

STAR TREK

RENAISSANCE

"Underneath the Sky"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise glides across space and moves towards a planet.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 79732.4.
The Enterprise has arrived at Golia IV, a planet recently abandoned by the Klingon Empire, which has since suffered from extreme poverty. Due to this situation a group of Federation citizens, including a retired Starfleet Admiral, have decided to ignore the Prime Directive and interfere with the planet's development. Starfleet is concerned that any kind of Federation presence on the planet may add to the growing tension between our two respective governments. I, for one, am glad that the Enterprise has been assigned for such an important mission after recent events. One must wonder what exactly awaits us at the planet.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

CROSS exits from the Ready Room and walks across the Bridge, taking a quick glance at the viewscreen as the camera follows his movements and pans across the Bridge. This allows us to see QUINLAN at conn, DOJAR at Tactical and TALORA in her chair. Cross, as he moves towards his own chair, looks to the Romulan.

CROSS

Report.

TALORA

We have just entered orbit of Golia IV, Captain.

Cross nods in acknowledgment as he stands just in front of his chair, he then turns to Dojar.

CROSS

You reading any signs of the humans?

DOJAR

It's hard to pinpoint the exact locations, sir; the planet is almost completely shielded from our sensors due to naturally occurring kelbanite

(MORE)

DOJAR (CONT'D)

deposits as well as the Klingon buildings, which have been manufactured using high density duranium composites.

TALORA

This world has been close to both Federation and Romulan space for hundreds of years. Therefore the Klingons found it more pressing for the building interiors to remain impervious to sensors and most scanning devices.

DOJAR

However, developments in sensor technology allow us to get vague readings, in places.

CROSS

Does that mean you're reading human life signs?

DOJAR

Yes.

CROSS

How close do you think you could put a landing party to the biggest concentration of people?

Dojar works away at his console.

DOJAR

About 50, maybe 40 meters.

TALORA

In a radius?

Dojar nods in response. Cross sighs and mulls over his next move as he stares at the planet showing on the viewscreen.

CROSS

Records show that the inhabitants are close to humanoid appearance, correct?

TALORA

Yes, Captain.

Cross nods in acknowledgment.

CROSS

Quinlan, you're with me.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

We're going down to the planet, dressed in civilian clothing, to try and locate our people. Doctor Elris will also be accompanying us. We'll get the necessary surgical alterations in sickbay and leave at once.

Quinlan gets up from her post, as Cross goes to move.

TALORA

Captain, I must protest. These humans have openly broken Federation law and are continuing to do so every minute they're on that planet.

Cross stands there, staring at his first officer, and crosses his arms.

CROSS

What's your point, Commander?

TALORA

My point being that these people are radicals and radicals are prone to using whatever force they deem necessary to protect their own interests.

Cross goes to speak but is cut off by Dojar--

DOJAR

(interrupting)

Captain, I agree. I feel it is a huge, and somewhat unnecessary, security risk.

CROSS

I don't see how. The inhabitants won't even be aware of our existence and besides, I think they've got their own problems to deal with.

TALORA

Captain...

Cross puts up his hand to stop Talora from saying anything more.

CROSS

Talora, your objections are noted. However, this isn't a run of the mill situation.

QUINLAN

(mutters under her
breath)

They rarely are.

Cross either doesn't hear Quinlan or chooses not to acknowledge her.

CROSS

This is a very delicate situation and one which needs to be handled with the utmost care. Those people are there because they want to help, they want to help people who are suffering.

TALORA

Captain, if the Federation council wanted to render aid to Golia IV then it wouldn't have rejected all official pleas from various humanitarian organizations. Those people are, effectively, renegades and should be treated as such.

CROSS

What about contamination?

TALORA

I think it's safe to say, with their presence, the damage has already been done. Containment is now the issue at hand.

CROSS

Yes, and that's what I intend to do by going down to the surface, discreetly, and talking to these people.

TALORA

You really believe you can reason with them?

Cross ponders the answer to that very question.

CROSS

If I didn't, I wouldn't bother trying.

Talora doesn't seem to agree with her Captain but let's the issue go with a mere nod. Cross looks down to Quinlan.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Quinlan?

He walks over towards the turbolift, followed by Quinlan.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(en route)

We'll check in at 30 minute intervals,
keep scanning the planet closely and
try to find a way to keep a lock on
our position.

TALORA

Understood.

Cross and Quinlan enter the turbolift and turn to face the doors as they shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANET SURFACE -- ALLEY -- DAY

We see a wide shot of a dark and somewhat rank alley that is completely deserted. The scene is disturbed when Cross, Quinlan and ELRIS dematerialize out of the transporter matter stream, now sporting their minor physical alterations.

QUINLAN

Doesn't look too friendly.

The shot widens to show the vast buildings, reaching high into the sky, seemingly, at first glance, to be of advanced technology.

CROSS

That's Klingon architecture for you.

QUINLAN

I've never been a fan of it myself.
Ranks right down there with...

ELRIS

Cardassian architecture?

Quinlan smiles.

QUINLAN

I know when someone else starts
finishing my sentences, they know me
too well.

Cross, ignoring their conversation, points in a particular direction.

CROSS

This way.

Elris smiles in response, as Cross starts to walk out of their isolated area and into the main street.

EXT. STREET -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The trio immediately become preoccupied with their surroundings. The exterior of the buildings seems to suggest an advanced culture (imagine New York's Manhattan) but the street is filled with lots of people, dressed in rags, looking like they're just going through the motions.

QUINLAN
(despaired)
Oh, my god.

Elris sighs.

ELRIS
This brings back unpleasant memories.

QUINLAN
Of Bajor?

Elris nods in response.

ELRIS
Fortunately we had Federation
assistance to help us.

CROSS
Let's not stray from the issue at
hand here, Doctor; our mission is to
retrieve the Federation citizens and
nothing else.

ELRIS
Then why did you bring me along?

CROSS
Just in case.

ELRIS
In case of what?

Cross glances at her, with a look of annoyance.

CROSS
Just in case.

Elris, confused and not understanding at all, slowly nods in acknowledgment, as Quinlan notices something of interest.

QUINLAN
(points)
What's going on over there?

The others follow the direction of her point and look.

ELRIS

Appears to be a gathering of some sort.

Cross looks around to the sides of the street where he see that people are keeping to themselves and appear to be rather paranoid of each other. He wonders what the gathering could be about and whether it could mean something.

CROSS

Let's check it out.

EXT. FOOD STOOL -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

People are gathered around, waiting and scrambling for food. There are a few people there, handing out food. We see Cross, Quinlan and Elris, in the background, trying to scramble through the crowd. Cross, making better progress than the women, gets towards the front and notices that one of the men is retired Starfleet Admiral JACK STAMP. As soon as Cross seems to notice him, Stamp, somehow, sees Cross and instantly knows who he is. Stamp turns around and leaves the scene. Cross tries to scramble out of the crowd, in an effort to follow him. Quinlan and Elris, in the middle of the crowd, see Cross now trying to move out of it. Elris looks to Quinlan, who just shrugs her shoulders in response.

EXT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Cross moves around the corner and looks down the passageway; he can't see anything. Naturally, he proceeds cautiously, with his hand held close to his hidden phaser. He walks and walks when suddenly, he hears the sound of a footstep into a puddle from behind. He stops and goes to turn around.

BRADFIELD (O.S.)

Don't even think about it.

MATTHEW BRADFIELD emerges from the shadows and walks from behind Cross, he reaches down and goes to grab his phaser but Cross blocks the move, turns around and begins to wrestle Bradford across the ground. The phaser gets knocked into the middle of the path as both men try, in vain, to get it. The momentum swings back and forth before Cross manages to get the better of his opponent.

CROSS

Who are you?

Bradfield doesn't answer. Cross looks impatient.

CROSS (CONT'D)

I asked you a question.

STAMP (O.S.)

That's not important, Captain.

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Cross turns around to see Stamp, once again, walk from the out of the shadows, pointing a phaser at him. Cross sighs as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Quinlan and Elris are searching around different areas of the street for Cross, but to no avail. They walk towards each other and meet up.

