

STAR TREK

RENAISSANCE

"Demons at our Crossroads"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DS9

A few Federation and Jem'Hadar ships are docked. We favour the ENTERPRISE.

INT. TALORA'S QUARTERS

In darkness. The door chimes as we find TALORA asleep. She doesn't respond. The door chimes again. She sits up, looking groggy.

TALORA

Who is it?

MAREK

It's me, Commander.

TALORA

Marek? What time is it?

MAREK

Oh seven thirty.

TALORA

(swearing)

D'VOR

INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR

This is a long continuous shot, that follows MAREK and TALORA right from her quarters. She emerges still pulling on her formal uniform.

TALORA

Are they there yet?

MAREK

Not yet, but we have to move.

They start to walk, Talora still dressing.

MAREK (CONT'D)

Are you alright, Commander, you seem a little...

TALORA

I'm fine. Fill me in on the night's events.

Marek consults a padd.

MAREK

The wormhole continues to be the topic everyone's talking about.

TALORA

Free passage for the Dominion?

MAREK

Right. They want that, the Federation want to put a base in the Gamma Quadrant to control. What's the Romulan position?

TALORA

(quoting)

The Romulan Empire supports the Federation on all matters.

(off the record)

Although I imagine if the Dominion agreed to some of our technological exchange proposals then we might reconsider. How are the negotiations proceeding?

MAREK

Still deadlocked, I'm afraid. Admiral Greaves and Vorta Harst were up until five fifteen but they didn't reach any further agreement. They just seemed to be getting more and more on each other's nerves.

TALORA

Greaves does have a way with people.

MAREK

Seriously, there's grim faces all round. I overheard Admiral Thel in Morn's saying last night this could be a deal breaker.

TALORA

Thel shouldn't be talking like that in Morn's.

MAREK

That wasn't all he was saying either. He was saying that the Federation council is prepared to enforce their point of view on the Dominion.

TALORA

That sounds dangerous.

MAREK

I know.

(MORE)

MAREK (CONT'D)

They seem to think the Dominion is no longer in a position to object.

TALORA

Just because someone is weak you don't use bully boy tactics on them.

MAREK

Try telling the Admiralty on that. They're looking for a unanimous vote on this and they almost have it.

TALORA

Who's holding out?

MAREK

Admiral Delfune.

TALORA

You're kidding.

They reach a turbolift. The shot continues into..

INT. TURBOLIFT

MAREK and TALORA enter.

TALORA

Deck seven.

The turbolift starts off.

MAREK

No kidding. She says the Federation should not be allowed to bulldoze the talks.

TALORA

Who'd have thought it?

MAREK

She was getting some very dirty looks, I can tell you.

TALORA

What does Ambassador Odo think?

MAREK

Ambassador Odo has yet to make a comment about it, he has been too tied up with the Klingon Reparation committee.

TALORA

Still? This is the second week now.

MAREK

The Dominion are very stubborn and the Klingons are very loud. They mostly just stare at each other across the table growling.

TALORA

Ambassador Odo growls?

MAREK

Ambassador Odo grunts.
(mischievously)
I think he's saving his growls for the Romulans.

TALORA

Aren't I the lucky one? Speaking of which...

INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR

The turbolift opens and TALORA and MAREK walk through, still on one shot.

TALORA

... what's the latest?

Marek consults his padd again.

MAREK

We've had two communications overnight. Sublegate Tamal thinks the Dominion should make a formal apology to the Romulan Empire specifically and Legate Polot wants to know what you'll be saying to his War Fund team that's en route.

TALORA

I'll be saying bad luck for working with Legate Polot. I can't stand the man.

MAREK

He's very popular with the grass roots.

TALORA

So are earthworms and you wouldn't want to share a room with them for ten hours a day.

They reach the docking tube, and begin to walk through it. Talora shakes her head.

MAREK

Are you sure you're alright?

TALORA

Yes, I am.

MAREK

Okay.

INT. DS9 CORRIDOR

TALORA and MAREK walk through it, still with the same camera shot.

MAREK

By the way, Captain Cross asked if you have a minute today he'd like to see you.

TALORA

Why?

MAREK

He said he couldn't remember what you looked like any more and wanted to remind himself.

TALORA

What a delightful sense of humour the Captain has.

MAREK

He seemed quite serious.

TALORA

So am I. Does he not realize this is a big opportunity for me? I can really make a mark on these talks, establish that there is more to Talora than the Commander of a ship that massacred ninety six Klingons.

MAREK

I thought it was ninety five.

(Talora give him a
look)

Sorry.

They reach a turbolift.

INT. DS9 TURBOLIFT

TALORA and MAREK enter, still same shot.

TALORA

Promenade.

MAREK

I thought you liked being on the Enterprise.

TALORA

I do. But it won't be around for ever. If and when the Q'tami attack, that will be it, one way or the other. Even if we win, the Admiralty will have no hesitation in decommissioning us the second the danger is over. I have to think towards the future.

MAREK

You don't know, that might not happen for years.

TALORA

Or it might happen tomorrow. I have to be prepared.

MAREK

Fair enough.

Silence.

MAREK (CONT'D)

What should I tell the Captain?

Beat.

TALORA

Tell him I'll try and get to see him some time this evening.

Marek makes a note of it in his padd.

MAREK

Okay. And Polat?

TALORA

Tell him to go to hell.

MAREK

Before or after he receives your report on War Fund reparations?

TALORA

During. I intend to fill it with the most obtuse legalese he's ever clapped eyes on.

There'll be subsections on subsections on clauses on caveats. He won't know what's going on.

MAREK

I don't know, he might get off on that.

Talora looks at him.

TALORA

Am I being difficult?

MAREK

Just a little bit.

TALORA

I'm sorry, I haven't had much sleep.
Just a bit stressed.

MAREK

I can understand that. Look, why
don't you come over tonight, I'll
cook you something warm.

TALORA

I can't. I'm busy.

MAREK

What? Why?

TALORA

I have a meeting with the Captain,
remember?

MAREK

You're being difficult again.

TALORA

You were the one that asked me.

INT. DS9 PROMENADE

Busy as ever. The turbolift opens and TALORA and MAREK walk out, through the bustling crowd, despite the early hour. Still on the same camera shot, we follow Talora and Marek through.

TALORA

What's going on?

MAREK

Market day.

TALORA

Great. There's nothing I like better
than negotiating with war criminals
while chickens crow in the background.

MAREK

Adds atmosphere.

TALORA

Adds headaches.

TORAN

Commander!

Out of Sickbay TORAN appears, in surgical scrubs. He looks a little tired.

TALORA
Doctor. You look how I feel.

TORAN
Emergency surgery. A girl injured during the Q'tami attack had a relapse.

MAREK
Is she going

TORAN
Thankfully. Commander, did you get my request?

TALORA
Marek?

Marek checks his padd and taps away.

MAREK
(reading)
Message received from Doctor Toran
Noa stardate 80478.2.

TORAN
That's the one.

MAREK
(reading)
Dear Commander, I am writing to request...

He hands it to Talora. She looks at it. Her face looks surprised. She looks up.

TALORA
Really?

TORAN
I would be extremely grateful.

Talora sighs.

TALORA
I'm meeting the Captain tonight,
I'll discuss it with him then.

TORAN
Thank you.

TALORA
Okay. Now go get some sleep. That's an order.

TORAN

Yes, Commander.

He walks off.

TALORA

Lucky guy.

Their walking has taken them to...

INT. DS9 CORRIDOR

MAREK and TALORA, still one shot.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Actually, thinking about it, could you speak to the Captain about this?

MAREK

Okay.

TALORA

It'll save me time.

MAREK

(looking ahead;
groaning)

Oh great.

TALORA

(Still reading the
padd)

What?

She looks up. CARTER is lurking outside a door.

MAREK

Look what just crawled out of a rock.

TALORA

Carter. What the hell are you doing here?

CARTER

Commander! Just the Romulan I wanted to see.

TALORA

No, Carter.

CARTER

Pardon?

TALORA

Whatever it is, the answer is no.

CARTER

I haven't said anything yet.

TALORA

I don't think it'll matter.

CARTER

Not even a little quote?

TALORA

No.

CARTER

On how the talks are going?

TALORA

No.

CARTER

Not even for all the Talora fans out there?

TALORA

No.

CARTER

You have quite a following, you know. Back on Romulus. The kids. They see you as a rebel, fighting against the establishment, going rogue on a Federation starship, bent on murder and pillage. They think it's fantastic. You're like a rock band and an icon all rolled into one.

(Talora gives him a quavering look)

Do you not want.. to...Say anything to... them?

TALORA

No.

CARTER

Oh come on, Commander, give a guy a break.

Talora gives a short sharp laugh.

CARTER (CONT'D)

It's not easy you know. Now the FNN have kicked me out. I can't get work anywhere.

MAREK

Shame.

CARTER

It would make people realize I'm still a force to be reckoned with if you helped.

TALORA

Still a force? When were you ever a force to be reckoned with?

CARTER

I won lots of awards.

TALORA

No you didn't.

CARTER

Well, a couple. I won Sexiest Reporter of the Year four years ago.

TALORA

Did the "kids" vote you that?

CARTER

No, but my mother did.

TALORA

Your mother voted for you as the sexiest news reporter?

CARTER

She's very proud of me. Come on, just a tidbit.

They have reached an official looking door with two Federation guards outside it. Talora nods to them and turns to Carter.

TALORA

I am giving you neither a tid nor a bit, and if you don't go away I will have these big men throw you out of an airlock.

She turns and the door opens. The camera follows them through, still on a one shot as we hear...

CARTER

So that's a no then...
(looks at the guards)
Would either of you fine gentlemen like to make a quote?
(they stare at him)
FINE...

INT. DS9 ANTECHAMBER

A reception room, with tables and records and chairs. There are two guards a Jem'Hadar and a Federation Lt, standing by a further door.

TALORA
Unbelievable.

MAREK
Got to give him points for trying.

TALORA
For being trying anyway. How do I look?

MAREK
Like someone about to make a name for themselves.

TALORA
Liar.

MAREK
Diplomat.

TALORA
That's meant to be me.

MAREK
Go get them.

