

**STAR TREK: RENAISSANCE**

**"Chasing the Dragon"**

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE SNOWY WASTELAND

The snow swirls in the biting wind. It is desolate.

SUPER: "Rura Penthe, Klingon Penal Colony"

INT. RURA PENTHE -- BUNK ROOM

In the bowels of the prison, the sleeping quarters. Little have changed since "Star Trek 6" -- it has the same atmosphere of misery and violence. A Klingon guard walks along, checking the inhabitants are sleeping.

GUARD

Get to sleep!

He moves on. In one corner we see a small group, huddled together. There is a Bolian, REINE, an Andorian, GREL, a human, MAC, and a Klingon, LIZST. They watch as the Klingon guard walks away, then turn to each other.

REINE

This is it. You all know your jobs?

GREL

We've been through it a hundred times, Reine.

Reine grabs Grel and twists his ear savagely.

REINE

I know, Grel, and I don't care. We have one chance of this, and I don't intend to screw it up, capiche?

GREL

Capiche.

REINE

Good boy. Lizst, Mac, you take guard out.

They nod. Lizst and Mac make their way to two separate bunks. Lizst lies down and starts to moan.

LIZST

Ohhh, my leg...

In the background, Reine and Grel make their way to the entrance of the area, hidden by the shadows. The Klingon guard, alerted by the noise, draws his weapon and approaches Lizst's bunk cautiously.

GUARD

What is it?

LIZST

My leg. It has an infection.

The guard looks at him disgustedly.

GUARD

You can wait until the morning.

LIZST

No!

Amazed at his impudence, the guard turns to strike him with the butt of his rifle. Mac looms out of the shadows, snatches the rifle on the rebound, turns it quickly and shoots the guard, who goes flying. Lizst quickly sits up.

LIZST (CONT'D)

You could have caught him before he hit me.

MAC

I thought you Klingons enjoy pain.

LIZST

Only in mating rituals. Let's go.

We hear shouts in the distance. Mac tosses Lizst a pair of goggles and puts another pair on himself, before they huddle down in the corner by the door -- Reine and Grel are nowhere to be seen anymore. Beyond the sleeping area we see shadows of Klingon guards approaching and shouting.

LIZST (CONT'D)

Come on Reine, come on.

Phaser bolts shoot out by their face, just as the lights suddenly go out.

MAC

Now!

The whole area is suddenly lit up with phaser shots. Sounds of Klingon howls of anguish as guards are shot.

INT. RURA PENTHE -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

MAC'S POV

We see through Mac's goggles, which are night vision. He and Lizst are cutting a swathe through the guards, heading for a small doorway in a corner. One Klingon manages to jump on Mac, but we hear a sickening crack, and the Klingon drops to the floor, dead. As they near the door, it opens...

NORMAL VIEW

The light from the door illuminates the area. Inside are Reine and Grel.

GREL

Going up?

MAC

Get out of the way!

They dive in and the door closes behind them.

INT. RURA PENTHE -- LIFT -- CONTINUOUS

Lizst and Mac take off their goggles.

LIZST

Good work.

REINE

Don't thank me, thank Mac's mysterious informers. How'd they know so much about this place, Mac?

MAC

They wouldn't say. They just flapped their tentacles and said it was imperative I escaped.

LIZST

You? I thought they said we?

Mac looks at them.

MAC

Sorry, it's a single-person ticket. Didn't I mention? Thanks for the help getting here...

He thrusts his rifle into their hands and taps a button. He disappears in a transporter beam as the other three look at the rifle, suddenly aware it's bleeping.

INT. RURA PENTHE -- LIFT SHAFT

The lift explodes, and a huge fireball erupts... We follow the ball up through the shaft, out into the open wasteland, and the camera continues on through the atmosphere into space...

EXT. SPACE

A small craft hangs in orbit or Rura Penthe. We see the fireball far below.

CUT TO:

INT. DYSON CRAFT

Mac materializes in it. He hurries over to the helm, as the comm chirps. A fluidic oscillating voice comes through.

VOICE

Are you free?

MAC

I am.

VOICE

Then our deal is at an end. You won't hear from us again.

MAC

Suits me. Mac out.

He presses a comm.

MAC (CONT'D)

And now to go and visit an old friend... Computer, access Starfleet databanks. Find me all references to one Jennifer Elise Quinlan...

COMPUTER VOICE

Searching.

MAC

Time to clear up some unfinished business...

He smiles darkly as we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. QUINLAN'S APARTMENT -- PRESENT

The sun shines through a window, illuminating the mess of the main room. Clothes lie strewn everywhere, there are plates of food lying half eaten on the floor, and there is a general air of dirt and decay. The camera pans round softly until we hear a heaving behind a sofa. For a moment we wait, and then we see a hand pulling herself up. It's QUINLAN, looking very rough. She looks blearily around. She has been dreaming. She winces as she looks towards the light, shielding her hands from it, before pulling herself up. She staggers through to the bathroom, where she throws up in the sink... only to find last night's vomit still there. She looks at herself in the mirror.

QUINLAN

Jesus... And that's when I knew I  
needed help...

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- SMALL CONSERVATORY

Another brightly filled room, flooded with sun light. Outside, we can see a shimmering lake, surrounded on three sides by tall coniferous trees. To the other side, a large white mansionesque house sits grandly. In the conservatory a small group of people, QUINLAN amongst them, sit in a semicircle. At the head of it is DOCTOR ALVIN SUMMERS, a man of mid-thirties with a friendly face. All the people are listening to Quinlan's speech attentively.

QUINLAN

There's only so many times you can  
throw up in your own vomit before  
you begin to think maybe this isn't  
a life you want, you know?

A couple of the group nod sympathetically.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Drinking is -- was -- a big part of  
my life. In times of strife I knew  
I could make everything go away with  
it. It was the friend I could rely  
on when all my others abandoned me.  
It's only recently I've learnt that  
it's the friend that betrays you the  
most.

She looks at Summers, almost challengingly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC -- GROUNDS -- DAY

A little time later. It is evident the meeting has just come to an end, as people are filing out of the conservatory, Quinlan included.

SUMMERS

Jennifer!

Quinlan turns. Summers is hurrying to catch up with her. She stops as he approaches.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Let's go for a walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC -- LAKESIDE -- DAY

Summers and Quinlan walk round in the balmy afternoon heat.

SUMMERS

So what you said in the meeting today was interesting.

QUINLAN

Thank you.

SUMMERS

A crock of shit, but interesting nonetheless.

QUINLAN

Excuse me?

SUMMERS

Why did you come here?

QUINLAN

I want help with my drinking problem.

SUMMERS

No, that's what you told me when you checked in. I may look young, but I've seen people like you before. You have no intention of giving up, I can see it in your eyes.

QUINLAN

Oh, really?

SUMMERS

Yes, really. And so I want to know why you're here, wasting my and all the other staff's time. We don't appreciate time wasters.

Quinlan looks at him for a moment. Nothing's getting past him.

QUINLAN

I promised a friend I would give it a go.

SUMMERS

But you don't think it's necessary?

QUINLAN

No, I'm all right.

SUMMERS

You don't think you have a problem?

QUINLAN

I like a drink. Who doesn't?

SUMMERS

That's very true. I certainly enjoy it.

QUINLAN

Right.

SUMMERS

But sometimes we're not the best judges of what's right for ourselves.

QUINLAN

I am. I know I'm all right.

SUMMERS

Then why did your friend think otherwise?

QUINLAN

She's a doctor. You guys are all the same, jumpy. She worries about everything. I'm all right.

SUMMERS

That's the third time you've said that. Why are you so defensive if there's nothing to defend?

(beat)

Your initial blood tests are consistent with those of a heavy drinker.

QUINLAN

Look, I've been through some things recently.

SUMMERS

And we can help you work through those things.

QUINLAN

I doubt it.

SUMMERS

Talking is a better counselor than the bottom of a bottle.

QUINLAN

I appreciate what you're trying to do, I really do, I know it's your job. And if I did need help, of course, I would respond better. But I really don't think I need to be here.

SUMMERS

(softly)

Very few who check in do think they need help.

Quinlan looks at him, and shrugs.

QUINLAN

Besides, I don't respond well to being in an institution.

SUMMERS

You're not here to feel comfortable.

QUINLAN

Look, I just came here as a favor to a friend, and if needs be to get some general advice.

SUMMERS

Okay, I'll give it to you. Jennifer, we have to be blunt here, it's the only way to help. Your blood alcohol level when you came here was way over what it should be. Your liver is showing signs of cirrhosis. If you keep going on like this, very soon it's not going to matter what you do.

(beat)

I'm sorry to tell you like that. However, it's not bad news, it's not an irreversible situation.

QUINLAN

Isn't there some kind of drug or something you can give me?

SUMMERS

Looking after someone with a problem is not just about treating the physical dependencies, it's just as much about the psychological.

QUINLAN

Dependence? You mean addiction?

SUMMERS

We prefer the word dependence here.

QUINLAN

More shrink bullshit I guess.

SUMMERS

If you like to see it that way.

QUINLAN

Yes, well, I don't have an addiction anyway. It's just a habit I have, a way of relaxing. I can stop any time I like.

SUMMERS

Then why don't you?

QUINLAN

I don't want to. I like relaxing. I need to.

SUMMERS

Then you really are wasting our time, and I would ask you to leave as soon as possible.

