"Flashpoint, Part II"

By

Rob Jelley

Episode #: 4x01
Published September 20, 2004

This teleplay is originally from
www.startrekrenaissance.com

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

FADE IN:

EXT. RACKARD III -- COASTLINE

The peaceful scene of a huge cliff face, overlooking an impressive looking research facility resting on a rough sea below it.

SUPER:      STARDATE 81164.9

We watch as a STARFLEET SHUTTLECRAFT comes into view and then lands on the cliff edge.

SUPER:      FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY RACKARD III

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY  CORRIDOR

We hear it before we see it. a red alert claxon, promptly followed by the colour burning through a plume of smoke and into the screen. Pull out as a squad of Starfleet security guards rush past the camera and through the smoke towards an unseen destination.

Pull around and close in through the smoke on the anxious face of an elderly looking research worker, probably in his late fifties, wearing a Starfleet jumpsuit.

He turns to a Starfleet Operations officer who is sat at her console, adamantly hammering something into the controls.

RESEARCHER
What’s Starfleet’s ETA?

OPS OFFICER
Still another seven minutes!

RESEARCHER
How much security do we have left?

OPS OFFICER
Only two more teams, Doctor.

RESEARCHER
(almost shouting)
Damn it!
(quietly)
We need more teams...
(beat, then sternly)
I don’t care who you get, drag the medical cadets out of their cots and give them phasers if you have to, we are not letting them get away.

Off the Ops Officer’s concerned face we
EXT. SLIPSTREAM

The LEVIATHAN moves through slipstream.

INT. LEVIATHAN BRIDGE

Pan across a barrage of unknown crewmembers before we reach the turbolift, where Captain ERIKA JOEL has just entered. She paces down the side of the Bridge, barking questions as she goes.

    JOEL
    Status?

    FIRST OFFICER
    Just over six minutes away, Sir.

    JOEL
    Do we know what they’re targeting?

    FIRST OFFICER
    Negative, according to the database it’s just a research facility.

    JOEL
    (bemused, half to herself)
    Just a research facility.
    (beat)
    It’s never just a research facility.

    FIRST OFFICER
    Captain?

    JOEL
    He wouldn’t target just a research facility. It’s too easy.

She hits a control on the side of her chair.

    JOEL (CONT'D)
    (angry, frustrated)
    Engineering we need more speed!

    KINNAN’S COMM. VOICE
    We’ll t-

    JOEL
    (shouts)
    I don’t care if we tear apart so long as we tear apart into his damn ship!

Her First Officer looks at her as we
INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY  CORRIDOR

The same security team we saw earlier as they rush towards the camera they pass us by before we turn and follow them down the corridor as the smoke gets thicker.

A few beats later and we come to a stop opposite a giant pair of doors. The team takes up positions around them as the lead guard plants explosives around the door. He takes shelter before motioning to the rest of the team that there are three seconds until they face whatever lies behind that door.

He comes to one second, turns away and the door explodes in a ball of flame and dust...

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY - LABORATORY

Circle around from facing the security team to behind them as we watch the security team make their first steps into the laboratory, watching their progress as they activate their wrist mounted flashlights.

All is silent.

An eerie calm travels through the smoke, which continues to thicken and move about the room. The console indicators of the laboratory and the flashlights of the security team give a horror movie like air to the room, as shadows creep across the walls all around us.

Suddenly, we see a shape. Someone or something is there that shouldn’t be. The silhouette moves out of our view, retreating back into the shadows, unnoticed by the security team in front of it.

Close on the feet of one of the security guards as we pull up towards his face. Hold on this for a moment before cutting to another and then another as they slowly, silently, make their way through the room. The only noise that we hear is from the power generator deep within the station; the soft yet deafening smash of the waves on the exterior of the station and the squeak of leather from the team’s boots as they walk forward.

Suddenly, one pair of those boots is lifted from the floor and soon after an unconscious body silently slumps to the floor in their place.

The figure moves past us once again. This time it is more clearly defined it is definitely humanoid.
Pull around as we follow a member of the team heading towards the largest workstation in the room as we get closer, we realise that it is empty. The security guard is about to signal the rest of the team when the figure drops down on him from above, resulting in a loud crunch and a noise of pain from the security guard all of the other guards react. Total silence as a mass of phasers aim in the direction of the noise, the figure remains slumped on the floor with the fallen security guard as the rest close in.

INT. LEVIATHAN BRIDGE

Joel stands next to the Helm controls looking straight at the viewscreen, before looking down to her helmsman.

    JOEL
    How long?

    JOEL’S HELMSMAN
    Four minutes, Captain.

    JOEL
    Are we within hailing range?

    JOEL’S HELMSMAN
    Affirmative.

    JOEL
    Patch me through.

She continues to look at the screen.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY CORRIDOR

Pan across a new team of security guards gathered around the Researcher we saw earlier. We don’t quite catch what is being said, but it is obvious that this ‘security team’ looks out of place with the huge phaser rifles they are now carrying.

Suddenly, whatever is being said is interrupted.

    JOEL’S COMM. VOICE
    (bitter)
    This is Erika Joel of the Leviathan.
    I’m here, Captain.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY LABORATORY

The security guards continue to move in on the two fallen figures.

    JOEL’S COMM. VOICE (CONT’D)
    You might have eluded me in San Francisco but rest assured, now that
    (MORE)
we’re both here in the same place at the same time I’m going to throw everything I’ve got at you.

The security guards finally reach the slumped bodies on the floor, but suddenly there is a flurry of action as one of the figures begins moving in all directions, taking the security teams to their feet.

Joel’s spiel continues, blissfully unaware of what is happening in the laboratory.

The Leviathan’s entering orbit now, Captain.

The figure rises to his feet and raises his phaser from its holster and aims it at the security guards. It is joined by another figure who takes a similar posture.

You know what she can do. You know what I can do.

If you were anyone else I’d ask you to surrender to security and that if you did I’d be lenient. I think we’re both…

A beat as Joel considers her next word.

...above that. Don’t you?

I’ll see you shortly.

We suddenly hear running feet from the other side of the massacred door and the two figures quickly turn around and fire their phasers through the dust and smoke at the oncoming security team and they all drop to the floor.

So much for surrendering.

The other figure grunts, walks across the room to examine the fallen security guards and kneels down beside them.

As he does so a current of light from a sparking panel on the door illuminates their faces and as the figure looks up, we see his face for the first time... it’s NEIL CROSS.

He turns to face the other figure who is now also partially illuminated by the sparks this one’s GRIL DOJAR.
CROSS
(angrily)
They’re medical cadets.

A long beat.

DOJAR
We must keep moving.

Cross nods in agreement as he slowly stands up and they both begin to walk away from the camera.

They’re about to reach the other side of the room when we hear the familiar shiver of a transporter beam all around us and a security team from the Leviathan beams in.

JOEL
You’re out of time, Captain.

Beat. The smoke continues to thicken and the visibility on the floor remains poor – no one can really see where anyone else is.

JOEL (CONT'D)
You’ve had your run don’t you think it’s about time you admitted you were wrong and went back to that penal colony of yours?

Cross stops in his tracks, quickly followed by Dojar. Joel’s voice seems to be coming from above them and Cross quickly gets an idea where it’s coming from.

CROSS
Insults never got anyone anywhere, Captain… bitch.

After reassuring himself that he is still masked by the smoke, Cross and Dojar resume heading towards the wall.

We cut to a new view, this time as Joel surveys the laboratory from above. We can see some of her security guards edging forwards but Cross and Dojar remain invisible.

JOEL
It wasn’t an insult. Anyone who had the slightest grip on sanity back then should have known better than to reinstate your commission, let alone give you a ship. Obviously that little ‘prophecy’ you managed to unearth didn’t count for much.

CROSS
Perhaps. Or maybe I’m fulfilling it now. Maybe I’m saving the Federation as we speak?
Joel laughs.

JOEL
(slightly surprised)
You really believe that, don’t you?

She shakes her head.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Then I suppose the question becomes what price are you willing to pay? How many lives are you willing to put on the line... how many are you willing to martyr, for a cause that no one believes in?

Cross looks up at her ironically.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Most of your crew are dead, Cross. Is that not high enough a price?

Cross turns to look at Dojar as they continue to walk through the smoke. They reach a wall and Dojar bends down to take a panel off an access point of some kind.

CROSS
I’m sure this won’t be the last time we meet, Erika.

As Cross’s last words sink in the smoke clears just long enough for Joel to see a shadowy Cross disappear into the wall.

JOEL
(shouts)
Get them!

As the camera rips forwards towards Joel we

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER
SMASH CUT IN:

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY - LABORATORY

Close on Joel’s face as she directs the security team below her.

JOEL
(shouts)
Find out where that tunnel goes!

The security team scrambles across the floor, but as they do so a number of small explosions, that of smoke bombs, go off producing yet more smoke and making it even more difficult for the team to find their way across the room.

Joel hits her comm. badge.

JOEL (CONT’D)
Joel to Carey, there’s a tunnel on the north wall of the main laboratory. I need to know where it goes.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY  CORRIDOR

The researcher from earlier, Carey, is looking at a screen displaying the Laboratory. A number of security guards have managed to find their way to the vent.

CAREY
(heatedly)
It doesn’t go anywhere.

JOEL’S COMM. VOICE
What do you mean it doesn’t go anywhere?

CAREY
(frustrated)
We use it for maintenance on the neutrino buffers, Captain. It leaves the lab and goes straight into the guts of the station.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY  LABORATORY

Same as before.

JOEL
What about access points? Can you get to it from anywhere else?

CAREY’S COMM. VOICE
We sometimes clear it out with sea water, but...
JOEL
(quietly to herself, thinking)
Sea water.

The camera closes in on a smug looking Joel.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY - TUNNELS

Close on Cross and Dojar as they crawl through the large tunnel system.

Dojar is carrying, or pushing, something, covered in a large piece of fabric.

DOJAR
Joel’s not stupid she’ll figure out where it is that we’re going.

Cross doesn’t respond. Dojar looks back. When Cross does speak he does so with the same rage that he did when he found the Medical Cadets. It’s not so much shock as confirming what he already knows, mixed in with one hell of a lot of rage.

CROSS
She said the crew’s dead, Dojar.
(beat)
They must have found their bodies.

Another beat.

DOJAR
Impossible.
(beat)
Captain, we have to keep moving!

Cross looks up at him and we see him literally snap out of his trance, and he becomes focused on the mission at hand.

CROSS
Then let’s keep moving.

They begin to crawl through the tunnel at a much faster pace. As they do so Cross pulls a non-Starfleet communicator out from his sleeve.

CROSS (CONT'D)
What’s your status, Harry?

HARRY’S COMM. VOICE
We’re in position, Captain. Ready to pick you up whenever you’re ready.

CROSS
Give us two minutes.
He looks over to Dojar for reassurance on his estimate and
gets it in the form of a nod.

    HARRY'S COMM. VOICE
    Understood. Do you have the component?

    CROSS
    Affirmative, but we’re not going to
    have long to get it in the shuttle.
    Joel’s here.

    HARRY'S COMM. VOICE
    And the Leviathan?

    CROSS
    Affirmative.

Suddenly a warning claxon rings through the tunnel. Cross
stops in his tracks, Dojar does the same and turns to look
at him.

    CROSS (CONT'D)
    That can’t be good.

A beat, Cross looks over at an uneasy Dojar.

    CROSS (CONT'D)
    Harry, we’ll be there as soon as we
    can, make sure you’re ready to pick
    us up. Cross out.

Both men pick up the pace, their hands and knees barely
 touched the floor.

Gradually, we hear a low rumbling noise build up from in
front of Them and though both men remain completely focused
on crawling, there is definitely a puzzled look sweeping
 across each man’s face.

The noise begins to become much clearer and then from a
junction in the tunnel we see a torrent of water rushing
towards us.

    CROSS (CONT'D)
    (disbelieving)
    You’ve got to be kidding me.
    (beat)
    How much further do we have to go?

    DOJAR
    25 meters.

The sound of the water begins to grow louder and louder and
it’s not clear whether or not Dojar can even hear Cross any
 longer.
CROSS

Can you swim?

Even if he did hear, Dojar does not have time to answer as the water reaches them, launching them both backwards.

Both men gasp for air and do their best to remain upright, but are only thrown against a wall for their efforts. Luckily the wall is not far from where they were previously standing and Cross manages to pull his head up for a breath of air and get his bearings.

It quickly becomes obvious that the tunnel is only about two thirds full, but Cross can no longer see Dojar.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Dojar! Gril, can you hear me?

The water is still rushing into the tunnel, time is running out.

Cross frantically looks around for his Cardassian team mate as the water continues to rise all around him. He gives up looking on the surface and takes a breath, before diving under the waves.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY TUNNELS - UNDERWATER

There is not much to see other then the light silhouetting a set of grills at the other end of the tunnel we can only just about work out a shadowy Neil Cross as he begins to run out of air.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY TUNNELS

He surfaces again and it looks as though he is about to give up and make his own way to the grills, but just as he does so, we hear loud splash from behind him and Dojar appears.

CROSS

Dojar!

DOJAR

Captain!

CROSS

I take it you can swim, then?

Dojar doesn’t dignify the question with an answer.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Do you still have the component?

DOJAR

Unfortunately not. I couldn’t continue to hold it.
CROSS

Damn. We’re not going to have time to look for it.

He’s right... The water is almost at the roof of the tunnel and is about to cover their heads.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Let’s head back to the grills on three.

Dojar nods in response.

CROSS (CONT'D)
One. Two. Three.

And with that, both men disappear beneath the waves...