ELRIS
Anything?

QUINLAN
No.

Elris sighs.

ELRIS
We're going to have to inform, Talora.

Quinlan sighs and nods in response.

QUINLAN
You do the honors and I'll keep
looking.

ELRIS
Right.

Elris walks off, trying to find an isolated area to contact the Enterprise, when she comes across a mother cradling a young baby, which is crying non-stop. Elris can't help but look down at them. Soon that intended look becomes a stare, which is noticed by the paranoid and protective mother who moves away. Elris watches her go and then continues to try and find an isolated area.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING AREA

A dark room, sparsely decorated, with nothing of notable interest. The entire layout of the room seems to suggest that it is nothing more than a low-key holding area. Cross sits on a chair at one side of the room, with Bradfield standing in front of him, holding a phaser at him. Cross takes a look over his shoulder to see a transport inhibitor placed on his back.

BRADFIELD
Don't even think about it, Cross.

Cross looks over at Bradfield and smiles innocently. He starts to survey the room while Bradfield continues to just watch the Enterprise Captain.

CROSS

I hope you're not trigger happy.

Bradfield scoffs.

STAMP (O.S.)

What are you doing here, Captain?

Cross turns his attention to Stamp who is pacing around the room.

CROSS

I could ask you the very same question.

STAMP

I think it's fairly obvious what I'm doing here and why. Else, why would you be here?

CROSS

If you already know the answers, why ask the questions?

STAMP

I wanted to hear it from your own mouth.

Cross crosses his arms and just sits there, smugly.

STAMP (CONT'D)

It's like that, is it?

CROSS

I don't have anything to say. Not while I'm being held hostage.

STAMP

Can you blame us? The Federation refuses to help these people so a group of us got together and decided we will. The people out there are dying, Captain.

(beat)

Dying from such silly and puerile causes like poverty, which we eliminated hundreds of years ago.

Cross still chooses not to respond.

STAMP (CONT'D)

It was obvious that the Federation, eventually, would find out what was going on here and they would do something about it. I only started to worry when I saw your face in the crowd.

Cross looks intrigued.

CROSS

My face?

Stamp nods in response.

STAMP

Yes. Captain Neil Cross of the USS Enterprise. A renowned Starship Captain, designated, by many races, as the Butcher of Coular.

Cross takes a deep breath upon the mere utterance of that word. Stamp notices how uncomfortable he looks.

STAMP (CONT'D)

Did you not know that?

CROSS

I'm not surprised.

STAMP

But you'd never heard it before?

Cross hesitates in answering.

CROSS

No.

STAMP

I see.

(beat)

So, with your reputation, I have to wonder why you, of all people, have been sent here. You're not well known for your skills in diplomacy, Captain. Perhaps, that is because Starfleet decided that we wouldn't listen to reason and thus, have sent you.

Cross, once again, doesn't respond. Stamp moves in closer to Cross.

STAMP (CONT'D)

Have you been sent here to remove us by force, Captain? That would, after all, seem to be a better use of your skills.

CROSS

I will not answer your questions while a phaser is being pointed at my head.

Stamp looks to Bradfield and nods at him. Bradfield takes one last look at Cross, lowers the phaser and slowly backs off.

STAMP

Is that better?

CROSS

Yes.

STAMP

Now, let me ask you again, do you intend to remove us by force?

Cross ponders the answer to that question.

CROSS

I had hoped not to.

STAMP

You wanted to come down here and try to talk us into leaving? Into abandoning these people?

CROSS

Yes.

Stamp scoffs.

STAMP

How do I know that you're not just here to track us down? Huh?

(beat)

After all, this planet's combination of kelbanite deposits and the buildings made out of duranium composites makes determining our life signs difficult, correct?

Cross doesn't answer.

STAMP (CONT'D)

Meaning that, if I was in your position, I would have a security contingent here now, undercover, attempting to find us and then remove us.

CROSS

That's mere speculation.

Stamp nods in acknowledgment.

STAMP

Yes, but where's the proof that I'm wrong.

(MORE)

STAMP (CONT'D)

(beat)

Where are the others, Captain?

Cross looks at Stamp with an emotionless expression.

CROSS

What others?

STAMP

You don't need to make this so difficult. We will find them, sooner or later.

CROSS

Then you'll be chasing ghosts and looking for a very long time.

Stamp sighs.

STAMP

Damn your stubbornness. I have never met you before but still, your reputation precedes you.

CROSS

As does yours, Admiral.

STAMP

I'm not in Starfleet anymore.

CROSS

No, but, when you were, you commanded a great deal of respect from, not only your subordinates, but your commanding officers as well. You dealt with countless situations with the sort of ability that makes today's situation almost incredible to believe.

STAMP

I was a fool. A bureaucrat sat behind a desk, never knowing what was really going on, never knowing what the situation really was on the worlds that I presided over.

CROSS

You were a man doing his job.

STAMP

Just like you were with the Klingons on Coular, Captain?

Cross sighs.

CROSS

That was different.

STAMP

Maybe, but that should make you more sympathetic to our situation. Take a look outside, Captain; the Klingons have destroyed this world. They occupied Golia IV because it used to be covered with rich Dilithium deposits until, due to highly efficient mining operations, they stripped the world bare. They came across a peaceful and content people and forcefully altered their society. They split the population into different sectors with each sector being responsible for its own part of the operation. They were all completely isolated from each other and not allowed to interact. Breeding was actively encouraged by the Klingons in an attempt to increase the manpower of each operation. Each sector's governor would be in direct competition with the other to see who could perform the best. After hundreds of years, with the Dilithium now gone, the world is left with no resources, an unmanageable population and rival sectors on the verge of war. The Klingons were so obsessed with mining the planet that they turned every part of the land into an industrial based area. Replicators were used for food and water but now they are broken and very few people have the ability to fix them. The most valued item on this world is food and a technician to be able to get that food. That need is a reason for people to fight, Captain.

CROSS

I'm well aware of this planet's situation and history.

STAMP

Then you can appreciate what the Klingons did here was wrong. A wrong that we must try to put right.

CROSS

In a complete violation of the Prime Directive.

Stamp shakes his head in response.

STAMP

No, this world has been part of the Klingon Empire for centuries, they have already been exposed to the ways of the galaxy. We're only interfering in something that has gone wrong.

CROSS

And what makes it our place to do that?

STAMP

Because we feel, Captain.

(points to heart)

We feel it here. You know what that is?

(beat)

Compassion. The call to help those in need. It's part of who we are. To deny that is to deny our humanity.

(beat)

Because we can help, we should.

CROSS

The Federation, and humanity, cannot go around the galaxy trying to clean up the mess of others.

(beat)

If we try to do so then, one day, someone is going to turn around and give us a bloody nose for sticking it where it's not wanted.

Stamp scoffs.

STAMP

The Klingons won't go to war with the Federation over this planet.

CROSS

Won't they? They have more than enough problems at the moment and they're a volatile, unpredictable species. Personally, I'd give them a wide berth.

STAMP

But what about those who are dying here, Captain? Isn't saving all those lives worth the effort and the risk?

Cross hesitates in answering and takes a deep breath.

CROSS

Can I go now?

Stamp pauses and chuckles in disbelief.

STAMP

I'll give you your due, Captain; you are remarkably defiant.

(beat)

I'm sorry, but I can't let you go.

CROSS

May I ask why?

STAMP

It would be a grave tactical error. You're here, clearly to remove us and we don't want to go. While we have you, we have an advantage.

CROSS

To do what with?

STAMP

To negotiate, of course.

CROSS

You, of all people, should realize that the Federation won't negotiate with me as a hostage.

Stamp nods in response.

STAMP

I know that but, at least, it will get their attention.

Cross frowns.

CROSS

Their attention for what exactly?

Stamp smiles, manically.

STAMP

For what is to come.

CROSS

And what is to come?

Stamp, slowly, walks towards Cross and bends down to look him in the eye from point blank range.

