

STAR TREK  

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RENAISSANCE

**"A Minority of One"**

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*Dedicated to all those who have perished  
as a result of the Second Gulf War.*

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET -- NOON

Dilapidated, high rise buildings clutter the streets. All blandly grey and rectangular in shape, none looking all that well kept. The buildings extend monotonously as far as the eye can see. We see glimpses that one of the buildings has something large and red on it, but we can't see that clearly.

A gust of lonely wind whispers through the city. We focus on a building, pan up a few levels -- and focus on an open window.

Here, sitting by the balcony, is a MAN. He is somewhere in his thirties, loosely dressed, and as poorly kept as both his surroundings and his environment. Something about him strikes a chord. His expression is oddly unreadable.

He is sitting on a dusty, creaky chair. His lap supports a PADD, clumsier and more alien-looking than the Federation's standard. With the deft movements of something resembling a pen, the man works on the PADD.

Suddenly, the silence of the scene is interrupted by a distant throbbing. Thumping of feet, of drums. Something that sounds like a trumpet beats out a rousing tune (all OFFSCREEN).

At first, the man ignores the intruding sounds. They get louder, and nearer, the drums and feet punctuated every few moments by the rousing horn.

Finally, not moving his head, the MAN looks up. We now pan to reveal A MARCHING TROOP. A large amount of soldiers, around one hundred and twenty, are parading through the street. Most are armed, but a handful of them at the back play drums, while a final and most extravagantly dressed marcher plays the horn.

They all march in step, all well kept and disciplined.

As they march, we now see the patch of red that had been on the building directly opposite the MAN's own.

It is hardly a patch. A massive red poster rolls down the side of the other building, covering most of it. And dominating the poster is a single FACE. A stern, late twenties visage. The faintest of smiles, captivating eyes. Terrible and reassuring, all at once.

We move back to the man, watching the parade. Thoughtful, but unrevealing.

Propelled by some inner thought, he glances up for a moment. We cut to a bird's eye view, and his eyes latch with our own. Then he looks down and returns to his PADD.

EXT. GRAND SHOT

Slowly, we continue to pan backward, and more and more of the same, continuous stream of buildings catches our eyes, an occasional grandiose glimmer of color only interrupting them -- and then the mass of buildings has so interweaved as to become a CITY. We pull back further, faster, grander, and reveal a CONTINENT, and searing through the cloud strata, we find a PLANET, much like our own, alone in space...

Well, not quite alone.

From the edge of our screen at a distance, another object becomes visible. A greyed dagger, a spaceship.

Even here we can make out the lettering, as if it was needed:  
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Same shot of the U.S.S. Enterprise, but now from the cozier, more comfortable angles we are familiar with. We now see that she is being ESCORTED by two smaller, ornate crafts.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

The faint humming of instruments punctuates the silence. NEIL CROSS is at the Captain's Chair, TALORA at the First Officer's, JENNIFER QUINLAN at CONN, GRIL DOJAR at Tactical, and BRIAN CALE at OPS.

The silence hangs for a moment, seeping into the environment, then:

CROSS  
(cautiously)  
Well... we're here.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ELRIS'S QUARTERS

ELRIS LEA is working around the room, picking up technical items and placing them in a case.

A chime.

ELRIS  
Come in.

The doors swoosh open behind her. A throat clears.

She pauses for a moment, looking out the window at the PLANET below. Elris turns to face TORAN NOA.

He's holding a PADD.

TORAN  
Here's the additional data, Doctor.

He places it on the cupboard behind him. Elris nods, vaguely.

TORAN (CONT'D)  
Was I interrupting anything?

ELRIS  
What? No... I was just thinking.

She indicates the planet.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

They've had warp drive for three centuries before us. And yet they're so behind in medical science...

Toran shrugs.

TORAN

No society's balanced, I guess.

ELRIS

Well, yes, but that doesn't take away from the interest.

TORAN

Probably not.

Elris shakes her head.

ELRIS

Just make sure you don't screw up too much, okay?

Toran smiles.

TORAN

Can't promise anything.

He EXITS. Elris resumes packing for a few minutes... then looks up at the planet again. The sounds of the room FADE TO:

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Personal Log, Stardate 79786.4. We're finally in orbit of Vendikar.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

Same as before. Various commands come and go from the Bridge crew, commands we cannot hear.

CROSS (V.O.)

I'm still not sure how I felt about that. The Enterprise has been on more important missions before, even after Coular... but we've probably haven't had a more important passenger.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- V.I.P. QUARTERS

Rather dimly lit. The back of a humanoid shape is visible, nothing more.

CROSS (V.O.)

And yet, I almost have to remind myself that Senator Zaygre is here at all.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

ERIK GREY working with his ENGINEERS, looking over CITY GRIDS on display panels and packing away selected items.

CROSS (V.O.)

It's united the Enterprise in a flurry of activity where almost each and every crew member has some kind of role, and yet the unity is both mostly unintentional and transient.

A sigh is heard.

CROSS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I guess I better collect those thoughts.

EXT. ENTERPRISE

An exterior shot of the Enterprise.

CROSS (V.O.)

A week ago, Senator Zaygre told us he intended to reestablish contact with Star Cluster NGC-321. The cluster not being that far from the Klingon border, we were the ideal choice of transport.

(beat)

And we were providing more than transport.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TRANSPORTER ROOM

NARV OZRAN is at the controls. PERSONNEL enter. As Cross speaks, they walk up and onto the platform, disappearing in a shimmer of light.

CROSS (V.O.)

Zaygre wanted us to also supply aid to the relevant planets. Only technological aid, but still fairly extensive. And as it turned out, relevant planets came in ones.

EXT. PLANET -- ENTERPRISE P.O.V.

Same scenario as before, but now slightly under the Enterprise, facing in the direction of the planet.

CROSS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In our absence, Vendikar had crushed her only rival power in the cluster, the Eminian Union. Naturally, there were no rival bids.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

Cross sits by his desk, appearing reserved, contemplative. His monologue has now switched to on screen.

CROSS

After saying all that straight, things do seem to make more sense than they did a moment ago...

(beat)

But I still don't know how to feel about any of it.

(beat)

Maybe I shouldn't feel. Maybe I don't have to feel about every little damned thing that comes my way. Maybe I do.

Cross changes in demeanor, becoming more irritable.

