nature of what you are carrying you will be boarded. Be prepared.

WEN

Captain -- I'm assuming that Mr. Grey here has filled you in about the cargo that I'm carrying.

Joel looks over at Grey.

JOEL

He has.

WEN

Then you will know that the Reformists would do anything to ensure that the cargo does not reach Federation space we have already dived with death once today and I would not care to be here upon their return -- with your protection or without.

JOEL

My ship will protect you from the Reformists, Captain, rest assured.

Wen looks skeptical.

JOEL (CONT'D)

But I will not allow your vessel to move any further until I've seen the contents of your cargo bay.

WEN

My ship has no criminal record -- only rumors attached to its name. Let us pass and I assure you that your superiors will reward you to the highest degree upon receiving my cargo.

JOEL

I'm also aware that your crew are all Federation citizens -- but your ship's name is also on a list of independent freighters known to be aiding terrorists.

WEN

I'm resentful that you are willing to believe a report that, more than likely, has the name of every

(MORE)

WEN (CONT'D)

independent freighter that's entered Reformist space within the last five weeks.

JOEL

But I hope that you can understand where I'm coming from -- I can't just ignore what I'm being told.

WEN

I do understand -- but I don't believe that we will live long enough to prove you wrong.

JOEL

You've got nothing to worry about from the Reformists, captain.

GREY

Captain -- could you not capture the Archimedes in a tractor beam -- fly her at warp out of the system?

JOEL

And if the ship's carrying a bomb? What then?

Wen ROLLS HIS EYES.

WEN

We are not going to get anywhere unless you trust us, Captain! There are only so many put downs that I can take!

This time it's Joel's turn to SIGH, before something BEEPS behind her.

LEVIATHAN OPS OFFICER (O.S.)

Captain -- I'm detecting ten Reformist warships decloaking!

JOEL

(to Wen)

Battle stations! Archimedes, remain where you are until we have dispatched the Reformist attack wing. I believe this is where I hold up to my end of the deal. Joel out.

The crew look up at Wen, the sense of worry returning to their faces.

WEN

I'm afraid this is where we say our good-byes, Mr. Grey.

GREY

What do you mean? The Leviathan is fighting for you out there...

WEN

Neither myself nor my crew wish to be destroyed by the Reformists, Lieutenant, especially whilst the military of the government we are attempting to assist sits idly by watching. You must leave, now.

GREY

They are not watching! They're fighting -- for you.

WEN

If they truly did care, we wouldn't be here right now.

A beat.

GREY

(sighs)

If I stay it shows that I believe and aspire confidence. You won't be destroyed.

WEN

We will.

Wen bows his head slightly.

Meg NODS -- this is something that the crew have obviously talked about while Grey has been on the Leviathan.

GREY

You're going to activate the self-destruct...

Meg doesn't seem all that bothered, though deep inside her we can see the fear, the fear of the future, inside her eyes.

WEN

This is not just our life on the line -- it's our pride. And I would rather end my own life than be bullied into it by Starfleet or by being shot by a Reformist. If Starfleet cannot trust me, report or not -- they will not receive my cargo.

GREY

Think about how many people there are on board your ship, Wen. Think about Joe -- he's seventeen. You'll be killing him too.

WEN

I will not force anyone who does not wish to stay to remain with us.

Grey swallows -- is this really happening?

GREY

If this is really what you want...

WEN

It is.

GREY

Then I will make sure that people hear of this.

WEN

You may not be as honorable as I first thought, Lieutenant, but you are a good man. I hope that your ship will take everyone who wishes to leave this ship to safety but I suspect that there will not be many.
(beat)

I have made an announcement to the crew -- anyone wishing to leave will meet you in your quarters.

Grey nods, and quietly turns to leave -- taking in everyone who is about to sacrifice their lives so that they can prove a point. Grey slowly walks out of the Bridge door, followed by Meg.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- CORRIDOR

Grey and Meg slowly walk down the corridor.

GREY

I can't believe that this is happening...

MEG

What?

