

STAR TREK

RENAISSANCE

"Dirty Tricks"

By
James Sampson

Episode #: 3x13
Published April 05, 2004

This teleplay is originally from
www.startrekrenaissance.com

"Star Trek" and related names are registered
trademarks of Paramount Pictures, Inc.
This original work of fiction is
written solely for non-profit purposes.
Copyright 2003 by The Renaissance Group.
All Rights Reserved.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. ENTERPRISE

At warp.

INT. JEFFRIES TUBE

GREY and BOYLE are squeezed into an extremely tight tube, both monitoring a pulse of energy arcing through one of the tubes.

BOYLE

There it is. And again. And again.

GREY

It's repeating every two seconds.
We need to take it out.

BOYLE

Right.

They shift round, Grey reaching for a box of tools.

GREY

We haven't been this close since...
you know.

BOYLE

Yeah I know. Here.

She takes a small device from Grey and attaches it to one end of the tube. Grey does the same with another device to the other end of the tube.

GREY

Okay, three, two, one.

They both press a button on their devices, and the glowing tube goes dark.

BOYLE

Energy's been diverted.

She reaches in and takes the tube, laying it on the floor. They start to dismantle it.

GREY

It wasn't that bad, was it?

BOYLE

Hmmm?

GREY

You know, when we...

Boyle looks up. Grey shuffles uncomfortably.

GREY (CONT'D)

You know...

BOYLE

Had sex?

GREY

Yeah.

BOYLE

No, of course not, it was fun. Pass me the ionizer will you?

He does so.

GREY

That's something. And we used to have fun, didn't we?

BOYLE

Sure we did.

GREY

In Clown World.

BOYLE

Oh yeah. We had a lot of fun there.

GREY

So... why did you act like that?

BOYLE

Because I'm a bitch. You know that. Boyle the bitch, I believe is the usual expression.

GREY

I never called you that.

BOYLE

And that's one of the reasons I broke up with you.

GREY

What?

BOYLE

You've got no balls. You can't even bring yourself to say bitch, or
(makes quotation marks
with her fingers)
Have sex. You're stuffy.

GREY

Oh.

BOYLE

And for a career gal like me, you're not the highest rung on the ladder.

GREY

That's not a good ethic to choose your partner by.

BOYLE

No, but it was just another factor, another thing that makes you you. You're a bit like this tube, in fact.

She holds it up.

GREY

I don't get you.

BOYLE

Look at this tube. Solid, dependable, a bit clogged up. It's like you. Vital to the running of this system, but not very important as far as the whole ship goes. It can run quite well without it. And because of that, it'll never amount to much?

GREY

And Carter will?

BOYLE

Well... he used to. People used to listen to him. Not so much now.

GREY

So does that mean you're going to show him the door?

BOYLE

Not yet. Because out of everyone here, he's the only one who might possibly recover someday. The rest of you are no hoppers, destined for a life of mediocrity. You'll never be important, no one will ever hang on your words. You're just like this tube, destined to remain in a backwater of the system, doing its job faithfully but never amounting to anything more. And that is why we split up.

She plugs it in with a snap and looks at Grey.

GREY

You really are a bitch, aren't you?

BOYLE

Perhaps, but I'm a bitch who's going
places.

She presses a button, and the tube begins to pulse with life
again. Grey shakes his head as they begin to pack up.
Suddenly the comm. signal chirps:

CROSS' COMM VOICE

Cross to Grey, could you come and
see me in my ready room immediately,
please?

GREY

On my way.
(to Boyle)
Are you alright to pack up?

BOYLE

Sure.

Grey nods, and slowly crawls away. We watch Boyle working
away as we slowly...

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CROSS' READY ROOM

GREY enters to find CROSS sitting at his desk, TALORA standing behind him. They both have very worried expressions on their faces, as though they're about to tell Grey he has a terminal disease. To one side is standing a tall burly man in official uniform whom we haven't seen before.

GREY
(uncertainly)
Captain. Commander. What's going on?

CROSS
Sit down, Lt.

Grey does so. Cross reaches for a PADD

GREY
What's going on?

CROSS
At oh eight hundred hours this morning we received a summons from the Federation Privy Council requesting you attend the Supreme Court of Galactic Affairs on Earth in three days from now. Failure to comply will result in termination of your commission in Starfleet and or a penal sentence of no less than eighteen months.

Grey's eyes have gone very wide.

GREY
Privy Council? What... does it say why?

CROSS
No. It does go on to say that from now on you are to communicate with no one before meeting with the Chief Justice of the Federation, Ferel Harabad, which you will do immediately on arrival at Federation Headquarters tomorrow morning. There is a secure shuttle waiting in Shuttlebay 2 to take you. You are to leave immediately.

Grey looks from Cross to Talora helplessly.

GREY

What the hell is going on? What am I meant to have done?

CROSS

I don't know, I was rather hoping you'd tell us that.

TALORA

Although officially you would not be permitted to tell us even if you did know.

GREY

Which I don't.

CROSS

Then that's not a problem. Lt Mathison here will escort you to your transport. I am formally relieving you of your duties at this time.

Grey nods.

GREY

Thank you, Captain.

CROSS

(to Mathison)

Alright, Lieutenant.

Mathison acknowledges him with a nod, and gestures to Grey.

MATHISON

Lt Grey, if you would?

Almost in a daze Grey nods, and turns to leave. At the door of the ready room he turns briefly and looks at Cross and Talora in bewilderment.

INT. BRIDGE

CALE is at ops as GREY is led out by MATHISON

CALE

Lt? What's going on?

Grey shakes his head quickly at him he can't speak.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY

We see GREY and MATHISON walking towards a non-Starfleet private Federation space liner, another guard standing to attention on the outside. From the viewing gallery, we see CROSS and TALORA watching. Grey glances briefly upwards to them before entering the shuttle.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY VIEWING GALLERY

CROSS and TALORA watch as the shuttle powers up.

PILOT'S COMM VOICE
Shuttlecraft Xerxes requesting
permission to depart.

CROSS
Permission granted. Safe journey.

As the shuttle rises QUINLAN runs in.

QUINLAN
Captain, what's going on? I heard
that someone's taking away Erik...?

Cross gestures to the shuttle slowly easing its way out of
the bay into space.

CROSS
He's gone.

QUINLAN
Why?

CROSS
I wish I knew, Lt. I wish I knew...

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

GREY is sitting on one side of the cockpit, facing MATHISON
and the other guard on the other, both of whom are staring
ahead impassively, not making eye contact with him. To the
front we see the pilot.

GREY
This is cozy.

No response.

GREY (CONT'D)
This is a Cessna Star Rider 2380,
isn't it? Bit long in the tooth
nowadays, the plasma turbochargers
have been replaced in the newer type-
ys, there's better tune-upshifting
with them now. Although there is
slight loss of plasma stability, but
nobody worries about things like
that. Apart from people like me.
Who have nothing better to do. You're
not going to react to anything I
say, are you?

He's got that right. Grey sighs.

GREY (CONT'D)

It's gonna be a long trip. What about broadcasts, is there anything saying I can't watch them?

Mathison and the other exchange discreet glances, then Mathison activates a vidcomm.

GREY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He turns and watches the broadcast, which has an FNN logo in the corner of the screen, besides which is displayed "First Presidential Candidates Debate, live from Betazoid." He watches it..

INT. DEBATING CHAMBER

The debate is taking part in an impressive Betazoid chamber, rather similar to the Roman auditorium design the candidates are surrounded on all sides by sloping seats rising upwards, which are filled with journalists, official looking people, Betazoids and other assorted people. At the moment ZAYGARE is talking..

MARIEL

We need to move administration away from big business, put it back into the hands of the smaller consumers. At the moment it is the little people that suffer.

ZAYGARE

That is, if you will excuse me, a naïve view of the system. Without big business, the economy of the Quadrant would flounder, as you well know.

MARIEL

The economy can survive if we let it, allow the people who at the moment don't have a chance to get that chance. Cut through some of the red tape. Give people back their say.

ADJUCATOR

President Drell?

DRELL

As far as I'm concerned, everything is fine as it is. The economy is growing, and people seem content with it.

MARIEL

That's only because there's nothing better - you're not giving them anything to aim towards! They need more help, and the present administration, and the one that the Senator here is proposing, will not give it to them.

ADJUCATOR

And on that note, we've come to the end of our time. I would like to thank...

The sound dips.

FNN ANNOUNCER

Coming up next, we get reactions from the world of entertainment to the debate. In the studio we'll have comedian Harry Hasgloe, former model turned Charity Worker Kayba Meadows and current singing sensation Jemma Williams.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

As before; GREY and the two guards. He sighs and reaches to turn the vidscreen off.

FNN ANNOUNCER (ON SCREEN)

Find out who they'll be voting for after these messages

Grey leans back in his seat and closes his eyes...

TIME LAPSE

EXT. EARTH

As usual the orbit around Earth is alive with all sorts of goings on. Shuttles dash about, we see a couple of shipyards floating and a starbase. Into this whirl of activity Grey's shuttle arrives descends.

PILOT'S VOICE

This is Shuttlecraft Xerxes requesting priority clearance.

COMM VOICE

Granted, Xerxes. You're expected.

EXT. FEDERATION HEADQUARTERS

The shuttle descends inside.