CROSS (CONT'D)

I need a good night's sleep, that's for sure. Computer, end log.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The same street we saw in the teaser. Empty now, mostly, with the odd handful of people moving about -- the amounts of people you'd expect when the majority of the population is either working or sleeping.

An atmosphere of an unfamiliar calmness dominates the shot.

INT. FIRST FLOOR

The INTERIOR of one of the buildings. A series of chairs and desks like a diner, complete with a counter. The stairs leading to higher floors -- are the only admissions that this is a multi-story building. A balding, middle aged man, with a little moustache, dressed in alien but drab garb, stands behind a counter.

The entire room is dusty, with the color being either grey or quite faded.

An alien chime sounds.

MAN AT COUNTER

Enter.

The door opens, and ELRIS LEA, accompanied by a WOMAN, enter. ELRIS LEA has the case seen earlier with her, and is holding out a medical tricorder.

The WOMAN is formally and professionally dressed. Her uniform bears more than a passing resemblance to the military uniform seen earlier. Far less flashy, and lacking any remotely military insignia, but still similar.

Elris stands at the side, while the woman strides up to the man. The man displays excessive but respectful formality... fearful?

WOMAN

Is Lune present?

MAN AT COUNTER

Yes, he is, Doctor.

WOMAN (DOCTOR)

(coldly)

Call him.

The Man presses something under the counter.

MAN AT COUNTER

(outward calm)

Lune, come down, now.

Elris's reaction is only a glimmer of bemusement.

From the stairs comes the MAN seen in the teaser (hereafter LUNE). His decor has changed little, but he is now much more composed, ordered. With careful, methodical dignity, he walks down the stairs.

He remains having a respectful attitude, very similar to the Man at the Counter, but the Doctor looks at him with contempt.

DOCTOR

You have Gojil?

LUNE

(neutral)

Yes.

The Doctor nods to Elris. She steps forward, medical tricorder in hand. Only at this moment does Lune register her presence. She begins to scan Lune. He looks at her with curiosity. After a moment, she folds the item.

ELRIS

(to Doctor)

Same as the lab tests.

DOCTOR

Try it.

Elris puts her case on a desk and opens it. She takes out a hypospray.

She walks over to Lune.

ELRIS

(to Lune)

This should eliminate all of the  
Gojil virus traveling in your system.

Lune's expression is carefully guarded and controlled. However, it subtly implies disbelief, and an extent of confusion. Elris injects him. He shudders slightly, then stops. Elris takes out her medical tricorder again, and scans him.

DOCTOR

(expectant)

Well?

Elris turns to face the Doctor.

ELRIS

All traces of the virus are gone.

Neither Lune nor the Man at the Counter can cover their astonishment very well.

DOCTOR

(flatly)

Good.

She motions for Elris to leave, and both she and the DOCTOR EXIT -- LUNE's gaze following both for a moment.

That twitch of the lip... gratitude?

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTERPRISE

Same as before.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- V.I.P. QUARTERS

Same as before. A shadowed figure sits by a computer terminal, working... but we can't make out on what, exactly.

The door CHIMES.

The computer screen dies, the figure turns his chair around toward the door. He stands. It chimes again.

FIGURE

(hissing)

Enter.

The voice is far from human. It's scaly, parched, hissed... reptilian.

The doors part, and ANOTHER FIGURE enters.

FIGURE (CONT'D)  
Lights, medium level.

The lights go to the standard level, and it is now revealed that the alien figure standing in the shadows is a SELAY, a reptilian-humanoid race. The Selay is dressed in the flowing, standard issue robes of a Federation Senator -- clearly SENATOR ZAYGRE.

The entering figure, on the other hand, is LEWIS CARTER.

ZAYGRE  
I thought this was discussed. No interviews until after the negotiations.

CARTER  
It's not that.

Zaygre, an impatient and partially disinterested expression on his face, sits down.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
No provisions have been made for journalist access to Vendikar. I'm requesting you secure that.

A beat.

ZAYGRE  
I will discuss it with Varis 12.  
You will be informed of his decision.

Carter nods respectfully, and EXITS. Zaygre begins to return to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- AFTERNOON

Dilapidated buildings, an oversized poster... if it isn't the same street we've seen before, it's not much different. More people are out, but it's still not clogged with traffic.

We focus on ELRIS and the DOCTOR.

ELRIS  
You're sure that's all you need?

DOCTOR  
It was sufficient.

Elris hands the Doctor her case. The Doctor accepts it. With a begrudging nod, she disappears into the throngs.

Elris walks towards a secluded area of the street -- whose reason for seclusion is soon apparent. It's been cordoned off and has a light security detachment around it. As we watch six Federation officers MATERIALIZE in that spot.

Before Elris reaches it, though, someone appears out of the crowds ahead.

It's LUNE.

LUNE

I'd like to thank you.

Elris is taken aback. She only seems to vaguely recall him.

ELRIS

You're welcome, of course...

LUNE

Gojil virus was the bane of my existence for my entire life. I'm afraid I can't give anything near enough in return...

ELRIS

You don't need to...

LUNE

So I give you this.

Lune produces from his clothing the PADD seen earlier. Elris holds it slightly gingerly.

ELRIS

(not trying to offend)  
A PADD...

LUNE

Poems.

ELRIS

What?

LUNE

Poems.

(beat)

I write them. They're the only riches I have.

Elris examines the PADD more carefully, and, sure enough, there is LETTERING on the screen -- and a scroll option to the left implying more.

ELRIS

(genuinely)

Thank you.

(beat)

But you don't have to give me these...

She holds the PADD out to Lune. Lune pushes it back.

LUNE

Take them.

(with a slight twinkle)

I can always write more.

Elris considers for a moment, then:

ELRIS

All right.

LUNE

(noting the cordoned  
area)

Seems to be a lot of your people  
coming and going.

ELRIS

Yeah.

LUNE

Are you going?

ELRIS

Yes. I've finished my work with  
your medical staffs.

LUNE

But you'll be remaining in orbit?

ELRIS

(admitting)

For a while yet, yes.

LUNE

Then could I invite you to eat  
tomorrow, late day period, at my  
expense? It may compare little to  
your usual fare, but it is the least  
I can afford.

Beat. A shrug.

ELRIS

Why not? I'll see you then.

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12.

As Elris heads off towards the transporter zone, we HOLD on  
Lune, who watches her go. On his face, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- REC LOUNGE

ELRIS is sitting at one of the tables with a drink, Melkotsian Tea. QUINLAN joins her.

