SMASH CUT IN:

EXT. SPACE

Three Klingon Birds of Prey swoop past our point of view, coming around for another attack on the beleaguered Enterprise.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

CROSS and TALORA are at their usual positions as is CALE. They are looking very harassed as the bridge shakes again from the Klingon shots.

CALE

They're coming round again, Captain.

CROSS

I don't know about you, Commander, but I am getting tired of Klingons attacking us today. Cross to Engineering, why are we not kicking these Klingon's asses?

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

There are frantic scenes as engineers are running in all directions. Steam is issuing from several places, and generally there is chaos. Every so often the ship shakes from another blast from the Klingons. Through this GREY issues, sweat pouring down his front.

GREY

Sorry, Captain, the QIC is still non-operational, we're working on it.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Then work on it harder, otherwise the Klingons are going to be peeling us off their viewscreens. Cross out.

GREY

(mutters)

Work harder, yeah, why didn't I think of that?

(he looks round)

Boyle, come here.

BOYLE

What is it?
The pace of their conversation is lightning fast, as they have no time to lose.

GREY
The induction core. We need to fix it.

BOYLE
No kidding.

GREY
Work with me here, let's think about this logically. What caused it to blow?

BOYLE
The confinement shells on the Klingon's disruptors had the same quantum oscillation frequency as the quantum membrane in the core.

GREY
The induction attenuators can shift the oscillation frequency in the membrane to control output, right?

BOYLE
Yeah, exactly. But how can we use that?

GREY
(muses for a minute)
We could use the attenuators to alter the frequency and prevent the disruptors from affecting the core again!

BOYLE
We'd be risking induction overload.

GREY
Unlikely, don't forget there's two attenuators for redundancy.

BOYLE
Okay, I'll got the attenuators.

GREY
I'll begin start up.

BOYLE
Optimistic, aren't we?

GREY
I always prefer to think positively. Get moving.
We follow Boyle as she runs through Engineering towards a specific console. As she passes a console, the ensign there, HILLMAN, speaks to her.

HILLMAN
Lieutenant, have you noticed a fluctuation in the nav deflector?

BOYLE
I don't have time. Actually, Hillman, come with me.

HILLMAN
Yes, Lieutenant.

He follows her to a two man console, right by the warp core.

BOYLE
Set the lower attenuator to 650 millicochranes, 400 gigahertz oscillation rate --

HILLMAN
Why?

BOYLE
Don't argue, just do it.

He shrugs and starts working at the console, Boyle next to him.

HILLMAN
We're attempting to reinitialize the core, aren't we?

BOYLE
Got it in one.

HILLMAN
We risk induction overload.

BOYLE
Apparently not.

HILLMAN
(nods)
And once we get it up and running, then I suppose we're going to blast the Klingons out of the sky?

BOYLE
I'm no tactician, but I'd say that was the general plan.
HILLMAN
(shaking his head)
I remember the days when we talked through our problems, didn't solve them with phasers and torpedoes.

BOYLE
Ancient history. Not how the Federation works nowadays.

HILLMAN
Well, it should do. They were better days.

BOYLE
Simpler, anyway.

HILLMAN
(firmly)
Better. People were more decent somehow, less quick to settle arguments with their fists. It was a cleaner galaxy.

BOYLE
Unfortunately, not all of us have the option of adopting the moral high ground.

HILLMAN
More's the pity. There, done.

BOYLE
Me too.
(taps commbadge)
Boyle to Grey, we're ready.

We cut to another part of Engineering as Grey is tapping at a console.

GREY
Acknowledged. Grey to all engineers,
(through the comm his voice echoes around Engineering)
Shield your eyes, we're powering up the QIC!

He turns away as the warp core begins to glow a brilliant white...

GREY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
It's working!
INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

Cross, Talora, and Cale as before.

CALE
(triumphantly)
Captain, phaser banks are online!

CROSS
Fire, Mister Cale!

EXT. SPACE

Orange beams shoot out of the Enterprise at the Klingon ships, missing completely.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

As before; Cross, Talora, and Cale. The Klingons come round for another attack.

CALE
Captain, I missed.

Cross raises his eyes silently to Talora.

CROSS
Try again, Mister Cale.

EXT. SPACE

Again, the Enterprise shoots at the Klingons, this time hitting one ship a glancing blow.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

As before.

CROSS
Getting better, Mister Cale. At this rate the Klingons will only have destroyed us four times before you get a direct hit.

Cale looks desperate, but at this point:

DOJAR (O.S.)
Move aside.

We see that DOJAR has entered the bridge. He pushes Cale to one side, and takes his position.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
Permission to give the Klingons a taste of their own --
RENAISSANCE: "The Long Night of the Souls" - TEASER

CROSS
Just get on with it!

Dojar nods.

DOJAR
Yes, sir.

EXT. SPACE

This time the Enterprise's beams arc out and hit their target, striking all three ships. After a moment, another three arcs hit their targets again. The Klingon ships spark and shudder, before turning tail and warping away.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

As before; Cross, Talora, Dojar, and Cale.

DOJAR
Sir, the Klingons are retreating.

CROSS
Good shooting, Lieutenant.

HELM OFFICER
I've laid in a pursuit course, Captain.

CROSS
No, let them go. Let's not tempt fate, just get the hell out of here. Stand down, everybody.

The whole bridge seems to breathe a sigh of relief. Cale self consciously adjusts his uniform.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Don't worry about it, Mister Cale, Klingon ships can be tricky buggers to hit.

CALE
I'll do better next time, sir, I promise.

CROSS
I'm sure you will --
(to Talora, quietly)
Couldn't do much worse.
(taps comm badge)
Good work, Erik. How'd you manage it?
INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

Grey walks round to where Boyle and Hillman are still working at their console.

GREY
Sir, we had to pull a couple of shortcuts, but it looks like we --

Suddenly alarms start blaring most startlingly all over engineering. Steam appears from the warp core.

GREY (CONT'D)
What the -- ?

BOYLE
(yelling over the alarms)
We've got an induction overload here!

GREY
(yelling urgently)
Induction overload! Everybody out. Now!

Rapidly, the crew file for the exits, but Hillman doesn't move.

GREY (CONT'D)
Hillman, that means you too.

HILLMAN
Sir, I can shut the core down from here.

GREY
Leave it Hillman, we can manage this outside!

HILLMAN
Sir, we'll lose precious seconds, the damage will be much worse if we let the core over --

GREY
I don't care, it's not worth the risk, it could blow any --

ANGLE ON INDUCTION CORE

The warp core suddenly SHATTERS, glass and fire spreading out from it. Hillman is caught in the blast, and goes down screaming in a shower of glass and steam. Fire erupts through the whole of Engineering, Grey diving out of the way of a ball of flame behind a console.
As emergency sprinklers are deployed, the rest of Engineering goes briefly dark, before being lit by emergency lighting, which combines with the fire to create a red, hellish effect. Grey pulls himself up from the console, and looks over to Hillman.

GREY (CONT'D)
Hillman!

He moves towards the ensign, who is covered in glass and blackened from the flames, and is unmoving.

GREY (CONT'D)
Hillman, can you hear me? Dammit!

He moves over to a console, and starts tapping at it.

GREY (CONT'D)
Grey to Elris, medical emergency, I'm beaming someone straight to --

ELRIS'S COMM VOICE
(interrupts)
Negative, we --

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

ELRIS, TORAN, QUINLAN and HAL are hurrying down a corridor, Elris still speaking. We see the rest of the medical staff helping the various patients along.

ELRIS
-- Are not in Sickbay.

GREY'S COMM VOICE
Where should we bring him then?

ELRIS
The recreation lounge.

HAL
(surprised)
You've got to be kidding.

ELRIS
When you think of a better idea, let me know. Erik, did you hear that?

GREY'S COMM VOICE
Recreation lounge, got it. We'll bring him down.

TORAN
I hope you know what you're doing...
ELRIS
So do I...

They walk on.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

As the flames die down, with only the warp core still ablaze, Grey looks at Hillman's prostrate form, still unmoving, in amongst the black billowing plumes of smoke. Sweat pours down his forehead. Behind him, the other engineers slowly begin to come back in, looking at the devastation. He signals to an ensign, BLAKE, who comes over.

GREY
Blake, will you beam up to Doctor Elris with Hillman? Tell them what's happened.

BLAKE
Of course, but why don't you go?

GREY
(looking around at engineering)
I don't know why, but I've got a feeling I'm going to be needed here...