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY LABORATORY

Wide shot as Joel smiles to herself as Carey and assorted others look on at data displaying the status of the flooded tunnel.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY TUNNELS - UNDERWATER

Close on Cross and Dojar as they swim against the flow of water through the tunnel. There is literally a light at the end of the tunnel, however, as from behind the set of grills we can see an unseen, moving light source illuminating the interior of the tunnel.

But swimming against the strong current is also beginning to take its toll on Cross and Dojar and it soon becomes obvious that though it is painfully close, it may be out of their reach...

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY - LABORATORY

Same as before.

JOEL
Joel to Leviathan are there any other ships on sensors?

FIRST OFFICER
Negative, Captain.

Beat as Joel thinks.

JOEL
They have to be going somewhere.

CAREY
What about the ocean? Have you scanned there?
Beat.

JOEL
(snaps)
Well?

FIRST OFFICER
Negative, scanning now.

The camera closes in on the display of the flooded tunnel.

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY -- TUNNELS

With some visibly pained movements, Cross and Dojar manage to reach the grills and Cross manages to pull himself through. On the other side however, Dojar is beginning to struggle and outstretches his hand towards Cross.

But Cross is also beginning to run low on oxygen and it takes him all of his energy to outstretch his own hand to help Dojar through the grills.

Shortly after doing so, both men appear to float motionlessly towards the surface...

INT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY LABORATORY

Same as before.

FIRST OFFICER
Captain, I'm detecting a shuttle coming online close to the tunnel ventilation area!

Joel smiles and turns to look at Carey.

JOEL
We've got them.
(beat)
Leviathan, beam me straight to the Bridge and put us in a geostationary orbit above those co-ordinates. Bring all weapons online.

The look of pure delight on Joel's face is almost ridiculous as she relishes the thought of finally catching up with her nemesis.

EXT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY - UNDERWATER

Two figures hang motionlessly in the black of the ocean, both looking as though they have lost the fight for oxygen. Seconds seem to drift on into an eternity and darkness begins to envelope them both... But suddenly, the light source from earlier begins to draw closer to them and it isn't long before we see the MAGNUS slowly moving out of the shadows and towards Cross and Dojar.
She looks different from last we saw her; her decal adornments on the roof have been buffed off, and she now sports some weapons crudely placed without any regard to maintaining her otherwise graceful and sleek design.

It circles around before the two figures disappear in a TRANSPORTER BEAM.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Close on the face of an elderly looking man, roughly in his mid-fifties. This is HARRY FRAZIER.

The look of concern on his face is all too apparent but he also manages to keep an air of cool around him as he turns around in his seat and heads off to the rear of the shuttle.

INT. MAGNUS - REAR COMPARTMENT

Harry enters and purposefully strides over to the airlock, where another man, KIERAN MACGREGOR, fiery red hair, short but broad, is in the process of collecting a MEDICAL TRICORDER and MEDICAL EQUIPMENT from a storage locker. Harry reaches the airlock first and taps some keys that begin to drain and decompress the airlock.

INT. MAGNUS - AIRLOCK

Close on the airlock doors as Harry and MacGregor enter, but we quickly pan down to see the motionless, wet bodies of Cross and Dojar lying on the metallic floor.

After a brief scan of both men MacGregor attaches a neural stimulator to Cross’s forehead and throws one over to Harry who does the same to Dojar. Almost instantly they take effect and each man begins to cough up water and come back to the world of the living.

CROSS
(dazed)
Harry?

HARRY
Welcome back, Captain.

CROSS
They know where we are.

HARRY
Understood.

No sooner have the words left Harry’s mouth when a huge explosion rocks the shuttle.
EXT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY  UNDERWATER

A flood of phaser bursts break the surface and hurtle downwards towards the shuttle, shaking it in all directions.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Joel watches the viewscreen from the tactical station, a satisfied look on her face.

JOEL

Find the weakest point on their hull and target it. Let’s drown them like the rats they are.

The tactical officer obeys and works at his console.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

The Mangus continues to take a beating as Harry plants himself in the pilot’s seat and begins to work as Cross takes up a position behind him.

HARRY

They’re in orbit right on top of us.

CROSS

Great.

Beat.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Remember those caves we passed earlier?

Harry doesn’t look overly optimistic but begins tapping some keys on the console, preceding a command from Cross.

HARRY

Course laid in.

Beat.

CROSS

Engage.

EXT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY  UNDERWATER

The shuttle swings around and heads towards a group of caves.

In the background we can see the Leviathan’s phaser fire following the shuttle and gradually catching up with it as it passes a large volcanic vent.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Same as before.
TACTICAL OFFICER

It looks like they’re heading for some caves, Captain.

JOEL

Target them.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Close on Harry as he gently guides the shuttle into the cave entrance.

EXT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY - UNDERWATER

The shuttle slowly makes its way into the cave, but from above it we see a huge volley of phaser beams and photon torpedoes come rushing towards the cave entrance.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

The shuttle feels the brunt of the impact as it once again rocks in all directions.

EXT. CAVES - UNDERWATER

The Magnus is inside the caves, but we see the entrance collapse behind it in a cloud of falling rocks and dust.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Wide of Cross and Harry as they watch the entrance collapse on a viewscreen.

HARRY

That’s not good.

BOOM! Another explosion rocks the cockpit!

HARRY (CONT'D)

They’re targeting the entire cave system. We’re not going to have much time to find a way out.

From behind them we hear the doors to the cockpit open and pull around to see Dojar and MacGregor enter.

MACGREGOR

What’s happening?

HARRY

To cut a long story short we’re inside a cave system that’s currently being targeted by the lovely Captain Joel.

MACGREGOR

Whatever happened to peaceful diplomacy?
From anyone else this might be considered a joke, but it is quite obvious that coming from MacGregor it is far from one.

No one replies.

CROSS
Dojar, do what you can to find us a way out of here.

DOJAR
Aye, Captain.

CROSS
Harry...

HARRY
...try not to let us end up yay thin?

He holds up two fingers with a small gap between them.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I’ve got you, Captain.

Cross smiles and pats him on his back before heading off to a console of his own and examining the read out there.

MACGREGOR
Shouldn’t someone be trying to contact Epsilon?

DOJAR
What?

MACGREGOR
We need reinforcements!

DOJAR
And give away Epsilon’s position as well as our own? Not a good idea, Mr. MacGregor.

MACGREGOR
We can’t just sit around and wait for this cave to collapse on top of us!

DOJAR
That’s exactly what we’ll do if we have to.

MACGREGOR
I wasn’t planning on meeting my maker down here.

CROSS
I don’t think any of us were, Kieran.
DOJAR
We all have to cease to exist at some point.

MACGREGOR
(dumbfounded)
Cease to exist?

As Dojar is about to reply, Cross intervenes.

CROSS
Alright that’s enough.
(beat)
No one’s going to be dying today.

A beat as MacGregor looks doubtful. Cross sees this.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Kieran, we’re going to get out of here but we have to focus on what we’re doing.

Beat.

MACGREGOR
But I don’t have anything to do.

CROSS
Exactly. Now let us find a way out of here.

MacGregor looks at him, unimpressed, but reluctantly settles back in a chair as the other three men work around him.

EXT. SPACE

The Leviathan fires at the planet’s surface, straight into the ocean.

INT. LEVIATHAN – BRIDGE

Joel is in the process of returning to her command chair.

JOEL
Status?

TACTICAL OFFICER
The caves are made from some kind of tychanite deposit. It’s proving much more difficult to collapse them then we originally anticipated.

JOEL
Are there any other exits?
TACTICAL OFFICER
I’m detecting three large openings on the other side of the system but there are dozens of smaller openings their ship could fit through.

Joel sighs.

JOEL
Focus our fire power on the exits closer to them. I don’t want them getting out.

Beat.

FIRST OFFICER
Captain. There is another option.

Joel looks intrigued.

EXT. CAVES - UNDERWATER
We watch as the phaser fire suddenly comes to an abrupt halt.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT
MacGregor looks around anxiously, watching all three men work.

MACGREGOR
They’ve stopped firing.

CROSS
They have.

MACGREGOR
What does that mean?

CROSS
Your guess is as good as mine.

MACGREGOR
Maybe our reinforcements have arrived... maybe they’ve destroyed the Leviathan!

DOJAR
Quiet.

MacGregor sighs and continues to watch them work for a second or two, before rising to his feet and walking over to Cross.

MACGREGOR
It’s no good, Captain.

Dojar looks up, irritated.
MACGREGOR (CONT’D) (CONT’D)
I have to do something. You have to
give me something to do.

DOJAR
I told you we should never have
brought him.

Cross ignores Dojar, and walks over to MacGregor's console.

CROSS
Do you know how to perform short
range scans?

MACGREGOR
I’ve done it once or twice.

CROSS
I’ll take that as a yes. You search
through this grid here and try and
find an opening the ship can get
through. Understood?

MACGREGOR
Understood.

Cross quickly returns to his own console as Dojar eyes Cross
and then, finally, MacGregor with a fiery stare.

INT. LEVIATHAN BRIDGE
Joel is standing in front of her chair.

JOEL
How long?

FIRST OFFICER’S COMM. VOICE
Another couple of minutes, Captain.
We’re still modifying the torpedoes.

JOEL
Excellent.

The camera closes in on Joel’s anticipating face.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT
Same as before.

MACGREGOR
I’m done with that grid, send me a
new one.

Cross half sighs and taps some controls on his own console.
We see MacGregor’s console number appear as Cross enters it.
From behind him we see Dojar cast a suspicious glance over
towards MacGregor and we watch as he enters the same number into his console.

The same grid MacGregor was working on earlier appears.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Same as before.

FIRST OFFICER’S COMM. VOICE
We’re ready, Captain.

JOEL
Good work. Begin whenever you’re ready.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

The group continue to work, but are briefly interrupted by a low pitch rumble, obviously some distance away.

MACGREGOR
(shocked)
What was that?

CROSS
The Leviathan.

DOJAR
Obviously still up and running.

CROSS
Fire fights aren’t as simple as they look from sat behind a desk.

Beat.

MACGREGOR
Without us you wouldn’t be able to have your firefights.

CROSS
(dryly)
You’re not wrong there.

Suddenly a huge explosion rocks the Magnus, this time throwing Harry and Cross from their seats.

EXT. CAVES - UNDERWATER

We see the remnants of a huge explosion as the shockwave pushes the shuttle further down into the cave system.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Harry and Cross struggle to return to their seats as the shuttle skims off walls collides with debris.
MACGREGOR
That felt like the whole bloody Leviathan!

DOJAR
They’re beaming quantum torpedoes into the caves.

MACGREGOR
I thought you said their transporters wouldn’t be able to penetrate the caves?

DOJAR
I said their sensors wouldn’t.

MacGregor looks over to him and shrugs.

MACGREGOR
Well obviously they can!

Dojar shakes his head.

CROSS
The fact that we barely felt the first explosion probably means that they’re randomly targeting different areas of the caves.

MACGREGOR
Right.

HARRY
(to Cross)
I don’t know how much longer I’m going to be able to hold her together, Captain.

CROSS
Do what you can, Harry.

Harry nods as he keeps his eyes firmly on his console.

INT. LEVIATHAN – BRIDGE

Joel watches a sensor read out on the main viewscreen displaying the location of the explosions within the caves.

JOEL
Will we be able to detect a warp core breach in the caves?

TACTICAL OFFICER
Oh yes. We’ll see it.
JOEL
Good. Hail Admiral Delfune. Tell her to prepare for some good news.

TACTICAL OFFICER
Aye, Captain.

EXT. CAVES - UNDERWATER

The Magnus appears to have regained control as it slowly steers through the caves, but suddenly we see a quantum torpedo materialize behind it before exploding and sending out another shockwave which engulfs the shuttle.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Harry manages to regain control, but this time turns to face Cross.

HARRY
We can’t take much more of this.

Cross looks back, determined.

DOJAR
We won’t have to. I’ve found an exit.

HARRY
Send me the co-ordinates.

Dojar works at his console and soon Harry is working at his own console.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Plotting a course.

Dojar turns to eye MacGregor once again, as he looks on in the background.

EXT. CAVES - UNDERWATER

The Magnus swings around and heads back the way it came, much faster than it did before. As it does so we see another torpedo materialise in front of it.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Harry sees the torpedo and reacts.

HARRY
Hang on!

EXT. CAVES - UNDERWATER

The shuttle swings upwards riding over the top of the torpedo seconds before it explodes and then rides the shockwave as it heads off in the same direction.
INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

The shuttle shakes and groans all around them, but the status display Cross is watching shows that they are close to an exit point.

HARRY

Easy...

EXT. CAVES - UNDERWATER

The Magnus swings upwards and once again we see light, other then that coming from the Magnus’ own lights. At first the gap doesn’t look big enough for the shuttle to fit through, but as it get closer we see that it is barely.

The Magnus makes a sharp turn on its side and quickly glides through the sharp hole in the cave, without even scratching the paint work.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Harry grins as they re-enter the ocean.

CROSS

Good work, Harry.

Harry doesn’t acknowledge this, only asks:

HARRY

To Epsilon?

CROSS

I don’t think we have much of a choice.

Harry nods in agreement and lays in a course.

EXT. RACKARD III - UNDERWATER

The shuttle turns to face upwards and begins to hurtle towards the surface.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Same as before.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Captain!

On the sensor display we see a small dot appear from within the caves and begin to accelerate upwards from beneath the ocean.

Joel does not look pleased.
JOEL
(angrily)
Target them!

She marches towards tactical.

EXT. RACKARD III

For a moment we see a calm sea, before suddenly the Magnus rockets out of it and shoots skywards, leaving a huge spray and rough wave system in its path. Almost at the same moment phaser fire begins to rain down from the heavens as the Leviathan begins firing on the Magnus, resulting in yet more spray and waves forming on the surface.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Looking from Cross’s station, behind Harry as the Magnus darts skyward and as phaser fire rains down on them from above.

