FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR

DOJAR walks along the corridor, passing by other crewmembers that he doesn't even acknowledge as existing in his own universe. Arriving at the door to Y'lan's lab, he walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Looking ahead, Dojar stops in his tracks as he sees Y'LAN standing there, holding a ball of string, with one loose thread dangling down to a kitten, which is frantically trying to get it. Dojar is naturally intrigued.

Y'LAN

Testing the responses of the feline.

Beat.

DOJAR

Why?

Beat.

Y'LAN

Notice how the feline is only interested in the part of the string that is in front of it. No matter how fast it is dangled, it continues in its attempts to grasp hold of it.

(beat)

Is it aware of all the string to follow? All the string that is bound up in this ball.

Dojar walks towards Y'lan a bit, a frown extending onto his face.

DOJAR

I don't understand, I'm not seeing any of this.

Y'LAN

You are blinded by the questions, about what is, what was and what will be. For you, Dojar, the question is to how you will understand the problem the feline is facing.

DOJAR

About the string?
Y'LAN
The feline's thoughts are only on the string. Is that due to single-minded desire, ignorance or lack of understanding?

Dojar takes a moment to contemplate on that question as the ship rocks from the impact of weapons fire.

Y'LAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Here it begins...

Y'lan drops the ball of string to the floor, which startles the kitten into backing away. It cautiously watches the ball as Dojar looks down at the feline as the ship rocks again.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

The red alert klaxon, exploding consoles, frantic officers at their stations and a lot of chaos. The camera pans across the entire Bridge where we see CROSS in the Command chair, TALORA in her first officer's chair, WHEDON at the Helm, QUINLAN at Tactical and KASDAN at Operations.

CROSS
Report!

QUINLAN
Direct hit on the port nacelle. Shields at 92%.

KASDAN
Captain, they've just transported across a boarding party.

CROSS
(demanding)
I want those damn fighters out of my space, now!

Another thundering bump sends Quinlan flying out of her seat. Talora comes racing over to the Tactical console and takes over.

TALORA
Firing all weapons.

Talora works away at the control panel as Quinlan gets back to her feet.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise is in close proximity to a cargo vessel as two Cardassian fighters are unleashing volleys of weapon fire on the Enterprise, as it protects the cargo ship.
The Cardassian fighters move in closer to the Enterprise, sensing that they have the advantage, before they are rocked back with devastating weaponry from the Phoenix class starship.

The two fighters turn around and begin to retreat.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Cross watches as the fighter warps away. He takes a deep breath and relaxes as Quinlan takes over from Talora at Tactical.

CROSS
Stand down from red alert. Quinlan, any lifesigns on the Valerian ship?

QUINLAN
Yes, sir, I'm reading eight lifesigns on the ship. Eight Valerian and one Cardassian.

Quinlan frowns.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
I'm also reading multiple weapons fire. It appears that the last Cardassian is attacking the eight... make that seven Valerians.

CROSS
I bet that's a Cardassian with the answers to a lot of our questions.

Cross takes a moment to think to himself.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Let's find out what this is all about.

Cross looks to Talora.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Have Dojar report to the transporter room, please, Commander.

TALORA
(surprised)
Captain?

CROSS
I think he could be of some help over there.

Talora, reluctantly, nods in acknowledgment. Cross signals to Quinlan to follow as they both walk over to the turbolift and EXIT.
EXT. SPACE

Focusing in on the damaged Valerian cargo vessel.

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - CORRIDOR

Cross, Quinlan, Dojar and three other security officers re-materialize out of the transporter matter stream into a dark corridor with minimal lighting that gives off a creepy and eerie vibe. The away team (except for Dojar) are all naturally alert, with weapons in hand, as Quinlan gets out a tricorder and begins to scan the area. She looks at Cross and points in two different directions.

Cross nods back at her and then two of the security officers before showing them what direction he wants them to go. Cross, Dojar and the last remaining security officer walk off in another direction. They walk along very cautiously, making sure to take note of the entire area. Cross, himself, gets out a tricorder and scopes the area ahead.

Meanwhile, Quinlan and the two security officers are walking towards the mess hall. They arrive at the door and wait outside, with their backs to the wall. Quinlan looks at both of them, who nod in response to show that they are ready. Quinlan opens the door as the two security officers charge into the room with their weapons ready and... nothing. Quinlan follows soon afterwards and sighs, disappointed, as she was expecting something but got nothing.

Cross, Dojar and the remaining security officer look around a corner as the corridor veers off in a different direction. They notice a Valerian body on the ground, not moving. The security officer walks over to check its condition before looking up at his Captain and shaking his head to indicate no life.

Then, out of nowhere, gunfire hits the security officer and sends him onto his back. Cross and Dojar immediately move for cover as they look down the dark corridor but can see nothing. Cross looks down at the security officer to see he's not moving at all.

Looking down the corridor, Cross squints his eyes to try and get a better look. He then scans ahead and works away at the tricorder.

CROSS
I'm reading the lifesign, bearing (whatever). Transmitting the readings to Quinlan.

Dojar looks down the corridor and begins to look deep in thought.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Let's go.
Cross starts to move cautiously down the sides of the corridor. Dojar doesn't follow him, but turns around and starts to walk away.

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - SICKBAY

Quinlan and the other two security officers are walking through sickbay, closely watching for any movement. Then, all of a sudden, a Cardassian female emerges from a cupboard and shoots at the group, giving herself enough time to leave the room. Quinlan taps her commbadge and quickly pursues.

QUINLAN
Quinlan to Cross, we've found her, closing in.

Quinlan EXITS hastily.

Now in another area, Quinlan is running after the Cardassian, who is firing back at her. The Cardassian enters Engineering, followed soon after by Quinlan.

CUT TO:

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - ENGINEERING

Quinlan stands in the corner, behind some containers for cover, and looks around. Nothing. She starts to poke her head above the container before phaser fire hits the container causing her to pull her head back down. She looks out the side and sees the figure in the shadows on the maintenance level. She watches closely as the figure moves more into view. At this time, Dojar walks into the room and sees the situation for himself.

DOJAR
(shouts)
No!

It's too late as Quinlan fires her phaser.

The Cardassian is hit, falls off the level and hits the floor. Quinlan takes a deep breath as she slowly stands up. Meanwhile, Dojar walks slowly over to the body, looks down at her face and is immediately saddened by what he sees.

Cross comes dashing into the room and joins Quinlan, standing just behind Dojar, to see the situation for themselves.

CROSS
Dojar, are you okay?

DOJAR
I knew it was her.

CROSS
Who is she?
Beat.

DOJAR
Her name is Cazna Miran, Captain,
and she was the love of my life.
(beat)
And I killed her.

They all look down at the fallen female as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise hangs in space, in relative position to the Valerian cargo vessel.

INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER ROOM

Dojar re-materializes out of the transporter matter stream and walks forward as he EXITS the room, trying to maintain a certain posture.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR

Dojar walks down the corridor, passing people without acknowledging them, just as he did earlier. He arrives at a turbolift and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - TURBOLIFT

Dojar, alone in the turbolift, rests his arms up against the inside of the wall and takes a deep breath. All he can see in his mind is the face of the woman he once loved, now dead. The camera moves slowly towards his starry eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

...the camera moves out of the eyes of a young Dojar (rough equivalent of an eight years old human) to reveal he is sitting on a branch, in a tree, next to a young Cazna. Their legs are swinging back and forth as they stare into the everlasting lushness of green.

CAZNA

Isn't it pretty?

Dojar shakes his head as if he is trying to wake himself up.

DOJAR

What?

CAZNA

I said it's pretty. All the green, all the trees, all the grass.

Dojar continues to try and shake himself out of it. Cazna gives him a funny look.
CAZNA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Dojar looks at Cazna and stops in mid-speech, amazed by what he sees.

DOJAR
Cazna?

Beat.

CAZNA
Why are you looking at me all funny?

DOJAR
I'm not.
(beat)
I mean, I didn't mean to.

CAZNA
You're strange.

Dojar smiles.

DOJAR
You always say that.

CAZNA
That's because you're a boy and boys are strange.

Dojar, clearly enjoying the moment, continues to look admiringly at the young Cazna.

DOJAR
Girls can be just as strange.

CAZNA
Not me.

Dojar smiles again.

DOJAR
No, not you.

Beat.

CAZNA
Will you miss me when I go tomorrow?

Dojar frowns.

DOJAR
Go? Where are you going?

CAZNA
To the Art school in Lakat, remember?
Dojar takes a moment to think before he remembers.

DOJAR
Ah, yes, of course I do.

CAZNA
My father says it's important to study art because it defines our culture more than anything else.

DOJAR
Mine says it's a waste of time.

Beat.

CAZNA
It's a shame you can't come with me. We won't be able to play Doctor anymore, or kiss chase.

Dojar smiles again, also partly blushing as he thinks about those times.

He continues to stare at Cazna.

CAZNA (CONT'D)
I better get going now. I don't want to get into trouble again.

Beat.

DOJAR
Okay.

Cazna surprises Dojar with a quick kiss on the lips before she quickly climbs down the tree and walks away.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
Cazna...

Cazna stops and looks back.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
I will miss you.

She smiles, turns around and continues to walk away, into the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE - CONFERENCE ROOM

The present day Dojar sits in a chair, with the same reflective look that the younger version had.

