

STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE

"Outstanding Questions"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise in all its grandeur, orbiting a dusty reddish-brown planet.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 79644.8.  
We've been assigned to patrol in the Cambra Sector -- yet another out-of-the-way assignment to keep the Enterprise out of the public eye. Fortunately, there's at least a mission of mercy involved this time. Civilian starships in this region have recently been coming under attack by unidentified forces; our job is to protect the colonies in this region and to track down these pirates.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIEFING ROOM

At the table, CROSS, TALORA, and DOJAR sit poring over a number of PADDs.

They appear to have been working for a while.

DOJAR

(mid-sentence)

...And the distress signal from grid A-15 turned out to be a false alarm. The freighter Nakajima Maru apparently suffered a failure of its primary transponder array, garbling its ident signal.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

That's the third incident involving faulty equipment in the past two days alone.

TALORA

Civilians operating this far out generally have fewer opportunities for repairs.

DOJAR

The fact remains that since we arrived in the sector, there hasn't been a single confirmed sighting of these pirates.

CROSS

They're lying low until we get sick  
of chasing shadows and leave.

TALORA

A reasonable course of action when  
the Federation sends in a heavy  
cruiser to take care of the trouble...

DOJAR

(continuing)

I've been coordinating with Operations  
and Stellar Cartography to try to  
get some long-range scans, try to  
locate some clues as to where they  
might be hiding.

(beat)

But information is sketchy -- I  
haven't even been able to piece  
together a reliable profile of what  
kinds of ships are involved... or  
even if there's just one group.

Cross thinks for a beat before responding.

CROSS

Keep at it, Lieutenant. When the  
away teams get back from the surface,  
I want to resume our patrol route.

(beat, inquiring)

If that's all?

DOJAR

(frustrated)

Such as it is...

Cross nods, then rises. Talora and Dojar rise with him.

CROSS

All right, then. Oh, and let me  
know when Quinlan beams back up. I  
want to get her take on this pirate  
situation.

Turning, Cross EXITS. Talora moves to follow, before:

DOJAR

(hesitantly)

Talora... a word with you, on another  
matter?

Something in his tone of voice raises Talora's concern. We  
hear the doors close behind them following Cross's exit.

TALORA

What is it?

Almost reflexively, Dojar glances around, but they're naturally alone.

DOJAR

It's... about the Janus files.

A beat as Talora reacts, nonplussed.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

I've been hacking away at them in practically every spare moment I've had in the past three months... and I haven't made a dent in them.

(beat, hurriedly)

I know you've said several times that you want to keep as few people involved as possible.

Talora takes a breath, about to interrupt, but Dojar presses on.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

But realistically, Talora, I can't do any more with it. I'm not a professional hacker.

TALORA

(insistent)

We absolutely cannot risk bringing in anyone else on this until we have more information. It's enough that we're risking our own careers over this little "project."

DOJAR

(unfazed)

But that's just it! I can't get anything more without some help.

(beat, determined)

I've already talked to Quinlan about this. She agrees with me.

Talora's head snaps up, a sour look on her face.

TALORA

Dojar, don't.

DOJAR

(ironic)

You can't order me on this one, Talora. It's off the books, remember?

TALORA

(beat, accepting)

We'll talk it over together when she gets back... then we'll make a decision.

Dojar nods, then rises and exits without another word.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPOW SAMWA -- DAY

A dusty, dirty city... if it can be called a city. A medium-large grouping of ground-hugging, prefabricated buildings laid out in disorganized concentric rings around a central starship landing facility.

The settlement is bustling with traffic -- a few shuttles and small civilian craft are taking off or landing, but it's mostly ground traffic winding its way between the various buildings. It's a mildly busy, yet lackluster example of a Federation border trade colony.

INT. BAR

A wide shot of a dim, busy room -- like just about any alcoholic beverage establishment we've seen. Lots of tables and chairs, lots of drinks, lots of customers in various states of inebriation. Flashing lights are everywhere, contrasting with the overall dim lighting, creating an almost strobe-like effect. Think of a cross between a modern sports bar and the Mos Eisley cantina.

At the bar itself, a Yridian bartender is taking orders, handing out drinks. Aliens from all across the Alpha and Beta Quadrants can be seen -- Humans, Ferengi, Nausicaans, and other less-well-known races as well.

Off in the corner, we can see JENNIFER QUINLAN, dressed in civilian clothes, seated at a table and conferring with a rather greasy-looking Ferengi trader (GRISHNA). We enter in mid-conversation.

QUINLAN

Look, I know Dehlia Nahamas. She hasn't been holding out in this sector for the past twenty years just to crawl under a rock when some new thugs come into town. I've got an important project I need her help on. You're the best info-dealer on Cambrada, Grishna.

(aggressive)

I find it hard to believe you don't know something.

Grishna gives a slimy smile.

GRISHNA

I can certainly understand your need. I may be able to help you...

(beat, mercenary)

How much latinum do you have on you?

Quinlan makes a show of patting her pockets.

QUINLAN

(sarcastic)

Latinum, latinum... I know I've got it somewhere...

(beat, mock-apologetic)

Sorry, I'm all out.

GRISHNA

Sorry. No latinum, no news.

(lasciviously)

But there might be some other way of providing payment...

Quinlan suddenly lunges across the table and grabs Grishna by the collar.

GRISHNA (CONT'D)

(surprised, alarmed)

Hey, what are you--

QUINLAN

Don't even think about it, buster.

Now, you're gonna tell me where

Nahamas is, or I'm gonna start

squeezing somewhere where you don't

want to be squeezed.

As Quinlan speaks, a shadow falls over the table.

VOICE (O.S.)

(harsh, broken English)

What you doing?

Quinlan looks up to see a large, burly NAUSICAN looming over her.

QUINLAN

(indignant)

I'm conducting a business negotiation.

Who the hell are you?

Still cowering under Quinlan's grip, Grishna manages a weak, smug smile.

GRISHNA

Meet Dolgran, my associate.

Dolgran flashes a growling, unfriendly smile. Quinlan seems to get a sinking feeling, and manages a blustery smile in return.

QUINLAN

(curt)

Pleased to meet you. What's your association? Business or pleasure?

DOLGRAN

(gruff, broken English)

Not your concern -- but you find out  
if you not let go of him.

(beat, eager)

Maybe you find out anyway.

Quinlan stares for a minute, before coming to a decision. With startling suddenness, she gives Grishna a big SHOVE and immediately twists to deliver a full-body blow to Dolgran's gut.

Caught off-guard, Dolgran is thrown to the floor from Quinlan's momentum, as various other customers in the bar react.

CUSTOMERS (O.S.)

Fight! Fight! Fight!

With surprising eagerness, a half-dozen patrons dive into the scuffle, and within seconds it becomes a full-fledged BAR BRAWL.

Our focus momentarily distracted by the crowd's reaction, we turn back on Quinlan to see that she's already taken care of her Nausicaan opponent, who is out cold on the floor. She mutters to herself, and can barely be heard over the growing roar:

QUINLAN

Definitely not business, I'd guess.

(beat, sudden)

Woah, hey!

She is suddenly beset by two other patrons in the brawl, who come at her from behind. Before she can react further, she is clubbed on the back of the head and slumps to the floor, knocked out.

As the brawl rages on, the two attackers begin picking her up...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise cruises past in orbit, as before.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

The camera pans across the Bridge. We see Talora in her chair, Dojar at Tactical, CALE at Ops, and various N.D. crewmembers. The whooshing of the doors is heard as Cross walks out of his ready room and onto the bridge.

CROSS

Report.

TALORA

The other away teams have returned from the surface, Captain, but there is still no word from Lieutenant Quinlan.

Cross looks to Dojar.

CROSS

Can you get a sensor reading on her, Dojar?

DOJAR

There are a lot of Humans down there, Captain.

TALORA

Perhaps we could contact Y'lan and see whether he could find her.

Cross mulls over that option.

CROSS

No, I think that's a slightly excessive course of action. Knowing Quinlan, she has probably buried herself deep into her investigation of the pir--

DOJAR

(interrupting, urgent)  
Captain...

CROSS

What is it, Lieutenant?

DOJAR

We're receiving a distress signal from a civilian transport in the Muhesma System.

TALORA

Have they identified their attackers?

DOJAR

Negative.