INT. FEDERATION HEADQUARTERS RECEPTION AREA

Another hive of activity, it rather resembles a cross between the UN and a busy airport. GREY is escorted through the maelstrom by the two guards who flank him on either side. They cross over and enter a code into an elevator, which opens its doors immediately.

INT. PRIVY COUNCIL CHAMBERS

From the view outside we see the chambers are near the top of the Federation building. You must be able to see for nearly twenty miles out of them. The city below looks very beautiful as the elevator doors open and GREY is herded through to a small waiting area. MATHISON gestures to a chair.

MATHISON

Wait here.

Grey does so, as Mathison goes and speaks to a receptionist quietly. Grey watches them we can see the secretary glancing at him with evident interest as they confer before Mathison returns.

MATHISON (CONT'D)

We're to go straight in.

Grey stands up again.

GREY

Best get it over with.

INT. COUNCILOR WEJ'S OFFICE

GREY is brought in. A man, presumably the Councilor, is sitting behind a desk reading a padd. He's younger than you might expect, no more than forty, a human, with an open expressive face. A figure sits to one side, but until Grey looks at him we don't spot that he is a Ferengi. Grey is brought before the desk but the COUNCILOR doesn't look up.

MATHISON

Lieutenant Commander Erik Grey,
Councilor.

He looks at Grey and stands up. He offers him his hand

WEJ

Lt Grey, I'm Councilor Wej. Please,
be seated.

GREY

(cautiously)
Thank you.

He shakes his hand and sits down, as does Wej. The COUNCILOR looks at Mathison.

WEJ

Thank you Mathison, that will be all.

MATHISON

Councilor.

He bows and then heads out, closing the door behind him. Grey glances at the Ferengi, who gives him a big toothy grin. Grey quickly looks back at Wej. Wej drops the padd onto his table top.

WEJ

No doubt you're wondering what this is all about.

GREY

Just a little.

WEJ

I apologize for not being more forthcoming but we couldn't risk any more leaks to the media. It's been bad enough as it is.

GREY

The media? I don't understand.

Wej leans back in his chair and begins to explain.

WEJ

Tomorrow morning the INN, Independent News Network, will lead with a story which will give us no choice but to indite Councilor Mariel, one of the candidates for this year's Presidential Elections, with grand perjury. She will be brought to a preliminary hearing where myself and five other councilors will have to decide whether to bring formal charges against her. A decision that rests almost entirely on testimony that you will give.

GREY

Me? What have I got to do with it?

WEJ

I want you to watch something.

He swings round his console so Grey can see it too. There is an image freeze-framed on it of Mariel with her right hand raised.

WEJ (CONT'D)

This is footage from last month's candidates inauguration ceremony. How much do you know about the electoral process?

GREY

I know that the candidates have to be sworn in before they can officially enter the race.

WEJ

Right. This is part of Mariel's official oath.

He presses a button and the image begins to move.

MARIEL

(on screen)

I will do my duty by my planet, my government and my Federation, to do what is right and what is proper. I will be faithful to the state, my family and to my own beliefs, and will not compromise, no matter what the provocation or apparent justification.

Wej presses a button and the image freezes again before looking at Grey for a reaction. Grey shrugs, baffled.

WEJ

The INN contacted us yesterday morning informing us that they had had an anonymous source come forward to say that on stardate 79650 Councilor Mariel and you had intercourse on the Enterprise.

Grey opens his mouth to speak but Wej hastily starts talking again.

WEJ (CONT'D)

I do not want to know now what your reaction to this statement is. However, this is not something we can ignore and so we must make steps to study these allegations, whether they be ill founded or not.

Grey frowns.

GREY

I don't understand what bearing they would have either way.

WEJ

Mariel in her oath used the expression "I will be faithful to the state, my family and to my own beliefs." Councilor Mariel has been married for the past thirty one years.

Grey closes his eyes and swallows.

WEJ (CONT'D)

Now it's true that the couple have been estranged for many years, but that does not make them any the less married in the eyes of Federation law. The same law that she swore to she would remain faithful. If it is established she has broken this oath... she is going to be in very serious trouble.

Grey looks at him stunned.

GREY

Am I allowed to know the nature of this source the INN are pinning this allegation on?

Wej shakes his head.

WEJ

I'm afraid not. But just know it's significant enough that we have to take it seriously. The INN were kind enough to give us forty eight hours before they broke the story, to get you here and organize things.

FERENGI

Very generous indeed, considering that the INN hates the Federation.

Grey jumps he'd forgotten the Ferengi is there. He looks over at him before back at Wej questioningly.

WEJ

This is Mr Clax, a Personal Relations expert. We are assigning him to you for the duration, to help you.

GREY

Help me? Help me with what?

Clax sidles over and grins again.

CLAX

I don't think you quite realize what you're in for.

GREY

In for? What am I in for?

CLAX

Lt Grey, when this story hits tomorrow, you're not going to be able to go anywhere or do anything without hordes of reporters following you and monitoring your every move, your every utterance. They love a scandal, and a scandal involving a Presidential Candidate and Grand Perjury is manna from heaven for them, as well as the fact that you're a controversial figure anyway, coming from the Butcher of Coular's very own ship of the damned. The next week they're going to be living, breathing, eating and drinking you. Every moment from your life will be dug up, all the skeletons in your closet, all your old sexual conquests, all your childhood enmities, people won't be able to move without seeing you staring out at them from the front of every magazine, every paper from here to the Delta Quadrant.

His face is now mere inches away from Grey's face, the latter reacting to the smell of Clax's breath,

CLAX (CONT'D)

It's going to be great.

GREY

(to Wej)

I think I'd be better off on my own.

WEJ

Sadly, it's not an option. Not only do we have to protect you from the excesses of the paparazzi, we also have to make sure that you don't do anything... indiscreet. We can't have you doing or saying anything that might compromise your testimony in three days' time.

GREY

It sounds to me as though you've already convicted Councilor Mariel.

WEJ

(seriously)

Not at all.

(MORE)

WEJ (CONT'D)

But one way or the other this needs to be dealt with so that the truth is seen to have come out and be spotlessly clean. We must be very careful to do everything by the book, hence Mr Clax here.

Grey turns to look at Clax in distaste, who hasn't moved his face from Grey's. Clax leers at him.

GREY

So what now?

WEJ

You are free for tonight. You may go where you like, accompanied by Mr Clax of course, up until oh five hundred hours tomorrow morning. That's when the INN is going to break. After that you must not leave your apartment unless given express permission by myself or one of my associates.

(thinks)

Not that you're going to want to.

GREY

Can I contact my ship?

WEJ

No. We would prefer it if you had no communications from your ship. It doesn't seem the most air tight of ships in regards to information.

GREY

But I need to warn my friends. If what you say is true, they're going to have attention thrust onto them too.

CLAX

I would have thought they'd be used to that by now.

WEJ

(ignoring Clax)

We've already made provisions for that, the Enterprise has been reassigned to the Katarm nebula to study proton bursts. They're as good as unobtainable.

Grey sighs again and looks out of the window.

GREY

Now what?

WEJ

Mr Clax here will show you to your apartment.

He stands up and offers his hand again.

WEJ (CONT'D)

I'm truly sorry about this.

Grey grudgingly takes Wej's hand.

GREY

So am I.

WEJ

The first hearing will be tomorrow evening. You'll be required simply to say who you are and to agree to appear. I'll see you then.

Grey nods.

GREY

Thank you.

He turns and looks at Clax, who bows sycophantically and gestures for Grey to walk ahead of him. Grey does so before Clax hurries after him, still bowing low, seeming to be having a good time. The doors close after him.

INT. ELEVATOR

We can see through a small window the speed at which the elevator descends. GREY stands staring straight at us while CLAX toothily smiles at him. Grey stares straight ahead of us and refuses to look at Clax at all.

EXT. FEDERATION GROUNDS

A distance shot of GREY and CLAX walking across a common green area towards a residential block. People come and go around them, unaware they are anything special.

CLAX

We're not telling the press where you are, naturally, but they'll find you anyway.

GREY

How?

CLAX

They have ways.

They enter the residential building.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

We're inside, the front door opens and GREY is standing there, CLAX peering over his shoulder.

CLAX

And here we are. Welcome to your new home.

He hurries in ahead of Grey, who walks in more cautiously, looking around. It is an unremarkable place, barely furnished. The main room is divided into a living area and a kitchen, both of which afford pleasant views of the city.

CLAX (CONT'D)

It has all the amenities that you could wish for. Treat this place as your own. However, do not answer the door unless it is I, and do not respond to any attempts at communication via the comm. system unless it's I or the Councilor. Understand?

Grey nods desultorily.

GREY

I just need to get some sleep, it's been a long trip.

CLAX

But of course. Your room is through there.

He indicates a room. Grey nods and goes to it before stopping.

GREY

Clax.

CLAX

Mmm?

GREY

Is this as big a deal as it seems?

CLAX

(anxiously)
Ah ah ah.

GREY

What?

CLAX

No talking about the case.
(He slides over to
Grey.)
Strictly forbidden.

He wiggles his eyebrows and rolls his eyes around the room.

GREY

Oh. You think there might be someone
listening in?

CLAX

I think there might be lots of
someones listening in. The Romulans,
the Vulcans, the Alzari..

GREY

The who?

CLAX

Oh the Federation hasn't met them
yet. Nice people
(winks at Grey)
Very friendly, capiche?

