

STAR TREK

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RENAISSANCE

**"To Be Someone"**

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR

A dark, gloomy corridor with exploding conduits emitting flashes of electricity occupies the opening camera shot. A few seconds later, the view starts to progress down the corridor. All that can be seen is damage. The notable silence is chilling when, suddenly, the sound of footsteps scurrying from nearby can be heard. The camera stops and pans around to move down a connecting corridor. Venting plasma gas prevents us from seeing more than 2 meters in front so the camera starts to move towards the gas. It is about to move into the gas when two worried, paranoid Nausicaans come into the shot. They look at the connecting corridor, the one we just came from, and slowly walk towards it.

NAUSICAAN 1

Well?

Nausicaan 2 looks at his own tricorder type device.

NAUSICAAN 2

Nothing.

Nausicaan 1 growls with annoyance.

NAUSICAAN 1

He's here... somewhere.

NAUSICAAN 2

But where?

Beat.

NAUSICAAN 1

He's close.

The two of them just look around, wondering. Not long after, Nausicaan 1 cautiously walks into the connecting corridor. Nausicaan 2 follows as the camera switches to another angle. They continue to look around their position anxiously as they walk down the corridor.

NAUSICAAN 1 (CONT'D)

(quietly)

How far?

Nausicaan 2 looks at his tricorder.

NAUSICAAN 2

Just another few corridors.

The two of them continue walking, suddenly hearing approaching footsteps after a time. They stop and look panicked.

Nausicaan 1 looks at Nausicaan 2, who is frantically scanning the area with his tricorder. Nausicaan 2 shakes his head at his colleague, who looks ahead, trying to see past the damaged conduits that are continuing to emit flashes of electricity. They can still hear the sound of approaching footsteps and Nausicaan 1 starts to slowly back away. His colleague is too preoccupied with his tricorder to notice when a figure starts to walk out of the venting plasma gas. His tricorder starts to beep, forcing him to look up and see the figure only just ahead of his position. He gasps with shock and looks towards his colleague, who is nowhere to be seen. Clearly surprised, he finds himself frozen and looks back to the figure, who is now upon his position.

The camera cuts to Nausicaan 1, running through the corridor as we hear the distant sound of a screaming Nausicaan, who suddenly falls silent. He is clearly rattled and heavily pants as he tries to reach his destination. He trips over an outstretched panel and, with a giant thud, hits the floor face first. The camera changes angle to show a close up of his face as he remains on the floor, not moving a single muscle. A few seconds later, he groans and starts to move. He doesn't find it easy as he continues to try to get to his feet. When he does, he continues to limp down the corridor and move towards his final destination. He arrives at a control panel and tries to get into an escape pod. The computer, however, continues to deny him access. He frantically types away at the panel, but, time and again, he is denied access.

NAUSICAAAN 1

(disbelieving)

No...

He refuses to give up and tries again. The sound of the electrical conduits startles him as they begin to emit more frequent and extreme flashes. With a worried demeanor, he starts to back away as the figure appears, walking through the flashes. The Nausicaan turns and runs away, not even knowing where to run. The camera follows his progress as he arrives at a door and enters.

INT. ENGINEERING -- CONTINUOUS

Nausicaan 1 closes the door and locks it. Standing with his back up against the door, he tries to regain his breath. He tries to be as quiet as possible, listening for sounds outside of the door. Footsteps. He hears footsteps and panic begins to set in. Moving away from the door, the Nausicaan starts to check various computer consoles, when, suddenly, he finds something of interest. The camera, briefly, shows that the console is showing the matter/antimatter mix.

NAUSICAAAN 1

(confused)

What?

He starts to work away at the control panel but, once again, to no use. He looks very panicked. The camera cuts back to the console to show that the matter/antimatter mix has risen to dangerous levels. A last look at the eyes of a scared Nausicaan before...

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP

The camera is looking through the viewscreen of another ship at the Nausicaan freighter, holding in space. Then, suddenly, the freighter explodes and debris goes everywhere. The view remains stationary before we hear the sound of a computer processing and then gradual footsteps. The camera pans around to show the boots of a particular individual. Gradually the camera does a reveal shot, moving up the body of the individual to show... a smiling Cardassian face as we....

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise drops out of warp and glides through space to arrive at Starbase 47.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 79883.1.  
The Enterprise has been ordered to Starbase 47 where I have a meeting with the commander of this sector, Admiral Bicknell. The Admiral will very shortly be transporting aboard along with Captain Robert Williams. Beyond that, I have absolutely no idea what we are doing here.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIEFING ROOM

Captain NEIL CROSS is sitting at the head of the table in an empty room. He sits there, leaning back, as he reads a padd. He is interrupted by the swooshing of the doors and the appearance of Commander TALORA. She stands to the side and holds out an arm ushering Admiral James BICKNELL, followed by Captain Robert WILLIAMS, into the room and towards Cross. Cross gets to his feet and extends a hand to Bicknell, who shakes it.

CROSS

Good to see you again, Admiral.

BICKNELL

You too, Captain.

Bicknell turns and holds his arm out towards Williams.

BICKNELL (CONT'D)

May I present Captain Robert Williams.

Williams steps forward and Cross shakes the proffered hand.

WILLIAMS

A pleasure to meet you, Captain.

CROSS

Likewise, Captain. Please, gentlemen, take a seat.

Cross walks over and sits down in his chair. Bicknell and Williams take their positions at the table. Bicknell looks over to see Talora walking towards them.

BICKNELL

That will be all, Commander.

Talora stops and nods her head in acknowledgment. She turns around and EXITS.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Talora stands there, on the Bridge, and ponders why she has been excluded from the meeting.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- BRIEFING ROOM

As before.

CROSS

Can I get you anything, gentlemen?

Bicknell shakes his head in response.

BICKNELL

Captain, we are here in regards to a critical situation with the Cardassian Union.

Cross looks intrigued and somewhat surprised.

BICKNELL (CONT'D)

Two days ago, we received a classified report of a new secret weapon that has been developed by the Cardassians. The report stated that this weapon was of unknown origin and something deemed revolutionary.

CROSS

What kind of weapon?

BICKNELL

We don't know. All we know is that only 17 hours ago, a Nausicaan freighter was lost with all hands in the Orias system. It is the third reported incident within that system in the last eight days.

WILLIAMS

The others were a Bolian science vessel and an Andorian freighter.

BICKNELL

Both lost... with all hands.

Cross looks intrigued.

CROSS

I know, in recent years, that the Orias System has been used by smugglers and pirates involved in illegal activity. The Cardassians have had serious problems in trying to contain it.

WILLIAMS

They don't have the resources or the manpower to deal with such an incident.

BICKNELL

What's of more interest is that these particular incidents, combined with reports of a new weapon, leads us to believe that this is no coincidence.

CROSS

Indeed not.

(beat)

With all due respect, Admiral, how does this concern me?

BICKNELL

We want the Enterprise to go to Cardassia and confront the Union about this. However...

Cross frowns.

CROSS

Yes?

BICKNELL

We won't be needing the Captain of the Enterprise for this mission.

Cross looks surprised.

CROSS

I'm being relieved of command?

BICKNELL

Don't make it sound so dramatic, Captain. This is a delicate situation and we need a more diplomatic commanding officer for this mission. One more familiar with the Cardassians. Someone like Admiral Edward Jellico.

CROSS

Although he's been retired for many years.

BICKNELL

Exactly. That's why we have someone else in mind.

CROSS

Admiral, I must inform you that I am more than familiar with the Cardassians.

BICKNELL

Yes, I have read your logs on those situations and have concluded that your particular talents will be of better use elsewhere.

CROSS

Oh?

Bicknell leans forward.

BICKNELL

We want you to find out what the hell is happening in the Orias System, Cross. We want you to ascertain whether this is the handiwork of a new Cardassian weapon and, if it is, we want you to take it out.

CROSS

You want me to destroy it?

BICKNELL

That's right. You have continually demonstrated high ability in tactical situations. Outside of the moral implications of the Coular Incident, the tactics used were nothing short of outstanding. I, and Starfleet operations, recognize that talent. This potential new weapon is a clear threat to the security of the Federation. We can't allow it to continue and you're the best man to make sure that doesn't happen.

Cross seems uncomfortable with that compliment, especially after everything that happened after the incident.

CROSS

How will the Cardassians react to a Federation starship coming into their space and destroying their property?

Bicknell shrugs.

BICKNELL

What would they say? The Cardassians need us a lot more than we need them. Besides, if all goes well, there is no need for them to ever find out.

Cross frowns.

CROSS

A cloaking device?

BICKNELL

That's right. We have a ship standing by not too far from here. You Lieutenant Commander Grey, Lieutenant Quinlan, and Lieutenant Dojar will be the command crew for this mission.

CROSS

Aye, sir.

Bicknell leans forward.

BICKNELL

But I must remind you that this mission is top secret. No one, including your team, must know what the mission is. They are to follow your orders blindly and assist you in whatever fashion you see fit.

CROSS

I'm not allowed to tell them anything?