Talora turns, and the Federation guard keys in a command to open the door. Inside we see several diplomats, Federation and Dominion, preparing to sit down.

TALORA
(to herself)
Once more into the breach...

As she walks through the camera which has followed her from her quarters watches her go in, and the door closes as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DS9

A hive of activity, with ships coming and going all the time.

CAZ LEONARD'S VOICE OVER

We are now into Week Three of the Dominion Peace Talks and for the first time Admirals and diplomats seem to believe that real progress is being made. Although nothing official is being announced, I'm hearing on the grapevine that good things are happening and that an announcement will be with us within a week.

INT. DS9 PROMENADE

CAZ LEONARD is talking to camera, while in the background CARTER sits watching him balefully from a table at Morn's.

CAZ LEONARD

This is Caz Leonard for the FNN,
live from Deep Space Nine.

DELFUNE enters the bar and comes over to sit at Carter's table. She sees him glaring at the reporter.

DELFUNE

Professional envy, Lewis?

CARTER

Look at him there, thinks he's so flash, just because he's reporting the talks. People wouldn't think he was so great if they knew where he started.

DELFUNE

Where did he start?

CARTER

Political Affairs reporter on Risa.

DELFUNE

Do they have politics on Risa?

CARTER

No but they have plenty of affairs.

DELFUNE

I wouldn't worry about it, he's only spouting out the propagandist garbage we've fed him.

CARTER

But I want to spout propagandist garbage. I used to be very good at that.

DELFUNE

I remember.

CARTER

Instead, I've spent another day sitting round, doing nothing. I was going to write a report "The View from outside" but then I realized that's everyone's view, it's not really unique to me.

(He leans forward)

Come on Elizabeth, can't you give me something, for old time's sake?

DELFUNE

Mmm, on the record, no. Off the record, no.

CARTER

(slumps back in his chair)

Great. It's your fault I'm in this mess.

DELFUNE

How do you figure that?

CARTER

If you hadn't put me on the Enterprise, then I wouldn't have been involved in that Vedek's death in the first place.

DELFUNE

Yes, I heard about that. It did surprise me somewhat. I don't generally think of you as a very moral person.

CARTER

When times are hard I'll do anything to make an impact.

THEL

An admirable sentiment, Mr Carter.

They look up. THEL has approached them smiling.

DELFUNE

Admiral.

THEL

Elizabeth, Captain Cross was looking for you.

DELFUNE

Damn it. I forgot.

THEL

Don't leave the dear man waiting now.

DELFUNE

I won't. See you later, Lewis.

CARTER

Elizabeth.

She gets up and walks away. Thel stares at Carter until the latter gets uncomfortable.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Do you have anything quotes for me, Admiral?

THEL

You can still be useful.

CARTER

How?

THEL

Were you listening to Mr Leonard's report over there?

CARTER

Couldn't help but. I think people in the Gamma Quadrant could hear him.

THEL

So you know the main problem at the moment is the Wormhole?

CARTER

Right. The Dominion don't want the Federation to govern their passage through it.

THEL

Correct.

CARTER

So?

THEL

But we're forgetting one thing.

(MORE)

THEL (CONT'D)
 Or rather, we're purposefully leaving
 out one thing.

CARTER
 What?

THEL
 Waiter!

A Bajoran waitress comes over.

THEL (CONT'D)
 Raktijino please.

WAITRESS
 Of course.

She leaves. Thel looks at Carter.

CARTER
 You're forgetting raktijino?

Thel shakes her head.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 The waitress?

Thel nods.

CARTER (CONT'D)
 Why do you want to ask the waitress?

THEL
 (shrugs)
 I didn't need to ask her. I could
 have asked him, him, or her.

Pointing out various people.

CARTER
 Why, I don't see... they're all
 Bajorans.

Thel raises her eyebrows.

THEL
 Are they? I hadn't noticed.

CARTER
 (realizing)
 No one's asked the Bajorans what
 they think.

The waitress brings back the coffee.

THEL

Thank you.

His comm. badge chirrups.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Talora to Admiral Thel, we're ready to start.

Thel closes his eyes in annoyance.

THEL

I'll be right there.

He stands up and looks at Carter.

THEL (CONT'D)

You can still be useful. Enjoy your coffee.

He turns and walks away, leaving Carter looking thoughtful.

INT. CROSS' READY ROOM.

CROSS is behind his desk, MAREK standing in front of it. Cross is holding a padd.

MAREK

He sent the request in last night, the Commander felt you would want to see it right away.

CROSS

(reading)

Commander, I'm writing to request permission for reassignment from the Enterprise. I have been offered a permanent posting on Deep Space Nine and would very much like to take it up.

(Stops reading)

What's prompted this?

MAREK

I don't know, I don't know him too well.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

(quietly, to himself)

We really need to get away from here.

MAREK

Captain?

CROSS

I said we really need to get away from here, Mr Marek. Being at Deep Space Nine is not doing any of us any good at all. Damn it.

The door chimes.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Come in.

The door opens and DELFUNE comes in. CROSS stands up.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Admiral.

DELFUNE

Captain.

CROSS

Alright, Marek, thank you.

MAREK

What should I do about this?

Indicates the padd.

CROSS

To hell with it, tell him he can go.

MAREK

Thank you Captain. Admiral.

He turns, bows and leaves. Delfune looks at Cross.

DELFUNE

I don't know him.

CROSS

Marek, Talora's assistant in the negotiations.

DELFUNE

Interesting character, your first officer.

CROSS

She's a fine Commander.

DELFUNE

Word on the street is she's doing a fine job for the Romulans. You might not have her much longer.

CROSS

I didn't invite you to encourage dissension among the ranks.

DELFUNE

Indeed. Why did you?

CROSS

It's time the Enterprise left DS9.
I require permission.

DELFUNE

Denied.

CROSS

Why?

DELFUNE

Because I said so.

CROSS

(sarcastically)

Oh good, as long as there's a sensible
reason.

(normally)

Admiral, there's no reason for us to
be here.

We're just sitting twiddling our
thumbs.

DELFUNE

You're helping the relief projects
on Bajor.

CROSS

True but there are any number of
specialized ships that are equipped
to do just as good, if not better, a
job. I don't understand why you
want us here.

DELFUNE

I never said I wanted you here.

CROSS

Then what?

Delfune sighs.

DELFUNE

There are orders... that you should
remain.

CROSS

Orders. I see. I don't suppose
there's any point in asking you whose.

DELFUNE

I wouldn't tell you even if I knew.

CROSS

Is this the part where you tell me we're playing dangerous games against ruthless opponents?

DELFUNE

Something like that.

CROSS

Why do they want me here?

DELFUNE

I'm not sure it's you they want.

CROSS

I see. And you're just going to meekly accept that?

DELFUNE

It's nothing to do with me.

CROSS

(suddenly angry)

Damn it Admiral, it is doing us no good at all just sitting here, festering. My men are tired and tense, I've already lost one officer, it is unacceptable.

Delfune watches him passively.

DELFUNE

How is Narv?

CROSS

Stable, but in a coma. Doctor Elris has been in contact with the Trill homeworld. The fact he's a Gorn has saved his life, apparently.

DELFUNE

Good.

She turns to go.

CROSS

Is that it?

DELFUNE

Is there anything more to say?

CROSS

Are my crew in danger?

Delfune hesitates.

DELFUNE

No. I do not believe they are.

CROSS

Then what's going on?

DELFUNE

I wish I knew. Good night, Captain.

She turns and walks out. Cross slams his fist down on his table.

CROSS

Son of a bitch.

INT. SICKBAY

MAREK enters. It is closing down for the night, and the lights are dim. Several Bajorans occupy beds. ELRIS sits working at a desk. She talks without looking up.

ELRIS

Can I help you?

MAREK

I'm looking for Doctor Toran.

ELRIS

He's over on DS9, as usual. Is there anything I can help you with?

MAREK

No. I'm just here to confirm his transfer.

ELRIS

Transfer? What do you mean?

MAREK

He's requested a transfer to Deep Space Nine. Permanently.

Elris' eyes widen.

INT. DS9 SICKBAY

TORAN is working with a patient when ELRIS storms in. She first accosts one of the orderlies.

ELRIS

Where is he? I
(catches sight of him)
There you are. What the hell is going on?

TORAN

(blandly)

At the moment, I'm monitoring Tempek's
vitals and then

ELRIS

You know what I mean. You've
requested a transfer.

Toran assesses the situation. Then, to the patient,

TORAN

Excuse me, a minute.

He reaches for Elris' arm but she shrugs him off.

ELRIS

Don't touch me.

TORAN

I don't think we should debate this
in here.

ELRIS

The hell we shouldn't. Why didn't
you tell me?

TORAN

I didn't want to say anything until
I knew one way or the other whether
I was going. I didn't want to worry
you.

ELRIS

Worry me? Bullshit, you didn't want
me to...

(she loses her stride)

I don't get it, why?

TORAN

I'm needed here. My people need me.
Our people.

ELRIS

Oh that's right, lay the guilt trip
on me. Our crew need us.

TORAN

But they're not my crew. I'm not
Starfleet, I never was. You are and
that's where you belong, and that's
fine, but I am Bajoran first and
foremost. I've done my duty by
Starfleet, helped when there was a
shortage -

ELRIS

Very noble. But, I mean, what about us?

TORAN

Us?

ELRIS

Yes, we're, I mean to say...
(flustered)
... we're friends.

TORAN

And can still remain friends. But I am Bajoran and I can't turn my back on them anymore. I've been away too long. I can feel it in my bones. I'm not like you, I hate being away from here. From my roots, my essence. I can't do it anymore. And I can't leave these people to suffer.

Elris looks at him.

ELRIS

So that's it.

Toran shrugs.

TORAN

I'm sorry, it's just something I have to do.

Elris looks at him, nodding. Is she fighting back tears?

ELRIS

Fine. Good. Then I'm happy for you. I hope you stay here forever.

She turns and walks away. Toran opens his mouth then shuts it again and turns back to his patient.

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE CONFERENCE ROOM

There are ten people seated around the table, among them TALORA, DELFUNE, ODO, THEL, a Vorta named GARVEN and various other Federation and Dominion personnel. It is evident we join the scene in the middle of a heated debate.