GREY

Right. You know what, I'm tired.
It was a long journey, I think I'm
going to get some rest.

CLAX

Okay, that sounds a very good idea
to me.

GREY

So I'll see you later.

CLAX

You got it.

Grey stares at Clax, who continues to grin at him. After a
moment:

GREY

Please go away.

CLAX

Oh no no no no no no no no. I'm not
going anywhere. I'm your minder. I
have to stay here constantly, make
sure no one gets at you.

GREY

You're getting at me.

CLAX

(sycophantically
chuckles)

Very droll. But seriously, my job is to stick to your side. Not literally of course, ha ha. You seem very nice but I don't really fancy oo mox from you.

GREY

I'm glad to hear it.

CLAX

So off you go and have a nice rest, safe in the knowledge I'm here to protect you from the tabloids. Don't worry about me, I have plenty to do.

(leans in
conspiratorially)

This place has cable.

He waggles his eyebrows at Grey, who sighs deeply and turns to his room, slamming the door behind him. Clax flops appreciatively onto a comfy looking sofa and activates the vidscreen.

VIDSCREEN VOICE

Coming next on the Ferengi Love Channel, Oo mox Orgy.

Clax gurgles happily.

TIME LAPSE

We see the light slowly sink, as the scene fades back to what is obviously early evening. Clax is now asleep on the sofa. Grey emerges from his room slowly. He walks over and sees Clax.

VIDSCREEN VOICE (CONT'D)

Oh my goodness, I've never seen such big ears.

VIDSCREEN VOICE 2

Ten inches baby, all for you.

Grey winces.

GREY

Off.

The light from the screen goes off. Grey slowly walks over to the window and looks out. The city lights shimmer below him, with the cool twilight creating an appealing atmosphere over a park he can see in the mid distance. He turns back and looks at the sleeping Ferengi.

GREY (CONT'D)

Forget this.

He turns and swiftly walks out of the apartment, carefully enough though not to make any noise.

EXT. CITY PARK

GREY walks slowly along a main path, taking in the nice night. Around him couples walk, a few children run and play, others walk their dogs. He stops for a moment and takes in the idyllic scene.

GREY

(whispers)

This is what we're fighting for.

His reverie is broken by the sound of cheering further along. He walks on to investigate.

In another part of the park there is a small rally being held. A crowd of maybe a hundred people, most of whom look like college and university students, are assembled before a soap box stage, on which is strung in large letters "Mariel for President." A girl is standing on the stage, speaking. Grey walks in and stands at the back, watching.

GIRL

President Drell thinks that everything is well and is content to let things continue as they are. Well, I ask you, look around, at the slums, the housing, the refugees from the other planets. Senator Zaygare is convinced the way to help is by bringing in the corporations. Well, it didn't work for Cardassia did it? Look at what happened there when Big Business took over. Councilor Mariel, on the other hand, is willing to take a chance, take a chance on us. We are the future, and only Kariann Mariel recognizes that. She is the one we want, our one and only chance to make a difference. And I don't know about you but I sure as hell want to make a difference!

The crowd roar with approval.

GIRL (CONT'D)

So I say to you now. Go out, spread the word. Do we want 5 more years of Dreadful Drell, the most passive, incompetent, accident prone leader in Federation history, or do we want

(MORE)

GIRL (CONT'D)

Kariann Mariel, who can bring back to the Alpha Quadrant what we have lost? The Federation needs her, and so do we.

More cheering, as the crowd begins to disperse. One of the guys looks at Grey's uniform.

GUY

I suppose you didn't approve of that?

GREY

Why would you say that?

GUY

You're Starfleet. We all know what Starfleet is nowadays. Shoot now, don't bother asking questions later.

GREY

That's not entirely...

GUY

You work for a corrupt administration more interested in power for power's sake, presided over by someone who doesn't give a damn. Whether you admit it or not, if Mariel doesn't get in things are only going to get worse.

GREY

I can't argue with you on that. But you know, not everyone in Starfleet is tarred with the same brush. Some of us are trying to do our best.

GUY

Yeah, fine, whatever. It's no good. On the galactic scale, what difference can someone like you make?

He walks off scornfully. Grey looks back at the Mariel banner, and whispers silently,

GREY

More than you can possibly imagine, my friend. More than you can possibly imagine.

Sadly, he turns and walks away as we focus on the picture of Mariel looking back at us, as we...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

MONTAGE

We open with a montage of news networks carrying the story as it breaks.

ANCHORWOMAN 1

We are getting reports of allegations being made against Presidential hopeful Councilor Kariann Mariel...

ANCHORMAN 1

Disgraced former flagship Enterprise finds itself in the headlines again this morning with its Chief Engineer Erik Grey embroiled in a presidential scandal...

ANCHORMAN 2

Mariel is said to have seduced Erik Grey during a fleeting visit to the Enterprise late last year...

ANCHORWOMAN 2

The Councilor's camp are remaining silent this morning while Lt Grey's present whereabouts are unknown.

INT. ENTERPRISE RECREATION LOUNGE

HAL, BOYLE and CARTER are watching in amazement, evidently over breakfast.

ANCHORWOMAN 2'S VOICE

His Captain has confirmed that he has taken a leave of absence

CARTER

Damn It! He was here, right under my nose, and I missed it. This could have been my ticket back to the big leagues.

BOYLE

Ahh shut up, he wouldn't have spoken to you. Good for Erik anyway. This'll do him good.

HAL

(quietly)
Someone doesn't look too pleased about it.

He gestures. Boyle and Carter turn to see QUINLAN, watching from the door. When she sees them looking at her she quickly turns and exits, looking ashen-faced.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

Grey emerges from his room to find CLAX watching the broadcasts literally quivering with excitement, a huge smile on his face. He jumps up and down excitedly clapping his hands, gleeful little noises escaping from his throat. He turns to look at Grey.

CLAX

Isn't this fantastic? Look! It's you, everywhere!

He waves his hands at the vidscreen. Grey glares at him and goes to open the curtains.

CLAX (CONT'D)

Ah ah ah ah ah, I wouldn't do that if I were you.

GREY

Why not?

CLAX

Look out... carefully.

Grey frowns and slowly peers out. Way down below at the foyer we see a large crowd gathered.

CLAX (CONT'D)

You open those curtains we'll have fifty vidbots hovering outside the window in a flash, taking pictures of you in your jimmy jams. You don't want that, do you?

GREY

Oh my God. How did they find me?
(turns and glares at
Clax)

Did you tell them where I was?

CLAX

(affronted)

Certainly not, I am offended you would even think that. I have been given a job by those on high and I intend to do it to the best of my abilities which are, I might add, considerable.

GREY

I see.

CLAX

No, I told them you were in Singapore
being comforted by long-term mistress
Win-lo.

GREY

(furious)
You did what?

CLAX

Relax, relax. If I hadn't that crowd
down there would be double the size.
The others will soon find out it was
a cock and bull story, no pun
intended.

Grey slumps onto a sofa and sighs.

GREY

God.

CLAX

(busily)
Now, here's the schedule for today.

He sits down next to Grey slightly too close for comfort
and grins at him, before consulting his padd.

CLAX (CONT'D)

(starting to read a
long list)
Sixteen hundred hours, attend
preliminary hearing.

He stands up again.

CLAX (CONT'D)

Got it?

GREY

Is that it?

CLAX

Oh yes. That's quite enough for
today.

Grey glares at the screen.

GREY

Can't you turn that off?

CLAX

No no no, you must be aware of what's
being said. Besides, it's funny.
The FNN are silently fuming the INN
scooped them.

GREY

Heh.

CLAX

It's funny if you're in the business.
Look.

He gestures at the screen again.

INT. FNN STUDIO

An anchorwoman is talking to camera.

ANCHORWOMAN 3

Speculation has already begun on exactly how this story has been leaked. Attention naturally turns to Councilor Mariel's opponents in the upcoming election, but both President Drell and Senator Zaygare's camps are strenuously denying they had anything to do with the story.

INT. CORRIDOR

DRELL is being chased down a corridor with a group of officials attempting to block journalists. He is speaking to a microphone which has been thrust under his nose.

DRELL

I have no idea where this came from but I can assure you I knew nothing about it.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

CLAX and GREY watching.

CLAX

No change there then.

INT. NEWS STUDIO

ZAYGARE sitting smugly in a chair, looking immensely pleased about the situation.

ZAYGARE

No, it's not from us. We wouldn't stoop to anything so low, unlike, it would seem, the good Councilor.

He smiles oilily at the camera.

INTERVIEWER

What is your initial reaction to the story?

ZAYGARE

It would be wrong of me to make any attempt to score a political point from this, Amanda. I feel that Mariel is doing a good enough job with scoring own goals for the both of us.

INT. FNN STUDIO

As before.

ANCHORWOMAN 3

So far Councilor Mariel's camp have refused to comment, although we understand that the Civil Office of the Federation Electoral Commission have requested her presence at a hearing this afternoon.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

CLAX and GREY watching.

CLAX

Andrea Lehmann. I'd give her some news any day. Look at her, she's loving this.

GREY

What do you mean?

CLAX

Erik, the media have been waiting months for this kind of thing, literally months. It's all been so boring and good natured so far, there's not been a whiff of anything juicy and scandalous. All the debate so far has been about...