CROSS

It's bound to be the pirates. Helm, plot an intercept course and prepare to leave orbit. Instruct Engineering to prepare for slipstream.

HELM OFFICER

Aye, sir.

TALORA

What about Quinlan?

Cross looks at his first officer for a moment.

CROSS

Dojar, prepare a minimal security team to take position on the planet.

Dojar spins around in his seat.

DOJAR

Captain, request permission to personally join the team.

CROSS

Denied. I need my tactical officer here.

DOJAR

Sir, with all due respect, I know this neighborhood better than others. I've passed through here before and, with such a delicate operation, I am certain that I'm the best man for the job.

Cross mulls over the decision.

CROSS

All right, permission granted. I want you to provide undercover assistance for Quinlan. All you need to do is find her, don't confront her and risk jeopardizing the entire mission.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

Just take stock of the situation and act accordingly. Understood?

DOJAR

Clearly, Captain.

CROSS

Good. We'll leave orbit as soon as you're ready.

Dojar nods in acknowledgment, he gets up and hurries towards the turbolift.

Cross turns around and walks towards his chair as Talora and Dojar exchange a slight glance.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise leaves orbit and flashes into slipstream.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

We open on a dim, spartan room, only a single small window for light and a single door. In the center, Quinlan is tied to a chair with a hood over her head. She is slumped forward against her bonds, apparently just waking up. No one else is in the room.

QUINLAN

Ohh, god... what the hell was that for?

She seems to grow more alert, suddenly realizing her predicament.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Uh, hello? Whoever's there had better have a damn good reason for doing this!

As if on cue, the door opens and a single man enters. In the relative darkness, we can't identify him yet. Quinlan immediately straightens to alertness, though we can't see her expression because of the hood.

MAN

Good day, Miss Quinlan. I trust you're not too badly hurt?

QUINLAN

Who the hell are you? How do you know who I am?

MAN

I'm afraid I can't tell you who I am just yet. But I did happen to notice you snooping around in Repow Samwa earlier today. Your reputation precedes you, Miss Quinlan. I'd be interested in knowing just what you're doing here.

QUINLAN

(flatly)

Oh really... Well you can just go kiss my...

MAN

(interrupting, amused)

I'd be careful what you say, Twister. I just might do it.

Beneath her hood, Quinlan does a sudden double-take.

QUINLAN

Oh no...

The man quickly moves in and removes Quinlan's hood. In the limited light from the window, we get our first good glimpse of the man at the same time Quinlan does -- the grinning face of DEVON KALHOUN, last seen in "Chasing the Dragon."

DEVON

Surprise!

QUINLAN

(furious)

Devon Kalhoun, you dirty son of a bitch!

Devon seems taken aback by this outburst, and seems genuinely hurt at her reaction.

DEVON

No no, Jen, you don't understand...

As he speaks, he moves around behind her and starts untying her from the chair.

DEVON (CONT'D)

You're not in danger here, I nabbed those two guys who attacked you in the bar, and brought you here myself.

He finishes untying the ropes, and Quinlan slowly and warily stands up, flexing her joints uncomfortably.

QUINLAN

(sarcastic)

And I'm just supposed to believe  
that you're my hero, gallantly  
rescuing me and then tying me up  
again?

DEVON

(pointedly)

Here's your phaser.

Sure enough, he holds out a small, Starfleet-issue hand phaser  
in his palm. Suspiciously, Quinlan picks it up.

QUINLAN

And what if I decided to shoot you?

DEVON

(grins)

I'd probably deserve it for the prank  
I just pulled.

QUINLAN

It's not funny, Devon.

DEVON

You always said my sense of humor  
needed work.

Quinlan glares for a moment, before putting away the phaser  
in her hip pocket.

QUINLAN

You have some explaining to do.  
Would you mind leading me out of  
this personal little hellhole of  
yours?

She starts to head for the door. Devon immediately follows  
her.

DEVON

(protesting)

Oh, come on! I can't believe that  
you wouldn't --

The rest of the conversation is cut off as they both EXIT,  
closing the door behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPOW SAMWA -- DAY

Same as before.

INT. BAR

Dojar, out of uniform, enters and slowly walks around the area attempting to scope it out. He walks to the bar and takes a seat. The bartender, a Yridian, walks over.

BARTENDER  
What'll it be?

DOJAR  
Kanar.

The bartender chuckles, much to Dojar's confused look.

DOJAR (CONT'D)  
What?

BARTENDER  
We don't have any Kanar here.

DOJAR  
Why not?

BARTENDER  
Because you Cardassians aren't strolling around the quadrant like you used to. Now, you rarely leave your home system so there's very little demand for it.

DOJAR  
Surely there are still Cardassian traders who come here.

BARTENDER  
The odd one here and there -- but not enough to warrant me stocking it again. Times have changed.

Dojar sighs.

DOJAR  
Then get me something else.

BARTENDER  
Like what?

DOJAR  
(dry)  
I don't care.

The bartender nods slowly in acknowledgment, reaches for a bottle and starts to pour it into a cup.

BARTENDER  
Some Klingon bloodwine then.  
(MORE)

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I've got enough of this to last a lifetime and, what with recent events, I doubt there'll be many around asking for it.

The bartender hands over the cup. Dojar takes a look at it, not sure whether to drink it or not, and then downs it one go. He slams the cup back onto the bar, in typical Klingon fashion, much to the amusement of the Bartender.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Impressive. I've seen Nausicaans in here before who couldn't even stomach Klingon bloodwine.

DOJAR

You develop a taste for it.

BARTENDER

You've drunk it before?

DOJAR

Now and then. I've done a lot of business in the Klingon Empire.

BARTENDER

(intrigued)

Oh? I wouldn't have thought the Klingons would be too receptive to dealing with a Cardassian.

DOJAR

I provide services that not many others can. If they want something done, they have to use me. Some things go beyond racism.

BARTENDER

Spoken like a true businessman.

(beat)

So, tell me, what sort of business are you doing here?

DOJAR

I'm looking for some people.

BARTENDER

What kind of people?

Dojar takes a quick look around his area and moves in closer to speak to the bartender more discreetly.

DOJAR

People who are causing trouble for some of my clients.

(MORE)

DOJAR (CONT'D)

These people are attacking civilian transport ships in the area. Transports which are secretly smuggling weapons and other various items.

BARTENDER

I hadn't heard that. I knew there were attacks and raids, but I didn't know why.

DOJAR

I'm here to protect the interests of my clients. These attacks are making them very angry... and that's something I personally wouldn't like to see.

BARTENDER

And who are your clients?

Dojar takes another quick look around.

DOJAR

(discreet)

Several high-ranking members of the Tholian Assembly.

BARTENDER

The Tholians? Why would they be smuggling out here?

DOJAR

Let's just say that, because of recent political events, the Tholians are trying to consolidate their position in a few sectors.

BARTENDER

(fascinated)

Incredible.

DOJAR

And that's not all of it. You wanna hear something else?

BARTENDER

(enthusiastic)

Definitely.

Dojar pushes his cup forward, gesturing for the bartender to pour him another drink. The bartender does this and Dojar downs it in one go again.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(impatient)

Well?

DOJAR

The Tzenkethi have managed to learn what the Tholians are up to and have sent an agent to protect their interests.

BARTENDER

Why would the Tzenkethi get involved?

DOJAR

They're paranoid and worried. They're afraid that the Tholians might be making a move against them. Several ships have been sighted smuggling weapons to a system near their border.

BARTENDER

Do you know who this agent is?

DOJAR

All I know is that she is a Bajoran, altered to look Human. That's why they sent me, they knew I'd get delight from torturing a Bajoran.

BARTENDER

You know, there was a Human woman in here earlier that you might be interested in.

DOJAR

And who would that be?

BARTENDER

She was kidnapped by a certain faction. A faction that I believe might be interested in what you've got to say.

DOJAR

Really? Do you know where they took her?

BARTENDER

I do, but....

DOJAR

But what?

BARTENDER

I'm sure you can understand that I'm also a businessman. I can't give away all information for free.

Dojar reaches into his pocket and takes out a non-Starfleet PADD.

DOJAR

Put in a reasonable amount and it's yours.

The bartender smiles and goes to input a number.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Put in an unreasonable amount and you'll get something else.

The bartender stops in his tracks and looks slightly worried. Clearly, by the expression on his face, he puts in a new number. He hands the PADD back to Dojar.