CROSS
Bring warp drive online as soon as we clear atmosphere.

HARRY
Understood.

EXT. RACKARD III

The shuttle races towards the atmosphere, getting so close that we can see the Leviathan’s massive form looming down on them from above.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Same as before.

JOEL
Tractor beam!

The Tactical Officer shakes his head.

TACTICAL OFFICER
I can’t get a lock.

JOEL
Why not?

TACTICAL OFFICER
They’re travelling too fast for me to get a clean lock on them.

JOEL
But you can still get a rough lock?
TACTICAL OFFICER
Aye, Captain.

JOEL
Then do it.

Beat.

TACTICAL OFFICER
It could tear them apart.

JOEL
Did you think we were firing at those caves just for target practice? I don’t care if their body parts are scattered from here to Vulcan, just do it!

The tactical officer grunts and does as he is asked.

EXT. RACKARD III

The Magnus is within seconds of breaking atmosphere, but we can see the Leviathan, quickly moving into a new position, beginning to fire her tractor beam in its direction. The shuttle effortlessly maneuvers around to avoid the oncoming tractor beams.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Same as before.

MACGREGOR
They must be getting desperate.

HARRY
Just means we’re impressing them.

Cross smiles.

EXT. SPACE

Looking down on the planet’s surface as the shuttle clears the atmosphere.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Same as before.

HARRY
Bringing warp drive online.

CROSS
Don’t engage it yet... There’s something I have to do.

He begins working at his console.
INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Same as before.

TACTICAL OFFICER
Captain, they’re targeting the research facility!

JOEL
(confidently)
Take out their weapons array! We’ve got them now!

EXT. FEDERATION RESEARCH FACILITY

The research facility for the most part it has calmed down now, but there are a few security guards stood outside beginning to catch their breath. This doesn’t last long however as a phaser beam burns through the sky towards the facility, striking something at the top of the station.

As debris falls to the ground the security guards run for cover.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

The shuttle shakes from the weapons fire from the Leviathan as Harry turns to face Cross.

HARRY
All done?

CROSS
(nods)
Let’s go.

Harry turns back to his console and begins working,

EXT. SPACE

The Magnus heads towards the Leviathan, continuing to get closer and closer until it looks like it is about to ram it before it travels down the length of the Leviathan’s hull and activating its warp drive.

We hang on this for a moment as the Leviathan begins to come about.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Joel and the rest of the bridge crew look on with a mixture of angry, shocked and speechless expressions on their faces.

Finally, someone breaks the silence.
TACTICAL OFFICER
Captain. That shuttle. It just entered high warp.

JOEL
Thanks for sharing that observation, Lieutenant.
(beat)
Set a pursuit course, I’ll be in my ready room.

Joel heads off towards her ready room as the baffled tactical officer continues to look gormlessly at the viewscreen.

INT. LEVIATHAN - READY ROOM
Joel enters her ready room and walks towards her desk.

She waits for a beat before frustration gets the better of her and she slams her fist down on to her glass surfaced desk, resulting in a huge crack forming along the length of the desk.

JOEL
Damn it!
(beat, then calmly)
Computer, open a secure channel to Admiral Delfune.

As she sighs we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

The Magnus travels through the stars at warp.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Cross is now stood in the center of the shuttle, watching the tiny flashes of light pass around them.

MACGREGOR

That seemed too easy.

Cross and Dojar turn to look at him, both have bemused looks on their face.

MACGREGOR (CONT'D)

(oblivious)

What?

Beat.

DOJAR

It would have been even easier if someone had scanned their area of the cave correctly.

MacGregor looks over at him.

MACGREGOR

Are you accusing me of something, Dojar?

DOJAR

(plainly)

Yes.

MACGREGOR (to Cross)

Captain, there was no exit in my section of the caves.

DOJAR

I have your grid right here with the exit passage marked on to it would you care to see it?

Beat.

MACGREGOR

I scanned those caves to the best of my ability.
DOJAR
Then that ability obviously wasn’t good enough.

CROSS
Dojar.

DOJAR
Captain, we cannot afford to be making ridiculous mistakes.

CROSS
You’re right, we can’t. But we also can’t afford to be dwelling on issues that no longer matter.

(quietly)
I have better things to do with my time.

Cross turns to exit.

DOJAR
Captain?

He doesn’t get a response, as Cross exits to the rear compartment and we hear a door open and then quickly close soon afterwards.

MacGregor looks over at Dojar.

MACGREGOR
I hope you’re happy.

Dojar glares back, as Harry sighs, stands up and moves away from the console.

HARRY
Dojar, would you care to take the helm?

DOJAR
Of course.

He stands and heads over to Harry’s previous position.

MACGREGOR
Where are you going?

HARRY
To have a chat with our fearless captain.

MacGregor nods and stands up, as if to follow, but Harry stops, turns around and puts a hand on his shoulder, stopping him.
HARRY (CONT'D)
Not you, son.

MacGregor opens his mouth as if to disagree, but before he can Harry has pushed him back down into his chair and is moving back towards the rear compartments.

INT. MAGNUS - CAPTAIN'S CABIN

CROSS is working at his desk, typing at a PADD. The door chimes and, without looking up, he calls:

CROSS
Come in.

HARRY enters, and stands in the doorway for a moment watching him. Cross, still not looking up, continues to work.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Can I help you, Harry?

Harry watches him for a moment.

HARRY
If you’re not careful, you’ll wear that thing out.

CROSS
That’s what my mother used to tell me too.

He finally looks up, and smiles wanly.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Come in. Sit down.

Harry walks over to a replicator and orders:

HARRY
Coffee, strong, black.  
(To Cross)  
Do you...

Cross shakes his head. Harry’s drink shimmers into view, he collects it and sits down in front of the desk.

HARRY (CONT'D)
That Cardassian of yours is not shy of expressing an opinion or two, is he?

CROSS
He never used to. I think he’s been off kilter since Y’lan’s disappearance.
HARRY

Y’lan… the Q’tami. I see. Actually I don’t, but there you go. We all have issues.

He looks pointedly at Cross. Cross continues to resolutely stare at his padd.

CROSS

Not interested, Harry.

HARRY

(raises his hands placatingly)
Okay. Whatever. But if you ever need to talk…

Cross finally looks up.

CROSS

I don’t need to talk. I need to act. We all do. Talking doesn’t get us anywhere.

HARRY

So speaks the military man.

CROSS

Yes, well that’s what I am. A military man.

HARRY

And, like all military men, you don’t have feelings. And I thought that was just Vulcans.

CROSS

You’ve been reading too many things about me in the gutter press. "The Butcher of Coular, the emotionally stunted Captain of the Enterprise, his ship’s torpedos are all the therapy he’ll ever need." And you wonder if now, given the past few week’s events, if a similar meltdown is happening.

HARRY

-seriously-
It had crossed my mind.

CROSS

You don’t need to worry about me.

He gets up and goes to stand by the window, watching as the stars streak past.
HARRY
Are you the best judge of that? Need
I remind you of your little holiday
in Bangkok?

Cross turns back, a look of steely determination in his eyes.

CROSS
Until the day I die, I will have the
guilt of Coular on my shoulders. I
went too far, innocent people died.
I’ve never had to deal with anything
quite like that. For a while I didn’t
know how I was going to cope.

HARRY
And now?

CROSS
There’s one big difference. It wasn’t
my fault. I... we... fought tooth
and nail to stop what happened from
happening. Up until the last possible
moment, we hung in there, giving
everything we had to stop it. And
that’s the crux of the matter.

HARRY
What is?

CROSS
That won’t be the only time. If we
sit around here, wallowing in our
own self pity about what’s happened,
and how unbelievably awful things
are becoming, if we sit on our butts
and do nothing but psycho-analyze
ourselves until we’re blue in the
face, there will be nothing to stop
it happening again. There will be no
one.

HARRY
I see.

CROSS
I have no intention of collapsing in
my own misery, Harry. I have my scars,
and boy are they deep, but I know I
have a bigger responsibility now.
Like I said, the time for talk is
past. It’s time for action.

Harry looks at him for a moment, and then nods. He slowly
gets up.
HARRY
Then I’ll let you get back to your work.

He walks over to the door, but is stopped by Cross, who is still staring out of the windows.

CROSS
I’m going to get them Harry.
(turns and looks at Harry)
I’m going to get him.

Harry nods.

HARRY
(softly)
I believe you.

EXT. STARFLEET COMMAND LISBON

Close in on a section of distinctly Starfleet buildings, but in a foreign style and territory to where we usually see them. This is Starfleet Command’s temporary headquarters, nestled within the dry hillsides on the outskirts of the Portuguese capital.

INT. STARFLEET COMMAND - OPERATIONS CENTER

Close on ADMIRAL ELIZABETH DELFUNE as she stomps through the main command complex, a look of frustration fills her facial expression and body language.

After a few seconds of taking in the view of the command complex, we follow Delfune to a pair of glass doors, with the Starfleet insignia engraved into them. They open as Delfune approaches.

INT. STARFLEET COMMAND - BRIEFING ROOM

Assorted Admirals, including THOM PIERSON, THEL, and assorted others are gathered around a large table.

PIERSON
Admiral. What news from the Leviathan?

DELFUNE
(displeased)
They escaped. Again.

PIERSON
I thought you said Joel had them trapped?

DELFUNE
She did. They escaped.
PIERSON
I’m not sure about you Elizabeth, but the words trapped and escaped don’t really make a great deal of sense to me when they’re put together in a sentence.

Beat.

DELFUNE
Right now, there isn’t much we can do about that, Admiral. Our new priority is to begin to track their shuttle and find out where they’re hiding.

PIERSON
They didn’t mask their warp trail?

DELFUNE
Yes, just like all the other times. But in the fire fight the Leviathan damaged the shuttle’s aft plasma conduits.
(beat)
They’re leaking plasma.

PIERSON
So the Leviathan’s in pursuit?

DELFUNE
Not yet. Joel’s in the process of recalibrating her sensors to track the plasma leak.

THEL
Pardon my ignorance, Admiral, but this plasma will decay, will it not?

DELFUNE
It will. But Captain Joel hopes to be under way within the hour.

THEL
And supposing they don’t? How long until the plasma does decay?

Beat.

DELFUNE
I’ve been quoted two and a half hours, three if we’re lucky.

THEL
You’ll forgive me if I keep the champagne on ice for the time being.
DELFUNE
(sighs)
Cynicism never helped anyone, Admiral.

THEL
It’s not cynicism, Admiral it’s a trend. No matter how many nets we put in their path, no matter how close we come to bringing them in, they’re always one step ahead of us.

DELFUNE
We will catch him.

THEL
I never doubted it. But have you ever wondered how they know where our portable weapons reserves are? Where our repair ships are at any given time or date?

DELFUNE
The man was in Starfleet for almost twenty years, he knows how it works.

THEL
Even after we’ve changed protocol?

DELFUNE
(sighs)
Finding out where they’re getting their information would be like searching for a needle in a hay stack. They could have an informant, be using security protocols of officers who we don’t know have defected yet or are simply dead. The number of possibilities is almost endless, Admiral.

THEL
Perhaps. But they must be remaining in contact somehow. Compare the amount of resources we have to this so called "rebellion" and it’s hard to believe we didn’t catch them all weeks ago.

PIERSON
The man’s got a point.

DELFUNE
We’re doing what we can.

PIERSON
Then we have to do more.

Delfune sighs.
INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Dojar remains at the helm, MacGregor is at the back of the shuttle reading something from a PADD. He looks up at Dojar for a moment, then continues to read, before looking up again and beginning to speak.

MACGREGOR
I’m sorry for missing the exit.

DOJAR
It was an unacceptable mistake.

MACGREGOR
Suppose it– (beat) Wait a minute! I apologize to you and that’s all you can say?

DOJAR
There is nothing else to be said.

Fortunately, Harry puts an end to the conflict.

HARRY
You two had better take a look at this.

He walks over to a monitor and activates it, an FNN NEWS REPORT appears, displaying an image of Cross with the headline beneath, BOUNTY RISES.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Just what the good Captain needs, wouldn’t you say?

MacGregor sighs as Dojar continues to watch the screen.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Joel is pacing at the back of the Bridge as an assortment of officers work around her. She is constantly looking over their shoulders, assessing their work, pacing more and then looking over more shoulders.

SCIENCE OFFICER
I think I’ve got it, Captain.

JOEL
You think, or you know?

Beat.

SCIENCE OFFICER
(smiles) I know. They’re heading rimward at high warp, bearing 179 mark 47.
JOEL
Excellent. Prepare to enter slipstream.

She looks at the viewer and smiles.

INT. MAGNUS - CAPTAIN’S CABIN

Cross continues to stare at the monitor displaying the bounty Starfleet have placed on him, and we hear the reporter talking about Starfleet Security still want Cross alive.

Cross shakes his head, almost disillusioned, and turns to look at the passing stars, only to see a slipstream tunnel forming by the side of them.

DOJAR’S COMM. VOICE
You’d better get yourself up here, Captain.

CROSS
On my way.

He takes one more look at the screen displaying his face, takes a breath and then turns to exit.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Close on Cross as he enters from the rear compartment.

CROSS
The Leviathan?

DOJAR
The Leviathan.

CROSS
How close are we to Epsilon?

DOJAR
Not close enough for them to detect it.

CROSS
Good. What about our shields? How are they looking?

DOJAR
They’re back up to thirty percent, but we won’t last long in a fight.

Cross nods.

CROSS
Hail them as soon as she drops out of slipstream.
Dojar works.

EXT. SPACE

The Leviathan drops out of slipstream and enters warp next to the shuttle.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Same as before.

TACTICAL OFFICER

We’re being hailed, Captain. Audio only.

JOEL

On speakers.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE

Looks like we’ve got a bit of a leak over here, Leviathan. Don’t suppose you could send some engineers over to help us out, could you?