Off his expression we slowly:

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Elris, Toran, and several medical personnel stream in hurriedly. A few carry bits of equipment. Hal follows them in looking worried. The nurses help the rest of the patients.

ELRIS
(indicating with her arms)
Okay, we'll set up areas here, here and here. Can we start pushing tables together, they'll have to double up tonight as beds.

TORAN
I contacted stores, they're bringing up some blankets and first aid kits.

ELRIS
Good. It's not much but it'll have to do. Where are we on Ensign Hillman?

NURSE
He's here.

They look round. Ensign Blake has appeared, supporting the barely conscious Hillman.

ELRIS
Good, bring him over here. Doctor Toran?

She gestures to another table, and Toran pushes it up against the one Elris is by. Blake brings Hillman over and lays him down on it.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
What happened?

BLAKE
He was by the warp core when it finally gave out, got caught in the blast.

ELRIS
Why the hell did the warp core give out,? It's not like we were facing an armada.

BLAKE
Long story.
ELRIS

We see the ensign's face for the first time: it is bleeding, with gashes over them, as though many splinters have been smashed into his face. He is groaning slowly. Elris runs a tricorder over him as she speaks.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Ensign Hillman, Todd, can you hear me?

HILLMAN

(weakly)

Yeah...

ELRIS

It's Doctor Elris here, we're in Sick --

(hesitates)

-- in Sickbay. How are you feeling?

HILLMAN

Not too great.

ELRIS

Okay, we're going to try and do something about that. We're going to have to operate on you, try and patch you up.

Hillman nods, then tries to speak again.

HILLMAN

But firstly I need to... I need to speak...

Suddenly the tricorder starts to alarm, at the same time as he throws up -- the vomit is mixed in with a large quantity of blood.

ELRIS

(urgently)

We've got an arrest here, medics, we need a crash cart, now!

A couple of the nurses hurry over to her as well as Toran. We focus on Blake watching the scene helplessly as suddenly everything goes into slow motion, a visual effect, and all sound is lost.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's log, Stardate 79821.6.
The Klingons have fled, but who knows for how long?
INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Quinlan walking down it slowly, still showing the marks of her exertions from the previous episode. Again, all is in slow motion. She enters her quarters and slumps onto her bed.

CROSS (V.O.)
The crew are shattered, after an emotional twenty four hours, but there is to be no respite for them. The QIC has blown, and we are sitting ducks until it is back up and running. Hopefully, the Klingons will be too busy running away that they don't realize why we're not moving... hopefully. In the meantime, I have ordered all none-essential personnel to rest, while they can.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

GREY is walking along an upper level of Engineering, and then down a ladder.

CROSS (V.O.)
Lieutenant Grey and his Engineering team have been assessing the damage, and he has ordered double shifts for everyone to try and get the core back on line. He assures me it can be done in eight hours, but in the meantime we just sit here, waiting, hoping against hope we are not attacked again. It's going to be a long night.

The sound returns as Boyle fills him in on the damage.

BOYLE
We also have leakage in the coolant bay, a ripped conduit leading to the primary energy converter, and what looks like a medley of EPS conduit ruptures.

GREY
Great. The team's assembled?

BOYLE
Yes.

He gets to the bottom of the ladder where the staff are waiting to be briefed.
GREY
Good. All right, you've all been given assignments, we have to work quickly and efficiently. We're still deep in Klingon territory, so not only do we have to work quickly, we must also be ready for another attack. Our primary concerns are to get the core up and running, and to repair the hull breach up on Deck 8, as at the moment Sickbay is off limits. I don't need to remind you that Ensign Hillman is waiting to get there. Lieutenant Boyle will take teams alpha and delta, I'm with teams beta and omega. Alpha and delta will be working on the breach, while we'll be staying here trying to get the slipstream back on line. Let's get to work.

The teams mumble as they split up.

BOYLE
Alpha and delta, follow me.

They set off, as Grey's teams start to splinter off, heading for their own areas in the main engineering section. As Grey heads to a console, Blake enters.

BLAKE
Lieutenant.

GREY
Blake. Come with me.

Grey enters a Jefferies Tube, followed by Blake.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- JEFFERIES TUBE -- CONTINUOUS
Grey crawls along, followed by Blake.

GREY
How's Hillman?

BLAKE
I don't know, sir. They got his heart going again, and the last I saw was Doctor Elris had just started operating.

Grey stops and looks at him.

GREY
Operating? In the rec lounge?

Blake nods.
GREY (CONT'D)
Christ. We have to work quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Elris and Toran are working over Hillman. After the attack, now things seem more calm, and if it wasn't for the fact they were in the rec lounge, you would think it was a normal operating theater. Around them, several nurses are running tricorders and scanners over him, doing all the things that normally would be taken care of by the biobeds. Several of the tricorders are making a cacophony of noise.

NURSE
Pressure still falling.

ELRIS
Dammit, I can't find where this blood is coming from.

Her hands are shaking as she runs her own tricorder over his body. Toran gently holds her hands.

TORAN
Just calm down, don't panic.

ELRIS
I've lost two patients today, I'll be damned if I'm going to lose another one.

TORAN
If the tear is too small, it could be Elris's tricorder starts to beep.

ELRIS
There. It's there, his right lung. There's something in them, some shard of metal.

TORAN
A shard flying at high enough pressure could penetrate that deep.

ELRIS
Okay, let's go in, get it out.

TORAN
Are you sure you want to go in that deep, here? It's not exactly sanitary.

ELRIS
This man will die if we don't.
(MORE)
ELRIS (CONT'D)
We don't have any choice. Nurse, we need a ten micron cutter.

The nurse looks at her.

NURSE
We don't have one.

ELRIS
What do you mean we don't have one?

NURSE
I didn't think we were going to be doing any surgery.

If the situation were less desperate, Elris would have stopped and counted to ten.

ELRIS
(quickly, strained)
Doctor Toran?

TORAN
I got it.

ELRIS
Hurry.

Toran hurries over to where Hal is, sitting miserably.

TORAN
Hal, where are your replicators?

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- QUINLAN'S QUARTERS

She is lying on her bed, tossing and turning. Finally:

QUINLAN
Sod it.

She gets up and walks out of her room.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

Cross and Talora are at their usual stations, as Quinlan emerges from the turbolift.

QUINLAN
Captain, permission to resume my post.
CROSS
(raising an eyebrow)
Permission denied. What are you doing here?

QUINLAN
Sir, I can't sleep.

CROSS
Lieutenant, I ordered everyone to get rest, including you.

QUINLAN
I don't think I can, sir.

CROSS
Try. You're dismissed.

Quinlan hesitates for a moment, looking as though she's going to argue the point, but then nods.

QUINLAN
Yes, Captain.
(she turns back)
Captain, I'm sorry. About what happened.

CROSS
(softly)
We all have skeletons in our closet, Lieutenant. I know for a fact that even Commander Talora here has some things in her past she's not proud of -- isn't that right, Commander?

TALORA
(stiffly)
I would prefer not to comment, Captain.

CROSS
I'll take that as a yes. Get moving, Quinlan.

QUINLAN
Yes sir. You know where I am if you need me.

She turns and walks out. Cross looks wryly at Talora.

CROSS
I don't suppose there's any point of ordering you to do the same?

TALORA
You suppose correctly. What about yourself?
CROSS
You've got to be kidding. There's no chance of rest until we're out of harm's way.

TALORA
I agree.

They sit quietly for a minute.

TALORA (CONT'D)
Please don't tell Quinlan I have a shameful past.

Cross grins at her.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Quinlan walks down it. Around the opposite corner appears Dojar.

DOJAR
Hey.

QUINLAN
Hey.

DOJAR
Where you heading?

QUINLAN
My quarters, I guess.

DOJAR
Yeah, you need some sleep.

QUINLAN
Some chance.

DOJAR
Worried about the Klingons?

QUINLAN
No, I'm too buzzed. My body's saturated with adrenaline. It's like I've drunk ten cups of coffee straight off.

She notices Dojar's pained expression.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Are you all right? You don't look too good yourself.
DOJAR
It's nothing, just got a killer headache.

Can't shake it.

QUINLAN
Been to see Lea?

DOJAR
No, they're too busy at the moment. Besides, it's more a Q'tami kind of headache.

QUINLAN
Go and pester Y'lan about it then.

DOJAR
I don't like to.

QUINLAN
Why not? Go on. Besides, he doesn't mind.

DOJAR
(correcting)
He doesn't care.

QUINLAN
Same difference.

DOJAR
Yeah, I suppose. Besides, I don't like to talk to Y'lan about it, it makes me... uncomfortable.
(beat)
It just brings back the whole nightmare to me.