BARTENDER

The address is on there.

Dojar looks at the PADD and then puts it into his pocket.

DOJAR

Thank you.

Dojar gets up, walks away and EXITS the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The camera focuses in on Dojar, now outside of the bar, as he takes a moment to compose himself.

He starts to head off, but something out of the corner of his eye -- and we pan across to see Quinlan and Devon walking in the opposite direction, already past, not having seen him.

First noticing Quinlan, Dojar then looks at Devon, immediately recognizing him

In a WHITE FLASH, we quickly...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIMIN'S HOME -- CELL (FLASHBACK: "ENCOUNTERS OF CHANCE")

The first thing we are aware of is Dojar hitting the floor with a THUMP. There is a long trickle of blood running down his nose, and one eye is blackened.

Another white flash, and just as quickly we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

As before. Dojar squeezes his eyes shut for a moment, remembering the pain. Recovering after a moment with a shuddering breath, Dojar looks up again, with a grim look on his face.

DOJAR  
(to himself)  
Kidnapped, hmm?

As he starts off to follow them, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CAFE -- DAY

A slightly less dusty street than we saw previously. Quinlan and Devon are seated at a table at a sidewalk cafe -- a setting that on any more-developed world would look quite relaxing and comfortable. Here, it only seems gritty and dirty.

Quinlan has loosened up noticeably since the last act. There is nothing in front of them at the moment, but we get the impression that they only recently sat down.

DEVON

I still can't believe you actually tried to take on that Nausicaan...

QUINLAN

Well, you know how those thug types think -- the moment he walked up to the table there was going to be a fight anyway.

DEVON

You didn't have to grab Grishna like that in the first place.

QUINLAN

Hey, you didn't hear his comments. I don't take that from his type.

DEVON

(grins)

I can guess what he said -- and you do take it from some people.

Quinlan sighs in partly good-natured annoyance.

QUINLAN

So then, what's your excuse this time, Devon? First you randomly show up on Ionis, then you annoy me with rude letters on Deneva, and now you're tying me up in dark rooms on Cambrada. I'm starting to get the feeling you're stalking me...

Devon grins, but snorts derisively.

DEVON

Oh, come on, Twister. You know me better than that...

QUINLAN

Yeah, well I also know you tied me up in a dark room.

DEVON

(winces)

You're not going to let that go, are you? I already apologized!

QUINLAN

I know. But I still wasn't amused. And you still haven't told me what you're doing here, just coincidentally positioned to meet up with me again.

Devon sobers somewhat.

DEVON

After our meeting on Verruca, I've been feeling... well, guilty. I know you don't really blame me for what happened, but I could probably still have done something.

QUINLAN

(teasing)

So you stalk me, then?

DEVON

I'm serious, Jen.

(beat)

After I was released from the hospital, I went back to work -- legit work, believe it or not. I ended up working out here when I heard the Enterprise was being sent in to deal with Rosh'ala and his gang.

QUINLAN

Rosh'ala?

Devon looks disappointed.

DEVON

Don't tell me you haven't even ID'ed your target yet...

QUINLAN

(defensive)

Well, that's what I was trying to do when that Ferengi toad asked me on a date...

(beat)

So, Rosh'ala... the Yridian gangster from Edemos II?

DEVON

The one and only. He's brought a bunch of surplussed Cardassian interceptors he bought off the black market a few years ago, and now he's having fun collecting "duties" from the local population.

QUINLAN

Charming.

DEVON

Right. Anyway, I just knew that you'd sail up at the biggest colony in the sector and start asking around for clues, just as subtle as a supernova.

(beat, grins)

So I planted myself in the corner of the seediest bar I could find, and sure enough, you waltzed in a few hours later.

QUINLAN

(protesting)

Oh, come on! I'm not that obvious...

DEVON

Sure you are. Everyone with ears knew that the Enterprise was in orbit. Even if no one else recognized you personally, they were bound to know when some Starfleeter showed up to dig up their dirty secrets. I'm sure just about everyone in that bar knew where you came from.

Devon takes a brief look around, as if looking for someone.

QUINLAN

You're so helpful...

DEVON

Just like old times, then?

QUINLAN

(sniffs)

Hardly.

DEVON

(mockingly)

I'm devastated.

QUINLAN

Yeah, yeah.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

So, are you going to try to gloss over the question, or tell me more about Rosh'ala?

DEVON

What, you're not even going to lament with me about old times?

QUINLAN

I'm not here on a vacation, Devon. Believe it or not, I'm just here to get information.

DEVON

(mockingly)

Poor Twister. Reduced to scouting around the dregs of the galaxy for information to pass on to Starfleet...

He pulls out a PADD.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Fortunately for you, I've already got all that ready. Sensor records from my ship, and a few other bits and pieces I've pulled together since I knew you were coming. They should help you get a bead on these guys.

Quinlan takes the PADD, suspicious again.

QUINLAN

Awfully generous.

DEVON

Hey, I don't want to see Rosh'ala left running loose in this sector any more than Starfleet. And I think that most of the other traders would say the same -- legit or not, Rosh'ala is a slime ball that none of us want to have anywhere nearby.

QUINLAN

(ironic)

Nice to know you've got a few good deeds left in you. I'd better get this back to the --

(stops, abruptly realizing)

Oh, hell! What time is it?

DEVON

(puzzled)

It's about two o'clock, local time.

QUINLAN

Damn, I didn't check in!

She quickly pulls out her commbadge and presses it.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

(to commbadge)

Quinlan to Enterprise.

DEVON

Don't bother. They broke orbit only a couple of minutes after you were carried out of the bar, before I managed to get you away from those thugs.

QUINLAN

Then get me a decent comm unit! I assume you've got a ship on this dust ball?

DEVON

(annoyed)

Come on, Twister, just stop and think for a minute! Your ship's taken off answering some distress call, but they're bound to come back soon enough. Considering your growing reputation around here, laying low would probably be a good idea, right?

Quinlan sighs.

QUINLAN

Fine, fine.

DEVON

(standing up)

We'll take cover in my ship. That way I can give you decent limousine service once the Enterprise comes back.

QUINLAN

(also stands)

Yeah, sure. Knowing you, it's probably a fifty-year-old Antares-class rustbucket. I'll bet you don't even know what its real hull is supposed to look like...

As they head off down the street, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

In a bright flash, the Enterprise appears out of slipstream.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

The crew in their places as before -- Cross, Talora, Cale, and various supernumeraries towards the rear. Ensign LESMI stands at Tactical, filling in for Dojar, and Ensign WHEDON mans the Helm.

CALE

(reading console)

Captain, we're approaching the source of the distress call now.

CROSS

Full sensor sweep, Ensign.

(beat)

Helm, what's our ETA?

WHEDON

Thirty seconds, Captain.

CROSS

Tactical analysis?

For a moment, there's no response as Lesmi works her console. Cross starts to open his mouth to repeat the order, but then:

LESMI

The attackers seem to have broken off -- I'm not getting any reading of them now. The freighter that sent the distress call is directly ahead.

CROSS

(standing)

On screen.

On the main viewscreen, we can see the battered bulk of a Federation-style (civilian) freighter. Its hull is pockmarked with a few weapons impacts.

CALE

The freighter seems structurally intact -- their life support is working, engines inoperative but still in one piece.

TALORA

That's unusual... they had plenty of time to finish their job before we got here.

LESMI

Maybe they decided to get a bigger head start. Would you want to tangle with us in any little dinghy they're likely to have?

CROSS

Let's not speculate just yet. Hail them.

(beat, to comm)

Freighter Kaldra's Pride, this is the Starship Enterprise. How can we assist you?

LESMI

They're responding -- audio only, Captain.

CAPTAIN'S COMM VOICE

Enterprise, we appreciate your timely arrival. Those attackers decided to turn tail once they saw a Starfleet heavy cruiser coming in.

CROSS

(to comm)

Acknowledged, Kaldra's Pride. Can you give us their last known vector?

CAPTAIN'S COMM VOICE

Uh... hold on while we dig that up.

Cross glances briefly at Talora, amused.

CAPTAIN'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)

It should be coming through now.

Lesmi reacts as her console beeps.

LESMI

Received, Captain. I'm checking sensors now.

CROSS

Data received, Kaldra's Pride. Can we send you any assistance for your repairs?