JOEL

Not a chance. Surrender, Cross.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE

Not a chance.

JOEL

Fire phasers.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

The four men dive for cover, as a phaser beam rocks the cockpit, resulting in consoles sparking and systems being knocked out left right and center.

CROSS

Unless I’m very much mistaken, Erika, Starfleet still want me brought back alive. You’d better play nice or you could get yourself into a whole world of trouble.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Joel grunts.

JOEL

Surrender.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE

Never.
JOEL
Target their engines.

TACTICAL OFFICER
Yes, Ma’am.

INT. MAGNUS – COCKPIT

The Magnus violently shakes around its four crew members once again. Dojar pulls himself to his knees besides Cross.

DOJAR
Captain, now might be a good time to think about losing them.

CROSS
Agreed.

Beat as he taps some controls on his console.

CROSS (CONT’D)
Leviathan?

INT. LEVIATHAN – BRIDGE

As before.

JOEL
Yes, Cross?

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
I was just wondering if you’d heard from Rackard Three recently, Erika?

JOEL
Not since you took out their communications grid, Neil.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
Ah. I wouldn’t expect to hear from them. Ever.

Joel takes a few steps forward, sighs.

JOEL
I don’t suppose you feel like sharing whatever you’ve done or planned?

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
You know me too well.

JOEL
Shame, isn’t it?

Beat.
CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
Tick-tock, Erika, the clock is ticking!

Joel almost visibly cringes at this and quickly makes the hand gesture for audio to be cut.

JOEL
Have sensors detected any explosions from Rackard Three?

TACTICAL OFFICER
Negative - we’re out of range.

JOEL
Great. How long will it take us to prepare a shuttle to stay here while we head back to Rackard Three?

TACTICAL OFFICER
Eight minutes, maximum.

FIRST OFFICER
We may not have that long.

Joel sighs.

JOEL
I presume that, since we need to be in two places at once, there aren’t any other ships in range?

TACTICAL OFFICER
(sardonically)
Affirmative, Captain.

Joel grits her teeth.

JOEL
Set a course for Rackard Three and enter slipstream as soon as you’re ready. Send a priority one message to Starfleet Command... An agonizing beat for Joel.

TACTICAL OFFICER
Captain?

JOEL
Leviathan forced to call off pursuit... possible rebellion attack on Rackard Three.

She sighs and heads off to her Ready Room.
INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Meanwhile, the Magnus is still rocking violently, as Cross watches the Leviathan enter slipstream through one of its windows. The sound of the ship groaning around them, coupled with explosions from deep within the ship, forces Cross to shout his orders.

CROSS
Status?

DOJAR
Shields, down. Weapons, offline. Propulsion, not far behind. And we have about fifteen minutes of life support left.

Cross sighs.

CROSS
I don’t know about you but I’m not in the mood for really holding my breath again today.

DOJAR
Agreed.

CROSS
What about communications?

DOJAR
They’re fine.

CROSS
Bit of a coincidence, wouldn’t you say?

Dojar shrugs.

DOJAR
We can’t contact Epsilon, not while the Leviathan’s this close.

CROSS
Have we finished making our modifications to the Cyclops Array yet?

Dojar looks over at him.

DOJAR
We have, but there’s still a large quantity of information we haven’t removed from its systems yet.
CROSS
Are we going to get back to Epsilon in our current status?

DOJAR
Negative.

CROSS
Then let’s hail Epsilon piggyback it off the Cyclops Array. We can go back and clear all of our information out of its systems before the Centrists know what’s happening.

DOJAR
Perhaps.

CROSS
I’ll take that as an agreed.

He turns to look at the helm, where Harry is pulling himself back to his feet.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Harry, are you still with us?

HARRY
Just about, Captain.

CROSS
Set a course for Epsilon. Best possible speed.

HARRY
Aye aye.

He works at his console as the camera closes in on Cross.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE  ASTEROID FIELD

Wide shot as the ailing Magnus hurtles towards an asteroid field as two smaller, older looking ships approach.

PILOT’S COMM. VOICE
Midnight Sun to Magnus, do you read Captain Cross?

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

As before.

CROSS
Affirmative, Midnight Sun. We’re in a pretty bad state back here.

PILOT’S COMM. VOICE
Definitely looks that way, Captain. Are your transporters still online?

HARRY
The man’s got to be joking.

CROSS
Negative.

PILOT’S COMM. VOICE
Then it looks like we’re going to have guide you into the bay. Epsilon’s transporters are currently offline.

CROSS
Let me guess they’ll be back up on Tuesday?

PILOT’S COMM. VOICE
Anyone would have thought you’d have been here for years. Set a course for bearing 241 mark 5 and then take your engines offline.

CROSS
Understood.

Close on Harry as he works.

EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID FIELD

The two older Starfleet shuttles move to either side of the Magnus and begin to guide it between the asteroids with the help of a tractor beam.
INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Same as before.

CROSS
How’s the life support looking?

DOJAR
Three minutes.

HARRY
It’s going to be close.

Cross looks up nervously at the viewscreen.

EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID FIELD

As the two ships continue to guide the Magnus around the asteroids, we see a distinctly man made shape silhouetted ahead of us. At first it is difficult to tell what it is, but even though it is still silhouetted from a star not far behind it, as we grow closer it becomes clear that this is some form of space station.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

As before.

HARRY
We’re coming up on Epsilon, Captain.

CROSS
Bring landing systems online.

EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID FIGURE

As the Magnus hurtles towards Epsilon we get our first clear look at it.

It is a long, thin space station, one giant central section running through the length of it, with other sections, of various shapes and sizes and heritages attached on to it, sometimes in places one wouldn’t expect a section to be attached.

It’s most distinguishing feature is a giant docking ring at the top of the station, but part of it has fallen into disrepair, leaving a huge gap in between two parts of the ring, with a jagged edge on either side.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

As before.

CROSS
Cross to Midnight Sun. We’re coming in too fast.
PILOT’S COMM. VOICE  
Affirmative, Captain. We’re trying to slow you down now.

Cross sighs and works at his console.

EXT. SPACE – ASTEROID FIELD

Even we can see that the Magnus is coming in too fast it’s almost upon the station and is showing no signs of slowing down.

INT. MAGNUS – COCKPIT

As before.

PILOT’S COMM. VOICE  
We can’t get you slow enough, Captain, we’re going to have to bring you round for another try.

Cross looks over to Dojar who shakes his head.

CROSS  
Negative, Midnight Sun, we don’t have enough life support left to try again.

PILOT’S COMM. VOICE  
Understood, Magnus, but we’re going to have to leave you on your own if you decide to try and land.

CROSS  
Understood. See you once we get in. Magnus out.

(beat)  
Harry, bring us in as gently as you can. Dojar, Kieran... brace yourselves.

We see MacGregor distinctly flinch at the sound of this instruction.

EXT. SPACE – ASTEROID FIELD

The shuttle is right on top of the station’s shuttle bay now and within seconds it has hurtled inside, partially smashing into the top left hand corner as it does so.

INT. EPSILON – SHUTTLEBAY

The shuttle smashes its way inside, taking a good chunk of the top left hand corner with it as it enters. Just as it looks like it is about to hit the back wall, a forcefield comes online bringing the shuttle to a shockingly abrupt halt and throwing it back into the main shuttlebay where it smashes on to the deck with a loud crash.
Seconds later and doors open from all over the shuttlebay and Starfleet officers and civilians come rushing towards the smoking Magnus, most armed with either extinguishers or engineering and medical equipment. We hang on this for a long couple of beats.

INT. MAGNUS - COCKPIT

Unbelievably, the shuttle doors hiss open, allowing access to the oncoming emergency teams. We see a dazed Cross, slowly raise his head up off a console, Dojar does the same not long after. From behind them we hear a loud howl of pain. It’s MacGregor.

Cross painfully looks back towards MacGregor.

CROSS
Kieran?

MacGregor is seemingly in agony.

MACGREGOR
My leg!

A medic heads over to Cross, but he shakes his head and indicates MacGregor behind him. The medic obeys and heads over to him and pulls out his tricorder.

MEDIC
(flately)
You’ve strained a muscle in your back and bruised your left arm.

MacGregor looks up, looking like he’s in complete agony.

MACGREGOR
But my leg!

DOJAR
It’s called a cramp.

MacGregor gives him a glare as he painfully attempts to get to his feet and hops down the cockpit. The medic walks over to Dojar as another begins to scan Cross.

CROSS
(amused, smiling)
Anyone would have thought you were Harry’s age.
(beat)
How’s it going over there, Harry?

The smile on Cross’s face slowly turns into a look of concern as a couple of seconds pass without a response. Cross pulls himself up from his chair and heads over to the helm control, where the chair has rolled back and Harry is slumped down beneath it.
CROSS (CONT'D)

I need a medic over here!

A medic comes rushing over and begins scanning Harry’s motionless form.

MEDIC

He’s got massive internal bleeding we need to get him to the Infirmary right away.

CROSS

We got told transporters are offline.

MEDIC

I know.

(shouts outside)

We’re going to need a stretcher.

Close on Cross’s concerned face.

INT. EPSILON - SHUTTLEBAY

Harry’s motionless body is carried out of the shuttle on an ANTI-GRAV CARGO LIFTER, doubling for a stretcher, as two medics run along side it holding up various drips whilst another guides it from behind.

Cross isn’t far behind.

CROSS

How far is it to the Infirmary from here?

MEDIC

Five, maybe ten minutes tops.

CROSS

Does he have that long?

MEDIC

It’s difficult to say. All I can tell from here is that he needs that surgery.

Cross sighs.

As they near the shuttlebay doors they open, where a Latin-American looking woman with a huge mop of long, slightly out of control curly black hair confidently enters. This is CARLA PETRUCCI.

She notices Harry.

CARLA

(passively)

What happened to him?
CROSS
Shuttle crash; we kind of just entered the shuttle bay a bit on the fast side, you might have noticed?

He indicates the still smoking Magnus behind him.

CARLA
Funny. Will he be okay?

CROSS
We don’t know yet.

Carla nods, and then seconds later is engulfed by her professional persona. The medics begin moving once again and Cross follows them.

INT. EPSILON -- CORRIDOR

A pretty much ran down, bleak looking corridor. Circuitry from fresh repairs is exposed on the floor and on the walls as is a large amount of dirt and dust. This station definitely looks like it has seen better days.

Cross, Carla and the medical team enter from the Sickbay and though Carla has considerably smaller legs she just about manages to keep up.

CARLA
Did you get the item?

CROSS
You know what? For a moment there I thought you actually cared for Harry’s wellbeing.

CARLA
There’s more important things we have to worry about it. Did you get it?

CROSS
Does it look like I have it?

CARLA
No. Don’t make me ask you again.

CROSS
No, Carla, we didn’t.

CARLA
Why not?

CROSS
We had a few problems with water.
CARLA
What happened to the breathing gear?

CROSS
We had a few problems with the Leviathan.

CARLA
Again?

CROSS
Joel’s got her heart set on getting me. Where ever there’s activity she’ll be there.

CARLA
We could do without that.

CROSS
You’re telling me.

CARLA
We needed that equipment.

CROSS
Well there’s not a lot I can do about that right now.

CARLA
There doesn’t seem to be a lot you can do about anything.

Beat, then Cross stops walking. He waits until Harry’s stretcher has turned a corner and then turns to look at Carla.

CROSS
What’s that supposed to mean?

CARLA
It means your reputation has been, to put it lightly, exaggerated.

CROSS
I think it’s pretty accurate.

Carla glares at him.

CROSS (CONT'D)
I mess things up for people who think they’re better than me.

He smiles at her, acerbically.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Now if you’ll excuse me.
He begins to walk off, but before he can reach the corner Carla is in front of him, with her arm extended and thus blocking his path.

**CARLA**

We lost the Cyclops Array because of you.

**CROSS**

(irritated)

And we almost died on that mission, Carla, but you don’t seem to give a damn about any of that, so you’ll excuse me if I put our well being above losing a listening post.

**CARLA**

If the Leviathan tracks your signal back to the Cyclops Array and discovers Epsilon it’ll be more than your own well being that you’re worried about.

**CROSS**

It’s not my own that I’m worried about. It’s his.

He indicates the corner Harry’s stretcher just rounded.

**CARLA**

We all die, Cross. Sometimes it’s through self sacrifice.

Cross smiles, laughs in disbelief and turns around to face the opposite wall before quickly turning back to look at Carla.

**CROSS**

I can’t believe I’m hearing this. The man isn’t even dead yet and you’re already planning his obituary. I suppose if it was up to you we’d have just left him in that shuttle until his injuries had killed him?

**CARLA**

Of course not.

(beat)

I care about Harry too, Cross, you know that. I’m just saying we have to prioritize.

**CROSS**

Well in my books an injured crewman deserves more concern than a missing piece of equipment. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to the Infirmary.
Cross pushes past her, leaving Carla looking on.

Behind him, MacGregor has appeared, limping from around the corner.

MACGREGOR
Oh yeah, score to the C master.

Carla looks on, not amused.

MACGREGOR (CONT'D)
Cross, that is. Not you.

He smiles. Beat.

CARLA
(dismissively)
Shut up.

She storms off, leaving MacGregor stood looking on, his 'injured' leg half left hanging.

EXT. SPACE
The Leviathan hangs in space in orbit of Rackard III.

INT. LEVIATHAN - JOEL’S READY ROOM

JOEL is speaking to DELFUNE over the comm. Delfune is looking almost smug.

DELFUNE
(on screen)
Am I to take it that there was a lack of rebellions on the planet?

JOEL
(stiffly)
Correct, Admiral. But I could not run the risk.

DELFUNE
Of course.
(Beat)
Am I to report that Captain Cross has once more eluded capture?