(wrinkles his nose in disgust)

The policies.

GREY

And that's not a good thing?

CLAX

Please. Your average Federation citizen doesn't give a damn about trade deficits or re-integration policies or any of the other minutiae that the Federation deal with on a daily business.

(MORE)

CLAX (CONT'D)

When it's a choice between reading some boring planet joining up with us and some high official joining up with some common lieutenant, no offence, which do you think more people are going to want to read about?

GREY

It shouldn't be like that.

CLAX

Yawn. Maybe not for you but most of us are red-blooded sex machines, we know what we like and we definitely like this. You, my friend
(wraps his arm around Grey's shoulder)
Is the start of the good stuff.

GREY

The start?

CLAX

Oh yes, just the start. Now that one scandal has broken out you can sure that others will follow, each network will want their own exclusives, their own particular exposes of the candidates. Any lustful thoughts, any shady business dealings, any time they swatted a fly the media will find out about it and give it maximum coverage.
(He sighs contentedly)
It's going to be great.

GREY

For you maybe. It doesn't really help the democratic process does it?

CLAX

Oh come on, it makes politics interesting. We all enjoy a scandal, we all like seeing our politicians squirm.

GREY

But at what price? Anything like this lessens our faith in them.

CLAX

Nobody's perfect.

He grins at Grey and then leaps up, heading for the door.

GREY

Where are you going now?

CLAX

I'm going to inform those animals
down there you have no comment at
this moment in time.

GREY

That's right, confirm I'm here.

Clax has disappeared out of the door.

CLAX (O.S.)

They already know!

Grey grunts and looks at the vidscreen again.

ANCHORWOMAN 3'S VOICE

So what do we know of disgraced
Engineer Erik Grey? He's

GREY

Off!

The room goes silent. Grey closes his eyes.

INT. CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

CROSS is at his desk working on some papers when his chime
goes.

CROSS

Come in.

The door opens and QUINLAN enters.

QUINLAN

Captain, have you seen the news this
morning?

Cross stops what he's doing and looks at her.

CROSS

Yes, I have.

QUINLAN

Did you know about this?

CROSS

No. I only knew he'd been summoned
somewhere on the highest authority.

QUINLAN

I can't get in contact with him.

CROSS

Of course you can't. He's under diplomatic quarantine at the moment.

QUINLAN

But I need to, I I want to make sure he's alright.

Cross looks at her.

CROSS

Jennifer, this is Erik Grey we're talking about.

QUINLAN

Yeah... you think he'll put on a stoic front and get on with it?

CROSS

No, I think he'll be curling up on his bed with embarrassment. He's not going to be happy.

QUINLAN

You're not helpful.

CROSS

Look, I've already spoken to Councilor Wej, who is looking after Erik. He's told me Federation protocol says that he can't have contact with any friends or family until after he has testified. What I did get out of him is that it shouldn't be more than three, four days maximum before he's called to the witness stand. This isn't going to go on too long.

Quinlan slumps down into the chair and looks at Cross.

QUINLAN

This is a time he needs a friend.

CROSS

I'm sorry. If it's any consolation Wej told me he's in very good hands.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

CLAX comes bursting back in, yelling.

CLAX

Argh, argh, argh!

GREY comes running out of his room.

GREY

What is it?

CLAX

What didn't you tell me I had bits
in my teeth? I've just gone on
galactic television with bits in my
teeth! Arrgghh!

He runs into the bathroom. Grey rolls his eyes.

INT. OFFICE

Completely bland room, with no pictures or personal mementos. A man sits behind a desk watching the vidscreen, showing CLAX talking to reports. We can clearly see a bit of green sticking out of his teeth.

CLAX (ON SCREEN)

Commander Grey has no comments to
make at this time, and has asked
that you kindly leave us alone.
This is a difficult time for him,
his family, his friends, his loved
ones, and he will not say anything.
We don't want anyone trying to coerce
him.

The man presses a button and the screen freezes. He presses
a padd on the table. A voice answers.

VOICE

Hello?

MR X

We need to talk.

INT. QUINLAN'S OFFICE

QUINLAN is going through something on a PADD halfheartedly
when the door opens and ELRIS enters.

ELRIS

Knock knock.

QUINLAN

Hi Lea.

ELRIS

(gesturing with a
padd)

I've brought the health checks you
wanted. You were right about Ensign
Kelly.

QUINLAN

You mean he can't...

ELRIS

Not at all. Been keeping it very quiet.

QUINLAN

Great. He'll have to be moved. Security can't have a man who isn't able to fire his phaser.

She sighs.

ELRIS

You alright?

QUINLAN

Yeah. Just worried about Erik.

ELRIS

Have you heard from him?

QUINLAN

No, no one's allowed near him. The Captain's already tried.

Elris nods, then hesitates.

ELRIS

Do you... do you think it's true? What they're saying about him?

Quinlan looks at her.

QUINLAN

I have no idea. I mean, I remember he and Mariel seemed to get on, but I was a little distracted at the time.

(beat)

Besides, so what if it is? He hasn't done anything wrong.

(another beat)

At all. It's she that should be ashamed.

(longer beat)

Not him.

(looks at Elris)

Damn It.

Elris smiles and sits down.

ELRIS

It would be nice if we could get a message to him, let him know we're supporting him.

QUINLAN

I know.

A comm. badge goes.

COMM VOICE
 Doctor Elris to Sickbay.

ELRIS
 On my way.

She stands up again.

ELRIS (CONT'D)
 Meet you in the Rec Lounge for lunch?

QUINLAN
 Sure thing.

Elris hands her the padd.

ELRIS
 See you later.

She turns to walk, when suddenly

QUINLAN
 Phasers!

Elris turns and looks back.

ELRIS
 What?

Quinlan is shaking the padd at her.

QUINLAN
 I have a friend who used to supply
 us with weaponry, phasers, rifles,
 the usual sort of thing.

ELRIS
 Was this an illegal friend?

QUINLAN
 Oh very. He was a complete rogue.
 Only, he was arrested and
 rehabilitated. He's working for the
 Federation now. On Earth.

She looks at Elris.

ELRIS
 What could he do?

QUINLAN
 I don't know.
 (She turns to her
 screen.)
 But I intend to find out.

She grins at Elris.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

GREY is sitting at a table playing chess on a screen. From the bathroom we hear raucous singing.

CLAX (OOS)

(singing)

When I was seventeen my old moogie
said to me You be the best, the best
Ferengi you can be And I said "Moogie,
can you teach me?" And she said
"Yes, for the right fee..." You've
got to... got to... got to... Important
people, you must flatter 'em Then in
business you can batter 'em Only
that way lies gold pressed-latinum
If you listen to me

GREY

Clax!

CLAX

(still singing)

And I said "Moogie, what'll happen
if I don't listen "If I'm not in the
best position? If I don't learn my
Rules of Acquisition? What'll happen
to me?"

GREY

(getting up)

Clax!

CLAX

(still singing)

And she said, "Son, think of the
profits you won't make The businesses
you'll never overtake Your own death,
you'll have to fake, If you don't
listen to me".

GREY

(banging on the door)

Clax!

Clax appears, soaking wet, towel around his waist.

CLAX

What?

GREY

Shut up.

CLAX

Charming. Are we ready to go?

GREY
(pointedly)
I am.

CLAX
Well come on, then.
(wraps his arm around
Grey again, wetting
him)
Fame and fortune awaits.

EXT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE

Crowded as you would expect with reporters. One is speaking to the camera.

REPORTER
We've been told that Councilor Mariel has already arrived at the Courthouse, and we are expecting the arrival of Erik Grey at any moment.

A murmur goes up.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
In fact, I think he's coming now.

A craft has pulled up. The reporters crowd round as CLAX jumps out, smiling broadly, holding his hands up.

CLAX
Please, please, let my client through, we have nothing to say. Come along, come along.

A couple of minders help GREY out, pushing past the scrum.

REPORTER 1
Lt Grey, have you anything to say?

CLAX
It's Commander Grey, get it right?

REPORTER 2
Sorry, I can never remember, it seems to change from week to week.

REPORTER 3
Did you sleep with Mariel?

REPORTER 4
Are you still in a relationship with her?

REPORTER 5
Have you slept with any of the other candidates?

Finally they manage to get Grey inside.

INT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE LOBBY

GREY looks ashen faced, as CLAX hurries him along.

GREY

Is it always like that?

CLAX

It's usually much worse. Come along, we're late.

GREY

I wonder who's fault that was?

CLAX

I was checking my teeth. I didn't want a repeat of this morning's embarrassment. Now, tell me again what you're going to say today.

GREY

My name, rank and serial number.

CLAX

That's right. Nothing more. The lawyers will try and squeeze out of you which way your testimony is going to go, but say nothing, understand me. Just say "I do not have to answer that at the moment." Got it?

GREY

Got it.

They have come to an antechamber. They step through a detector and two guards nod them through.

GUARD 1

In there.

CLAX

Thanks.

INT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE WAITING ROOM

A small, well furnished office with comfortable seats and an almost cozy atmosphere, a small window looking out. It is empty as CLAX and GREY come in. Clax walks over to another door and peers in. From inside we hear various legal mumblings.

CLAX

Good, they haven't got to you yet. Still on Mariel. Stay here until you're called.

GREY

Where are you going?

CLAX

Going to watch, see how it's going.