Cross shakes his head.

BICKNELL

I would ideally prefer it if no one, outside of us three, knew the true extent of your or Captain Williams's mission. It is up to you whether, in the interest of the mission, you feel the need to inform someone else.

Cross nods in acknowledgment.

BICKNELL (CONT'D)

Be warned: the ramifications of telling them will be yours, and yours alone, to answer to.

CROSS

Understood, Admiral.

BICKNELL

In addition to those stated officers, an Engineering team, including Lieutenant Kinnan, was transferred over from the Leviathan a day ago. They are already on your ship, waiting.

CROSS

Is there any reason why they have been assigned as opposed to an Enterprise Engineering team?

BICKNELL

(dry)

Yes. The Leviathan team have demonstrated top of the range skills when it comes to missions of importance, such as this.

Cross seems taken aback by that revelation and merely nods in acknowledgment. His eyes then move onto Williams before returning to Bicknell.

CROSS

Am I to assume that Captain Williams here will be commanding the Enterprise in my absence?

Bicknell looks to Williams, gesturing for him to answer the question.

WILLIAMS

That is correct, Captain.

BICKNELL

Captain Williams is the perfect man for this mission. He has dealt with the Cardassians many times in recent years.

CROSS

As have I.

Bicknell sighs.

BICKNELL

Captain, I can see you're having issues with this mission so I'll just put your mind to rest now. Aside from the Coular incident, your diplomatic abilities are renowned throughout the Federation. You have, however, faced numerous inquiries and your decisions have been questioned many times.

(MORE)

BICKNELL (CONT'D)

We don't need to introduce this element of risk into an already delicate situation. I will not explain my orders anymore. You and your team will be leaving within the hour. The transfer of command will take place in your ready room just before you leave. Make all necessary preparations.

Bicknell, followed by Williams, rises to his feet. Cross just sits there for a few seconds contemplating before also rising to his feet.

CROSS

Yes, sir.

Bicknell walks away from the table, followed by Williams, and EXITS. The camera focuses in on Cross who takes a deep breath and slumps into his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING

Lieutenant Erik GREY is standing at a control panel when BOYLE comes from behind and stands over his shoulder.

BOYLE

Checking the plasma manifold?

GREY

Just making sure everything is in order before I leave.

Grey scoffs.

GREY (CONT'D)

I don't know what they're thinking of, giving us such short notice.

BOYLE

Do you know what the mission is?

Beat.

GREY

No.

BOYLE

Really? Hmm... I hope they're not keeping you out of the loop.

Grey scoffs.

GREY

Of course not. I'm sure if and when we need to know, they'll tell us.

BOYLE

You sure about that? I didn't think you had that much faith in the Captain, Erik.

Grey just turns and gives Boyle a menacing look.

GREY

You should have no problems while I'm away.

BOYLE

Don't worry, Lieutenant. I run a tight little ship around here.

GREY

I'm sure you do.

Grey turns around and EXITS. The camera changes angle to show a close up of Boyle, who smiles as she watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- READY ROOM

Cross is walking across the room gathering a few items when the door chimes.

CROSS

Come.

Talora walks in, Cross notices her and stops.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Commander.

TALORA

I thought you would like to know that Dojar, Grey and Quinlan are all standing by for transport to your undisclosed destination.

Cross smiles.

CROSS

Curious, Talora?

TALORA

It is not a quality absent among Romulans.

CROSS

I'm sure.

TALORA

Which is why I am equally curious about our new commanding officer on our forthcoming trip to Cardassia. I am more than used to seeing these sort of quick command changes happen on a Romulan ship... but not on a Federation one.

Cross stands there and smiles at his first officer.

CROSS

Sometimes the need is just and I'm sorry that you've been left out of the loop this time.

TALORA

It is somewhat disconcerting, sir.

(beat)

To be suddenly omitted from decisions and orders that are clearly going to affect the operations of this ship.

CROSS

I know, and it's not my choice. It is up to Captain Williams if he feels you need to know.

TALORA

Of course.

CROSS

Still... I have complete faith in your ability to do the job even in light of the current situation.

TALORA

Thank you, Captain.

The door chimes. Cross looks to the door.

CROSS

Come.

Williams walks into the room.

WILLIAMS

It is time, Captain.

Cross nods in acknowledgment.

CROSS

Of course. Computer transfer command codes to Captain Robert Williams. Authorization Cross Alpha Beta Two.

COMPUTER

USS Enterprise is now under the  
command of Captain Robert Williams.

WILLIAMS

I relieve you, sir.

CROSS

I stand relieved.

Cross takes a deep breath.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Certainly an informal ceremony.

WILLIAMS

The best way really. After all...  
it's not for long.

Williams smiles in what comes across as a bit over-friendly.  
Cross notices this.

CROSS

No.  
(beat, skeptical)  
Of course it isn't.

There is a beat of awkward silence as Cross and Williams  
just look at each other.

WILLIAMS

Well...

Williams claps his hands together.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

We really should get underway. We  
both have our missions, Captain.

Williams looks to Talora.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Commander, get us under way as soon  
as the Captain and his team have  
departed.

TALORA

Yes, sir.

Talora walks over to the door and EXITS. Cross takes a last  
look at Williams and then walks towards the door.

WILLIAMS

Good luck to you, Captain?

Cross stops and looks back.

CROSS

To us both.

Cross turns back around and EXITS. Williams stands in the middle of the room and looks around. He walks over to the desk and sits down in the chair behind it. He swivels slightly in the chair as he relaxes.

WILLIAMS

Oh, yes.

(beat)

I like this. I could certainly get used to it.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TRANSPORTER ROOM

Chief NARV OZRAN is standing at the controls with Dojar and Grey waiting in front of the transporter pad. Lieutenant QUINLAN walks in through the doors.

QUINLAN

Somebody order a helmsman?

DOJAR

Sure, but it looks like they forgot about the rest.

Quinlan smiles.

QUINLAN

Just means more of a challenge for the likes of us, Lieutenant.

DOJAR

(sarcastic)

Great. Another one.

QUINLAN

Any idea where we're going?

GREY

All I know is that the Starbase will be redirecting our matter streams to another location. Nothing more.

Cross enters the room and walks over to the transporter padd.

CROSS

Time to be leaving, people.

QUINLAN

Leaving for what, Captain?

CROSS

To do your duty, Lieutenant.

QUINLAN

I was hoping for slightly more details, sir.

CROSS

We don't always get what we want, Quinlan.

Quinlan shrugs it off as she, with Grey and Dojar, take their place on the transporter padd.

OZRAN

The starbase is standing by, Captain.

CROSS

Energize.

The four figures dematerialize as the transporter activates.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN TRANSPORTER ROOM

Our four intrepid heroes rematerialize out of the transporter matter stream. The camera changes angle to show a young man, DOYLE (from "Living in the Shadows"), standing at attention. He is accompanied by two marine officers, also standing at attention. Dojar looks slightly surprised as he recognizes Doyle.

DOJAR

(mutters)

Doyle.

Doyle steps forward, clearly not hearing Dojar's words.

DOYLE

Captain Cross, it is an honor to meet you sir.

Cross nods in acknowledgment.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Let me welcome, and introduce you all, to the first Starfleet Eidolon class ship...

(beat)

The USS Trafalgar.

Doyle smiles as the four of them look around the interior of the transporter room.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

There are a few marine officers operating at various stations of the Trafalgar when the turbolift doors open and out walk Cross, Quinlan, Dojar, Grey and Doyle. They have a quick look around the Bridge.

DOYLE

The Trafalgar is equipped with a third generation low-observability hull plating and sensor damper fields. The Trafalgar, in particular, comes equipped with an interphase cloaking device. It is the first Eidolon class ship to be commissioned and has been developed, in secret, due to developments in the current political climate. The first "official" Eidolon class ship will not arrive for a short while.

CROSS

What kind of developments?

DOYLE

I'm sure you've noticed a few issues with certain governments lately. These issues could present a possible threat to the Federation and that's where we come in.

QUINLAN

We, as in you marines?

DOYLE

We, marines, are here due to the nature of the mission.

GREY

That mission being?

Doyle smiles.

DOYLE

I have no more information about that than you do, Lieutenant. All I know is what I've just told you. Anything more than that would be pure speculation.

Doyle turns back to Cross.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Captain, we are cloaked and standing  
by to depart on your orders.

CROSS

Are the coordinates laid in?

DOYLE

They are, sir.

Cross nods in acknowledgment and then looks to Quinlan and Dojar.

CROSS

Stations, please.

Quinlan walks down to the helm and takes control while Dojar walks over to Tactical. Both of them look over their control panels. Quinlan appears slightly confused as she tries to find where everything is.

QUINLAN

(mutters)

Whoever said a ship is a ship was a  
damn fool.

CROSS

What was that, Lieutenant?

QUINLAN

Nothing, Captain. Nothing at all.

Cross looks to Grey and then to Doyle.

CROSS

Would you show Lieutenant Grey to  
Engineering, Mr. Doyle?