CROSS
Dojar?
Dojar smoothly looks to his side to see Cross standing on the other side of the conference room with Talora, Quinlan, GREY and ELRIS all sitting around the table, looking at him.

**DOJAR**
Yes, Captain?

**CROSS**
Are you listening to me?

Beat.

**DOJAR**
Yes.

Cross takes a deep breath.

**CROSS**
As I was saying, the Valerian Captain insists he can't think of a single reason why the Cardassians would attack his ship. In fact, he is currently en route to Cardassia to deliver them some cargo supplies.

**ELRIS**
How do we know we can trust him? The Valerians aren't the most noble or trustworthy of species. After all, they did supply the Cardassians with extremely pure weapons-grade dolamide during the occupation of Bajor. They always denied it, even when proof was finally discovered.

**TALORA**
That also makes me wonder why the Valerians would be attacked by Cardassians, en route to Cardassia, after years of such a healthy trading relationship.

**CROSS**
A lot of this doesn't make sense. The Cardassian government has supplied us with records on all the individuals involved but nothing appears to be out of the ordinary.

Cross looks to Dojar, who once again appears to be in a world of his own.

**CROSS (CONT'D)**
Is there anything else you can tell us? Anything about Cazna Miran?

Beat.
DOJAR
She was an artist. She worked in a museum in Lakat city on Cardassia.

She had a love for all kinds of art from many different kinds of species and cultures.

GREY
Then what she was doing on a cargo vessel, attacking Valerians in the depths of space?

Dojar glances at Grey for a moment but doesn't respond.

CROSS
There appears to be a lot here that we don't know, too much even.

(beat)
The Valerians have requested to get underway at once. They seem eager to get to Cardassia and deliver their cargo.

QUINLAN
That seems a little strange, especially after this recent encounter.

TALORA
We answered their distress call and helped them in their time of need. If they want to go, I think we should let them.

ELRIS
You think someone will attack the Valerians again?

GREY
They won't if the Enterprise escorts it through Cardassian space.

CROSS
I think that, if someone wants that ship bad enough, Enterprise or no Enterprise, they will attack.

(beat)
I've already made my report to Starfleet and, in light of the situation, have requested orders on how next to proceed. In the meantime, we'll let the Valerians get underway and escort them to Cardassia.

(beat)
Any questions?

There is no sign that anyone wants to speak.
CROSS (CONT'D)
Dismissed.

Cross, followed by the others, begin to EXIT the conference room, except for Dojar. Talora is about to leave as well when she stops and looks back at Dojar.

TALORA (concerned)
Are you okay, Gril?

Dojar doesn't respond, but looks over at Talora.

TALORA (CONT'D)
I know Cazna Miran meant a lot to you. Maybe it would help to talk about it.

Dojar shakes his head.

TALORA (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

Dojar nods in response.

TALORA (CONT'D)
I see.

The atmosphere can be cut with a knife as Talora EXITS. Dojar stares at the door.

DOJAR (V.O.)
Something is happening to us.

Y'LAN (V.O.)
No, something is happening to you.

DOJAR (V.O.)
But we are one, we are the same. Whatever happens to me, happens to you.

Y'LAN (V.O.)
No.

Dojar sits there, looking slightly confused.

DOJAR (V.O.)
Then what is happening to me?

Beat.

Y'LAN (V.O.)
Understanding.

Dojar sits in his chair and rubs his eyes as he tries to get a grip of himself.
EXT. SPACE

The Valerian Cargo Vessel, followed by the Enterprise, enters into warp.

INT. ENTERPRISE - DOJAR'S QUARTERS

Dojar enters the room, walks over to his mirror, opens the compartment beneath and splashes his face with water. He stares at his reflection as he sees an image of events come into his mind.

IMAGE OF EVENTS - DARK ROOM

Dojar is standing in the corner of the room, his hands leaning up against the two walls as he looks down at a potted plant. We can see a vine growing out of the dirt.

CAZNA (O.S.)

What is it, Dojar?

Beat.

DOJAR

It's everything.

CAZNA (O.S.)

And what does it mean to you?

Beat.

DOJAR

Nothing.

CAZNA (O.S.)

Show me.

Dojar begins to slowly turn around as the camera changes to show the reaction of a mature Cazna as she stands there, below a spotlight, in the dark room and looks shocked at what she sees.

INT. ENTERPRISE - DOJAR'S QUARTERS

Dojar brings himself out of the moment and splashes his face with water again.

He closes the compartment, walks over to his bed and lets out a relaxing sigh as he lies down and closes his eyes.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dojar (rough equivalent of a fifteen year old human) rides along the Cardassian equivalent of a motorbike, when he suddenly blinks and looks out of it.
DOJAR
What, where am I?

Dojar, not paying attention, is then thrown to the ground when he hits something that creates a huge explosion. He lies there, on his back, groaning as people come from all around to his rescue.

CAZNA (O.S.)
Dojar?

Cazna pushes her way through the crowd and leans over Dojar.

CAZNA (CONT'D)
Dojar, are you okay?

Dojar, with a noticeable cut on his head, tries to get up but can't.

DOJAR
My right arm hurts, I think it's broken.

Cazna looks at his right arm briefly.

CAZNA
You must have hit one of the old the interdimensional mines. They appear in this area every few years or so.

Cazna turns around to the crowd.

CAZNA (CONT'D)
Get some help!

A few Cardassians turn around and run away as Cazna looks back to Dojar.

CAZNA (CONT'D)
(beat)
Dojar, what are you doing here?

Beat.

DOJAR
I came to see you.

Cazna smiles.

CAZNA
It has been a while, I bet you wish you didn't come now.

Beat.

DOJAR
Not for a moment.
Dojar and Cazna smile as they look into each other's eyes as...

INT. ENTERPRISE - DOJAR'S QUARTERS

Dojar opens his eyes as they move from side to side, processing information and trying to work things out. Moments later he stands up and EXITS.

INT. ENTERPRISE - SICKBAY

Dojar stands there, in front of a confused Elris.

ELRIS
I still don't understand. Why do you want me to scan your arm to see if it was broken years ago when, clearly, you know it was broken otherwise there would be no point in asking?

Elris takes a deep breath, emphasizing the long speech.

DOJAR
Doctor, could you just check the arm and compare it to the medical records?

Elris sighs and nods in acknowledgment. She scans over the arm with a medical tricorder and then walks over to her laptop computer. Moments later she walks back over to Dojar and stands in front of him.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
Well?

ELRIS
Your arm was broken on Stardate 59141.6, as recorded on your medical file and just confirmed by my tricorder.

Dojar nods in acknowledgment, putting the pieces together in his mind. He turns around and EXITS, as Elris stands there and shakes her head in confusion.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Cross sits in the Command chair, with no other senior officer on duty. KASDAN is sitting at Operations.

KASDAN
Captain, a ship is dropping out of slipstream.

CROSS
Onscreen.
Cross waits.

EXT. SPACE

The Scimitar class USS Marshall drops out of warp and moves towards the Enterprise.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

As before.

KASDAN

It's the USS Marshall, sir.

Cross sighs.

CROSS

(mutters)

Cajal, great.

KASDAN

We're being hailed.

Cross straightens his uniform.

CROSS

Onscreen.

Admiral DELFUNE appears on the viewscreen, much to the surprise of Cross.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Admiral.

DELFUNE

Captain, I'm here in regards to your report about the Cardassian attack on the Valerian cargo vessel.

CROSS

I wasn't expecting a personal reply, Admiral.

DELFUNE

The situation calls for my personal attention, Captain.

CROSS

(intrigued)

Oh?

DELFUNE

I will be transporting aboard the Enterprise at once. Please prepare for my arrival.
Delfune disappears from the screen as Cross stands there and takes a deep breath.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Well, what do you know, things just got even more interesting.

Cross stares ahead at the viewscreen.

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'lan is working away at the control panel of his main computer when Dojar enters. Dojar gets Y'lan's attention.

DOJAR
Years ago, I broke my arm when I hit a mine on my way to visiting Cazna. I didn't remember till earlier but, just before it happened, I had this strange experience like I was there, but wasn't in control of my own body. (beat) Was I daydreaming or did something else happen?

Beat.

Y'LAN
You are on the path to understanding.

Dojar sighs, the frustration starting to come through.

DOJAR
But what is happening to me?

Y'LAN
If you don't learn how to control it, everything will unravel.

Dojar, still in disbelief, stands there, not listening to what Y'lan is saying.

DOJAR (snappy)
Y'lan... tell me what is happening!

Beat.

Y'LAN
You are using your mind to travel across time and relive moments of your past.
Dojar takes a deep breath as he attempts to digest the information that he has just been told as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. ENTERPRISE - TRANSPORTER ROOM

Cross and Talora stand there, waiting, as Delfune re-materializes out of the transporter matter stream.

CROSS
    Admiral, welcome aboard.

DELFUNE
    Thank you, Captain, Commander.

Talora nods back at Delfune, out of respect.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
    I'm glad the two of you are here because I need to speak to both of you about something.

Cross and Talora look at each other, curious.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
    But, of course, it's something to discuss in private.

Delfune walks out of the door and EXITS leaving Cross and Talora standing there, wondering what this is all about.

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

As before.

DOJAR
    There has been no previous indication that I have such an ability.

Y'LAN
    It is not important. What you must do now is control it.

DOJAR
    Control it? How can I control something I don't even understand?