He disappears into the door. Grey sighs and looks around. He starts to pace, back and forth, back and forth. He peers out of the window and sees below him the reporters, still milling around on the steps. He shakes his head, and turns as the door opens again.

GREY

They're still there. Oh.

MARIEL and her minders have walked in. Mariel and Grey look at each other for a moment.

GREY (CONT'D)

Erm, hi.

MINDER 1

(whispers to Mariel)

We should go.

MARIEL

Just a minute. Leave us.

The two minders nod and walk out. The two former lovers look at each other. There is an uncomfortable silence.

GREY

I... I don't know what to say.

MARIEL

I'm sorry you have become involved in this.

GREY

I'm sorry too. I swear, I have never said anything.

Mariel raises a finger.

MARIEL

People may be listening.

Grey nods.

GREY

It seems nothing is private any more.

MARIEL

I know that you didn't say anything. I know I can trust you to do the right thing.

(MORE)

MARIEL (CONT'D)

But sometimes, there are forces more powerful than we can know, working against us... and there's nothing we can do about it.

GREY

I'm sorry.

MARIEL

Do not trust anyone, Erik, do you understand me? No one at all. Enemies are everywhere. Everywhere.

Grey nods, as Clax comes back in.

CLAX

They're ready for... Argh! No no no no no! Councilor, you mustn't be here. Quickly, out!

Mariel turns and walks to the door, before looking back.

MARIEL

Good luck.

Grey nods, as she disappears. Clax turns and looks at Mariel.

CLAX

What did she say? You didn't say anything did you, what did you say?

GREY

Come on.

He walks through the door into the court room, Clax looking worried behind him.

INT. ROOM

Dark, shadowy, bare it's obviously something unconventional is going on in there. There are two men waiting, as a third, MR X from before, walks in.

MR X

Grey has taken the stand.

MAN 1

How do things look?

MR X

Good. Everything is going to plan.

MAN 2

Do you know what he will say on Thursday?

MR X

Not yet. But things are... progressing nicely.

MAN 1

We must be guaranteed the result that we want.

MAN 2

We cannot rely on chance.

MR X

Don't worry. We are already working on it. We have ways of persuasion. Grey will talk... and he will say what we want. One way or another.

He looks grimly at the other two as we slowly...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE

The reporters still throng outside.

INT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE ANTECHAMBER

CLAX is waiting, peering out of the window, when GREY emerges, puffing and blowing, looking washed out.

GREY

That was tough. I felt like I'd murdered someone.

CLAX

You were in there two minutes.

GREY

Felt like two hours.
(see Clax by the window)
They still there?

CLAX

Of course they are, they'll be camped out there all week. I've made alternative arrangements for us to leave so you don't have to go through them again.

GREY

Thank you Clax, that's... surprisingly thoughtful.

Clax grins.

CLAX

They've had their picture of you today, you're a valuable commodity. Giving them another one will just debase that value. Make you less interesting in their eyes.

GREY

Heaven forbid.

CLAX

Come on, this place has a basement park.

We're being collected there.

GREY

Remind me again why we can't just transport in and out?

CLAX

Ooo no, you can't do that. Not since the unfortunate incident of Two Headed Silessa.

GREY

Two headed Silessa?

CLAX

Well, she wasn't two headed before. Nasty business. Point is, for security reasons transportation is considered a no-go area. There are too many effective scramblers out there. Come along.

INT. BASEMENT PARK

Several vehicles loom in the darkness as CLAX and GREY emerge. Clax squints and looks round.

CLAX

Not here yet. Hmmmm. I'll just go and check they're on their way.

GREY

Hey wait, wait!

It is too late. Clax has scuttled away. Grey sighs and looks away. There is a silence in the air, broken suddenly by the sound of feet tapping. Grey looks warily around.

GREY (CONT'D)

Clax? Hello? Hello?

VOICE

Lt Grey.

Out of the shadows emerges MR X.

GREY

Who are you?

MR X

It doesn't matter who I am, Lt Grey, what does matter is what I am going to say to you. Now listen carefully. Your testimony is extremely important on Thursday. It would be... unfortunate if you made the wrong choice in what you say.

GREY

And what do you want me to say?

MR X

I think you know. The truth, that is all.

GREY

And what happens if what I say doesn't please you?

MR X

As I say, that would be... unfortunate. In the extreme. For you and for your friends... on the Enterprise.

GREY

I don't react well to threats.

MR X

This isn't a threat, merely a suggestion.

GREY

Who leaked the story?

MR X

I do not know.

GREY

Was it someone on the Enterprise?

MR X

Goodbye Lt Grey. Remember my words.

GREY

Who do you work for? Janus?

MR X

Goodbye.

GREY

Wait!

Grey looks round but X has vanished. Almost immediately CLAX reappears cheerfully.

CLAX

It's on its way. What? What?

Grey is staring at him. Then he turns away.

GREY

Nothing.

INT. SHUTTLE

As GREY is driven back to his apartment, he looks out thoughtfully. The shuttle drives past a political rally, a "Support for Mariel" group.

They drive on, past a more rundown area, full of dirty buildings and decrepit people. He closes his eyes then looks at CLAX, who is sitting watching him, grinning as always.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

GREY and CLAX enter.

GREY
I'm going to bed.

CLAX
It's the middle of the afternoon.
What about some food?

GREY
I'm not hungry.

Clax stares at him as if he's mad. Long beat.

CLAX
The pressure is getting to you.

GREY
Yep.

He turns and walks disconsolately to his room.

TIME LAPSE

It is now the middle of the night. GREY tosses and turns in his room, before waking, and walking slowly out into the main room of the apartment. He looks round but there is no sign of Clax. He walks over to his comm. unit and activates it.

GREY (CONT'D)
Collect call for USS Enterprise.

COMPUTER VOICE
Denied. No outside communications
may be made from this terminal.

Grey sighs, and walks over to the TV.

GREY
On.

The screen flashes to life. On it there is yet another news program. Grey slumps onto the sofa and watches.

NEWS ANCHOR
... been no reaction yet from Mariel's
party of Zaygare's call for her to
drop out of the race, and say they
will not make a statement until the
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

result of the hearings are made clear,
which should be at some point today.

Political commentators have already noticed that the tone of the debate has become more savage in the last twenty four hours.

The screen changes to a press conference being held by ZAYGARE.

ZAYGARE

Politics will not stand this kind of sleeze any more. If we are to raise the Federation from the gutter of corruption into which it has slid people must have faith that their elected leaders are entirely above any form of recrimination. I plead with Mariel, for the sake of the future of our government, to do the honorable thing and step down.

Back to the news anchor.

NEWS ANCHOR

With me in the studio is Professor Gregory Venn of Starfleet Academy's Political Sciences department and a supporter of Zaygare's, and also Alison Mehmman, a close friend of Councilor Mariel's and leader of the Equal Rights Group. Professor Venn, your thoughts on the developments?

VENN

Opportunistic, jumping on the gravy train. Zaygare is pushing hard, as he knows he can. People do not want this kind of thing to bog down another election.

MEHMANN

This sort of thing? Nothing has even been confirmed yet, how can you say this sort of thing? Innocent until proved guilty.

VENN

There is no smoke without fire, Alison.

MEHMANN

There's plenty of smoke surrounding Zaygare.

VENN

Even if this allegation is proved false, Mariel's name is now tarnished. Surely it would be better in the long run if she did stand down?

NEWS ANCHOR

Alison Mehmman?

MEHMANN

Councilor Mariel is a good woman. Her actions on the Equal Rights Committee, ensuring fair equality for the Bremin Pass refugees, the lost and disenfranchised on Hardan IV, her commitment to the fund of international co-operation, all point to a woman dedicated to doing the right thing. Whereas your man
(to Venn)

Seems to spend all his time taking fancy lunches and schmoozing with the rich and powerful. When was the last time he even went close to an Equal Rights tenement?

VENN

When was the last time he was caught with his pants down?

MEHMANN

Personal predilections should not erase the fact that Councilor Mariel would make a fine President.

VENN

But if the people can't trust her

GREY

Change channel.

The channel changes to another news channel.

NEWS ANCHOR 2

President Drell continues to refuse to comment but Senator Zaygare has gone on the offensive...

GREY

Change!

The channel changes... to another news channel. Grey rolls his eyes.

NEWS ANCHOR 3

Who is Erik Grey? Where is he going?
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR 3 (CONT'D)

What does he want? On the line now is former lover Sarah Boyle who might be able to shed some light on this elusive enigma. Lt Boyle, are you there?

BOYLE'S face appears on a splitscreen with the anchor.

BOYLE

I am.

NEWS ANCHOR 3

Sarah Boyle, you dated Erik Grey for what, a year and a half?

BOYLE

That's right.

NEWS ANCHOR 3

What was he like?

BOYLE

Very passive. I had to make all the moves, had to do all the groundwork. It's a miracle he ever made it to asking me out at all.

NEWS ANCHOR 3

I see. So, in your mind, you wouldn't be surprised if these allegations were true?

BOYLE

Not in the slightest. If a woman made a pass at Erik, he wouldn't know what to do, he'd just give in and go with it. The only thing that does surprise me is that someone like Mariel would give him a second look.

GREY

(angrily)

Off!

The screen, and room, goes black. Grey looks ahead of him in disbelief. Suddenly:

CLAX

She's very pretty.