THEL

The Federation position is quite clear on this, we cannot allow unchecked access through the Wormhole.

GARVEN

And the Dominion position is equally clear, we cannot accept a Federation presence on our side without an equal Dominion presence here in the Alpha Quadrant.

THEL

If you think we're going to allow your spies free rein to report back on us...

GARVEN

We are not going to be placing spies, they wouldn't take the job, it's too boring.

THEL

Oh, so you've given spies more interesting jobs here have you?

GARVEN

No more interesting than the, in quotes, expeditions Starfleet has mounted in the Gamma Quadrant these past twenty five years.

DELFUNE

Starfleet is a peaceful organization dedicated to exploring

GARVEN

Peaceful? The last time Starfleet was peaceful the Vulcans were in charge and you humans were busy annihilating each other.

THEL

At least we didn't go round occupying every planet we could get our genetically engineered paws on.

GARVEN

That's only because you couldn't.

DELFUNE

Gentlemen.

THEL

Let me tell you this for nothing. I was against this conference, against it from the very start. Even the idea that we should negotiate with war criminals responsible for the deaths of countless billions sends a cold shiver down my spine.

GARVEN

That's funny, I didn't think you had a spine.

DELFUNE

Gentlemen.

THEL

Low life, treacherous, you're just here to see how strong we are, I wouldn't be surprised if you're busy massing a fleet of Jem'Hadar ships on the other side, ready to pounce the minute a treaty is signed.

GARVEN

Well why don't you ask some of your explorers over there, keeping an eye on things.

DELFUNE

Gentlemen.

THEL

We do not have any spies there!

GARVEN

Coordinates 234 mark 316 ship designated the Pasteur, ostensibly a medical ship, been treating, uninvited I might add, the people inflicted with the Quickening for the past three years. Coordinates 132 mark 16 science vessel Lomak, been staring at the same asteroid for the past six months. Now I don't know much about rocks but I know that one isn't that remarkable.

THEL

I'd trust the rock over you any day.

GARVEN

I'd rather negotiate with the rock, it would have more intelligence.

THEL

I...

DELFUNE

(shouting)

GENTLEMEN!

They both stop and look at her.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)

It's lunchtime.

(firmly amidst groans)

Reconvene in half an hour.

They all start to get up, Thel and Garven still glaring at each other.

ODO

(calling from other
side of table)

Admiral, a minute.

Delfune nods. As Thel passes her he says *sotto voce*:

THEL

Might want to recall the Pasteur and
Lomak. We might have been rumbled.

Delfune nods. Odo waits until the room has cleared before looking at Delfune.

ODO

I forgot how stubborn Starfleet could
be.

DELFUNE

I don't know, your vorta wasn't doing
too badly himself.

Odo walks round and looks at her.

ODO

We are not making progress.

DELFUNE

I know.

ODO

The Dominion has changed.

DELFUNE

I believe you. Unfortunately, I am
not in a position to make a difference
any more.

ODO

The problem is we have no common
ground. We need an intermediary.

DELFUNE

I don't suppose we could persuade
the Prophets to come and lend a hand?

ODO

I was thinking someone a little less
ephemeral.

DELFUNE

Go on.

ODO

When I was stationed here, under Starfleet, there was one officer I grew

(hesitates)

To have a respect for, an officer who cut through all the bureaucratic red tape to the heart of the discussion. It didn't also please the station commander but it got results. This person was also... sympathetic to my own plight, And didn't look at the Dominion as the one-dimensional evil that your Admiral Thel seems to think we are. I believe as a go-between who has seen both sides of the coin she could be invaluable.

DELFUNE

What was her name?

ODO

Kira Nerys.

EXT. KAI'S PALACE

A bustling place, with Vedeks coming to and fro, a hive of activity. CARTER approaches and looks at the place. He walks over to a Vedek.

CARTER

Excuse me, my name is Lewis Carter, I have an appointment to see the Kai.

The Vedek points.

INT. KAI'S PERSONAL CHAMBERS

The chambers are decorated with fine art from Bajor's distant past. Huge murals depict scenes of the discovery of the orbs, visions with the Prophets, and past Kais. The KAI is looking at them when the doors open and a VEDEK leads CARTER in.

VEDEK

Lewis Carter, your Excellency.

KAI

Thank you.

The vedek bows and leaves. The Kai continues to look at the pictures for a minute while Carter stands awkwardly.

KAI (CONT'D)
Beautiful, is it not?

Carter, accepting the invitation, walks forward and looks at the picture.

CARTER
It is. What is it?

KAI
It shows the banishment of the Pah
Wraiths from the Holy Temple by the
Prophets, a day we commemorate to
this day, a day of joy and peace.
(she turns and looks
at Carter)
It is has been difficult to celebrate
these past few years.

CARTER
Your planet has had more than its
share of difficulties.

KAI
It has, and one wonders when it will
come to an end.
(she sighs)
As Kai, I feel personally responsible
for every wrong, every evil inflicted
on my people. I suffer with them,
and consider it MY fault any hurt
they endure. It is my duty to protect
my people, but I do not know how to
any more.

CARTER
You can only do what is within your
power to do.

KAI
But surely it is of my own choosing
what is within my power. Have I not
been extending my hand enough, not
reaching out as far as I could?
Have I been lax in my duties?

CARTER
Only you can answer that.

The Kai nods.

KAI
You have come with a message.

CARTER
Not officially.

KAI

But you have a message?

CARTER

Why are you not at the peace talks?

KAI

I was not invited.

CARTER

But surely as the spiritual leader
of the Bajoran people -

KAI

The Federation has little time for
spirituality these days. Even when
the Prophets are on our very door,
they do not accept our faith.

CARTER

But Bajoran faith is the rock on
which your people build their lives.
Is that not important?

KAI

Apparently not. There is a
perfunctory official from the council,
but that is all.

CARTER

Do you feel Bajor has been ignored
during these talks?

KAI

Bajor has been ignored for a long
time before these talks.

CARTER

But surely in certain matters a
Bajoran presence would be helpful,
even necessary. The debate at the
moment about the Wormhole, for example -

KAI

What debate?

CARTER

That is the problem at the present
time. The Wormhole. Passage through
it is the topic under discussion.

KAI

I should have been informed.

CARTER

I believe so.

The Kai turns away.

KAI
Who sent you?

CARTER
Why do you think I was sent?

KAI
You do not care for Bajor. You would not tell me this on your own volition.

CARTER
Actually, my opinion of Bajor has changed recently.

KAI
Vedek Nimella.

CARTER
Indeed.

KAI
Then perhaps there is hope for you yet.

CARTER
And for Bajor.

The Kai comes up to Carter and places her fingers on his forehead.

KAI
You have a troubling future ahead of you. You are uncertain which path to take. Your path is conflicted.

CARTER
I don't know what to do any more.

KAI
You will. You will.

She turns away.

KAI (CONT'D)
Go now. I must think.

Carter nods and turns away. As he does so:

KAI (CONT'D)
Vedek J'wahl.

CARTER
Excuse me?

The Kai turns and looks at him.

KAI

It is a name you might find useful
in the days to come.

Carter frowns, then nods.

CARTER

Thank you.

He turns and walks out. The Kai looks up at the picture
again.

KAI

It is time I reached further. I
feel the enemy...

INT. DS9 CORRIDOR

KAI (V.O.)

...drawing near.

We follow the footsteps of a man, who walks down a corridor,
and looks round until he is alone. He stands by a wall
console and types in a few commands.

COMPUTER'S VOICE

Security override.

MAN

Computer, please give me the current
location of Lt Gril Dojar.

COMPUTER'S VOICE

Lt Gril Dojar is currently in Science
Lab 2 on the Starship Enterprise.

MAN

Thank you computer.

He smiles, turns and walks away, as we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE

Establishing shot.

INT. DS9 SICKBAY

A disgruntled JEM'HADAR sits on a biobed while TORAN runs a tricorder over him, and a vorta stands watching.

TORAN
And how long have you been having
these dizzy spells?

The Jem'Hadar does not respond.

TORAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Can you hear me? Can he
understand me?

The Jem'Hadar glares at the vorta.

VORTA
(hastily)
He doesn't like to talk about it.
The Jem'Hadar consider illness a
sign of weakness.

TORAN
It is a sign of weakness. What isn't
is trying to get help.

He attempts to examine the warrior's ear, and is startled when he grunts.

VORTA
He's a little sensitive.

TORAN
A sensitive Jem'Hadar. There's
something you don't see every day.

He puts away his tools and shrugs.

TORAN (CONT'D)
I have no idea what's wrong with
him. Tell him to get plenty of fresh
air and eat three square meals a
day.

This does not go down well. The Jem'Hadar starts up and flounders out, followed by the Vorta.

VORTA

Oh you've made him angry now, come back, he didn't know what he was saying...

Toran sighs and collects his tools together as DELFUNE and ODO come in.

DELFUNE

Doctor Toran.

He turns.

TORAN

Admiral Delfune. Ambassador Odo. What can I do for you?

DELFUNE

It's something you can do for us.

INT. BAJORAN BAR

It does not look the most salubrious of places. Lowlifes and beatniks hang around in a grimy atmosphere while dodgy music is piped in from places unseen. Waitresses in skimpy tops distribute drinks while men argue and plot. Into this place walks the rather fey looking CARTER, who looks distinctly out of place. He glances warily around and attracts some unpleasant looks as he approaches the bar and sits down. A barman glares at him.

CARTER

And here was I thinking Bajor was all praying and contemplation.

This doesn't go down well.

BARMAN

What do you want, stranger?

CARTER

I'm looking for someone, I was told that I might find them here.

BARMAN

Really.

CARTER

Yes.

(sounds doubtful)

As unlikely as this might seem, I was told I could find a Vedek J'wahl.

The barman's eyes open, and he leans in.

BARMAN

Vedek J'wahl?

CARTER

Yeah. Do you know him?

BARMAN

Who sent you?

CARTER

The Ka -

The barman claps his hands across Carter's mouth, and shakes his head. Then he lets go, and beckons him to follow into a back room. Carter, nervously, follows him into a lift, the doors of which close.