CAPTAIN'S COMM VOICE

Thank you, Enterprise, but that's not necessary. My engineer should have everything up and running within an hour or so -- enough to make it to Cambrada.

LESMI

Sir, I've got the raiders on sensors -- two of them, about two thirds of a light year away. They're running for it at Warp 8.

CROSS

(to Lesmi)

Acknowledged, Ensign. Helm, plot a course, maximum warp.

(to comm)

Kaldra's Pride, if you have everything under control, then we have a pair of raiders to chase down. We'll keep you on our sensors as long as possible.

CAPTAIN'S COMM VOICE

Understood, Enterprise. Many thanks. Kaldra's Pride out.

The comm channel closes, and Cross returns to his seat.

WHEDON

Helm ready, Captain.

CROSS

(nods)

Engage.

EXT. SPACE

With the Kaldra's Pride hanging in the background, the Enterprise turns and jumps to warp.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPOW SAMWA -- AFTERNOON

An external shot of the city, as before. Our view zooms in to focus on the central spaceport section.

EXT. SPACEPORT

A large, open facility for the maintenance of ships of all sizes and types. Off to the side, we see a small, dilapidated old transport sporting the name "Burning Envy."

INT. BURNING ENVY -- CENTRAL COMPARTMENT

The main living chamber of Devon's ship appears reasonably organized, but by no means clean. At a table, Quinlan sits looking around in distaste. We can hear Devon bustling around off-screen in another room.

DEVON (O.S.)

So, what do you think of her?

QUINLAN

(sarcastic)

I think it's a lot like you -- beaten up, run down, and butt-ugly.

Devon pokes his head out from a side door to look at Quinlan.

DEVON

Translation: she's in peak condition, full of energy, and amazingly attractive?

QUINLAN

Yeah. Right.

DEVON

(mock-chivalrously)

You wound me, madam.

He disappears back into the room.

QUINLAN

(curious)

Just what are you doing in there, anyway.

DEVON (O.S.)

It's a surprise. You'll see.

QUINLAN

I've had enough surprises for one day, Devon. And I'd have thought you'd learned after your last one.

DEVON (O.S.)

(mischievous)

Don't worry, you'll like this one...

Quinlan gets fed up, heads to the door.

QUINLAN

Bull. All right, out with it...

She heads in to see...

INT. BURNING ENVY -- COMPUTER CORE -- CONTINUOUS

Devon is standing at an older-looking computer console, working away at something. He looks up, a little guilty.

QUINLAN

(ironic)

Somehow, I wouldn't have expected it to be a computer program.

She steps closer, and Devon approaches her to block her view.

DEVON

It'd be more interesting if you waited.

Quinlan tries to twist around him to get a look at the console. Devon tugs at her arm.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Come on, I'll get you something to eat...

Quinlan won't be denied. She tries to look closer...

QUINLAN

Hey, is that a decryption program?

Devon continues to push her away, and speaks in a pleading yet almost mocking tone:

DEVON

How'd you like some hot Janusian stew?

Quinlan FREEZES in shocking realization... and reaches for her pockets, pulling out one item -- an isolinear data chip.

QUINLAN

My data chip...

(turns on Devon)

You copied my data chip, didn't you?!

You shouldn't have done that, you dirty--!

Without saying a word, Devon simply gives a simple shrug, and raises his eyebrows. Quinlan turns away in frustration and disgust.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

(muttering, to herself)

Talora's going to have my head for this one...

On Quinlan's nonplused expression, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BURNING ENVY -- COMPUTER CORE

Moments after the end of Act Two.

DEVON

Well, now I know why you were asking around for Delhia Nahamas back in the bar. And here I was, thinking it was just to catch up with an old friend.

Her initial anger starting to fade, Quinlan looks more upset and worried than furious now.

QUINLAN

Devon, you shouldn't have done that.

DEVON

(grins)

Why not? You know me, I'm not worried about "top secret" labels. Besides, anything Starfleet might let you know about and carry around in some dusty colonial town can't be too sensitive, can it?

QUINLAN

(subdued)

Starfleet doesn't know I have this.

Devon does a double-take.

DEVON

Excuse me?

QUINLAN

(bitter)

You really should figure out what you're stealing before you take it, Devon.

Without another word, Quinlan stalks out, leaving Devon standing dumbfounded next to the computer console. After a moment he recovers, chasing after her into...

INT. BURNING ENVY -- CENTRAL COMPARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Quinlan stands near the door, seemingly staring off blankly.

DEVON

Twister! What the hell has gotten into you?

Quinlan doesn't turn around.

QUINLAN

It's the data chip, Devon. I know what you were thinking... information can be the most valuable commodity of all.

(beat, turns around)

But it never occurred to you -- hell, it never occurred to any of us back then -- that "valuable" can also mean "dangerous." And the more valuable it is, the more dangerous.

Quinlan sits down at the table, defiant and building up her anger again.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

You want to know about Janus? I can tell you about Janus. And when I'm done, you'll be sorry I did...

Hold on Devon's reaction for a moment, before we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACEPORT -- AFTERNOON

A medium-close shot of the spaceport complex, focusing on an administration and control facility at the center.

As we watch, we see Dojar walking up to the main entrance, which he ENTERS.

INT. SPACEPORT CONTROL -- RECEPTION AREA

Dojar strides through the spaceport control and scopes out the entire area. He looks over and notices an information area and decides to walk over. A Human female stands at the desk, working away at a control panel.

DOJAR

Excuse--

The woman raises a finger and continues to type away at the console. Dojar waits there for a moment, patiently.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

RECEPTIONIST

Could you wait, please?

Dojar is getting frustrated.

DOJAR

I didn't think Humans were so rude anymore.

His comment is ignored as she continues with her work. Dojar, very frustrated, reaches an arm over and stops the receptionist from typing. She looks up.

RECEPTIONIST

Patience is a virtue. Clearly, one that's lost on the Cardassians.

DOJAR

No need to get racist.

RECEPTIONIST

I wasn't the one who started it.

Dojar sighs.

DOJAR

All I want is some information. This is the information desk, isn't it?

RECEPTIONIST

Clearly, but information costs. Especially out here where no one wants to be.

Dojar reaches into his pocket and hands over a small PADD.

She processes the PADD and hands it back, forcing a mocking smile.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

DOJAR

I'd like some information on a ship docked here. A ship belonging to a pilot called Devon Kalhoun.

The receptionist searches the database.

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry, but that name isn't listed in our database.

DOJAR

You sure?

RECEPTIONIST

As sure as it's right in front of me.

Dojar stands there and thinks to himself.

DOJAR

Does that cover passenger lists?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. However, we do have a problem with many unregistered passengers being smuggled in.

DOJAR

Don't you conduct weight checks and standard searches in an attempt to prevent and deter smuggling?

The receptionist chuckles slightly.

RECEPTIONIST

Out here? No. The Federation administrators always create new regulations to try and prevent it, but they're only there so that smugglers can charge more. Officials then take a cut to turn a blind eye... and they get more money.

Dojar scoffs.

DOJAR

It's a scam.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course. What do you expect?

Dojar sighs.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Maybe you got the identity of the man mistaken.

DOJAR

I saw him with my own eyes. He walked into this spaceport. He must have a ship here.

The receptionist shrugs.

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry, I can't help you.

Dojar doesn't look pleased, as he turns around and walks away slightly. The camera switches to a side angle as we see, in the background, someone about to cross his path.

TELLARITE

Follow me. Discreetly.

The Tellarite doesn't stop as he mutters those words. Dojar makes sure not to look at him but walk on and then, as naturally as possible, turn and walk into the same direction.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

The Tellarite, followed a moment later by Dojar, enter a dimly-lit room -- apparently a storage closet of some kind.

DOJAR

Okay, what have you got?

TELLARITE

Information that you want.

DOJAR

Tell me.

The Tellarite scoffs.

TELLARITE

Not without payment.

Dojar sighs.

DOJAR

I'm getting pretty sick of hearing that.

TELLARITE

That may be so, but since the war, you Cardassians should've learned once and for all, that you aren't the center of the universe.

(beat)

Others pay, you pay.

Dojar smiles, the frustration on his face starting to show.

DOJAR

Really?

TELLARITE

Yes.

Dojar starts to ponder that thought, but just for show.

DOJAR

See... I'm not quite what you expect. I may be a Cardassian but I'm, by no means, a subdued one.