QUINLAN
Want me to come with you?

DOJAR
No thanks, I'll be okay. If you're looking for something to do, I think Lieutenant Grey would welcome any assistance you can offer.

Quinlan hesitates, thinking about her recent history with him.

QUINLAN
I'm not so sure about that.

DOJAR
Why not?
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19.

QUINLAN
Not something I want to talk about.
We have a... a thing.

DOJAR
Have a fight?

QUINLAN
Kind of.

DOJAR
Doesn't sound like you. Usually, you have a problem with someone, you go in with all guns blazing, sometimes literally. Besides, I really think they could use your help.

QUINLAN
Yeah, you're right.

She looks determined.

DOJAR
There you go.

QUINLAN
Thanks, Dojar.

DOJAR
Sure thing. I'll see you later.

QUINLAN
You too. Hope your headache clears up.

She walks on. Dojar looks suddenly tired.

DOJAR
So do I.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE -- ENTERPRISE

Battered and scorched in several places, the Enterprise holds position... waiting.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Elris and Toran are operating. The nurses continue to run tricorders over him, but they are bleeping less often. There is now more an atmosphere of a calm operating room.

ELRIS
Finally. I didn't think that artery was ever going to stop. Let's have a look now.
She slowly prods around with her scalpel.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Where are you?

Toran looks on, concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

Quinlan walks in, and looks around. People are working quickly but quietly. She goes over to Blake.

QUINLAN

Hey, Blake. How's Hillman doing?

BLAKE

Don't know, Lieutenant. He's in surgery.

QUINLAN

Where's Erik?

Blake gestures to a console, where Grey is tapping away furiously.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

(she walks over to him)

What did the poor console do to you?

GREY

What?

QUINLAN

The way you're battering that thing, I guessed it must have done something pretty bad to you.

GREY

Quinlan, I don't have the time at the moment.

QUINLAN

That's why I'm here. To offer my services.

GREY

(looks at her doubtfully)

Shouldn't you be getting some rest?

QUINLAN

No, I shouldn't, why do people keep asking me that? I'm here to help.
Blake comes over to Grey.

BLAKE
Lieutenant, omega's just come back from checking out the warp nacelle.

GREY
How's it looking?

BLAKE
Not great. They're going to head back up there now. We could really do with some assistance.

GREY
Yeah, tell them I'll be up in a few minutes, I just want to get this sorted out.

BLAKE
Anything I can do?

GREY
No, it's just there's some lag in the subspace transceiver array. The data flow is extremely bogged down, I just want to right it. It'll bother me if I don't.

BLAKE
All right, sir, see you in a few minutes.

He walks off. Quinlan looks at him.

QUINLAN
Subspace transceiver array?

GREY
Yeah, it's our connection with the outside world, linked up to the subspace comms network. Want to make sure we're getting any information we might need.

QUINLAN
I know what it is, thank you very much. I was wondering why you're bothering with it.

Grey walks over to another console.

GREY
You know, I know I'm not an Engineer, but surely compared to the fact that one of the warp nacelles is busted,
RENAISSANCE: "The Long Night of the Souls" - ACT ONE

GREY (CONT'D)
the speed of our internet connection
isn't really that important.
(tapping at the console)
You're right.

QUINLAN
Really?

GREY
You're not an engineer. Now please leave me alone.

He walks off, calling out to Blake as he goes.

GREY (CONT'D)
Blake, I need to take a trip to the transceiver array. I'll be five minutes.

BLAKE
All right, sir.

Grey exits, and Quinlan looks around, at a loss on what to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise hangs motionless, dead in the water. There is a stillness to it that is unnerving.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Toran and Elris breathe a sigh of relief, and walk away from Hillman's unconscious body, as the nurses bustle around him. It is evident that the operation is over. Hal walks over to them.

HAL
All done?

ELRIS
For the moment. Look.

She holds up a tiny shard of metal.

HAL
That was it?

ELRIS
Yeah. That's all it can take, to snuff out a life. Sobering thought.
HAL
Not a very nice one. Will he be okay now?

ELRIS
We've done all we can for the moment. Now it's up to his body to heal itself, and I don't know whether it's up to the task.

HAL
How soon will we know?

TORAN
We'll know by morning. The next few hours will be critical.

Hal nods and walks over to his bar.

TORAN (CONT'D)
Can I get you a coffee?

ELRIS
Please.

He nods and walks over to Hal's bar. Elris turns back and looks at Hillman's body.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
(echoing Toran, softly)
Yeah, the next few hours will be critical...

On her worried expression we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise is still not moving.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Dojar walks along it. He stops at a door and presses the chime. There is a pause, and then the door opens, revealing Y'LAN.

DOJAR

Hi.

Y'LAN

(shortly)

Yes?

DOJAR

Erm... I was just in the neighborhood, and thought I'd drop by to say hi.

Y'LAN

Do you need me to be able to say "hi"?

DOJAR

Well, no, but I thought it would be nice. You know, friendly.

Y'lan stares impassively at him.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Can I come in for a minute?

Y'lan moves aside, allowing Dojar access to...

INT. ENTERPRISE -- Y'LAN'S LAB -- CONTINUOUS

The room is a mess, with high tech looking bits of equipment strewn all over the place. Dojar looks around, while Y'lan returns to his table.

DOJAR

Wow, what happened here? It looks like a bomb hit it.

Y'LAN

I am not aware of any explosive device detonating in the immediate vicinity.

DOJAR

Figure of speech, Y'lan. It means, this place is a mess.
RENAISSANCE: "The Long Night of the Souls" - ACT TWO

Y'LAN
Mess?

DOJAR
Yeah, you know, untidy.

Y'LAN
So?

Beat.

DOJAR
I guess there's nothing to say to that.

Y'LAN
Does it offend your aesthetic principles?

DOJAR
Well, no.

Y'LAN
Then I do not see the matter needs any further discussion.

Y'lan continues to tinker at his table, ignoring Dojar. Dojar looks at a loose end.

DOJAR
(trying)
Well, this is... nice...

No response. Dojar sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

Blake is busy at the warp core, doing what looks like some futuristic soldering with a laser, when Quinlan approaches, looking cheerful but rather grubby.

QUINLAN
I cleaned out the exhaust pipe. Exactly how long has it been since you've been in there?

BLAKE
By the looks of you, too long.

QUINLAN
What can I do now?
BLAKE
Er... I think we're all right now, thanks, Jen. We're going to be getting up to the nacelle in a few minutes, if Grey ever decides to return.

QUINLAN
He's not still at that relay thing, is he?

BLAKE
Yep. Told us he'd be five minutes, and that was three quarters of an hour ago.

QUINLAN
Hmmm... leave it to me.

She turns and walks away.

BLAKE
I'm not sure that's such a good...

but she has gone

BLAKE (CONT'D)
...Idea.

He sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SUBSPACE TRANSCEIVER ARRAY

Grey is underneath a console, playing with some wiring, when up from a hole in the floor Quinlan appears.

GREY
Blake, I told you I'd be...

He looks up.

GREY (CONT'D)
Oh. It's you. What do you want now?

QUINLAN
Charming.

GREY
I don't have time to be charming at the moment, Jen, I've got too much to do.
QUINLAN
So I've heard, so what are you doing still in here? That warp nacelle won't fix itself.

GREY
I know, but I really need to get this fixed.

QUINLAN
No, you really don't.

Grey comes out from under the console.

GREY
Did Blake send you?

QUINLAN
(hesitates)
No.

GREY
I knew it.
(he taps his commbadge)
Grey to Blake.

BLAKE'S COMM VOICE
Blake here, sir.

GREY
Blake, you're demoted to Ensign.
Grey out.

QUINLAN
Very funny.

GREY
I wasn't joking.

QUINLAN
Well, then, you definitely need to get back then, as there's no ranking officer in Engineering now.

GREY
They'll cope.

QUINLAN
I don't get it, what's the big deal anyway?

GREY
I don't know, I guess it's just irritating me. There's a simple problem here, and I can't figure out what's causing it. It'll just annoy me until I work it out.
QUINLAN
Fine, that'll make two of us.

GREY
What do you mean?

QUINLAN
I'll annoy you too until you figure it out.

I'm not moving until you get out of here.

GREY
I can demote you too, you know.

QUINLAN
I'd like to see you try.

Grey opens his mouth to reply, then thinks better of it. He returns under his console.

GREY
I almost wish the Klingons would attack again.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- Y'LAN'S LAB

Dojar is still standing watching as Y'lan is doing something with one of his pieces of equipment.