Beat.

Y'LAN
    Yes.

Dojar closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, regaining his composure. He stands there and stares at Y'lan who watches him and nods in acknowledgment.
INT. ENTERPRISE - CONFERENCE ROOM

Cross and Talora sit at the table as Delfune, with her hands behind her back, paces around the room.

DELFUNE
Stardate 79883.1, recognize it?

Cross frowns.

CROSS
Sorry, no, should I?

TALORA
It was when the Enterprise arrived at Starbase 47.

DELFUNE
Yes, it was the start of a rather interesting chain of events. Records show that you were relieved of command of the Enterprise and sent on a highly classified mission.

CROSS
That's correct.

DELFUNE
And Captain Robert Williams was placed in command of the Enterprise as it went onto a diplomatic mission to Cardassia, the reasoning for this also being classified.

Beat.

CROSS
And you want to know why?

Delfune stops, at the other end of the table, and looks at Cross.

DELFUNE
Yes.

Cross sighs.

CROSS
I wish I could tell you, Admiral, but we both know that I'm not allowed to discuss any information from classified missions.

Delfune nods in acknowledgment and walks closer to Cross.

DELFUNE
Yes.

(MORE)
RENAISSANCE: "Ships That Pass in the Night" - ACT TWO

DELFUNE (CONT'D)

(beat)
But I had hoped you would tell me, off the record, in the spirit of our new working relationship.

Beat.

CROSS
Can I first know why you want this information? After all, you are asking me to put my head on the line and divulge classified information.

Delfune takes a moment to think about it.

DELFUNE
Very well.

She continues to, once again, pace around the room.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
I received a report a few weeks ago of a newly developed Cardassian weapon. A state of the art weapon that was patrolling Cardassian space and attacking any vessel that violated its space. Then, it came to my attention that last year one Captain Neil Cross, for about four days, was on a classified mission, even from me.

(beat)
All I had to connect the dots was some information that Captain Cross was in fact secretly inside Cardassian space, dealing with this weapon.

(beat)
After hearing all this, I had to look further into the matter and discovered that the Enterprise went to Cardassia. What for? Once again, classified.

(beat)
I had to call in some big favors to get some interesting reports that revealed a much bigger plot. One that involved people on Cardassia, peaceful, artistic citizens who were forming protest groups against the government. Why? Because their art and culture was being annexed to help fund military projects. Sound familiar?
CROSS
Yes, in the past, the Cardassian
people, had a rich art and culture
that was sold to fund war efforts.

Delfune nods in acknowledgment.

DELFUNE
And, as history does, it is now
repeating itself with the same
happening all over again. However,
this time, people aren't willing to
take it lying down.

(beat)
They've acquired resources, ships
and weapons, in a bid of protest
against the military. The attack on
the Valerian ship was one of these
protests.

(beat)
The only question is why such a group
would use half of their arsenal
against one, seemingly insignificant,
target.

TALORA
Admiral, if I may ask, what does
this have to do with what happened
last year?

DELFUNE
That's what I'm trying to find out.

Delfune looks to Cross, who takes a deep breath.

CROSS
I was ordered to take a team to
destroy a dangerous Cardassian weapon.
We achieved that mission.

Cross looks to Talora and nods.

TALORA
The Enterprise was ordered to confront
with the Cardassians about this
weapon. We did just that.

DELFUNE
And what happened with that
confrontation?

Delfune looks to Cross.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
What was the weapon you were sent to
destroy?
Cross sighs.

CROSS
Sorry, Admiral, but we can't tell you anything else. We've told you too much already.

Delfune nods in acknowledgment.

DELFUNE
I understand your position, Captain. However, I had hoped you would show more trust in me.
(beat)
All this background information may have been off the record but why I am here is not. I want that ship boarded, I want the cargo bay searched and I want you to see to it personally, Captain.

Cross seems slightly surprised.

CROSS
Me?

DELFUNE
Considering the current circumstances, you are clearly the best man for the job. I want it searched within the hour.

CROSS
Yes, Admiral.

DELFUNE
I'll be remaining on the Enterprise for the duration of this mission.

Delfune looks to Talora.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
Commander, please escort me to the Bridge.

TALORA
Yes, Admiral.

Talora takes a quick glance at Cross before she escorts Delfune out of the room. Cross sits there and rubs his head as he wonders what is going on.

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Dojar is standing in the same place as before, with Y'lan watching over him. Dojar blinks his eyes as he starts to look like he is struggling.
DOJAR (V.O.)
I can't.

He puts his hand up to his head and tries to shake away a few cobwebs.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
I can't do it.

Dojar collapses to the ground as Y'lan moves over to him. He picks up the Cardassian and puts him into some kind of futuristic chair that is connected into a machine.

Y'lan walks over to his machine and starts working away at the control panel as Cross walks into the room. He looks at the situation and shakes his head.

CROSS
I don't think I want to ask what is going on here.

There is no response from Y'lan as he continues working away.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Y'lan, why did you tell me about the Valerian ship? How did you know it was going to be attacked?

Once again, there is no response as Cross turns his attention to the unconscious Dojar.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Is he okay?

Beat.

Y'LAN
Yes...
(beat)
And no.

CROSS
What's wrong with him?

Y'LAN
His mind needs help, just like yours once did, but in a different way.

CROSS
Something to do with being part Q'tami?

Y'LAN
Yes.

Cross nods in acknowledgment.
CROSS
I know this is probably the wrong question to ask you, but... why? Why did you ask me to take Dojar onto the Valerian ship? Why did we come here in the first place?

(beat)

Y'lan, what is this entire situation all about?

Beat.

Y'LAN
Life, time and understanding, Captain.

Cross nods in acknowledgment, not really understanding what Y'lan has said but shrugging it off anyway.

CROSS
I hope getting involved with this ship doesn't come back to haunt me, Y'lan.

There is no response as Y'lan continues his work at his computer console. Cross walks out of the room as the camera focuses on Dojar.

He is sitting in the chair, with his eyes closed and flickering as if he is dreaming. Y'lan observes him and works away at the control panel.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Dojar and Cazna (both equivalent of about eighteen Earth years) are walking down a row of Cardassian paintings. They look over at one another and smile. Cazna looks to her side and notices a painting of particular interest causing her to stop Dojar.

CAZNA
This is something you've got to see.

Dojar looks over the painting.

DOJAR
The sunset of Alfa 117.

Cazna looks surprised, much to the amusement of Dojar.

CAZNA
How did you know that?

DOJAR
I've been studying.

CAZNA
Studying?
DOJAR
Art, music, archaeology...

CAZNA
(interrupting)
I'm impressed. What made you decide to do that?

Beat.

DOJAR
You did.

CAZNA
Me?

Dojar nods in acknowledgment.

DOJAR
Seeing how much it all meant to you, how much you appreciate and admire it, made me want to learn about it as well.

Cazna looks taken back by that revelation.

CAZNA
I thought that art was a "waste of time" in your eyes.

Dojar shakes his head.

DOJAR
No, that was what my father told me.

(beat)
But I'm not my father and I don't think it's a waste of time.

Dojar and Cazna just stare at each other, losing themselves in the eyes of the other. Moments later, Cazna clears her throat and smiles as she tries to regain her focus.

CAZNA
Well, I'm glad to hear that because there's plenty more to see.

They continue to walk along, looking at the various exhibits.

DOJAR
I'm leaving for the security academy tomorrow. It's an isolated training program, I'm not allowed off the premises.

CAZNA
How long will you be gone?
DOJAR
A year, maybe more.

Beat.

CAZNA
It's funny how our paths keep crossing like this. We've known each other for such a long time, but, in a way, we hardly know each other at all.

DOJAR
Except for what we know of each other from all those times of playing Doctor.

Cazna chuckles slightly.

CAZNA
That feels like such a long time ago.

DOJAR
That's funny, because it feels just like yesterday to me.

Cazna smiles as silence hits their conversation for a moment, with each of them not sure who should make the next move.

CAZNA
It's a shame, because, this time, I was hoping that we could get to know each other better.

Dojar, sensing that Cazna is getting at something, decides to play it smooth.

DOJAR
How do you mean?

CAZNA
You don't need to be coy with me, Dojar, you know what I'm talking about.

Dojar nods in acknowledgment as the two of them stop talking.

DOJAR
I wish I knew what to say.

CAZNA
You don't have to say anything, Gril, we're different people who want different things from life.

DOJAR
But there's one thing we both want.
Dojar struggles to say the words. Cazna, seeing this, inches slowly forward and kisses Dojar in what becomes an intimate and passionate embrace. They each take a few moments to take in what just happened between them.

CAZNA
Maybe this is for the best anyway.

DOJAR
Why do you say that?

CAZNA
A year apart can allow us to decide what we mean to each other. It can make us stronger and, if we still feel the same in a year, we know we've got something special.

DOJAR
I knew we had something special from the moment you kissed me as a child.

Beat.

CAZNA
When you're finished with your security training, come looking for me. You'll know where to find me.

Cazna walks away as Dojar stands there and sighs.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise and Marshall are both following the Valerian cargo vessel, now at impulse.

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - BRIDGE

Cross, Quinlan and five security officers rematerialize out of the transporter matter stream. The Valerian Captain immediately looks over at them.

CAPTAIN
(irritated)
What is this?

CROSS
Captain, I am under orders to personally check your cargo hold.