This is painful to Joel she involuntarily winces.

JOEL
Admiral, I can find him. I just need time.

They will have left something, warp trails, a
DELFUNE
Captain Joel, this is not some amateur we’re dealing with here. Captain Cross has quite a bit of experience in evading capture. I doubt he’d be so foolish as to leave a trail of breadcrumbs for you to find.

JOEL
It only takes one. I can find it...

DELFUNE
I wonder... At this moment Joel’s comm. chirps.

TACTICAL OFFICER’S COMM VOICE
Simmons to Joel.

JOEL
Simmons, I told you to

TACTICAL OFFICER’S COMM VOICE
I’m sorry, Captain, I thought you would like to see this. I’m patching it through.

Joel frowns.

JOEL
Excuse me, Admiral. This will only take a moment.

Delfune nods. Joel quickly presses a button and Delfune’s face is replaced by a sector of space. Joel frowns at it for a moment, and then her face lights up.

JOEL (CONT’D)
Is that what I think it is?

TACTICAL OFFICER’S COMM VOICE
The encryption was slapdash, Captain, it didn’t take long to break down. There’s still a point four seven percent probability it’s background interference, but I don’t think so, the pattern almost exactly matches

JOEL
(satisfied)
a comm. signal.

TACTICAL OFFICER’S COMM VOICE
Yes, Captain.
JOEL (CONT'D)
Simmons, I would kiss you if your race permitted it. Get onto it straight away.

TACTICAL OFFICER’S COMM VOICE
Yes, Captain.

Joel taps the screen again and Delfune’s face reappears. The Admiral notes the change in Joel’s appearance.

JOEL
Sorry about that, Admiral.

DELFUNE
Good news, Captain?

JOEL
Yes, Admiral. I just found our breadcrumb.

EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID FIELD
Wide shot as Epsilon slowly rotates amidst the asteroid field.

INT. EPSILON - CONFERENCE ROOM
Pan around a room of about fifteen important looking civilians, sprinkled in with the odd Starfleet Officer, all in mid discussion. Amongst the crowd gathered we see Carla, in her element, talking to a group of civilians and a Starfleet Officer, whilst in another corner we see MacGregor, talking to another civilian.

All of those gathered look like they and their clothing have seen better days, even the Starfleet officers present look like they haven’t seen a new uniform in months. This description also reflects the state of the room although there is a functioning computer display at one end of it, the rest of the room is in a poor state of repair even down to the seating. The conference table itself is cluttered with PADDs and numerous cups of coffee.

At the back of the room a door opens and Cross enters. The look on his face is one of anger; the room sees this and it gradually grows quiet.

CROSS
(angered)
Harry’s not going to make it.

An audible sound of shock spreads across the room, though it is not one of surprise... many of these people are apparently used to losing people.
CROSS (CONT'D)
Whatever we decide to do next, we do it for him.

He makes his way over to the conference table and takes a seat close to the top of the table. The rest of the delegates present move to join him.

Cross looks over to Carla, who begins the meeting.

CARLA
We’re all but certain that when Captain Cross contacted Epsilon, via the Cyclops Array, the Leviathan detected where the signal was initially being routed to. We have to go to the Cyclops Array and destroy any evidence that points to where we are.

She reaches her seat at the top of the table.

CARLA (CONT'D)
As well as that, there’s also a great deal of data stored on Cyclops that we’ve been gathering from it over the last couple of months. I want to bring that back here as well.

OFFICER 1
What kind of information?

CARLA
Fleet movements, intelligence on potential targets... the latest recipes from the FNN’s cookery hour.

CROSS
By the time we get there, there’ll probably be six starships already en route; we’ll be lucky if we have time to keep our location from them let alone transfer hundreds of petabytes worth of data.

CARLA
Then we’ll see what it’s like when we get there then, (firmly) won’t we?

Beat.

CROSS
Agreed.
OFFICER 1
How do you suggest we proceed?

Carla looks over to Cross.

CROSS
Cyclops doesn’t just contain our location and our data. It’s capable of finding us as well.
(beat)
I suggest that we destroy it.

There is a hum of disenchanted voices as soon as Cross announces his plan, Carla’s attention is immediately piqued.

CARLA
Quiet.

The noise almost immediately dies away.

CARLA (CONT'D)
(interested)
Let’s hear the Captain out.

Cross looks around the table.

CROSS
We may not have much of a choice.

He stands up and walks over to the computer display, tapping some controls on the wall.

A diagram of a Starfleet sensor array appears, a rounded triangular block in the center, each face attached to a mid-sized strut with a small sphere on the end.

Cross turns to face the table.

CROSS (CONT'D)
The Cyclops Array is here.

He taps some more keys on the console and the view zooms out so that we can see its proximity to Epsilon, which is clearly marked in System S14-97.

CROSS (CONT'D)
This is where we are.

The Cyclops Array is also still marked on the map extruding from it are three large circles, displaying its sensor range.

He taps another key and the view pulls out even more to show another array, similar to Cyclops, this time with five sides, a couple of sectors away.

In many locations, the circles overlap, but where Epsilon is located they do not.
CROSS (CONT'D)
If we did destroy the Cyclops Array, not only will the Centrists have a huge hole in their long range sensor grid, but we’d also be keeping Epsilon out of their sensor range until they can bring a new Array online.

More chatting amongst those present.

CIVILIAN 1
Surely it wouldn’t take long for the Centrists to put two and two together… we’d be giving away our own location!

CROSS
Perhaps. But they probably already know that we’re in the vicinity of the Cyclops Array since the Leviathan detected the signal we piggy backed off it back here.

Another Starfleet officer intervenes on Cross’s behalf.

OFFICER 1
(to Civilian 1)
That and it would take them months, maybe even over a year, to completely search four sectors, especially this close to the Periphery.

More muttering.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
The only thing that concerns me, Captain Cross, is us. The Centrists wouldn’t be the only ones with a hole in their sensor grid.

CROSS
The cats out of the bag, Captain. We wouldn’t be able to go back to Cyclops anyway - Starfleet will have patrols within light years for as long as this fight goes on.

One of the few other Starfleeters joins the debate.

OFFICER 2
But that’s just it, Captain. This would be it. There wouldn’t be any going back.

(beat, he sighs)
We’d be going to war with the Federation.

There’s a long beat of silence before Cross speaks.
CROSS
Is anyone planning on going back?

Nothing.

Cross nods and returns to his seat, he looks over to Carla, waiting for her to say something.

CARLA
Does anyone else have anything to add?

From the other end of the table we hear a small murmur. After a moment, MacGregor pokes his head forwards and gives a small, almost embarrassed smile.

MACGREGOR
It’s been nearly two months since I arrived here, Commander. We still haven’t made any progress on bringing in any more disillusioned planets.

CARLA
What does that have to do with this?

MACGREGOR
Although I’m not fond of violence, I recognise the need for it in situations such as this. But we’d be making our lives a whole lot easier if we had more planets supporting our cause.

OFFICER 1
The man’s got a point. We need more resources.

CIVILIAN 2
More sensor data. If we don’t know where Starfleet Patrols are what hope do we have?

OFFICER 2
We wouldn’t even have any warning if they found Epsilon.

Beat as they all look to Carla.

CARLA
We have other priorities right now if they find Epsilon we won’t have anything left to protect.

Cross almost smirks at Carla’s mention of priorities, she notices, but carries on anyway.
OFFICER 2
Exactly my point, Carla.
(slowly)
We won’t have anything left.

Beat. Carla looks over to MacGregor.

CARLA
I don’t want you doing anything
without the approval of this council.
Do you understand?

MacGregor nods.

MACGREGOR
Then I don’t think I’m needed here
for much else.

He stands to leave and exits. Cross stands and pushes his
chair back under the table.

CROSS
Does anyone have any other objections
to destroying the Cyclops Array?

No one says anything.

CARLA
Then it’s settled. Captain, I’d like
to hear a mission plan by later on
this evening.

Cross nods before following MacGregor out.

Carla is indifferent and picks up where the meeting left
off.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Next up on the agenda waste
management. There’s been another
blockage in sector...

INT. EPSILON - CORRIDOR

Cross exits and sees MacGregor a little further ahead.

CROSS
Kieran!

MacGregor turns to look at him, stops and turns around to
face him.

MACGREGOR
When we first decided to come here,
Captain, it was so that we could
give momentum to an uprising that
(MORE)
MACGREGOR (CONT'D)
was sat on its feet doing nothing.
It’s still sat on its feet doing nothing.

CROSS
I’m aware of that. This will change all of that.

MACGREGOR
It’s going to make us look like terrorists.

CROSS
It’s what a lot of people think we are anyway.

Beat as this settles in.

MACGREGOR
I’m still a politician.

Beat as he looks up at Cross, a determined expression on his face.

MACGREGOR (CONT'D)
I had hoped that we’d be able to win some diplomatic victories before we resorted to outright destruction. That we’d have more planets aligned to our cause, that the pressure would be mounting on Starfleet and the Federation to settle to our demands. That’s not going to happen, is it?

CROSS
I think we lost any hope of that months ago.

MacGregor sighs and begins to turn to walk away.

CROSS (CONT'D)
I’m going to see if Harry’s woken up yet. You’re welcome to join me.

MacGregor stops and turns back to face him.

INT. EPSILON - INFIRMARY

Wide shot as Cross and MacGregor enter the Infirmary, a far cry from the sickbay we are used to seeing aboard the Enterprise G.

In the foreground, lying on a biobed, is Harry. Though he is now fully awake and conscious, he doesn’t look all that brilliant; he has bags under his eyes and looks to be in some pain.
He sees Cross and MacGregor approaching and instantly perks up, but the pain is still there behind his flagging eyes.

    HARRY
    You know you’re supposed to bring
    fruit when you come to visit people
    in a hospital… Cross smiles.

    CROSS
    I’m afraid we’re fresh out.
    (beat)
    How’s it going?

Another beat as Harry takes a breath, debating his choice of words.

    HARRY
    I’d love to be able to say that I’m
    feeling fine…

Cross nods, sombrely, MacGregor stares at Harry, but it is quite clear that he is looking straight through him.

    HARRY (CONT’D)
    How about you, Kieran? I hear you
    hurt your leg… Cross half laughs,
    but a beat later and it’s quite clear
    that MacGregor isn’t saying anything.
    Until Cross gives him a firm nudge.

    MACGREGOR
    Mmmm?
    (realises)
    Oh. It’s… it’s fine. Turned out it
    was just a bit of cramp.
    (beat)
    I stopped by my quarters on the way
    here. I thought you might like to
    read this.

MacGregor hands over a book, one made of real paper, not the electronic versions on a PADD that we are used to seeing.

As Harry examines it we see that it is a copy of THE JUNGLE BOOK.

    MACGREGOR (CONT’D)
    (awkwardly)
    It’s always been one of my favourites.

Harry smiles and turns to look at Cross.

    HARRY
    Sometimes little things mean a lot
    to people. Thank you, Kieran.

There’s a long beat.
HARRY (CONT'D)
Could I talk to you, Neil?

Cross takes a couple of steps forward, closer to Harry, whilst MacGregor who this time is thankfully fully aware of what’s being said, says his goodbye.

MACGREGOR
You try and take it easy and I’ll see you tomorrow, eh, Harry?

HARRY
Make sure of it, son.

MacGregor smiles, gives an awkward little wave and turns to exit.

Cross kneels down so that he’s on level with Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(smiles)
His favorite book’s The Jungle Book.

Cross smiles back.

CROSS
It explains a lot, I guess.

HARRY
How so?

Beat, as Cross thinks for a second, before launching head on into his answer.

CROSS
Well… boy lost in jungle… starts to fit in with the animals, then before he knows what’s happening something else has caught his attention and he’s back with the people who’d really understand him… only he doesn’t really understand them anymore.

HARRY
When it comes down to it Neil, we’re all looking for understanding at one level or another.

(beat)
They tell me that I don’t have much time left.

(beat)
I don’t want to die, Neil, but then, I suppose no one does… people sometimes … sign up for these things without really knowing what they’re getting themselves into… but I

(MORE)
HARRY (CONT'D)
wanted you to know that I knew the
risk... I knew what I was putting my
life down on the line for and by
God, if this is what claims it then
I’m proud that it’s this that’s going
to take me.

There’s a long beat, where neither character speaks.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I don’t have any regrets, Neil.
(beat, then fiercely)
If we’ve made one dent in the
Centrists armour then it was worth
it.
(beat)
Do you understand what I’m saying?

Cross nods before sighing as he rests his head on the bed by
Harry’s side.

As the camera closes in on Harry, he puts his hand
reassuringly on Cross’s head and closes his eyes and as the
moment lingers on we slowly

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID FIELD

Close on Epsilon’s broken ring turning with the rotation of the station.

INT. EPSILON - DOJAR’S QUARTERS

Slowly rotate around Dojar as he sits on the floor, lost in meditation. The moment is interrupted, however, when the door chimes.

After a moment Dojar opens his eyes, stands up, heads over to the door and taps a key which opens the door up.

Cross stands in the doorway.

DOJAR
Captain. What can I do for you?

CROSS
I just thought I’d stop on the way back from seeing Harry.

DOJAR
(bemused)
On the way back?

CROSS
It’s only four decks out of my way.

Dojar grunts, and extends his arm, inviting Cross into his quarters.

DOJAR
How is Harry?

Beat.

CROSS
Not so good. He knows it’s close.

DOJAR
I’m sorry.

CROSS
(solemnly)
Yeah.

There’s a beat as Cross stands staring into space, while Dojar stares intently at Cross’s face. After a moment, Cross snaps out of his trance and looks up at Dojar.
CROSS (CONT'D)
What about you? How have you been lately?

DOJAR
I am fine.

CROSS
You just... seem to have been keeping to yourself a lot.

DOJAR
I enjoy the silence.