QUINLAN

Lea! Back already?

ELRIS

Yeah. Ended a lot quicker than I thought, actually. I expected them to be more thorough.

QUINLAN

Well, at least you went. Nobody seemed to think piloting skills were that important...

ELRIS

...or nobody was desperate enough to learn them from a raging alcoholic.

QUINLAN

That's uncalled for. There's plenty desperate enough.

Hal comes up to them.

HAL

Anything I can get you?  
(hopefully, to Quinlan)  
Whagosh cocktail...?

QUINLAN

(dryly)  
Water.

HAL

Water. Of course.

Hal goes off.

ELRIS

Water?

QUINLAN

Water.

ELRIS

Ah.

Beat.

QUINLAN

What's it like?

ELRIS

(stopping, starting)

Well, it's somewhat...

(beat)

There's something...

(beat)

I can't, I can't put my finger on it...

(beat, frustrated)

Seen one world, seen them all, I guess.

Hal arrives, with a glass of water.

HAL

Your water, Quinlan.

He places it on the table, and walks off.

Quinlan looks back at Elris.

QUINLAN

"Seen one world...?"

ELRIS

Only way to put it, really.

(beat)

Oh, there were some medical eye-openers, all right. A few more theories and practices of xenobiology put to the test. A few antidotes for widespread viral infections, rectification of genetic anomalies... basically, correcting things we take for granted.

QUINLAN

That sounds a lot more interesting than you're implying.

ELRIS

(indifferent)

Make what you will of it. They'd probably agree with you, though. One of my patients is so grateful he's insisted on inviting me to dinner.

Quinlan REACTS, primarily with astonishment.

QUINLAN

You're going to eat on Vendikar?

ELRIS

Well, yes.

QUINLAN

And you didn't deem that important enough to tell me?

ELRIS

(pointedly)

I did just tell you.

QUINLAN

You know what I mean.

ELRIS

That it wasn't the first thing that I blurted out of my mouth? Maybe it's due to the level of importance you assign it.

QUINLAN

Well, yeah, I would consider something like that important. Wouldn't you?

ELRIS

Of course I do. I just don't consider it important enough for it to be the first order of the day.

QUINLAN

Right. And may I ask...

(beat)

Why are you going?

ELRIS

(nonchalant)

If somebody wants to thank me in that way, after I've made that much of an impact, who am I to refuse?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

A similar street to the ones we've seen before -- but definitely a different one this time. We focus on a more imposing grey building, which unlike many of its counterparts, seems very well kept.

INT. TARGET PRACTICE ROOM

Clean and polished. At the end of the room are sets of TARGETS -- cutlery-like alien shapes. At the foreground stand a series of SOLDIERS, dressed in more practical attire than the marching band seen earlier.

With them is DOJAR.

One of the soldiers is handling a rifle with vague similarities to Klingon design.

SOLDIER

(to Dojar)

This is the latest issue of our standard firearm, the Vendikan disruptor. Its sonic beams are more modulated and precise than any previous models -- maximizing the disintegration of target, minimizing collateral damage.

The soldier holds up his weapon, points at one of the targets, and pulls the trigger. We hear a soft whine -- and the target disintegrates, dissipates into dust and then nothing.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

What improvements can you offer?

Dojar walks over to a table near the Soldier, where he has left a CASE, very similar to Elris's. He opens it, and takes out a Federation phaser rifle.

He hefts it.

DOJAR

(matter-of-fact)

I'm afraid we have made little advances in the field of sonic weaponry. However, phaser technology more than makes up for it.

Dojar aims it at a target, and fires. Traditional beam comes out, target vaporizes.

The SOLDIERS react, as:

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Slightly more effective than the disruptor in disintegration -- it doesn't even leave dust. But it also has more subtle advantages.

SOLDIER

Such as?

Dojar waves for the soldiers to come closer to him. They crowd around him as he indicates the settings.

DOJAR

Stun. Using the phaser, living opponents can be disabled without killing them -- knocking them out cold, effectively, for several hours.

There is a chorus of APPROVAL from the SOLDIERS.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TRANSPORTER ROOM

Ozran is at the controls. Elris enters and heads for the platform.

OZRAN

Elris. Getting back to work?

ELRIS

Something like that. Energize.

Elris stands on the platform and Ozran's hands begin to obediently move across the panel.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- TWILIGHT

Same street as we're familiar with from previous scenes, now later than it has been before -- the sky a dark shade of navy.

INT. FIRST FLOOR

The same place where Elris first met Lune. The MAN AT COUNTER is cleaning the counter when LUNE enters from the stairway and sits down by one of the diner-like tables.

MAN AT COUNTER

Bit late for dinner.

LUNE

I know you have some left, Stygam.

STYGAM

(mock-indignant)

I might have some purpose for that.

LUNE

What? Feeding the animals taking precedence?

STYGAM

(dryly)

I'll make an exception.

Although Stygam is at least attempting to be humorous, we, conversely, get the impression he's a rather humorless fellow.

Lune gives him a look that he wasn't inclined to wait.

The MAN AT COUNTER (STYGAM) shrugs and dutifully begins to go under the counter as ELRIS enters.

He stops.

LUNE

(to Stygam)

I invited her.

(to Elris)

Please, sit.

(to Stygam)

Enough for both of us.

Stygam, an inexpressible look on his eyes, looks from Lune to Elris, Elris to Lune.

LUNE (CONT'D)

(reading the signals,  
half stern, half  
pleading)

Stygam.

Elris walks over to the table and sits down, as Stygam again goes under the counter. There is some watery noises, and he emerges with two plates of... well, slosh, or some half-solid edible equivalent thereof.

He walks over to the table and places down two plates for each person, and then resumes his dusting activities.

Elris uncomfortably pokes at the questionable edible.

LUNE (CONT'D)

It tastes better than it looks. We have that level of replicator food, though I'm sure yours tastes better.

Lune, using a kind of spoon/knife, scoops and slices a portion of slosh, before swallowing it whole.

Elris gives it a similar try. Though she looks surprised when she swallows, she doesn't look that amused.

LUNE (CONT'D)

Well, I couldn't make any promises.

ELRIS

It's fine. Really.

Beat. Lune takes another substantive piece out of the slosh and swallows.

Elris looks around at the surroundings as he does.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

You live here?

Lune NODS as he finishes swallowing.