DOYLE

Yes, sir.

Doyle looks to Grey.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Kinnan has said that he's  
looking forward to meeting you again.

Grey looks slightly surprised.

GREY

Kinnan's here? Robert Kinnan, from  
the Leviathan?

DOYLE

That's right.

GREY

Hmm... this must be quite a mission if it means they need two of the most qualified chief engineers in Starfleet.

The camera angle changes to show Quinlan and Dojar look at each other.

DOJAR

A challenge, you said?

Quinlan sighs.

QUINLAN

Yeah, somehow, I don't think this is going to be too much fun.

The camera angle returns to show Doyle as he looks at Cross and then back to Grey. He holds out his arm to gesture towards the lift.

DOYLE

After you, Lieutenant.

Grey nods in acknowledgment and then walks into the lift, followed by Doyle. The camera moves back to a close up of Cross as he sits down in the command chair. He rests his arms on the sides of the chair as he attempts to get comfortable.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Doctor ELRIS is sitting at a table, sipping a drink, when roving reporter Lewis CARTER walks over.

CARTER

Good evening, Doctor.

Elris forces a smile.

ELRIS

Mr. Carter.

CARTER

Exciting times, aren't they?

ELRIS

What do you mean?

CARTER

All this intrigue.

Carter sits down, much to the disappointment of Elris.

CARTER (CONT'D)

What with several senior officers  
off on assignment, a new Captain,  
and us heading off deep into  
Cardassian space.

Elris sits there, not looking impressed.

ELRIS

And?

CARTER

Don't you want to know what this is  
all about? Something big is going  
down here.

Elris scoffs.

ELRIS

This is the Enterprise, Carter.  
Something big has been going down  
here ever since Captain Pike went to  
Talos IV.

CARTER

I know but still...

TALORA (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Doctor.

Both Elris and Carter look up to see Talora now hovering  
over the table.

TALORA (CONT'D)

I am sorry I am late.

ELRIS

(confused)

What?

TALORA

Our appointment to discuss the crew's  
recent medical evaluation?

Elris looks slightly confused before a sudden wave of  
realization hits her face.

ELRIS

Oh! Of course. How silly of me to  
forget.

TALORA

That is quite all right.

Talora looks to Carter.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Do you mind, Mr. Carter?

CARTER

Of course not. Take a seat and join the party.

Talora and Elris glance at each other, realizing that Carter had not got the hint.

TALORA

Actually, this is a...

Carter stands up and walks off-screen.

TALORA (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Private meeting.

*Elris smiles as she looks in the direction that Carter went.*

ELRIS

Looks like he found a bigger fish to fry.

Talora looks in the same direction. The camera angle changes to show Carter talking to Captain Williams. The camera returns to Talora as she sits down at the table.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

What do you make of all this, Commander?

TALORA

This is no different to any other mission.

*Elris looks slightly surprised by that response.*

ELRIS

Oh, come on. I don't remember our own Captain being reassigned before. Court-martialed, kidnapped and threatened? Yes, but not reassigned.

(beat)

There has to be something more to this.

The camera changes to a close up view of Talora.

TALORA

Possibly, Doctor.

(beat, mutters)

Possibly.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

The camera pans around the engineering section as the officers work. We then see Kinnan at a control panel, working away. Grey walks into the view and stands beside Kinnan, who has yet to notice him.

KINNAN

Looking for something to do, crewman?

GREY

What did you have in mind?

Kinnan looks to the side and realizes it is Grey. He smiles and holds out his hand. Grey shakes it.

KINNAN

Erik, good to see you again.

GREY

You too, Lieutenant.

Grey looks around Engineering as Kinnan watches him.

KINNAN

Impressive, isn't it?

GREY

It certainly is that.

KINNAN

Certainly nothing like the Phoenix class ships we work on. I was especially impressed with the size of slipstream drive.

GREY

How the hell have they made it so compact?

Kinnan smiles.

KINNAN

I'm still trying to figure it out.

There is a short beat of awkward silence.

KINNAN (CONT'D)

Erik...

(beat)

I heard about Boyle.

Grey takes a deep breath.

GREY

Did you now?

KINNAN

Yeah. Do you wanna talk about it?

Beat.

GREY

There's no need.

KINNAN

You sure?

Grey nods in an over assertive manner.

KINNAN (CONT'D)

Okay then. Remember that I'm here if you ever need to talk. Don't forget that I'm your friend.

GREY

Noted.

There is another beat of awkward silence.

KINNAN

Well... in the meantime I guess someone should go and check on the induction core stats.

GREY

I'll take care of that.

KINNAN

You sure? I've got people here who could do it.

Grey shakes his head.

GREY

No, I'll take care of it. Gives me a chance to do something and to have a look around.

KINNAN

Okay then.

Grey walks off. Kinnan watches him go before taking a deep breath and going back to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise shoots through space at warp.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

The camera is facing a closed turbolift. A few seconds later, it opens and Talora emerges. She walks past the camera, which pans around to follow her down the corridor.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- SICKBAY -- CONTINUOUS

The camera slowly moves back from a wide shot of the area to show Williams lying down on a bed taking the physical test we know from the TOS episode "The Corbomite Maneuver."

WILLIAMS

...and she then kindly informed me  
that it wasn't a Romulan but a Vulcan.  
How was I to know any different?

Elris smiles.

ELRIS

(surprised)

You had really never seen a Vulcan  
before? Not even a picture?

WILLIAMS

No, my Dad wasn't overly fond of  
them. He said all that logic wasn't  
good for the soul. Without a bit of  
emotion or feeling, what's the point  
in existence?

ELRIS

An interesting view on life.

In the background, we see the doors open as Talora walks towards Williams and Elris, who haven't noticed her yet.

WILLIAMS

If you think that's interesting then  
you should hear what my Mother thinks  
of the Tholians.

Elris crosses her arms and smiles.

ELRIS

Now, something tells me that I've  
got to hear this.

TALORA

Doctor.

Elris looks over at Talora.

ELRIS

Commander, hi.

Talora looks down at Williams.

TALORA

You asked to see me, Captain?

WILLIAMS

Commander, how long until we arrive at Cardassia?

TALORA

Approximately 3 hours, sir.

Williams nods in acknowledgment as he looks over at Elris.

WILLIAMS

Are we done here, Doctor?

Elris takes a look at her medical scanner before turning back to Williams.

ELRIS

For now, yes. However, you're going to have to tell me that story about your mother and the Tholians.

Williams smiles.

WILLIAMS

You can count on it. How about we meet up for a drink later?

ELRIS

Sounds good. What time?

WILLIAMS

I'm not sure yet. I've got some things to take care of when we reach Cardassia but they shouldn't take too long. I'll be in touch.

Elris nods in acknowledgment and then walks away. Williams sits up, stretches over and grabs a padd, which he hands to Talora.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

This is a list of things that I'll need for my session with the Cardassian delegates.

Talora looks over the padd and frowns.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Is there a problem, Commander? Something on your mind?

TALORA

No, sir. Not at all.

WILLIAMS

Then I trust I can rely on you to  
take care of it.

TALORA

Of course, Captain. I will see to  
it at once.

WILLIAMS

Good.

Talora turns around and EXITS. Williams sits there as he  
continues to get dressed and watches her go. The camera  
slowly moves in on his face as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Cross gets up out of the command chair as he looks at the viewscreen. The camera changes angle to show the viewscreen where this small, unknown craft shoots across space. The camera returns to a wide shot of the Bridge which allows us to see Quinlan at the helm, Dojar at Tactical and Doyle at Operations.

CROSS  
Identify it, Doyle.

Doyle works away at the console.

DOYLE  
I can't, sir.

Cross looks over at Doyle, perplexed.

CROSS  
What do you mean, you can't?

DOYLE  
Well, for many reasons, Captain.  
Not only is it of unknown  
configuration but the hull is built  
out of Duranium composites.

QUINLAN  
Seems everyone is trying that trick  
these days.

CROSS  
It's also something the Cardassians  
have done for many years.

Dojar looks at Cross.

DOJAR  
You think it's Cardassian, sir?

Beat.

CROSS  
I never said that, Lieutenant.

QUINLAN  
It would make sense. After all, it  
is in Cardassian space.

Cross stands there and contemplates.

CROSS

Plot in a pursuit course.

QUINLAN

Is this what we're after, Captain?

Cross ignores that question as he takes a deep breath.

CROSS

Half impulse power.

Beat.

QUINLAN

Aye, sir.

The camera changes back to show the viewscreen as the unknown craft gets closer and closer.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP

The camera is looking through the same viewscreen of the ship as was seen earlier. All that can be seen is empty space. The camera remains stationary as the Cardassian face from earlier walks to the viewscreen and stares into space.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Doyle's console starts to bleep.

DOYLE

Captain, the ship is reducing speed.

CROSS

Reduce speed to compensate.

QUINLAN

Aye, sir.

Cross walks over to Dojar.

CROSS

You detecting any signs of weapons over there?

Dojar shakes his head.

DOJAR

I'm detecting nothing, sir.