Cross half laughs, before stopping himself.

CROSS
You’re not kidding are you?

DOJAR
Certainly not.

A beat as Cross thinks.

CROSS
What happened to you on Cardassia, Dojar?

Another beat.

DOJAR
I had a lot of time to think.

CROSS
About what?

DOJAR

CROSS
What did you conclude?

DOJAR
I do not wish to discuss the matter further.

Beat.

CROSS
I don’t suppose there’s much point pressing the issue.

DOJAR
I’m afraid not.

CROSS
I’m just worried about you, Dojar.
DOJAR
And I thank you for your concern... but I will come to you if I have something to discuss.

Cross looks at him and slowly nods.

CROSS
Okay.

(beat)
So what’s up with you and MacGregor? You seem to be arguing at every chance you get.

DOJAR
I dislike the man.

CROSS
Why?

DOJAR
He’s a vulnerability. We don’t need him.

You think?

CROSS
I do.

DOJAR
I don’t. We need him, Dojar. Maybe not now, but we will do in the future.

Beat.

DOJAR
Perhaps. But he will always be a vulnerability to you.

CROSS
You never know. You might start to like him with time.

DOJAR
I doubt that very much.

Beat as Cross paces across the room and turns to face Dojar.

CROSS
Is it just me or is this conversation going nowhere?

DOJAR
Nothing of relevance seems to have transpired thus far.
(perplexed)
Nothing of relevance?

He shakes his head and sighs.

How about we loose the pleasantries and just get down to business? Then I can get out and leave you to your silence. We used to be friends Dojar!

Beat.

I don’t dislike being in your presence, Captain.

You could have fooled me.

He paces across the room, before sighing and turning around.

So. The Cyclops Array.

It’s vital that we take it out of the equation.

I’m glad you agree.

Do you have a plan?

(nods)
By now Starfleet’s probably got half a dozen ships en-route. Tomorrow morning, we take the ship; we go in, lay a few charges and blow the damn thing out of the sky before the Centrists know what’s happening.

Tomorrow morning?

It’s the earliest chance we’re going to get.

Dojar nods.
DOJAR
The earlier the better. If the
Centrists get there first, everything
we’ve worked for over these last
months will have been for nothing.

CROSS
(dryly)
Thanks for reminding me.

DOJAR
I’m telling you what you need to
hear.

CROSS
You’re telling me what I already
know.

DOJAR
Yet you don’t seem to be overly
concerned by it.

CROSS
That’s because there’s not a lot I
can do about it right now.

DOJAR
We should be on the ship now preparing
for launch; we don’t have time to be
idle waiting for the Cent-

Suddenly Dojar stops talking and takes a huge gasp for air. His eyes open wider and he looks as though he is about to suffocate.

CROSS
Dojar?

He doesn’t get a response.

FLASH TO:

INT. RESEARCH TANK

We see a cacophony of movement within a large fluid filled
tank, though we are unable to see what it is that’s moving,
or what’s causing the obvious discomfort.

FLASH TO:

INT. EPSILON - DOJAR’S QUARTERS

Dojar has his hands around his throat apparently trying to
free his airways as Cross walks closer.
INT. RESEARCH TANK
A flurry of tentacles wave around in the fluid around us.

FLASH TO:

INT. EPSILON - DOJAR’S QUARTERS
Dojar collapses to the floor and begins shaking violently as Cross kneels down over him.

FLASH TO:

INT. RESEARCH TANK
Quickly fly over Y’LAN’S violently shaking body, which is resting in the barely lit research tank.

Suddenly, there is a huge WHITE FLASH as we

FLASH TO:

INT. EPSILON - DOJAR’S QUARTERS
Just as it looks like Cross is about to hit his comm. Badge, Dojar stops shaking, his eyes open, his hands move away from his neck and stop Cross’s hands from reaching his comm. Badge.

DOJAR
(faintly)
Captain.

He shakes his head at Cross, prompting an even more confused look from his Captain.

CROSS
What the hell’s happening to you?

Dojar lies on the floor, gradually regaining his senses, with Cross kneeling over him.

EXT. SPACE
The Leviathan resting in space.

INT. LEVIATHAN - READY ROOM
Joel sits at her desk, staring into a monitor displaying the face of Admiral Delfune in front of her.

JOEL
(almost shocked)
So that’s it? We all just sit here and wait?
The **Leviathan** sits and waits. For now.

**JOEL**
This is how the man got away the last two times we were chasing him except back then we didn’t know where he was going to strike next. He’s not stupid, Admiral, he’ll know we’re waiting.

**DELFUNE**
He probably will.

**JOEL**
Then let me take the Leviathan in now, get the data off Cyclops and pick the bastard up as soon as he ass gets in the system.

Beat.

**DELFUNE**
He’s get to get there sooner or later, Erika, we both know that. But if he gets there and sees the Leviathan, or any ship for that matter, already there he’ll know that the mission’s pointless and run.  
(beat)  
Command doesn’t care about finding where he’s hiding, Captain, they care about finding him.

Joel sighs.

**JOEL**
I hope you know what you’re doing, Admiral.

Delfune nods, thinking.

**DELFUNE**
When it comes to Cross, Captain, I don’t think anyone does.

She sighs.

**EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID FIELD**

Close on the main section of the gently rotating Epsilon.
INT. EPSILON - DOJAR’S QUARTERS

DOJAR and CROSS are sitting in opposite chairs, Dojar with a drink in front of him, looking down at it. There is a lot of melancholy in his face.

CROSS
How long has it been going on?

DOJAR
Ever since... ever since he was taken. When I was at the monastery, the monks tried to give me meditation exercises, to try and... cut down their affect. They believed that, if I closed my mind, they would stop.
(looks at Cross)
They were trying to block him out.

CROSS
Did it work?

Dojar shakes his head.

DOJAR
I didn’t do the exercises. I didn’t want to... lose him.

Beat.

CROSS
Gril, we don’t want to lose you either. Not now, especially. We need you.

DOJAR
You don’t understand.

Another beat. Cross opens his mouth to speak, and then hesitates. Finally, he speaks, bravely asking something that seems to have been on his mind for some time.

CROSS
Gril, is Y’lan still alive?

Dojar hesitates. He looks at Cross, a lost soul.

DOJAR
I don’t know.
(beat)
I’m not sure I want to know.

He turns and walks slowly away.
EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID FIELD

Epsilon, and it’s a new day as the sun slowly pulls around from behind it.

Close in on a huge set of hangar doors, that slowly begin to open.

INT. EPSILON - CORRIDOR

Close on Cross as he marches through a flood of activity. People run up and down the corridor, some carrying supplies, others in a hurry for less obvious reasons.

As he rounds a corner, approaching an airlock, he sees MacGregor stood waiting for him.

CROSS
Kieran. Do you really think it’s the best idea for you to be on this mission?

MACGREGOR
Oh, no. This? Don’t worry about it; I’m not planning on going with you. I just needed to ask you something.

Cross instantly looks slightly relieved.

CROSS
What is it?

MACGREGOR
You said that we’d lost any hope of a pre-emptive diplomatic victory months ago... I don’t think we have.

Cross sighs.

CROSS
Kieran, I don’t know if I have time for this right now.

He makes a move to move past him, but MacGregor blocks his path.

MACGREGOR
Please Captain. Hear me out.

CROSS
Make it quick.

MacGregor smiles and moves out of Cross’ path, moving him to one side.

As he does so we see Carla and Dojar converging on a corridor in the background, we focus on them as they walk towards the
camera, not having seen Cross and MacGregor retreat down yet another corridor.

    DOJAR
    What are you doing here?

    CARLA
    The same thing you are... if we are fighting for the same thing that is.

    DOJAR
    One would presume so. You’ve never been on a mission before.

    CARLA
    There’s never been a mission that decided the future of my station before.

    DOJAR
    Your station?

    CARLA
    Let’s not mince words. It’s as good as mine.

    DOJAR
    I think the Centrists might have something to say about that.

Carla smiles.

    DOJAR (CONT’D) (CONT’D)
    Whether it’s your station or not it’s Captain Cross’s mission. I hope you intend to respect that.

    CARLA
    As much as it pains me to say it... if anyone can get away with this... he can. I’m just here to watch.

    DOJAR
    I don’t think so. Do you remember your zero gravity training from the Academy?

Beat. Carla looks sickened, worried as the camera quickly turns around, where we quickly close in on the tail end of Cross and MacGregor’s conversation.

During the course of their dialogue the camera has gradually pulled around and we see MacGregor talking to Cross in the background, as Carla and Dojar part, the camera closes in on Cross and MacGregor as we catch the tail end of their conversation.
MACGREGOR
It wouldn’t be difficult, Captain, believe me.

CROSS
It’s not the difficulty that concerns me, Kieran, it’s the risk. If anyone picks up those transmissions…

MACGREGOR
I can mask them. Starfleet won’t be looking for signals from around here; they’ll be focusing on the Cyclops Array. This is our chance!

Cross sighs.

CROSS
I’m not happy about you doing this on your own… MacGregor sighs and gives Cross an unhappy glare. …but you’re right. This is a perfect opportunity.

MacGregor perks up slightly.

CROSS (CONT'D)
If you think you can do it then do so but don’t take any unnecessary risks. If something you do leads to them discovering us I will not be happy. In fact I’ll probably be dead. And I’m not happy when I’m dead.

MACGREGOR
Sounds reasonable.

Beat as Cross looks at him, almost judging his ability.

CROSS
If anyone finds out what you’re doing, don’t say anything until I get back. (worried sigh) I don’t want you getting in any more trouble then you have to.

MACGREGOR
(slightly too seriously)
Understood.

Cross outstretches his hand.

CROSS
Good luck, Kieran.

MacGregor accepts it and gives it a firm shake.
MACGREGOR
You too, Captain.

Cross nods, and turns to leave, before walking back down the corridor, but before he can round the corner...

MACGREGOR (CONT'D)
Oh, and Captain?

Cross stops in his tracks and turns around.

MACGREGOR (CONT'D)
Don’t forget your glass slipper...
Cross smiles.

EXT. SPACE - ASTEROID FIELD

Close on the Hangar Doors as they slowly open to their full width. It is too dark to see inside, but after a moment or two we slowly begin to see movement from inside the hangar and the RUBICON makes a graceful entrance before heading off into the asteroid field.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE

Wide shot of a large-ish cockpit, that might as well be considered a Bridge from the size of it. Sat at the various stations we see Carla, Dojar and FOUR N/D SECURITY OFFICERS, before finally the rear doors open and Cross enters.

SECURITY OFFICER 1
Captain on the Bridge.

Cross half smiles as he walks towards the front of the Bridge. When he reaches the viewscreen he turns to face his crew.

CROSS
As you were.
(beat)
I don’t have to stress to any of you just how vital this mission is to the future of this movement.

We cut between the faces of the rest of the crew, all united, all as one. Even Carla.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Probably best not to mess it up.

Smiles from the odd security guard as Cross seats himself at his station.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Dojar, set a course for the Cyclops Array. Best possible speed.
DOJAR
Aye, Captain.

Carla smiles as she watches the stars distort into the blur that is warp drive engulfs them

EXT. SPACE

The Leviathan hangs in space.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Joel walks on to the Bridge, the atmosphere is quite obviously tense.

TACTICAL OFFICER
Captain, we’re getting reports from one of our reconnaissance crafts that the Rubicon just entered the region.

JOEL
(nods)
Tell them to drop back, Lieutenant.

She hits a control on her command chair.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Joel to Thor’s Hammer, you have permission to begin your run.

COMM. VOICE
Aye, Captain.

JOEL
Good luck, Lieutenant.

COMM. VOICE
Thank you, Captain. Guer out.

Joel ends the transmission.

EXT. SPACE

The Rubicon flies towards the camera, as in the background a small RECONNAISSANCE CRAFT jumps out of warp and flies towards the camera in pursuit.

As both ships fly past the camera we quickly pan around to follow them as they decrease speed and enter the shadow of a large structure that we recognise as the CYCLOPS ARRAY.

INT. RUBICON -- BRIDGE

The crew are basked in the familiar crimson of red alert light which fills the Bridge.
CARLA
One reconnaissance craft? Is that all they’ve got to throw at us?

CROSS
No. They’re hiding. Waiting to see what we do next. We haven’t destroyed one of their ships yet.

CARLA
That’s open to debate.

Cross glares back at her.

CROSS
Quiet.
(to Dojar)
Any other ships on sensors yet?

DOJAR
None that I’m detect—
(beat)
Wait a minute. I’m detecting two Scimitar classes on the outskirts of the sector, but they’re still ten minutes away at maximum warp.

CROSS
No sign of the Leviathan.

DOJAR
Not yet.

CARLA
If only she was away on another assignment. Any sign of any slip tunnels?

DOJAR
Negative.

A beat, then Dojar looks up at the screen.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
The vessel’s hailing us, Captain. It’s no match for us. We should destroy it.

CROSS
Negative. As far as we know someone could want to join our fight. Open a channel.

DOJAR
Or they could be trying to buy time.
CROSS
Open a channel.

Dojar looks frustrated at the screen before tapping some keys on his console moments later and the face of LAWRENCE GUER appears on the screen.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Guer.

GUER
It’s nice to see you too, Captain. It’s been a while and all that.

CROSS
How about we skip the pleasantries and get down to business? Don’t suppose you’re here to join our side of the fight?

GUER
Afraid not. Some of us have this little thing called loyalty we have to contend with.

CROSS
This isn’t anything to do with loyalty.

GUER
Perhaps you’d care to enlighten me what it’s all about then? I don’t seem to recall you handing out a manifesto other than destroying most of San Francisco.

Beat pause.

CROSS
If you really believe that we were responsible for that then Starfleet really has got everyone’s head stuck under a blanket.