TELLARITE

I know who you are.

(MORE)

TELLARITE (CONT'D)

You are a Starfleet officer, from the Enterprise.

DOJAR

Your research must be commended.

TELLARITE

I know everything that goes on here. It's my job to know and to find the people who want to know. That's how I found you. Now... you pay.

DOJAR

How about something else?

The Tellarite looks slightly confused.

TELLARITE

Like what?

DOJAR

Like this.

With surprising suddenness, Dojar jumps at the squat Tellarite and KNOCKS him to the ground with a sudden blow to the jaw. For a second, Dojar looks as if he's about to attack again, before stopping himself.

Instead, he looms over the fallen Tellarite -- an imposing sight for us, comparing Dojar's bulk with the diminutive Tellarite.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Now, are you going to tell me what I want to know, or am I going to have to hurt you more?

TELLARITE

I tell you.

Dojar sighs a breath of relief.

DOJAR

Good.

The Tellarite quickly gets to his feet.

TELLARITE

After you pay.

Dojar shakes his head with frustration.

DOJAR

You really are stubborn, aren't you?

TELLARITE

And you are a small, naive Cardassian.

The camera moves back to the face of Dojar, and we see THREE THUGS in the background just entering. Dojar, seeing the Tellarite smile, turns around and notices these thugs.

DOJAR

Why did you make this harder then it had to be?

TELLARITE

(cavalier)

You brought this upon yourself.

A white FLASH, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAKEN MARKET AREA (FLASHBACK: "ENCOUNTERS OF CHANCE")

The scene is complete carnage. The stalls that haven't been completely obliterated are burning fiercely. The buildings surrounding the area have been hit as though a demolition ball was hitting them, with walls caved in, windows shattered and debris falling from them. Bodies lie around, while debris from the stalls litters the whole area. There is an eerie calm surrounding the area, and a wind whips the flames.

A second FLASH, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROBERT APRIL -- CORRIDOR (FLASHBACK: "OTHER THINGS EQUAL")

The body of a dead Starfleet officer, one of the April's crew members. Not only is the chest blasted open with some energy weapon, but the torso practically ripped apart as if something were trying to dig inside.

Behind the body, in the distance, we can see several MORE corpses, each in similar condition...

A third FLASH, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

As before. Dojar winces at the memories, but struggles to maintain composure. He turns around and gives the Tellarite a brutal look.

DOJAR

No, you're doing this because you can. And I refuse to play by your self-serving rules.

(MORE)

DOJAR (CONT'D)

(beat)

All I want is to know where Devon  
Kalhoun is.

The camera moves in on Dojar's determined face. As he braces himself, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise cruises past at warp.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

Cross sits at his desk, tending to some paperwork -- or PADDwork as it were. We hear a CHIME from the door, and Cross looks up.

CROSS

Come in.

The doors open to reveal Talora, who walks in towards Cross's desk.

TALORA

I have the daily status report,  
Captain.

CROSS

Ahh, the joys of bureaucracy. Thank  
you, Commander, I'll add it to the  
pile. I've got a few more interesting  
tasks at the moment, though.

TALORA

"Interesting"?

Cross chuckles.

CROSS

You could say that. I got a request  
from Y'lan this morning asking for  
sixty-two deciliters of biomimetic  
gel.

From Talora's expression, she seems to think it's a joke.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Believe it or not...

(beat, chuckles)

Elris could barely contain her  
laughter while I was forwarding the  
request. I'm trying to figure out  
just what to tell him.

TALORA

Biomimetic gel is one of the most restricted substances in the entire Federation. Tell him no.

CROSS

That's definitely the most obvious course of action. On the other hand, I find it hard to believe that whatever he'd use it for would be dangerous to us. It's not as if he's a threat -- in fact, I'd say that he's saved our backsides from the frying pan almost single-handedly a number of times.

TALORA

(protesting)

Captain, we still don't know much at all about any agenda that Y'lan might have. And the fact that he's practically locked himself in his lab since we returned to duty a few months ago seems like an ill omen to me.

CROSS

That's a good point. When the Q'tami goes to ground, I'd get worried.

(beat)

I suppose it would be best to ask him myself abo--

He is interrupted by a BEEP from the comm.

LESMI'S COMM VOICE

Bridge to Captain Cross. Sir, we've got a confirmed sensor lock on the target fighters -- in firing range in two minutes.

CROSS

(to comm)

Acknowledged, Ensign.

(to Talora)

I guess we'll finish this later?

Cross and Talora both exit.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Cale, Lesmi, and Whedon man their stations as before, as Cross and Talora enter from the Ready Room.

CROSS

(all business)

Lieutenant, sound red alert. Arm phasers and quantum torpedoes, raise shields... stand by to target weapons and propulsion systems only -- I want prisoners, not cadavers.

LESMI

Aye, sir.

In the front, Cale reacts to something on his console.

CALE

That's odd...

TALORA

(concerned)

What is it, Lieutenant?

CALE

Well, sir, we just got close enough to run a detailed internal scan of the two raiders. I'm not detecting any life-signs aboard.

Cross and Talora share a glance -- chagrin and understanding.

TALORA

Automated systems and computer control. A diversion?

CROSS

Looks that way.

LESMI

(reading console)

Captain, the raiders are doubling back on their course, moving onto attack vectors.

On the viewscreen, we can see the two Cardassian fighters looping around to face us.

CROSS

Lieutenant Cale, confirm that there are no life signs on those two ships -- make sure it's not just sensor jamming.

LESMI

(abruptly)

They're firing!

The ship RUMBLES around them, but only minimal shaking compared to many of the other scrapes the ship has seen.

EXT. SPACE

We get a clear shot of the two old Cardassian Hideki-class fighters swooping around, firing everything they've got -- and everything being almost casually absorbed by the massive bulk of the Enterprise.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

As before.

LESMI

Shields holding -- no damage reported.

CALE

Captain, the absence of life signs is confirmed. Those ships are completely automated.

CROSS

(nods)

That's what I wanted to hear.

(to Lesmi)

Ensign, target quantum torpedoes, full spread.

LESMI

(confident)

Already set, Captain.

CROSS

Fire.

EXT. SPACE

The looming mass of the Enterprise suddenly spits a barrage of quantum torpedoes which blaze across our point of view and quickly annihilate both raiders.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

As before.

LESMI

Targets destroyed, sir.

CROSS

(to Talora)

Looks like someone didn't want us at Cambrada.

(beat, to comm)

Bridge to Engineering.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Grey here, Captain.

CROSS

Activate the slipstream drive.

A beat, no acknowledgement. Then:

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Acknowledged, Bridge. Stand by.

CROSS

Helm, plot in a course back to  
Cambrada -- best speed.

As the crew complies, we...

CUT TO:

INT. BURNING ENVY -- COCKPIT

Quinlan sits in the pilot's seat in the cramped cockpit (only three stations and barely any maneuvering room), staring out the forward viewport at the spaceport activity. Devon enters from the rear.

DEVON

I suppose I owe you another apology.

Quinlan doesn't turn to face Devon.

QUINLAN

I suppose you do... but I have a  
feeling this is one mistake we'll  
both end up regretting.

DEVON

For once, I can't really disagree  
with your pessimistic assessment of  
the situation.

Quinlan turns around in her chair to look directly at Devon.

QUINLAN

(defensive)

I'm not pessimistic!

DEVON

(snorts)

Sure you are. Come on, what happened  
to the optimistic, happy-go-lucky  
Twister I used to know?

QUINLAN

I stopped being so happy-go-lucky  
when I realized just how unhappy my  
actions were making everyone else.

(beat, looks up)

And you know what, Devon?

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

I don't miss those days anymore.  
But I don't want to get into that  
argument right now. Right now, we're  
going to figure out what to do now  
that you've shot my mission to hell.

Devon stares at her for a moment, before deciding to let her  
accusation pass.

DEVON

Okay... so, what do we do?

QUINLAN

First, tell me whether whoever clubbed  
me over the head happened to... oh,  
maybe make any copies of that data  
chip before you so heroically rescued  
me?

DEVON

(snorts)

Hardly. Like I said, they were random  
thugs. Barely intelligent enough to  
nab you and take you back to Rosh'ala.  
They didn't have anything on them  
that would have read your chip.

QUINLAN

So no one else has this yet.

DEVON

Nobody.