INT. BAJORAN MEETING PLACE

White gleaming walls, with murals and what look like holy relics displayed at regular intervals. The room couldn't be more contrasted with the gritty bar above if it tried. Several Bajorans move round, reading, writing, accessing computer terminals. The door opens and the BARMAN emerges, followed by CARTER, who reacts at the contrast.

CARTER

Are we still in the same building?

The barman nods, and points to a figure at the end of the room, who is looking through what seems to be a sacred text.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He walks down to the man, who looks up at him.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Vedek J'wahl?

TIMIN

No. Most people call me Timin Pol.
You are the reporter.

He stands up and holds out his hand.

TIMIN (CONT'D)

I'm pleased to meet you.

INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR

The MAN from the end of Act One walks along, and reaches a door. He presses the bell.

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'LAN is working at his console, while DOJAR is on the floor, his eyes closed, looking like he's doing some kind of yoga. The door opens with the MAN standing on the threshold.

MAN

Hello?

Y'LAN

Please do not disturb him.

The man walks in and looks at him.

MAN

What is he doing?

Y'LAN

Mind exercise.

MAN

Oh.

Y'lan looks at the man thoughtfully.

Y'LAN

You are not Starfleet.

MAN

No, I'm here on a personal matter.
How long will Dojar be?

Y'LAN

Only a few minutes more. His
concentration is weak today.

MAN

I'll wait then.

Y'LAN

As you wish.

He turns back to his table. The man pulls out a gun, and
DOJAR'S eyes snap open.

DOJAR

Y'lan, watch out!

Y'lan turns round, but the man fires at him. Amazingly,
Y'lan immediately slumps unconscious. Dojar's eyes widen.

DOJAR (CONT'D)

How did you...?

The man turns and fires at him, and Dojar slumps back down.
The man hurries over and fixes a comm. badge to him. Then
he taps his own, and both of them dematerialize into
nothingness, leaving Y'lan on his own.

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE CONFERENCE ROOM

The room has reassembled, with TALORA, DELFUNE, THEL and
GARVEN. GARVEN comes in last and looks round.

GARVEN

Where is Ambassador Odo?

DELFUNE

He has taken temporary leave..

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE SICKBAY

TORAN is accessing records while ODO watches him.

TORAN

No, there's nothing listed here. Once she left DS9 they didn't keep any records of her movements. How long was she an Ambassador, do you know?

ODO

No, I don't, and neither does anyone else. It seems that the Bajoran Ambassador to the Federation was not deemed as important as she might have been.

TORAN

That'd be right.

ODO

Pardon?

TORAN

Nothing, I just find the Federation difficult at times.

ODO

So you can't help me?

TORAN

I don't have a Federation background. After the attack on the Utopia shipyards last year I was one of a number of medics drafted in from the militia to cover shortages. Look where it got me. You need someone to go down to Bajor and look at the Federation records there.

ODO

Someone with a medical background?

TORAN

Ideally, they don't tend to let most people see the personal details, even if you are an Ambassador.

ODO

Who do you suggest?

Toran looks at him and sighs.

INT. ENTERPRISE SICKBAY.

ELRIS and TORAN.

ELRIS
No.

TORAN
Lea...

ELRIS
No.

TORAN
Listen, it's not for me, it's for
the Ambassador.

ELRIS
So?

TORAN
He seems to think this woman would
benefit the talks a great deal.

ELRIS
So find someone else!

TORAN
You're the one who could find her
most quickly. Look, I wouldn't ask
if I didn't think it was absolutely
necessary. A lot might be resting
on this. Or have you fallen so out
of love with Bajor that you don't
care about her future any more?

ELRIS
Why is it everything has to be about
bloody Bajor all the time with you?
Everything always comes down to that.
You're a bloody fanatic!

TORAN
I love my planet.

ELRIS
You're obsessed. It's dangerous.

TORAN
I don't think so. Why does expressing
love for your homeland make you
dangerous?

(MORE)

TORAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Lea, the Dominion talks are at a standstill. You've heard the rumours as much as I have. This could be a last chance. Don't throw it away just because you're cross at me.

Elris sighs, and then nods.

ELRIS

Fine, okay.

TORAN

Thank you.

A supernumerary runs in.

SUPERNUMERARY

Are you watching?

TORAN

What?

SUPERNUMERARY

Channel sixty nine.

Elris leans across and turns on a console. The KAI is on the screen, making a speech.

KAI

... an indignity that I will not stand by and suffer any more. We have stood by time and again silently while the Federation has run roughshod over us, but now the time has come to make Bajor's voice heard again.

INT. KAI'S PALACE

The KAI is speaking directly to the camera.

KAI

The Wormhole does not belong to the Federation, or the Dominion, or anyone else. It belongs to the Prophets and therefore it belongs to Bajor. It is both an affront and a grievous insult not to involve us in the negotiations on Deep Space Nine over use of its passage to and from the Gamma Quadrant. And so, I implore all Bajorans to lay down their tools.

(MORE)

KAI (CONT'D)

Do not lift one more finger in toil
for the Federation, until they
acknowledge our fundamental right to
govern what is truly ours. Wherever
you are in the Quadrant, do this.
If you are a farmer, refuse to sow.
If you are a doctor, do not heal.
If you are the Captain of a starship,
do not command any more. Only by
this inaction can we demonstrate to
the Federation the depths of our
feeling, and our determination on
this matter. Thank you, and may the
Prophets be with you.

INT. SICKBAY

As before, TORAN and ELRIS. She turns and glares at Toran.

ELRIS

There is the danger.

He reacts.

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE PROMENADE

We see Bajorans of all kinds coming out and congregating, talking, muttering excitedly. Non-Bajorans are shooed out of shops, lights go out, and people throng in front of the temple. On a bridge, DELFUNNE and THEL emerge and watch the rabble, while below a few of the protesters look up at them and jeer. A little further along CROSS appears and see TALORA, who is also watching.

CROSS

This is interesting.

TALORA

This is serious.

CROSS

Look at old Delfune over there.
She's shaking.

His comm. badge goes.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

Grey to Cross.

CROSS

Cross here.

GREY'S COMM VOICE

You need to get to Y'lan's lab right
away.

CROSS

(sighs)
On my way.
(to Talora)
Have fun.

TALORA

Captain.

She strides over to where Delfune and Thel are debating it. Delfune looks grim but Thel looks almost pleased, although trying not to be.

TALORA (CONT'D)

Admirals?

DELFUNE

This needs nipping in the bud. Right now.

She turns and walks purposefully away.

INT. Y'LAN'S SCIENCE LAB

CROSS enters to find GREY tending to Y'LAN, who is still splayed on the floor. His tentacles twitch every so often, but otherwise he is unconscious.

CROSS

My God, what happened here?

GREY

I don't know, Captain.
(He looks up at him)
We can't find Dojar. We don't know where he is.

INT. SHIP'S BRIG

DOJAR lies unconscious on the floor, his hands and feet bound behind him. The MAN from before enters the area with a guard.

MAN

Wake him up.

The guard bends over, and injects Dojar with a hypospray. Dojar's body spasms, and then he looks up blearily.

DOJAR

What's.. what's going on? Where am I?

The man bends down in front of Dojar and smiles at him.

MAN

Hello, Gril. My name is Liaman, and you're my prisoner.

DOJAR

Where am I?

MAN

The Gamma Quadrant.

DOJAR

The Gamma Quadrant? Why have you brought me here?

MAN

Because you're going to help me destroy the Dominion.

DOJAR

(still groggy)

What? You can't - they won't - the Federation...

MAN

Oh I don't think you're going to need to worry about them. I think they've got enough to occupy them at the moment...

EXT. TAMULNA STREETS

The Bajorans are meeting in the streets, cheering, protesting, waving flags. All people noticeably in Starfleet uniform are booed and jeered. Through the throng TIMIN and CARTER walk, Timin in Bajoran robes, a hood over his head.

TIMIN

Isn't this marvelous? Look at it all. I could never have dreamed of such a thing.

CARTER

How long has the Kai been planning this?

TIMIN

The Kai? As far as I know, she hasn't. But we, me and my associates, we have been for a long time.

CARTER

I don't get it.

TIMIN

We believe in Bajor for Bajor's own rights. The Federation is not interested in us, it doesn't care. We have seen that ample times, and yet we are still expected to bow down before them.

(MORE)

TIMIN (CONT'D)

My organization is dedicated to protest, to pointing out the error of this course of action to showing, in fact, that we do not belong in the Federation at all.

CARTER

Why did the Kai send me to you?

TIMIN

Well, it must be said that we are... an underground organization. We are not strictly legal, as the Federation puts it. If I or my people were to appear, we would be arrested straight away. I myself have had a personal run in with your crew.

CARTER

Join the club.

TIMIN

We need a voice. Someone who can stand up and say this is what we believe in, an impartial reporter. The Kai is a supporter of ours, but only in secret, and I am guessing she feels it is time what we have to say is broadcast to a wider audience than at the moment.

CARTER

And you want me to be that voice?

TIMIN

If the Kai wishes it, so must it be.

Carter nods.

CARTER

It's a good story.

TIMIN

It is not a story. It is a struggle. A struggle we must ensure we win...

He walks on with Carter, who frowns slightly. The camera moves and we see ELRIS and TORAN walking through, Elris uneasily, Toran watching.

ELRIS

I suppose you're delighted by this.

TORAN

Of course I'm not.

(MORE)

TORAN (CONT'D)

But I'm not delighted either that
Bajor is forced to take these steps.

ELRIS

Forced? No one's forced them to do
anything.

TORAN

Well, there we differ in our opinions.

ELRIS

(mutters)
As with so much.

TORAN

Pardon?

ELRIS

Nothing. Let's just get to the Hall
of Records and get this over with.

As they walk along, Elris catches sight of Carter on the
opposite side of the street. She stares at him, and at his
companion, and for one moment she catches a half-glimpse of
his face. She frowns slightly and then shrugs.

TORAN

What?

ELRIS

Carter's over there. Never misses a
chance.

TORAN

Eight.

ELRIS

That guy he's with... I'm sure I know
him from somewhere...

TORAN

(slightly scornfully)
I'm surprised you know any Vedeks.