STAMP

You'll see. Trust me...

(beat)

You will see.

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Stamp backs off as the camera closes in on Cross' reflective face.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise gracefully orbits Golia IV.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIEFING ROOM

Dojar, GREY and Y'LAN are sitting around the table, waiting. Not long after, Talora enters into the room and sits down at the head of the table.

TALORA

As you are all aware, Captain Cross has been missing on the planet below for two hours. Due to the possible risk of him being discovered by the rebels, it is imperative that we find him.

DOJAR

That's not going to be easy with our current sensors.

Talora turns to Grey.

TALORA

Is there any way to improve and boost the sensor output?

GREY

Yes, but it won't do any good. The sensors just aren't capable of doing what we want them to.

Talora turns to Y'lan.

TALORA

Y'lan?

Y'LAN

Yes?

TALORA

Can you help us on this matter?

Y'LAN

It is possible.

GREY

Have you tried?

Y'LAN

No.

An air of uncomfortable silence enters the room as Talora, Grey and Dojar look at each other.

DOJAR

Did you know that the Captain was missing?

Y'LAN

Of course.

GREY

Then why didn't you try?

Y'LAN

Because it's not my concern.

The general reaction from the others is disappointment but absolutely no surprise.

TALORA

Can you find him for us please, Y'lan?

Y'LAN

I will try.

Talora nods in acknowledgment.

TALORA

Good. However, how we proceed after this is another matter. We may be able to find the Captain but then what? We still have the entire mission at hand.

DOJAR

If the Captain has been abducted, by the humans, then our mission is clear, we must remove them. By force if necessary.

GREY

They'd put up a fight.

DOJAR

And they'd lose.

GREY

Maybe, but what about the people down there? You can't risk involving them in our affairs.

DOJAR

They are involved. In fact they are at the heart of this matter.

GREY

Maybe, but what if some of them get caught in the cross fire? The last thing we want is to go down there and cause them more suffering.

Dojar goes to respond but is cut off by Talora's quicker reply.

TALORA

Lieutenant Grey is right. Military force is, and must be, our last option.

Dojar sighs, disappointed.

DOJAR

Then what will we do in the meantime?

Talora leans back in her chair, puts her hands together and considers the answer to that question.

TALORA

Quinlan and Doctor Elris are continuing to search for the Captain. They have, no doubt, been accepted by the inhabitants as residents. However, if we send more people down, we increase the risk of breaking the Prime Directive and inflicting further contamination. For now, we will continue to monitor the situation and wait.

DOJAR

And what? Wait for something bad to happen?

TALORA

Wait for something more conclusive to happen. For all we know the Captain could just have gotten lost.

GREY

Without his communicator?

TALORA

Possibly.

GREY

With all due respect, that sounds a bit naive to me, Commander.

Talora takes a deep breath and chooses to ignore that comment.

TALORA

In the meantime, we will familiarize ourselves with the Federation reports on each one of these radicals. We need to gain any kind of insight into their strengths and weaknesses if we are to gain an advantage.

She looks to Dojar and then to Grey, who both nod in acknowledgment.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Very well. Dismissed.

Grey, Dojar and Y'lan all get up from their positions at the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Elris walks out of a building and takes a deep breath. She looks to her side to see the woman from before, still cradling her baby, who won't stop crying. Elris stops and thinks for a moment before slowly walking towards her. The mother looks worried when she sees that Elris is right upon her position.

ELRIS

Don't worry, please.

Elris holds her hands up as a gesture of peace.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

I just want to help your baby.

MOTHER

(distressed)

She won't stop crying.

ELRIS

I know. Please, can I see her?

The mother, looking worried, backs off slightly as Elris holds out her arms.

MOTHER

Why?

ELRIS

I want to help. You can trust me, I'm a Doctor.

The mother looks skeptical.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Please.

The mother looks down at her child, and then at Elris who nods as a gesture that she can be trusted. After a few moments, the mother slowly hands over the child.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Elris starts to slowly rock the baby, in an attempt to comfort her, whilst checking her over.

MOTHER

What's wrong with her?

ELRIS

It appears to be meningitis.

The mother frowns.

MOTHER

What is that?

Elris goes to answer before stopping herself. She has to remember that this is an alien world and an alien species.

ELRIS

It's... complicated.

MOTHER

Can you treat her?

Elris looks at the mother and smiles.

ELRIS

Yes.

The mother looks relieved.

MOTHER

Thank god for that. I don't know what I would do if I ever lost her.

Suddenly, Elris looks to be a lifetime away, memories of losing her own son, Daniel, comes back to her.

ELRIS

(half the world away)
I know what you mean.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING AREA

Cross continues to sit down, looking bored to tears, with Bradfield sitting in close proximity to him. Cross turns his attention to Bradfield, who won't take his eyes off the Enterprise Captain.

CROSS

Don't you have anything better to do?

No response. Cross sighs and shrugs it off. Not long after, Stamp re-enters the room.

STAMP

I have good news, Captain.

CROSS

Oh?

STAMP

It seems that your presence is wanted elsewhere.

Cross frowns.

CROSS

Where?

STAMP

The local provisional authority.

CROSS

Authority? I thought this world was in anarchy.

STAMP

It is, but there are a few groups who are trying to bring order to their various sectors. This is one of them.

(beat)

Don't worry, it's not far.

CROSS

I'm not worried. I'm just wondering what purpose it would serve to take me there?

STAMP

They want to see you, Captain.

CROSS

I wish I could say the feeling was mutual.

STAMP

I'm sorry but, once again, you have no choice.

With those very words, Bradfield stands up and walks towards Cross. Cross takes a long look up at Bradfield, before looking back to Stamp.

CROSS

It would appear not.

Cross sighs and begins to stand up.

BRADFIELD

Slowly, Cross.

Cross pauses before doing as he is told. He looks to Stamp.

STAMP

Follow me, Captain.

Stamp walks towards the door and EXITS. Cross looks over to Bradfield.

CROSS

You and I have unfinished business.

Bradfield smiles, delighted.

BRADFIELD

Anytime, anywhere. Now move!

Cross looks to the door and proceeds to EXIT, followed by Bradfield, holding a phaser to his back.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- GREY'S OFFICE

Grey sits there at his desk, looking notably tired and exhausted. The camera angle changes to show the file he is looking over.

GREY

Computer...
(beat)
Next record.

The angle shows the record to change to that of a middle aged woman known as SARAH CAGE. Grey sees it and looks shocked. His entire body manner suddenly picks up.

GREY (CONT'D)

Sarah?

He continues to read over a few aspects of the file before he gets up from his desk and EXITS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Quinlan walks along the street and notices Elris, finishing her treatment of the baby before handing it back to the mother. Quinlan sighs and walks towards her.

The camera angle changes where we see the mother take a look at her child and smile.

MOTHER
(delighted)
She's not crying!

ELRIS
No...
(beat)
She isn't.

MOTHER
You helped her.

Elris nods in acknowledgment.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I don't know what to say.

ELRIS
You don't have to say anything.
It's my job.

MOTHER
Thank you.

Elris smiles.

ELRIS
You're welcome.

The mother walks away, feeling on top of the world. Elris watches her go, not aware that Quinlan is walking from behind her.

QUINLAN
What was that all about?

Elris turns around.

ELRIS
Nothing. It was nothing.

QUINLAN
Did you help that baby?

ELRIS
I don't know what you mean.

QUINLAN
Oh, come on, Lea, this is me you're talking to.

Elris sighs.

ELRIS

What if I did?

QUINLAN

Then you just broke the Prime Directive.

ELRIS

No, I treated a sick baby.

QUINLAN

Whatever the reason, you broke a fundamental rule of the Federation.

ELRIS

I'm a Doctor, Jen; a healer. I was just doing my job.

Quinlan sighs.

QUINLAN

I'm not judging you, Lea, but you've put me in a very difficult position.

ELRIS

Are you going to tell, Neil?

Beat.

QUINLAN

No.

ELRIS

Talora?

QUINLAN

No.