(pointedly)
Look at the sensor logs of the ships that attacked us... then you’ll see the truth.

CARLA
That’s if they haven’t been deleted already.

Cross half shrugs in agreement.

GUER
I’m not here to take a statement, Captain.
Then perhaps you’d care to enlighten me what are your orders?

I’m not at liberty to discuss that with you.

Do you even have any?

Of course I do.

Do they involve doing anything that you couldn’t do at the other end of the system?

Don’t you see what they’re doing, Guer? Don’t you think it’s a coincidence that one of my ex-senior officers is the man piloting the only Centrist ship in weapons range? They’re testing me, Guer. They want to know how far I’m willing to go and I’m afraid that if you don’t take that ship back to wherever it is you’ve come from I’m going to blow you out of the sky.

Then I guess we fight.

You’re no match for us, Guer. Get out while you still can.

Beat as Guer looks into the eyes of his former captain.

It was a pleasure serving with you, Captain.

With that he ends the transmission.

Shit! Simpson, target only his engines, I don’t want to kill him unless we have to.

Aye, Captain.
He works at his station.

EXT. SPACE

The Rubicon swings around as Thor’s Hammer begins its run by scoring a direct hit to the Rubicon’s impulse engine.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE

The explosion is barely felt by the crew.

    CROSS
    Status?

    CARLA
    Minor damage to the impulse engine. And when I say minor I mean he barely scorched the paint work.

    CROSS
    Excellent. Simpson, return fire.

Simpson works at his console.

EXT. SPACE

The Rubicon scores a successful hit on Thor’s Hammer’s engines, causing it to noticeably slow down.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE

As before.

    CROSS
    Target his weapons array.

EXT. SPACE

Thor’s Hammer fires another shot back at the Rubicon’s engines as it comes into range once again, but it is its last as the Rubicon scores a direct hit to Guer’s weapons array.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE

As before.

    CROSS
    Good work. What’s his status?

    CARLA
    Engines at twenty percent, weapons offline. We can head over to the Array.

    CROSS
    Agreed. Dojar, take us to within 800 metres of the Array and hold.
EXT. SPACE

The Rubicon moves away from the crippled Thor’s Hammer and towards the Cyclops Array, where it takes position near its main body, as opposed to the spherical objects at the end of the arms.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE

Cross and the three security guards are at the beginning of the process of donning space suits, Carla is walking towards the transporter pad.

CROSS
(to Carla)
Don’t make me regret sending you in to do this. Delete Epsilon’s location, then start retrieving anything else if we have time. Understood?

CARLA
I’ll get the job done.

She turns her back on him and begins working at the transporter console, Cross sighs and marches over to her and grabs her by the arm, he pulls her around to face him.

CROSS
That’s not what I asked. Do you understand me, Carla?

A beat as Carla looks angry at Cross and the security guards look on, almost in awe, at Cross’s treatment of Carla.

CARLA
(reluctantly)
I understand. You will too, as soon as we get back to Epsilon.

Beat as he loosens his grip on her arm, he doesn’t break eye contact however.

CROSS
(bemused)
Sounds kinky.

Carla gives him another angry, frustrated glare and turns around to finish her work on the transporter console. Cross, with a grin on his face, returns to getting suited up on the other side of the Bridge.

CARLA
Mark my words, Cross. I’m going to make your life a living hell!
Cross shakes his head as he pulls on another part of his space suit.

Carla taps a final set of keys on the transporter console before jumping on to the pad and disappearing in the familiar glow of the transporter effect.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Close on the tactical station before pulling up and out to see Joel stood beside the Tactical Officer, avidly watching every move.

   TACTICAL OFFICER
   Thor’s Hammer has been disabled, Captain.

   JOEL
   So much for Admiral Delfune’s little test. Life signs?

   TACTICAL OFFICER
   One, stable. He’s okay.

   JOEL
   For now. What’s the Rubicon doing now?

   TACTICAL OFFICER
   They’re holding position. I’m detecting a transporter beam directed inside the Array.

Joel nods and hits a control on the station.

   JOEL
   Engineering, I want to go straight to slipstream on my command.

   KINNAN’S COMM. VOICE
   Aye, Captain.

She hits the button again before looking up at the Tactical Officer.

   JOEL
   I want to know if a pin drops on that station, understood?

   TACTICAL OFFICER
   Understood.

As he finishes speaking we hear a beeping noise. Joel looks back to him.

   JOEL
   What’s that?
TACTICAL OFFICER
I’m detecting a transporter beam directed at the exterior of the Array.

Joel frowns.

JOEL
Cross?

TACTICAL OFFICER
I’m detecting four life signs... and traces of explosives.

JOEL
The man doesn’t know when to quit does he? Send a message to Starfleet Command, priority one.

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

Spin around from a view of the stars to a tight shot of the copper colored hull that makes up the Cyclops Array. A moment later we see a boot covered foot set down right in front of the camera before we pull out to see Cross in full EVA gear marching along the hull.

DOJAR’S COMM. VOICE
Dojar to Cross, I’m detecting multiple slip tunnels forming not far from the Array.

CROSS
Acknowledged. Stay close to the Array like we talked about.

DOJAR’S COMM. VOICE
Will do. Good luck.

Pull out to reveal three security guards, all holding on to Starfleet carry cases, behind Cross, who is also holding one.

CROSS
I don’t know how much time we’re going to have so we’d better make this quick. You all know what you have to do.

They all nod and as we pull out to follow them slowly stomping off in different direction we see a slipstream tunnel beginning to form in the background...

INT. CYCLOPS ARRAY

A cold looking metal platform surrounded by circuitry, looking out into the five different shafts that give the Array its distinctive shape.
Carla is stood in the middle of the platform working at a console. We close in on the console as she searches through sensor logs, deleting each one as she goes.

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

As the slip tunnel continues to form behind him Cross reaches a point where one of the shafts joins the central point of the array. He puts the case down on the hull and begins to unlock it.

Various shots around the hull of the array as the rest of the security guards do the same, all on points where the shafts join the central part of the array.

EXT. SLIPSTREAM

The Leviathan shooting through slipstream.

INT. LEVIATHAN - JOEL’S READY ROOM

JOEL is on the comm. to DELFUNE.

JOEL
...disabled our vessel.

DELFUNE
(controlling herself with dignity)
Captain Joel, despite what you may think, your priority is not the capture of Cross, but the preservation of Cyclops. It must not be, under any circumstances, destroyed. You know as well as I do how important it is.

JOEL
And if Cross wants to blow it up?

DELFUNE
You know as well as I do that he doesn’t.

JOEL
We cannot be sure.

DELFUNE
No, but what we can be sure is if you go in there all guns blazing Cyclops stands a good chance of serious damage. If nothing else, Cross will do it just to piss us off. You must not engage.

JOEL
Not even their shuttle?
Cladestinely, out of Delfune's eyeshot, she grabs a PADD and quickly taps a message in, as she speaks.

JOEL (CONT'D)
So what's the point of us being there at all.

DELFUNE
I don't appreciate facetiousness, Captain.

JOEL
And I don't appreciate being a lame duck Captain.

DELFUNE
You will follow orders.

JOEL
Admiral, Cross is a bigger danger. If he's not stopped now it won't just be Cyclops that will be damaged. Admiral? Admiral!

The picture has begun to break up.

DELFUNE
(static gets worse and worse)
...is too, there's no way you... Cross' threat.

JOEL
Admiral, you're breaking up. Am I to understand engagement is a last resort?

DELFUNE
(worse still)
...you... in the...engagement...array.

The picture vanishes completely, replaced by a "Connection lost" sign. Joel looks.

JOEL
(dryly)
That's a shame.
(she taps her comm. badge)
Joel to Simmons.
TACTICAL OFFICER’S COMM VOICE
Captain?

JOEL (CONT'D)
We lost the Admiral.

TACTICAL OFFICER’S COMM VOICE
How odd.

JOEL
Yes. Her final orders were not entirely clear, but I believe we are allowed to engage as a last resort.

TACTICAL OFFICER’S COMM VOICE
Aye, Captain.

Joel nods, and gets up. As she walks out, we see the message she typed on her padd: "Lose the signal. NOW".

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

JOEL enters.

JOEL
ETA?

HELM OFFICER
Forty-five seconds, Captain.

Joel gives a frustrated sigh.

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

EXT. CYCLOPS ARRAY

Rubicon in foreground.

INT. CYCLOPS ARRAY

CROSS is still working when his comm. badge chirps.

DOJAR’S COMM VOICE
Dojar to Cross, we’re about to have company.

CROSS
Let me guess. Long, ugly with the letter L in her name.

DOJAR’S COMM VOICE
Yes, Captain, and she’s brought the Leviathan along with her. They’re about to drop out of slipstream.
CROSS
Use the array to shield yourself,
Lieutenant, they won't risk damaging
her.

DOJAR’S COMM VOICE
Aye, sir.

EXT. CYCLOPS ARRAY
The RUBICON maneuvers.

INT. RUBICON BRIDGE
DOJAR marches across.

DOJAR
We might want to start those
transporter inhibitors sometime around
now. We don’t want any nasty
surprises.

SUPERNUMERARY
Aye, sir.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE
Joel’s stood in the center of the Bridge staring at the
viewscreen.

TACTICAL OFFICER
With the type of explosive they're
using, I estimate it would take five
charges to take out the array. It
looks like two out of the charges
are in place already, Captain.

JOEL
Can we get a transporter lock on
them yet?

TACTICAL OFFICER
Negative, they have transporter
inhibitors in place.

JOEL
I’m not going to let this mission
turn into another failure. Tactical,
target one of the inhibitors and
fire a phaser shot at it.

TACTICAL OFFICER
But Captain, the Array!
JOEL
Isn’t going to survive one way or
the other. Target an inhibitor and
fire!

TACTICAL OFFICER
Aye, Captain.

He works at his console.

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

Wide shot as one of the security guards works beside him we

can see a Transporter Inhibitor which is pulsing with a blue

light.

In the background we see the Leviathan approaching the station

before she fires at the Inhibitor and it is blown off into

space.

The security guard frantically works at his charge, which

also begins to glow a blue-ish colour before he, and the

charge are beamed away Swing around to see Cross in the

distance as he sees the guard being beamed away.

CROSS
Dojar, we just lost a security guard!

DOJAR’S COMM. VOICE
My readings indicate that you would

now be inside a hole in the inhibitor

grid had that inhibitor not been

relocated.

Beat.

CROSS
Thanks. Can we still take this thing

out with only four charges?

DOJAR’S COMM. VOICE
It’s still possible.

CROSS
Good. Cross to Simpson, how’s it

coming Ensign?

SIMPSON’S COMM. VOICE
I’ve planted my first charge, on my

way to plant the second.

CROSS
Good. I’m done here, I’m going to

help Carla finish up inside.

SIMPSON’S COMM. VOICE
Understood.
CROSS
Dojar, I’m deactivating this inhibitor for one transporter cycle are you ready?

Nothing for a beat.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Dojar?

Cross frowns and turns around to look into space for the Rubicon... only to see it moving dangerously close to the array.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE
Close on Dojar as he convulses on the floor besides the helm console.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
Dojar!

From this we...

SMASH CUT OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Wide shot of the Cyclops Array as the Rubicon heads dangerously close to it. After a moment or so the Leviathan flies past in the foreground.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Joel stands watching the viewscreen as the Rubicon flies towards the Array.

JOEL
What the hell is he playing at?
(beat)
Target the Array again!

TACTICAL OFFICER
Captain, we’ve already damaged some of the array’s data storage systems.

Joel grimaces before looking to the screen.

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

As before.

CROSS
(shouts)
Cross to Dojar... can you hear me?
(beat)
Dojar!

The shuttle grows ever nearer, as the two remaining security guards look on in the background.

CARLA’S COMM. VOICE
What the hell’s going on up there, Captain?

CROSS
Nothing you need to concern yourself with, get on with your work.

CARLA’S COMM. VOICE
Don’t you treat me like some... Cross slams what could be considered to be a mute button, before beginning to considering his options. He looks from the shuttle to the array to space... to the Leviathan. He grits his teeth before calmly, one last time...
CROSS
(calmly)
Cross to Dojar. Respond.

Still nothing. He sighs.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Cross to Joel. We have a little bit of a problem down here, I don’t suppose you’d care to help us out?

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Joel is all smiles as she looks at the image of the Rubicon approaching Cyclops on the viewscreen.

JOEL
Not especially.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
(faking acceptance)
Well, we all have to die some time. I guess we’re gonna blow up this damn Array one way or another.

Beat as Joel edges towards the screen.

JOEL
You really expect me to believe that you’ve lost control of that shuttle?

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
I don’t have time to explain, Erika.

Joel laughs.

JOEL
Oh, Cross, you’ve made my day. Surrender, unconditionally, and you’ve got yourself a deal.

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

Cross, looking over to the Leviathan.

CROSS
I don’t think so. If you loose this array you lose any way of tracking us and more importantly you’ll lose me. You won’t have anything left to track.

JOEL’S COMM. VOICE
There won’t be a rebellion left to track without you.
CROSS
Won’t there?

Beat.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Joel looks frustrated, quickly considering her options.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
Tick tock, Erika, the clock is ticking.

Angered by this last remark Joel walks as close as she can get to the viewscreen and still see the stricken shuttle.

JOEL
You really expect me to believe you Cross? That all of this isn’t some kind of ploy?

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
(tense)
I don’t expect you to believe anything, but if you’re going to help me it has to be now!

Joel shakes her head and waves her hand at the Tactical Officer, indicating for audio to be cut.

JOEL
(to Helm)
Bring us in to tractor range.
(to Tactical)
Get ready to lock on to the Rubicon with a tractor beam.

TACTICAL OFFICER
What then, Captain?

A beat.

JOEL
We wait until they run out of oxygen.

She sighs.