(beat)

But if you do, think about those people who you sat with in the meeting today. You are a young, fit woman who is strong and healthy. Some of those people in there are your age, but have the bodies of sixty, seventy year olds because they left it too late. But they are still determined to change, to make the best of the time they have left. You might think you're being strong by walking away from here, but you're not. Those people in there are the ones with true courage. Remember -- asking for help is not a sign of weakness, it is a sign of strength.

He turns and begins to walk away. Quinlan frowns and looks out to the sea.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- RECEPTION AREA

Quinlan walks through it. The RECEPTION NURSE calls to her.

RECEPTION NURSE  
Miss Quinlan?

QUINLAN  
Yes?

RECEPTION NURSE  
There's a message from you.

QUINLAN  
Oh yes, that'll be my friend Lea.

RECEPTION NURSE  
I... don't think so. Here.

She hands her a PADD. Quinlan reads it.

QUINLAN  
"Dear Twister. Heard you were in a funny farm. Please call me. Devon." Well, isn't that charming?

She hands the PADD back to the nurse.

RECEPTION NURSE  
Is there a reply?

QUINLAN  
Yes, return to sender. Tell them there isn't anyone of that name here.

She walks off into...

INT. CLINIC -- DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

It's lunch time. The few tables have people sitting round it, chewing the cud. Quinlan collects her food from the buffet and sits on her own. A man watches her from a neighboring table before picking his tray up and going over to her.

MAN  
A beautiful woman sitting on her own is something I never like to see.

Quinlan rolls her eyes as the man sits opposite at her.

QUINLAN

Not interested.

MAN

Not interested in company? What are you, an anthropophobe?

QUINLAN

Excuse me?

MAN

Someone who's frightened of company.

QUINLAN

If I said yes, would you go away?

MAN

No, I'd stay as part of your treatment. I'm Charlie Wright. Please don't say "you're not wrong," I get that a lot.

He offers his hand. Quinlan takes it grudgingly.

QUINLAN

I'm Qui-- Jennifer.

WRIGHT

Qui-Jennifer? That's an interesting name.

QUINLAN

And what are you in for? Annoying people?

WRIGHT

Sexaholism. I just can't say no.

QUINLAN

You're kidding.

WRIGHT

Yes I am. But you were worried for a moment, I could see fear in your eyes.

QUINLAN

Oh, I think I could have handled you.

WRIGHT

Handled me?

QUINLAN

Wrong choice of words. Please piss off.

WRIGHT

And leave you all alone? I couldn't do that.

Quinlan has noticed that he is busy rearranging the vegetables in his salad until they're all in separate sections.

QUINLAN

Vegaphobia?

WRIGHT

Obsessive compulsive.

QUINLAN

Alcoholism.

WRIGHT

Gosh. Our first sexy alcoholic. There is a God.

QUINLAN

I don't think there is. There's only the devil.

WRIGHT

You know they say the biggest trick the devil ever pulled was making people think he didn't exist. He's not fooled you though.

QUINLAN

That's because I know him.

WRIGHT

Really? And what's he like?

QUINLAN

Not half as annoying as you.

WRIGHT

Really? I'd love to meet him.

QUINLAN

I don't think you would. He'd kick the crap out of you.

She finishes her meal and stands up.

WRIGHT

You're not going to abandon me, are you? You can't be that heartless.

QUINLAN

I wouldn't have thought so either, but look, here we are. Look, Charlie, I'm not here to make friends. You picked the wrong person, okay?

She gets and begins to walk away.

WRIGHT

Why are you frightened of making friends, Jennifer?

Quinlan stops and turns to look at him.

QUINLAN

Because I have enough screw-ups in my life already.

She turns and walks off. He raises an eyebrow.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Quinlan sits in her room, sulking. There is a knock at her door.

QUINLAN

Come in.

A NURSE enters with a pill.

NURSE

The doctor has prescribed you a sleeper.

QUINLAN

I don't need one, thank you.

NURSE

Well, I'll leave it by your bed if you want it...

She puts it down and leaves. Quinlan stares balefully at the pill.

QUINLAN

I don't need a pill...

She lies back on her bed, and closes her eyes...

FADE TO:

INT. NIGHTINGALE -- BRIDGE (DREAM)

Quinlan, looking younger than we know her and in a Starfleet uniform (with the rank pips of a Lieutenant Commander), is directing an incredibly scared-looking bridge crew, the whole ship is shaking. Ahead on the screen we see a large black hole, that is getting ever bigger...

QUINLAN

Anything?

HELM OFFICER

Nothing, Commander, we're still being dragged in.

QUINLAN

Dammit! Engine room, we need more.

ENGINEER'S COMM VOICE

You're getting everything we have.

HELM OFFICER

Five minutes until gravimetric pressure from the black hole begins to compromise hull integrity.

Suddenly, we become aware of a figure in shadow, standing next to Quinlan. It leans forward and whispers in her ear.

SHADOWY FIGURE

There is a way out.

QUINLAN

What? What is there?

She turns but the shadowy figure has gone.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

What is it?

She looks around, but the figure has gone...

FADE TO:

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Quinlan, lying on her bed, suddenly opens her eyes. She groans and sits up. She tries looking out of the window, but keeps glancing at an empty glass standing on the table. Next to it is the PADD, with Devon's message on it. She frowns and finally gets up and walks over to the replicator.

QUINLAN

Fuck it. Computer, scotch. Make it a double.

COMPUTER VOICE

Denied. No alcoholic drinks can be synthesized from this terminal.

Quinlan smiles to herself.

QUINLAN

Okay then, synthehol. Anything.

COMPUTER VOICE

Denied. Synthehol not available from this terminal.

QUINLAN

Oh come on. Jesus.

She gets annoyed, and walks slowly back to her bed. She keeps glancing at the glass. It's as if it's mocking her. Finally she roars, grabs it, and throws it against it the wall, causing it to shatter.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Dammit!

She gets up and runs out the door.

INT. CLINIC -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

It's night, and Quinlan runs down it. Wright is walking along, chatting to someone, and sees her. He stops and gives chase, silently.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC -- LAKESIDE -- NIGHT

Quinlan runs across the open lawn towards the lake. The night overhead is clear, and stars shine down from it. She gets to the edge and just collapses in tears, all the frustrations of the events of the last weeks finally coming out. In the background Wright watches, silently. He slowly walks up to her.

WRIGHT

I hope you're not planning on doing anything stupid.

She looks up at him.

QUINLAN

Leave me alone.

WRIGHT

I'm not bothering you, I'm just taking a midnight stroll. You know, no one's meant to come out after lights out, you're good to be able to sneak past security like that. Here.

He brings out a coat.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

It's cold. I took the liberty of bringing your coat for you.

He wraps it around her shoulders. Quinlan looks at him.

QUINLAN

Thank you.

WRIGHT

You're welcome.

He sits down beside her and they look out over the lake together.

QUINLAN

I don't know what's going on.

WRIGHT

Are we meant to?

QUINLAN

I've always liked to think I was in control, that I had command of my own life. I thought that when I ran away I was making a free choice, you know?

WRIGHT

Not really. When you're an obsessive compulsive, you're spending your whole time obeying external forces -- you have no time for yourself.

He smiles at her.

QUINLAN

How long have you been here?

WRIGHT

Seven weeks.

QUINLAN

And you haven't gone mad?

WRIGHT

No more than I ever was.

(beat)

Don't let the devil win, Jennifer.  
Don't let him ruin your life.

QUINLAN

I think it might be too late.

WRIGHT

It's never too late. Look at me. Seven weeks ago I'd have been busy arranging these twigs so they were all parallel. I'm still bursting to do it, but at least I'm not actually giving in.

QUINLAN

And what are the benefits of not doing it?

WRIGHT

Well, for one thing my arm is free  
to wrap around you like this.

He puts his arm around her. She hesitates.

WRIGHT (CONT'D)

It's all right, I don't fancy you.

QUINLAN

Bullshit.

WRIGHT

Seriously, I don't. I prefer my  
women with more scaly skin. But I  
think you need a hug.

She stops, and then cuddles up to him, looking out to the  
lake.

QUINLAN

I think maybe I do.

They look out, contemplating the battle ahead, and on this  
scene we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CLINIC -- GROUNDS

A wide angle shot: we see the clinic, the forest and lake. The sun is rising over it. Another beautiful day.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

It's been five days since I came to the Clinic. Doctor Summers has suggested to our group we each keep a journal of our experiences, to see what progress we made. I didn't feel the need to tell him I've kept a diary since I was eight years old. I also won't feel the need to tell him that I've deleted large portions of it as well. There are just some days better left forgotten.

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM

Quinlan watches as a couple of nurses bring in suitcases, the angle favoring the door.

QUINLAN

I have acquired a new roommate. Mysterious Marnie they call her, and for someone to be called mysterious here, in this den of secrecy, is pretty much. Charlie tells me she's been here for nearly a month, and never said a word. Great, another damaged soul.

The camera turns and we see MARNIE, a small, waif-like Trill, sitting on her new bed, staring impassively out of the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC -- GROUNDS

Quinlan and Wright walking along.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

Sometimes I wish Charlie would take a leaf out of Mysterious' book. He never shuts up. I think it's part of his condition or something.

(beat)

I caught him rearranging the place settings in the dining room so that they were in alphabetical order.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't mind, but it meant I was sitting next to an Andorian called Rudolph whose principal interest in life appears to be trying to tie his antenna together. We try and tell him they won't reach but he doesn't believe us. Maybe Devon's right, maybe this is the funny farm.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM

Early evening. Quinlan is typing at her PADD, sitting on her bed, as MARNIE lies on hers, staring into space.