(beat)

I won't tell anyone. Just make sure this doesn't happen again. You're a Starfleet officer, don't go down that road of breaking rules. You won't like where you end up. Okay?

ELRIS

Will do.

QUINLAN

Good. Let's go!

Quinlan turns to leave, along with Elris, in the background we see the mother leading several other people towards their position.

MOTHER

Doctor!

Elris, and Quinlan, turn around.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Doctor, I told these people about
what you did. They also need your
help.

QUINLAN
(mutters)
Great, just great.

ELRIS
I'm sorry, but I can't.

The mother frowns, confused. She looks to the others.

MOTHER
I don't understand. Why can't you
help?

Elris looks to Quinlan for help, but Quinlan shakes her head
in response.

ELRIS
I just can't, okay?

They remain notably bewildered.

MOTHER
But you helped my baby, who had men...
menin... meningitis.

Quinlan looks surprised and moves closer to Elris.

QUINLAN
(whispers)
You told her what it was called?

ELRIS
(whispers)
I didn't mean to.

Both of them look back to the crowd. Quinlan puts on a
smiling front.

QUINLAN
I'm sorry, but we have to be going.

She turns around and grabs Elris by the arm and drags her
away.

MOTHER
Doctor?

Elris looks over her shoulder.

ELRIS

I'm sorry.

Quinlan, walking fast, lets go of Elris, as we see the group of sick people, in the background, watching them walk away. The camera angle then changes to a person at the back of the crowd, who we recognize as Sarah Cage. The camera remains focused on her face as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

Talora is sitting at the desk, looking over a PADD with Grey stood on the other side.

TALORA
(reads from PADD)
Sarah Cage, former Starfleet Academy
instructor in Engineering.

GREY
Yes, Commander.

Talora looks up from the PADD.

TALORA
She taught you?

GREY
Yes.

TALORA
Did you know her well?

GREY
She was...
(beat)
The biggest influence of my time at
the Academy. I looked up to her.

TALORA
Was she aware of this admiration?

GREY
Yes, she often called me her "star"
student.

Talora has a wry smile.

TALORA
I can believe that.

Grey nods in response, as Talora looks back down over the PADD and then places it down on the table.

TALORA (CONT'D)
Do you think you can get through to
her?

GREY
I'm certain I can.
(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

Sarah was known for her complete belief in Starfleet and the Federation. I've never met a person with as much trust and faith as her. If she has really thrown all that away and chosen to be a... a...

Grey searches for the word.

TALORA

A radical?

Grey sighs.

GREY

I don't know what word to call them, but if she has chosen to join their cause then there must be a damn good reason. I need to know why.

TALORA

Then your reason for wanting to see her is of a personal nature?

GREY

No, I'm certain that helping to understand her can only be a benefit in resolving this entire situation, Commander.

Talora nods in acknowledgment.

TALORA

It does appear to be a valid course of action considering the current circumstances.

Talora continues to ponder her decision.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Very well.

Grey smiles with delight.

GREY

Thank you.

TALORA

I don't want you to take any unnecessary risks and remember, don't break the Prime Directive.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Quinlan and Elris continue to walk along the street.

QUINLAN

I can't believe you broke the prime directive.

ELRIS

I'm sorry. Are they following us?

Quinlan looks behind.

QUINLAN

Doesn't look like it.

She looks back to Elris.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Let's just hope that news of your presence doesn't get around.

Quinlan suddenly notices a small isolated building, similar to a shed or hut, off to her right, she points at it.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

In there.

Elris follows, as Quinlan leads them into the hut.

INT. STORAGE ROOM HUT -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

The inside of the building shows that it is a storage room for various ecological goods and equipment. However, the state of the room leaves a lot to be desired as it could be described as rank. Elris sighs.

ELRIS

What do we do now?

QUINLAN

Well, we can't really go back onto the streets due to your new found fame so I guess we'll have to look for the Captain elsewhere.

ELRIS

What hope is there now? We can't do this on our own and it's been something like four hours.

Quinlan shrugs her shoulders.

QUINLAN

Let's hope the Enterprise can track
him down first.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Cage walks along, and looks over to the hut where she sees
Elris and Quinlan, through the window.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'lan is working away at his table when Dojar enters.

DOJAR

Any luck, Y'lan?

Y'LAN

Luck? No. Have I determined the
Captain's position? Yes.

DOJAR

(surprised)

You've found him?

Y'LAN

Correct.

Dojar, pleased, looks to the desk.

DOJAR

Where is he?

Y'LAN

He appears to be moving towards a
building...

Y'lan points at the map.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)

Here.

DOJAR

Towards a building with a large
concentration of people?

Y'LAN

Yes. It would also appear that he
is being taken there against his
will. There are two other life-forms
en route with him, both human.

Dojar sighs.

DOJAR

The radicals.

Y'LAN

Both life-forms are carrying Starfleet phasers. The Captain is not.

Dojar nods in acknowledgment.

DOJAR

I'll inform the Commander.

Dojar goes to leave.

Y'LAN

There is one more thing, Lieutenant.

DOJAR

What?

Y'LAN

I have detected another life form in this building.

Y'lan taps away at the console to show Dojar the readings.

DOJAR

Is that what I think it is?

Y'LAN

If you have interpreted the readings correctly, yes.

DOJAR

Then the Captain's in big trouble.

Y'LAN

That is a distinct possibility.

Dojar takes a long look at the readings.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING -- DAY

The camera shows a diagonal angled view of the door as Stamp walks in, followed by Cross and then Bradfield.

STAMP

Here we are, Captain.

Cross takes a look around the interior of the building. It's another sparsely decorated building with nothing of interest. Just another venue.

CROSS

(not caring)
Lovely.

Stamp continues to walk on as he moves towards another door. He stops, at the door, and looks back to Cross.

STAMP

We're here.

CROSS

Then what are we waiting for?

STAMP

I hope you're going to be on your best behaviour, Captain.

Cross smiles, manically.

CROSS

We'll see.

Stamp sighs and shakes his head with frustration.

STAMP

Keep an open mind, Cross. An open mind.

Stamp opens the door and starts to walk through.

INT. CHAMBER -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Stamp enters the room, followed by Cross and Bradfield. They look to the table, in the middle of the room, with some 12 seats and people sitting in them. They look to the three arrivals. One of the men, J'HAVA, gets up from the head of the table and walks towards Stamp.

J'HAVA

Jack.

STAMP

J'Hava.

Stamp holds out his arm to gesture towards Cross.

STAMP (CONT'D)

This is Captain Neil Cross of the USS Enterprise.

J'Hava looks at Cross.

J'HAVA

Captain.

Beat.

CROSS

(abrupt)

Was there something you wanted from me?

J'Hava seems slightly taken back by his attitude.

J'HAVA

I had thought that much was obvious.
(beat)
We want your help.

CROSS

My help?

J'HAVA

The Federation's to put it simply.
Jack, and his colleagues, have done
a lot to help our people but there
is too few of them.
(beat)
We need more.

CROSS

I'm sure Jack has made the situation
clear to you.

J'HAVA

Ah, yes. Your prime directive.

Cross nods in acknowledgment.

J'HAVA (CONT'D)

He also told me that the Federation
has chosen to violate that on many
previous occasions. Don't you think
that it is a bit pointless to have a
law that no longer means anything?

CROSS

If it didn't mean anything then we
would be here, helping.

J'HAVA

Are you sure about that? What about
the Klingons? Isn't this really all
about how the Federation is worried
what they might do next?

CROSS

I don't know what you mean.

J'HAVA

Oh, come on, Captain. I may not
have an abundance of knowledge when
it comes to galactic politics, but
even I know that this is all about
the Federation being scared of the
Klingons. Look at the history, look
at what has happened over the past
year.

(MORE)

J'HAVA (CONT'D)
Everything from the Imperialists
fighting the Reformists to the
massacre of Coular.

Once again, Cross looks apprehensive at the mere mention of that planet.