Cross turns back to look at the viewscreen.

CROSS

(mutters)

What are they up to?

Cross stands there and stares at the viewscreen.

CROSS (CONT'D)

I assume it's also protected from transporting over there.

DOJAR

"They" have some kind of shielding in place, sir.

Cross sighs as he stands there and continues to contemplate.

CROSS

Cross to Kinnan.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

Kinnan stops as he walks through Engineering. In the background we see Grey looking at Kinnan and listening in on the conversation.

KINNAN

Kinnan here, Captain.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Have you been following what's going on up here?

KINNAN

Yes, sir.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

We need to find a way to get onto that ship.

KINNAN

I've been running some scans on their shields, Captain. I've seen something similar before on a Kevoan freighter. If I'm right then they could share the same flaws as the Kevoans. A jagoholz pulse would produce a big enough gap to beam through.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

What about the cloak?

Kinnan sighs.

KINNAN

We can emit the pulse while cloaked  
but I'm afraid we'll have to decloak  
for transport.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Cross stands there and ponders over this option.

CROSS

Do it.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

As before.

KINNAN

Aye, sir.

Kinnan turns around and walks over to a nearby control panel.  
The camera follows him, with Grey standing and looking on in  
the background.

KINNAN (CONT'D)

Emitting the pulse.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Cross turns to look at Doyle who, while looking down at this  
panel, starts to slowly nod. He glances up at Cross.

DOYLE

It's working, Captain.

INTERCUT:

INT. SHIP

The camera shows the same view as before, in relative silence  
until a slight beeping comes from the computer panel. The  
camera moves down to show a hand come into view as it starts  
to press various buttons. Moments later the hand disappears  
from the view. The camera starts to move back up to now  
show that this figure is gone.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Doyle's console starts to beep as he frowns and starts to  
react.

DOYLE  
 (confused)  
 Captain...

CROSS  
 (concerned)  
 What is it?

DOYLE  
 The pulse... it's starting to  
 feedback!

CROSS  
 Kinnan?

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

Kinnan starts to work frantically away at the control panel.

KINNAN  
 I don't understand it, Captain.  
 This shouldn't be happening.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE  
 A moot point, Lieutenant.

KINNAN  
 I'm gonna have to shut it down or  
 we'll risk blowing out the...

The intercom cuts out at the same time as the lights in  
 Engineering go down and the emergency siren starts to sound.

KINNAN (CONT'D)  
 (bewildered)  
 What the hell?

Grey is working at another control panel.

GREY  
 The feedback has created a power  
 surge in the QIC. The attenuator  
 coils aren't holding the induction  
 in check. We're looking at an  
 induction overload.

Grey looks to Kinnan.

GREY (CONT'D)  
 We're going to have to eject the  
 core.

Kinnan runs over to the control panel.

KINNAN

No, I've been studying these systems for the past day. I know how I can get the attenuator coils and confinement fields back online.

Grey frowns as he looks down at the control panel.

GREY

What? I don't see how. There has been a breach and...

KINNAN

Erik, trust me, I can do this.

Kinnan is frantically working away at the control panel.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

The lights on the Bridge go down.

CROSS

Report!

DOJAR

(alarmed)

All systems are down, I have no computer control, we've lost communication and I'm detecting a power fluctuation throughout the ship.

CROSS

What's causing it?

DOJAR

That ship seems to have fed back some kind of unknown electrical impulse into our system.

CROSS

Damage?

Dojar takes a moment as he looks over the control panel. He frowns, confused.

DOJAR

What? This doesn't make any sense.

CROSS

What is it?

DOJAR

There are security forcefields in place throughout the ship. We're also suffering a continual power loss to an unknown source.

CROSS

An unknown source?

Dojar shrugs, confused.

DOJAR

I don't know, sir. It appears to be in the computer core. I don't understand it.

CROSS

Are we still cloaked?

DOJAR

Yes, sir.

Cross frowns and walks over to the turbolift only to be deflected by a forcefield.

CROSS

(frustrated, shouts)  
What the hell is going on?

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

The room is in relative darkness with a flurry of activity going on.

GREY

Robert, the attenuator coils aren't closing.

Kinnan ignores the comment as he continues to frantically work away. Grey looks at him before the console bleeps.

GREY (CONT'D)

The rate of induction is approaching dangerous levels.

Grey looks back to Kinnan.

GREY (CONT'D)

Kinnan!

KINNAN

I'm working on it.

Grey looks panicked as he stands there and watches Kinnan work before the emergency sirens stop and Kinnan smiles, proudly.

KINNAN (CONT'D)

Voila.

Grey looks bewildered.

GREY

I don't know how the hell you did that.

KINNAN

This ship and I... we go way back.

GREY

But that's not the end of our problems. We have no computer control, no communications and there are security forcefields in place throughout the ship.

Kinnan sighs.

KINNAN

(sarcastic)

Is that all?

Grey shakes his head.

GREY

And the imminent warp core breach has resulted in the emergency bulkheads coming into place. With no power, we have no way of moving them. We're stuck in here.

KINNAN

Then I guess we better start coming up with ideas.

Grey stands there and contemplates possible options as Kinnan turns around and walks over to another station. Grey continues to stand there and think as he takes a glance to his side.

GREY

Hey, you!

A human Starfleet officer, Ensign VERCOE, walks over to Grey.

VERCOE

Me, sir?

GREY

Yes, you. What's your name, Ensign?

VERCOE

Vercoe, sir. Ensign Vercoe.

GREY

Well, Vercoe, we don't have time to be standing here, doing nothing. Get over to the EPS converters and check on the flow density.

VERCOE

Yes, sir.

Vercoe walks off as Grey stands there and looks slightly apprehensive about the entire situation.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise, escorted by a Cardassian warship, moves into orbit of Cardassia.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 79887.1.

The Enterprise has arrived at Cardassia for diplomatic talks with the Cardassian Union. Two representatives of this government will shortly beam aboard to begin talks with myself. I have been surprised to find the Enterprise, and its crew, to be of a fine standard and hope they continue to impress me.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TRANSPORTER ROOM

Ozran is working at the transporter console when Williams walks into the room and looks at Ozran.

OZRAN

I've received the coordinates of the diplomats, Captain.

WILLIAMS

Then, by all means, bring them up.

Ozran activates the controls as two Cardassian figures re-materialize out of the transporter matter stream. Williams smiles and walks towards them.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, it is a pleasure to meet you. I am Captain Robert Williams, commanding officer of the Enterprise.

DEVALE

I am called Devale.

KURET

And I am called Kuret.

WILLIAMS

I am honored by your presence.

DEVALE

Thank you, Captain.

Williams holds his arm out as a gesture.

WILLIAMS

Please, if you would come this way.

The two Cardassians do as asked and walk out of the door. Williams looks over at Ozran as he follows.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Thank you, Chief.

OZRAN

You're welcome, sir.

Williams EXITS as Ozran goes back to working at the console.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Doyle is at an ODN access point, with Dojar, Cross and Quinlan standing behind, watching intently. Doyle takes a mobile computer unit and plugs it into the ODN access point.

QUINLAN

I still don't get what you're doing.

DOYLE

One of the safety protocols on the Trafalgar is to prevent any outside force gaining control of our computer. If it detects an intrusive program, or virus, it immediately locks out every system.

DOJAR

But then it becomes impossible for anyone to use.

DOYLE

Exactly. If no one has access then it slows down the progress of the virus.

QUINLAN

It's like being in a corridor of doors and every door is locked.

DOYLE

Exactly, and every one of those doors has another door and another door and many more inside it. Eventually it will be able to kick them all down but it's gonna take some time. However, there is a small part of the computer that has been locked off from the rest. It can only be accessed with this emergency computer module at this ODN access point.

QUINLAN

And you're going to use it to interface this module into the computer and reroute power from the cloak to destroy the security field emitters?

DOYLE

Which will then allow us to move freely around the ship via the Jefferies tubes.

DOJAR

It's all very well in theory but it's not going to work.

DOYLE

We'll see.

DOJAR

You can't take power from a system like the cloak and reroute it like that. They're not compatible!

Doyle stops and looks back at Dojar.

DOYLE

Trust me, I know things.

DOJAR

What things?

Doyle winks before returning to work. Dojar stands there and simply scoffs in response.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Nonsense.

Dojar turns around and walks across the Bridge to where Cross and Quinlan are working.

QUINLAN

Well, with most of the marines trapped on the decks below, it doesn't leave us with many options.

DOJAR

Captain, wouldn't it make sense, in light of recent events, to bring us up to speed on what we're doing out here?

Beat.

CROSS

No.

DOJAR

But, sir, that ship has clearly inflicted damage upon us. How can we act if we don't know what that ship is and what it wants?

CROSS

I don't know what that ship is, Lieutenant.

DOJAR

Do you have your suspicions?

CROSS

Possibly that they are none of your concern. All you need to worry about is following my orders. You are required to do nothing more than obey the chain of command.

DOJAR

Yes, sir.