QUINLAN

(warning)

I need the truth here, Devon. This  
could end up causing more trouble  
than either of us know how to deal  
with.

DEVON

(protesting)

I'm telling the truth! After what  
you told me about Brody's little  
part in this whole mess? There's no  
way I'd want to let that bit of news  
get out...

(beat)

Most of us in the trade who knew him  
always figured he was just on the  
wrong side of things... but I'd never  
imagined that he was actually working  
for the Federation.

Devon sighs, and sits at a console on the side.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I managed to get in contact with Nahamas. I didn't know she's living right here in Repow Samwa -- got a house up on the north hill.

(wryly)

Apparently, you didn't know that either. You couldn't just do it the easy way and look her up in the comm directory, could you?

Quinlan's face reddens.

QUINLAN

Last I'd heard, she was still running her own shipping company.

DEVON

Nahh, she got out of that business only a year or so after you left us.

QUINLAN

I always thought she was pretty sharp like that...

Devon rolls his eyes, but doesn't take the bait.

DEVON

Anyway, she agreed to meet us at the Tere Techa Cafe in about an hour. Said it didn't look like a tough job -- but you know Deliah.

(testy, off Quinlan's look)

And yes, I did make sure the channel was secure when I transmitted her the file.

QUINLAN

(curt)

Good. When do we leave?

DEVON

How about right now? Tere Techa's about a kilometer away towards the edge of town. Most people -- normal residents, anyway -- like to walk around in the evening hours.

(beat, grins)

Give us a chance for a nice moonlight stroll, too.

Quinlan sighs, but says nothing as she stands up and huffily walks out the door.

EXT. SPACEPORT -- EVENING

The outside of Devon's ship. Quinlan and Devon emerge from the side airlock, the latter sealing the hatch behind him. Quinlan starts walking off, quite quickly, not waiting for Devon.

Devon turns and hurries to catch up in the evening darkness.

DEVON

Hey, Twister, why so fast?

QUINLAN

I just want to get this over with now that we're close to finally resolving this entire situation.

DEVON

C'mon, Jen, this can't be all that bad. I'll bet...

We don't hear the rest of their conversation as they head off into the distance.

Hold on the direction where Quinlan and Devon disappeared for a moment, before panning over to see DOJAR, showing a number of bruises and a torn shirt, come out from a hiding place behind a stack of crates.

A quick FLASH, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIMIN'S HOME -- CELL

Dojar hits the floor with a THUMP. There is a long trickle of blood running down his nose, and one eye is blackened.

We see this for only a quick second, before we FLASH again...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACEPORT -- EVENING

As before.

DOJAR

(to himself)

I know his kind... You're not going to get away with this, Quinlan.

As he starts off in the same direction, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE -- QUANTUM SLIPSTREAM

The Enterprise streaks past in the slipstream.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

As before: Cross, Talora, Cale, Lesmi, and Whedon at their stations.

WHEDON

Approximately two minutes to Cambrada, sir.

TALORA

Acknowledged, Ensign.

Lesmi's console BEEPS.

LESMI

(urgent)

Captain, we're receiving another distress call from an Andorian freighter, about two light-years away. Audio only.

Cross looks at Talora significantly.

CROSS

On speakers.

CAPTAIN'S COMM VOICE

(static-filled)

This is ... Andorian transport vessel Weytahn, ... --tra System. ... under attack by un-- ... raiders. We ... --o hundred passengers on board... we can't hold out for long!

LESMI

The rest of the message is automated, Captain.

A beat.

CROSS

Understood, Ensign.

Another beat.

WHEDON

Shall I alter course, sir?

CROSS

(confident)

No need, Mister Whedon. I'm sure that freighter will be fine.

CALE

(shocked, confused)

But sir...!

TALORA

Lieutenant, did you study the history of this ships' predecessors? I made it a point to know something about the namesake of the starship I was assigned to.

(beat)

There's an appropriate saying from one of the original Enterprise's encounters: "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me."

Cale, suitably chastened, turns back to his console.

CROSS

That was Pavel Chekov, who --

TALORA

(interrupting)

Actually, it was Commander Scott.

Cross looks at her curiously.

CROSS

You sure?

Talora raises her eyebrows.

TALORA

Of course.

CROSS

(shrugs)

Okay.

A beat of silence. Amused, Talora turns to look at her console.

WHEDON

Approaching Cambrada now, sir.

CROSS

Slow to impulse.

EXT. SPACE

In a blazing blue streak, the Enterprise emerges from slipstream.

Pan around as it passes us and continues towards Cambrada, in the background.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

As before.

LESMI

Sir, I'm detecting a large number of freighters in orbit over the southern continent, accompanied by a handful of Cardassian fighters. The latter are breaking to intercept us.

CROSS

(concerned)

Another raid?

A beat as Lesmi works her console.

LESMI

Doesn't look like it. My guess is they're in the process of loading -- and a lot of stuff too, judging by the ships they've got. I'm also detecting a lot of surface activity below the orbiting ships.

Cross looks stunned.

CROSS

We were sitting right on top of their base and didn't even realize it...

LESMI

(urgent)

Sir, the raiders are approaching. Looks like at least eighteen of them -- Hidekis or some equivalent.

CROSS

Well then -- call battle stations, Commander. It seems we've been had.

As the Bridge crew gets to work...

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise soars off to meet the incoming swarm of raiders.

CUT TO:

EXT. REPOW SAMWA -- NIGHT

With the sunlight no longer revealing every speck of dust, the settlement looks quite different under the gentler evening illumination.

EXT. SPACEPORT -- NIGHT

On the outskirts of the landing area, Quinlan and Devon are walking back towards the center, where the Burning Envy sits. The two are apparently enjoying themselves, as we hear a burst of laughter from their direction as they approach our perspective.

QUINLAN

I still can't believe you

As they near the ship, Quinlan walks up to the hatch, while Devon veers off towards the central admin building in the distance.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Hey, where're you going?

DEVON

I've gotta renew my landing deposit -- I hadn't planned on staying here overnight, and the controllers charge like a bandit for late departures.

QUINLAN

(sarcastic)

I'll bet. You mind letting me in, though?

DEVON

(smirks)

Why not wait out here and enjoy the night air? I'll be back in ten or fifteen...

As he walks off, Quinlan rolls his eyes.

QUINLAN

Gee, thanks.

She turns to the panel, examining the key pad next to the hatch. After thinking for a moment, she punches in a combination. The hatch immediately opens.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Your sense of humor definitely needs work, Devon.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

You used that same code for your  
luggage five years ago...

She enters the ship, closing the hatch behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. BURNING ENVY -- CENTRAL COMPARTMENT

The room is is we saw it previously. Quinlan enters from  
the forward section where the airlock is.

QUINLAN

Computer, lights -- low.

As the lights come up, we can see Dojar, still looking in  
bad shape, standing in the corner shadows. Quinlan is facing  
the other direction, and didn't see him.

DOJAR

(low, menacing)

Hello there, Quinlan.

Understandably startled, Quinlan JUMPS, then looks at Dojar.  
Though it's not obvious in the dim light, Dojar is pointing  
his phaser at Quinlan.

QUINLAN

Woah! Computer, full lights!

(beat, looks)

Dojar? How the hell did you get in  
here?

Dojar smiles slightly.

DOJAR

Good question, Quinlan. I might ask  
you the same thing.

Quinlan frowns.

QUINLAN

You know what I'm doing here, trying  
to get information on these pirate  
attacks.

DOJAR

Is that all?

Beat.

QUINLAN

Yeah, what else would it be?

DOJAR

And what means, what sources have you used to try and find this information?

Quinlan looks suspicious.

QUINLAN

Why are you here, Dojar?

DOJAR

(insistent)

I asked you a question, Lieutenant!

QUINLAN

And I asked one straight back.

Quinlan shrugs.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Sue me.

DOJAR

That's not the way to speak to a superior officer.

Quinlan sighs.

QUINLAN

What is going on here, Dojar?

Dojar scoffs.

DOJAR

I saw you. I know what you've been up to.

QUINLAN

You saw me? Have you been spying on me?

DOJAR

The Enterprise needed to leave the system and couldn't get in contact with you, I came down here to try and find you -- but guess what I found instead?

QUINLAN

(hurt)

You were spying on me?

DOJAR

It's a good thing that I was, otherwise who knows what kind of predicament I would find myself in!