LUNE

It's a Home For the Nation's People.  
(MORE)

LUNE (CONT'D)

Anyone without enough credit to get one of the Victory Estates can get serviced in these. Stygam over there (he indicates) runs this one.

Stygam nods when Elris looks at him, perhaps a bit too hurriedly.

LUNE (CONT'D)

I don't know if your system is like that

ELRIS

Well, no.

LUNE

Ah.

Beat.

ELRIS

(indicating the slosh)  
What's it meant to taste like?

LUNE

The one you have there is fiesma, I believe. It's, ah, a kind of aquatic avian type creature. I'm eating rorondarho. It's ah, parched land mammalian. Fiesma's considered quite a delicacy here.

ELRIS

(neutral)  
I see.

Despite the measured tone, Elris's expression betrays her opinion of this "delicacy," semi-replicated or not.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

So... you write poems.

LUNE

Oh, yes, constantly. It's the only home that welcomes.

ELRIS

And that's how you work?

LUNE

No, no. Not truly, anyway. I work writing panegyrics. Not much, mainly for the national holidays. Every so often I'm also commissioned to write the lyrics of a new song.

ELRIS

Panegyrics?

LUNE

Writing praise of our rulers. You mean you --

ELRIS

I know what it is. But as a line of work...

LUNE

Well, it is. A reasonably well paid one, too.

ELRIS

And you like it?

Lune shrugs.

LUNE

Buys me time to write more poems.

ELRIS

Ah.

LUNE

(half-thoughtfully)

Buys time. Funny way for me to put it, really. Time started it all off...

Lune trails off, and for a moment it seems like he's only aware of himself in the room. There is definitely something melodramatic about his delivery, something not-completely sincere -- though if that means not completely true or not, it's too early to say.

Elris doesn't show any outward interest in Lune's statement or pause, and doesn't seem to be in any particular rush.

Lune downs more slosh.

ELRIS

Hm?

Lune snaps out of that seeming trance, as if only now he is aware of Elris's presence. He begins to begin, but then pauses, and thinks the better of it. He puts the spoon/knife down.

LUNE

(frankly)

When I was told I had Gojil, that I could expect to live for only another ten years, I was stunned.

(MORE)

LUNE (CONT'D)

Stunned out of work, stunned out of thought. Everything became empty, everything a blank page. And that just started something, triggered something. It aroused something within me. I just kept on thinking, on engaging that thought, on evolving that thought, I began to swim the currents of my own despairing emotions...

ELRIS

(more to herself)  
Some currents can engulf.

The cryptic statement strikes a chord with Lune.

LUNE

(quietly)  
Some can.  
(beat)  
But in that sense, at least, Gojil was a blessing. And I hope that I don't lose my blessing with the Gojil.

ELRIS

I don't think it'll come to that.

LUNE

Well, I hope not.

Beat.

ELRIS

I can see it means a lot to you.

LUNE

Well, yes. It does mean a lot to me. More than that, I'd say. Sometimes, it's all I have.

ELRIS

Is that really all life is to you?

Lune shrugs.

LUNE

Nothing. Everything. It's a reason to breathe, and I can't find much else of those.

(beat)

There's other reasons, course. I just find it hard to think of one as important.

ELRIS  
(changing track)  
And the symptoms?

LUNE  
They're more painful then damaging,  
aren't they?

ELRIS  
For your stage.

LUNE  
Ah, because that's how they were.  
Only so much pain shooting through  
me on a regular basis. Sometimes I  
could feel that there was something  
more to it, but often, only the pain  
was there.  
(beat, slightly  
hoarsened)  
Just pain.

Elris isn't sure how to respond to that, if she should. She  
forks her food carefully.

LUNE (CONT'D)  
What's your Federation like?

ELRIS  
The Federation? Uh... well... it's  
made up of about one hundred and  
fifty solar systems, it has a  
representative government system...  
I'm sorry, I'm not good at describing  
it.

LUNE  
No, that's all right. I was merely  
curious. We stay so long within the  
confines of the star cluster, and it  
becomes easy for us to think of as  
all there is.

Beat.

ELRIS  
I wonder what it's like to live  
here... a sole star cluster...

Lune shrugs.

LUNE  
Diverse enough for sufficient life.  
Not as diverse as a vast multi-solar  
Federation, but...

ELRIS

That's it?

LUNE

Basically.

Beat.

ELRIS

Right.

Elris touches her slosh with the spoon carefully, as if she's more interested in the result than actually eating anything.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

How did your family feel about Gojil?

Lune stops -- as if blank, as if he has nothing to say and never had anything to say. He rapidly recovers:

LUNE

They knew no quarantine available was effective, and transmission rate was very low, if widespread...

(beat)

But it's one thing to know about that, another to live with it. They found it uncomfortable, so I left.

We can SEE from Elris's face that she senses something about this statement.

ELRIS

Do you talk to your family often?

LUNE

(genuinely baffled)

Why would I do that?

ELRIS

(back-pedaling)

Oh, I'm sorry -- it's a customary thing quite universally where I come from, I didn't know...

Lune shrugs.

LUNE

Nothing to be sorry about.

He takes another slice.

LUNE (CONT'D)

You contact your families after your time with them is due?

The statement, unintentionally, hits home.

ELRIS

(subdued)

Well, it's customary, yes. Not everyone does it, though, has to do it, but it's often, ah, expected...

LUNE

(choosing not to notice  
subtext)

Incredible.

Beat. Elris checks her watch.

ELRIS

I'm sorry, but I need to be on shift in an hour.

LUNE

That's all right.  
(indicating slosh)  
Do you want to bring your...

ELRIS

No, that's okay.

Elris gets up to leave.

LUNE

Thank you again, Doctor. For everything.

ELRIS

I'm glad I could be of help.

LUNE

Tomorrow?

ELRIS

Well... all right, tomorrow.

LUNE

Same time?

ELRIS

Don't see why not. Goodbye.

LUNE

Goodbye.

Elris EXITS.

We PAN with Lune as he goes to the stairs and LEAVES in that direction.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ENTERPRISE

Establishing shot.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- MISSION OPERATIONS

Its usual multi-tiered self. Elris is standing to one side, working on a databank.

QUINLAN (O.S.)

Lea.

Quinlan walks up to a nearby terminal, which she begins working on.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

You're not usually here.

ELRIS

Nor are you.