QUINLAN  
And Devon. He's still sending messages, but I'm not answering them. I'm not in the mood. I'm trying to work out what kind of mood I am in. It's difficult. I'm finding it harder than I thought I would. I'm given twice daily injections to "stave off the cravings," as Doctor Summers so wonderfully puts it, but I still find myself yearning. Particularly at night time, that's the worst. That's when you miss it the most.

Quinlan sits up in bed, and tosses the PADD to the side.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
Marnie, I'm going to sleep. You okay?

Marnie doesn't react. Quinlan shrugs and turns her light out.

QUINLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I don't need to be here, but somehow I don't feel the need to leave as much as I did a week ago. I'd never say this to anyone here, but it's almost as if I feel safe here.

Quinlan tries to close her eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. NIGHTINGALE -- BRIDGE (DREAM)

Quinlan is on the Bridge again, watching on the screen as the black hole looms. Around her people are yelling at her.

HELM OFFICER

How could you do this? Abandon us?  
Let us die?

QUINLAN

I'm sorry, I didn't know what else  
to do. I'm sorry.

SCIENCE OFFICER

You couldn't save us.

QUINLAN

I tried. I tried so hard...

CONN OFFICER

But it wasn't good enough, was it?  
You weren't good enough.

QUINLAN

Why can't you understand? I tried.  
Why won't they listen to me? They're  
so loud... She has turned to face the  
SHADOWY FIGURE, who is standing by  
her.

SHADOWY FIGURE

You know what to do to silence them.

QUINLAN

No, I won't.

SHADOWY FIGURE

You know you want to.

QUINLAN

I didn't. They were my friends.

SHADOWY FIGURE

You know I can help you. You know  
you want me to.

QUINLAN

No, I don't. I don't.

FADE TO:

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Quinlan sits bolt upright in bed.

QUINLAN

(yelling)  
I don't!

She is soaked in sweat and breathing heavily. She gasps as  
she does so.

After a few moments, she gets out of bed, and goes over to the sink, splashing herself in the face with water. Then suddenly she realizes something. She turns round.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Marnie?

Marnie is no longer sitting by the window. She isn't in the room at all.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC -- LAKESIDE -- NIGHT

Quinlan walks down the lawn towards the lake. In the conservatory, we can see a small figure looking out.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- SMALL CONSERVATORY -- NIGHT

Marnie is sitting, staring out across the lake, in just her nightgown. Quinlan enters.

QUINLAN

Marnie? What are you doing here?

Marnie jumps -- she hasn't heard Quinlan coming in. She turns, but says nothing. She looks a little mortified that she's been found.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Marnie? You're going to catch your death of cold out here. Come on.

She tries to wrap the coat she has slung on around her, but Marnie shrinks away from her touch.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean anything.  
I just didn't want you to get cold.

Marnie looks at her, and then turns and runs back across the lawn towards the clinic. Quinlan looks after her.

SUMMERS (V.O.)

Tell me where you are.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- SUMMER'S OFFICE

Summers is sitting by Quinlan's side, as she leans back in her chair. Her eyes are closed but her face is in a frown.

QUINLAN

This is stupid.

SUMMERS

Humor me.

QUINLAN

It's not going to work.

SUMMERS

Probably not. But do you have anything better to do this afternoon?

QUINLAN

Plenty.

SUMMERS

Tough. Tell me what you see.

Quinlan shakes her head.

QUINLAN

I see a beach. Lapping waves. The sun is shining down.

Summers leans back in frustration.

SUMMERS

You're right, get out, this is a waste of time.

Quinlan sits up and looks at him.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

I've told you before, if you're not going to go through the processes...

QUINLAN

What's wrong with Marnie?

SUMMERS

I can't tell you that. Doctor/patient confidentiality.

QUINLAN

Come on, you put me in the same room as her, you gotta tell me something. Why'd you do that?

SUMMERS

I thought you would both benefit from the company.

QUINLAN

Company usually only works if the other person talks.

SUMMERS

Marnie talks.

QUINLAN

That's not what I've heard.

SUMMERS

Then you've heard wrong. When did you start drinking?

QUINLAN

What's that got to do with it?

SUMMERS

Nothing. It just occurred to me I never asked you before.

Quinlan watches him closely.

QUINLAN

I don't know. Four, maybe five years ago.

SUMMERS

Never had a drink before that?

QUINLAN

Well, sure, but...

SUMMERS

But what?

She looks at the doctor with a look akin to respect -- he's almost got her to admit something.

QUINLAN

But nothing.

SUMMERS

Was this when you were with Starfleet?

QUINLAN

No, after.

SUMMERS

Why did you leave Starfleet?

QUINLAN

Personal reasons.

SUMMERS

Which were?

QUINLAN

Personal.

Summers nods.

SUMMERS

It's just something you might want to think about.

QUINLAN

What's that?

SUMMERS

Why you started drinking heavily when you did.

He stands up and opens the door for Quinlan, who looks at him confused.

QUINLAN

Is that it?

SUMMERS

Were you expecting more?

She slowly shakes her head and stands up, walking out. Summers calls after her.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

You know, you'd be surprised.

QUINLAN

About what?

SUMMERS

You and Marnie. You're very alike in temperament.

Quinlan looks at him.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM

Marnie is in her familiar place by the window. Quinlan comes in, a bit cross. She slams the door.

QUINLAN

That Summers, he thinks he's such a smart-ass.

(beat)

Well, he's not. He twists and turns things, plays with words. I don't like him. Anyway, I'm heading out, I'm meeting Charlie down by the lake. I'm just getting my things...

She stops and stares. Marnie has turned towards her, and slowly stands up. She hands Quinlan her jacket from last night.

MARNIE  
You'll need this.

QUINLAN  
(taken aback)  
Oh. Thank you.

Marnie goes and sits back down by the window.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
Right, well, I'll see you later then.

MARNIE  
Doctor Summers is a good man.

QUINLAN  
I...

MARNIE  
(turns and faces  
Quinlan)  
And you know it too. You are not  
angry at him.  
(beat)  
You are angry at yourself.

She turns and faces the window again. Quinlan stares at her, flabbergasted.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- RECEPTION AREA

Quinlan makes her way towards the outside, as the Reception Nurse calls to her.

RECEPTION NURSE  
Miss Quinlan? Another message for  
you.

Quinlan rolls her eyes.

QUINLAN  
Let me guess. Devon again?

RECEPTION NURSE  
Yes.

QUINLAN  
Not interested. Delete it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC -- LAKESIDE -- DAY

By the lake. Quinlan and Wright walk along it, Quinlan is both fuming about Summers and surprised about Marnie.

WRIGHT

She actually spoke to you? Wow.

QUINLAN

Yeah, but it was pretty much to tell me to get lost. I couldn't help it, Summers wound me up so much.

WRIGHT

Still, it's something. Maybe the Doc's onto something.

QUINLAN

What do you mean?

WRIGHT

Well, most of us here are so cushioned by the touchy-feely treatment, that it's like we're smothered in cotton wool. But it was only when you were mouthing off about Summers that Marnie felt the need to say something.

QUINLAN

Rising to the challenge, you mean?

WRIGHT

Maybe.

QUINLAN

You know, you're smarter than you look.

WRIGHT

I don't like to boast.

They stop and look at each other. Quinlan has that glint her eye.

QUINLAN

You're better looking than you look too.

WRIGHT

That doesn't make sense.

QUINLAN

It does to me.

She leans towards him, but he pulls away. She reacts, embarrassed.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I...

WRIGHT

It's okay.

There is a long, embarrassed pause.

QUINLAN  
I shouldn't have...

WRIGHT  
No, it's my fault. I -- I'm not  
looking for somebody at the moment.  
I need to sort my own world out before  
I let anyone else in, you know?

QUINLAN  
Right. Yeah, I'm sorry Charlie.

WRIGHT  
It's okay. Listen, I've gotta be  
somewhere...

QUINLAN  
(understanding)  
Sure. I know.

WRIGHT  
I'll speak to you later.

QUINLAN  
Whatever.

Wright turns and walks quickly back to the house. Quinlan  
turns and looks out at the lake.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
Dammit.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM

Quinlan walks back in, as Marnie is lying on her bed. Quinlan  
looks at her, and then slumps on her bed. She picks up the  
PADD, with the latest message from Devon flickering away.  
Quinlan sighs.

MARNIE  
I'm sorry about before.

Quinlan turns her head.

QUINLAN  
That's okay. You're probably right,  
who knows? Don't worry about it.

MARNIE  
Good night.

QUINLAN  
Good night Marnie, sleep well.

MARNIE

You too.

Quinlan looks at the sleeping pill that has once again been left for her.

QUINLAN

Screw it, what the hell. Perfect end to a perfect day.

She puts the pill in her mouth.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Guess there's no chance of a drink to wash it down with.

She smiles ruefully at her own joke, dry swallows it, and then lies back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC -- GROUNDS -- NIGHT

Establishing shot of nighttime. In the foreground, we see a footstep.

INT. CLINIC -- CORRIDOR

We pan through, establishing all is quiet. A couple of nurses potter about, but all is calm.

INT. CLINIC -- RECEPTION AREA

A man walks up to the reception desk, where a bored night nurse (not the one we've seen before) is reading a PADD.

MAN

Excuse me, I am looking for Jennifer Quinlan.

From his voice we can quickly identify him as MAC.

RECEPTION NURSE 2

Oh -- I'm sorry, visiting hours are over.

MAC

Listen, it's a bit of an emergency. Is Miss Quinlan here or not?