QUINLAN

What about Grey and the others in Engineering? What are they going to do about this situation? After all, it stands to reason that they will know about as much as we do.

Cross takes a deep breath.

CROSS

We can't afford to start double guessing ourselves here. For all we know they could have been killed in the attack. We need to work on the assumption that we're the only ones alive.

QUINLAN

And try to retake control of the ship.

CROSS

Exactly.

DOYLE (O.S.)  
Ah-ha! Got it.

The three of them look down to Doyle.

DOYLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I've managed to reroute the power from the cloak and deactivate the security fields. The cloak is now offline.

Dojar looks miffed.

DOJAR  
How the hell did you do that?

Doyle smiles.

DOYLE  
I have talents.

QUINLAN  
It's reassuring to know that one of us around here does.

CROSS  
So we've got access to the majority of the ship?

DOYLE  
Yes, sir. However, we weren't able to gain access to Engineering. Emergency bulkheads are in place.

QUINLAN  
Do you know why?

DOYLE  
No, but I think its safe to assume that it has something to do with our friend in the computer.

CROSS  
We need to find this thing and quick. The danger it poses to this ship is formidable. Doyle and I will work with the other marines to track down this virus and eliminate it. We will restore computer control to the Bridge so I need you two to stay here.

DOJAR  
Captain, with all due respect, your place is on the Bridge.

CROSS

As you should know by now, Dojar, I rarely go by the rule book.

DOJAR

Nevertheless, I am the chief security officer and it is my job to deal with issues that threaten the security of this ship.

DOYLE

This isn't the Enterprise, Dojar. I don't remember anyone granting that title on this ship.

Dojar glances over at Doyle, not looking impressed.

DOJAR

And I don't remember asking for your opinion.

Dojar turns back to Cross.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Captain?

CROSS

I want you here at tactical, Dojar. As soon as we get power back, I want you to destroy that ship.

Dojar and Quinlan look at each other, confused.

QUINLAN

Does that order fall in line with our mission objectives, Captain?

Beat.

CROSS

Are we clear, people?

DOJAR

(downbeat)

Yes, sir. Very clear.

Cross nods as he and Doyle EXIT the Bridge. Dojar looks at Quinlan who shrugs as the camera changes to show this unknown ship on the viewscreen.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

The camera shows Ensign Vercoe staring down at something on the ground and offscreen. The camera moves down to show a dead human Starfleet officer lying on the ground.

A few moments later the camera moves back up to show that Ensign Vercoe is actually the Cardassian we know from the ship before. He turns to the right and proceeds to walk through the wall as the camera moves back down onto the dead body as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

Grey is crouched over the dead body from before scanning him with a tricorder as Kinnan stands over.

KINNAN

(mumbles)

Ensign Parry.

(beat)

My god. What could have happened?

GREY

His neck was broken.

KINNAN

I told you there was no Ensign Vercoe aboard this ship. I sent Parry off to check the flow density of the EPS converters. Unfortunately, it looks like I also sent him to his death.

GREY

Don't start thinking like that, Robert. Given our current situation it appears pretty obvious that we have an intruder aboard.

KINNAN

Not just an intruder but a killer as well.

Grey continues his scan as he finds something interesting.

GREY

Robert, look at this.

Kinnan looks at the readings.

KINNAN

Omicron particles?

GREY

They're unusually configured. Like nothing I've ever seen before.

Grey moves closer to the body and moves the tricorder across the body of the deceased Engineer. It reaches his neck and then starts to beep. Grey looks at the readings, intrigued.

GREY (CONT'D)

The highest amount of concentration is in the region around his neck.

KINNAN  
(convinced)  
That can't be a coincidence.

Grey shakes his head.

GREY  
No, it's not.

Grey and Kinnan just stare at each other, looking they're both having the very same thoughts.

KINNAN  
A hologram? A hostile hologram has  
invaded our ship?

GREY  
It makes the most sense.

Kinnan sighs.

KINNAN  
Then it could be anywhere, it could  
get anywhere.

Grey looks at Kinnan as he starts to fiddle with his tricorder, clearly indicating that he is feeling some nerves at this point in time.

GREY  
And it's in control of the Trafalgar.  
We need to do something about that.

Kinnan chuckles slightly.

KINNAN  
Any ideas on how to do that, Erik?

Grey stands there and thinks. He just stares into space for a few moments before looking down at his hand to see what he is doing with the tricorder. Now aware of his actions, he stops and just looks at it. He smiles to himself.

GREY  
The tricorders.

KINNAN  
What about them?

GREY  
We could network about three or five  
of them together and connect them  
into the control panel. The combined  
power of their memory cells would  
allow us to get some computer control.

KINNAN

Maybe, but you're talking about a lot of crude work for what could be only a few seconds of access.

Grey sighs.

GREY

I don't see that we have any other options.

KINNAN

Then let's do it and find out what the hell is going on around here.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Cross and Doyle are crawling through the tube.

CROSS

This isn't what I was expecting to be doing on this mission.

DOYLE

What did you expect, sir?

CROSS

I don't know, but I can't say that I really wanted to be here, doing this.

DOYLE

Well, I for one, am glad you are here, sir. I cannot think of a single commanding officer in Starfleet that I would rather serve under.

Cross looks slightly shocked and looks at Doyle.

CROSS

Are you mocking me, soldier?

DOYLE

Of course not, sir. I am completely serious.

CROSS

Then why all the flattery?

DOYLE

I'm just pointing out my admiration for you, Captain. You are a much idolized figure amongst the marine corps.

CROSS  
Idolized? Why?

DOYLE  
For your style, for your panache,  
for the way you deal with situations.  
That is, after all, why you were  
assigned to this mission and I can't  
think of a better man for the job.

Cross frowns, skeptical and slightly curious.

CROSS  
You seem to know a lot about me,  
Doyle.

DOYLE  
Of course, sir. You are the hero of  
Coular.

Cross stops there in his tracks, shocked.

CROSS  
I'm what?

Doyle also stops and looks over at Cross.

DOYLE  
The hero of Coular. The mastermind  
of a tactician who put an end to the  
cowardly Klingon attackers.

Cross scoffs.

CROSS  
I'm no hero, Doyle.

DOYLE  
Why not, sir?

CROSS  
Because what I did was wrong. I  
killed people, I didn't follow orders  
and I have learned to accept that  
fact and move on.

DOYLE  
I am aware of what the courts ruled,  
sir; but that does not alter the way  
that I, or many others, see the  
incident. You were betrayed by your  
own government. Starfleet should've  
awarded you a medal of valor for  
what you did.

CROSS

Doyle, what I did at Coular was not true to my responsibilities as a Starfleet officer and as a ship's Captain. I'm no hero.

Cross begins to crawl off again.

DOYLE

I'm sorry, Captain, but that's not the way I see it.

Cross stops and pays attention.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

You may have come to accept what you did as "wrong" and a million other people may agree with you, but one man's butcher is another man's hero. That's why I, and the other marines on this ship, admire and deeply respect you for what you did that day.

Doyle starts to crawl on, leaving Cross to ponder on what he has just been told.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- CORRIDOR (DECK FIVE)

The camera is positioned to be looking down the middle of a corridor when, suddenly, the Cardassian Virus walks through the wall and into the shot. The camera changes angle to show a close up view of this Virus and it looks down both ends of a corridor before suddenly disappearing into thin air.

Just after it disappears three marines come scurrying through the corridor, weapons ready and looking alert. The one at the front points the other two to go in different directions. They both move off as one marine remains and continues to look around. In the background we see the Cardassian move through the wall and from behind the marine.

The camera is positioned in the middle of the corridor as it swings to the right to see one marine standing, weapon in hand, alert. It then swings to the left to see another marine, similarly posed. Then we hear a distant scream as both men come running from both sides and down the corridor. A few moments later and they arrive to see this marine lying on the ground, dead. The two of them just looking at each other, worried.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- CORRIDOR (DECK THREE)

The camera maintains a close up view of the closed hatchway as it opens up to reveal Doyle. He looks ahead at something we can't see, a bit worried. The camera changes angle to show, from his perspective, a group of five marines pointing phasers at him. Doyle breathes a sigh of relief.

DOYLE

Glad to see you boys are already on the case.

The five marines lower their weapons. The one at the front, MATTHEWS, moves back to allow for Doyle to jump down.

MATTHEWS

We were only just released from security containment. As soon as we were, we got our weapons, tricorders and made sure to secure all decks, except for Engineering.

Cross proceeds to exit the hatchway and onto the floor. He looks around at the group of marines before picking out Matthews.

CROSS

What's our situation, soldier?

Matthews moves to immediate attention.

MATTHEWS

All decks, except for Engineering, have been secured and contain no unauthorized intruders, sir.

CROSS

Very go...

MARINE (O.S.)

Sir!

Cross, Doyle, Matthews and others look to one side of the corridor where four marines arrive on the scene. They look slightly panicked.

MARINE (CONT'D)

Sir, we lost Edwards and Campen.

CROSS

What happened to them?