DOJAR
So... how you been? We haven't seen much of you recently.

Y'LAN
I have been occupied.

DOJAR
So I can see.

Y'lan walks over to him, offering him a piece of equipment.

Y'LAN
Hold this.

Dojar holds it. Several cables stretch from it to another large piece on the other side of the room. Y'lan goes over to it and starts tinkering.

DOJAR
What are you doing?

Y'LAN
It is none of your concern.

(MORE)
Y'LAN (CONT'D)
I am just making some modifications to some of my equipment.

DOJAR
(bluntly)
Y'lan, I've got another of these headaches.

Beat.

Y'LAN
I know.

DOJAR
How do you know?

Y'LAN
We have a connection.

DOJAR
Right, the whole Q'tami mind thing.

Y'LAN
Yes.

DOJAR
The thing is, you told me they would be getting better.

Y'LAN
They will, in time.

DOJAR
How much more time do I need? It's been, what, three months now?

Y'LAN
You forget, the Q'tami have a much different evaluation of time than you do.

DOJAR
Yeah but, if anything, they seem to be getting worse.

Y'LAN
It is just the residual effect. It will pass. Your mind has been put under a massive strain, it cannot recover from that rapidly.

DOJAR
If you say so.

He is beginning to find holding the heavy equipment a bit much.
RENAISSANCE: "The Long Night of the Souls" - ACT TWO

DOJAR (CONT'D)
How much longer do I have to hold this?

Y'LAN
You may put it down when you wish.

DOJAR
Then why am I holding it in the first place?

Y'LAN
I have noticed that humanoids like to feel useful. Thus I gave you a task, to placate your feelings of inadequacy.

Dojar puts the machinery down.

DOJAR
Great, patronized by a Q'tami, that's all need. Good night, Y'lan.

He turns to leave.

Y'LAN
I will genuinely require your assistance if you remain a little longer.

He stops and turns back.

DOJAR
Really?

Y'LAN
Yes.

DOJAR
Okay, fine. What do I have to do?

Y'lan comes over carrying another piece of machinery.

Y'LAN
Hold this.

Dojar makes a face.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Elris is standing over Hillman's unconscious form, doing another scan. She administers a hypospray, before returning to sit by Toran. She sighs, running her hands over her face.
TORAN
How's he doing?

ELRIS
His BP is a little better, that's the only change.

She closes her eyes for a moment.

TORAN
You all right?

ELRIS
Yeah. Long day.

TORAN
I'm sure it's not the first you've had here.

ELRIS
No, and it won't be the last.

She reaches for her coffee cup, and she picks it up to drink, we see her hands are shaking.

TORAN
Here, you're cold, let me get you a blanket.

ELRIS
No, I'm not -- it's not cold, I --

She slowly sinks her face into her hands, fighting back tears of tiredness and frustration. Toran puts an arm around her.

TORAN
Hey, come on, come on, this is no good, it's okay, it's going to be all right.

ELRIS
That poor girl...

TORAN
I know, you did everything you could for her.

ELRIS
But I couldn't help her... I couldn't do anything... And now this... I don't want to lose any more patients...

She breaks down, crying, as Toran holds her. As he holds her, Elris's comm chirps.
RENASSANCE: "The Long Night of the Souls" - ACT TWO

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE
Quinlan to Elris. Doctor?

Toran grabs Elris's commbadge, and walks away from Elris with it, before speaking to it.

TORAN
It's Toran here, Doctor Elris is busy at the moment with Ensign Hillman.

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SUBSPACE RADIO RELAY

Quinlan is standing, and Grey is still under his console.

QUINLAN
Oh, okay, was just checking in to see how he was doing?

TORAN'S COMM VOICE
He's okay, we've finished surgery, and we'll just have to see how he goes.

QUINLAN
All right, doc, thanks a lot. Quinlan out.

She turns to Grey.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
You hear that?

GREY
Yes, thank you, Jen.

He comes out from under his console and sighs.

GREY (CONT'D)
I could really do with him down here at the moment, comm technology is his area of expertise. He's a good kid.

QUINLAN
I don't think I know him.

GREY
No, you wouldn't, he doesn't socialize much. Keeps himself to himself, immerses himself in his work. Got a passion for his job.
QUINLAN
(smiling)
Sounds like someone else I know?

GREY
Who, Lieutenant Flanders?
(realizes)
Oh, me. Yeah, I guess he is like me. He's very old fashioned. Do you know how he spent our extended vacation?

QUINLAN
No?

GREY
Building a new farm house for his parents to retire to -- his father's an engineer on the Pasteur. He was offered a post at Starfleet Academy, quite distinguished, but he was worried his parents weren't going to have anywhere nice to live when they retired. Really nice, honest, genuine guy, who believes right is right.
(ruefully)
Something that's getting rarer and rarer on this ship.

QUINLAN
This really must feel like a voyage of the damned sometimes to you, Erik.

GREY
It can do, led by the high priest of the damned.

QUINLAN
I don't think that's entirely fair.

GREY
Yeah, well, I know I'm the odd man out there.

He disappears under his console again.

QUINLAN
You know, the Captain has had it pretty rough as well.

GREY
What's your point?

QUINLAN
Well, you could sometimes, you know, lay off him a bit, not be so hard.
GREY
Look, if he does something I don't agree with, it's my job to raise objections.

QUINLAN
Do you have to do it with such gusto?

GREY
I don't think we should be pursuing this line of discussion.

QUINLAN
Agreed, let's leave it.

Beat.

GREY
I mean, it's different for you.

QUINLAN
How is it different?

GREY
You don't mind not playing by the rules.

QUINLAN
(indignantly)
I realize -- I -- really can't argue with that.

GREY
Exactly. Your favorite expression is by any means necessary.

QUINLAN
Actually my favourite expression is "Is that a phaser in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"... but you don't need to know that.

GREY
I really don't.

QUINLAN
Okay, so I'm the same as the Captain, why don't you have a problem with me then?

GREY
How do you know I don't?

QUINLAN
Well, for one thing you don't snipe at me the way you do at the Captain.

(MORE)
QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Look at the meeting today. Was it really necessary to bring up Coular again?

GREY
I was making a point.

QUINLAN
But did it need to be made?

GREY
I thought so.

He reappears out from under his console.

GREY (CONT'D)
The point is, even if you don't always conform, at least I know your heart is in the right place, that you'll do the right thing.

QUINLAN
You mean like Sarah Cage?

GREY
That's different, unfair.

QUINLAN
I was making a point.

GREY
Did it need to be made?

QUINLAN
I thought so.

Beat.

GREY
The bottom line is, I trust you to do the right thing.

QUINLAN
Even after my colorful past?

GREY
Maybe because of your colorful past. But with the Captain...
  (he shakes his head)
...I don't think I do.

He looks sad about this, before returning under his console, and Quinlan looks on, thoughtful.
QUINLAN
I wish you'd hurry up down there,
I'm getting
tired of this cramped hole...

She looks thoughtfully out the window.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise alone, hanging again, like a model, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

SEQ: MONTAGE

We start with a montage as the night passes: we see Cross and Talora on the bridge, looking restless, we see Dojar and Y'lan in the lab, Dojar doing some basic-looking wiring, we see Grey, still pouring over his subspace array problem, and finally we get to:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Toran injects Hillman with a hypospray. Elris comes in, obviously having just freshened up. She comes over and stands next to Toran, looking at the ensign. She smiles weakly at Toran.

TORAN
Feeling better?

ELRIS
Yes. Sorry about that.

TORAN
Don't need to apologize. Look at this.

He shows her a scan reading.

ELRIS
That's better.

TORAN
It is.

ELRIS
You know, when I was in medical school, I always used to say I would never lose a patient, that medicine has come so far that there is no reason now for anyone to die before their time. How naive was that?

TORAN
I would prefer to look at it as idealistic.

ELRIS
Perhaps. But I will never forget, the first time I did. An ensign, a bit like Hillman here, who had been injured in a skirmish with the Sheliak.

(MORE)
ELRIS (CONT'D)
He was brought in with massive internal bleeding -- by the time he got to us it was already too late. His organs were starting to give. And yet, he held on for so long, not willing to let go of the edge of life he was clinging onto. He knew his fingers were slowly slipping, that eventually he would end up falling away, but he was so brave, it was heartbreaking. He didn't stop fighting, right until the end. And all the time he looked at me, as if to say, "I'm still fighting, so why have you given up on me?" And now, every time I have a patient who is dying, I see in them him, asking me, "Why are you giving up on me?"