CAPTAIN
(adamant)
You can't do that! You don't have the authority!
CROSS
Look, Captain, I have my orders. Whether I like them or not isn't important, I just have to do them. Now, you can either accept that fact and let us do our job or you can resist us and pay the price.

Beat.

CAPTAIN
Are you threatening me, Cross?

CROSS
No, Captain, I am not threatening you, I am telling you that, if you make this hard, there's a good chance that you will get hurt.

The Valerian Captain smiles.

CAPTAIN
Are sure you want to do this?

Cross rolls his eyes and sighs.

CROSS
Do I really have to tell you again?

Beat.

CAPTAIN
Very well.

Cross nods in acknowledgment as he signals to the rest of his party and they EXIT. The Valerian Captain, not looking happy, nods at one of his men before following the others.

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - CORRIDOR

Cross and his party stand outside of the Cargo hold door. Quinlan tries to open the door via the access panel.

QUINLAN
It's locked.

Cross looks to the Valerian Captain.

CROSS
Open it.

CAPTAIN
Once again, I must protest.

CROSS
(frustrated)
Just open the damn door.
CAPTAIN
As you wish.

The Valerian Captain walks over to the access panel and opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - CARGO HOLD

Two security officers enter the room and begin to scope it out. Cross, Quinlan and the others hold back. After a quick check, the two security officers nod at each other. One of them then looks to Cross.

SECURITY OFFICER
It's clear, Captain.

Then, from out of nowhere, a Cardassian figure appears from behind the Security officer and snaps his neck. It's the Cardassian Virus (from "To Be Someone")! The other security officer fires his weapon at the Cardassian but it has no affect. Cross looks shocked.

CROSS
Oh, god. Fall back!

Cross closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - CORRIDOR

Cross, and the others, start to back off from the door.

QUINLAN
Sir, what about...

A loud scream can be heard from the Cargo hold.

CROSS
He's gone. Let's get out of here, people!

They run down the corridor as the Valerian Captain stands outside of the door and smiles to himself.

CAPTAIN
Don't say I didn't warn you, Cross.

The Virus moves through the door and walks down the corridor in the same vein as Robert Patrick's T-1000 (from Terminator 2).
Our intrepid heroes run down the corridor, with the Virus still walking as evenly paced as ever. Cross taps his commbadge.

CROSS
Cross to Enterprise, emergency beam out, now!

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Talora is sitting in the Command chair, with Delfune sitting beside her, in the Executive officer's chair.

TALORA
Transporter room, get them out of there!

CHIEF
I can't, sir, there appears to be some sort of dampening field in place.

TALORA
Captain?

No response. Delfune taps a button on her control panel.

DELFUNE
Delfune to Cajal, the cat is out of the bag.

CAJAL'S COMM VOICE
Confirmed, Admiral.

Talora, confused, looks at Delfune.

EXT. SPACE

The Marshall moves in closer to the Valerian cargo vessel.

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - CORRIDOR

The away team come to a stop as a containment field is activated.

QUINLAN
What now?

Cross taps his commbadge again.

CROSS
Enterprise, come in?

No response.

QUINLAN
I think we're in trouble.
The party look down the corridor as they see the Virus slowly walking towards them.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
I know we're in trouble.

CROSS
(assertive)
Arm weapons.

Cross takes a deep breath and walks to the front of the group, with everyone else behind him pointing their phasers at the Virus.

VIRUS
Captain Neil Cross, it's good to finally meet you.

CROSS
What do you want?

Beat.

VIRUS
To kill you.

Cross gulps as the Virus continues to walk closer. Then, the ship shudders slightly causing particular interest from the Virus as it processes information.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

As before.

KASDAN
Commander, the Marshall has locked a tractor beam on the Valerian ship.

Talora looks to Delfune.

TALORA
Admiral, what is going on here?

Delfune doesn't respond as she continues to stare ahead at the viewscreen.

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - CORRIDOR

The Virus continues to process information and then disappears. Cross looks at Quinlan, frowning and confused.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

As before.

CAJAL'S COMM VOICE
The cat is back in the bag, Admiral.
DELFUNE
Good work, Captain, beam me back.

TALORA
(demanding)
Admiral, what the hell is going on here?

Delfune doesn't respond as she de-materializes into the transporter matter stream.

KASDAN
Commander.

Talora looks at the viewscreen.

EXT. SPACE

The Marshall releases the tractor beam from the Valerian ship and shoots off into slipstream.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

As before.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
Cross to Enterprise.

TALORA
(concerned)
Captain, are you all right?

INT. VALERIAN CARGO VESSEL - CORRIDOR

Cross looks around at the rest of his party, clearly on edge from the entire experience.

CROSS
We're just about in one piece. What happened?

TALORA'S COMM VOICE
The Marshall put a tractor beam onto the Valerian ship after Admiral Delfune said "the cat was out of the bag". Soon after, they beamed the Admiral back and went into warp with Captain Cajal saying "the cat was back in the bag".

Cross looks intrigued.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)
Any idea what they were talking about, Captain?
CROSS
Yes, Commander, I know exactly what they were talking about.

Cross takes a deep breath as he contemplates everything that has just happened.

EXT. CARDASSIAN STREET - NIGHT

The Virus walks down this deserted and ravaged street at the established T-1000 style of walking.

INT. MARSHALL - OBSERVATION ROOM

The camera is fixed on the door as Delfune enters and looks at the viewscreen.

The camera moves back to reveal Captain CAJAL is also standing there, watching, with a technician, SOWARDS, sitting at a control panel, working away.

CAJAL
Is it everything you expected?

Delfune nods in acknowledgment.

DELFUNE
And hopefully more.

Delfune looks down at Sowards.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
Can you rewrite its programming?

SOWARD
I've been looking at the subroutines, and if I --

DELFUNE
(impatient)
Can you do it, yes or no?

Beat.

SOWARDS
Yes.

DELFUNE
Good, because I have an idea or two about what we can do with our new toy.

Delfune smiles as the camera moves around to show the three of them watching the viewscreen where the Virus continues to walk down a Cardassian street as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise holds in space near the Valerian cargo vessel.

INT. ENTERPRISE – READY ROOM

Cross, Talora and Quinlan enter the room and stand beside the door.

CROSS
We now have more pieces of the jigsaw, but with no idea which pieces go where or what the final picture is supposed to be. From what Delfune said, it's clear they have the Virus and that's what they were after all along.

QUINLAN
But why?

TALORA
Perhaps this is linked with her questions about our missions from last year.

QUINLAN
But we destroyed that Virus on the Trafalgar. How the hell could it end up on a Valerian cargo vessel?

CROSS
Another piece of the jigsaw puzzle, Lieutenant.

TALORA
But it's safe to assume that the Virus was there to protect something.

CROSS
The cargo?

TALORA
You never did get to check what was inside, and that was where the Virus did appear.

QUINLAN
The Marshall did also take all the contents of the cargo bay.
CROSS
So, Delfune came here asking us questions about our missions from Admiral Bicknell and then took the Virus and cargo from the Valerians.

TALORA
And let's not also forget that Captain Williams made a deal with the Cardassians last year. We never found out what it was for.

Cross stands there and thinks it all over.

CROSS
Is that what this has all been about? The Virus?
(beat)
After all, it is a revolutionary piece of technology and something any race would love to get its hands on.

QUINLAN
And you think Williams, and Starfleet, made a deal with the Cardassians for that technology?

CROSS
Maybe not Starfleet itself. Maybe a faction of Starfleet.

Beat.

QUINLAN
Someone like Janus?

CROSS
Delfune was very keen to get to the bottom of all this. We know she is not involved with Janus, but perhaps she believes someone else is. Like, Admiral Bicknell and Captain Williams, for example.
(beat)
However, we can't start thinking everything around here is connected to Janus. That will only lead to paranoia and second guessing ourselves at every turn.

QUINLAN
But if Delfune has now got her hands on the Virus, won't she use it for her own agenda?

Cross sighs.
CROSS
It doesn't matter what she wants it for or whose side she's on. This Virus is too dangerous in anybody's hands, it's a weapon like no other.

QUINLAN
So, what are we going to do about it?

Cross stands there and thinks over his options before tapping his commbadge.

CROSS
Cross to Bridge.

WHEDON'S COMM VOICE
Whedon here, sir.

CROSS
Ensign, plot a pursuit course for the Marshall.

WHEDON'S COMM VOICE
Aye, sir.

Beat.

TALORA
We're going after them?

CROSS
I don't see that we have any other choice.

INT. MARSHALL - OBSERVATION ROOM

Delfune and Cajal continue to watch the viewscreen, with Sowards working away at the control panel. On the screen, the Virus is now walking at inhuman speeds.

CAJAL
What is it doing?

SOWARDS
It's trying to break the holodeck programming by sending information faster than the computer can process it. Hoping to cause an overload in the system matrix and turn the room from being an endless world into being... just a room.

DELFUNE
Can it do it?

Sowards scoffs.
RENAISSANCE: "Ships That Pass in the Night" - ACT THREE

SOWARDS
No way! I designed this baby myself and there is no way it will be able to do that.

CAJAL
It better not, otherwise we may be in some trouble.

SOWARDS
I doubt it. Even if it did manage to escape, there are no holoemitters on this ship anywhere. Without them, where could it go?

(beat)
This puppy ain't going anywhere.

They all continue to watch the screen as the Virus stops walking.