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

As Cross watches the Leviathan majestically sweeps in towards the array and effortlessly pulls the Rubicon out of harms way. Cross breathes a sigh of relief.

SIMPSON’S COMM. VOICE
Now what, Captain?

Beat.
CROSS
Now we hope Dojar gets back in control of that shuttle before we run out of oxygen.
(beat)
Finish setting up the charges.

SIMPSON’S COMM. VOICE
Aye, Sir.

CROSS
Cross to Dojar, do you read?

He looks up towards the Rubicon.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE

Though Dojar is still on the floor he is no longer convulsing, he’s motionless and it looks almost as if he is asleep.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
Dojar, do you read me?

As we watch Dojar slowly begins to stare and pulls himself upwards.

DOJAR
(weakly)
I read you, Captain.

He begins to get accustomed to his surroundings once again.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
It’s good to hear your voice. Is everything okay up there?

DOJAR
For now.
(beat)
Except the Leviathan has me in a tractor beam.

CROSS’S COMM. VOICE
There is that. Anything you think you can do about it?

DOJAR
One moment.

He begins working at his console.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

As before.
JOEL
Take us to the edge of the system, I
don’t want anything getting in the
way of...

TACTICAL OFFICER
Captain, I’m detecting a tetryon
pulse through our tractor beam! It’s
overloading our EPS grid!

Joel is speechless, looking uncontrollably outraged at the
viewscreen.

EXT. SPACE – CYCLOPS ARRAY

Cross watches as a PURPLE PULSE works its way down the
Leviathan’s destabilizing tractor beam as the Rubicon
continues to be pulled along.

INT. RUBICON – BRIDGE

Dojar continues to work at the console.

INT. LEVIATHAN – BRIDGE

As before.

JOEL
Divert all power to the tractor beam
I don’t want them breaking loose.

OPS OFFICER
Captain! I don’t think...

JOEL
I don’t care what you think,
Commander, just do it!

OPS OFFICER
(disconcertedly)
Aye, Sir.

Joel looks wide eyed at the screen.

EXT. SPACE – CYCLOPS ARRAY

The tractor beam continues to destabilize as Cross continues
to watch.

CROSS
Great work, Dojar. Can you beam me
inside the Array yet?

Beat.

DOJAR
Affirmative, stand by.
As we watch Cross dematerializes in the transporter effect, whilst in the background the Leviathan’s struggling tractor beam finally gives in and completely destabilizes leaving the Rubicon to fly back towards the Cyclops Array.

INT. CYCLOPS ARRAY

Carla is still working at the console, but this time she is transferring data to a large storage device. She looks tense, not fully aware of the situation around her.

As she works, Cross beams in beside her and Carla turns to face him, though she still continues to work on the data beside her.

    CARLA
    What the hell just happened up there?

    CROSS
    It doesn’t matter, I’ll tell you later. Besides, we just bought ourselves our free ticket out of here.

Carla looks to object, but Cross cuts her off before she can begin to speak.

    CROSS (CONT'D)
    How’s this going?

    CARLA
    I’ve got eighty percent of our data, but six percent of it was damaged when the Leviathan attacked.

    CROSS
    It could have been worse.

    CARLA
    For once we agree on something.

    CROSS
    As soon as this is done I want you to beam back to the Rubicon. I have something to do first.

Cross walks over towards a console on the other side of the platform.

    CARLA
    That wasn’t in the mission briefing.

    CROSS
    I know.

    CARLA
    What happened to prioritizing.
CROSS
(firmly)
I am. Now as soon as you’re done, get out.

Carla grunts in acknowledgement as Cross begins to work at his own console. After making some adjustments, he begins typing a text message onto the screen...

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

As one of the two remaining security guards continues to work on rigging the last explosive.

In the background the Leviathan begins to drift out of control.

INT. LEVIATHAN - BRIDGE

Emergency lighting fills the Bridge as Joel stands over the Ops station.

JOEL
How long until we can get full power back?

OPS OFFICER
Four, maybe five hours.

Joel grits her teeth.

JOEL
(clutching at straws almost)
What about minimum power, just so we can go after them?

OPS OFFICER
Two, minimum.

JOEL
(frustrated)
That’s not good enough damn it!

She hits the wall next to the console.

A beat, as she calms herself, but it is quite obvious that she is still kicking herself about what’s happened.

JOEL (CONT'D)
I don’t care what happens, but I want those warp engines... She points at the image of them on the wall display. ...working before Cross makes a move out of here. Do we have an understanding?
The Ops Officer looks skeptical but obviously has no other choice.

OPS OFFICER
We’ll work as hard as we can for you, Captain.

JOEL
Thank you, Commander.

The Ops Officer nods and gets to work at her console as Joel begins walking back to her command chair, before changing her mind and heading off into her Ready Room.

INT. LEVIATHAN - READY ROOM

Just as dark as the Bridge, Joel enters, silhouetted in the doorway against the light from the Bridge.

She walks over to her desk and takes a seat, look down at the chip in the glass from her previous encounter with Cross and sighs, running her hand along the cracks.

As she does so she cuts her hand on it, and quickly pulls it back. She holds it up into the light of the star filled window to see blood slowly trickling down it. In the background the Cyclops Array stands tall.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE

Close on the transporter pad as Cross beams back aboard. Carla is already on board as are the two remaining security guards.

Carla is stood beside the helm control, hands on her hips, shouting down at Dojar. Dojar is apparently not bothered by this and continues to work at his console, responding relatively normally... when he gets a chance.

CARLA
I’m in charge here, Cardassian! You owe me an explanation! You could have got me killed!

DOJAR
I owe you nothing.

CARLA
Oh really? You won’t mind not coming back to my space station then?

Dojar shrugs.

CROSS
That’s enough! We don’t have time for this. Dojar.
He indicates for Dojar to leave the helm and Cross takes his place.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Take your stations and brace for impact.

Everyone does as they’re told.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(to Simpson)
Prepare to detonate charges on my command.

SIMPSON
Aye, Sir.

CROSS
Setting a course for Epsilon.

CARLA
What about our warp trail?

CROSS
When was the last time you saw someone following a warp trail?

Carla shrugs in agreement.

CROSS (CONT'D)
I’m bringing us around to the far side of the Array the explosion will mask the trail providing we go to warp as the charges detonate.

CARLA
They should really find another way of following ships.

Cross smiles as he works at the console.

EXT. SPACE

The Rubicon gracefully maneuvers around the Cyclops Array as the Leviathan drifts away from them in the background.

INT. LEVIATHAN - READY ROOM

Clenching her cut hand with a tissue, Joel helplessly looks out of the window to where the Rubicon is moving away around the back of the Cyclops Array, which is now resting at a distinctly strange angle due to the way the Leviathan is drifting.

INT. RUBICON - BRIDGE

As before.
CROSS
Detonate charges in three... two... one.

He works at his console as Simpson works at his.

Carla looks out to the Cyclops Array where we see four small explosions light up the night before it blurs away into a warp effect.

EXT. SPACE - CYCLOPS ARRAY

From those four small explosions comes four larger explosions, followed by four more that are larger still until the Cyclops Array is engulfed in huge explosions as the different segments of it separate and drift off into space, exploding as they go.

INT. LEVIATHAN - READY ROOM

Joel is on her knees watching the explosion, as the Leviathan has moved to such an angle that she can no longer completely see the Array.

Nevertheless, the explosions she can see still illuminate her face and the room.

EXT. SPACE

A wide shot as the remaining larger parts of the Cyclops Array finally explode, leaving the area cluttered with debris, while the Leviathan silently turns about her axis in the background...

EXT. SPACE

The Rubicon at warp.

INT. RUBICON - CAPTAIN’S CABIN

Cross and Dojar are seated in a notably more cramped Captain’s Cabin it is littered with various supplies and doesn’t appear to be in regular use as the Captain’s Quarters.

INT. RUBICON - CAPTAIN’S CABIN

(heatedly)

CROSS
If this is about what Carla said...

DOJAR
No, Captain, but it did make me realize what I had to do. This is the right decision for me.

I am impatient with people, and you and I both know the reason. This isn’t my place now, I’m not playing the role I
should be. This isn’t my life any more. Not until… He tails off.

    CROSS
    Are you sure?

Dojar nods.

    DOJAR
    I need to know. And I can’t find out here.

Beat.

    CROSS
    Gril, we will find out what happened to Y’lan. We will find them.

Dojar shakes his head.

    DOJAR
    You don’t know that.

    CROSS (firmly)
    I do.

Dojar looks at him, and then slowly nods.

    CROSS (CONT'D)
    (quietly)
    I just don’t know how long it will take.

    DOJAR
    That’s the thing. I need to know now. I need to find him, not in the physical world but here
    (he taps his head) and here.
    (he taps his heart) If he’s dead, I have to find that out, and if he’s alive… I can help him. I can find him.

    CROSS
    Where will you go?

    DOJAR
    I don’t know. Somewhere quiet, peaceful. Away.

    CROSS
    Why don’t you return to the monastery?
DOJAR
(shakes head)
I’m known there. I would be endangering the monks. Besides, they have already done as much as they are able. This is beyond their understanding.

CROSS
The galaxy is a dangerous place at the moment Gril.

DOJAR
I will be okay.

Cross nods.

CROSS
I believe you will.

He stands up and offers his hand.

CROSS (CONT'D)
We’ll miss you. I’ll miss you.

Dojar, uncertainly, takes his hand.

DOJAR
As I will you.

There is an awkward pause.

DOJAR (CONT'D)
But I will come back. Yes, one day, I will come back.

CROSS
Good luck.

DOJAR
And the same to you.

Their hand shake ends, firmly, more positively.

Suddenly a comm. chirps.

COMM VOICE
Captain, we’re approaching Epsilon.

CROSS
We’re on our way.

EXT. EPSILON

The RUBICON returns home.
INT. EPSILON CORRIDOR

Later on. CROSS and MACGREGOR watch as a shuttle warps away.

MACGREGOR

There he goes.

CROSS

Yep.

He turns and begins to walk away. Macgregor hesitates, and then follows.

MACGREGOR

So, did we win?

CROSS

You tell me. You got your message out, and so did I. We have new people coming. The Coalition Charter will be signed soon.

MACGREGOR

But we lost Harry.

A grim pause.

MACGREGOR

The good of the many, outweighing the good of the few?

CROSS

(shakes his head)

No. Every life lost is a victory to them. But our job is to make sure those victories are small.

MACGREGOR

Can we do it, Captain? Can we really?

CROSS

We have almost every world allied to Starfleet against us. The entire Alpha and Beta quadrants are out for our blood, we have practically no weapons or ships, and we’re hiding out on this less than salubrious wreck of a station.

(beat)

They don’t have a hope in hell.

He smiles, as does Macgregor.
Suddenly, a red alert klaxon cuts him off, followed by the red alert lights, or at least the ones that are working, in the corridor they are standing in bathing both men in the familiar crimson glow.

MACGREGOR
The Leviathan! They must have followed you!

CROSS
(confused)
Let’s go and find out.

They head off down the corridor.

INT. EPSILON - COMMAND CENTER

As Cross and MacGregor enter we see some crew members looking up towards the viewscreen, whilst others look up through some giant windows that cover the roof of the Command Center. Very few are actually working at their stations.

Carla is one of the few. Cross walks over to her.

CROSS
What’s happening?

She points at the windows and Cross looks up to see a familiar green color covering much of the window. He turns to look at the viewscreen where a ROMULAN WARBIRD sits just off Epsilon’s docking ring.

CARLA
We’re bringing weapons online and preparing to launch an attack fleet.

Beat.

CROSS
Hail them.

CARLA
What?

CROSS
If they wanted to attack us they’d have done that by now. They’re obviously here for a reason.

CARLA
Fine, but I’m not calling off the attack fleet just yet.

Cross nods in agreement.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Butler, hail the Romulans.
RENAISSANCE: "Flashpoint, Part II" - ACT FIVE

BUTLER
Aye, Sir.

There’s a long beat as Cross stares intently at the viewscreen, almost willing it to do what he wants.

BUTLER (CONT'D)
They’re responding. I’m putting it on monitors.

At first there is only static... but it slowly fades into the silhouette of someone looking down at them.

Cut to Cross’s reaction as his concerned face turns into a smile.

CROSS
Talora.

Cut behind him to see TALORA, in full Romulan uniform, smiling back at him.

TALORA
It’s good to see your face, Captain.

As Cross continues to smile, we slowly

MIX TO:

EXT. SPACE

We pan across the stars as the sound of people talking slowly fades in. Mixed amongst it all is a notable computer signal, sounding much like Morse code, only not.

EXT. STARFLEET COMMAND -- LISBON

Starfleet Command, set amongst the Portuguese countryside.

INT. STARFLEET COMMAND - OPERATIONS CENTER

Pan across various consoles, some with people working on them some not. Suddenly, the image on them is broken up and something else appears on the screen.

Pan across the faces of baffled Starfleeters working at the consoles as more and more officers stop in their tracks and look at the message.

EXT. BAJOR - MARKET PLACE

Pan across more crowds of people looking at a large display screen, though we are still unable to see what is being displayed on them.
EXT. VULCAN - ACADEMY

Once again we pan across yet more puzzled faces as the Vulcans receive similar interference.

EXT. CARDASSIA - RESTAURANT

Pan across a group of Cardassians looking at something on a small console in the center of a table.

INT. DOJAR’S SHUTTLE

As Dojar pilots through warp, he looks down... and actually laughs at something on his readout, as he voyages off into his own adventure.

INT. LEVIATHAN - READY ROOM

Joel, now in a fully lit Ready Room, sits looking at a screen on her desk.

As she stands up and leaves the camera pans around to reveal a message on the console. It reads:

IT’S AFTER MIDNIGHT.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR GLASS SLIPPER IS?

From this, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END