Elris glares at him. She glances back again at the backs of
Carter and Timin, shakes her head and walks on, as the camera
pans up and we see the extent of the Bajoran strike,
throughout the whole city. On this sight we ...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. KAI'S PALACE

A large group have gathered outside, while a VEDEK talks to them.

INT. KAI'S PERSONAL CHAMBERS

The KAI watches the group and the Vedek talking to them, looking a little uncertain. Suddenly we hear a commotion outside, and DELFUNE storms in, followed by a hassled looking VEDEK.

VEDEK

I'm sorry Kai, she just wouldn't take no.

DELFUNE

We have to talk. Now.

KAI

It's alright, Vedek.

The Vedek bows, and leaves, closing the door behind him.

KAI (CONT'D)

I must admit, I am surprised it is you they have sent.

DELFUNE

Why?

KAI

I had assumed that it would be a lackey, a Captain or Commander

DELFUNE

You have to stop this. Things could get out of hand.

KAI

For who? You? The Federation. Excuse me, but that doesn't really carry much weight with me.

DELFUNE

For Bajor. You are walking a dangerous road.

KAI

We all walk dangerous roads.
(MORE)

KAI (CONT'D)

But not all of us know which potholes are shallow and can be crossed in safety and which are deep and must be avoided.

DELFUNE

Don't talk to me in metaphors, Kai, it does nothing for me.

KAI

Metaphors can illuminate truth.

DELFUNE

Truth can illuminate truth.

KAI

Perhaps.

DELFUNE

You're risking expulsion.

KAI

Is the Federation now so fascistic that any criticism of their ways leads to casting out?

DELFUNE

Criticism, no. But it could be argued this is treason.

KAI

Not very well. I am simply asking all Bajorans to stand up for themselves. The fate of the Wormhole -

DELFUNE

- is a Federation matter.

KAI

Is a Bajoran matter.

DELFUNE

Bajor is part of the Federation. Besides, the issue of passage through the Wormhole is a quadrant-wide concern.

KAI

Passage through the Wormhole is there but for the grace of the Prophets. The Prophets who chose us to be their representatives in this universe. They are our Gods, and we must honour and protect them.

DELFUNE

They're not gods. They're just a higher form of being.

KAI

Surely that is the very definition of a god.

DELFUNE

Maybe, but it doesn't mean we have to pray to them.

KAI

Do you go out of your way to be offensive, or can't you help it.

DELFUNE

I'm not interested in niceties, I just want what's best for the Federation.

KAI

And I want what's best for Bajor.

DELFUNE

I'd say that was the same thing.

KAI

And I'd say they were very different.

DELFUNE

I disagree.

KAI

I begin to see why the Dominion talks are going so poorly.

Delfune sighs.

DELFUNE

How do you even know what the Prophets want. Have you asked them?

KAI

I see many things in the Orbs...

DELFUNE

That's not what I asked. Have you had any word from them? Have you?

The Kai pauses.

KAI

I will consult the Orb of -

DELFUNE

No. I don't want to hear about the Orb of this or the Orb of that. Half the time you only see in them what you want to.

KAI

How dare you. I will not have you come in here and blaspheme to me in this way.

DELFUNE

And I will not have you jeopardize peace not only in this area of space, but maybe in the whole quadrant.

They glare at each other.

KAI

Then what would you have me do?

DELFUNE

Go to the Prophets. Personally.

KAI

Go... to the celestial temple?

DELFUNE

That's right. I'm sure as you're the closest thing on their pet planet to a friend, they'll make their opinion quite clear.

(Beat)

If they have one.

The Kai stares at her for a minute, and then slowly nods.

KAI

I will go.

DELFUNE

Good.

KAI

Alone

DELFUNE

Kai -

KAI

No. This I insist.

DELFUNE

You might as well just look into the Orbs.

KAI

No. You have my word I will relate
honestly what I am told. My word.

She is firm. Delfune looks at her.

KAI (CONT'D)

We all have to compromise, Admiral
Delfune.

Delfune looks at her, and believes. She nods.

DELFUNE

Agreed.

KAI

I will leave at once.

DELFUNE

Thank you.

She turns to leave.

KAI

Erm, I'd leave by the back way if I
were you.

(she indicates the
crowd)

They might not appreciate you
interpreting prayer.

Delfune nods and departs. The Kai taps a control on her
desk.

KAI (CONT'D)

Get me my shuttle.

INT. DOJAR'S CELL

Dojar is brought in by two guards, LIAMAN following. Dojar
is stumbling he's evidently been drugged with something
but he reacts when he sees an ominous looking metal chair in
the middle of the room with straps and wires leading from
it. He begins to struggle, but is too weak.

LIAMAN

Ah, ah, ah. Strap him in.

Dojar is flopped down and offers only weak resistance as he
is tied down.

DOJAR

(weakly)

You don't... I don't know anything.

LIAMAN

I think you know more than you think,
Gril.

(the guards finish)

Thank you, leave now.

The guards file out. Liaman pulls another chair and sits down on it in front of Dojar and waves a small control padd in front of him. He pulls out a hypospray and injects him.

LIAMAN (CONT'D)

Wakey wakey.

Dojar begins to look more alert. He glances round and down at his bonds, and pulls.

LIAMAN (CONT'D)

Don't bother, Gril, it's made of diluted neutronium and tritanium. It's one of the hardest compounds in the galaxy. That we know of.

DOJAR

I'm not telling you anything.

LIAMAN

Okay, that's fine, I'll file that away for reference.

He grins at Dojar and leans forward conspiratorially.

LIAMAN (CONT'D)

Between you and me, I think you will though. I'd bet... hmm... ten bars of hold stripped latinum on it. No, make that twenty, I feel generous!

(Dojar looks at his
disdainfully)

Now, perhaps some statistics. The chair you are sitting to is from a planet in the Gamma Quadrant called Meletzum, from the star constellation Mele in the Asgo nebula. Its inhabitants are well known for their ingenuity in inflicting pain and misery - ironically they used to be quite friendly with the Dominion. Until the Dominion firebombed their planet and wiped them all out. Shame really. They were also good cooks.

DOJAR

Are you going to bore me to death?

LIAMAN

No, not at all.

(MORE)

LIAMAN (CONT'D)

Surely you as a member of the great Federation, that happy band of philanthropic explorers, should be interested in learning of new cultures, new civilizations and so on...

DOJAR

Just torture me.

LIAMAN

I haven't finished telling you about the chair.

DOJAR

Or maybe this is the torture?

Liaman presses a button. Immediately Dojar screams out loud.

LIAMAN

No, this is the torture. 120 volts racing through your body, attacking every nerve, every synapse, simulating it to a degree you never knew possible. Impressive, isn't it? The Meletzias sure knew what they were doing.

He presses the button. Dojar slumps, a thin trickle of blood slipping down his nose. Liaman frowns.

LIAMAN (CONT'D)

Blood, already? That's disappointing. I've always thought that Cardassians were a hardy breed, or is that just a line of propaganda? I don't know. I've never tortured a Cardassian before. Slept with one. Didn't enjoy it, too scaly. Like fish. Know what I mean?

Dojar glares at him.

DOJAR

I... don't... know... anything.

LIAMAN

Maybe you don't. But you're not the only one

(taps Dojar's forehead)

In there, are you? There's someone else. Or something else at any rate. Whether he can be counted as a person I'm not sure. What do you think?

(MORE)

LIAMAN (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you have an opinion on the matter. Although how do you know it's your opinion? It's fascinating isn't it?

Dojar looks at him and spits. Liaman wipes it off.

LIAMAN (CONT'D)

You don't think it's fascinating? Fine, okay, whatever. Picky Cardassian Q'tami hybrid. Now. As fun as this might be, I suppose we had better get on with things. I need to know the location of a certain planet. A planet called Kurill Prime.

DOJAR

What makes you think Y'lan knows it?

LIAMAN

Because he knows everything...

DOJAR

No.

LIAMAN

Yes. And you will tell me...

He shocks Dojar again...

INT. SICKBAY

Y'LAN is in a special area on a biobed. He is shaking violently but still appears to be unconscious. CROSS and QUINLAN enter with a security detail. A doctor points.

DOCTOR

He's been like this for about five minutes.

CROSS

Quinlan.

Quinlan motions the guards to cover him. Suddenly Y'LAN wakes up, emitting his high pitched Q'tami squeal, and throws himself at them. They duck, but Y'lan bounces back against a forcefield.

QUINLAN

Geez, you could have warned us.

CROSS

What the hell's going on?

QUINLAN

(quietly)

It's Dojar. He's in pain...

Y'lan LEAPS at the forcefield again.

INT. DOJAR'S CELL

LIAMAN and DOJAR as before; Dojar still being shocked, Liaman leaning in close.

LIAMAN

You will tell me.

DOJAR

No, I...

(he suddenly gets a
fixed look in his
eyes)

... won't.

INT. SICKBAY

Y'LAN roars again, and throws himself against the forcefield again. But this time he does not bounce back, but gets through, the forcefield going pzzzt around him.

QUINLAN

Shit!

They dive for cover, but Y'lan makes straight for the door, and leaves.

CROSS

(tapping his comm.
badge)

Red alert. Y'lan is...

He hesitates. Quinlan shrugs.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Loose and out of control. Quinlan.

Quinlan motions her team to follow her.

INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR

Y'LAN skirts down it, people diving out of his way as he goes, along floor, walls and ceiling. Behind him, QUINLAN and her troop run.

QUINLAN

Stay back, stay back, let him through!

(mutters)

Man I hope he doesn't tear up the
Enterprise again.

INT. SHUTTLE BAY

Y'LAN bursts in, and heads for the nearest shuttle. A technician hesitates, then decides best thing to leave him be, and gets out of the way. The shuttle's door closes. QUINLAN enters.

GUARD 1
What should we do?

The shuttle powers up.

QUINLAN
I don't think we have much choice.
(taps comm. badge)
Quinlan to shuttle bay control. Let
him out. I repeat, let him out.

COMM VOICE
Acknowledged.

The shuttle bay alarms start to go off.

QUINLAN
Let's go.

They head back for the door as the shuttle starts to rise. Quinlan reaches the door and looks back.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Good luck.

She turns and leaves.

EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE

Favouring the Enterprise. We see the shuttle departing and making for the Wormhole.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CROSS enters from a turbolift. CALE looks up.