QUINLAN

(as working)

I'm checking up some of the Vendikar star charts. They're a bit more complete in this sector than the Federation's own -- to be assimilated into our own charts. Assimilated, heh, I sound like the Borg.

(beat)

I wonder what happened to them...

ELRIS

That's a question I don't think we'll ever know the answer to.

QUINLAN

I'd hope not.

(beat)

And what are you doing here?

ELRIS

Research. The Vendikans have updated our historical databanks.

QUINLAN

Oh? I didn't know you like history.

ELRIS

I don't. Well, not usually. But this is different...

QUINLAN

Hm?

ELRIS

(shrugs)

I found some things about the society rather peculiar. I wanted to look in a little.

Though the sentence is complete, Elris's tone gives the distinct impression she left something hanging, saturating itself in the air.

QUINLAN

And?

ELRIS

I don't like what I see.

QUINLAN

What? Irreverent cultural habits?

ELRIS

Over a hundred years ago, when we first made contact, Vendikar was headed by a high council. Five members, all voted into office.

QUINLAN

Yeah, so?

ELRIS

Oh, nothing. The High Council hasn't convened for around a century, that's all.

QUINLAN

Excuse me?

ELRIS

That's not all. Elections are still held but, according to these files, there are only five candidates each election for the five High Council positions. The current head of the council, Varis 12, was elected Councilman for Life.

QUINLAN

Right. So it's a dictatorship. How charming.

ELRIS

A bloody one, at that.

QUINLAN

Aren't they all?

Elris ignores Quinlan's comment.

ELRIS

Shortly after that seizure of power, the peace brokerage between Vendikar and its rival the Eminian Union broke down. The system descended into warfare and our Ambassadors were expelled.

(beat)

The Vendikans won. And if these lauding statements are any indication, they showed little mercy to the Eminians.

This finally provokes Quinlan into a more genuine reaction.

QUINLAN

And now we're patting them on the back for the effort.

ELRIS

That's my problem.

(beat)

Well, at least I now know why they're not that interested in medicine...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Cross is walking down the corridor. Grey is behind him, eventually walking next to him. They pointedly IGNORE each other, avoiding eye contact.

They reach a bend. Cross turns in, Grey follows.

Then Cross turns around, noting Grey next to him at the door.

CROSS

(coolly)

This is a confidential summons.

GREY

I was also summoned. Sir.

CROSS

Ah.

Cross brusquely walks into...

INT. ENTERPRISE -- V.I.P. QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Lights are just slightly below norm. Cross has ENTERED, Grey FOLLOWS. Zaygre is sitting where he was previously, now facing the door. Cross and Grey stand in attendance.

CROSS

Senator.

ZAYGRE

You may be seated, if you desire.

Both sit on the available chairs.

ZAYGRE (CONT'D)

I have a task for you to perform.

Zaygre turns to the screen and turns it on. First, it shows a MAP of the current solar system, with a dotted line leading from the third planet to the seventh.

ZAYGRE (CONT'D)

Negotiations have been concluded that the Enterprise is to go immediately to Eminiar VII.

He presses a button, it focuses on the seventh planet. A PHASER BEAM appears above the planet, cutting INTO the crust. The planet peels away, diagram-like, to reveal the inner layers.

ZAYGRE (CONT'D)

Using your phasers, Engineer, you are to incise to the core layer --

GREY

Isn't that planet inhabited?

CROSS

(coldly)  
Lieutenant.

Zaygre stops for a moment, clearly more than irritated by the interruption.

ZAYGRE

You are to cut to the core layer, and then dislodge these crystals. Once accessible, they must be obtained and placed in storage.

GREY

(sternly)  
You didn't answer my question. Is or is not Eminiar VII inhabited?

Zaygre's gaze locks with Grey. He can already sense, feel, and track the direction of Grey's antagonism. He appears and acts more like an observer than a participant in the conversation that follows.

ZAYGRE

Eminiar VII is inhabited.

GREY

Then are you, respectfully, sir, out of your mind? Cutting through these layers would kill every living organism, every mammal, every shrub everything on the face of the planet!

ZAYGRE

Preparations are already underway to evacuate the planet, Mr. Grey. I can assure you that no sentients will be on the surface when it is fired upon.

GREY

Still, a planet --

ZAYGRE

That is quite enough. You have your orders. If you do not wish to undertake them, your Assistant Chief shall. And I will note so in my report to the Council. Understood?

GREY

Yes, sir.

ZAYGRE

And will you conduct my orders?

A long BEAT. Grey has a very curious expression on his face. One of resigned defeat, but, conversely, determined to avoid such another defeat ever again.

GREY

Yes. Sir.

ZAYGRE

Good. You're dismissed, Lieutenant.

GREY

Sir.

Grey stands, does a sharp, military turn, and EXITS.

ZAYGRE

You understand your orders?

CROSS

Of course, sir. And sir...

ZAYGRE

Yes?

CROSS

Why are these crystals so important?

ZAYGRE

They're not any crystals, Captain.  
They're LiCu 529.

Cross looks perplexed at the statement.

ZAYGRE (CONT'D)

Only theoretical, until recently.  
Crystals that could enormously improve  
the power and ability of phasers.

(beat)

Our long range astronomers identified  
Eminiar VII has having these crystals  
beneath its surface and, to date, it  
has the only concentration of LiCu  
529 known to exist.

CROSS

And we're going to just... take that?

ZAYGRE

Obviously, we have the permission of  
the Vendikan government and they are  
being well-paid in compensation --  
your crew's activities on the planet's  
surface are part of that payment.

Cross looks at the planet on the screen.

CROSS

Sir, that planet is home to billions  
of people. The magnitude required  
for an evacuation --

ZAYGRE

That shall be taken care of.

CROSS

And what about the people who don't  
want to go?

ZAYGRE

Captain, captain. Your reaction is  
most unreasonable. We have permission  
from this government to conduct our  
operation on their world, and they  
are ensuring none of their own get  
in the way. They have been benefited  
greatly by what we have offered them,  
and, in turn, this will benefit us  
enormously. It might decimate one  
depopulated planet, but the crystals  
we obtain will be nothing short of  
decisive in the defense of the  
Federation.

CROSS

I reiterate my question, sir.

ZAYGRE

That's the concern of the Vendikan government, but I can assure you, they will go.

CROSS

I expected as much.

(beat)

But what if it was Selay? Would you let your home planet be decimated for the defense of the Federation?