TORAN
You cannot win all the battles you are faced with. Some things are just meant to be. People tell us that as doctors we play God all the time, but they only say that because they don't want to believe we are just as fallible as anyone else. All the technology in the world, it doesn't make a difference. But that is not your fault. You hear me? It's out of your hands.

ELRIS
It doesn't stop me feeling responsible.

She looks at him.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- Y'LAN'S LAB

Dojar is putting some wires together while Y'lan is working at a console.

DOJAR
Come on, Y'lan, just a little clue.

Y'LAN
Little clue?

DOJAR
Yeah, about what this is?
Y'LAN
I informed you before, it is beyond your understanding.

DOJAR
Need I remind you that recently I had the highest IQ of any living being that's ever lived, I think I can make a stab at it.

Y'LAN
Don't stab my machine.

DOJAR
Go on, give me a go, you might just be surprised.

Y'LAN
I would be very surprised. Having intelligence is one thing -- knowing how to use it is quite another.

DOJAR
Fine, don't tell me then.

He continues to do his wiring while Y'lan works unconcernedly away at his console.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SUBSPACE TRANSCIEVER ARRAY

Grey is beginning to get wound up with his problem. He slams his fist down on the console in front of him.

GREY
Son of a bitch, why won't you speed up?

Quinlan pokes her head out of the opening in the floor. This is too much for Grey.

GREY (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesus Christ, Quinlan, will you please leave me the hell alone?

She looks chastened but holds out a cup.

GREY (CONT'D)
What's this?

QUINLAN
A peace offering. To help you get through the night.

He takes it, calming down a bit.
GREY
Thank you.

He takes it and has a drink.

QUINLAN
Still having no luck, huh?

GREY
None. I think it's sending me slowly mad.

QUINLAN
What are you talking about, you went mad years ago.
(beat)
I see they've started on the nacelle without you.

GREY
Yeah, I told them to get on with it. They're well up to the job.

QUINLAN
But they really could do with your expertise. I really don't get this obsession with this silly little problem. Why does it matter so much?

GREY
I don't know. It just does.

Quinlan looks at him worriedly.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Toran is checking on Hillman again. He frowns at a reading. As he does so, the ensign slowly begins to open his eyes.

TORAN
Ensign? Can you hear me?

HILLMAN
What... what's going on?

TORAN
Ensign, it's Doctor Toran.

HILLMAN
Doctor? I --

He tries to move, but Toran stops him.
TORAN
No, no, don't try to move at the moment.

You're just coming out of surgery.

HILLMAN
Surgery? What happened?

TORAN
There was an accident in Sickbay. Some shards of metal were imbedded in your lung, we had to go in and get them out.

HILLMAN
Oh. Am I going to be all right?

TORAN
You're going to be fine, you just need to rest for a while. You've lost quite a lot of blood.

Hillman looks around.

HILLMAN
Er, Doctor, I think I must be hallucinating, this doesn't look like Sickbay to me...

TORAN
No, you're not hallucinating. We are in the rec lounge. Long story.

HILLMAN
Oh. Well, while we're here, I'll have a double scotch, on the rocks.

He smiles weakly.

TORAN
You're an engineer all right. I'll see what can do about that.

He smiles back at him, as Hillman closes his eyes again. Toran walks over to Elris.

TORAN  (CONT'D)
His blood oxygen levels are dropping a little bit, we have to keep an eye on them. Doctor?

He looks down. Elris has fallen fast asleep on the seat. He sits down next to her and watches her for a few moments tenderly. After a minute, she sleepily opens her eyes.
ELRIS
Doctor? How is he?

TORAN
(softly)
He's doing fine.

She nods, not really awake, and closes her eyes again.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SCIENCE LAB

Y'lan and Dojar are both now involved in some complex wiring.

DOJAR
So anyway, by the time we got to them, the whole place had exploded, we couldn't get near them. Y'lan, are you listening to me at all?

Y'LAN
No.

DOJAR
Why not? It's an interesting story, you should listen to it.

Y'LAN
I am already aware of the facts, just as I am aware of every incident that has ever happened in your life.

DOJAR
Oh great. My life is an open book.

Suddenly the wires Y'lan are working with spark, and flare up. He moves to the door.

Y'LAN
Remain here.

DOJAR
Where are you going?

Y'LAN
To get some tools from Engineering.

DOJAR
All right.

The door closes after Y'lan. Dojar continues to work for a moment, and then cautiously gets up and goes over to the main bulk of the equipment Y'lan's been working on. He gets out his tricorder and runs it over the machine.
DOJAR (CONT'D)
Let's see...

The tricorder bleeps away happily for a minute. Dojar frowns.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
What the hell? Chronotons?

He looks to the door again.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What are you building here, Y'lan?

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Toran is working on a PADD, with Elris asleep next to him, when Hal approaches.

TORAN
Hal. What can I do for you?

HAL
(whispering)
Sorry to disturb you, Doctor, but it's the Ensign. He's asking to speak to Grey.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SUBSPACE TRANSCEIVER ARRAY

Grey is talking the problem through with Quinlan.

GREY
The connection is fine, there's no packet loss between us and the SCN. We're sending the data as quickly as ever, but we're getting it back much slower.

QUINLAN
How much slower?

GREY
About fifteen hundred times slower.

QUINLAN
That is slow.

GREY
Very slow.

QUINLAN
Can we stop saying slow now?
GREY
I think we should. I don't understand it, there's no interference from outside -- even this far into Klingon space, it shouldn't matter.

His commbadge chirps.

TORAN'S COMM VOICE
Toran to Grey.

GREY
Grey here.

TORAN
Lieutenant, Ensign Hillman is awake and asking to speak to you.

GREY
Okay, I'll be right up. Grey out.

(he looks at Quinlan)

Don't touch anything while I'm going.

QUINLAN
Yes, I don't want to damage the significant progress you've made.

GREY
You got it.

Quinlan gives him a wry look. Grey gets up and goes to the hatch.

GREY (CONT'D)
Stay here, I won't be too long.

QUINLAN
Okay.

He disappears down the hatch. Quinlan looks around the place for a minute, then walks over to the console Grey's been working on. She stares at it for a moment, and then gives it an experimental kick.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Ouch.

She looks but it has had no effect on the problem. She sighs and slumps down against the wall.
QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Some nights never seem to end.

She closes her eyes as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE

Cross and Talora are sitting, Cale at his post, Lieutenant Macy at helm, when Dojar enters.

DOJAR
Captain, may I speak to you?

CROSS
Of course.

He gets up.

DOJAR
The Commander should probably come as well.

Cross nods as Talora gets up and they all head to the ready room.

CROSS
Lieutenant Macy, you have the bridge.

MACY
Aye, sir.

We follow Cross and Talora as they head into...

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cross, Talora, and Dojar enter, and the door closes behind them. Talora raises an eyebrow.

TALORA
Lieutenant Macy? Technically Lieutenant Cale should have been put in charge.

CROSS
Commander, at this point I wouldn't put Lieutenant Cale in charge of a stick of celery, let alone my Bridge.

(aside)
You didn't hear that, Dojar.

DOJAR
No, sir.

CROSS
Now, what's going on?
DOJAR
I've been spending time with Y'lan tonight, sir, in his lab. He's constructing some kind of machine. From what I can see, it's very complex.

TALORA
Y'lan has been spending a lot of time in there recently. It feels like some weeks we haven't seen him at all.

CROSS
Do you know what it's for, Lieutenant?

DOJAR
No, sir, I don't, and Y'lan won't tell me.

CROSS
No surprise there.

DOJAR
The thing is, Captain, I ran a scan on it before. It's emitting high levels of chronotons.

Cross stares for a moment.

CROSS
Oh boy. How high?

DOJAR
About 47 rems per minute.

Cross whistles.

CROSS
Okay, we need to deal with that, we can't have those levels loose on the ship. Where's Y'lan now?

DOJAR
He should be back in his lab.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- Y'LAN'S SCIENCE LAB

Y'lan re-enters, carrying a tool. He notes that Dojar is no longer there, and goes over to his console. He presses some buttons, and an image shimmers into view above the table. It is a hologram of the room, evidently from earlier. We see Y'lan and Dojar, and then Y'lan leaving the room. After a moment, we see Dojar going over and scanning the table. Is that a nod we see from Y'lan?
He presses some more buttons.

        COMPUTER'S VOICE
        Science lab sealed.

He gets back to work.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Grey enters and looks around, before walking over to where
Toran is. Elris is still asleep.

        GREY
        Doctor.