EXT. CARDASSIAN STREET - NIGHT

The Virus looks like it's processing information as it disappears...

And reappears, then disappears again...

And reappears. The trend keeps happening as the pace gets faster and faster.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise shoots through space at slipstream.

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Y'lan continues to work away at the control panel, with Dojar still sitting down in the chair, connected up to the machine. His eyes are flickering away.

TALORA (O.S.)

What's going on, Y'lan?

Y'lan looks to his side to see Talora now inside the room.

TALORA (CONT'D)

I came down here to see how Gril was doing. He doesn't look too good to me.

Y'LAN
It is a complicated situation, Commander.

TALORA
Try me.
Y'LAN
Very well. The recent stress on
Dojar's mind, caused by the death of
Cazna Miran, has resulted in his
mind sub-consciously crossing into
his past, reliving those events.

Talora stands there and tries to take it all in.

TALORA
What?

The camera begins to move towards Dojar as Y'lan explains
further in the fading sound of the background.

IMAGE OF EVENTS - DARK ROOM

Dojar is standing in the corner of the room, his hands leaning
up against the two walls as he looks down at a potted plant.
We can see one big vine growing up, with other, smaller vines
now growing out the sides of it.

CAZNA
What is it, Dojar?

Beat.

DOJAR
It's everything.

CAZNA
And what does it mean to you?

Beat.

DOJAR
Nothing.

CAZNA
Show me.

Dojar slowly turns around as the camera changes to show the
reaction of a mature Cazna as she stands there, below a
spotlight, in the dark room and looks shocked at what she
sees. The camera cuts back to show Dojar, one side of him
Q'tami and the other side Cardassian.

DOJAR
(Q'tami voice)
It all means nothing.

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Dojar wakes up, with a huge fright. Alarms start to ring on
Y'lan's console as Talora looks concerned.
TALORA  
What's going on now?

Y'LAN  
An unexpected turn of events.

Talora walks to Dojar.  

TALORA  
Gril, can you hear me?  
Gril, are you all right?  
Dojar's eye close again.  

EXT. ART MUSEUM - DAY  

Dojar, in security gear, with other members around him, stands outside the building, guarding it, as a huge crowd of Cardassians protest. In the crowd, Cazna appears, confused, and speaks to another Cardassian.

CAZNA  
What's going on?

CARDASSIAN  
They're doing it again, they're taking it all.  

CAZNA  
What?

CARDASSIAN  
A Kevoan collector offered the Cardassian government a huge amount of resources for the museum's collection of art and they accepted.  

CAZNA  
(furious)  
What? They can't do that! They don't have the right.  

CARDASSIAN  
It doesn't matter, they're doing it anyway.  

Cazna pushes her way to the front of the crowd and then notices Dojar, who also spots her. He moves forward to speak to her.

CAZNA  
Gril, what's happening?
DOJAR
I'm sorry, but they're taking it away, all of it.

CAZNA
Who, the military?

Dojar nods in sadly acknowledgment.

CAZNA (CONT'D)
And what's your part in all this?

Dojar sighs.

DOJAR
I'm just doing my job.

Cazna shakes her head.

CAZNA
No, you're taking part in something that isn't right and you know it!

DOJAR
Our people are starving, Cazna, the government couldn't refuse an offer that would feed millions of Cardassians this year.

CAZNA
That's if they actually use it for food!

DOJAR
They will, we'll make sure of it.

Cazna shakes her head in disbelief, struggling to take it all in.

CAZNA
This just isn't right. That collection of art serves to show the spirit of our people, our resolve and determination since the war.

DOJAR
But it will feed so many, it will save so many lives. Isn't that a good enough reason to let it go?

CAZNA
Art is what we have turned to in our time of need. It is what helps many people rationalize their lives, to know that there is more to us than a beaten and defeated people. (MORE)
CAZNA (CONT'D)
A piece of bread may save their lives for a day, but it won't save their souls for a lifetime.

Beat.

DOJAR
(downbeat)
I'm sorry.

CAZNA
So am I. Sorry for believing in someone like you.

DOJAR
Please, don't say that.

CAZNA
Goodbye, Gril.

I hope you enjoy your life.

Cazna turns around and pushes her way through the crowd.

DOJAR
(mouths, silently)
Cazna.

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Dojar opens his eyes with a huge gasp.

DOJAR
(shouts)
Cazna!

TALORA
(concerned)
Dojar?

No response. Dojar looks like he is staring into space, in another world. Talora turns around and walks over to Y'lan.

TALORA (CONT'D)
What's happening to him?

Y'LAN
I am unable to stabilize his mind as I had hoped. He won't let go of the memories.
(beat)
I believe our only remaining option is to remove them.

Talora frowns.
TALORA
Remove his memories?

Y'LAN
His feelings for Cazna Miran run deep, they are preventing his mind from stabilizing and keeping him in this time frame.

TALORA
Y'lan, you can't remove his memories of her. It isn't right.

Beat.

Y'LAN
(confused)
But that is what is destroying him, it is an infection that needs to be removed.

TALORA
It's not an infection, it's pain. It's something we all have and it's something we all need. It helps to define us and make us what we are. (beat)
It helps us to grow and develop.

Y'LAN
And what if Dojar can't deal with the pain?

TALORA
He will, he just needs time.

Y'lan looks intrigued as he gets an idea.

INT. ENTERPRISE - ENGINEERING

Cross and Grey are walking through the section.

GREY
Well, I've reviewed all the available data we have.

CROSS
And?

Grey sighs.

GREY
And I have nothing.

Beat.
CROSS
You have no plan?

GREY
Short of isolating the Marshall from any type of computer that the Virus can transfer to and then blowing up the ship, no.

Cross reacts with intrigue and smiles to himself.

CROSS
That's it.

Grey frowns.

GREY
What's it?

The camera moves in close on Cross's face.

CROSS
That's what we have to do. We have to blow the ship up.

Grey looks surprised as Cross nods to himself.

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Dojar sits there, with his eyes wide open, in shock as Talora watches on while Y'lan works away at the control panel, at a more frantic pace.

TALORA
I hate to ask but, what are you doing?

Y'LAN
I have a new solution to this problem. I have a way of allowing Dojar to solve this problem for himself.

Talora frowns.

TALORA
But you said he couldn't do that because he didn't want to.

Y'LAN
Yes.

Beat.

TALORA
So, how?

Y'LAN
Observe.
Y'lan finishes working away at the control panel as Dojar's eyes close and begin to flicker once again.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

Dojar (the present version) finds himself in a secluded area of a shipyard on an unknown planet.

    DOJAR
    (mutters - confused)
    Where am I?

He looks around the area.

    DOJAR (CONT'D)
    I don't recognize this place.

Then, in the near distance, he sees Cazna walk across with two other Cardassians.

The three of them have a short chat before Cazna walks off and into an office. Dojar, sensing his opportunity, discreetly follows her.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIPYARD - OFFICE - NIGHT

Cazna goes to the desk and looks for a padd as Dojar enters and closes the door. Cazna turns around and looks surprised to see Dojar.

    CAZNA
    Gril?
    (beat)
    What the hell are you doing here?
    How did you get past security?

    DOJAR
    It doesn't matter, Cazna, I know what you're doing.

Cazna frowns.

    CAZNA
    How?

    DOJAR
    Once again, it doesn't matter, I just need you to listen to me when I tell you not to get on that fighter.

    CAZNA
    I don't know what you're talking about.
DOJAR
Cazna, I know what you're going to
do, but it's not worth it.

Cazna folds her arms and begins to look resentful.

CAZNA
I seem to remember you saying
something like that before. At the
time you were part of the Cardassian
military that stripped a museum dry.

DOJAR
I know, I know what I did and I know
you have no reason to trust me but,
please, listen to me when I ask you
not to get on that ship.

Cazna sighs.

CAZNA
Why, Gril?

You give me one good reason why!

DOJAR
Because if you do, you'll die.

Beat.

CAZNA
You don't know that.

DOJAR
Yes, yes, I do.

Beat.

CAZNA
How? Did you get a vision from the
prophets of the Bajoran wormhole or
did you read it in a George Orwell
book?

Dojar takes a moment to compose himself.

DOJAR
I know I hurt you and it was something
I never wanted to do. You must
believe me.

CAZNA
Then why did you?

DOJAR
Because I was doing my job!
(MORE)
DOJAR (CONT'D)
I was doing what I thought I had to.
It was my duty.

CAZNA
Doing your duty hurt me more than
you'll ever know.

Dojar scoffs.

DOJAR
What, and you thought it was easy
for me?

CAZNA
You were the one standing there,
weapon in hand, trying to destroy
the one thing that I believed in
more than anything else.

DOJAR
You're speaking as if the entire
Cardassian art culture died there
and then. It was just one museum!

Cazna shakes her head.

CAZNA
No, you're wrong, it was a message.
A message that the Cardassian
government will never learn from the
mistakes of the past and the
Cardassian people will, once again,
have to suffer because of it. Last
time it happened, centuries ago, the
people accepted it for the best.
(beat)
This time, we won't.

Cazna takes out a weapon and points it at Dojar.

CAZNA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Gril, but I won't let you
stand in my way this time.

Dojar looks down at the weapon, anxious.

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Talora continues to watch Dojar, as her face looks more
strained than ever.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
Cross to Talora.