MARINE

Something got them, sir. It broke their necks down on Deck Five. We scouted the immediate vicinity and then evacuated the deck.

CROSS

Something got them?

MARINE

Didn't see it, sir. Didn't even hear it.

Cross looks at Doyle.

DOYLE

It would appear that this Virus has acquired physical form.

Cross nods in acknowledgment and then looks at Matthews and notices a tricorder on his belt.

CROSS

Can I have that?

Matthews immediately hands over his tricorder, whilst still standing at attention.

MATTHEWS

Of course, sir.

Cross looks at the marines to notice they are all standing at attention.

CROSS

At ease, gentlemen. We have a job to do here, and, although I appreciate the gesture, we're not going to get it done by keeping our backs straight all day.

The marines all go to ease as Cross looks at the Tricorder and walks around the area. Doyle follows him. A few moments later and Cross looks confused.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Doyle, what do you make of this?

Cross hands him the tricorder. Doyle looks it over and frowns.

DOYLE

I'm not sure, sir. It would appear that the virus has been gradually rerouting power to different sections of the ship.

Doyle walks up to a panel, opens it up and scans it with the tricorder.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Somehow, and don't ask me how its been done, the replicators have been integrated into the ships power conduits to create some hologenerators. It appears that it is producing omicron particles.

Cross frowns.

CROSS

But I thought that could only be created by matter/antimatter reactions.

DOYLE

Like I said, sir, don't ask me to explain it.

Cross nods in acknowledgment and takes a moment to think.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise cruises past in orbit of Cardassia.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

The camera pans across the bar, where many officers are placed enjoying their drinks and some light conversation. The camera comes upon the door, which opens as Talora walks through. The camera moves in on her face as she looks around the area before spotting what she's after. The camera angle changes to show, from her first person perspective, Williams and Elris enjoying a drink at a table. Talora takes a deep breath and walks over, with the camera following from over her shoulder.

ELRIS

...and it turned out that it wasn't her drink but it was the Whagosh's urine!

Williams smiles and screws up his face slightly.

WILLIAMS

That's... gross.

Elris chuckles.

ELRIS

You have no idea.

TALORA

Captain...

Both Williams and Elris look up.

WILLIAMS

Hello, Commander. What can I do for you?

TALORA

I just arrived on the Bridge where Lieutenant Cale informed me that two Cardassians delegates had come aboard, and since left, the ship.

WILLIAMS

That's right.

Talora stands there waiting for him to volunteer some more information rather than having to pry it out of him.

TALORA

Well, as the first officer, shouldn't I have been informed of such an important meeting?

WILLIAMS

It wasn't necessary. They came aboard, we talked and now it's done with.

Talora frowns.

TALORA

We have accomplished our mission?

WILLIAMS

We have.

Talora stands there, once again, feeling like not much is being said.

TALORA

Then shall I plot a return course to Starbase 47?

Williams shakes his head and stands up.

WILLIAMS

No, I'll do that. I've got something to take care of anyway.

Williams looks down at Elris.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Thanks for the drink, Doctor.

Elris smiles in response as Williams walks out of the scene. Talora just stands there and looks down at Elris. Elris, feeling slightly uncomfortable after a while, frowns.

ELRIS

Why are you looking at me like that?

TALORA

You seem to be on friendly terms  
with the Captain, Doctor.

ELRIS

Yeah, he's a nice guy. Somewhat a  
rarity in this day and age.

Talora merely nods in acknowledgment as she stands there,  
not going anywhere and not saying anything either. Elris,  
noticing this, seems a bit taken aback by it.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Do you not think so?

TALORA

I am having... difficulties in judging  
his character.

ELRIS

How so?

Elris holds out her arm to gesture for Talora to sit down,  
which she does.

TALORA

So far, the Captain has not been  
forthcoming with any information  
about this mission.

ELRIS

Maybe there just isn't anything to  
tell.

TALORA

As first officer, I should be kept  
informed of all command decisions  
and have all available information  
pertaining to the operations of this  
ship.

(beat)

It seems like everyone else around  
here, apart from me, is just willing  
to accept that!

ELRIS

Talora, I don't think you've given  
the Captain a chance. He's a really  
nice guy with some interesting  
stories. Listening to them and  
telling a few of your own is the  
best way to get to know somebody.

(MORE)

ELRIS (CONT'D)

It's one of the first steps in developing a relationship. It allows you to become more familiar and trusting with each other.

TALORA

And, after hearing these stories, Doctor, do you think you can trust Captain Williams?

Elris sits there and ponders that thought.

ELRIS

Yes, yes I do.

TALORA

I see.

ELRIS

I don't think you really do. If you hadn't noticed, Talora, things haven't been exactly buzzing on this ship lately. Relationships are strained and some people are at each other's throats. Some nights you only have to walk in here and the vibes are chilling. However, in the last day or so that has all changed and I like the way it is now.

TALORA

I have to wonder if people on this ship have accepted Captain Williams too easily.

ELRIS

Maybe they have, but that's up to each individual. We both know what a year this has been and what an affect it has had on the crew. Maybe, just maybe, they've accepted this change of command because, deep down, they want it to stay like this.

TALORA

Do you want it to stay like this?

Elris sits there and sighs whilst pondering her answer.

ELRIS

Neil may be my ex-husband, but he's not the same man I knew back then.

TALORA

So you're saying that you would prefer Robert Williams to remain Captain of the Enterprise?

ELRIS

I'm saying that I could certainly live with it.

Talora sits there and nods her head in acknowledgment, feeling uncomfortable with that answer.

ELRIS (CONT'D)

Couldn't you?

Talora stands up.

TALORA

I think, orders or no orders, Captain Cross would have kept me "in the loop".

Talora turns around and proceeds towards the exit. The camera angle changes to a close up view of Elris who sits there and reflects.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Quinlan is sitting at the Helm with her feet up on the console, bored. Dojar is pacing around the Bridge like a caged animal.

DOJAR

I don't like feeling as helpless and useless as this.

QUINLAN

Well, get used to it, Gril. For the moment, we're not going anywhere.

All of a sudden the ship shakes a bit as it starts to move. Quinlan takes her feet down and looks at her console.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Or I could be wrong.

Dojar walks over to the station.

DOJAR

What is it?

Quinlan reads the control panel.

QUINLAN

It would appear that we have locked onto that ship with a tractor beam and are now on course for Orias III.

DOJAR

I'll go and tell the Captain.

Dojar goes to leave.

QUINLAN

Dojar, wait. Take a look at this.

Dojar stops and looks down at the readings as the camera moves in to gauge his reaction. He looks instantly concerned.

DOJAR

Looks like I better be quick.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- CORRIDOR (DECK THREE)

Cross stands there, arms crossed, pondering his next move.

CROSS

Doyle, is it possible to track these omicron particles?

DOYLE

The tricorder is configured for that, sir.

CROSS

Good.

DOYLE

May I ask what you have in mind, Captain?

CROSS

It would appear that we have a virus embedded in our computer that is using these omicron particles to acquire physical form.

DOYLE

At least the lack of currently available power will restrict the strength to manageable levels, for now. However, our phasers would be useless against it.

CROSS

How long will it before it has access to the entire ship?

DOYLE

Maybe an hour, maybe less.

CROSS

Then we need to get rid of it while it still has a weakness. If it's a computer based virus that needs a hologenerator to acquire physical form then its weakness is the computer itself and computers have off switches.

DOYLE

Now that we have deactivated the forcefields, we could get to the computer core via the Jefferies tube and simply reboot the system.

CROSS

As the system reboots, we could use the personal interface in the computer core to regain control of the ship.

MATTHEWS

But surely, if it's a virus, it wouldn't take long to spread again and regain control.

DOYLE

Yes, but not unless we do something to it first. Something that removes the threat it poses to us.

Cross smiles as a thought hits his mind.

CROSS

And I know what. Doyle, you're with me. Matthews, you an...

DOJAR (O.S.)

Captain!

Cross stops and looks back to the hatchway to see Dojar exit and walk towards him.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

Whatever force is in control of this ship has just locked onto that ship with a tractor beam and is heading for Orias III at full impulse.

DOYLE

Why would we be going to Orias III?

DOJAR

No, you don't understand. We're not heading for Orias III orbit, we're heading straight, full on, for the planet's surface.

RENAISSANCE: "To Be Someone" - ACT FOUR

55.

The camera moves in on Cross' worried face as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Dojar and Matthews are crawling side by side through one of the Jefferies tubes, looking very alert.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- CORRIDOR (DECK THREE)

Several marines stand at different parts of the corridor, fully alert and waiting. The camera shows a close up view of a particularly on edge marine, as he stands at a corridor intersection. In the background we see the Virus appear out of nowhere.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Cross and Doyle are crawling side by side through another one of the Jefferies tubes.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

Grey and Kinnan are continuing their work, as they try to interface their network of tricorders into the control panel.

KINNAN

The interface isn't configuring properly.

GREY

Just run it past the secondary relay.

Kinnan nods in acknowledgment as he carries on with the work.

KINNAN

Erik...