        TORAN
        Lieutenant.

        GREY
        How is he?

        TORAN
        Very weak. He still hasn't
        stabilized. How long do you think
        it'll be before we get access to
        Sickbay again?

        GREY
        We're working on it, but it'll be a
        couple of hours at least. Does he
        know how serious his condition is?

        TORAN
        He's not really aware of much at the
        moment.

Try not to tire him out too much.

        GREY
        Thank you.

Grey walks over to Hillman, who is being ministered by a
nurse. She leaves as Grey approaches to give them some
privacy.

        GREY (CONT'D)
        Hey.

        HILLMAN
        (hoarse voice; he has
difficulty speaking)
        Lieutenant. You came.

        GREY
        Yeah, I did. How you feeling?
HILLMAN
I'm okay, but I... I might not be able... to come into... work tomorrow.

GREY
(smiles)
That's okay, I'll let you off this once.

Pause, as Hillman seems to psyche himself up for another effort at talking.

HILLMAN
How are things... in the boiler... room?

GREY
Chaos, disruption, everything's flying apart.

HILLMAN
Nothing new... then.

GREY
I guess not.

HILLMAN
The doctor --- he smiles at me, but... I don't think he thinks... I'm going to live.

GREY
Nonsense, he didn't say anything like that to me.

HILLMAN
He... wouldn't.
(he swallows)
What... what are you working on?

GREY
Some are working on the nacelle, some on restoring sensor integrity to Deck 11.

HILLMAN
What... are you doing...?

GREY
At the moment, I'm trying to work out why our connection to the SCN is so slow... What?

Hillman's eyes have just opened.
HILLMAN
I... I remember. Just before... the accident...

GREY
What? What is it?

Hillman is looking agitated as he struggles to get the words out.

HILLMAN
I was... monitoring... the nav deflector. It's eff... efficiency was falling.

GREY
What would be causing that?

HILLMAN
I don't know... it's as if... if...

GREY
What?

HILLMAN
...time was running... different speed...

Grey suddenly looks up, his face completely pale.

GREY
Oh my God.

Toran comes over.

TORAN
I think that's enough visiting for the moment.

GREY
(in a far away voice)
Okay, thank you Doctor.
(to Hillman)
Get better, you hear?

Hillman holds out his hand. Grey looks at it.

HILLMAN
It has... been... an honor... to serve you...

GREY
And you. You're a man of integrity.

HILLMAN
Never... never change.
Grey takes his hand and squeezes it.

GREY

Thank you.

Toran nods to him, as Grey turns and begins to walk out of the room, tapping his comm badge as he goes.

GREY (CONT'D)
Grey to Quinlan, please meet me in the Main Shuttlebay. I think we're in trouble.

He hurries off.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Cross walks down it with Dojar. They reach a door, but it doesn't open. Cross looks at Dojar, and rings the chime. There is no answer.

CROSS
Y'lan. Y'lan, it's Captain Cross, please open the door.

No answer.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Computer, security override, Cross four gamma seven delta three.

COMPUTER'S VOICE
Access denied.

CROSS
What?

Y'LAN'S COMM VOICE
You cannot enter, Captain.

CROSS
Y'lan? What the hell are you doing in there?

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- Y'LAN'S SCIENCE LAB

Y'lan is working pretty feverishly on his machine. It is now slightly glowing.

Y'LAN
I cannot tell you that at this time.

(MORE)
Y'LAN (CONT'D)
However, will inform you I am doing something for the protection of this ship and this crew.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
Then why can't you tell us?

Y'LAN
The information would only endanger you further.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
That's not good enough, Y'lan, I order you to open this door immediately, I --

Y'LAN
Off.

The Captain's voice is cut off mid sentence. He continues to work.

INTERCUT:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Cross and Dojar as before.

CROSS
Y'lan? Dammit, now is not the time for this. Dojar, how do we access the lab?

DOJAR
Short of cutting our way in with a phaser? I don't think we can.

CROSS
How long would cutting take?

DOJAR
About six hours.

Cross takes out his tricorder and scans, before shaking his head.

CROSS
Even out here, there's a worrying level of chronoton particles. Can you remember anything about what you saw that might be helpful?

Dojar shakes his head.
DOJAR
No, the only thing is that Y'lan seemed more distracted than usual.

(beat)
Wait a minute, there was something.

CROSS
What?

DOJAR
He kept on touching his head, as though trying to shake something off.

CROSS
What the hell does that signify?

DOJAR
I have no idea.

They both look worried.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY

Quinlan walks through, and finds Grey powering up a shuttle.

QUINLAN
Going on a pleasure cruise?

GREY
No. I need a good pilot.

He gestures for Quinlan to get in.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLE -- CONTINUOUS

Quinlan sits in at helm, Grey beside her.

QUINLAN
You going to tell me what this about is?

GREY
I'm hoping you're about to see.

QUINLAN
Okay, let's go.

(taps comm badge)
Quinlan to shuttlebay, we're ready to depart.

COMM VOICE
Acknowledged.
GREY
Here goes nothing...

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY

The doors slowly open onto space. Only there's something wrong. The stars outside look blurred, out of focus. The forcefield keeping the atmosphere in the bay splutters and spits. As we watch, suddenly there appears what looks like a localized warp field, appearing in the opening to space it as though the shuttlebay itself has suddenly gone to warp.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLE

Quinlan watches, frowning at what she sees, while Grey is taking readings from his console.

QUINLAN
What the hell is that?

GREY
I'm not sure. Now, Jen, I need you to edge the shuttle right to the opening, reverse out.

QUINLAN
Whatever you say.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY

The shuttle slowly rises, turns, and begins to edge backwards towards the opening.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLE

Grey watches, tense, as Quinlan maneuvers.

GREY
Slowly, slowly. Grey to shuttlebay, get ready to lower the forcefield on my mark. Only for a second, remember.

COMM VOICE
Acknowledged.

QUINLAN
Nearly there...

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY

The shuttle is nearly at the entrance to space...

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLE

Grey watches, pursing his lips, while Quinlan concentrates.
GREY
Ready... now!

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY

The forcefield is lowered. Immediately there is a massive, swirling vortex, filling the entire room. Everything is swirling, but at the same time not moving, in a bizarre image. There is no sound, but the whole room shakes.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLE

In the shuttle, everything is moving in ultra slow motion. Quinlan frantically taps the console, but each tap takes an age to perform. Grey's eyes are wide, and he very slowly opens his mouth --- his voice too is distorted.

GREY
Raise.... The.... Forcefield....

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY

The vortex continues to swirl for a minute, before the forcefield is activated again. The shuttle shoots forward at the same time, and there is a screeching of metal. The vortex disappears, and the shuttle comes to a halt.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLE

Quinlan is breathing hard, rooted to her seat, but Grey is already up.

GREY
Jen. Jen, you all right?

QUINLAN
What the hell was that?

GREY
Look.

He leans forward, pointing at the viewscreen. Quinlan follows his pointing...

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY

The forcefield is up. On the other side, as if frozen in a moment of time, we can see half the shuttle, hanging, as if stuck to it on the outside. But the shuttle is also inside the bay, where Quinlan has brought it in. The shuttle in the bay opens, and Grey gets out, running to the forcefield, followed by a confused Quinlan.

GREY
Look, do you see?
QUINLAN
What is that?

GREY
That's the shuttle.

Quinlan turns and points at the shuttle in the bay.

QUINLAN
Then what's that?

GREY
That is also the shuttle.

QUINLAN
(uncertainly)
What the hell is going on?

She walks over and looks. You can see right into the back end of the shuttle outside, although we can't see either of them as they were in the front half.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
That is freaky. What the hell is going on here?

GREY
It's the reason the subspace array has been so slow.

QUINLAN
What is?

GREY
We're trapped. Time outside has slowed down, almost to a halt.

QUINLAN
What does that mean?

GREY
What does it mean? It means we're in for a very long night indeed...

On Quinlan's confused reaction, we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The ENTERPRISE hangs in space.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIEFING ROOM

Cross, Talora, Grey, Dojar and Quinlan are sitting there.

CROSS
Okay, take me through this again, slowly. What has happened to time?

GREY
It's slowed down, at least outside. Inside, we're still at a stable one second per second, as far as can be ascertained, but outside time seems to be traveling as slowly as a thousandth of a second per second. That's why you can still the shuttle out there -- while it's finished happening to us, out there it's not over yet.

CROSS
(shaking his head)
Why would Y'lan want to do this?

QUINLAN
Who knows why Y'lan does anything?