Talora taps her commbadge.
TAILORA
Go ahead, Captain.

CROSS'S COMM VOICE
Report to the Bridge, Commander, we have found the Marshall.

TAILORA
On my way.

The channel closes as Talora takes a last look at Dojar and then reluctantly EXITS.

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise drops out of slipstream.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Cross stands over Whedon at the Helm, with Kasdan at Operations and Quinlan at Tactical. They all stare at the viewscreen as Talora walks out of the turbolift and towards Cross. He sees his first officer.

CROSS
The Marshall has come out of slipstream and to a full stop.

Cross looks to Kasdan.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Kasdan, what are you reading over there?

KASDAN
I'm detecting fluctuating power levels, sir. I can't make heads or tails of what's going on over there.

CROSS
Hail them.

Quinlan works away at the Tactical panel.

QUINLAN
No response.

CROSS
Interesting.

Beat.

QUINLAN
Shall I try again?

CROSS
No, I don't think so.
Quinlan seems slightly confused by this order as Cross looks at Talora for her input on the matter.

TALORA
It could be a trap.

CROSS
But why?

QUINLAN
Captain...

Cross and Talora turn around and walk over to the Tactical station.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
Did you notice a certain look in its eye when it had us cornered?
(beat)
I think it wanted us, for revenge.
(beat)
I don't know what really happened on the Trafalgar, but we nearly had it beat. If it was ordered to retreat, I think it might want another crack at us.

Cross takes a deep breath and ponders over his course of action.

CROSS
Then let's give it that opportunity, Lieutenant.

TALORA
(concerned)
Captain?

CROSS
I may live to regret this, or I may not, but we just can't abandon hundreds of people on that ship.
(beat - quiet)
Even if a rat like Cajal is in command.

TALORA
I understand.

CROSS
Quinlan, have Commander Grey and a security contingent ready in transporter room three.

QUINLAN
Aye, sir.
CROSS
And then you're with me.

Cross stands there and looks deep in concentration.

CROSS (CONT'D)
We're going in.

The camera moves in on Cross's determined face as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise moves closer to the Marshall.

INT. MARSHALL - BRIDGE

A fluster of activity is going as Cajal sits in the Command chair with Delfune to his side. They both look anxious as Cajal nervously taps his hand on the side of his chair.

CAJAL
(impatient)
Sowards, report.

INT. MARSHALL - DECK FIVE

Sowards walks out of a Jefferies tube.

SOWARDS
I've checked over the various subroutines and run-time procedures and I can't see anything.

INT. MARSHALL - BRIDGE

Cajal and Delfune look at each other, unconvinced.

DELFUNE
(wary)
Are you certain of that, Mr. Sowards?

SOWARDS'S COMM VOICE
Absolutely, Admiral.

Delfune sighs a breath of relief.

DELFUNE
Very well. Report back to the Bridge immediately.

SOWARDS'S COMM VOICE
Acknowledged.

At this moment, at the rear of the Bridge, Cross, Grey and three security guards re-materialize out of the transporter matter stream. Naturally, the Bridge crew are surprised.

DELFUNE
Captain Cross?

Cross walks towards Delfune.
CROSS
Admiral, what is your current situation?

CAJAL
(defensive)
We're experiencing some engine problems, Captain, that's all.

Beat.

CROSS
Admiral, the Hologram Virus, where is it?

CAJAL
That's none of your concern, Captain.

CROSS
(irritated)
It is my concern, Captain, because I, personally, know what it is capable of!
(beat)
Do you?

Cajal is lost for words.

DELFUNE
We have had a few problems with the Hologram, but nothing to be concerned about.

Cross, not believing what Delfune is saying, looks to Grey.

CROSS
Commander?

Grey walks over to the Engineering console and works away at the control panel.

GREY
Captain, I'm detecting the formation of Omicron particles on decks three and five.

Cross, looking very concerned, turns back to Delfune.

CROSS
Admiral, we have to evacuate the ship, right now.

Cajal scoffs.

CAJAL
What?
Cross, with contempt, glances at Cajal.

CROSS
The Holographic Virus, the one you brought aboard your ship, is loose and beginning to do what it does best, take over the ship!

CAJAL
That's not possible. We have thorough safety protocols in place.

CROSS
It's already beaten your safety protocols on decks three and five. All the people on those decks are in grave danger.
(beat)
We must evacuate.

Delfune takes a deep breath.

DELFUNE
Captain, I appreciate your concern but our expert scientist has already insisted that we are in no danger.

Cross shakes his head.

CROSS
Admiral...

DELFUNE
(not listening)
We have many safety protocols in place, there are no holoemitters on the ship and we have a very able crew.

CROSS
Admiral...

DELFUNE
(still not listening)
We cannot abandon the Marshall, because all the evidence shows that we are in no danger.

CROSS
(insistent)
Admiral!

Delfune stops talking, looking slightly surprised.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(admant)
We must leave, right now.
Beat.

DELFUNE
(determined)
We will not abandon the Marshall, Captain.

Cross stands there and thinks to himself for a moment. He then taps his commbadge.

CROSS
Cross to Enterprise.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE
Talora here, Captain.

CROSS
Talora, have all transporter rooms begin beaming off the crew of the Marshall immediately. Beginning with decks three and five.

Cajal and Delfune look flabbergasted.

TALORA'S COMM VOICE
Aye, sir.

DELFUNE
Cross, I...

CROSS
(interrupting - assertive)
Admiral, I have had enough of trying to tell you, now I am telling you. we are evacuating this ship.

DELFUNE
(aggravated)
Do you know what you are doing, Cross? This is mutiny!

CROSS
Yes, Admiral, I know what I'm doing but I won't just leave you here to die because you want to harness some Alien technology.

DELFUNE
I don't think you realize its full potential and what it could do for our cause.

Cross sighs, realizing what Delfune is talking about.

CROSS
The price is just too damn high.
Cross taps his commbadge again.

    CROSS (CONT'D)
    Cross to Enterprise, beam everyone
    off the Bridge.

Moments later and each figure on the Bridge begins to de-
materialize into the transporter matter stream.

EXT. SPACE

The Marshall shoots off into slipstream.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Talora is in the Command chair.

    KASDAN
    Commander!

Talora looks up to see the Marshall enter slipstream.

    TALORA
    Helm, pursuit course!

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise also shoots off into slipstream.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

Talora sits there and looks apprehensive.

    QUINLAN
    Commander, all transporter rooms
    report a total of 74 people beamed
    aboard.

    TALORA
    Very good.

    QUINLAN
    (downbeat)
    And 24 bodies.

Talora looks at Quinlan, horrified.

INT. MARSHALL - CORRIDOR

All the figures de-materialize out of the transporter matter
stream into a corridor. They, naturally, look perplexed.

    DELFUNE
    Where are we?

Cross looks to Grey, who gets out his tricorder and begins
scanning.
GREY
I'm getting some very confusing readings, Captain.
(beat - worried)
Uh-oh.

CROSS
What is it?

GREY
(worried)
Sir, I think we should get out of here, right now.

CROSS
Why's that?

All of a sudden the Virus appears from behind the large group of people and snaps the necks of two N.D. officers, each with one hand. The others all look scared to death.

GREY
Because we're on deck five!

They all dash off down the corridor as the Virus just stands there and doesn't move. As they run, Grey is working away at his tricorder.

GREY (CONT'D)
Quick, in the turbolift!

They all dart towards the turbolift as it automatically opens. However, there is a slight struggle as everyone tries to get in at once. Delfune, Cajal, Cross and Grey are all inside with the others following.

CUT TO:

INT. MARSHALL - TURBOLIFT

They anxiously wait those few seconds as the last few N.D. Bridge officers enter. The doors begin to close when, they're interrupted by the arm of the Virus! It grabs two N.D. Bridge officers by the back of the neck and pulls them out of the lift as the doors close. The remaining officers just stand there, silent as Delfune gulps.

DELFUNE
(muted)
Oh my god.

Cross looks at Delfune, not seeing him, and gives her a scornful look.

CROSS
I hope now that the severity of our situation is understood.
There is no response as Cross turns to Grey.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Erik...

GREY (interrupting)
I know what you're going to say, sir, and I don't know. I recognized the same adaptive programming in the Marshall's replicators that was on the Trafalgar. That allowed me to see that the Virus couldn't access the turbolift yet.

CROSS
It's just our luck that we should beam into one of the few areas that the Virus can get to.
(beat)
We need to get everyone to the escape pods.

CAJAL
Didn't you notice that we've gone into slipstream?

CROSS
Then we'll just have to get out of slipstream, won't we?

CAJAL
If only it were that easy.

Cross rolls his eyes, ignoring Cajal. He looks back to Grey.

GREY
If it's now got control of the engines, it might have access to Engineering. We also don't know how long it will be before the Virus gets access to the entire ship. If we're going to have any chance of getting to the escape pods, we'll need to get to Engineering.

CROSS
Then we can kill two birds with one stone.

Delfune frowns.

DELFUNE (confused)
How do you mean?
CROSS
We're going to make sure that we destroy this thing like we should've done last year.

CAJAL
And how do you intend to do that?

CROSS
By destroying the ship.

Cajal looks in shock.

CAJAL
(adamant)
You can't destroy my ship!

CROSS
It's the only way.

DELFUNE
And what if the Virus does have access to Engineering? What will we do then?