RECEPTION NURSE 2

She is, but unless you're a relative...

MAC

I am. Please just ask her to see me.

RECEPTION NURSE 2  
What name is it, please?

MAC  
Malcolm. Devon Malcolm.

RECEPTION NURSE 2  
Just a minute.

She rings a bell.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINLAN'S QUARTERS

Both Quinlan and Marnie are sleeping. The intercom chirps.

RECEPTION NURSE 2'S COMM VOICE  
Miss Quinlan?

QUINLAN  
(groggily)  
Yeah?

RECEPTION NURSE 2'S COMM VOICE  
I'm sorry to disturb you, but there's  
a man here, says he needs to see  
you. His name is Devon Malcolm.

Quinlan GROANS.

QUINLAN  
Oh God. All right, let me speak to  
him.

RECEPTION NURSE 2'S COMM VOICE  
Just a minute. Go ahead.

QUINLAN  
Devon? What the hell are you...

MAC'S COMM VOICE  
Hello, Twister.

Quinlan sits bolt upright in bed.

QUINLAN  
It can't be.

MAC'S COMM VOICE  
Surprise!

QUINLAN  
What are you doing here?

MAC'S COMM VOICE  
We need to talk.

QUINLAN

I don't think so. Put the nurse  
back on.

MAC'S VOICE

Why? Don't you want to talk to me?

QUINLAN

Just put her back on.

MAC'S COMM VOICE

Well I would, but...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CLINIC -- RECEPTION AREA

Mac is talking on the intercom. His arm, holding a phaser,  
is outstretched, pointing the weapon at the desk. On the  
other side, the nurse's head has been blown clean off, and  
the back wall is splattered with her blood and brain tissue.

MAC

..she has a bit of a headache at the  
moment.

END INTERCUT.

INT. QUINLAN'S QUARTERS

Quinlan shuts off the intercom at once. She then activates  
it again.

QUINLAN

Doctor Summers's office.

The intercom just produces STATIC.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

She crosses to Marnie, still asleep.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Marnie, wake up. Come on, honey,  
wake up.

MARNIE

What? What is it?

QUINLAN

We have to get out of here. Now.

MARNIE

Why?

QUINLAN

Don't have time to argue. Come on.

She yanks the bed clothes off, and sits Marnie up.

MARNIE

What are you doing? What's going on?

Suddenly, from outside, we can hear SCREAMS, and phaser shots.

QUINLAN

We're in big trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- CORRIDOR

Mac is making his way down it. People are emerging from their rooms, bleary eyed, trying to see what the fuss is about. Coolly and calmly, he guns them down. These phaser blasts are different -- they don't disintegrate, they tear apart. People slump down. Mac has a determined look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- SUMMERS'S OFFICE

He is working late. He hears the commotion, and comes out into the corridor...

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- CORRIDOR

Summers runs out, as more patients peer out.

SUMMERS

Get back in your rooms! Get back in your rooms!

Mac rounds the corner and walks towards him.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Who are you?

MAC

I am looking for Quinlan.

SUMMERS

She's not here. She left this morning.

MAC

Hmmm. Nice try.

He shoots Summers in the arm, blowing it clean off. Summers screams.

MAC (CONT'D)  
You will take me to her.

SUMMERS  
(through the pain)  
Go to hell...

MAC  
Too late. Already there.

He shoots Summers's leg.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Are you going to take me?

He stands right over the prostrate doctor now. The doctor looks up at him.

SUMMERS  
I would never...

Mac STAMPS on his head with his boot, effectively crushing it.

MAC  
That's all I needed to know.

He walks on.

CUT TO:

INT. CLINIC -- CORRIDOR

In another corridor, Quinlan and a still slightly dazed Marnie emerge from a room. Wright looks out of his room.

WRIGHT  
Hey, Jen, what's going on?

QUINLAN  
Charlie. Stay inside!

WRIGHT  
Why?

QUINLAN  
(screams)  
Just do what I say!

She shoves him back in his room, and half pulls Marnie to the end of the corridor, to a door. She opens it to the fire escape. As she does so, Marnie screams. Quinlan turns and sees Mac appear at the opposite end of the corridor.

MAC

Quinlan! If you move one more step  
I'll kill every last person in this  
building.

Quinlan freezes. Slowly she turns round to face him.

QUINLAN

Let the girl go. It's me you want.

MAC

You're in no position to bargain.

Quick as a flash, Quinlan PUSHES Marnie out the door, and slams it shut. Though the door, she yells:

QUINLAN

Run, Marnie, run!

MAC

I see you haven't lost any of your  
quick thinking.

QUINLAN

And I see you haven't lost any of  
your psychosis.

MAC

You say that, but I'm not the one in  
the asylum.

QUINLAN

And I'm not the one with the smoking  
gun in his hand.

MAC

Ah, but you are, only yours is pointed  
at yourself. You always did have a  
self destructive nature, Twister.  
Frankly I'm surprised you've lasted  
as long as you have.

QUINLAN

Surviving is what I'm best at.

MAC

Clinging on would be closer to the  
truth. But really, how the mighty  
have fallen. I never expected you  
to come down to this, hiding out  
here amongst the dregs of society.

QUINLAN

It's a step up from hiding out with  
you.

MAC

Brave words.

QUINLAN

Well, what do they say? I've got nothing left to lose...

At this point Wright opens his door again.

WRIGHT

What the hell is going on here?

QUINLAN

Charlie, no!

Mac grabs Wright and holds the phaser to his neck. Wright whimpers.

MAC

Now you have something to lose...

QUINLAN

I'm not playing the game, Mac. Not anymore.

MAC

We're all playing a game, Twister. We can't help it. Now you walk over here and kneel before me, or Charlie... I'm sorry, I don't know your last name?

WRIGHT

Wright.

MAC

Wright? Well, Charlie, you tell Jenny over there to come here, or you won't be right for very long.

There is a long pause. Wright has tears in his eyes.

WRIGHT

Run, Jen. Run like the wind.

Quinlan hesitates, but Mac shoots Wright in the temple.

QUINLAN

Charlie!

Mac turns his attention to her as Charlie's body slumps down, and she dives out of the door...

EXT. CLINIC -- FIRE ESCAPE -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

Quinlan hurtles down it. Behind her, the fire escape door is ripped apart by phaser fire. She throws herself down it.

MARNIE (O.S.)

Over here!

Quinlan over to a landing pad, where Marnie is frantically waving. She is standing beside a small SHUTTLEPOD. Quinlan gets to the bottom of the escape just as Mac appears at the top. She runs across the tarmac, as Mac hails her with phaser blasts, which kick up the gravel around her.

MAC

You can't run forever, Twister!

Quinlan dives into the shuttlepod.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD -- CONTINUOUS

Marnie is at the console. Quinlan hurries to the helm.

QUINLAN

Shit, a Dyson. I hate these ships.  
Hold on, this could be bumpy...

She presses a button.

EXT. CLINIC -- GROUNDS -- NIGHT

Mac reaches the bottom of the fire escape as the SHUTTLE takes off. He begins to fire at it, but soon realizes it's useless.

MAC

(to himself)

You can't run forever, Twister.  
I'll be there, ready for you the  
moment you stop running.

He looks. In the distance we can see moving lights, as the authorities begin to arrive at the scene. He quickly moves, and disappears into the trees, as calm as if he were just going for a walk.

Above him, the shuttle disappears into the night sky and as we watch it, we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

We see the shuttle hurtling through the night sky.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Quinlan is at the helm, tears streaming down her face. Marnie is at the back. Marnie doesn't quite know what's going on.

QUINLAN

There's no sign of pursuit.

MARNIE

What are we going to do now?

QUINLAN

I don't know.

MARNIE

We have to head for the nearest Starbase, we'll be safe there.

QUINLAN

(bitterly)

No, we can't. Mac will be watching all the frequencies, he used to be an expert at comm hacks. We can't let anyone know where we are.

MARNIE

Then what? We can't stay here forever.

There is a quiver in her voice. Quinlan looks round at her, and then leaves the helm.

QUINLAN

You're shaking.

MARNIE

It's nothing, it's just a reaction. I didn't take the full dose this evening, it's just withdrawals.

QUINLAN

That's something we can do something about.

She goes over to the medkit, and gets out a hypospray.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

What are you on?

MARNIE

Ten CC's of chlorpromazine.

She taps in a command, and hands it to Marnie.

QUINLAN

Here.

MARNIE

Thank you.

She injects herself. After a few seconds, the drug begins to work. Marnie's shaking stops.

QUINLAN

Better?

MARNIE

(nodding)

Better.

QUINLAN

Good.

She slings the hypospray on the side.

MARNIE

Careful with that.

QUINLAN

What?

MARNIE

It stimulates the Trill symbiotic neural pathways. I don't know what it'll do to races with less developed cerebral cortexes, but it wouldn't be pretty.

Quinlan gingerly picks the hypospray up and presses some buttons.

QUINLAN

All gone. Why do you need them anyway?

Marnie looks at her.

MARNIE

I just do.

Quinlan nods, understanding Marnie doesn't want to talk about it.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

What are you going to do now?

QUINLAN

I don't know.

She slumps back in her seat and closes her eyes, taking a deep breath. Marnie hesitates.

MARNIE

Who is he?

QUINLAN

Someone from a long time ago.

She looks at Marnie.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

We all have skeletons in our closet, Marnie. It just happens that mine are usually my own fault.

MARNIE

Is he a past lover?

Quinlan snorts.

QUINLAN

No. It's not that bad.