Grey jumps. Clax is right behind him, leaning down, talking right to his ear. Grey turns round.

GREY

Jesus, Clax. How long have you been standing there?

CLAX

Long enough. Light.

The lights come on, and Clax is revealed to be wearing a very ornate dressing gown, with frills aplenty. He pads round and sits opposite Grey.

CLAX (CONT'D)

So that's your old squeeze is it?

GREY

I don't want to talk about it.

CLAX

Why not? That's what I'm here for.

GREY

Thanks, but no thanks.

CLAX

I'm worried about you. You're very tense.

GREY

Of course I'm tense, what do you expect? It feels as though the entire quadrant is rooting through my past, digging up whatever they can, I'm trapped here with a nasty little troll and I don't know...

(he stops)

Never mind.

CLAX

You don't know what to say?

GREY

I said, I don't want to talk about it.

CLAX

That's fine.

Beat. They sit there in silence.

CLAX (CONT'D)

You know, I could arrange for someone to come and help you... relieve your tension.

GREY

No thanks.

CLAX

If you know what I mean.

GREY

No thanks.

CLAX

I'm talking about sex.

GREY

I know you are.

CLAX

I know some very attractive women.

GREY

I'm sure you do.

CLAX

Or men, if that's your thing.

Grey glares at him.

CLAX (CONT'D)

Or robots? You look the sort of man
that might enjoy intimacy with robots.

GREY

Please go away.

CLAX

I'm only trying to help. But fine.

He gets up and begins to walk away. Then he turns back.

CLAX (CONT'D)

Not even a little hint about what
you're going to say?

GREY

NO.

CLAX

Because, you know, I don't want to
put any pressure on you, but the
election might depend on what you
say in that courtroom tomorrow.

GREY

Go. Away.

CLAX

Fine, fine. I'll be in my room if
you need to talk.

He disappears. Grey breathes deeply. Suddenly:

CLAX'S VOICE

You sure I can't get you a nice
Deltan?

GREY

NO!

He bangs his fist on the table and then rests it on his brow.

INT. NEWS STUDIO

Another montage of news programs, all with morning jingles.

NEWS ANNOUNCER 1

It's the morning of the most important
day of the election so far.

NEWS ANNOUNCER 2

In less than eight hours time we
will know Lt Grey's testimony.

NEWS ANNOUNCER 3

Councilor Mariel's camp this morning
were said to be in reflective mood,
as Senator Zaygare stepped up his
calls for her to resign.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

GREY is sitting on the floor with a load of machine parts
surrounding him as CLAX emerges.

CLAX

Hey hey, it's the big day, up and at
'em Erik my boy, I... what are you
doing?

GREY

Just rewiring some things.

Clax walks over to a hole in the wall and looks at it.

CLAX

No, you didn't. You couldn't have.

GREY

'Fraid so.

CLAX

You took apart the replicator?

GREY

Yep.

CLAX

Great. Computer, activate channel

GREY

No, don't!

CLAX

Six.

A small explosion detonates in the wall. Flame starts to emerge. Clax lets out a squeal.

CLAX (CONT'D)

Arggh! Arggh! Arggh!

Grey grabs a fire extinguisher and puts out the flames. Clax looks at him.

CLAX (CONT'D)

Have you gone completely mad? You took apart the TV as well?

GREY

I didn't like what it was saying about me.

Clax just stares at him. And then, as if shaking himself out of a reverie, he turns and heads for the bathroom.

GREY (CONT'D)

I wouldn't bother.

Clax emerges again, holding a tap. He looks from it to Grey and back again dolefully.

CLAX

It's just as well I didn't get you any robots. You've gone quite mad.

Suddenly there is a comm. chirp. Clax looks round, then back at Grey.

CLAX (CONT'D)

Excuse me a minute.

He disappears into his room. Grey continues to play with the replicator. After a moment Clax re-emerges.

CLAX (CONT'D)

Do you know what you need?

GREY

You to go away forever?

CLAX

No. You need a walk.

GREY

Like that's going to happen.

CLAX

I can get you out of the building.

GREY

No thanks. I don't want to be hounded.

Clax frowns, a little frustrated.

CLAX

No, I can honestly say I can guarantee one hundred percent you won't be hounded.

GREY

Clax, I'm happy here.

CLAX

Please.

GREY

No.

CLAX

For me.

Grey gives him a withering look. Then he frowns.

GREY

Why are you so keen on my going out for a walk?

CLAX

What? You need it before you go to court this afternoon. You're looking very pasty faced.

GREY

(slightly concerned)
No, really, I'm fine.

He stands up again. Clax frowns.

CLAX

Will you excuse me for a minute then?

He heads towards the door. Grey grabs his arm.

GREY

Where are you going?

CLAX

I need a walk, even if you don't.

Grey stares at him.

GREY

No, I think you should stay here.

CLAX

No, I really want to go out.

GREY

No, I really think you should stay here.

CLAX

Unhand me sir.

GREY

Are you going to go out?

CLAX

... No.

Grey lets go. Clax bolts for the door. Grey dives for him. Clax, squealing, manages to get through. Grey follows him out...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY.

There are three big men standing, waiting. CLAX stands by them protectively. GREY looks at them, and understands.

CLAX (CONT'D)

I really think you need to come for a walk.

Grey considers, then realizes he can't get away from them. Resignedly, he nods.

INT. SHUTTLE

GREY sits gloomily between two of the men. On the opposite side CLAX examines his twisted arm and looks at Grey resentfully.

CLAX

You didn't need to do that you know.
(Grey doesn't respond.)
We're only trying to help you.

Grey looks away. Clax sighs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

The shuttle settles down on the roof of a seedy-looking warehouse. GREY is bundled in by the men, followed by CLAX.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Large open area, heavy with dirt and dust, a single shaft of light illuminating swirling particles.

It wouldn't appear that anyone has used the place for a long time. GREY is moved inside by the men. CLAX nods at them.

CLAX
Wait here a moment.

He scurries out. Grey looks at the men.

GREY
What did he offer you, sex with a vacuum cleaner?

The men don't respond. Grey shakes his head and turns back, as Clax enters again, carrying a console. He lays it on the table and gestures to Grey.

CLAX
We'll leave you to it.
(to the guards)
Come on.
(to Grey)
We'll be outside.

The two guards and Clax depart. Grey watches them go and then looks at the console. He looks round, contemplating making a run, but then curiosity gets the better of him and he walks over. He presses a button and then his eyes widen.

GREY
You.

QUINLAN
(on screen)
Hey.

She smiles at him. Grey shakes his head.

GREY
What...? I... What's going on?

QUINLAN
(on screen)
I pulled some strings, got in contact with some people, called in some favor. And here we are.

Grey shakes his head, a broad smile breaking across his face. He pulls up a chair and sits on it.

GREY
Trust you. I thought I was being kidnapped or something.

QUINLAN
Well, technically we're being very naughty.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

That little Ferengi didn't want anything to with it, but I told him if he didn't bring you I'd rip off his ears.

GREY

That'd do it, alright. It's great to see you.

QUINLAN

And you. How have you been?

GREY

Awful. I'm stuck in this little apartment with Clax all day while everyone else is busy talking about me. I feel both trapped and exposed at the same time. It's horrible.

QUINLAN

(hesitantly)

Did you see...?

GREY

Boyle? Yeah, I saw her.

QUINLAN

I've made my opinion clear on her interview. She didn't take it too well.

Grey smiles at her.

GREY

How is the old ship?

QUINLAN

Falling apart without you. You need to get back as soon as possible.

GREY

I can't wait.

He sighs.

QUINLAN

Do you know what you're going to do yet?

GREY

No, I don't.

(beat)

Oh Jen, I really don't. I'm caught between a rock and a hard place.

QUINLAN

I know.

GREY

If I say I slept with her, her campaign is all but over. If I don't, then I've betrayed my own principles, have compromised everything I believe to be right.

QUINLAN

It's not your fault you're in this position.

GREY

I'd like to know who's it was. Who reported it in the first place.

QUINLAN

Who knew?

GREY

No one! Or, at least, I didn't think they did.

(shakes his head)

And now I'm open, and I don't know which way to turn. I've been threatened you know.

QUINLAN

I'm not surprised. You can hardly take them seriously though.

GREY

Why?

QUINLAN

Erik, you live on the Enterprise. Your life is threatened on average once every ten minutes. It's nothing new. Besides, once you testify, they're going to have other fish to fry. Don't be intimidated. And if anyone does try to do anything, I'll come and sort them out.

Grey smiles again.

GREY

I've missed you.

QUINLAN

I've missed you. We all have.

(something bleeps)

Uh-oh, that's the one minute warning.

GREY

What's that?

QUINLAN

That little troll told me, we had a certain amount of time safe before we might be traced.

We've only got a minute left.

GREY

Okay.

QUINLAN

We're all here for you, Erik. We'll support you whatever you do. When you walk into that courtroom this afternoon, everyone on the Enterprise will be with you.

GREY

Thank you. For everything.

QUINLAN

Come home soon.

She puts her fingers out, to touch the screen. Grey responds the same.

GREY

I will.

The screen suddenly blanks out. Grey sits still, looking at it, his fingers still touching the screen. Then he looks down, his fingers letting go, and stands up. After a few moments CLAX enters again, smiling, followed by the two guards. Grey looks at him.