Cross stands there and thinks to himself before, moments later, his expression shows that he has been hit by a brainwave. He smiles.

INT. SHIPYARD - OFFICE - NIGHT

Dojar looks down at the phaser being pointed at him, worried. Cazna looks determined but slightly on edge.

DOJAR
Cazna, don't.

CAZNA
I don't have a choice, Gril, it's not set to kill but I can't let you say anything about us, you know too much.

DOJAR
All I want you to do is not go on this mission.

CAZNA
I have to, it's too important.

Dojar frowns.

DOJAR
But why?

CAZNA
I can't tell you, it's classified.
DOJAR
If you're going to shoot me then you might as well tell me. After all, it will all be over by the time anyone finds me.

Cazna considers it.

CAZNA
I can't.

Dojar sighs.

DOJAR
I never tried to hide who I was or what I had to do from you, Cazna, all I ask is that you do the same.

Beat.

CAZNA
Okay.
(beat)
There's a Valerian ship that's carrying a weapon, a Cardassian designed weapon that is protecting a cargo full of everything, you name it, bound for Cardassia.

DOJAR
What kind of weapon is it?

CAZNA
It's a sophisticated computer Virus, capable of adapting and manifesting itself into physical form.

Dojar looks worried.

DOJAR
What?

CAZNA
What is it? What's wrong?

Dojar's eyes move from side to side as he thinks to himself.

DOJAR
How did it get on a Valerian ship?

CAZNA
We believe that the Cardassian government has put it there to protect the cargo being delivered.

DOJAR
But where is the cargo coming from?
CAZNA
We don't know, all we know is that it is from some Alien faction.

Dojar continues to think hard to himself before, all of a sudden, quickly knocking the phaser out of Cazna's hand. He then moves right up close to her face and kisses her, passionately. This lasts for a few seconds.

DOJAR
Please, don't go. Don't go for all the reasons that have kept us apart all these years. Don't go because we have never had the chance to be together and we should be.

Cazna sighs as she ponders over that decision.

CAZNA
But that would be as good as giving up, and where would that leave me?

Dojar smiles.

DOJAR
With me.

CAZNA
What about Starfleet? What about your career?

DOJAR
None of that matters anymore. All that matters... is you.

Cazna smiles as the two of them just look into each others eyes. Cazna nods in acknowledgment.

CAZNA
Okay, I won't go.

Dojar smiles with delight and extends his hand, which Cazna in-turn holds. The two of them hold hands as...

INT. ENTERPRISE - Y'LAN'S LAB

Dojar wakes up, slowly and finds himself comfortable in the change of surroundings.

Y'LAN
This part is now over.

DOJAR
I don't understand, nothing's changed.

Y'LAN
No.
DOJAR
But I was in the past, I stopped Cazna from getting on the ship. I changed the past, Y'lan.

Y'LAN
Yes.

Beat.

DOJAR
Then why has nothing changed?

Y'LAN
You accomplished what you wanted to, you gave yourself a life with Cazna Miran.

A future.

Y'LAN (CONT'D)
(beat)
But not in this timeline.

Dojar thinks to himself.

DOJAR
The plant pot?

Y'LAN
Yes.

Beat.

DOJAR
That was it. The vine was my journey, coming out from the dirt, the beginning, that everything comes from. Then, as time goes by, more vines, emerge and go off on their own way. Those were the other dimensions.

Y'LAN
Yes.

DOJAR
And you used the machine to fool my sub-conscious by putting me into an alternative dimension where I could get closure?

Y'LAN
A dimension where Gril Dojar and Cazna Miran enjoy a long life together.
Dojar smiles.

DOJAR
Then at least we're together, somewhere.

INT. MARSHALL - CORRIDOR - DECK FIVE

Complete darkness until the turbolift doors open and Cross walks out. Armed with his phaser rifle, he walks down the corridor, sweating and on edge. He looks around the sides of the corridor and then stops as he notices something of interest.

VIRUS (O.S.)
Looking for someone, Captain?

Cross turns around and moves his phaser rifle to the sound of the voice. The light shines onto the Virus, bringing him into sight.

CROSS
I wondered when you were going to show up again.

VIRUS
I hope I haven't disappointed you.

CROSS
Not at all.

VIRUS
Many notable people have wondered if you have a death wish, Captain. Coming here now, alone, would seem to suggest that you do.

CROSS
Maybe I'm here for something else, maybe I'm here to kill you.

VIRUS
You couldn't do it last time, what makes you think you can do it now?

CROSS
So it's true, you are looking for revenge. Have you evolved beyond your programming? Are you sentient?

VIRUS
You do not understand. You see a face, a mask and you think it is the same one as you saw before.

Cross frowns.
CROSS
You weren't on the Trafalgar?

VIRUS
No, that was the first, the prototype, ordered to withdraw. I, like many others, are copies, duplicates of that one.

Cross looks very concerned.

CROSS
There are more of you out there?

VIRUS
Yes, Captain, we're everywhere. And we all remember every detail of what happened on the Trafalgar and, because of that, I know the threat you pose. This is why you have received special attention.
(beat)
I am not sentient, I can not be reasoned with, I exist to serve.

Beat.

CROSS
Why were you on a Valerian freighter? Who do you work for, who do you serve?

The Virus smiles.

VIRUS
That is a question that you would like the answer to but, unfortunately, I'm not going to give it to you.
(beat)
I will give you something else though.

CROSS
Yeah, and what's that?

VIRUS
Time.

Cross frowns.

CROSS
Time?

Beat.

VIRUS
To run.
Cross, sensing that the end is nigh, starts to back off with his phaser rifle still pointing at the Virus. Then, in a quick move, he swings the phaser rifle round and fires it at the hatch of the Jefferies tube and dives into it.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

As before, Dojar walks out of the turbolift and towards a surprised Talora.

TALORA
Gril, you're okay!

DOJAR
Yes. I've been reviewing the logs and I have to get onto the Marshall. The Captain, and the others, won't survive unless I get over there.

TALORA
Gril, we're at slipstream and the Marshall is out of transporter range. It's not possible.

DOJAR
Yes, it is.

The camera closes in on Dojar's focused look.

INT. MARSHALL - CORRIDOR - DECK SIX

Grey, Delfune, Cajal and many others run down the corridor. They reach an intersection. Cajal points to everyone bar Delfune, Grey and the two Enterprise security officers.

CAJAL
You lot go that way and make sure you get everyone as close to the escape pods as you can.

They nod in acknowledgment and run down one side of the corridor as Grey and company go down the other.

INT. MARSHALL - JEFFERIES TUBE

Cross frantically crawls through the Jefferies tube as he reaches a deck exit point. He opens the doors and... the Virus is there! Cross quickly attempts to crawl back as the Virus tries to grab Cross but its arm disappears. Cross turns around and crawls back the other way. The Virus, looking annoyed, disappears.

INT. MARSHALL - ENGINEERING

Once again, darkness. The doors open as Grey, Cajal, Delfune and the two Enterprise security officers cautiously walk in. They all tentatively scout the area.
CAJAL
It's clear.

Grey walks over to the active induction core and starts to work away at the control panel. The worry on his face starts to show, Cajal and Delfune notice.

DELFUNE
What is it?

GREY
The escape pods are locked out.

CAJAL
Is there any way you can unlock them?

Grey sighs.

GREY
Most of the systems are locked out, but some of the safety protocols are still in place. I think I can reroute some of these protocols to release the escape pods but...

DELFUNE
But what, Commander?

GREY
There's no way to restrict the Virus' access to those areas. I also can't access the QIC so there's no way to drop out of slipstream.

DELFUNE
That would appear to leave us with only one option, the one Captain Cross suggested.

Grey nods in acknowledgment as Delfune ponders the situation.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
Erik...

Grey immediately looks surprised by Delfune calling him by his first name.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
I think we should look at another possible alternative.

GREY
What's that, Admiral?

DELFUNE
Instead of running from this hologram, why don't we try to capture it?
Grey looks dubious.

**DELFUNE (CONT'D)**

Think about it, Erik, think about what this hologram is, what it means and what we can do with it.

(beat)

It is the future and we must use it to protect the interests of Starfleet and the Federation, like we were trained to do.

Beat.

**GREY**

But, Admiral, you didn't succeed before, with a department full of geniuses. What makes you think I can do any different?

Delfune smiles and puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

**DELFUNE**

I have faith in you, Erik.

(beat)

I know you can do it.

The camera moves in on Grey's troubled expression.

**INT. MARSHALL - JEFFERIES TUBE**

Cross continues to crawl through the Jefferies tube at a frantic pace, breathing heavily. He reaches a junction where there are four different Jefferies tubes that lead off to different decks. He has to decide which way to go.

**CROSS**

Eenie, meenie, miney, mo... ahh, to hell with it.

Cross opens one of the doors and the Virus appears, grinning. Cross closes it quickly and darts down another one.

**EXT. SPACE**

A shuttle launches from the Shuttlebay of the Enterprise and shoots off ahead of the Phoenix Class starship.

**INT. SHUTTLE**

Dojar pilots the ship and looks over his right shoulder to see him overtake the Enterprise before returning to work away at the control panel.

**DOJAR**

Enterprise, I should be at the Marshall in six minutes.
QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE
Acknowledged.

INT. MARSHALL - CORRIDOR
Cross crawls out of the Jefferies tube and scrambles down the corridor. He notes something of interest and walks towards it.