J'HAVA (CONT'D)
The Federation has, and will continue,
to go around trying to clear up
everybody else's mess. Why? Because
that's what you're here for. If not
then why have you been helping the
Cardassians, huh? After countless
wars and skirmishes you continue to
help them. Why? Why help them and
not us? After all, what have we
ever done to you?

Cross doesn't respond. He just stands there and stares.

J'HAVA (CONT'D)
Shall I tell you why? Because of
the Klingons. You're afraid that if
you try to come in here and clean up
their mess, they'll get angry.
Correct?

CROSS
I, as well as any man, knows how
unpredictable the Klingons can be.

J'HAVA
Exactly, so instead your Federation
tries to hide behind it's archaic
"prime directive". How pathetic.

Cross sighs.

CROSS
I fail to see where this conversation
is leading.

STAMP
I must admit, I am also somewhat at
a loss.
(beat)
I thought you wanted to see the
Captain to discuss the possibility
of convincing the Federation to render
aid.

J'Hava, along with other colleagues, chuckles.

J'HAVA

Jack, we appreciate everything you have done for us here. We really do. You have been a dear friend and have earned all of our respect.

STAMP

Thank you.

J'HAVA

But you cannot do any more for us.

Stamp frowns, still looking confused. J'Hava walks over to the table and presses a button. He looks over to a door on the far side of the room, to which Cross and Stamp do as well, when the camera changes to a low angle that shows only the black boots of a figure stepping through the door. The camera cuts to the shocked reaction of Stamp.

STAMP

What the...

And then to Cross, who takes a deep breath.

CROSS

(mutters)

A Klingon.

Immediately after those very words the camera cuts to show the body of a determined and intimidating figure of a Klingon warrior as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

The camera shows a close up view of Talora, sitting on the other side of the desk, raising an eyebrow.

TALORA

A Klingon?

The camera cuts to a wide shot to reveal that Dojar is there as well. He nods in acknowledgment.

DOJAR

Yes. Y'lan's latest sensor readings show that he is in the same room as the Captain.

Talora sighs.

TALORA

This changes everything. Is he alone?

DOJAR

Yes. If only they didn't have a transport inhibitor on him.

TALORA

But they do. It stands to reason that this Klingon must be either a scout or diplomat of some kind.

DOJAR

Why would the Klingon Empire send a scout or diplomat to a world they've occupied for centuries?

TALORA

The Empire wouldn't.

DOJAR

You think this man is a Reformist?

TALORA

I think that theory suits the facts. Either way, the situation now calls for more immediate action. We now have confirmation that Captain Cross is in danger.

DOJAR

He'd be in trouble with any Klingon within 100 metres of his position.

TALORA

Inform Grey, Quinlan and Elris of the situation. Then begin assembling a strike force. I want them surgically altered, dressed in civilian clothing, hidden weapons and no casualties. Understood?

DOJAR

Orders being?

TALORA

Retrieval of all humans. Liaise with Y'lan to determine their various positions and bring them back to the Enterprise.

DOJAR

By any means necessary?

Talora nods in response.

TALORA

(determined)

By any means necessary.

The camera focuses in on the resolute and determined facial expression of Talora.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM HUT -- DAY

Quinlan is stood with her back leaning up against the window and Elris is pacing around the room. In the background we can see Cage approaching the hut.

CALE'S COMM VOICE

...in the meantime, Commander Talora advises you to keep a low profile.

Elris frowns.

ELRIS

Wouldn't we be of more use closer to the situation?

CALE'S COMM VOICE

Negative, Doctor. The Commander doesn't want either of you involved.

ELRIS

Then what's the point in staying down here?

CALE'S COMM VOICE

I have my orders, Doctor. That's all I know.

Elris sighs.

ELRIS

Very well, Enterprise. Elris out.

She turns to Quinlan.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

What was all that about?

QUINLAN

Whatever it was, it isn't good. A Klingon here, the Captain missing and all hell is about to break loose. My guess is that she wants you here to save bringing you back down when the casualties start to come in.

ELRIS

You think they will?

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

We see a group of eight civilian clothed officers, all surgically altered, including an altered Dojar dematerialize out of a transporter stream. They look menacing.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

You can bet on it.

The camera focuses on Dojar as he starts pointing in various directions as he disperses his team.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM HUT -- DAY

Focused shot on Elris, who sighs, again.

ELRIS

Why do we always find ourselves caught up in such tricky situations?

CAGE (O.S.)

That's a good question, Doctor.

Quinlan and Elris turn their attention to Cage, who walks into the room with a phaser in hand.

QUINLAN

What is this? Who the hell are you?

CAGE

That's not your concern.

She points, using the phaser, for Quinlan to move over with Elris.

CAGE (CONT'D)

You, over there.

Quinlan does as requested.

CAGE (CONT'D)

Now, we're going to take a little walk.

ELRIS

Where to?

CAGE

To see some friends of mine.

QUINLAN

The other members of your radical faction?

Cage looks amused and thus, smiles.

CAGE

Radical? No, we're not radicals. We're here to help, to feed the people, to give them medical aid, to clothe them, to keep them alive.

QUINLAN

At what cost? To what ends would you go to achieve that goal?

CAGE

What do you mean?

QUINLAN

Our Captain has been taken hostage, by your people and we have determined that there is a Klingon at his location.

Cage frowns.

CAGE

A Klingon?

Quinlan nods in response.

CAGE (CONT'D)

What would a Klingon be doing here?

ELRIS

That's a good question.

Cage ponders the possibilities.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Grey, who has also been surgically altered, walks around the street, searching but attempting to look like he fits in. He, subtly, touches his commbadge.

GREY

(quietly)

Y'lan, are you reading anything?

Y'LAN'S COMM VOICE

Unfortunately, due to the security teams, it is now harder to determine exact readings.

Grey sighs.

Y'LAN'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)

However...

Grey perks up, looking interested as he waits.

Y'LAN'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)

I am detecting Lieutenant Quinlan and Doctor Elris in close proximity, there is what appears to be a female human at the same location.

GREY

Where?

Y'LAN'S COMM VOICE

I am relaying the location to your tricorder now.

Grey has a quick look around as he, discreetly, looks at his tricorder.

GREY

Confirmed. I've got the readings. Y'lan, you're a lifesaver.

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'lan looks as confused as we know, from past experiences, he can be.

Y'LAN

I was not aware of performing such a procedure.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER

Cross stands at near enough attention, in the foreground of the shot, as the Klingon, S'VAK, paces around him, like a hunter stalking and patrolling its captured prey. S'Vak scoffs and looks to J'Hava.

S'VAK

Are you sure this is him?

J'HAVA

It is.

S'Vak looks him square in the eye, but Cross just remains at attention, not meeting eyes with the Klingon.

S'VAK

He does not look like the butcher of Coular.

Cross, once again, looks apprehensive at the mere mention of that word. It completely destroys his composure, which S'Vak notices.

S'VAK (CONT'D)

But appearances can be deceiving.

He slowly backs off and continues to circle Cross.

S'VAK (CONT'D)

Tell me, Captain, what do you think is happening here?

CROSS

It wouldn't be logical to try and answer a question I don't know the answer to.

S'VAK

Not logical?

S'Vak scoffs.

S'VAK (CONT'D)

Do you have Vulcan blood running through your veins, Captain?

CROSS

No.

S'VAK
Then speculate.

CROSS
(resolute)
I will not.

S'Vak nods in acknowledgment, choosing not to continue this particular avenue with Cross.

S'VAK
Then I shall enlighten you. I was invited here to discuss the possibility of a Klingon influence on this planet.

STAMP
Invited by who?

J'HAVA
By me.

STAMP
That's not possible. The Klingons left no working communication technology and none of your people are capable of making one.

J'HAVA
That is correct.

Stamp frowns, and looks to Cross, also confused, but interested.

STAMP
Then how?

BRADFIELD (O.S.)
Me.

Bradfield walks in front of Stamp.

STAMP
You? What do you mean, you?

BRADFIELD
I gave them the technology. I instructed them to contact the Klingon Reformists.

Cross chuckles and gets the attention of Bradfield, who walks over to him.