CALE
Ce's heading for the Wormhole,
Captain.

CROSS
(taps comm. badge)
Cross to Quinlan, let him go and
then follow at a discrete distance.

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE
Aye, Captain.

CALE
Captain... we have a problem.

CROSS

Mr. Cale?

CALE

There's another shuttle heading for the Wormhole.

CROSS

What, who?

Cale taps some buttons.

CALE

It's the Kai, Captain.

EXT. WORMHOLE

The glorious whirlpool opens, and we see the KAI'S SHUTTLE heading for it, while from another direction we see Y'lan's.

INT. KAI'S SHUTTLE

The KAI is at the controls. We hear a comm. signal.

CROSS' COMM VOICE

Kai, this is Captain Cross of the Enterprise. Turn back, there is a rogue shuttle on an intercept course.

The Kai frowns.

KAI

Where?

It is evident she is not used to flying her own shuttle.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CROSS tense, watching on the viewscreen the two shuttles. Y'lan's has picked up considerable speed.

CROSS

Pull out. Kai! Cale, can you get a lock?

CALE

(fingers shaking)

The interference from the Wormhole is making it difficult, Captain, I can't.

CROSS

Kai!

INT. KAI'S SHUTTLE

The KAI is panicking.

KAI

I don't see it, I don't...

The shuttle starts alarming.

SHUTTLE VOICE

Warning. Collision imminent, warning...

Suddenly there is a huge bang and the walls caves in...

EXT. WORMHOLE

The Wormhole is fully open, as we see Y'lan's shuttle smash into the Kai's. Both instantly explode.

INT. DOJAR'S CELL.

DOJAR and LIAMAN. Suddenly Dojar starts to spasm and go into shock. Liaman reacts and quickly turns off the chair, but Dojar continues to react.

LIAMAN

Dojar! Dojar!

Nothing.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CROSS' look of horror. He looks at CALE.

CROSS

Tell me you got them?

Cale looks up. He looks on the point of tears as he slowly shakes his head.

CALE

I'm sorry Captain.

Cross smashes his hand down on the chair.

CROSS

Damn it!

EXT. TAMNULA HALL OF RECORDS

A building that doesn't actually look that damaged. A few broken windows and the occasional pile of debris aside, it seems to have been relatively unscathed.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS MAIN LIBRARY

ELRIS and TORAN are rifling through piles of paper.

TORAN

As much as I admire Bajor's ideal of doing things the old fashioned way, I'd give anything just to be able to click on Search right about now.

ELRIS

And I thought Bajor was perfect.

TORAN

Bajor is perfect. It's their filing systems I have a problem with.

Elris sighs and throws another box on the floor.

ELRIS

This woman better be worth it. I don't think I could - Noa?

Toran has a fixed expression on his face.

TORAN

Got her. Look.

Elris comes over and looks over his shoulder.

TORAN (CONT'D)

(reading)

Kira Nerys, Ambassador, retired
Twelve years ago, to Braice, in the
Hedra valley.

ELRIS

Oh great.

TORAN

What?

ELRIS

The Hedra valley. Isn't that the place that eschews all technology or progress of any sort from the last ten thousand years.

TORAN

If you mean are they deeply spiritual people who believe in simplicity in their lives... then yes.

ELRIS

I mean the people who refuse to allow shuttles or transporters or any other kinds of sensible transport.

TORAN

Yep.

He closes the book he found her in and looks at Elris.

TORAN (CONT'D)
Looks like we're walking.

Suddenly they hear a great commotion outside, some wailing and cries.

ELRIS
What now?

They get up.

EXT. TAMULNA HALL OF RECORDS

A great crowd of people are swarming down the streets. ELRIS and TORAN emerge from the building. They walk down the steps. Toran stops one of the Bajorans.

TORAN
What's happened?

BAJORAN MAN
Haven't you heard? The Kai's been killed.

He walks on. Toran and Elris look at each other.

EXT. TAMULNA TOWN SQUARE.

CARTER is talking directly to camera.

CARTER
I'm here speaking live to you from Tamulna town square when news is just beginning to sink in of the Kai's death in a freak shuttle accident. A large crowd has gathered to hear from civic leaders, to learn their response.

He turns. On a soap box in the background TIMIN has stood up and is ranting.

TIMIN
... direct result of the Federation's continued interference in our lives. Would the Kai have been in the shuttle if it was not for the Federation? No. Would the other shuttle involved have been there if it wasn't for the Federation? No. Would the Kai still be alive now if it wasn't for the Federation? Yes. This is the final insult.

(MORE)

TIMIN (CONT'D)

We cannot allow this continued raping
of our people, our culture, ourselves,
to go on. We must make a stand.
Now. Are you with me?

The crowd, tears freely streaming down some of their faces,
cry out "Yes!" TORAN and ELRIS watch at the back.

TORAN

(very quietly)

We need to find Kira. And we need
to find her now.

He looks at Elris worriedly as we slowly...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. WORMHOLE

We are inside the swirling blue passage of the Wormhole. It is quiet, almost peaceful, despite the cataclysm of colour.

KAI'S VOICE

We do not know the Prophets, nor understand the mysteries within the Celestial Temple. All we can hope for is to interpret them as best we can, and pray that what we do does not displease those whom we would honour.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE

The shattered city of TAMULNA from The Lost. The KAI stands, weeping, looking around, as behind her Y'LAN approaches. A wind is whipping up.

KAI

Where am I?

Y'LAN

Where do you think?

KAI

I don't know.

Y'LAN

Surely when you fall at the gates of heaven, there is only one place you can expect to end up.

She turns and looks at the Q'tami with sudden understanding.

KAI

You are a Prophet.

Y'LAN

No. I'm Y'lan. I think the Prophets are over there.

He gestures. In the distance we see several figures. The Kai begins to walk forward then hesitates.

KAI

I'm scared.

Y'LAN

Why?

She turns and looks at him.

KAI

It's not every day you meet your
gods.

She looks back and swallows, before starting to walk towards
them.

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE CONFERENCE ROOM

THEL brings a fist down hard on the table while, around him,
several ADMIRALS, including DELFUNE, and other delegates,
including TALORA but not including any members of the
Dominion, watch.

DELFUNE

This is intolerable! Get them here
now!

THEL

They refuse to come.

DELFUNE

What? Why?

THEL

They say that we weren't interested
in them when the Kai was alive, and
that they believe the only reason we
are now is because they're protesting.

DELFUNE

They're right.

She sighs and walks over to a corner, where we see CROSS is
standing.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)

I have had it up to here with you
and your ship of the damned. If I
had my way, you would have been
decommissioned months ago, and sent
down hard labour for a few years.

CROSS

After what we've been through, that
sounds a most pleasant alternative.
Besides

(eyeing Delfune)

I was under the impression our
presence here was required.

Thel's eyes narrow.

THEL

Not any more. You're to leave.
Now.

Cross nodes and turns to go. He exits, followed by Talora. Thel grunts.

THEL (CONT'D)
When will the Diplomats be here?

DELFUNE
Day after tomorrow.

THEL
Good.

He sighs. Delfune looks at him squarely.

DELFUNE
What changed?

THEL
Excuse me?

DELFUNE
About the Enterprise. A few days ago it was let known to me that she was to stay about. I just want to know what changed?

Thel looks at her.

THEL
Anything useful from her has been taken.

He smiles at her.

INT. DOJAR'S CELL

DOJAR is slumped in his chair, unconscious. LIAMAN eyes him while a nervous looking man tends him with a hypospray. There is no visible effect on him. The man shakes his head.

LIAMAN
Damn it! Is that the strongest you have?

MAN
Yes. If that doesn't wake him up, nothing will.

LIAMAN
What's wrong with him?

MAN
I don't know.

LIAMAN
I thought you were a doctor.

MAN

A doctor without any equipment. A
workman without his tools...

LIAMAN

Fine, whatever. Just... just keep
trying.

He walks out, onto...

INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR

He strides along it angrily, and punches a wall console.
"Audio only" flashes up.

LIAMAN

Liaman here.

VOICE

The Q'tami is dead.

LIAMAN

Great. Do you want the Cardassian
killed then?

VOICE

No. He may still retain the
information for a limited time.

LIAMAN

Understood. What about things there?

VOICE

Things are progressing... nicely.

The sound pzzts out. Liaman looks worried.

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE CORRIDOR.

CROSS is striding along it angrily, with TALORA in the
background. She runs to catch up with him.

TALORA

Captain!

Cross turns.

CROSS

Nice company you keep these days,
Commander.

TALORA

You can't choose the people you work
with.

CROSS

Don't I know it.

TALORA

What are you going to do?

CROSS

What am I going to do? I'm going to leave. I'm not sure but I think it's what the Admiral wants me to do.

TALORA

I can't come with you.

Cross looks at her.

CROSS

Talora, after this latest debacle, it's not as though we're going to be able to come around and pick you up again.

TALORA

I know.

They look at each other.

TALORA (CONT'D)

This is a big chance for me, Captain. I can show to High Command what I'm capable of. That I'm more than

CROSS

A sub commander on a ship of the damned?

TALORA

I don't mean that.

CROSS

I wasn't aware you had ambitions like this.

TALORA

You're not aware of a lot of things.

CROSS

What the hell's that meant to mean?

TALORA

Think about it. You're told to stick around. Dojar is kidnapped. Suddenly the Enterprise isn't needed any more.

CROSS

There's a connection?

TALORA

I don't know, but I wouldn't bet against it.

CROSS

Okay, but why? The Bajorans?

TALORA

I don't think so. This Bajoran crisis doesn't seem to have any connection. No one could have known that Y'lan would react like that. No one, not even the all powerful Janus, can predict the Q'tami's movements that well.

CROSS

So what? The -

Talora puts her fingers to her lips.

TALORA

Yes.

CROSS

What could Dojar know about the Dominion?

TALORA

I don't know. But I think it might be critical to find out. This is a perfect opportunity.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

I sense more disaster.

TALORA

So do I. But I don't know where it's coming from.

CROSS

You want me to take the Enterprise into the Gamma Quadrant.

TALORA

Yes.

CROSS

On the off chance we can find Dojar?

TALORA

Yes.