CUT TO:

INT. MARSHALL - HOLODECK
The room lights up as Cross steps inside, looking intrigued. He then closes the door and starts to work away at the control panel.

INT. MARSHALL - ENGINEERING
Grey, looking very confused, stands there and deliberates over what to do.

GREY
Admiral...

DELFUNE
(interrupting)
Erik, we've had many dealings in the past. We both know each other well. We're quite alike in our love for Starfleet and the Federation. We both want the best for it, and all concerned.

GREY
But I'm not sure it is for the best.

DELFUNE
I think that I, as a Starfleet Admiral, am more qualified than you, Commander, to know what's best for the Federation, am I not?

Grey looks flustered.

GREY
Yes, Admiral.

Delfune walks closer to Grey.

DELFUNE
Then let's stop debating the subject and get to work.

Grey stands there and ponders his options.
GREY
I'm sorry, Admiral, but I can't.

Delfune looks angry with Grey's decision.

DELFUNE
When, in the future, the Federation is in ruins and Earth is on fire, I will remind you of this day, Commander, and how you could've stopped it all.

Delfune backs away as Grey stands there, looking deep in thought. Cajal walks towards Grey.

CAJAL
Unlock those escape pods, Commander.

Grey shakes himself out of it.

GREY
Yes, sir.

He starts working frantically away at the control panel.

INT. MARSHALL - HOLODECK - WORLD WAR I TRENCHES

The Virus appears, standing up with gunfire shooting in his direction. The British troops, in the trench with him, look up at him.

TROOP
Sit down, mate, or you'll be mincemeat.

A bullet hits the Virus as he looks down at the impact, bends down, picks up the troop and throws him out the trench.

From the opposition trench, Cross (in a German uniform) sees the figure come flying over the top as his unit fires at it. Moments later, the Virus comes walking out of the trench and into the battlefield with a whole barrage of bullets hitting it. It does not slow it down or stop it. The Virus comes closer and closer as Cross looks concerned.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

As before.

WHEDON
Commander, the Marshall has dropped out of slipstream. It will arrive at Cardassia in four minutes.

TALORA
Drop out of slipstream and maintain pursuit.
RENAISSANCE: "Ships That Pass in the Night" - ACT FOUR

WHEDON
Aye, sir.

INT. MARSHALL - CORRIDOR - DECK SIX
Several crewmembers are standing around the corner of the corridor, in close approximation to the escape pods.

INT. MARSHALL - ENGINEERING
Grey is still working away at the control panel when, moments later, he smiles with delight.

GREY
I've got it! I've released the lock on the escape pods.

CAJAL
And we've just dropped out of slipstream. This is our chance!

INT. MARSHALL - HOLODECK - WORLD WAR I TRENCHES
The Virus continues to walk through the barrage of fire before it stops and processes information. Cross and the Germans look intrigued as they stop firing.

VIRUS
I know what you're trying to do, Cross, but you don't know what you're dealing with.

Cross frowns as two identical figures emerge from either side of the Virus and stand beside the original figure. Cross, naturally, looks worried. Two more then emerge from the sides to make five in total. The Germans, scared to death, all take their chances, running away across the battlefield as Cross sits there and waits. Moments later and the four Virus figures disappear.

VIRUS (CONT'D)
As hard as you try, you can't save them all, Captain.

Cross sits there, looking angry and focused.

INT. MARSHALL - CORRIDOR - DECK SIX
The crewmembers notice a green light appear to the side of the escape pods. They look at each other and make a run for their lives. The men and women run, in slow motion, as three of the Virus figures appear and begin to start snapping the necks of the crewmembers as they fall to the ground. Each one runs for its life but few make it.
INT. MARSHALL - HOLODECK - WORLD WAR I TRENCHES

Cross, with his rage boiling up, stares at the one figure of the Virus, raises his weapon and shoots him straight in the head. The Virus takes the impact and just smiles before he disappears and then reappears next to Cross. Just as Cross starts to run, the Virus appears, grabs him and throws him in the air...

CUT TO:

INT. MARSHALL - HOLODECK - 1900'S BAR

Cross, in an Old West outfit, goes smashing through a table. He groans as the Virus slowly walks towards him and picks him up.

VIRUS
Your time is up, Captain.

Cross lies there, in pain, groaning.

EXT. SPACE

The Marshall shoots across space approaching Cardassia as several escape pods jettison from the Marshall. Meanwhile, the shuttle moves towards the hull of the Marshall.

INT. MARSHALL - ENGINEERING

Grey works away at the various consoles.

GREY
I'm detecting several escape pod launches.

CAJAL
They made it, now it's time we got out of here too.

Delfune walks back into the frame of things. Both Grey and Cajal look at her, wondering what she's going to say.

DELFUNE
Commander, let's end this.

Grey nods in acknowledgment as he takes out his phaser and points it at the QIC.

He takes a deep breath and fires, resulting in a huge explosion. The five of them then quickly EXIT.

INT. SHUTTLE

As before.
TALORA'S COMM VOICE
Gril, we've just detected a massive explosion on the Marshall. She's got an induction overload!

DOJAR
Understood.

EXT. SPACE

The shuttle moves towards the Shuttlebay of the Marshall and smashes through the hull. Not stopping, it also smashes through the interior walls.

INT. MARSHALL - HOLODECK - 1900'S BAR

The Virus throws Cross down the bar as he knocks all the drinks to the floor in the classic fashion. Cross groans as he slumps to the floor. The Virus stops to process some information.

VIRUS
It appears that your crew have fired upon the induction core. It won't be long until the ship is destroyed.

The Virus walks towards Cross.

VIRUS (CONT'D)
You have been an interesting challenge, Captain, but never threatening. You are weak, brittle, limited and restricted to your original design. I am not, I am the future and, because of me, Cardassia will not be at the mercy of people like you anymore.

The Virus picks up a groggy Cross.

VIRUS (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Captain.

The Virus is about to break Cross's neck when, with a huge crash, the shuttle comes crashing through the wall. Certainly is an interesting sight to see a futuristic shuttlecraft in an old western bar.

VIRUS (CONT'D)
Dojar.

Cross de-materializes into a transporter matter stream before the Virus even realizes it as the shuttle goes crashing through the other side of the wall.
INT. SHUTTLE

Cross sighs a breath of relief as he looks at Dojar.

CROSS
Dojar, thank god.

DOJAR
It's not over yet, Captain.

Cross groans with disappointment.

EXT. SPACE

The Marshall, with internal explosions, begins to deteriorate in orbit of Cardassia.

INT. SHUTTLE

The Virus appears in the now empty shuttle. He looks around, confused, and tries to transport himself out again... but can't. Confused even more, he tries again, before the frustration starts to show on his face. He looks out the viewport as the shuttle crashes through the hull of the Marshall and comes back into space.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE

As before.

QUINLAN
Commander, the shuttle is clear of the Marshall.

TALORA
Fire!

EXT. SPACE

The Enterprise unleashes a whole entourage of weapons at the shuttle and destroys it.

INT. MARSHALL - CORRIDOR - DECK FIVE

Cross and Dojar race through the crumbling corridors. The internal structure of the ship is clearly affected by a ship smashing through it.

CROSS
Dojar, what happened?

DOJAR
If the Virus saw us trying to escape on the shuttle then it was bound to transfer to the computer.

(MORE)
DOJAR (CONT'D)
Knowing this, I locked it into the computer so it couldn't transfer out or escape. The Enterprise then destroyed it.

CROSS
(confused)
But, how, why, what...

Dojar just gives Cross that Q'tami-esque look.

CROSS (CONT'D)
I won't ask.

The two of them continue to run down the corridor.

EXT. SPACE
The Marshall's orbit continues to decay as it moves into the atmosphere.

INT. MARSHALL - CORRIDOR - DECK FIVE
Cross and Dojar arrive at an escape pod. They get inside and launch it.

EXT. SPACE
The escape pod launches merely seconds before the Marshall explodes. The force of the explosion rocks the escape pod as it starts to plummet towards the surface of Cardassia.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE
Talora stands in front of the command chair with Delfune and Cajal to her side. She looks to Quinlan as Grey walks out of the turbolift and onto the Bridge.

TALORA
The Captain and Dojar?

Quinlan shakes her head. The entire Bridge staff look somber as silence grips the room.

TALORA (CONT'D)
(quiet - to herself)
Ciuis Obit.

Quinlan frowns as her console beeps.

QUINLAN
(disturbed)
Commander....

Talora walks over to the Tactical station, noticing Quinlan's disturbed expression.
QUINLAN (CONT'D)
The explosion on the Marshall has scattered what appears to be a biological weapon across an area of Cardassia.

TALORA
What? Let me see.

Talora moves over to the Tactical station to see for herself.

QUINLAN
The Valerian ship must have been taking it to the Cardassians. That's what the Virus was protecting! Biological weapons.

DELFUNE
What?

Delfune quickly walks over to the Tactical station, to see for herself.

DELFUNE (CONT'D)
I don't understand, where did these weapons come from?

TALORA
Wherever they came from, they've got a lot to answer for now.

Talora, Quinlan and Delfune take turns in looking at each other, each showing their concern and sorrow about the current situation.

EXT. CARDASSIA - PLANET SURFACE

The camera pans across the surface as many men, women and children look up at the sky, seeing the remnants of the explosion and wondering as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

TO BE CONTINUED...