GREY (CONT'D)

I thought you were going to murder me.

CLAX

Why would I do that? I told you, you're far too valuable.

Grey nods, smiling.

GREY

And Pinky and Perky?

CLAX

They'll do whatever I tell them. Come on, let's get back to the apartment before Wej finds out. I need my job still.

They turn and walk slowly out. Their voices fade away as they go.

CLAX (CONT'D)

She's an attractive woman that
Quisling.

GREY

Quinlan.

CLAX

Think she'd go out with me?

GREY

(firmly)

No.

CLAX

Shame.

As the door closes behind them we're left looking at the console screen as we slowly...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

FLASH LOGO: INN Independent Network News.

Accompanied by garish jingle.

ANNOUNCER

This is INN, Independent Network News, with the breaking story that now President Drell has entered the ring and is demanding Councilor Mariel's withdrawal from the election race. In a read statement he said that there was no room for sleaze or dishonesty in this campaign. And for the first time Councilor Mariel's party themselves have formally acknowledged the situation, announcing a press conference this evening for eighteen hundred hours, two hours after the expected time of Erik Grey's testimony.

EXT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE

Scene of GREY arriving, once more flanked by photographers, pushed through by CLAX.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

You're now watching footage taken earlier this afternoon of Lt Grey arriving at the courthouse. As the eyes of the quadrant look down upon him, we await with bated breath for his arrival in the witness stand.

INT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE ANTECHAMBER

GREY sits passively, staring blankly straight ahead, unseeing. CLAX, too, seems muted, watching Grey but for once not saying anything. The silence between them is unbearable. Finally we hear from within:

COURT CLERK

(Off Screen)

Call Erik Grey.

The call goes round, and Grey looks up. He breathes a deep sigh before standing, and walking to the door. Clax stops him and looks at him.

CLAX

Good luck. Do what I do. Think of them all in their underwear.

Grey, used to this by now, just nods. The door opens and a court official looks in.

COURT OFFICIAL
We're ready for you.

Grey nods, and slowly walks in...

INT. FEDERATION COURT ROOM

A large, impressive room, akin to an American grand court room of our era. People sit in the viewer's gallery, as GREY slowly walks forward, looking left and right at all the people staring at him. As he gets closer to the front he spots MARIEL, sitting at the front, not looking at him at all. He finally gets to the witness stand, and turns round to face them all. A clerk steps forward.

COURT CLERK
Raise your right hand.
(Grey does so)
Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth and nothing but the truth?

GREY
I do.

An EXAMINER steps forward, he is a Vulcan

EXAMINER
My name is Sinok, I am the examiner
for this hearing today. Please
confirm for your court your name is
Erik Grey.

GREY
It is.

EXAMINER
You are Chief of Engineering, I
believe, on the NCC-1701-G USS
Enterprise, is that not so?

GREY
I am.

EXAMINER
A controversial ship.
(Grey doesn't respond.)
Just fill in the court what your
duties entail on this ship?

GREY
I am responsible for management of
the Engineering Crew, ensuring that
all systems on the Enterprise are
(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)
fully functional, and repairing any
of said systems that malfunction.

EXAMINER
I believe it has been said that
Engineering is the heart of a ship?

GREY
That would be an accurate analogy.

INT. RECREATION LOUNGE

Everyone is watching a broadcast, QUINLAN and ELRIS at a
table, looking concerned, further back BOYLE and CARTER
watching as well.

EXAMINER
(On screen)
So, not the head then?

GREY
(On screen)
No, I believe the Captain is generally
regarded as that.

INT. CROSS' READY ROOM

CROSS and TALORA look at each other.

TALORA
Debatable.

Cross gives her a wry look.

INT. FEDERATION COURTROOM

As before, GREY and EXAMINER.

EXAMINER
Now tell me, on stardate 79650, where
was the Enterprise?

GREY
We were on route to Zelos Prime,
pursuing a smugglers ship at the
request of the Romulan Government.

EXAMINER
And Councilor Mariel was on board?

GREY
She was.

EXAMINER
What was her state of mind?

Grey, for the first time, glances at MARIEL, who is sitting looking straight ahead.

GREY

She was... unhappy... with the decisions being made regarding how we handled the situation.

EXAMINER

And she expressed these opinions to you?

GREY

She did.

EXAMINER

Why you?

Grey shifts uneasily in his seat.

INT. CROSS READY ROOM

TALORA glances at CROSS.

TALORA

This is awkward.

INT. FEDERATION COURTROOM

As before, GREY, the EXAMINER and MARIEL.

GREY

She was... aware that my feelings echoed hers in this particular situation.

EXAMINER

So you shared a bond?

GREY

Yes.

EXAMINER

Had you met the Councilor before?

GREY

No.

EXAMINER

And yet you were confident enough to share your perhaps treasonous opinions with her on the command you serve under? Was this because you were attracted to her?

GREY

I didn't share them, exactly, she read them.

EXAMINER

With her telepathic abilities?

GREY

That is correct.

EXAMINER

Were you attracted to her?

Beat.

GREY

Yes.

EXAMINER

Do you think she read that?

GREY

Maybe. I don't know.

EXAMINER

Do you think she was attracted to you?

GREY

(looking at Mariel,
who doesn't look at
him)

I think she was.

EXAMINER

And how did this attraction manifest itself?

GREY

She was very happy, and confidential with me.

EXAMINER

Confidential? Did she give away anything that you would consider would compromise state security?

GREY

(firmly)

No.

EXAMINER

I see.

He walks back and forth and then, with the air of a magician revealing his greatest trick, he stops and looks at Grey straight in the eye.

EXAMINER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Did you, Lt Commander Erik Grey,
have sexual intercourse with Councilor
Kariann Mariel?

Grey hesitates. He looks up at the courtroom.

INT. FEDERATION COURT ANTECHAMBER

CLAX freezes, watching.

INT. RECREATION LOUNGE

Everyone stops, holding their breath.

INT. CROSS' READY ROOM

CROSS and TALORA watch.

INT. FEDERATION COURTROOM

As before; GREY, EXAMINER and MARIEL. As Grey watches, MR X
appears at the back of the room and looks at him. Grey turns
his attention back to the Examiner.

EXAMINER

Commander Grey? We're waiting?

Grey swallows.

GREY

Yes. Yes, I did.

A small murmur goes around the courtroom. Mariel looks down.

EXAMINER

You had intercourse with Councilor
Mariel?

GREY

Yes.

EXAMINER

Despite the fact that she swore in
her testimony that she hadn't?

GREY

Yes.

The Examiner looks at the judge.

EXAMINER

I am finished with this witness.

He turns away.

GREY

Wait.

(The Examiner turns
back.)

I have something I wish to say. I believe that that is permissible in the rules of this hearing?

The Examiner nods.

EXAMINER

Please.

GREY

This week has been one of the hardest of my life. I have come under intense scrutiny from the media as a result of this, as well as pressure from certain quarters

(he looks at MR X)

To testify in a certain way. But I do not tell the truth today because of that pressure. I have been threatened many times before, and have long since become immune to anything people say they will do to me. This week has shown that some parties in this election are not above making such threats and I do not wish them to feel that they have achieved a victory over either me or Councilor Mariel. The reason I have spoken is because I believe in truth, and honesty, and openness. It would have been extremely easy for me here, despite the threats, to just deny we had slept together, but I do not imagine it would have done much good. The innuendo would have remained and the Councilor would have been permanently tarred with this brush. I do not believe this would have been fair. The Councilor is a good woman. She believes in what she is fighting this election on, she genuinely wants to make an improvement in the lives of billions of Federation citizens. She is here today not because she has committed a crime, or accepted bribery, or done anything else she should be ashamed of. She is here because of a technicality of language, a moment of spin, a nuance of communication that has been taken out of all context.

(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

While other politicians can spend their entire lives acting on such minutiae, obsessing about it to the detriment of both their charges and their own moral centers, she is out there, trying to make a difference, trying to change lives. We are all fallible, none of us can control every single thing we say and do, but we should be judged on the sum of our parts, not any minor imperfection. If we were, none of us would ever get anywhere. The Councilor does not deserve to be eliminated from this election as the mistake she made was personal and affects nobody except those around her, whereas her actions could help the entire quadrant.

He looks round. The court stares at him, stunned. Mariel is watching him carefully.

EXAMINER

Thank you, Commander Grey, you may go.

Grey steps down and slowly walks out of the hall, head held high. He notes that Mr X has disappeared when he gets to the door.

EXT. FEDERATION COURT HOUSE

A little later. A journalist is talking straight to camera.

JOURNALIST

Following Erik Grey's testimony, is Councilor Mariel fighting for her political life? The courts have now adjourned but the Councilor's team say she fully intends to proceed with her press conference, which is due to start shortly on these very steps.

INT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR

GREY is standing back watching MARIEL'S party swinging by. As they do, Mariel sees him, and motions them to stop. Grey looks at her.

MARIEL

That was very sweet, you know.

GREY

It came from the heart.

MARIEL

I know it did. I'm a telepath,
remember?

GREY

What will happen now?

Mariel breaks into a big smile.

MARIEL

Oh, I don't think you should worry
too much. Watch the press conference
and you'll see.

She turns and walks away, confiding in someone. As Grey
watches, the someone looks up and Grey is shocked to see it
is MR X. Frowning, Grey turns and quickly walks around, eager
to get to the press conference.