ZAYGRE

That is completely hypothetical. I, Captain, do not engage in the hypothetical.

CROSS

Sir

ZAYGRE

That's enough. You've said your bit, pointed out your objection, and both have been duly noted.

(beat)

You will, however, carry out my orders?

Cross locks eyes with him for a long, hard moment.

CROSS

That I will, sir.

ZAYGRE

Good. Dismissed.

Cross stiffly nods, stands, and begins to exit --

ZAYGRE (CONT'D)

Oh, and Captain?

Cross turns to face Zaygre.

ZAYGRE (CONT'D)

Let me make it clear, right now, that I am tolerant of many things, but hypocrisy is not one of them. Don't take the moral high ground. Many Klingons can attest to the dubiousness of such an attitude. Understood?

Cross's face becomes neutral, but he's clearly holding something back.

CROSS

Sir.

Cross sharply exits.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind CROSS, and his agonized, bitter expression indicates just how clearly that hit home. Rage and frustration dominate his expression... then, quickly, he contains himself, and marches down the corridor.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- NOON

This street is clearly the street Dojar visited in Act Two, and not the other street. It is now bathed in the warm light of the setting sun, which is BEHIND the camera. We focus again on the imposing structure.

INT. WEAPON ROOM

A different room to the target practice room. A small room, but with a wide variety of weaponry stocked in it -- including many clear variants of the Starfleet PHASER RIFLE -- like some sort of hybrid between it and the Vendikan disruptor. DOJAR is standing in the room, along with the SOLDIER seen earlier. His case, is nearby on a table. Many of his counterparts are arming themselves with the phasers now.

Dojar is holding up one of the phasers. He nods approvingly.

DOJAR

Competent design work. I see you tailored the basic design of your disruptor for the phaser components.

SOLDIER

As you were not forthcoming with the complete weapons specs, it was the only option available to us.

DOJAR

Yes, of course. And I hope you'll forgive my stubbornness -- we can't give away all of our military secrets.

SOLDIER

Yes, of course.

The soldiers that were arming themselves turn to the talking soldier, and one curtly nods, expectant. The Soldier nods in return, and the group exit. Dojar takes little heed of the action.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

(turning to Dojar  
again)

These will be very useful in  
maintaining the security of our  
nation. I thank you again on your  
cooperation.

Dojar nods.

DOJAR

Well, I believe that covers it.

SOLDIER

Indeed.

Dojar goes over to the table and picks up his case.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- NOON

The more familiar street from the teaser, bathed in the same  
golden glow of the fading sunlight. We begin to pan up, and  
to the left, to reveal LUNE sitting out at the balcony he  
was seen in the teaser.

We cut to him -- he's got another PADD now, a newer, but  
still battered one.

He is writing something on it, looking somewhat contented.  
Contemplative, he stops and subconsciously chews the end of  
his already quite worn pen.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FIRST FLOOR

Only Stygam is present, stoic, working in a fearful, slavish silence. The door opens. His eyes slide -- nothing less -- to look at the incomer.

It's Elris.

Elris looks around.

ELRIS

Stygam, where's Lune?

Stygam looks surprised.

STYGAM

(hurriedly)

Lune? I don't know of any Lune!

ELRIS

(suspicious)

Doesn't a Lune live here?

Stygam shakes his head in an affirmative no.

STYGAM

No, no Lunes here, I don't know any Lunes.

ELRIS

(positively livid)

Stygam, I know for a fact that a Lune has lived on this premise, and that you most certainly --

STYGAM

(erupting)

Do you want to get me killed?

Elris is stunned into silence.

ELRIS

What?

STYGAM

Kill me now, get it over with!

ELRIS

Stygam! What has happened to Lune?

Stygam looks in the general direction of the ceiling, speaking more to it than Elris.

STYGAM

(loudly)

I don't know a Lune! I never knew a Lune!

ELRIS

(louder)

Stygam!

He looks back at her, as if only now aware of her presence.

STYGAM

(erratic)

This is none of your business. Why are you here? Go, go away! Go! Got no reason to be here! There's no Lune for you here! There's no nothing! Go! Go!

Stygam SHOOS Elris out of the building.

ELRIS

But

STYGAM

Go! No business! Go, go!

EXT. STREET -- AFTERNOON -- CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Elris is pushed out. She turns back.

ELRIS

Just --

STYGAM

Go!

The door SLAMS. We hear some kind of futuristic LOCK being activated.

Elris stands outside for a moment, dazed, and quite UNEASY.

VOICE (O.S.)

You there!

A SOLDIER approaches her. He is not the one that had been speaking to Dojar earlier, but he is handling one of the new VENDIKAN PHASER RIFLES.

SOLDIER WITH PHASER

What was your business there?

ELRIS

I'm with the Federation Starship Enterprise.

SOLDIER WITH PHASER

Yes, I can see. What was your business there?

ELRIS

I was looking for someone. His name is Lune, and he lived in that building, but the owner says he's never heard of him.

SOLDIER WITH PHASER

(amused)

And quite right, too! I know this district well, there are no Lunes here.

The Soldier begins to walk off.

ELRIS

(insistent)

But I met him!

The Soldier turns around. His expression is subtly altered.

SOLDIER WITH PHASER

Then you are at fault. There are no Lunes here.

He strides off, leaving Elris looking very, very grave. The undertones begin to sink in and, somber, deeply disturbed, she walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTERPRISE

Establishing shot. Not all that different then any of the others.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Supplemental. In preparation for the crystal extraction, the Enterprise is preparing to leave orbit of Vendikar for Eminiar VII. I have been informed that the Riomhaire-class escorts that have up to now guided us through Vendikan space will continue to do so.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

Cross is sitting in his chair.

CROSS

In addition --

There's a CHIME.

CROSS (CONT'D)  
Computer, pause log.  
(to door)  
Enter.

The door opens, and ELRIS walks through. Cross looks up.

CROSS (CONT'D)  
Doctor. What can I do for you?

ELRIS  
It's more of something I should tell  
you.

CROSS  
Go ahead.

ELRIS  
Do you know what kind of people we're  
helping?

Cross's expression turns to one of unpleasant recognition.

CROSS  
Take a seat.

Elris sits down.

CROSS (CONT'D)  
I can't say I've looked at the record  
much, but what I looked at wasn't  
completely awe-inspiring.