(she hesitates)

A few years ago I was involved with some bad people. People on the wrong side of the law...

FADE TO:

INT. DEVON'S SHIP (FLASHBACK)

We have some blurry visual effects to show this is the past. We see several people, including a younger-looking Quinlan and DEVON KALHOUN (from "Encounters of Chance"), hanging out in the main cabin, laughing and joking.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

I used to kid myself that I was just an adventurer, tagging along, but I wasn't, I was just as bad. Seduced by the dark side, you might say.

MARNIE (V.O.)

And one of them was this guy... what was his name?

As she says his name, the younger MAC enters the cabin. Naturally he is younger too, but there's more than that: he's not quite as bulky either, and doesn't quite have the psychotic glint in his eye.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

Maxwell Alein Coombs. We called him Mac for short. He was our... short fuse as it were. Whenever there was any dirty work to be done, real dirty work, we would turn to him.

FADE TO:

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

As before, Quinlan and Marnie.

MARNIE

Dirty work?

QUINLAN

Yes. Protection rackets to call in. Discouragement of law enforcers who were poking their noses in. That kind of thing.

MARNIE

I see.

QUINLAN

We kept him in check. Until one day, we found some wreckage, an old Jem'Hadar ship abandoned.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JEM'HADAR WRECK (FLASHBACK)

It's dark and smoky; it's evident it hasn't had people in it for a while. The pirates move through the ship, Quinlan and Devon amongst them.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

We did our usual plundering job. In one bank we found a store of ketracel-white, the drug they used to ingest.

MARNIE (V.O.)

I remember. It allowed the Vorta to keep them in line.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

Right. But, as it turned out, it did more than that. It stimulated the Jem'Hadar too, gave them extra strength and muscle tone. Like a steroid specifically designed to make killing machines.

MARNIE (V.O.)

I didn't know that.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

Neither did we. We didn't think it would be of any use to anyone, but Mac, jokingly, took a vial and swallowed it. He just didn't give a shit, and neither did we. We thought it was funny.

We see this action, and the others all laughing.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

As before, Quinlan and Marnie.

MARNIE

And...

QUINLAN

And it turned out the joke was on us. It changed him. Physically and mentally.

MARNIE

One vial?

QUINLAN

No. Not one vial. But you know yourself -- you can never take just one vial. What we didn't know was that he brought the supply back on board. It was Devon, my... friend... who first noticed the difference. Or rather felt it.

MARNIE

Oh?

INT. DEVON'S SHIP (FLASHBACK)

We see the actions as Quinlan narrates them.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

One night they were playing chess they often did. They thought it made them look clever or something. Mac lost -- and went mad. He smashed the board, and got Devon in a headlock. For a moment it looked like he was going to actually strangle him, before he finally let him go.

MARNIE (V.O.)

Bad loser, huh?

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

As before, Quinlan and Marnie.

QUINLAN

Yeah. We thought it was just because he had a bad day, but it got worse. He became more violent towards people. He was more ready with the fist. And finally, one day, he just snapped. He did this...

She pulls up her top and we see on her shoulder a series of scars, looking like long slashes.

MARNIE

Oh my God...

INT. DEVON'S SHIP (FLASHBACK)

The camera stays on Mac, looking menacing, staring off into space.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

The ketracel-white had managed to make him stronger, and a better warrior, just like the Jem'Hadar. But it had also made him psychotic. He found someone that synthesized vast quantities of it -- he was taking amounts at one time that would kill you or I twenty times over.

END INTERCUT.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

As before, Quinlan and Marnie.

QUINLAN

I knew if we didn't do something, we were heading for big trouble. The others wouldn't listen, said he'd be okay, he was just going through a bad patch. They were just scared -- so I took matters into my own hands.

MARNIE

What did you do?

QUINLAN

I went and told Mac that we'd been given a tip off that a cargo ship smuggling weaponry for the Klingon Reformists was landing in one of our ports. Normally it would be madness to take on the Klingons like that, but Mac thought he was invincible.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

So I told him the coordinates, and sent him on his way, he thinking he had a simple smash and grab raid. Only, of course, it wasn't.

MARNIE

There weren't any Klingons?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KLINGON WAREHOUSE (FLASHBACK)

We see Mac bursting in, and we see the events Quinlan describes.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

Oh there were. Only it wasn't the Reformists, it was the Klingon Chancellor, who was undercover in our system negotiating some deal or other. I never found out the details. All I know is that Mac burst in on them, and ended up shooting the Chancellor before he was overpowered.

END INTERCUT.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

As before, Quinlan and Marnie.

Her face betrays a slight smile.

QUINLAN

He was sent to Rura Penthe for it. He was lucky he wasn't executed there and then, but he was still technically a Federation citizen. The Imperialists didn't want to stir up trouble. Of course, no one on the Federation side objected to someone like Mac being taken off their hands.

MARNIE

And now he's escaped.

QUINLAN

Apparently so, and hell bent on revenge.

(suddenly realizing something)

Oh, shit.

MARNIE

What?

QUINLAN

Devon. I have to check he's okay.

MARNIE

Why wouldn't he be? You were the one who set this Mac up.

QUINLAN

I know, but Mac knows that Devon and I were... close. If he couldn't find me, he might have gone looking for him. Maybe that's why Devon was trying to contact me at the clinic, I don't know.

MARNIE

But if he has been there, he might head back. You could be walking into a trap.

QUINLAN

I know, but I have to check. I'm sorry. We won't be there long. I just have to see he's all right and warn him...

She taps in some coordinates into the helm...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

Some time later. The shuttlepod enters orbit around a planet. As we watch, it goes into the atmosphere.

INT. BAR

A really old-fashioned place, filled with dodgy-looking individuals. You can tell the place smells just by looking at it. A thick hue of smoke fills it.

Quinlan enters and look around, before walking over to the bar. As she does so, the whole room TREMBLES -- the tables shudder, glasses shake on the tables, people hold onto something. After a moment it stops and everyone continues on with their business. Quinlan looks around and then shrugs. She gets to the bar.

QUINLAN

I'm looking for Devon Kalhoun.

BARMAN

Who's asking?

QUINLAN

Twister.

Barman nods, and points her through a door in the back. Quinlan looks wary, but nods.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She goes through the door, into...

INT. BAR -- BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Small, almost cozy looking, but with the same attitude of squalor. A fire burns in the corner. Around a table five people are playing a game of cards, one of whom is DEVON.

DEVON

Hit me.

A card is laid out. Quinlan notices the guy is dealing from the bottom. Devon groans.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Bust.

QUINLAN

Why don't you ask Mister Dealer here where that card came from?

The dealer looks at her.

CARD DEALER

Who the hell are you?

Quinlan neatly knocks the chair, on which he was swinging, out from under him, and grabs him in a half nelson. The other players all back away slightly as the dealer struggles.

QUINLAN

Give him the deck.

CARD DEALER

Bitch, I'll...

Quinlan lowers her hands to a place we can't see, and the dealer's eyes suddenly water.

QUINLAN

I asked nicely, now give him the deck.

The dealer throws the deck on the table.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Check the bottom cards, Devon.

Devon deals them -- they are all high cards.

DEVON

Well well, the game is crooked.  
Who'd have thought it?

The other players look menacingly at the dealer, as Quinlan dumps him on the floor. Devon collects some money off the table.

DEVON (CONT'D)

You won't mind if I take what is mine, will you? I'm sure these other gentlemen won't object.

He smiles, and escorts Quinlan out of the room as the other men close in.

INT. BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Devon and Quinlan walk through it, and Devon calls out as he passes the bar:

DEVON

Blood wine, Maurice, if you please.  
Twister, what will you have? Water?

QUINLAN

I need something stronger. Make it a double whiskey.

DEVON

I thought you were trying to give up?

QUINLAN

So did I.

They sit at a table in the corner of the room. The room shakes again.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

What is that?

DEVON

Don't you know? This planet's coming apart. The geologists reckon it's only got another few weeks left before it comes apart altogether.

QUINLAN

Then why are people still here?

DEVON

The people that are still here are the people who don't want to be found. And who's going to be looking for them on a planet like this?

QUINLAN

I see.

DEVON

So don't think I'm not grateful for the visit, but what the hell's going on? We say goodbye, next thing I hear the Enterprise is in deep shit and you've gone and locked yourself up in a funny farm. I tried to call, I was worried about you.

QUINLAN

I'm touched. And just for the record, it wasn't a funny farm, Devon. It was a rehabilitation clinic.

DEVON

I thought the Enterprise was your rehabilitation clinic?

QUINLAN

Haven't you heard? The ship's been decommissioned.

DEVON

Wow, it's like you're a jinx or something.

Quinlan reacts to this.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Everything you get involved in goes wrong.

QUINLAN

I didn't come to discuss the Enterprise with you.

The waiter brings over a jug of blood wine, a mug for it, and a glass of whiskey for Quinlan.

DEVON

I'm sorry to see you doing that.

QUINLAN

Don't give me that bullshit.

DEVON

No, I seriously am. In case you don't remember, Twister, I still care about you. That stuff fucks you up, it always did. I was hoping the funny farm would beat it out of you.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

(Quinlan takes a  
defiant draft)

But I guess you ran away from that  
too.

QUINLAN

I didn't run away. The clinic was  
attacked.

DEVON

By an enraged patient?

QUINLAN

(hesitates)

Devon, Mac's escaped.

Devon looks at her with a stunned expression.

DEVON

Excuse me?

QUINLAN

Mac's escaped. He came to the clinic  
looking for me.

DEVON

How the hell did he escape?