BRADFIELD (CONT'D)
Something amuses you, Captain?

CROSS

Yes. The irony of this entire situation.

BRADFIELD

Were you also this amused when killing, without mercy, dozens and dozens of Klingons?

Cross's expression changes from being amused to being offended.

BRADFIELD (CONT'D)

I am more than just someone trying to help the people of Golia IV, I am a sympathizer.

STAMP

A sympathizer to what?

BRADFIELD

You mean to who, Jack?

(beat)

To those who suffer, to those who fight for their rights.

CROSS

There is more to this than just rights.

BRADFIELD

No, there isn't. We came here to help these people because the Federation wouldn't but what are we achieving?

STAMP

We're helping a lot of people!

BRADFIELD

There's an old saying from Earth, Jack. Gave a man a fish and you'll feed him for a day, teach him how to catch a fish and you'll feed him for a lifetime.

STAMP

Yes, I understand but we've discussed this before, that is a long term goal and, for now, we just need to keep feeding these people.

Bradfield shakes his head.

BRADFIELD

No, we can't do that.

(MORE)

BRADFIELD (CONT'D)

We need to make strides now. The Klingon Reformists will do that for this world.

CROSS

Are you forgetting that it was the Klingons that made this world what it is in the first place?

S'VAK

Klingon Imperialists, Captain! Not us!

BRADFIELD

Besides, the Reformists believe in democracy and they know how to bring this to our sector.

Cross frowns.

CROSS

Your sector? What about the rest of the planet?

S'VAK

(disgusted)

I do not answer to you, human.

Cross and S'Vak exchange a look before the camera moves onto Stamp.

STAMP

But what about the Empire? They will find out, sooner or later, that the Reformists are here.

Bradfield nods in response and looks to S'Vak.

S'VAK

Yes, they will. Especially if certain Federation citizens leave this place with that knowledge.

Cross and Stamp look at each other, seeing the hint. S'Vak smiles and walks up to Cross.

S'VAK (CONT'D)

There will be many a song sung about this day.

(beat)

The day that the Butcher of Coular... was himself... butchered.

S'Vak, quietly, begins to laugh manically in the typical Klingon manner at the prospect of killing Cross.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

The sun is beginning to go down as Grey follows his tricorder readings along the street.

A quick camera angle change to another street where we see Dojar, with a few others, on their own mission.

INT. STORAGE ROOM HUT -- EVENING

Cage, still looking deep in thought, shakes her head.

CAGE

No, it doesn't make any sense.

QUINLAN

Of course it doesn't. That's what we're trying to say, there is more going on here than meets the eye.

CAGE

Like what?

Quinlan takes a deep breath as she ponders a possible answer to that very question.

QUINLAN

I don't know, but you need to put that phaser down and help us find out.

Cage looks skeptical.

CAGE

Why should I trust you?

Quinlan and Elris briefly glance at each other.

QUINLAN

Don't we look trustworthy?

Cage points the phaser at Elris.

CAGE

She does, not you.

Elris has a wry smile.

QUINLAN

Okay, then trust her.

Cage takes a long look at Elris.

ELRIS

We are telling the truth.

Cage looks very indecisive.

CAGE

I'm sorry but I don't think I can.

Quinlan and Elris both look disappointed. Suddenly Grey enters into the room; Cage reacts to this entrance by moving the phaser towards his position. She looks shocked to see who it is.

CAGE (CONT'D)

Erik?

GREY

Hi, Sarah.

The two engage in a friendly exchange of looks, as Quinlan moves her head closer to Elris.

QUINLAN

(whispers)

You feel like we're being left out of the loop here?

Elris nods in response.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Me too.

Cage, still looking shocked, searches for something to say.

CAGE

What... what are you doing here?

Suddenly the place is rocked by the sound of an explosion. Everyone looks around, wondering what is going on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Dojar stops, along with the others, and looks alert.

DOJAR

(mutters)

That sounded like weapon fire.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER -- EVENING

Everyone there is also looking worried.

J'HAVA

What...

He is interrupted by another loud shake of what would appear to be weapon fire. Cross and Stamp, keeping their composure, just look at each other.

STAMP

(quietly)

I didn't know about any of this. I swear to you, Captain. I swear to you on my life.

CROSS

I believe you, but it doesn't matter if I do or not, because it would appear that you and I are going to lose our lives anyway.

Stamp gulps and looks slightly distressed.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM HUT -- EVENING

Grey taps his commbadge.

GREY

Grey to Enterprise. What the hell is going on down here?

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

The camera moves in on Talora, sitting in the command chair.

TALORA

A neighboring sector has unleashed volleys of weapon fire, and have deployed several units of troops in many different locations. They are advancing, without resistance, through the sector.

Talora takes a deep breath as the camera closes right up on her face.

TALORA (CONT'D)

It would appear that we have become embroiled in a civil war.

On Talora's disturbed reaction we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

Dojar, along with several of his undercover officers take up position away from the advancing troops. Dojar taps his commbadge.

DOJAR

Dojar to Talora, what are our orders?

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Stand by, Lieutenant.

Dojar looks impatient.

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'lan is working away at his table.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Y'lan, what are the intended destination of those advancing troops?

Y'LAN

According to current information, there are approximately nine separate destinations.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Are any of those the Captain's location?

Y'LAN

Yes.

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

Talora is sitting in her command chair, looking slightly worried.

TALORA

How long until they arrive?

Y'LAN'S COMM VOICE

Approximately thirteen of your minutes.

Talora sighs and pauses to think through her decision.

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE

What do you want us to do, Commander?

TALORA

We've already become too involved.
The situation has now completely
changed with the outbreak of war.
Pull back.

INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

Dojar looks shocked, and not happy, as he looks to members
of his other team.

DOJAR

Sir?

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

You heard me, Lieutenant.

DOJAR

But, Commander; what about the
Captain?

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

Talora sits there, with the weight of the world on her
shoulders.

TALORA

He's on his own.

We can hear the sound of Dojar sighing over the intercom.

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE

(downbeat)

Confirmed.

INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

Dojar closes the intercom and looks to the others. He doesn't
look too pleased. Taylor is there and he cocks his gun.

TAYLOR

Orders, Lieutenant?

DOJAR

You heard the Commander, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Did I, sir?

Dojar frowns.

DOJAR

What are you getting at, soldier?

TAYLOR

It's just that, last time I heard, our orders were to retrieve all the humans from this planet, including the Captain.

DOJAR

We can't do that, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Even if it means losing the Captain?

Dojar sighs.

DOJAR

Whether I agree with the decision or not isn't important. We must respect the chain of command.

TAYLOR

Sir...

DOJAR

(interrupting)

That's an order, soldier.

Taylor doesn't look too happy and delays in answering.

TAYLOR

Yes, sir.

Dojar turns and looks around to see that none of the population is paying attention to them. He taps his commbadge again.

DOJAR

Dojar to Enterprise, six to beam up.

OZRAN'S COMM VOICE

Yes, sir.

The six of them dematerialize into the transporter matter stream.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM HUT -- EVENING

The camera pans across the room to show all four people have been knocked down by the weapons fire. The sound is now more distant. Grey is first up and walks over to Elris.

GREY

Are you all right?

Elris looks dazed but nods her head in response.

ELRIS

(quietly)

Yeah.

Grey walks over, where Quinlan is getting up.

GREY

Quinlan?

QUINLAN

Yeah, never felt better.

He walks on again and helps Cage get to her feet.

GREY

Are you okay, Sarah?

CAGE

Yeah, what happened?

QUINLAN

Looks like the place has been under attack.

Quinlan walks to the door and steps outside.

EXT. STREET -- EVENING -- CONTINUOUS

The camera angle changes to show Quinlan has stepped onto the streets. The others soon follow.

QUINLAN

I was afraid that I might be right.

The angle retracts to show a wide shot view of the local area, where several buildings have been decimated.

CAGE

I don't understand.

Cage looks to Grey.

CAGE (CONT'D)

What is going on?

GREY

Let's find out.

Grey taps his commbadge.

