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.

    NAUSICAAAN 1
    Well?

Nausicaan 2 looks at his own tricorder type device.

    NAUSICAAN 2
    Nothing.

Nausicaan 1 growls with annoyance.

    NAUSICAAAN 1
    He's here... somewhere.

    NAUSICAAN 2
    But where?

Beat.

    NAUSICAAAN 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.

    NAUSICAAAN 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.

NAUSICAAN 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.

NAUSICAAN 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
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 then 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 nods in acknowledgment.

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
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
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 then you do, Lieutenant. All I know is what I've just told you. Anything more then 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.
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.
RENAISSANCE: "To Be Someone" - ACT TWO

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 wideshot 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?

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.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

Doyle is at an ODN access point, with Dojar, Cross and Quinlan standing behind, watching intensely. 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 then 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.
RENAISSANCE: "To Be Someone" - ACT THREE

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

FADE OUT.

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

Rerouted from where?

From the Bridge.

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.

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.

(urgent)

We're losing our link.

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

What are you doing?

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

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 (CONT'D)
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 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.
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.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

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

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.

INT. TRAFALGAR -- BRIDGE

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

INT. TRAFALGAR -- JEFFERIES TUBE

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

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 then 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!

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.

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

I thought you might ask that, sir.

Talora hands him a PADD.

What's this?

Read it.

Cross looks down at the padd and frowns.

What happened to these items?

They were given to the Cardassians, Captain.

Cross looks Talora right in the eye.

What for?

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.

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.

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

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