QUINLAN

I have no idea. But he's after us.

DEVON

Well, it's understandable, from his  
point of view. You did lock him up  
in the first place.

QUINLAN

I only did what none of the rest of  
you had the balls to.

DEVON

Damn straight. We were shit-scared  
of him.

QUINLAN

So was I. Didn't stop me doing what  
needed to be done.

Devon smiles ruefully.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

What?

DEVON

I'll never understand you, Twister,  
not if I live to a million years,  
and please God I do.

(beat)

You'll risk your life protecting  
everyone else but when it comes to  
your own welfare all you can do is  
hurtle down the quickest road to  
self-destruction. Look at you now.  
There's a mad killer on the loose  
who wants rip you apart, and you're  
throwing back the liquor again, at  
the one time you need to keep a clear  
head.

QUINLAN

I can't help it. As you said, I'm a  
jinx.

DEVON

Maybe it's not you that's the jinx.

He looks at the whiskey.

QUINLAN

I'm not here to be lectured. I've  
had enough lectures.

DEVON

Then why isn't it getting through?  
Because you never listen, that's  
why.

QUINLAN

Devon, dammit --

DEVON

Oh here we go, a stream of invective  
from Twister. It's always the same  
once you've started on the booze,  
you'll try and hit me next. Stupid  
predictable bitch.

Quinlan looks at him, wondering why he's saying this.

QUINLAN

I hate you sometimes. I should just  
walk out of here.

DEVON

Then why don't you? Just clear out.  
I don't need a screw-up hanging around  
me any more, got enough of my own  
problems to deal with. Go on, piss  
off.

QUINLAN

I need your help, Devon. Please.

She looks at him, almost broken, tears in her eyes.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

I need your help.

DEVON

I don't think I can help you.

QUINLAN

Look, let's get out of here, go some place a bit more private.

DEVON

That's not a good idea.

QUINLAN

Why not?

DEVON

Because then you'll try and seduce me, and being the man I am I won't be able to resist, and then you'll have drawn me back in my web.

QUINLAN

Dammit Devon, there is a killer on the loose!

She looks up -- everyone has turned and looked at her.

DEVON

Oh, for Christ's sake -- all right, but we've got to be quick. I have other things to attend to.

They get up from their seats. Devon calls to the barkeep.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Maurice, put it on my tab.

CUT TO:

INT. DEVON'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM

A typical bachelor pad: not as untidy as you might expect, but not ordered either. It shows signs that the occupant isn't particularly rich, but isn't on the bread line, either. Devon and Quinlan enter via the front door. Every so often the room shakes again.

DEVON

Take a seat.

Quinlan looks around.

QUINLAN

You've done all right for yourself.

DEVON

Don't I always?

He comes out carrying a glass.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Here.

QUINLAN

What's this?

DEVON

Just drink it.

Quinlan looks at him suspiciously.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Bloody hell, it's not poison.

Quinlan takes a swig and immediately spits it out.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Hey, watch it! That carpets clean, mostly.

QUINLAN

What is that?

DEVON

Something to neutralize the alcohol in your system.

Quinlan rolls her eyes at him, but when he turns away she takes another drink.

DEVON (CONT'D)

So what do you want?

QUINLAN

I need weapons.

DEVON

What makes you think I've got weapons?

QUINLAN

The fact I know you.

Devon looks at her ruefully.

DEVON

I've got a couple of hand phasers. I'll go and dig them out. But then you gotta get out of here.

QUINLAN

Going back to the game?

Devon leaves the room but continues the conversation as he hunts for the weapons. Quinlan continues to have a look about.

DEVON (O.S.)

Not exactly.

QUINLAN

Then what?

DEVON (O.S.)

If you must know, I've got a lady coming over.

QUINLAN

(scornfully)

A "lady." I don't think so. How much are you paying this lady...?

She trails off as she sees something on the floor. She bends down to pick something up.

DEVON (O.S.)

Hey, I'll have you know, she's a very fine woman.

He comes back in carrying two phasers with hip holsters, rather like the cowboys had.

DEVON (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Quinlan's face has gone white. She has picked up TWO VIALS.

QUINLAN

What the hell are these?

DEVON

Quinlan, I...

QUINLAN

Jesus Christ, Devon...

(she tastes one)

...these are ketracel-white. Oh my God, he's been here... he's... She stands up in shock, stumbles from it...

DEVON

Jen, listen to me, it's not what you think...

QUINLAN

You bastard! You fucking bastard!

She begins to scream at him as tears begin to pour from her cheeks. She lashes out at him, striking him hard across the cheek.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
 How could you betray me, after all  
 we've been to each other, after  
 everything we've...

She is hysterical, but Devon grabs her.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
 Let go of me, let go of me...

She struggles, but he is the stronger.

DEVON  
 (urgently)  
 Jen, listen to me, listen.

She stares at him in the face.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 He's listening, he can hear every  
 word we're saying... Aarrghh!

He suddenly SCREAMS and lets go of Quinlan, clutching the side of his head in agony. We hear a high-pitched whine.

QUINLAN  
 Devon!

FADE TO:

INT. DEVON'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Fuzzy. We see Mac holding Devon like a puppet, and forcing a small transmitter deep into his ear as Devon struggles uselessly. Blood trickles down from his ear...

FADE TO:

INT. DEVON'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM (PRESENT)

As before, Devon and Quinlan.

DEVON  
 Take the weapons and go! Get the  
 hell away from here! He's coming!  
 He's coming!

Quinlan hesitates, not knowing what to do -- her friend is in agony, but Mac is on his way.

DEVON (CONT'D)  
 Go!

Hurriedly she grabs the weapons and holsters and runs out of the house into the night's storm as Devon collapses completely.

EXT. ROAD -- OUTSIDE DEVON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The storm is brewing mightily, with thunder and lightning. Quinlan hesitates for a moment, the rain streaming through her hair and mingling with the tears on her face, before she makes a run for it, away, into the night and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Marnie is sitting, watching the pouring rain through the window. Suddenly there is a banging on the door. Marnie jumps.

QUINLAN'S COMM VOICE

Marnie, it's me! Let me in!

Marnie quickly presses a button, and the back swings open. Quinlan, drenched, tumbles in.

QUINLAN

Close it! Hurry!

Marnie presses the button again and the door closes. Quinlan slings the weapons on the floor and hurries to the helm.

MARNIE

What's going on?

QUINLAN

Mac's going on. We have to leave now.

EXT. LANDING PAD

The shuttlepod lifts off the ground into the storm.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Quinlan and Marnie as before.

MARNIE

Did you find your friend?

QUINLAN

Yes, unfortunately Mac had found him first.

Marnie tries on the weapons holster.

MARNIE

What's this for?

QUINLAN

You put your phasers in them, for quick access. Just like in the Old West. Hmm, this is annoying.

MARNIE

What is it?

QUINLAN

The controls are getting sluggish.  
Computer, run a self-diagnostic on  
helm control.

COMPUTER VOICE

Affirmative. Diagnostic complete.  
Helm control is at fifty eight percent  
normal capacity due to electrical  
storm.

QUINLAN

Dammit, these bloody Dyson craft.

MARNIE

Dyson?

QUINLAN

Non-Starfleet manufacturers of  
shuttles like this. Well known for  
cutting the occasional corner.

MARNIE

What's it mean?

QUINLAN

It means we can't leave the atmosphere  
while this storm is raging, we  
wouldn't get through.

MARNIE

What do we do then?

QUINLAN

We find somewhere out of the way...

She taps at the console...

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

There's a forest about thirty  
kilometers to the east. We'll head  
for there, and just hope the storm  
passes...

EXT. SHUTTLEPOD

We see it heading towards a forest that stretches as far as  
the eye can see...

CUT TO:

INT. DEVON'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM

We see footsteps walking slowly. Devon lies unconscious on  
the floor. The steps turn, and walk out of the room.

In the background through the door, we see another craft that is the same as the one Quinlan's in.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Quinlan at helm, Marnie at back. Suddenly there's a blip.

QUINLAN  
(quietly)  
Here we go.

MARNIE  
What is it?

QUINLAN  
It's him.

EXT. SHUTTLEPOD

The craft is now flying over the forest in the storm. As the craft passes, we see in the far distance another speck.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Quinlan and Marnie as before. Quinlan thinks for a moment.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
Go ahead Mac.

MAC'S COMM VOICE  
I spy with my little eye something  
beginning with Q.

QUINLAN  
Is it Quake?

MAC'S COMM VOICE  
No, but isn't this planet intriguing?

QUINLAN  
Isn't it just?

MAC'S COMM VOICE  
So we have a situation here. You  
know as well as I do that there can  
only ever be one outcome Twister.  
By running you're only delaying the  
inevitable.

QUINLAN  
If it's all the same to you, I'll  
stick with that plan.

MAC'S COMM VOICE

Come on, Twister. Put down now, and  
your friend can go free.

Quinlan looks at Marnie, who is looking scared.

MAC'S COMM VOICE (CONT'D)

I can't say fairer than that.

QUINLAN

I'd love to, Mac, but I can't see  
anywhere to put down at the moment.

MAC'S COMM VOICE

I'm sure that can be arranged,  
Twister. I'm sure it can be...

Marnie leans forward and presses a button, cutting him off.  
She looks at Quinlan.

MARNIE

I don't like his voice.

QUINLAN

Neither do I.

Something begins to bleep on the console.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Hold on, he's coming in.