INT. FEDERATION COURT HOUSE STEPS

MARIEL emerges and walks down to a group of microphones.
The journalists there all react.

JOURNALISTS

Here she comes!

They all crowd round, yelling: "Are you going to pull out?
What is your future?" Etc. MR X steps forward.

MR X

The Councilor has a statement she
would like to make.

MARIEL

(reading)

I will not be taking any question.
I am satisfied that the court hearing
I have been a party to were fair and
above aboard, and I thank in
particular Erik Grey for his candor
and support.

Grey, who has emerged from a side door, watches from a
distance.

MARIEL (CONT'D)

Despite the testimony made today,
however, I have no intentions of
withdrawing my candidature and believe
my opponents will not be expecting
me to do so, after I read this
statement. They have been most
forthcoming in expressing their
opinions on my mistake, and I thank
them for it.

(MORE)

MARIEL (CONT'D)

I would now like to be equally forthcoming on theirs. President Drell, for example, who last year authorized the sale of a number of armaments to the Imperialist rebels of the Klingon Empire, despite assurances he did not. We have documented proof if he should so wish. Or Senator Zaygare, my most respected opponent, who last summer spent his time touring from one out-of-system planet to another, canvassing votes, or buying them to use a more blunt term. Again, I have plenty of evidence to support this should it be required. I did not wish to drag this campaign into the gutter, as so many of you fine reporters have phrased it recently, but now that it has been, be assured that I have plenty of ammunition as well. I made a mistake. I hold up my hands and admit it. But I believe my opponents have made bigger ones, and I intend to let the people know about it. That is all.

She turns and quickly walks back up the steps followed by Mr X and a cacophony of questioning journalists. Grey, furiously, turns and walks back in as well in his side door.

INT. FEDERATION COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR

MARIEL walks down. GREY pushes his way through.

GREY

Stop.

Mariel's guards react but she holds up her hands.

MARIEL

Let him speak.

GREY

You set me up. This whole thing, you just did it so you could launch an attack on your opponents.

Mariel smiles but says nothing.

GREY (CONT'D)

You knew you couldn't start accusing your opponents without people saying you were being a bitch, bringing sleaze into the campaign.

(MORE)

GREY (CONT'D)

So you leaked this story, and now
can fire as much filth as possible
at them and still have the moral
high ground. You even got bully boy
here

(at Mr X)

To threaten me so that I testified
the way you wanted.

Mariel smiles and leans in closer.

MARIEL

Seems that "little troll" has taught
you some things after all. Welcome
to the wonderful world of politics.

GREY

After all I said for you. I thought
I knew you.

MARIEL

No you don't. But I know you.
Telepath, remember?

She turns and walks quickly away, Mr X leering at Grey as
they go. Grey turns, disgusted.

INT. FEDERATION COURT ROOM ANTECHAMBER

CLAX is sitting there, eating a sandwich. GREY enters,
completely dejectedly.

CLAX

You done?

GREY

You're right. I was done.

Clax slides off his chair.

CLAX

Never mind me old mucker, you can't
win them all.

GREY

I thought she was different.

CLAX

Word to the wise, sunshine. No
politician is different. Spiel's
Political Sayings Volume two.

GREY

Great.

CLAX

Another good one is, Never trust a
Politician that sleeps with you.

GREY

Did you know?

CLAX

I had an idea.

GREY

Why didn't you tell me?

CLAX

I wasn't allowed to attempt to
influence your testimony, one way or
the other. Sorry.

GREY

Take me home.

Clax finishes off his sandwich and puts his arm around Grey's
neck.

CLAX

Are you sure you wouldn't like me to
get you a robot before you go?

They walk out.

MONTAGE OF NEWS PROGRAMS AGAIN

Various announcers.

ANNOUNCER 1

The Federation Court today declared
Councilor Kariann Mariel guilty of
misleading the people, and have
formally submitted her name to the
other candidates for their vote on
whether to evict her or not. They
are expected to vote in favor of
Mariel.

ANNOUNCER 2

President Drell has made a statement
saying that he will not personally
pursue any action against the
Councilor, who has already set out
on the next leg of her campaign tour.
It is expected that Senator Zaygare
will follow suit.

ANNOUNCER 3

The Senator, speaking at a dinner
for business leaders, said that while
(MORE)

ANNOUNCER 3 (CONT'D)

he did not approve of the Councilor's actions, he accepted the opinion of Erik Grey that she should not be punished for her error and would not be voting to eliminate her from the race.

ANNOUNCER 4

Erik Grey was said tonight to be preparing to return to the Enterprise. A source close to him said that he was considering "several lucrative offers" in regards to selling his story.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT

GREY has finished packing, listening to the report. He reacts to this last part and shakes his head ruefully.

GREY

Not likely.

CLAX ENTERS

CLAX

Your transport is here.

GREY

Let's go.

He picks his suitcase up and starts to walk out. Clax is bouncing up and down on his feet nervously, making little eeee noises.

GREY (CONT'D)

What?

CLAX

(almost desperately)

Are you sure you won't reconsider?

GREY

Clax, for the last time, I am not selling my story.

CLAX

But there's so much money in it! Millions! Billions! Millions of billions!

GREY

Trillions?

CLAX

More than that. I wouldn't take more than twenty five percent, tops. Okay, twenty percent.

(Grey shakes his head)

Fifteen?

GREY

Goodbye Clax.

CLAX

(like a disappointed child)

Ohhhhh.

Grey hesitates, and then looks at him.

GREY

You know, Clax, when I first met you I really didn't like you.

CLAX

Ooh, don't, you'll embarrass me.

GREY

But after this week, I've got to say, I really really detest you.

CLAX

I got you to talk to your girlfriend.

GREY

She's not my girlfriend.

CLAX

Fine. Whatever. Come on, your transport is waiting.

GREY

You're very anxious to get rid of me, why?

CLAX

An opening has come up in President Drell's campaign for a spokesman, I'm meeting him in fifteen minutes. Come along, come along.

He pushes Grey out the door.

EXT. ENTERPRISE

A SHUTTLE approaching the ENTERPRISE. Through the viewscreen we see GREY leaning eagerly forward.

PILOT'S COMM VOICE

This is shuttle Xerxes, requesting
permission to dock.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE

Permission granted. Welcome home
Commander.

INT. RECREATION LOUNGE

GREY walks in to be greeted by rounds of applause by everyone there. At the forefront is QUINLAN, ELRIS, TORAN and CROSS. HAL sidles up to him with a free drink. People crowd round to cheer and congratulate him.

HAL

On the house.

GREY

Thank you.

He finds himself in front of Quinlan and looks at her bemused.

GREY (CONT'D)

What's going on? I would have thought
I would have been a pariah?

QUINLAN

You stood up for your beliefs.
Everyone's very proud of you. Uh
oh.

She spots Cross coming over.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

(staccato, eyeing
Cross as she does)

Erik. Thank goodness. I haven't
spoken to you for a week.

GREY

(joining in)

No. You. Have. Not. I. Am. Glad.
To. See. You.

CROSS

Cut it out you two, I know what
happened.

QUINLAN

What. DO. You. Mean

GREY

Jen.

QUINLAN

Sorry. I was quite enjoying doing the voice.

ELRIS

Come on, let's go and sit down.

In the bosom of his friends again, Grey goes and sits down.

GREY'S VOICE OVER

In a week in which I've done much soul-searching, about the right thing to do, how act, I have come to appreciate one thing, who my friends on. I never thought I would come to say this, but I have missed the Enterprise and the reason for that is I have missed the people. They are my friends and I know that, no matter what happens to me, they will stand by me. I know now who my friends are. And who aren't.

INT. ENGINEERING

Late shift. The lights are low and there are only a couple of people working, including BOYLE. She has a black eye. GREY enters. Boyle looks up.

GREY

You weren't at the party. I'm hurt.

BOYLE

Sorry, I had to do this.

GREY

What happened to your eye?

BOYLE

If I tell you, I'll get another one.

Grey nods.

GREY

What are you working on?

BOYLE

You know that tube we were fixing?

GREY

Yeah?

BOYLE

It's still on the blink. Threw out the whole impulse drive yesterday, only just been able to get it back on line.

GREY

So sometimes the small can have an effect on everything.

Boyle looks at him and smiles.

BOYLE

I guess they can.

Beat.

GREY

I saw your interview.

BOYLE

Yeah well, it's not as though I'm going to turn up an opportunity like that is it?

GREY

I guess not.

(small beat)

I thought, though, that despite everything, we still had some kind of loyalty between us. That I can rely on you and you on me.

BOYLE

Don't mistake our professionalism for some kind of bond between us Erik. That would be another example of your naivety.

Grey nods.

GREY

Just so long as we're clear.

(he turns and walks away)

You know, you did help me though in a way.

BOYLE

Oh?

GREY

You've persuaded me it's time I took command of my own decisions, didn't listen to anyone else, but decided things for myself, took control as it were.

BOYLE

Oh, well good.

GREY

Like in the courtroom.

BOYLE
Uh huh.

GREY
Or now.

BOYLE
Now?

GREY
Yeah, I'm going to make a decision I
should have done a long time ago.

BOYLE
Why? What do you mean?

Grey looks at her for a long moment.

GREY
(very firmly)
You're fired.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END