(beat)

What are we going to do with this if it works?

Grey goes to speak when an alarm starts to sound.

GREY

Maybe find out what has started that alarm and stop it.

Grey and Kinnan continue their work, picking up the pace.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Cross and Doyle continue to crawl along the cramped space.

DOYLE

Captain, I must tell you that I think this is a truly brilliant plan.

CROSS  
Knock it off, Doyle.

DOYLE  
Yes, sir.

The camera angle changes as Cross and Doyle arrive into the computer area. They look around anxiously and begin to check over the hardware.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- CORRIDOR (DECK THREE)

A young female marine walks along her patrol route when she hears the sound of a nearby scream. She gulps.

FEMALE MARINE  
(mutters)  
It's here.

She grips her weapon tightly.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Dojar and Matthews continue to crawl along, cautiously, with weapons ready.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

Grey and Kinnan are frantically finishing off their work. The two of them stop their work at the same time and just look at each other.

KINNAN  
Ready?

GREY  
As ready as ever.

Kinnan presses a button on the control panel. A small section of the panel lights back up. Kinnan starts to work away at the panel.

KINNAN  
All primary command functions are locked off. All secondary systems as well. I can't access the internal sensors but I'm trying to access the internal diagnostics.

Kinnan frowns.

KINNAN (CONT'D)

This is interesting. Power was rerouted from the phasing cloak to the security forcefields. It managed to blow out all the emitters.

GREY

Rerouted from where?

KINNAN

From the Bridge.

GREY

That must mean that the Captain and others have the freedom of the ship. I'm sure they would have come up against our friend in the computer by now and managed to work it all out.

KINNAN

They will know about the threat to the ship and try to do something about it. They'll know that Engineering is locked off by emergency bulkheads so will direct their attention elsewhere.

(beat)

But where?

Grey and Kinnan look deep in thought. The panel bleeps.

KINNAN (CONT'D)

(urgent)

We're losing our link.

Grey walks over to the control panel and starts to work away.

KINNAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

GREY

I can re-route the power from the tractor beam to this particular subsystem. It will help the others if they're doing what I think they're doing.

Kinnan watches Grey as he works away.

KINNAN

But, Erik, where you're sending it doesn't make any sense.

GREY

On the contrary, as you should know  
by now, Captain Cross rarely goes by  
the rule book.

Grey continues to frantically work away. The panel bleeps  
again as Kinnan looks down.

KINNAN

We're losing the connection.

GREY

Almost there.

KINNAN

Ten seconds.

GREY

Almost there.

Grey continues to work away as Kinnan watches the panel.

KINNAN

Three, two, one... we're out.

Grey stands up and takes a deep breath.

KINNAN (CONT'D)

Did you do it?

GREY

It was close.

Kinnan frowns.

KINNAN

You don't know?

GREY

Looks like we'll have to wait and  
see what happens.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- CORRIDOR (DECK THREE)

The Virus stands over the dead body of the female marine  
when it suddenly reacts just as if it's processing some  
information and then disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Dojar and Matthews continue crawling along until they reach  
the main computer core. Dojar walks over to the control  
panel and starts to work away.

Matthews remains alert as he stands at the entrance to the Jefferies tube. The camera angle changes to a close up view of Dojar as he concentrates and prepares himself.

DOJAR

Let's see if I can do this.

VOICE (O.S.)

I sincerely doubt it.

Dojar looks to the side, where we see Matthews fall to the ground to reveal the Virus, once again sporting a Cardassian face, behind. Dojar raises his weapon to the Virus and starts to slowly back off.

DOJAR

Keep back.

The Virus raises his hands.

VIRUS

I'm not here to hurt you, Dojar.

DOJAR

There are some dead marines on this ship who would disagree with you, if they were still able to talk.

VIRUS

He is a threat to me. He is a threat to both of us.

Dojar scoffs.

DOJAR

How do you figure that?

VIRUS

Because we are both the same. We are both Cardassian.

DOJAR

(dismissive)

You're not Cardassian.

VIRUS

I am as every bit Cardassian as you are, Dojar. Every fiber of my being, every fiber of what I am is Cardassian. My heart is of that world.

DOJAR

You're a computer program, you don't have a heart!

VIRUS

Not in the same way as you, no, but I am of Cardassia. I am here to protect that world, its space and every single Cardassian.

DOJAR

Protect them? How?

VIRUS

I'm here for them. Cardassia has been a world without power for the last 30 years, not able to defend its own space or even feed its own people. The millions of dead Cardassians at the end of the Dominion war changed the attitude of the people. There was no reason to fight anymore. No reason for them to be out here in space dying for a cause they neither felt was just or right. But there were a few who felt as strong as ever about protecting the future of Cardassia and one of them created me.

DOJAR

How many more of you are they?

VIRUS

I'm the prototype, still in the field experimental stage, but it won't be long before many more of us are out here fighting for the future.

DOJAR

But what you're doing is murdering others! You're not just warning them off like a patrol vessel. You're invading their ship, violating their computer and murdering them!

VIRUS

It is they who are in the wrong. By violating our space, they are committing a hostile act against the interests of Cardassia. I am the law out here and I do what I must.

DOJAR

You're making it sound like it's an us versus them scenario... it isn't.

VIRUS

Yes, it is.

(MORE)

VIRUS (CONT'D)

How long do you think it will be before the likes of the Federation get bored of helping us? Sooner, or later, they will decide to enforce their might upon us and take what they want. We must be prepared to defend ourselves.

DOJAR

This is just paranoia. You can't defend against that.

VIRUS

It's a contingency plan. A show of force, a sign that the Cardassian Union is not as weak or feeble as the others think.

(beat)

We will prevail. I had hoped you would understand and join me but clearly I am wrong. You are not truly Cardassian.

DOJAR

I am truly Cardassian, but I just don't see the Universe the same way as you, your creator or the government. And because of that, I will stop what you're doing here.

VIRUS

What do you think you can do to stop me?

DOJAR

It's simple. I can pull the plug.

VIRUS

You're out of your mind if you think that I'm going to let you shut me down.

Dojar smiles.

DOJAR

Me? Whoever said anything about me doing it?

The Virus processes some information and looks angry.

VIRUS

Cross.

The Virus looks confused as it partly disappears for a moment before finding that it can't. Dojar watches on and smiles.

DOJAR  
Looks like you've been outsmarted  
this time, HAL.

The Virus, seething, makes a quick dart for Dojar, as he quickly taps a button on the computer console.

DOJAR (CONT'D)  
(urgent)  
Now, sir!

The Virus knocks Dojar to the ground with a football tackle.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Cross presses a button on the control panel and all the lights and power on the ship start to go down.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

Grey, Kinnan and company look around as the lights and power start to go down.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Quinlan sits at the Helm and looks around as the lights and power go down.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Pitch black darkness.

CROSS  
Ready to do your stuff, Doyle?

DOYLE  
Yes, sir.

All that can be heard is some shuffling.

CROSS  
Ow! That was my foot, dammit.

DOYLE  
Sorry, sir.

A few seconds later and the lights come up slightly to show Doyle working away at the panel.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Quinlan looks at the viewscreen, tense. The camera angle changes to show the surface of Orias III now occupying the whole screen.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Dojar lies on the ground and gazes up as the Virus' holographic form flickers from being on and off.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

As before.

CROSS

Doyle?

DOYLE

Working on it, Captain. The helm control system is locked up.

CROSS

Then don't worry about it. Go for a system you've already worked with, something easier for you to access, like the phasing cloak!

Doyle nods in acknowledgment and continues to frantically work away.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

The viewscreen shows the Trafalgar getting closer and closer to impacting with the planet.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Dojar is now standing up as he continues to watch the Virus flicker on and off before disappearing for good.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

As before.

DOJAR'S COMM VOICE  
Captain, the Virus' holographic form  
is gone!

CROSS  
Acknowledged.

Cross looks to Doyle.

CROSS (CONT'D)  
Doyle?

Doyle continues to frantically work away at the panel.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Quinlan starts to close her eyes as the Trafalgar is just  
about to impact with the planet.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Doyle continues to work and smiles.

DOYLE  
(delighted)  
Got it!

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Quinlan continues to wince as the Trafalgar moves through  
the planet like it was nothing more than empty space. A few  
seconds later and it comes out the other side. Quinlan sighs  
a breath of relief.

QUINLAN  
When I get back to the Enterprise,  
I'm going to have to recheck my  
insurance policy.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Doyle continues to work away at the panel as Cross leans  
against the wall and takes a moment.

CROSS  
(mutters)  
I'm going to have to work on improving  
my diplomatic skills.

DOYLE

Sir?

Cross chuckles.

CROSS

Nothing, Doyle.

Doyle nods in acknowledgment.

DOYLE

We have control of most systems now,  
Captain.

Cross taps his commbadge.

CROSS

Cross to Quinlan.

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE

Quinlan here, sir.

CROSS

Quinlan, destroy that damn ship!

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

QUINLAN

Aye, sir.