EXT. FOREST

Quinlan's shuttlepod is being pursued by Mac's, which has a  
sudden turn of speed. Quinlan swerves and manages to avoid  
the craft which ducks under. Mac leans his craft up, and  
knocks Quinlan's from underneath.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

As before, Quinlan and Marnie.

QUINLAN

Dammit, these controls!

She presses again...

EXT. FOREST

Quinlan tries to bring her craft around, but Mac blocks it  
again and smashes into the side, half ripping a nacelle.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

As before, Quinlan and Marnie. Quinlan opens a comm.

QUINLAN

Mac, you continue doing this, you'll  
bring us both down.

MAC'S COMM VOICE

It's a risk I'm prepared to take.

The craft buckles again as Mac smashes his into them. Marnie drops to the floor.

EXT. FOREST

Mac's craft has caught on the broken nacelle on Quinlan's. He tries to wrench it off, but it is still jammed.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

As before, Marnie on the floor, Quinlan looking very tense at the helm. She tries to swerve, but it's no good.

QUINLAN

What you going to do now, Mac, we're  
jammed. We're both stuck.

MAC'S COMM VOICE

Oh, I feel a little warp drive coming  
on.

QUINLAN

Shit! Mac, no, you'll...

MAC'S COMM VOICE

Tear us both apart? Do you know, I  
think I might...

Quinlan's eyes widen. She turns.

QUINLAN

Marnie, brace yourself.

Quinlan dives for the floor as...

EXT. FOREST

Suddenly Mac's craft starts to jump to warp. Instantly, it's sent spinning off, dropping out of the warp bubble. At the same time Quinlan's craft starts to drop like a lead balloon towards the forest floor.

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Quinlan holds Marnie, trying to shield her.

MARNIE

(scared)  
Jennifer!

QUINLAN

Hold on, Marnie, hold on!

There is an almighty crunching noise and then blackness...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTINGALE -- BRIDGE (FLASHBACK)

Quinlan is on the bridge again, the same scene as before, with all the chaos that ensues. But there is one difference: we can't hear any of the crew's voices. Their mouths are open, they're evidently screaming, but Quinlan can't hear any of them.

QUINLAN

Not this again. What? I can't hear you?

The officers rush about. She turns to the SHADOWY FIGURE.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

I can't hear them. Why can't I hear them?

SHADOWY FIGURE

You asked me to make them silent.

QUINLAN

How can I help them if I can't hear them?

SHADOWY FIGURE

You can't. Not anymore. That is why you don't want to hear them. They are beyond their reach.

QUINLAN

But they're people. They deserve to be heard.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Not anymore...

She turns, and looks at the figure. She reaches out for the hood, and pulls it off -- it's MAC'S face.

QUINLAN

You.

MAC

Are you surprised?

QUINLAN

You can't stop me hearing them. Not anymore!

FADE TO:

INT. SHUTTLEPOD

Quinlan awakes, yelling.

QUINLAN

I need to hear them!

She looks round, dazed and confused before remembering where she is. The shuttle has landed badly, the whole aft section is torn clean off. Outside rages the storm, rain battering down, the dark sky lit up only by the flashes of lightning. Quinlan looks around, and sees Marnie lying semiconscious under part of the section that has snapped off.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Marnie.

Marnie groans. Quinlan kneels beside her, and checks her. It doesn't look good -- the section has severed her leg and blood is slowly oozing out. Another wound bleeds from her neck. Marnie gurgles again as she struggles to wakefulness.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Don't try and speak, it's all right.  
It's okay.

MARNIE

Jennifer...

QUINLAN

It's all right, I'm here.

She draws the jacket she put on Marnie back at the clinic over her again, using it as a blanket.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

That'll keep you warm.

She nestles Marnie's head in her lap.

MARNIE

What happened?

QUINLAN

We were -- we hit a tree or something,  
I'm not sure.

Marnie nods, and then looks down at her.

MARNIE

I can't feel anything.

QUINLAN

That's good.

Marnie starts to sob quietly.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Hey, it's okay, I'm here. It's okay.

MARNIE

I'm going to die...

QUINLAN

No, no you're not.

MARNIE

(half indistinctly  
through her tears)

All I wanted... all I wanted was to  
be joined.

QUINLAN

What's that?

MARNIE

Me. I wanted to be joined, so badly.

QUINLAN

Oh Marnie, sssh, it's okay, it's all  
right.

MARNIE

You don't understand. When I was  
little, I dreamed of it, of the day  
I would become one with a symbiont.  
I trained so hard. The day I was  
told I was going to be joined was  
the happiest of my life.

QUINLAN

What happened?

MARNIE

That night, I went -- I went out and  
there was an accident. I was going  
too fast in the speeder to get home  
to tell my parents the news... They  
found internal bleeding...

QUINLAN

Marnie, don't...

MARNIE

(urgently)

Jennifer, I have to tell you.

(MORE)

MARNIE (CONT'D)

The neural pathways that connect the symbiont to the host were severed and some had to be cut out of me to stop the bleeding... I couldn't be joined any longer.

QUINLAN

Oh God, Marnie, I'm sorry...

MARNIE

I went to work at the research institute. I made new friends, met a man... and then one day...

She starts to choke up again.

QUINLAN

Marnie, please...

MARNIE

(determinedly)

Jennifer, listen to me! It's important.

Quinlan nods, glancing nervously out of the back into the hideous night.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

I was introduced to this drug, myxotocin. It was new, and was meant to stimulate the neural paths again, make them regrow. So I started taking it...

QUINLAN

Did it work?

MARNIE

There was a small sign of improvement, but the side effects -- they changed me as a person. The stimulation encouraged growth in all neurones, and the result was my personality was affected. I became morose, obsessed with becoming joined again. Angry, unreliable, with violent mood swings. Finally my husband couldn't take it and left me. And my friends, they stopped coming round -- it ruined my life...

Quinlan closes her eyes in pain, but Marnie grabs her urgently...

MARNIE (CONT'D)

It's too late for me, Jennifer, but  
it's not for you. Don't let the  
mistakes of your past affect your  
future. Promise me.

Quinlan looks at her through a veil of tears and nods.

QUINLAN

I promise.

Marnie lies back and smiles slightly.

MARNIE

Then it hasn't all been in vain...

QUINLAN

Marnie, no...

But Marnie lies back, and stops breathing. Quinlan bites  
her lip and embraces the girl, as outside the storm continues  
to rage on, and we slowly...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST -- SHUTTLEPOD WRECK

Continuous from the end of Act Four.

Quinlan over Marnie's body. Outside the storm roars down on the open craft, the interior being lit every few moments by a crash of thunder and lightning. The craft shakes from the earth tremors. Quinlan stands up suddenly, with a vengeful look in her eyes. She walks over and puts on the phaser holsters that Devon gave her. She checks the two phasers are fully loaded, and then she turns and walks out into the rain.

QUINLAN  
(yelling in fury)  
Mac! Mac!

We get a wider impression of the place the craft has landed in. It's a small open area surrounded on all sides by an army of trees. There are several that have fallen due to the tremors, and the ground is no way even. From out of the shadows walks Mac, with a faint smile on his face.

MAC  
Hello, Twister. I didn't want to disturb your little scene, gave you time to say your good-byes. The ironic thing I wouldn't have killed her. It was only you I ever wanted.

QUINLAN  
You're all heart.

MAC  
I wouldn't have hurt a flea if you'd just come quietly. But you never do, do you? You always have to fight against what's best for you, what's best for other people. How many people have died because of you?

QUINLAN  
Let's get this over with, shall we?

MAC  
Shouldn't we bow or something first?

QUINLAN  
Why don't you try it?

MAC  
(a rueful smile on  
his lips)  
I think not.

Both their hands twitch by their holsters.

MAC (CONT'D)  
May the best man win.

QUINLAN  
Right back at you.

Suddenly they both draw, quick as lightning. Imagine the following sequence as John Woo meets Star Trek. They shoot at each other as they dive for cover, Quinlan behind the craft, Mac behind the trees.

Mac relentlessly walks round to the craft, firing all the time. Quinlan ducks away, shooting at him as she in turn disappears into the trees, returning fire. The phaser fire flows quickly back and forth, scorching the trees as they move quickly through, Mac ever the pursuer.

The fight is silent but deadly. Quinlan is caught on the foot, and momentarily goes down, rolling away from the fire before managing to get back to her feet again. She gets to an area where a few trees are felled by the storm, and as she jumps over them, the earth tremors again, and the ground splits in two, rising up so that she is raised, and Mac is below. Mac hesitates for a moment, as Quinlan rises above and shoots down at him, scorching his arm.

MAC  
Bitch!

QUINLAN  
Sticks and stones, Mac.

She shoots again, and he is forced to run. She has the edge, but has to make her way down the ramp of earth, by which time she has lost him.

She looks around for a moment, swinging her two phasers, ever alert. The ground trembles again, and as she is momentarily distracted a phaser bolt cuts right in front of her nose.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Mac emerges, both phasers firing full throttle. She runs along the bark of one tree, ducking down the other side as Mac takes the ascendancy again. She looks round as she sees Mac walking towards her -- she has got herself in a little group of felled trees, the only way to escape would be to climb over them, revealing herself to his phasers.

She looks desperately around.

MAC

You might as well come out. You're cornered.

QUINLAN

Don't you know an animal's most dangerous when it's cornered?

MAC

So I've heard.

He shoots at the bark of the tree with both phasers, blasting it clean away. However, the gap is empty.

MAC (CONT'D)

You can run, but you can't hide from me, bitch.

QUINLAN (O.S.)

I'm not going hiding. Not any more.