ELRIS  
I've looked into it in more detail.  
(beat)  
The Vendikans are ruled by a brutal,  
vicious dictatorship. I've went  
over their historical records and  
they're nothing but pages and pages  
of pompous propaganda. But not only  
do they not hide the truth, they're  
proud of it. One of the texts  
gleefully proclaimed the murder of  
twenty million Eminians in the final  
stages of their second war.  
(beat)  
They oppress the arts, perverting it  
all into methodic, jingoistic tripe...  
and the killing goes on.  
(beat)  
Sir, one of the people I helped cure  
on the planet was called Lune. He  
was an artist.

(MORE)

ELRIS (CONT'D)

He disappeared today, and everyone from their local soldiers to government officials categorically deny his existence.

Somber, Cross nods.

CROSS

Some dictatorships have such an absolute control over information they can change it to suit their will... even if that means erasing inconvenient people.

ELRIS

Then why are we helping them?

CROSS

I intend to find out.

Cross stands, and EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

On a screen, which Grey, SARAH BOYLE, ANDREW CHAMBERS, Ozran etc. are crowded around, we can see the same diagram of Eminiar VII seen earlier.

GREY

Any questions?

Silence.

GREY (CONT'D)

Well, you know your jobs. Get to it.

The engineers begin to break up, going their different ways.

Grey begins to walk off, but Ozran intercepts him.

OZRAN

You don't seem very comfortable about this.

GREY

I'm not. Believe me, I'm not.

OZRAN

Neither am I.

Grey looks slightly surprised.

OZRAN (CONT'D)

What? Do you think I have no opinions  
of my own?

GREY

I'm sorry, I just...

OZRAN

I don't like decimating worlds, Grey.  
I saw one very nearly happen.

GREY

Tellar?

OZRAN

I was there for the second offensive.  
(beat)  
But that was war. This...

GREY

There won't be anyone on the planet.  
Not when we strike at it, anyway.

OZRAN

Even so... could you do it, if it  
was Earth?

GREY

(quietly)  
No.

He turns away.

OZRAN

But you're doing it here.

GREY

If I don't, someone else will. The  
buck's got to stop somewhere.

Grey turns.

GREY (CONT'D)

You don't have to do this, though.

Ozran puts his hand on Grey's shoulder. It's a tight grip.

OZRAN

You'll need somewhere there.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- V.I.P. QUARTERS

Zaygre is sitting where we usually see him.

ZAYGRE

Yes, I was aware.

We now reveal that CROSS is sitting opposite of him.

CROSS

And it doesn't bother you?

ZAYGRE

Of course not. The Federation deals with dictatorships, oligarchies and the like all the time. The Romulans are close allies, and the Klingons before them. They're every bit as brutal, if not more so.

CROSS

Yes, we do. But we at least viewed those, at least once, with a critical eye. If they abused their power, we'd know, and dammit, we'd react.

(beat)

But this dictatorship we're securing, we're assisting, we're ignoring! We're decimating the homeworld of their former bitterest foe?

ZAYGRE

Oh, don't be naive. No justification is needed. It suits the Federation's interests, and for the Federation, her interests take priority.

(beat)

It's a dictatorship, yes. Not how I'd run a country, but it has its advantages. They're obedient, friendly and compliant. I see no reason to alienate any potential allies, particularly at this crucial juncture, and particularly when they possess such lucrative material.

CROSS

And if they slaughter millions?

ZAYGRE

(coldly)

Then they slaughter millions.

(beat)

Frankly, Captain, if it wasn't for the LiCu 529 I doubt the Federation would have ever re-established contact with this lonely little segment of the galaxy.

CROSS

The crystals you want for the defense of the Federation. Did you ever stop to consider the ideals you're defending? The freedom of speech? Democracy?

ZAYGRE

All noble ideals, and all ones I am fully in favor of defending. For the Federation. These people are not Federation members, and it is not, therefore, of any business to us how they run their government. However distasteful you find them, they will help further secure the liberties of Federation citizens, and cooperation with them for this goal is wholly necessary.

(beat)

Your complaints are duly noted. Do you have any more?

CROSS

None I'd expect would make a difference.

ZAYGRE

Yes. They'd be quite unlikely to.

(beat)

Delfune was quite right about you. Your maniacal tendencies and ideological preoccupations don't commend you to your current assignment. Unless you have something useful to say, you may go.

Cross STANDS.

CROSS

No, I don't believe I do.

He EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CROSS'S QUARTERS

CROSS is lying on an unusual angle, a book in hand. It's "Tron, Killer of Remus." He doesn't seem to have gotten that far since we've last seen it.

There's a chime at the door. Cross sighs, and puts the book down.

Talora enters.

TALORA

Am I interrupting something?

Cross comes upright to sit on the bed.

CROSS

No, not at all. Anything I can do for you?

TALORA

We've arrived at Eminiar VII.

(beat)

Permission to speak freely, sir?

CROSS

Granted.

TALORA

You've been behaving increasingly erratic lately. Are you well?

CROSS

I'm fine.

He stands, walks over to a nearby chair, and sits.

CROSS (CONT'D)

My environment isn't.

(beat)

Every other day, a new frustration comes to head, and sometimes I just get tired of them.

He waves out at the streaking stars.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Out there, right now, are a series of planets. All in the thrall of a brutal, remorseless dictatorship. One quite content to eliminate anyone or anything it deems even remotely as a threat. Societies, cultures. Renegades, free thinkers. Anything that goes against their orthodoxy. Diversity, in almost any form, is a threat. And you know something? You know what's the worst thing about that?

(beat)

Nobody cares. And nobody will ever care!

(beat)

Universe just turns a blind eye, and it goes on and on and on.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

(beat)

Federation's meant to stand for something, you know. Freedom, justice, equality. And it does, you can have all that... if you're a Federation citizen.

(beat)

Lacking that, you're a nobody, an outsider, a foreigner. Seen through a distant, unfocused lens. Not really seen as a person, not really seen as suffering. Not one of our own, not our concern at all. Too different. Too large a gap. So far away, so far away. They unconcerned if you live or die, unless they can make a profit either way. The death of a single Federation citizen promotes outcry, but millions, for lacking that designation, perish in silence.

(beat)

Oh, some are heard, sometimes. If it benefits or detracts from those within the Federation in some way. If it can be used. But otherwise... we look inward, focusing on ourselves, hoarding our view of importance contained within our own borders as much as possible, gazing beyond them with nothing more than curiosity...