Quinlan works away at the helm as she brings the Trafalgar back to the other side of the planet. The camera angle changes to show the viewscreen, which shows nothing but the vastness of space.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Captain, the ship... it's gone.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE

Gone, what do you mean it's gone?

QUINLAN

It's just gone, Captain.

Quinlan looks down at her control panel.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

It's not showing up on sensors.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

Cross sighs.

CROSS

Gone.

*Beat.*

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE

Course, Captain?

CROSS

Home, Lieutenant. Take us home.

Cross just sits there and stares into space.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAFALGAR -- QUARTERS

Darkness. The doors open and in steps a figure, not showing up due to the surroundings.

DOYLE

Lights.

The lights go up to show Doyle, with Cross sitting down in the background.

CROSS

Hello, Doyle.

Doyle turns around.

DOYLE

Captain, what are you doing here?

CROSS

I thought it was about time we had a talk.

DOYLE

A talk, sir?

CROSS

A talk about what exactly happened in the Orias system.

DOYLE

Sir?

CROSS

Don't play the fool with me. We both know what happened. From day one there was something different about you, your attitude to this entire situation. You knew why I had been assigned to this mission. You've known a lot more than you've ever said.

(MORE)

CROSS (CONT'D)

(beat)

We didn't beat the Virus, did we?  
It left and I want to know why!

DOYLE

(innocent)

I don't know what you're talking  
about, Captain.

CROSS

Is that what your line is going to  
be here? Ignorance? What did those  
marines die for, Doyle? What was  
that sacrifice worth?

DOYLE

The future, Captain. It was worth  
the future.

CROSS

Who's future?

DOYLE

All of ours, sir.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

I thought you said I was your hero.

DOYLE

You are, sir.

CROSS

But despite that fact, you're not  
telling me what I want to know!

DOYLE

I wish I could but they don't know  
which side you're on yet.

CROSS

Who? Who is they?

DOYLE

The factions.

CROSS

Factions? What factions?

DOYLE

Captain, I would've thought that all  
your experiences with Admiral Delfune  
would help you to understand that  
there are forces at work within the  
Federation.

CROSS

Forces? Is that it? Do you work  
for Delfune?

DOYLE

I can neither confirm or deny that  
theory, Captain. But let me tell  
you this... in the end, we're all  
going to have to choose a side.

Cross stands up and walks right up to Doyle, face to face.

CROSS

Where is the virus?

DOYLE

Somewhere safe.

CROSS

(demanding)

Where?

Beat.

DOYLE

Maybe you should ask Captain Williams  
that one, sir.

Cross frowns slightly as he tries to put the pieces together.

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE

Quinlan to Cross. Captain, we're  
approaching Starbase 47.

Cross doesn't deter from looking Doyle right in the eyes.

DOYLE

I better get up to the Bridge.

(beat)

It was an honor to serve with you,  
sir.

Doyle turns around and goes to exit.

CROSS

Doyle...

Doyle stops just as he reaches the door and looks back.

CROSS (CONT'D)

You were wrong, I'm not a hero. I  
let my emotions get the better of me  
and I took things into my own hands.  
That isn't the way.

Beat.

DOYLE

Whatever you think now, sir, and  
whatever you do from this point on...  
you're still a hero to me.

Doyle EXITS as Cross stands there and contemplates.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Starbase 47 hangs in space.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- ENGINEERING

Kinnan stands at the control panel and works away as Grey  
walks over. Kinnan looks over at him.

KINNAN

You off now, Erik?

GREY

I am.

KINNAN

Are you actually going to tell me  
how you knew the Captain would  
actually be in the secondary computer  
core?

Grey shrugs.

GREY

I know the Captain, I know the way  
he thinks. I figured he'd want to  
confuse the Virus and that's why I  
used the power to disable the  
replicator systems in that area.

KINNAN

It was truly brilliant. Just goes  
to show how well you know your  
Captain.

GREY

Yeah, but I'm still not sure if that's  
a good thing.

Kinnan extends his hand, which Grey in-turn shakes.

KINNAN

It was good working with you again,  
Lieutenant.

GREY

You too, Lieutenant.

(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

For a moment, it almost felt like  
the good old days.

Kinnan smiles.

KINNAN

Take care.

GREY

Will do.

Grey turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR

Williams and Talora walk along, side by side. There is a  
noticeable silence between them. They soon enter through  
some doors.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- TRANSPORTER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Williams and Talora enter the room. Williams looks over to  
Ozran.

WILLIAMS

Chief?

OZRAN

The Captain and party are standing  
by, sir.

WILLIAMS

Then bring them home.

Cross, Quinlan, Dojar and Grey re-materialize out of the  
transporter matter stream.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Captain, welcome back.

Cross walks down to Williams.

CROSS

Thank you. It's good to be back.

Williams nods in acknowledgment.

WILLIAMS

Computer transfer command codes to  
Captain Neil Cross. Authorization  
Williams Gamma Alpha Nine.

COMPUTER VOICE  
USS Enterprise is now under the  
command of Captain Neil Cross.

The camera angle changes quickly to show Talora as she takes  
a discreet breath of relief.

CROSS  
I relieve you, sir.

WILLIAMS  
I stand relieved.

Williams turns to Talora.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
A pleasure meeting you, Commander.

TALORA  
You too, Captain.

The two of them exchange a quick look before Williams smiles  
and walks onto the transporter padd.

WILLIAMS  
Chief Ozran?

OZRAN  
Ready, Captain.

Williams looks to Cross.

CROSS  
Energize.

Williams de-materializes into the transporter matter stream.  
Cross turns to Talora as Quinlan, Dojar and Grey EXIT in the  
background.

CROSS (CONT'D)  
How did you find the experience of a  
new Enterprise Captain, Commander?

TALORA  
I found it to be... unsettling,  
Captain.

Cross raises a brow slightly as Talora forces a slight smile.

TALORA (CONT'D)  
It's good to have you back, sir.

The two of them EXIT.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Talora and Cross walk side by side as they EXIT.

CROSS

Talora, what exactly happened with  
Captain Williams and your mission?

TALORA

I thought you might ask that, sir.

Talora hands him a PADD.

CROSS

What's this?

TALORA

Read it.

Cross looks down at the padd and frowns.

CROSS

What happened to these items?

TALORA

They were given to the Cardassians,  
Captain.

Cross looks Talora right in the eye.

CROSS

What for?

TALORA

I don't know but, if I had to guess,  
I would say it was all part of a  
trade.

The camera moves in on Cross's face as it all starts to come  
together in his mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise glides through the vastness of space.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- RECREATION LOUNGE

Grey, Quinlan and Dojar sit at a table as they each enjoy a  
drink.

QUINLAN

Sure is good to be home. Back within  
the safe confines of the Enterprise.

DOJAR

Yes... home.

Beat.

QUINLAN

You never did say what happened in that Jefferies tube?

DOJAR

Sorry, Jen, but I'm not allowed to. Captain's orders.

QUINLAN

You could at least give us a clue what it was about.

DOJAR

It was about importance, about dignity, about whether or not you deserve it or want it. It was about the future and what it may hold.

QUINLAN

For who?

DOJAR

For all of us.

Quinlan and Dojar just look at each other before Quinlan scoffs.

QUINLAN

I think you've had too much to drink.

Dojar smiles.

DOJAR

Maybe.

A slight shadow appears on the table resulting in all three of them looking up. The camera changes angle to show Boyle.

GREY

Something we can do for you, Lieutenant?

BOYLE

I just thought I'd come and welcome you back, sir.

GREY

That's very kind of you.

Quinlan and Dojar just look at each other, feeling awkward.

QUINLAN

I think I'm going to go and get another drink.

DOJAR

I'll join you.

The two of them get up and walk offscreen.

BOYLE

I was somewhat surprised that you didn't stop by Engineering first.

GREY

I thought about it, but decided it could wait till morning.

Boyle nods in acknowledgment.

BOYLE

Had enough excitement for one day?

GREY

I've had enough excitement for an entire lifetime.

Beat.

BOYLE

I heard that Robert Kinnan was on the mission with you.

GREY

Did you now?

BOYLE

How is he?

GREY

Why do you care?

BOYLE

I care. I care about people who have, how can I put this, touched me in a particular way.

Grey frowns.

GREY

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Boyle smiles.

BOYLE

What, you mean he didn't tell you?

GREY

(irritated)  
Tell me what?

BOYLE

That Lewis Carter wasn't the only  
one to get the pleasure of my company  
when you and I were an "item."

Grey turns white as a sheep.

GREY

(shocked)

You... and Kinnan?

Boyle smiles in response.

BOYLE

That's right.

Grey merely sits there and looks in complete disbelief.

BOYLE (CONT'D)

I can't believe he didn't tell you.  
I thought you two were friends. Why  
do you think that is?

Grey sits there, staring into space, not responding. The  
delight on Boyle's face is evident as she sees the way Grey  
has reacted.

BOYLE (CONT'D)

Enjoy your drink.

Boyle walks away as the camera begins to move in on a seething  
Grey who looks like he is about to blow his top as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END