GREY (CONT'D)

Grey to Enterprise...

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER - EVENING

All the locals are looking very disturbed. J'Hava is walking around looking panicked. S'Vak and Bradfield stand there, watching over Cross. J'Hava notices this and looks confused.

J'HAVA

Why are you watching him like that?

S'VAK

He is a dangerous man.

Cross scoffs at that comment.

J'HAVA

What about outside? The Q'wart sector are invading our land!

S'VAK

I am well aware of the current situation.

J'HAVA

What are you going to do?

S'Vak turns to J'Hava.

S'VAK

What can I do? I am one man, with no ship, with no soldiers, with no weapons.

CROSS

You're a Klingon warrior. This sort of battle is what you live for, isn't it?

S'VAK

Not me.

Bradfield walks across Cross and turns to J'Hava.

BRADFIELD

You want protection? We can get protection. You want an army? We can get one.

J'Hava frowns.

J'HAVA

Explain.

Bradfield glances over at Cross.

BRADFIELD

Simply have the Captain of the Enterprise beam down a few heavily armed security parties. That should take care of it.

J'Hava looks intrigued, he turns to Cross.

J'HAVA

You will contact your ship and have them send down armed security teams.

Cross looks determined.

CROSS

(adamant)

I will not.

K'HAVA

Captain, if you don't do it we will kill you.

CROSS

Then just do it.

J'Hava smiles and glances over at Stamp.

J'HAVA

How foolish of me to threaten a man with a death wish. Let me put it this way, if you don't do it, we will kill him!

Stamp looks surprised.

STAMP

J'Hava?

J'HAVA

I'm sorry, Jack. Bradfield!

Bradfield changes the setting on the phaser and points it right at Stamp, who looks scared to death.

J'HAVA (CONT'D)

Well, Captain, what is it to be?

The camera closes in on Cross, looking torn.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

Grey, Quinlan, Elris and Cage are walking along the street, urgently and at a quick pace. Quinlan and Elris are walking alongside each other with Grey and Cage behind them.

QUINLAN

If what the Enterprise said is true
then we need to get to the Captain.

ELRIS

But we're a good twelve minutes away
from his position. The invaders are
only six!

QUINLAN

Then we better get going.

The camera changes angle to show a side view of Grey and
Cage walking alongside each other.

CAGE

I can't believe what is happening
here, Erik.

GREY

I know what you mean. This has been
one hell of a year.

CAGE

I came here to help these people.
To make a difference.

Grey stops her.

GREY

But why? You were making a
difference, you always have been.
My life wouldn't be what it is today
without you, I wouldn't be what I am
today without you.

Cage smiles.

CAGE

That's nice of you to say, but there
is more to this life than warp cores
and plasma conduits.

GREY

Not for people like us.

CAGE

Well, there should be. You can't
live your entire life one way, Erik.
I understand that now. I've been
teaching students at Starfleet Academy
for over twenty years! I just
couldn't do it anymore. One day I
just stopped and thought, there must
be more to my life than just this.
Haven't you ever thought that?

Grey stops and thinks, mainly of his relationship with Boyle.

GREY

Yes and I tried to do something about it.

CAGE

A woman?

GREY

Yes.

CAGE

What happened?

GREY

It didn't work out.

CAGE

Will that stop you from trying again?

GREY

It will certainly make me think twice, yes.

CAGE

Well, I hope not because on that day when I decided that I had enough, I realized that there were many other ways that I could help people. People that needed me.

GREY

Is that what this is all about? To be needed?

Cage scoffs, as she resents that question.

CAGE

Of course not. How could you think such a thing?

(beat)

Did you ever think about how, hundreds of years ago, people managed to teach about other worlds without even being there? Isn't that amazing? They could know so much about the galaxy, just from looking through a telescope. My entire life has been like that, looking at the galaxy through a telescope, not actually going to the places that I can or doing the things that I can. I've changed that.

(beat)

Can you just imagine those people looking at other worlds and wondering,

(MORE)

CAGE (CONT'D)
 just like I am; what it would be
 like... to be underneath the sky?

GREY
 What about the prime directive?
 What about the Klingons?

Cage smiles.

CAGE
 I'm sure hundreds, thousands, maybe
 even millions of people will sit in
 judgment over me, and the others,
 and what we're doing here. Some
 will say I was right, some will say
 I was wrong but, in the end, I've
 only done what I think is right.

GREY
 I'm sorry, but I don't think I can
 understand your decision.

CAGE
 You will... one day.

Cage starts walking again, with Grey following.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER -- EVENING

As before.

J'HAVA
 What's it to be, Captain?

Cross ponders his options, and takes a quick glance at a
 scared Stamp.

CROSS
 What will happen after I send down
 the people? You're just going to
 let them get involved and then let
 all of us go?

Cross shakes his head.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 No, we can't get involved.

BRADFIELD
 You already are involved.

CROSS

Yes, and that has caused more than enough trouble as it is. I will not willingly contribute to any more.

J'HAVA

That is your final decision?

Cross nods in response.

CROSS

It is.

J'HAVA

So be it.

J'Hava nods to Bradfield, who gets prepared to fire the phaser at Stamp.

STAMP

J'Hava, please...

J'HAVA

I'm sorry, Jack.

Bradfield is about to fire when, suddenly, the building shakes worse than ever before and the lights start to flicker. Cross, ever the opportunist, jumps Bradfield and starts to wrestle with him for control of the phaser. S'Vak, seeing this, starts to pull Cross off Bradfield but Stamp, getting caught up the situation, jumps S'Vak and manages to keep him occupied.

At the same time, J'Hava tries to make his way to the exit but, as he reaches the door, several Q'WART SOLDIERS storm in and immediately shoot him. He falls to the ground in a heap, dead. The defending security officers join from the other side of the room and a huge shoot-out occurs, with Cross and the others fighting right in the middle of it. S'Vak starts laughing, amused, as he easily gets the better of Stamp and starts to beat him in a mocking manner, to show how easy it is.

At the same time, Cross and Bradfield are still battling it out for the phaser.

Grey, Quinlan, Elris and Cage storm into the room from another side and quickly scope out the situation. Elris spots Cross and points at him.

ELRIS

Look!

Bradfield has just gained control of the situation. Our gallant heroes are about to help their Captain when the Q'Wart decide to start firing at them. They take cover, choosing not to fight back.

Cage then notices that S'Vak has got out a knife to finish off Stamp.

CAGE

Jack!

She storms into the fray, despite the obvious risk, and tries to take the knife off S'Vak. Grey looks very anxious as he watches on, helpless. Bradfield gets the phaser and smiles.

BRADFIELD

Goodbye, Captain.

Then Cross headbutts Bradfield, breaking his nose, and lands a deadly right hand hook that knocks him to the ground. He then removes the transport inhibitor attached to his back.

CROSS

(mutters)

I told you we had unfinished business.

He remains in his position and scopes the area to determine the current situation. He notices that, close by, Cage, who he doesn't know, is wrestling S'Vak for the knife. She is losing the battle. Cross tries to make his way over to her when, with a quick punch, S'Vak knocks Cage away and then stabs her in the heart with the knife, just as Cross was almost upon her position. Grey looks absolutely horrified as Cross shoots S'Vak with the phaser, on stun setting.

The phaser fire, between the defending security officers and the Q'Wart invaders continues as each one of the humans remain motionless. Quinlan decides to take the initiative and taps her commbadge.

QUINLAN

(panicked)

Enterprise, emergency beam out.
Lock onto all Starfleet commbadge
signals and human life signs in this
room and energize.

OZRAN'S COMM VOICE

Standby.

She takes one last look at the scene and, on the other side of the room, notices someone of interest. We can't see who but she is intrigued. Not long after, each one of them dematerializes into the transporter matter stream.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise orbits Golia IV.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 79739.3.
The Golia IV civil war has started.
Our sensors report that nine sectors
have openly started attacking each
other. If it wasn't enough that
these people are already starving to
death, they now have a war to contend
with. All of the humans involved
have been charged with breaking the
Prime Directive and various other
applicable charges. As for retired
Admiral Stamp, I think, in the end,
it became clear to him just why that
rule has been, and continue to will
be, so important. We can only
speculate as to how much each one of
our own actions has contributed to
this outcome.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

Cross sits at his desk, staring down at his laptop when the
door chimes.