TALORA
Dojar, you were with him, did he say nothing at all?

DOJAR
No, only that he seemed a bit agitated.

CROSS
Agitated?

DOJAR
As agitated as Y'lan ever gets.

Y'LAN (O.S.)
Agitation is a human set of responses to circumstance, not Q'tami.

They turn round. Y'LAN has entered the room.
CROSS
Y'lan, what the hell are you playing at?

Y'LAN
I am not playing at anything. I am, however, attempting to rectify an error on my part.

QUINLAN
Which you didn't want us to know about?

Y'LAN
Which, in the circumstances, it would have safer for you if you had not known about. However, little can be done about it now.

CROSS
Why has this happened?

Y'LAN
The device I was constructing had a side effect of producing a high level of chronotons. Although some were leaking out, I had constructed a filter to eliminate most. However, during the last Klingon battle, it was damaged, which resulted in the chronotons leaking out.

DOJAR
Why would that affect the outside?

Y'LAN
It hasn't. Time has not slowed outside the vessel, it has quickened inside. It is just because your perceptive faculties have compensated for this fact that everything appears normal to you.

TALORA
Is it dangerous?

Y'LAN
No, you could live the rest of your lives like this. However, you could never again leave this vessel. Had Lieutenants Grey and Quinlan's body actually left the chronoton field, their bodies would not have been able to adjust to the time change, and their cell structures would have just given out.

(MORE)
Y'LAN (CONT'D)
The accelerated pace would be too much, they would age to death in a matter of minutes.

QUINLAN
I don't want any old maid jokes.

CROSS
We'll do our best to resist.
(to Y'lan)
Okay, we know what's the problem, how do we solve it?

Y'LAN
You can't.

CROSS
What do you mean, we can't?

Y'LAN
You have no ability to solve this problem. You must leave it to me.

CROSS
Can you solve it?

Y'LAN
I don't know yet.

CROSS
Unacceptable.

Y'LAN
There is little you can do to change the situation.

CROSS
(frustrated)
Dammit, Y'lan, how long?

Y'LAN
I should know within the hour...

Cross nods slowly.

CROSS
Okay, report back to me within one hour.

Y'LAN
Yes, Captain.

CROSS
The rest of you are dismissed.

They all get up, and begin to stream out.
CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Toran is working at a PADD, when a nurse comes up to him.

NURSE
Doctor, the ensign's latest results.

He looks at the PADD she has given him. It is evidently not good news. He sighs, and looks at the sleeping Elris.

TORAN
All right, thank you. Is he still awake?

NURSE
Yes, sir, but he's finding it increasingly difficult to breathe.

Toran nods.

TORAN (CONT'D)
I'll come over and see what I can do for him.

The nurse moves away, as Hal approaches.

HAL
Doctor? How is the ensign?

TORAN (softly)
He's dying, Hal.

HAL
Oh. Is there nothing you can do?

TORAN
No. Sometimes, there is nothing.

He looks at Elris, sighing.

TORAN (CONT'D)
I can't tell her, I just can't. Oh, Prophets...

Suddenly a shadow falls over him, and he looks up.

TORAN (CONT'D)
(surprised)
What are you doing here?

Before we can see what he's reacting to...
INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

Grey walks pensively in, looking round, completely at a loss what to do. Blake comes up to him.

BLACK
Sir, we're making good progress on the induction core.

GREY
(distractedly)
Good, good.

BLACK
You all right, sir?

Grey looks at him.

GREY
Frustrated, Ensign. Very frustrated.

His commbadge chirps.

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE
Quinlan to Grey.

GREY
What is it?

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE
You need to get to the shuttlebay. Now.

GREY
Why?

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE
Just get up here.

On Grey's expression...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY OPS

Grey enters, and goes over to Quinlan by the window. Down below, through the viewscreen, we see a shuttle powering up.

GREY
Jen, what's going on? Who's in the shuttle.

QUINLAN
Yilan... and Hillman.
GREY
What?

QUINLAN
We couldn't stop them.

GREY
Open a comm.

QUINLAN
It's already open.

GREY
Todd, it's Erik. What the hell's going on?

On the screen, Hillman's strained face appears next to Y'lan's. He is very pale, but resolute.

HILLMAN
Erik. I'm glad... I had a chance... to speak with you...

GREY
What do you think you're doing?

HILLMAN
There's no time... Y'lan explained to me... only way to eliminate the chronotons...

GREY
What are you talking about?

Y'LAN
Lieutenant, to eliminate the excess of chronotons in the ship, we need to attract them away from the vessel.

GREY
So?

Y'LAN
The only way to do it is to use a chronoton magnet, something that exists in time and is changed by time.

GREY
You don't mean -- Y'lan, that's inhuman!

HILLMAN
Erik... I am dying... This way... I can save lives...
RENAISSANCE: "The Long Night of the Souls" - ACT FIVE

GREY
I know, but Todd --

HILLMAN
My mind... is made up. Thank you... and stay true... to your beliefs...

The viewscreen goes blank.

GREY
No, we have to stop them! Don't lower the forcefield.

QUINLAN
(quietly)
Y'lan's already disabled it. Look.

As they watch, the shuttle starts to fly, and the vortex begins to whirl again, as the shuttle starts to exit the shuttle.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLE

Hillman swallows as the shuttle shakes. Y'lan, next to him, sits placidly.

HILLMAN
What... exactly... is going to... happen?

Y'LAN
As soon as we leave the ship, the chronotons will be drawn to this ship and you. Your body will go into accelerated aging, and you will die within five minutes real time.

HILLMAN
Great. Can't wait.

Y'LAN
You don't have to. We are leaving the ship now.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY OPS

Grey and Quinlan watch, as the shuttle leaves. The whole area is shaking, and the vortex is distorting everything they see. Time is slowing and speeding at the same time.

EXT. SPACE -- ENTERPRISE

We see the shuttle leaving the ship, and the vortex, as if tied to it, following, being drawn in.
INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLE

Hillman starts to sweat. We see his skin begin to parch.

    HILLMAN
    It's happening...

    Y'LAN
    It is.

    HILLMAN
    Talk... to me... Take my mind... away.

    Y'LAN
    What should I say?

The shuttle is filling with the vortex, and it is congregating on Hillman, who is aging before our eyes.

    HILLMAN
    What... caused this?

    Y'LAN
    I cannot tell you.

    HILLMAN
    What... does it matter... I am dying... Please...

A long beat.

    Y'LAN
    I was attempting to sever my link with the Hegemony.

    HILLMAN
    Why... would you... do that... uhhhhhh...

He collapses on the floor, and begins shaking. The density of the vortex is becoming greater. Hillman begins to scream, but Y'lan sinks next to him, and places a tentacle on Hillman's head.

    Y'LAN
    You will feel no pain. You are safe.
    You are safe.

Hillman immediately quiets, and his impression softens, becomes peaceful.

    HILLMAN
    Thank... you...

Y'lan nods, as Hillman slowly dies before him.
The vortex slowly fades into him, and his body becomes literally dust, dissolving away in front of our eyes. Y'lan slowly rises, and crosses to the console.

GREY'S COMM VOICE
Grey to Shuttle. What's happening?

Y'LAN
It is over, Lieutenant. Real time has been restored.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SHUTTLEBAY OPS

Grey closes his eyes, as Quinlan looks on. All traces of the vortex have disappeared.

We hold on them for a long moment on their reaction, and then...

DISOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise hangs in space, but no longer looks frozen.

CROSS (V.O.)
Captain's Log, supplemental. The repairs to the Enterprise are nearly complete.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

Grey and engineers move about a much cleaned up Engineering.

CROSS (V.O.)
The ironic thing is the time acceleration gave us several extra hours to work in away from normal time, and as such the induction core is ready to be used again, in a blink of an eye to anyone watching outside. Ensign Hillman's sacrifice will not go unnoticed -- we plan to rename the shuttle which he was in after him, as a mark of respect. His name will live on.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SICKBAY

Elris and Toran come back in, with the nurses and so on. They look around in relief to be back where they belong.
CROSS (V.O.)
The hull breach, too, has been repaired, and the medical staff have returned to Sickbay. I am assured by Hal that the recreation lounge is available at any time to be used again, but Doctor Elris tells me she would rather eat gagh, which I take as a sign she is not taken with the idea.

The medical staff help those patients who still need help onto biobeds as Elris and Toran look around. Toran runs his fingers over the top.

TORAN
They've even cleaned for us.

ELRIS
It's good to be home.

TORAN
Home? Interesting choice of words.