(beat)

Some Federation. What became of us?

Talora considers this for a moment, then:

TALORA

Get some rest.

Talora EXITS.

CROSS

Humph.

Then, somber, he stands, and walks over to the window.

CROSS (CONT'D)

A curtain of silence...

On Cross's somber face, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. ENTERPRISE

The Enterprise is now in orbit of EMINIAR VII (as seen in "A Taste of Armageddon"). The two escorts seen in all earlier shots are also still with her. We can also see larger TRANSPORT CRAFT hovering above the planet, transporting people.

EXT. EMINIAN STREET -- DAY

Only the faintest echoes of Eminiari's towering buildings seen in the previous episode remain. A trace here and there in design, or position. But otherwise, the capital is a completely new city... and with its drab, dilapidated greys, not much different from Vendikar.

Standing in front of us is Lewis Carter. He is speaking towards the camera.

Frantic action is taking place behind him, as throngs of people move about, and away. We see chunks of them dissipate in transporter beams every few seconds.

CARTER

(blandly)

Here on Eminiari, the billions that have lived on this planet for centuries are now leaving in search of a new world. The planet must be evacuated for the materials to be obtained, and the Vendikans are welcoming their brethren with open arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMINIAN STREET -- ELSEWHERE

A house, further down the street. Clearly not part of Carter's report. A door is forced open, and an ill-dressed woman is BEATEN out of the house, a menacing Vendikan soldier behind her. She clutches her child.

CARTER (V.O.)

The Eminiars are to be largely relocated to Vendikar itself, where it is said they will play an important role in the unemployment issues.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

A very old man in an antiquated room, one that seems to be very old but also fallen into disrepair, protesting with a soldier, motioning again and again to a desk (though we hear nothing). The soldier, impatient, shoots him with his Vendikan sonic disruptor, and the man is TORN apart by sound.

CARTER (V.O.)

The reaction by the Vendikans to the humanitarian crisis has been admirable.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMINIAN STREET -- DAY

Back to Carter. He motions to the throngs behind him.

CARTER

Despite what many people think, these people have little love of their planet.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF BUILDING

Somewhere else, we see a man waving a FLAG, with distinct emblem, black and red in color. A few soldiers come up to him, try to pull him away, but when he resists, one hand clinging to an obstruction, they shoot him outright.

CARTER (V.O.)

They are eager to go to Vendikar, a richer, more prosperous planet were they will have a better chance in life.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACECRAFT

Inside a spaceship. Dank, metallic, filthy and unpleasant. Crowds of Eminians are stuck in it, squashed together.

CARTER (V.O.)

The Vendikans have long forgotten their hatred of the Eminians during the Wars, and the lengths they are going to protect them are considerable.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMINIAN STREET -- DAY

Same as before, Carter.

CARTER

One cannot help but be moved at the humanity of the Vendikan's actions. Their actions speak for us all.

(beat)

Earlier, I spoke to the Vendikan official for administration of Eminiar VII, on his thoughts for the future.

CUT TO:

INT. VENDIKAN OFFICE

Much more well kept and luxurious than anything we've seen. A cultured, dignified Vendikan, dressed in form fitting clothes, sits on a couch.

VENDIKAN

I was surprised as anyone else by the news. Of course, I will miss Eminiar, but I think I will get by.

CARTER (O.S.)

How do you think the people will be treated?

VENDIKAN

Well, very well. As I said before, Vendikar has many employment difficulties. We must pool our resources. I was at first surprised at the news, but I think it will work for both our peoples.

CARTER

You don't think there will be any problems?

VENDIKAN

No, no, nothing important. The merging of the two work forces will be a great asset to both concerned. The Eminians are docile, and make much better unskilled workers than our doughty selves, you know.

CROSS'S VOICE (O.S.)

Turn that damn thing off.

The screen goes blank. We pan back to reveal --

INT. ENTERPRISE -- MISSION OPERATIONS

Cross is standing at a central point, Grey and Ozran are working nearby, Dojar, Talora and CALE are also present.

The screen, which had been showing Carter's interview, now changes to a shot of Eminiar VII.

A somber mood prevails throughout the room.

CROSS

Count on the press, however free, to  
be subservient to it's state's wishes.  
When it comes to petty scandals,  
it's all ears, but something  
important?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Now much more empty. We focus on a gaggle of people, in particular, a man of about forty, who is looking out at the environment around him. They're being blocked in by a contingent of soldiers. The man is dazed, and also appears to be injured. Weak, he looks around. He breaks into tears as he's caught up by a transporter beam.

CUT TO:

INT. MISSION OPERATIONS

Same as before.

CALE

Sir, it's just come in that the last  
of the people required have been  
beamed up.

CROSS

Grey?

Cross looks over to Grey. For once, their animosity is forgotten in the face of something greater.

GREY

I'm ready, sir.

Cross nods, turns back to the screen.

CROSS

Dojar?

No response.

CROSS (CONT'D)  
(slightly more urgent)  
Dojar.

DOJAR  
Yes, sir.

Cross looks back to him.

DOJAR (CONT'D)  
(quietly, torn)  
I armed them, you know. And hell  
knows what they're doing with it...  
if only I'd thought...

CROSS  
I know.  
(beat)  
Are you ready?

DOJAR  
Yes, sir.

Cross turns back to the screen. He gazes at it for a moment,  
heavy with his burden.

CROSS  
A legacy extinguished...  
(beat)  
Fire.

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ELRIS'S QUARTERS

Elris is looking out at the planet, as the PHASER BEAM slices  
into it.

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- V.I.P. QUARTERS

Zaygre is standing there, the room now quite dark as when we  
first saw it, looking out at the planet. He seems to be in  
a curious state of repose, quite unlike how we've ever seen  
him before.

ZAYGRE  
(contemplative)  
Necessary evils...

INTERCUT:

EXT. VENDIKAR

The planet of Vendikar as we saw it before, but now nothing  
orbits it.

INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Empty, dusty street. The one we've been to many times before. There's a blaring sound, one of the horn-like instrument heard in the teaser.

And suddenly we see troops, marching down the road, to the beat of drums. All uniformed, all in time. All exacting. Their militant energy soaks the air.

They march on and on, ominous, outwards.

FADE OUT.

But we can still hear them. The drumming. The pounding of the feet. The horn. Things that remain...

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END