QUINLAN

I was down here, by orders and on a Starfleet mission and you were spying on me?

(beat)

Why?

DOJAR

I wasn't ordered to spy on you, nor did I have any intention of doing so. At least, not until I saw you...

Quinlan frowns.

QUINLAN

Saw me?

DOJAR

Yes. With him.

QUINLAN

With who?

DOJAR

With the man who took part in an attempt to kill me last year! A past lover of yours or whatever the hell he is!

Beat.

QUINLAN

Devon? You saw me with Devon?

Dojar nods in response.

DOJAR

That's right. However, I did more than just see you, I heard you talk about "finally resolving this entire situation." That was all I needed to hear.

Dojar gets out his phaser and points it at Quinlan.

QUINLAN

(worried)

Dojar, what the hell are you doing?

DOJAR

I'm placing you under arrest.

QUINLAN

For what?

Beat.

DOJAR

Treason. Again.

QUINLAN

Dojar, this isn't what you think it is. Yes, it's true that Devon and I go years back but there's more to this situation than you know.

DOJAR

Like cracking the Janus files? Yes, I know about that.

Quinlan looks surprised.

QUINLAN

You know about that?

DOJAR

Yes, you've made some good progress. However, involving outside parties, especially people like Devon, wasn't a good idea.

QUINLAN

He knew some people. People I couldn't get to and they were the only ones who could have a chance of cracking the information.

DOJAR

And what would they get in response? A piece of the action?

(beat)

That is Starfleet information and should not be shared with people who might use it for their own personal benefit.

QUINLAN

Why? After all, we're no better than them. We stole that information, we obtained it by what the Federation considers to be "illegal" means. We're no different to the rest of them.

DOJAR

You, maybe not. However, I am very different. That information is important to the survival of Starfleet and the Federation. For it to fall into the hands of people who would use it for exploitation is reckless.

QUINLAN

Do you see Devon now? Do you see  
any of them now?

DOJAR

No, because you got lucky.

Quinlan sighs and reaches into her pocket very quickly, making Dojar a bit nervous and trigger-happy, but he doesn't fire. Quinlan, after taking this risk, pulls out a data chip/crystal or whatever.

QUINLAN

This is it, Dojar. This could finally  
tell us what Janus is. It's been,  
what? Five, six months now? We've  
all wondered what the hell is going  
on. Talora, yourself and I have all  
stayed awake at night wondering what  
Janus is.

(beat)

Do you want to find out?

DOJAR

I will find out because you're going  
to give me the chip.

Quinlan scoffs.

QUINLAN

And what if I don't? Are you going  
to shoot me?

Beat.

DOJAR

(resolute)

Yes.

Beat.

QUINLAN

And what will you tell the Captain?  
He sent me down here to find out  
about the pirates and I'm sure he  
would be a bit confused why his  
tactical officer shot his helm  
officer.

DOJAR

(adamant)

Give me the chip!

QUINLAN

Dojar, this has got completely out  
of hand. I have not betrayed you!

Beat.

DOJAR  
Give me the chip!

QUINLAN  
I know that Devon's part in the Ionis incident hasn't exactly endeared himself to you but, may I remind you, that he did also save your life.

DOJAR  
Yes, for his own personal benefit. Hardly a noble cause, is it? To save someone to save yourself?

Dojar slowly paces forward.

DOJAR (CONT'D)  
Now, give... me... the chip.

Dojar and Quinlan just stare at each other. Quinlan, reluctantly, hands it over.

QUINLAN  
There we go. Are you happy now?

Dojar places the chip into his pocket and backs off slightly.

DOJAR  
We'll see.

Beat.

QUINLAN  
I can't believe it has all come to this. I've worked my ass off for Starfleet in these last two years! I've pushed myself to be accepted and respected by my fellow crewmembers. I've demanded the very best that I can give and what has it come down to?

DOJAR  
You've made another mistake, Quinlan. One too many this time.

QUINLAN  
(passionate, adamant)  
I have not betrayed anyone!  
(beat)  
Not this time.

Beat.

DOJAR

We'll wait here for the Enterprise to return and then it's up to the Captain to deal with you.

Quinlan scoffs.

QUINLAN

You know what, out of all of this, I find funniest of all?

(beat)

That you are the one person who I thought would understand what it's been like for me. We're from the same world, you and I. We both strive for acceptance and acknowledgment. Others aren't as willing to trust us as they are each other but we still fight on.

(beat)

If you and I can't be on the same side then what hope is there for either of us?

DOJAR

Trust takes a long time to earn, but it only takes a few seconds to lose it all.

Quinlan shakes her head in response.

QUINLAN

No, I don't accept that. Trust is all about having faith in someone, knowing that who they are and what they represent is important.

DOJAR

And, clearly, who I thought you were was wrong.

QUINLAN

No, it wasn't. All you needed was an excuse not to trust me. In this day and age paranoia is getting the better of everyone. It's turning us on each other. If we hope to survive, and win, then we have to defy it.

(beat)

You need to keep the faith.

DOJAR

Even after what I've seen?

QUINLAN

And what if you had seen me with someone else, huh? What would you have done? Would you have spied on me or confronted me?

DOJAR

I don't know.

QUINLAN

The fact that it was Devon has completely altered your perception of this situation.

(beat)

Think about it... if I really was against you do you think I would be stood here talking about it? I would've been out of here ages ago.

DOJAR

Don't be so sure.

QUINLAN

Maybe not, but I still would've made the attempt.

Quinlan starts slowly walking towards Dojar.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

There is no need for this anymore. We have the information on Janus, so let's take it back to the Enterprise and forget about all of this.

Dojar ponders that suggestion.

DOJAR

(struggling)

I don't know.

QUINLAN

Dojar...

(beat)

If there's one thing you can be certain of with me, it's that we're on the same side. Can you truly say the same for many other people on the Enterprise?

Beat.

DOJAR

Not too many.

Dojar sighs and lowers his weapon.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

No, I can't.

Quinlan smiles and places her hand on his right shoulder.

QUINLAN

I'm so glad to hear you say that.

Dojar lets out a sigh of relief.

DOJAR

So am I.

QUINLAN

For a minute there, I thought you were going to shoot me.

DOJAR

I was.

Quinlan smiles.

QUINLAN

Close call, huh?

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Cross to Dojar.

Dojar taps his commbadge.

DOJAR

Dojar here, Captain.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

We'll be returning to orbit in a few minutes. Have you located Lieutenant Quinlan?

DOJAR

Yes, sir. Mission accomplished.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Understood. Stand by to beam up.

Quinlan and Dojar just look at each other as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise cruises past in orbit of Cambrada.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SICKBAY

Open close on Dojar's bruised face, illuminated by a flashing light. Zoom out to see ELRIS holding a dermal regenerator and tricorder.

ELRIS

Fortunately, there's nothing serious at all. Mostly surface bruising and a few superficial cuts.

She snaps the tricorder shut.

DOJAR

No concussion? Nothing like that?

Elris starts putting some equipment away.

ELRIS

(frowns)

You've got a few bruises there, too... but I didn't detect any neural swelling.

A beat, and then Dojar nods reluctantly.

DOJAR

Okay.

ELRIS

(concerned)

Are you sure you're all right, Dojar?

DOJAR

Yeah. Just... a few memories is all.

Dojar gets up, starts to walk out.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

I guess I just need some rest.  
Thanks, Doctor.

Hold on Elris's concerned face as we hear the doors open and Dojar exit...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TALORA'S QUARTERS

Dojar and Quinlan sit on couches near the windows, under the stars. Talora is pacing back and forth, clearly agitated. Quinlan appears relaxed but defiant, and Dojar sits quietly, subdued.

TALORA

Both of you know how dangerous that data is. I explicitly told both of you that we needed to keep our investigation of Janus as unobtrusive as possible.

Quinlan is quiet, but insistent.

QUINLAN

Talora, we're playing a very dangerous game here. We can't afford to play it safe.

TALORA

(furious)

That doesn't mean we broadcast our only clue to Janus out on some forsaken colony. And it certainly doesn't mean that you should share said clue with any old friend you happen to run across.

QUINLAN

Talora, Dojar wasn't getting anywhere with his own hacking. Like you said, that information is our only clue -- but it's of no use to us or anyone else if we can't read it.

TALORA

(icy)

It's also of no use if Janus gets wind of it before we can do anything.