GREY

That Starfleet has become so dismembered that it's willing to sit by and watch as a transport full of civilians is destroyed. I can't believe that I've barely even noticed.

MEG

Then you know what you have to do once you get back to Earth.

GREY
Actually, I don't.

At this point we begin to feel some weapons fire, from the battle raging outside. Meg looks at him as they continue walking down the corridor.

NEW ANGLE IN CORRIDOR

Grey and Meg round a corner -- approaching Grey's quarters. The door is open, and they slowly walk in. Grey looks around, though we don't see what he sees. He turns and exits.

GREY (CONT'D)
No one.

MEG
(confirming)
No one.

GREY
I have to go and talk to someone.

Meg nods -- knowing where Grey is going -- and lets him go.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- COMM ROOM

Joe is still sitting where we saw him earlier, as Grey pulls the door open. He enters and walks behind Joe.

GREY
(softly)
Hey.

Joe doesn't say anything -- Grey walks around in front of him -- he's looking at a photo of his father with a young child stood in front of a coast line.

GREY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JOE
Thinking.

GREY
What about?

JOE
Life.

GREY
Any revelations?

JOE
It's a bitch...

GREY

You've got that right.

There's a long silence.

GREY (CONT'D)

You don't have to stay...

JOE

I know...

GREY

I could take you to see where your
father lived...

(indicates photo)

...where you grew up.

The emotion of what's going on begins to catch up with Joe...

JOE

I know...

GREY

Think about what you've got to live
for! This isn't something that you
just do -- it's going to define you.

Beat.

JOE

I just want it to end.

Another beat.

GREY

Are you scared?

JOE

Yeah...

He moves over to Joe -- he hugs him.

GREY

Don't be...

He moves away from Joe -- looks into his eyes.

GREY (CONT'D)

You're braver than I am.

Joe gives him a half smile. There's nothing else Grey can
say and he begins to leave...

JOE

Erik?

Grey stops and turns behind him, looks at Joe. The camera slowly closes in on Joe.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIMEDES -- CORRIDOR

Tight shot on Grey -- is anyone with him? We don't know yet.

WEN'S COMM VOICE

Wen to Grey -- the countdown has been set for three minutes. If you wish to leave, leave now.

GREY

I will...

MEG'S COMM VOICE

Good luck, Lieutenant...

GREY

Thank you...

Grey hits the controls next to a hatch in the corridor, and the panel quickly opens, revealing an ESCAPE POD.

INT. ESCAPE POD -- CONTINUOUS

Grey clambers in, before the hatch quickly shuts behind him. Grey straps himself in, a pained expression on his face -- he's not forgotten that this is how Dojar's life ended -- and about the huge amount of life that is about to be lost around him, either.

He hits another key and we see the Archimedes beginning to get further and further away through the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The ESCAPE POD soars away from the Archimedes, as we see the Leviathan in the background, engaging the Reformist ships. The Archimedes is HIT BY WEAPONS FIRE every now and then as Reformists continue to punch past the Leviathan, but the freighter is still intact -- at least for now, but not for long.

INT. ESCAPE POD

It's in DARKNESS, with the exception of the ODD FLASH OF LIGHT weapons fire outside of the window. Grey takes out his COMMBADGE and quickly takes out his TRICORDER tapping some controls before activating his commbadge, the tricorder still open, helping to carry the signal.

GREY

Joe?

JOE'S COMM VOICE

It's me.

GREY

Good... I didn't know if I'd make it...

JOE'S COMM VOICE

So there's not long left?

GREY

No. There's not.

JOE'S COMM VOICE

I don't know what to do...

A long beat.

GREY

I want you to close your eyes for me... and think of the village you told me about... the rolling cliffs... the waves... everything your Dad ever told you about it. Think about your Dad...

(beat)

He's waiting for you.

We hear a small sigh of relief as Grey sits talking to his younger friend...

GREY (CONT'D)

Don't be scared...

As the camera closes in on Grey...

JOE'S COMM VOICE

I'm not scared.

CUT TO BLACK.

We hear only static...

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END