CROSS

Come.

Talora enters.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Commander?

TALORA

Captain, Mr. Carter wishes to see
you in regards to recent events.

Cross scoffs.

CROSS

What did you tell him?

TALORA

I would prefer not to ruin the
surprise, Captain. Needless to say,
I think he will be spending the next
few hours of his time attempting to
translate it.

Cross smiles.

CROSS

Thanks. That's appreciated.

An air of silence enters, Talora stands there looking
troubled, which Cross notices.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Is there something else, Talora?

TALORA

Yes, Captain. About what happened on the planet...

CROSS

You don't need to say anything.

TALORA

But I thought I would explain why I chose not to attempt a rescue.

Cross doesn't look too bothered or worried.

CROSS

It wasn't possible without casualties.

Talora nods in acknowledgment.

TALORA

But still, I had already committed several security teams into removing all humans from the planet. It is reasonable to assume that you would wonder why I decided not to...

CROSS

(interrupting)

The situation changed. Minimizing the contamination of the planet was our primary concern, you had to keep to the prime directive. If you attempted a rescue during a civil war, you would have not only risked more Enterprise lives but more of the population's lives as well.

TALORA

Which is why I decided to withdraw all of our forces.

CROSS

Except for Quinlan, Elris and Grey.

TALORA

They were adamant not to leave, Captain. In the end, that has turned out for the best.

CROSS

It may have been one of the few things that actually did.

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE

Dojar to Cross.

Cross taps a button on his desk.

CROSS
Yes, Lieutenant?

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE
I think you better come out here and
see this, Captain.

Cross frowns and looks to Talora, equally confused.

CROSS
On my way.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

The camera pans across the Enterprise Bridge to see everyone transfixed on the viewscreen. Cross and Talora soon appear on the scene, Cross looks to Dojar.

CROSS
Dojar?

Dojar just nods his head, indicating at the viewscreen, Cross looks and takes a deep breath. The camera angle changes to show a Klingon battle cruiser appear on the viewscreen.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Just when I thought it was over.

DOJAR
Captain, you're being hailed.

CROSS
(surprised)
I am?

Dojar nods in response. Cross walks over to his chair and stands in front of it.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Put them on screen.

S'Vak appears on the screen.

S'VAK
Captain, we meet again.

CROSS
You managed to escape the planet
surface safely then, S'Vak?

S'VAK
It was not a problem.
(MORE)

S'VAK (CONT'D)

However, I am here before you now to instruct you, for your own safety, to leave this area at once.

CROSS

For our own safety?

S'VAK

There are too many officers on this ship who will be unable to resist destroying you, Captain and, as you are aware, I am one of them.

CROSS

Then we shall be on our way.

Cross looks down to the helm officer.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Helm, take us out of orbit. Half impulse power.

HELM OFFICER

Aye, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise moves out of orbit and away from the Klingon ship.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

As before. Cross looks back at the viewscreen.

S'VAK

I must admit to being a bit disappointed about your cooperation, Captain. I was hoping you might want to fight. After all, today is a good day to die.

CROSS

No. Too many are dying on the planet below, there is no need for any more to be added to the list from up here.

S'Vak scoffs.

S'VAK

If I didn't know better I would not think you were the Butcher of Coular.

(MORE)

S'VAK (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. All that matters is that we have already begun to organize our forces on the planet. We will bring order and democracy to their people.

CROSS

Even after everything that has happened, you are still going to establish a presence on the planet?

S'VAK

We see no reason not to.

CROSS

But what about the rest of the planet? While the sector you're helping prospers, the others will continue to suffer and that only adds more fuel to the fire. It gives them something to fight and die for. Inequality is a dangerous area to get mixed up in.

S'Vak scoffs.

S'VAK

That is not our concern. We will help several millions of Golians live. Is that enough?

CROSS

No, it never is. While one person is down there, starving or dying, it is not enough.

S'VAK

(sarcastic)

Then I am sorry we cannot satisfy you.

(beat)

Till we meet again, Captain.

CROSS

Until then.

The screen goes blank. Cross turns to Talora.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Did we ever find out exactly how the war started?

TALORA

No.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

Then I guess we never will.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SICKBAY

Elris finishes conducting an autopsy on the body of Cage.
Quinlan walks into the room.

QUINLAN

Hey.

ELRIS

Hello, Jen.

QUINLAN

I just thought I'd drop by and see
how you were doing.

Elris smiles.

ELRIS

I appreciate that. I'm doing fine,
thank you.

An air of awkward silence hits the room.

QUINLAN

I wanted to talk to you about what
happened on the planet.

Elris sighs.

ELRIS

I'd rather you didn't mention it
again. I'm not sorry for what I
did...

QUINLAN

(interrupting)

You shouldn't be. You did your job,
you treated someone who needed your
help. I won't fault you for that.

ELRIS

Thank you.

QUINLAN

But some things are bigger than just
one life. I know it sounds horrid
but it's true. That's why we have
rules like the prime directive.
That's what it is there for.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

It helps to keep us in line because, in the past, the consequences of our actions have turned out to be far greater than we ever expected.

ELRIS

You don't need to lecture me, Jen. I'm more than aware of what the prime directive stands for.

QUINLAN

Then all I ask of you is that you don't burden yourself with guilt when it comes to another decision like you had on Golia IV. Okay?

Elris nods in response.

ELRIS

Okay.

Quinlan smiles in response.

QUINLAN

Will I see you for a drink later?

ELRIS

Sure.

Quinlan nods in acknowledgment, turns around and EXITS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise shoots across space at warp.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- GREY'S OFFICE

Grey is sitting at his desk, staring into space when his eyes come across the PADD from earlier, with the file of Cage on it. He smiles as he looks down at her face. The door chimes.

GREY

Yes?

The doors open and in walks Quinlan. She slowly walks over to the desk and takes a seat on the other side.

QUINLAN

I just spoke to Lea.

GREY

What did she say?

QUINLAN

She appeared to listen to me. Whether she pays attention or not is a matter of time I guess.

GREY

You didn't tell her what happened?

QUINLAN

How could I? How could I tell her that I saw the woman whose baby she helped with the Q'Wart? For her to know that by doing her job and helping someone, she may have alerted a rival sector to our presence.

GREY

I don't suppose you could.

QUINLAN

You wouldn't be able to live with herself. She's my best friend, I just couldn't do that to her.

GREY

What about you? Are you prepared to live with the consequences?

Quinlan sighs.

QUINLAN

What you're proposing is...
(beat)
Very dangerous.

Grey nods in acknowledgment.

GREY

I'm aware of that. You were down there, Jen; you saw what was going on. Sarah wanted to help those people and she died caught up in the middle of it all. That's all she wanted, just to help them. If the Klingons want to help one sector then we can't stop them but what about the others? They need just as much help.
(beat)

We need to make sure they get that help.

QUINLAN

But arranging for freighters, people, resources to discreetly go to Golia IV and help the entire population is going to be difficult, if not expensive.

GREY

I can get the money.

Quinlan looks surprised.

QUINLAN

How?

GREY

That's irrelevant.

(leans forward)

The question is, are you prepared to walk down this road with me?

Quinlan stops and ponders the answer to that question.

QUINLAN

I've been down it before. I've always thought that if the cause was right, I'd go down it again.

GREY

Is the cause right?

QUINLAN

Lea has, unknowingly, set a series of events into motion. She is my best friend and I want to help right that wrong.

(beat)

So, in answer to your question, yes...

(beat)

Yes, it is.

Quinlan frowns, soberly.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Erik, you do realize that once you go down this road, it's hard to ever come back?

GREY

Yes...

The camera closes right in on Grey's determined face.

GREY (CONT'D)

I know.

As we see the determined facial expression of Grey we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END