QUINLAN

Are you really upset about my decision, Talora? Or are you just mad because I did it without checking with you first?

TALORA

I am "upset" because of your choice of contacts. From past experience, Devon Kalhoun is hardly the most trustworthy man in the galaxy.

QUINLAN

So he was a smuggler, or pirate, or whatever you want to call him. That doesn't mean I can't choose to trust him.

Quinlan gets up, passionate.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

You may not like some of my choices, Talora, but I think I've proven myself here on the Enterprise. Do you trust me?

Talora stares for a moment before responding, grudgingly.

TALORA

Yes.

Quinlan looks significantly at Dojar, silently recalling their confrontation.

QUINLAN

And I trust Devon in this. I know what's at stake here, and I wouldn't have done it if I didn't think it was worth it.

Dojar interrupts, quietly.

DOJAR

Shouldn't we just read the files and see what we've got?

All three look at the center table, where the data chip sits.

TALORA

All right, then.

Talora picks up the chip and takes it over to her desk. The others follow her, peering over her shoulder at the display.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Computer, enable secure data mode.  
Authorization Talora alpha three,  
beta nine.

She inserts the chip into a slot reader on the console.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Display summary listing of records.

Everyone leans closer. We see a listing of records with Klingon text and accompanying English translations.

DOJAR

I recognize some of those characters from the original records on that Klingon ship. Looks like... a bunch of log files.

QUINLAN

I never knew Klingons to be the sort to keep such meticulous records...

TALORA

They're not -- usually.

DOJAR

Who, hold on -- Computer, scroll back ten records.

(off the display)

That looks like a ship's battle recording. With the complete file attached.

TALORA

Computer, display the contents of record 15672.

Over the trio's shoulders, we see the computer play a video clip: swarms of Klingon warships surrounding a Federation space station.

It's the attack on Starbase 23, from "Shadows of a New Dawn."

QUINLAN

Oh my god...

The three watch in visceral fascination as the attack is replayed before their eyes.

DOJAR

(abruptly, pained)

Computer, end playback!

The others turn to look at him.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... I just couldn't watch that.

QUINLAN

I know what you mean.

Talora stoically continues reading.

TALORA

There's not just battle records in here, but comm logs of their contacts with Janus, dating back over --

She stops, surprised.

TALORA (CONT'D)  
--five years?

QUINLAN  
Five years? That's got to be a  
garbled file.

Talora rapidly scrolls through the list.

TALORA  
If that's a garbled file, then a  
whole set of similar files have been  
garbled in exactly the same way.

DOJAR  
(stunned)  
I knew that Janus had to run deep...  
but five whole years of manipulating  
Klingon affairs? That's almost  
unbelievable.

QUINLAN  
It's unreal.

TALORA  
(grim)  
It's real enough.

Abruptly, Talora shuts down the display.

TALORA (CONT'D)  
Computer, create a secure archive of  
the contents on this data chip in  
the Enterprise primary directory.  
Encode for access only with concurrent  
authorization from myself and  
Lieutenants Dojar and Quinlan.

The computer BEEPS in response.

COMPUTER VOICE  
Processing.

QUINLAN  
(demanding)  
What are you doing?

Talora turns around in her chair to look at Quinlan.

TALORA  
You just saw for yourself -- those  
files are the key to unraveling Janus.  
But we absolutely can not make more  
spontaneous decisions about this.  
(MORE)

TALORA (CONT'D)

Janus has been at work for at least five years -- do you really think that we'll be able to dig them out overnight?

QUINLAN

Well, no, but...

DOJAR

(interrupting)

She's right, Jen. I don't like it, but she's right. We've got to work together on this -- slowly.

Quinlan looks at both of the others, and says nothing.

TALORA

One thing's for certain -- the Federation has been far more involved in the Klingon conflict than anyone's thought...

Off their looks, we...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

Cross sits on the couch near the forward window, reading an old-looking hardcover book, with a steaming drink at his elbow.

The comm BEEPS.

ENSIGN'S COMM VOICE

Bridge to Captain Cross. Sorry for bothering you so late, sir, but you've got a secure message coming in from the starship Katana.

Cross gets up, heading for his desk with a slightly perplexed expression.

CROSS

I'll take it in here.

He reaches his desk, and activates the desktop display. He sees the Federation seal for a moment as the computer processes the message. Then, we see the face of Captain OLIN SURRHA (from "Other Things Equal").

CROSS (CONT'D)

Olin! What's up?

SURRHA

I didn't have your night watch officer wake you up, did I Neil?

CROSS

(smiles)

No, I was actually getting in some light reading for a change -- if you consider Tolstoy light reading, anyway. So, to what do I owe this special call?

Surrha takes a breath before responding.

SURRHA

I don't know if you've been keeping track of deployments, but after that little runaround with the April a few months ago, we were sent off to patrol the Klingon border, help enforce the new treaty over there.

(beat)

A few hours ago a squadron of Klingon ships attacked the Imperialist colony on Donatu V.

Cross winces at the news.

CROSS

(hollow)

How many were killed?

SURRHA

I haven't seen any reports on that yet. The Imperialists are calling it a Reformist sneak attack, but the Reformist leaders on the High Council are ardently denying any knowledge of it, and say it was launched by a rogue group. No one's claimed responsibility yet, though.

(beat)

News of the attack hasn't hit the various Federation networks yet, but knowing how the Enterprise was involved in the conflict before, I thought it would be best if I gave you a heads-up on the situation.

CROSS

No idea what Starfleet's planning, then?

SURRHA

Not really. But it looks like it could get ugly again.

Cross nods distantly.

CROSS

Thanks for passing this along.

SURRHA

I wish I had more time to chat, but we're due to arrive in the Hornan System in a few minutes.

CROSS

(smiles)

Thank you -- again. Watch yourself out there, Olin.

SURRHA

You too, Neil.

(beat)

Katana out.

The display reverts to the Federation seal as the channel closes, and then blanks as Cross shuts the panel down.

Hold for a moment on Cross's troubled expression, as he stares off into the distance...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- REC LOUNGE

The camera is fixed on Quinlan, slouching in a chair, looking down at a glass of liquid as she casually rotates it around and around. A quick camera angle shows Dojar walk into the area and glance around the populated area. He spots Quinlan, takes a deep breath and walks over.

DOJAR

Mind if I sit down?

Quinlan looks up, sees Dojar and sits herself up properly.

QUINLAN

Sure, go ahead.

DOJAR

Thank you.

Dojar sits. A beat of awkward silence enters the scene. Dojar wants to say something but keeps stopping himself. Quinlan just sits there and watches him, willing him to say something.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

I think I owe you an apology. I don't know just what I was thinking... all I see was what happened back on Ionis.

(MORE)

DOJAR (CONT'D)

You were right -- I should've trusted you more. It's as simple as that.

(beat)

I hope it hasn't affected our friendship.

QUINLAN

Dojar, you don't have to explain. Yeah, I was upset about how you did... but we got it all sorted out.

(beat, smiles)

I'm willing to forget about it.

DOJAR

(relieved)

I'm glad.

Dojar nods in acknowledgment as another beat of awkward silence enters the scene.

QUINLAN

At least we DID get it all sorted out. The pirates, the files...

DOJAR

Yes... we did.

Quinlan grins, trying to make conversation, to move on.

QUINLAN

Of course, answering the questions we had just raised five more, but you can't have everything, can you?

Dojar nods in acknowledgment, with the awkward silence still there.

DOJAR

It's been some year, hasn't it?

Quinlan chuckles.

QUINLAN

Oh yeah. And what's even worse is that it's not over yet. Not by far.

DOJAR

Think we're still in store for some more action-packed, life-and-death adventures?

QUINLAN

On this ship? Are you kidding? The ship Enterprise and action-packed life-and-death adventures go together like peanut butter and jelly.

Dojar frowns.

DOJAR

What's peanut butter and jelly?

Quinlan looks shocked.

QUINLAN

You've never had peanut butter and  
jelly?

Dojar shakes his head in response.

DOJAR

No, is it good?

QUINLAN

Is it good?

Quinlan reacts, amazed. She gets up, dragging Dojar along  
by the arm.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Come on, I'm getting you one right  
now.

Dojar, surprised by her reaction, follows. As they head  
towards the lounge's counter, we switch to:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise moves through space, before shooting off into  
warp as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END