Quinlan has crawled out of one of the trunks, which had a hollow center. She shoots him, catching him in the back with one phaser, knocking him to the ground. She hurries towards the group, ready to finish him off, but as she stands on one of the barks, he knocks her feet out from under her, felling her. He leaps on top of her, but she smacks him in the face with one of the phasers, temporarily dazing him. She stands up, and kicks the two phasers he's dropped away from him, before pointing both phasers at him. He looks up at her, knowing he is beaten.

MAC

How can you? After all we've been through?

QUINLAN

Very easily...

As she says this, the earth tremors again, and the ground beneath the trunk she is standing on suddenly collapses. She goes tumbling down, and the last thing we see is Mac leaping towards her again before everything goes BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MAC'S SHIP

Quinlan is slapped in the face, and woken up. She looks and sees she is tied to a chair in Mac's ship. Mac, who has woken her up by slapping her, walks slowly away. In the dim lighting, his ketracel-white tubes glow eerily.

MAC

Wake up, Twister.

Quinlan shakes her head, trying to clear her wooziness. She looks up.

QUINLAN

Didn't have the... have the balls to kill me after all?

MAC

Oh no. I thought of something much better.

Quinlan looks at him, and then looks round. They are in the small aft compartment, the living space. In one corner is Marnie's body.

QUINLAN

What are you doing?

MAC

With her? I have some friends who will pay top dollar for a cadaver like hers. Big market in corpses, Twister.

Quinlan looks at him with disgust.

QUINLAN

What are you doing with me?

MAC

Well, you know, as I stood over your body out there, my two guns pressed to your temples, suddenly thought, "what a waste."

QUINLAN

What?

MAC

Your fighting skills out there were very impressive, Twister, much better than I remember them.

QUINLAN

I've had a lot of practice.

MAC

I'm sure you have. And it would be a shame to let all that practice be for nought. I could use someone like you, Twister. After all, I'm going to need a partner, and I don't think Devon's going to be of much use now.

QUINLAN

Partner?

MAC

But of course, I intend to pick up exactly where I left off. Pillaging and plundering and all the other things we used to do. But I can't do it alone.

QUINLAN

You're out of your mind.

MAC

Yes, I thought you'd say that. And that is why I thought I'd bring something to change your mind...

He reaches over, and produces a vial of ketracel-white. He presses a hypospray to it and the contents slowly begin to enter it.

MAC (CONT'D)

You know, once you've taken some of this stuff, you see things from a whole different perspective. I know I did...

Quinlan's eyes go wide with horror. She begins to strain against her bonds.

QUINLAN

Mac, no, please don't. Please.

MAC

A few doses and you lose all your inhibitions. It makes you see life from a whole different perspective. Now won't that be nice?

QUINLAN

Mac...

MAC

I promise you, Twister, soon all your troubles will just fade away...

He brings the hypospray to her neck, as she leans away. Using momentum, she knocks the chair to the ground, landing on her side with a thud. The white sprays off onto the floor.

MAC (CONT'D)

Now look what you've done. What a waste!

He kicks her in the stomach, and she doubles up.

MAC (CONT'D)

You can stay there while I get another phial.

He goes over to a box in the wall. Meanwhile, Quinlan looks around desperately. Finally she sees, in Marnie's pocket, the hypospray from before half out of her pocket. Quinlan's eyes widen. We focus on Mac who turns to find Quinlan has propelled herself over to Marnie's body.

MAC (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Don't spoil the merchandise!

He roughly picks up the chair again and places a firm hand on Quinlan. He brings his hypospray to her neck again, and this time she can't move.

MAC (CONT'D)

Everything's going to be alright now...

He presses the hypospray to her neck, and we hear the HISS. Satisfied, he lets go. Quinlan immediately spins her chair, and presses Marnie's hypospray against the only body part her hands can reach, his legs. We hear the same HISS again.

MAC (CONT'D)

What the hell are you...

Suddenly his eyes go wide. He begins to clutch at his face and scream, staggering back.

QUINLAN

Trill nerve enhancers, Mac. Stimulate the brain. Not really designed for anyone with less well developed cerebral cortexes, I hear. Which I know includes you.

Mac continues to scream as blood begins to ooze out of his ears, and he collapses on the floor by Marnie. Eventually his screaming stops as he fades into unconsciousness. Quinlan watches him with a cold pleasure.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

You're right. Everything is going to be alright now...

She closes her eyes with a deep sigh of relief...

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING

As before, we see Mac's ship in the foreground.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

It took me half an hour to find something sharp enough to cut myself  
(MORE)

QUINLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
loose. I was able to call for help  
from his comm, and they came soon  
enough.

We see another ship coming into land in the clearing.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL

Quinlan is standing outside the rescue ship under the hospital  
manqué, wrapped in a blanket, watching as Mac's body is  
wheeled out of the ship strapped to the trolley. She watches  
impassively.

QUINLAN  
We were taken to the local hospital.  
The neural stimulator didn't kill  
Mac, but has sent him into a coma  
which the doctors do not know how to  
handle. They have sent a message to  
the Trill homeworld, asking for  
assistance, but the Trill have as  
yet not responded.

INT. HOSPITAL -- CORRIDOR

Quinlan walks down a glistening white corridor, still with  
that glazed look in her eyes. She holds in her hand a cup  
with steam coming out of it.

QUINLAN  
Knowing the Trill's reticence to  
share any knowledge about their  
joining practices with the outside  
world, it could be weeks, even months  
before they answer, if at all. Good.  
I told the doctors not to bother,  
but they see things in a different  
light to me. That's fine.

She stops at a window, and stares in. Inside, we see Mac  
lying unconscious, still strapped to his bed, with various  
life monitors attached to him.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
One thing about it, with the amount  
of stimulant I gave him, he should  
be feeling very happy in his sleep.  
I hope he enjoys it.

Quinlan walks on.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
And as for me... I think I've put  
more than one demon to sleep today.

INT. HOSPITAL -- ROOM

Devon lies in a bed, sleeping, while an attractive NURSE fusses with his chart. Quinlan peers in, and then sneaks in quietly. The nurse smiles at her. They both whisper.

QUINLAN

How is he?

NURSE

He said he wasn't feeling too bad. The surgeons were able to get the transmitter out of his ear. I'll leave you for a few minutes.

QUINLAN

Thank you.

The nurse leaves as Quinlan sits by Devon's side. She looks at him for a moment, and then tentatively takes his hand.

DEVON

(mock annoyed)

Jen, what'd you do that for?

Quinlan jumps and quickly drops Devon's hand.

QUINLAN

What?

DEVON

Chase that nurse away. I think she was about to give me a bed bath.

Quinlan rolls her eyes.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Well, a guy's gotta have some fun in here.

He shifts in his bed and sits up slightly.

QUINLAN

How are you feeling?

DEVON

Okay. Still have a headache. My eardrum is damaged, both when Mac pushed it in and when he sent that sound wave down it. They're not sure if I'll ever hear from it again.

QUINLAN

Devon, I'm sorry.

DEVON

Don't be. It's hardly your fault.

QUINLAN

That's the problem, it is.

DEVON

Nonsense. You did nothing wrong.  
It's me that should apologize for  
the way I spoke to you.

QUINLAN

You didn't mean it. I know you were  
trying to get me to leave before Mac  
came back.

DEVON

Rubbish, I meant every word. But  
it's true I was also trying to get  
you to leave before Mac came back.

QUINLAN

Every word?

DEVON

Well, maybe not the "screw-up" part.

She raises an eyebrow.

QUINLAN

That's the part I agreed with the  
most.

(beat; then, with a  
faraway look)

But not any more.

DEVON

Oh?

QUINLAN

Yeah, I realized you can't let past  
regrets rule your life.

Quinlan shakes herself out of her reverie.

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I have to get going. Lea has  
called me.

DEVON

Lea?

QUINLAN

My friend -- one of my friends --  
from the Enterprise. There's some  
emergency or other she wants me back  
for. I have a shuttle in an hour.

DEVON

I'm sorry you can't stay longer.

QUINLAN

So am I. I promise I won't ignore  
your messages any more.

DEVON

You better not.

QUINLAN

Look after yourself.

She stands up, and walks to the door.

DEVON

Jennifer.

She turns.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I hope you don't regret everything  
in your past.

She smiles at him, walks back over, and kisses him lightly  
on the forehead.

QUINLAN

No, not everything.

They look at each other, and then she turns and walks out  
the door.

CUT TO:

INT. STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS -- MEMORIAL

A room with the dedication plaques of every ship no longer  
in service hanging on one of the four huge walls. Quinlan  
enters carrying a bouquet of flowers, and walks down it,  
looking for one plaque.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

I always used to think the past was  
something to run away from, afraid  
that if I didn't it would return and  
consume me. What I didn't realize  
was that that was what it was doing  
anyway. People died because of me,  
and it is something I will have to  
live with for the rest of my life,  
but I know now that I shouldn't let  
it run my future as well. If I do  
that, then the same things happen  
again and again in a vicious circle.  
I will always bear the scars of my  
past, but they will not be my whole  
any more.

(MORE)

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

Instead, by facing it, I can make sure my future, and the futures of those around me, are different. As someone once said, forgive but don't forget. I promise I will never try to do that again.

She lays the bouquet down, and walks away. As she does so, we see which plaque she has laid the flowers under -- the USS NIGHTINGALE.

Underneath it, a small engraving reads:

"To those who were lost on Stardate 71399.2.  
You died so others might live. Rest in peace."

On this we HOLD until we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END