CROSS

It's an awfully big quadrant.

TALORA

Which is surprisingly hard to hide in. Look, you'll have to stay around a couple of days anyway to wait for Doctor Elris to come back from her mission. At least this way you'll be doing something useful.

CROSS

I could never get permission.

TALORA

I think I can arrange that.

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE SICKBAY

A JEM'HADAR vomiting violently. In the background, a Vorta wringing his hands watches anxiously with CROSS.

VORTA

This is a rather... delicate matter.

CROSS

I can see that.

VORTA

We can't allow the other soldiers to see this. It would... disturb them.

CROSS

Which is why we're playing taxi service.

The Jem'Hadar throws up again.

VORTA

We thought it best.
(attempting to be
more cheerful)
Besides, missions like this bring us closer together. We can share a common bond, can't we?

Cross looks disdainfully at him.

CROSS

How many are there?

VORTA

Forty seven.

Beat.

CROSS

How many?

VORTA

Forty seven.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

We're going to need a bigger ship.

The Jem'Hadar glares at them, and roars.

VORTA

I think he wants us to leave.

CROSS

I think he does.

They turn, and as they go...

CROSS (CONT'D)

I'm beginning to see why Elris wanted
leave...

EXT. JUNGLE TERRAIN

ELRIS, TORAN, ODO and a guide make their way through rain forest. Perspiration drips freely from them as they trek.

ELRIS

How much further is it?

GUIDE

Stop.

They stop. Elris looks expectantly. The guide points.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

See that mountain peak?

ELRIS

Yes.

GUIDE

When we reach the summit, we have
only two more summits to climb before
we arrive.

ELRIS

So that would be three summits in
total?

GUIDE

Yes.

ELRIS

And how high are they?

GUIDE

The highest is fourteen thousand feet.

ELRIS

Fourteen thousand feet. And the lowest?

GUIDE

Thirteen thousand feet.

ELRIS

Ah. What?

The guide has broken into a big smile.

GUIDE

I was joking.

ELRIS

Oh.

(She starts laughing.)
That's a relief.

GUIDE

There are four more summits to go.

He sniggers and starts off again. Elris is not amused.

ELRIS

And you wonder why I want to get away from Bajor.

TORAN

There's nothing wrong with exercise.

ELRIS

There's nothing wrong with transporters. I mean, seriously, Toran, are you anti everything that's not of Bajoran origin?

TORAN

I think that's a simplistic way of looking at things.

ELRIS

Bajor isn't the centre of the universe.

TORAN

It's the centre of *my* universe, Lea.

Elris stops and looks at him.

TORAN (CONT'D)

That's the point. You're always looking at the big picture, what's right for the Federation. You forget that it's not the be all and end all.

ELRIS

Neither's Bajor. And sometimes you forget that.

TORAN

I don't forget it. And that's why I must be here, to protect it. Because the more important people, the Federation, won't.

ELRIS

Does that include me?

TORAN

(looks at her)
Apparently.

Elris glares at him as he walks on.

EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE

Favouring the Enterprise.

CROSS (V.O.)

Captain's log stardate 80502.3. On Admiral Delfune's kind invitation, we are to transport forty seven sick Jem'Hadar soldiers to a rendezvous with a ship in the Gamma Quadrant. After our recent conversation I am surprised she is allowing us this seemingly important mission.

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE PROMENADE

THEL and DELFUNE look out.

DELFUNE

If he blows up the Gamma Quadrant, don't say I didn't warn you.

THEL

Oh come now, surely that wouldn't be so bad. After all, it would save us a whole heap of trouble.

Delfune looks at him.

DELFUNE

True.

She yawns.

THEL

Weary?

DELFUNE

Not really.

THEL

Do you ever get the feeling that you're... past it, Admiral?

Delfune is immediately alert.

DELFUNE

I wouldn't say that, no.

THEL

That your... diplomatic skills are... waning.

DELFUNE

No.

THEL

I see.

(beat)

I heard you went to see the Kai.

DELFUNE

Perhaps.

THEL

Just before she left for the Wormhole.

DELFUNE

Really.

THEL

Now what possibly could have induced you to do something like that?

DELFUNE

Possibly to get some kind of resolution?

THEL

And why, tell me, would we want that?

Delfune stares at him.

THEL (CONT'D)

You know sometimes I feel you don't know the first thing of what's going on around here, Admiral.

(MORE)

THEL (CONT'D)

(leans in)

Word to the wise. Next time, stay out of it.

(He turns and begins to walk away.)

Lucky for you it didn't have an adverse reaction. Lucky.

(turning back)

And getting rid of the Q'tami too... maybe we should give you a medal.

He smiles and walks off. Delfune turns and watches as the Enterprise leaves dock.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE

Y'LAN is standing, staring into a misty distance. Behind him, R'LAL approaches.

R'LAL

You are not like the others.

Y'LAN

No.

R'LAL

You are both linear and not linear.

Y'LAN

I am neither.

He turns...

INT. Q'TAMI BIRTHING POD

We see a small Q'tami being born from a sac, by two other Q'tami's. Y'LAN watches impassively with K'PAR.

Y'LAN

I am not interested in visual stimuli.
I do not need it.

K'PAR

And yet you do. To comprehend.

Y'LAN

Are my mental abilities so degraded?

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

The bridge is on fire. Bodies lie scattered, including helmsman HEX, in front of CROSS, a couple of years older, scarred and bloody. He turns and looks at Y'LAN.

CROSS

Not yet. But they will be if you
allow the parasite to infest you for
much longer.

Y'LAN

I cannot allow him to die.

INT. Q'TAMI WORLD SHIP

DOJAR lies in mid air, as the Q'tami surround him, including
Y'LAN.

Q'TAMI 1

He is already dead.

Y'LAN

He is not.

INT. SHUTTLE

DOJAR and Y'LAN from 2x13.

DOJAR

Then you must help him.

Y'LAN

Tell him of the planet?

DOJAR

Yes.

Y'LAN

No matter what the consequences?

INT. CAVERN

NEIKA and CROSS both look at Y'LAN.

NEIKA

You know what is to come?

Y'LAN

I know.

CROSS

And what is behind?

Y'LAN

I comprehend.

NEIKA

You are an intriguing creature.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE

DOJAR stands by Y'LAN.

DOJAR

Both linear.

INT. ENTERPRISE HOLODECK

Hex sparring with Dojar, blades whirling around between them, her lithe body easily matching Dojar's movements.

HEX

And non linear.

EXT. Q'TAMI HOMEWORLD

Q'tami rising, floating, a sense of urgency, and of death. One stops and looks at Y'LAN.

Q'TAMI

But you do not belong here.

Y'LAN

In the wormhole? In the wormhole?

Suddenly, it all blurs...

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'LAN appears, and stumbles. As ce's about to collapse, one tentacle raises and pushes some buttons on his table, before falling unconscious.

INT. DOJAR'S CELL

DOJAR suddenly opens his eyes and yells out:

DOJAR

Two four four mark three one.

He frowns and looks round.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

The viewscreen shows the Enterprise is passing through the Wormhole. CROSS and CALE are amongst those stationed. An alarm suddenly starts chirping.

CALE

Captain. We're getting some readings from Y'lan's lab.

CROSS

Y'lan's lab should be sealed off.

CALE

I don't know, Captain.

(frowning)

They're Q'tami.

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

QUINLAN and a security detail enter, and find Y'LAN on the floor.

QUINLAN

Captain!

CROSS enters behind them and kneels down.

CROSS

Y'lan. Y'lan!

(taps comm. badge)

Cross to Sickbay. Emergency medical team to Y'lan's lab.

COMM VOICE

Acknowledged.

Quinlan is looking him over.

QUINLAN

He's not showing any signs of exposure to deep space.

CROSS

Does he ever?

QUINLAN

Even the hardiest Q'tami gets a little radiation burn.

Cross looks at her.

CROSS

Do you sometimes feel the hands of fate guiding you?

QUINLAN

No. But I might feel the hands of extra temporal beings.

CROSS

And if they got him...

Quinlan nods. Cross stands up, tapping his comm. badge.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Put me through to Bajor high command. Tell them there's a chance the Kai is still alive...

GUARD

(at Y'lan's table)

Captain.

CALE'S COMM VOICE

Captain?

CROSS

Hold a minute.

(crosses to the guard)

What is it?

GUARD

Coordinates, Captain.

Quinlan comes and looks. She and Cross exchange a glance.

CROSS & QUINLAN

Dojar.

CALE'S COMM VOICE

Captain?

CROSS

And set a course, heading two four
four mark three one. We're going to
get Dojar back.

INT. TIMIN'S MEETING PLACE

TIMIN sits watching as on a screen people assemble in the streets, protesting. There is a satisfied gleam in his eye. From the side, CARTER watches, a little nervously.

TIMIN

Ever feel the hand of destiny, Mr
Carter? Some would call it a burden,
weighing one down, forcing you to
stoop. But not me. I embrace it.
I take it to my very being. I infuse
it, and it becomes me.

Beat.

CARTER

You like hearing your own voice,
don't you?

TIMIN

It is a time for talking.

CARTER

Before you told me it was a time for
action.

Timin leans into him.

TIMIN

You are ungrateful.

(MORE)

TIMIN (CONT'D)

I am giving you a unique chance to be on the frontline of Bajor's re-emergence onto the galactic stage, a chance that your career, so am I told, is begging for.

CARTER

Perhaps so. But you standing around pontificating and uttering cool sounding soundbites does not a revolution make. Give me something of substance.

TIMIN

For example?

CARTER

I don't know... the normal Bajoran, how does he or she feel about this? The Kai, how did she feel?

TIMIN

The Kai knew and supported us.

CARTER

That's not what I heard.

TIMIN

Really? And what did you hear?

CARTER

That the Kai considered you a bunch of fanatics that could do more harm to the cause than good.

TIMIN

I don't think that's what she thought at all.

CARTER

A difference of opinion then.

Timin stands up, suddenly purposefully.

TIMIN

Not for long.

CARTER

What do you mean?

TIMIN

Oh, haven't you heard? The Kai isn't dead.

CARTER

Excuse me?

TIMIN

The Prophets in their infinite wisdom saved her. A shuttle leaves within the hour to collect her. I wasn't going to go, but now I think... now I think it might be for the best. And you, my official reporter, are coming with me.