ELRIS
(thinks for a moment)
Yeah, it is. Home is where the heart is and this place...
(she looks around)
This is where my heart is.

She sits down tiredly on a stool.

TORAN
Don't feel too badly for Hillman.

ELRIS
But he was getting better.

TORAN
Yes, he was, but in the end, he had to follow his own path. Like all our patients.

ELRIS
What do you mean?

TORAN
We don't choose people's fates for them, Lea. We are but tools to help them, but sometimes they're just not made right for us tools to fit them. But that isn't the tool's fault.

ELRIS
I know, but Toran takes her and looks in her eyes.
TORAN
You are a good doctor. A great doctor. Every day, you overcome impossible odds, save people that elsewhere wouldn't have a chance. There are hundreds of people alive today that wouldn't be if not for you, and who knows what countless thousands are affected by them, and what they do.

ELRIS
Maybe not always for the best.

TORAN
But isn't that what life is all about?
(beat)
Uncertainty. And nothing we do can change that. You're not God, so don't beat yourself up over it.

Elris smiles.

ELRIS
Thank you.

She suppresses a yawn.

TORAN
Now get and get some shut eye, it's been a long night for all of us. I'm sure this place can function all right without you for a bit.

ELRIS
I'm not sure whether that's an insult or a compliment.

TORAN
I'd take it as a tribute to your inspiration.

ELRIS
Now you're just making me feel sick.

TORAN
Maybe you'd better see a doctor about that.

She grins, and then yawns again.

TORAN (CONT'D)
Now go, before you fall asleep on your feet.

ELRIS
Maybe, just for a bit...
She walks out. Toran looks around, then calls over one of the nurses, the one who looked after Hillman in the recreation lounge.

TORAN
Nurse, get me all of Hillman's readouts. I need to change some readings.

NURSE
Are you sure it's wise, doctor?

TORAN
Nothing is more important to a doctor than peace of mind, Nurse, and at the moment Doctor Elris needs it more than most. She needs to think Hillman would have survived, that she would have saved him.

NURSE
Yes, Doctor, if you're sure.

TORAN
I am.

NURSE
I'll go and get them.

She walks away, and Toran sighs, looking at the door where Elris left.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

Cross is sitting at his desk, with Dojar standing in front of him silently, as the door opens and Y'lan enters.

Y'LAN
Captain, you wished to see me.

CROSS
Yes, Y'lan, I did.

He sighs and looks at the Q'tami

CROSS (CONT'D)
You know what I'm going to say to you.

Y'LAN
You are going to tell me that I needlessly jeopardized the safety of the ship and the crew.
CROSS
And what are you going to say?

Y'LAN
I am going to tell you that, far from jeopardizing the crew, I was attempting to make their lives safer.

CROSS
(angrily)
How can you expect me to believe that?

Y'LAN
Whether you believe it or not is immaterial, it is so.

CROSS
Ensign Hillman died a terrible death.

Y'LAN
Ensign Hillman died a peaceful death, which is not what would have happened, if he had remained on board.

CROSS
What were you doing? How could unleashing a shed load of chronotons onto our ship make our crew's lives safer?

Y'LAN
Captain, there are matters going on of which you have no idea. Matters that it is in your best interest to be ignorant of. This ship and I, we are bonded now, linked together in our pasts and in our future. The moment I stepped aboard, our fate was decided. There are days ahead when you will need me, and days ahead when I will need you. There are days ahead when my being here will endanger you and your people, and there are days ahead when my being here will endanger me and my people. It is a dangerous path that we are walking, but it is a path we must walk together. I cannot tell you more, but if it is any consolation, what I was attempting to do was a grave personal risk to my own mental health.

Cross sighs.
CROSS
I am tired of this shroud of secrecy, Y'lan. I am tired of not knowing whose side you are on. Time and again you are in my office, and time and again things slip by. What can I do?

Y'LAN
You can be assured I am no more happy about my presence on this ship than you are.

CROSS
I have asked Lieutenant Dojar here to check on you daily again. You must report to him, tell him what you are doing, and so on and so forth. This is not open to discussion.

Y'LAN
Yes, Captain.

CROSS
Okay, you are dismissed, Y'lan.

Y'LAN
Captain.

He turns and begins to leave.

CROSS
Y'lan.

Y'LAN
Captain?

CROSS
Did you succeed? In what you were trying to do?

Y'LAN
No, Captain. I did not.

He turns and leaves. Cross looks at Dojar.

CROSS
What do you think?

DOJAR
I think he's telling the truth. He's much less verbose when he's keeping things from us.

Cross nods.
CROSS
I sometimes wish we'd never dug him up.

They both share a grim look.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- GREY'S OFFICE

Grey is sitting at his desk, reading something on his PADD. The door chimes.

GREY
Come in.

Quinlan enters.

QUINLAN
Hi.

GREY
Hi.

QUINLAN
Nice to see the place up and running again.

GREY
We get there in the end.

Quinlan nods.

QUINLAN
Well, I was just popping in to say night -- I'm going to bed. (beat) Are you all right?

GREY
We got connected to the SCN again.

QUINLAN
Oh, good.

GREY
Do you know what one of the first messages through was?

QUINLAN
No?

GREY
Look.

He hands her a PADD.
QUINLAN
(reading)
From Helen Jacobi to Todd Hillman.
What is this?

GREY
Helen Jacobi was Todd Hillman's wife.

QUINLAN
I didn't know he was married.

GREY
Neither did I. Apparently they got married when the Enterprise was decommissioned, they decided to take the plunge.

QUINLAN
Why didn't he say something?

GREY
When the Enterprise was recommissioned, he decided it was too dangerous for his wife to come on board with him, after all that had happened.

QUINLAN
Understandable. But why couldn't he request a transfer?

GREY
(almost moved to tears)
Because, because it was his duty. And nothing was more important to him than that. Nothing.

Not even his unborn child.

QUINLAN
What?

GREY
That's what this message was. His wife had just been to the doctor, for her yearly checkup. He's going to be a father.

QUINLAN
Erik, I'm sorry.

GREY
Even though he didn't agree with what the Captain had done, he knew he had to serve under him.

(MORE)
GREY (CONT'D)

Even though he found some of Starfleet's actions nowadays questionable, he still felt he had to serve under them. Even though he didn't always understand why the galaxy was heading the way it is, he had to work within it.

QUINLAN

He seems very loyal.

GREY

Yes, he was. And he was a wizard when it came to communications. He was the one that gave me the key to what was going on.

QUINLAN

I still don't get that, why you were so fixed on that. Why it mattered so much.

GREY

(suddenly angry)

I'll tell you why it mattered, Quinlan. This ship, this Starfleet, this Federation -- it's going to the dogs. You know it and I know it. Hillman, me, we're old fashioned nowadays, not with the in crowd because we believe in things like morals and decency, loyalty.

QUINLAN

I don't think things are quite as bad as you make out, Erik.

GREY

That's just the thing, you don't notice. It's like a mother watching her child grow, it happens so slowly she doesn't notice until one day she looks and he's six feet small. Small changes, every day. Eventually they build up, but by the time they've become so big that you can't help but notice, it's too late. That is why I had to obsess about this radio array today. It was small, insignificant, didn't matter. But in the end, it did. It was an indication of a much bigger problem. It's by ignoring the small problems along the way that we've let things come to the mess they're in now.

(MORE)
GREY (CONT'D)
The mess that this ship is in, and this Federation.

QUINLAN
So why don't you just leave?

Grey looks away for a moment.

GREY
Hillman never left because he believed, ultimately, that things would get better. That there was the chance of change. And I'm the same. Because maybe, just maybe, I can make a difference, repair the little rifts in life.
  (beat)
Maybe I'll do nothing, maybe I'll only stem the flow, maybe I'll do more. But I've got to try, I've got to keep trying. Because if I don't, then that will be one more fault in the system, one more weakness, towards our end.

He gets up and turns.

GREY (CONT'D)
(throwing the shard onto the table)
In the end, it's the small things that make the biggest difference of all.

Suddenly, he breaks down, and begins crying. Quinlan gets up, walks over to him, and hugs him, and he collapses in her embrace, all the frustrations of the past few months finally welling up and breaking free.

GREY (CONT'D)
Oh God, Jen, what are we in for?

QUINLAN
I don't know, Erik, I don't know. All I do know is, there is always hope. There is always hope.

As he continues to cry into her arms, the camera pans to the shard that killed Ensign Hillman, lying next to the PADD on the table. On it is an image -- the fetal scan of Ensign Hillman's baby. On this image, we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END