

STAR TREK

RENAISSANCE

"Ships That Pass in the Night"

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TEASER

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

ACT ONE

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.

CROSS
Acknowledged, Admiral.

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.

RENAISSANCE: "Ships That Pass in the Night" - ACT ONE 18.

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

ACT TWO

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)

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.

Beat.

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.

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 holomitters
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.

DISSOLVE TO:

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.

TALORA
Go ahead, Captain.

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

TALORA
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

ACT FOUR

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)

(adamant)

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.

DELFUNNE

(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.

DELFUNNE

(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

Enie, 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.

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...