

STAR TREK

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RENAISSANCE

"Flashpoint, Part II"

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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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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)

JOEL'S COMM. VOICE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
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.

JOEL'S COMM. VOICE (CONT'D)  
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.

JOEL'S COMM. VOICE (CONT'D)  
You know what she can do. You know  
what *I* can do.  
(beat)  
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.

JOEL'S COMM. VOICE (CONT'D)  
...above that. Don't you?  
(beat)  
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.

FIGURE #2  
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

ACT ONE

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 touching 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 than 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 than  
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.

MACREGOR  
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 than 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

ACT TWO

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

ACT THREE

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

(flatly)

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 to 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 out right 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

ACT FOUR

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

Not what. About who. Who I am.

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.

CROSS

You think?

DOJAR

I do.

CROSS

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.

CROSS  
(perplexed)  
Nothing of relevance?

He shakes his head and sighs.

CROSS (CONT'D)  
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.

DOJAR  
I don't dislike being in your  
presence, Captain.

CROSS  
You could have fooled me.

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

CROSS (CONT'D)  
So. The Cyclops Array.

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

CROSS  
I'm glad you agree.

DOJAR  
Do you have a plan?

CROSS  
(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.

DOJAR  
Tomorrow morning?

CROSS  
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.

FLASH TO:

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?

DELFUNE

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 than 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 RECONAISSANCE 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.

CROSS

Then perhaps you'd care to enlighten  
me what are your orders?

GUER

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

CROSS

Do you even have any?

GUER

Of course I do.

CROSS

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

Beat.

CROSS (CONT'D)

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.

GUER

Then I guess we fight.

CROSS

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

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

GUER

It was a pleasure serving with you,  
Captain.

With that he ends the transmission.

CROSS

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

SIMPSON

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.

DOJAR

Understood.

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?

DELFUNE

No.

JOEL

I see.

Clandestinely, 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 lose 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 door way 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

CROSS

(heatedly)

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.

CROSS

Yeah. And now Dojar's gone too.

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.

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