He begins to walk purposefully off. Carter follows.

EXT. ENTERPRISE

At warp.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CROSS marches onto the bridge, CALE at his usual post.

CROSS

Report.

CALE

We're approaching the coordinates, now, Captain.

CROSS

Excellent, what do we -

Suddenly the bridge is rocked as the ship is fired on. The red alert claxon goes immediately.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Report!

CALE

We have an unidentified ship coming at us, Captain.

EXT. SPACE

We see in the background a small planetoid. In the foreground, LIAMAN'S ship takes a pass at the ENTERPRISE, firing along her saucer section.

INT. LIAMAN'S SHIP BRIDGE

LIAMAN stands looking determined. A LACKEY looks up.

LACKEY

Minimal damage, we're not going to touch them.

A hailing chirp is heard.

LACKEY (CONT'D)

They're hailing us.

Liaman nods.

LIAMAN
Bring the Cardassian.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CROSS looks determined, as CALE looks up.

CALE
They're responding.

CROSS
On screen.

On the viewscreen LIAMAN appears, with DOJAR by his side.

LIAMAN
Captain Cross.

CROSS
Mr. Dojar, nice to see you.

DOJAR
Captain.

LIAMAN
As you can see, Captain, I have your
pet Cardassian here.

CROSS
How we doing, Dojar?

DOJAR
Same as usual, Captain.

CROSS
That bad, huh?

DOJAR
Oh yeah.

LIAMAN
Captain, I -

CROSS
What do they want?

DOJAR
They wanted the coordinates of the
planetoid we're approaching.

LIAMAN
Captain, you will -

CROSS
Why do they want it?

DOJAR

It's one of the main cloning facilities for Jem'Hadar. Someone doesn't like the Dominion.

LIAMAN

Off!

INT. LIAMAN'S SHIP BRIDGE

LIAMAN angrily slaps DOJAR, knocking him down. He looks over at his LACKEY.

LIAMAN

Set an intercept course for the planet.

LACKEY

Erm... why?

LIAMAN

Because we have a mission to perform, and we will carry it out.

LACKEY

I don't think -

Liaman raises a gun and shoots the lackey, before crossing over to his console.

LIAMAN

Fine, I'll do it myself.

He taps it in.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CALE looks up at CROSS alarmed.

CALE

Captain, they've set an intercept course.

CROSS

Tractor beam, Mr -

Suddenly the ship in front of them jumps to warp..

INT. Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'LAN spasms up, thrashes at his table at random, and then sinks down again.

EXT. SPACE

The ENTERPRISE grabs LIAMAN'S ship in the tractor, sending it into a spin and pulling it apart instantly.

It explodes but the main wreckage is sent spiraling down...

EXT. PLANET SURFACE

We see the ship ram into the Jem'Hadar facility, which instantly goes up in a cloud of smoke.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CROSS looks urgently at CALE.

CROSS

Cale?

Cale looks up and shakes his head.

CALE

I couldn't find him, Captain.

Cross stares at him.

CROSS

(very shortly)

Set a course for the Wormhole.

He turns and marches straight into...

INT. CROSS' READY ROOM

CROSS marches in, the door closes. He walks over to the window and looks out. His face is thunder. Suddenly he turns round, and lashes out at the table, sending it flying.

CROSS

Son of a bitch!

He smashes his fist into the wall and sinks to his knees.

INT. CAVES

Throughout this scene we hear a heart beating. We start by seeing the KAI kneeling down, her eyes closed, her expression one of sorrow. She slowly looks up, and sees in front of her two cave passages, or a crossroads. One has a reddish glow coming from it, the other is completely dark.

KAI

Where am I?

A figure emerges from the passage with the reddish glow: it is TIMIN.

TIMIN

It is time to make the choice.

KAI

What is that glow?

TIMIN

It is Bajor's sorrow.

FAST INTERCUT: SCENE OF Q'TAMIS ATTACKING TAMULNA.

Then we return to the caves. From the other passage comes VEDEK Nimella.

VEDEK

It is Bajor's joy.

The Kai swallows.

KAI

What am I to do?

TIMIN

What you will do, and what you always have done.

VEDEK

What you will never do, and what you cannot do in the future.

KAI

I don't understand.

VEDEK

You must make peace.

TIMIN

You must make war.

The Vedek kneels down next to the Kai.

VEDEK

Only in peace can Bajor prosper.

Timin kneels on the other side.

TIMIN

Only through war can Bajor survive.

The Kai stands up, and walks away from them.

KAI

What is this? Some kind of test? I didn't think the Prophets believed in choice.

TIMIN

There is no free will.

VEDEK

There is always free will.

KAI

If I make peace with the Federation,
Bajor will never have her voice heard.

VEDEK

And if you make war, Bajor will never
be accepted.

TIMIN

If you make peace, Bajor will become
weak.

VEDEK

But if you make war, Bajor will die.

KAI

Tell me what I must do.

TIMIN

Must? Must does not come into it.
What you will do, that is all we can
tell you.

KAI

Then tell me that!

VEDEK

What does your heart tell you?

KAI

(thinks)

That the Federation... means well.
But we have become lost. We are
small to them, insignificant.

TIMIN

So make Bajor significant again.

VEDEK

On that path only ruin and desolation
lies.

The Kai looks at him.

KAI

Is that an answer?

VEDEK

It is how it must be.

KAI

So you're saying that Bajor should
make peace?

TIMIN

Make peace, and be slaves. Make war
and be free.

VEDEK

You will not be free. You will be
dead.

The Kai yells out.

KAI

I don't know what to do! Tell me!

TIMIN

We have told you what will happen.

VEDEK

Now you must discover how it happens.

They slowly begin to fade away. The Kai swallows, and looks
at the two paths. She begins to cry, as we:

INTERCUT: SWIFT IMAGES OF Q'TAMI ATTACKING AGAIN

And back to before. She sighs.

KAI

I can't leave Bajor unprotected.
She... she needs the Federation...

She begins to walk towards the dark entrance, when suddenly
it all dissolves around her...

INT. SHUTTLE

And the KAI materializes on the pad. TIMIN steps forward,
as CARTER lurks in the background.

KAI

You.

TIMIN

Kai. It is a miracle!

He kneels before her, takes her hand and kisses it, before
standing again.

TIMIN (CONT'D)

We thought we'd lost you.

The Kai steps down uncertainly.

KAI

Mr. Carter.

TIMIN

We need to talk.

He smiles at her.

EXT. BAJORAN VILLAGE

ELRIS, TORAN and ODO enter it, just as twilight is falling.

ELRIS (V.O.)

We reached Braice just as the sun
was sinking. It didn't take long
for us to find Kira.

An old man emerges from a hut, and confers with Toran for a moment, before pointing to a hut on a raised hillock.

INT. HUT

ODO enters. On a bed in the middle of the room an elderly woman lies, watched over by a medicine man. He sinks slowly to the floor next to her as, from the doorway, ELRIS, TORAN and the OLD MAN who pointed the way watch.

ELRIS

(whispering)

What's wrong with her?

OLD MAN

They say she has Legoric Syndrome.

Elris and Toran exchange glances

ELRIS

How long has she been lying there?

OLD MAN

Three days.

TORAN

Then she doesn't have long.

We move over to Odo and the sleeping form.

ODO

Nerys? Nerys? It's Odo.

SHAMAN

She can't hear you.

ODO

(sharply)

She can.

(looks tenderly at
Kira, and rests his
fingers on her face)

Nerys, I... I ...

He stops. He doesn't know what to say. He leans down and lays his head by hers. Finally he looks up..

ODO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I didn't come back.

ELRIS

We should leave him.

They turn and exit...

EXT. BAJORAN VILLAGE

ELRIS and TORAN walk slowly down from the hut.

TORAN

You know where she must have got
Legoric from.

ELRIS

Alien infection, attacking Bajoran
neurone pathways. Yes, I know.

TORAN

Tamulna. She must have been there.

ELRIS

A warrior to the last.

TORAN

Another victim of the Federation's
incompetence.

ELRIS

She choose the life she led.

TORAN

That's just it, Lea, she didn't.
None of us have. We have been forced
into this life by external forces.
These

(gesturing at Elris'
uniform)

Forces. We are no longer in control
of our destiny, any of us. We need
to take it back. I need to take it
back.

Elris nods.

ELRIS

Then I guess that is it.

TORAN

Bajor must survive, Lea. I'm sorry.

They stand looking at the village, the hut behind them.

ELRIS (V.O.)

I no longer know what is to become
of us. I no longer know where we
are heading.

INT. BAJORAN ROOM

The injured KAI lies on a bed as TIMIN tends to her, CARTER
watching in the background.

ELRIS (V.O.)

People are playing games, trying to
manipulate us into positions we no
longer want to be in. Dangerous
people, with dangerous intentions.
I am scared, for Bajor and her people.

INT. DELFUNE'S OFFICE

DELFUNE walks in and sees on her console a flashing message.

ELRIS (V.O.)

For the Federation, and her people.
We are the players and we don't know
the rules, we can but hope to make
the best of our situations -

Delfune presses the message. Her image appears on the screen,
an image that seems to melt away face to muscle to bone to
dust followed by a message: DON'T INTERFERE AGAIN. J. She
sinks to her seat, shocked.

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

- knowing that at any moment we might
be taken from the board, put back in
the box, no longer useful, no longer
viable.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

CROSS and CALE looking grim.

ELRIS (V.O.)

We don't know when that time will
come, all we can hope is that we can
make a difference before then.

INT. DEEP SPACE NINE MEETING ROOM.

TALORA looks tired as more Admirals and Dominion people fight.

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

We can only hope we get to the eighth
rank, become more than we were, before
our time is up.

EXT. PLANET

We sweep through a jungle clearing, and see something moving in the undergrowth.

ELRIS (V.O.)

Doing our best, not just to survive,
but to make a difference. Win the
game for our side. Strive to survive.

The figure moves some brush aside and we see DOJAR, looking haggard and dazed, staring out. In front of him a large military looking complex is burning, and we see Jem'Hadar bodies scattered around, whilst others dash about, trying to contain the blaze. On his face we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR