

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

9x23 - "The Soul Key."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the novel

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine: The Soul Key

by Olivia Woods

NOTE: This episode features three different versions of Kira Nerys. For clarity, we will refer to them as follows:

KIRA - Captain Kira Nerys of Starfleet, who has transported to the alternate universe to confront Iliana Ghemor.

ILLIANA - Our Universe's version of Iliana Ghemor. Born Cardassian but surgically altered to look Bajoran. Jailed by Dukat, then escaped, now impersonating the Intendant.

GHEMOR - The Mirror Universe's version of Iliana Ghemor. Currently left behind on Deep Space Nine by Kira.

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 CLOSE ON O'BRIEN

Who is confused, perturbed, and distinctly worried.

O'BRIEN
Iliana, what the hell are you
doing over there?

WIDEN to reveal...

2 INT. TEROK NOR - MAIN OPS CENTRE

The alternate universe version of Deep Space Nine. The alternate O'BRIEN, general and leader of the Terran rebellion, stands at the central ops table.

His lover KEIKO and his lieutenant EZRI stand on either side of him. The rest of the room is staffed by other rebels, mostly human but some other aliens sprinkled in.

On the main screen, at which O'Brien, Keiko and Ezri are staring in surprise, is the Ops centre of DS9, with KIRA and GHEMOR standing together at the central Ops table, and BASHIR, SISKI, VAUGHN and DAX just out of the way.

(NOTE: this is the same conversation as in ep 9x22. Filmed at the same time, but now seen from Terok Nor's POV.)

GHEMOR (screen)

I know I should have come to you before I crossed over. I let myself become emotionally involved because of who she is. I thought I could stop her on my own. I was wrong.

O'BRIEN

Iliana... I'm not sure how much of this I can believe. You're telling me that you didn't manage to kill the Intendant, but she might already be dead, but not really, because an alternate universe version of you is pretending to be her to fulfil some obscure Bajoran prophecy?

GHEMOR (screen)

I realise it's a lot to take in. But you have to understand - if this woman succeeds in doing what she intends, Bajor will follow her like some kind of messiah. She could even start a holy war within the Alliance.

EZRI

Would that be a bad thing?

KEIKO

It would be. A war like that would devastate the region. People like us would be its first victims.

GHEMOR (screen)

Exactly - the faithful versus the infidels. With a madwoman calling the shots.

KIRA (screen)

You see now why we felt the need to warn you. General O'Brien, I also have a stake in seeing this woman stopped. She's proved

herself to be a threat on our side as well as yours. My people and I stand ready to assist you.

O'BRIEN

I appreciate the offer, Captain, and I accept. You can start by explaining exactly where...

(reacts to panels)

...what the bloody hell?

Terok Nor's long-range ALARMS begin to blare, and the crew jump into action. O'Brien, Keiko and Ezri quickly check their panels; other rebels run to their stations, suddenly panicked. The DS9 crew can only stand and watch, powerless.

KEIKO

Multiple warp signatures on approach vectors. Looks like Klingons. ETA two minutes.

O'BRIEN

Raise shields. Ezri, prepare for planetary bombardment. I want a torpedo lock on Ashalla in the next thirty seconds.

Ezri works to do as he says - a nod confirms the lock. On the screen, Kira is shocked.

KIRA (screen)

General... what are you doing?

O'BRIEN

Exactly what I warned them I'd do if they moved against us, Captain.

KIRA (screen)

You can't attack Bajor! Millions of innocent lives -

Static is beginning to break up the signal from DS9.

O'BRIEN

Captain, exactly how do you think we've managed to hold Terok Nor

all this time? It's by convincing the Alliance that if they pushed me too far, Bajor would suffer the consequences.

KIRA (screen)
(static)
Nog... -eaking up! Do someth...

NOG (screen)
...rying ...-terfering with... -
ignal lock, over...

The signal is lost in static.

KEIKO
We've lost their signal. Something cut into it.

O'BRIEN
The Klingons?

KEIKO
Maybe. You think they picked up the transmission?

O'BRIEN
I think I don't give a damn. Ezri, where's that torpedo lock?

EZRI
Target acquired. Weapons locked and ready.

KEIKO
Enemy ships entering firing range in... one minute.

EZRI
I wish the *Defiant* were here...

O'BRIEN
How many ships are you reading?

KEIKO
Twelve, including the *Negh'Var*.

O'BRIEN
(wry grin)
Pretty good odds, then, even
without the *Defiant*.

KEIKO
That's not funny, Miles. What if
they do force you to attack Bajor?

O'BRIEN
Keiko, trust me. It will never
come to that.

O'Brien projects a warm reassuring smile for Keiko.

3 EXT. BAJOR - ESTABLISHING

A pleasant pastoral shot, suggesting a coastal area.

4 EXT. MYLEA STREETS - DAY

The same small Bajoran town where Jake met Rena in 9x03
"Waiting for the Mist to Clear." Cobbled streets, wooden
boardwalks, average rural small town Bajorans going about
their daily business. This is the Alternate Universe.

There is a slight hush, a whispering among the citizens, as
they notice two FIGURES walking into town down the main
street. They are both cloaked in heavy cloth, hiding their
identities for the moment. But everybody knows everybody in
this town, so anyone unfamiliar is cause for comment.

The door of what counts as the town's government buildings
opens, and MU-OPAKA steps out. She watches quietly as the
two figures proceed towards her down the street.

The strangers reach the steps of the government building.
One reaches up to pull back its hood - it is VAUGHN (our
version). He keeps his head down, not making eye contact
with anyone. Opaka tries to conceal her reaction.

Then the second figure pulls back its hood too - it is KIRA
(our version). A gasp of surprise goes around the crowd of
watching Mylean citizens. Everyone knows who this woman is.

KIRA

You know who I am, I take it?

MU-OPAKA

Of course, Intendant. Welcome to Mylea. I am Opaka Sulan, the town's administrator. Your presence honours us. I regret that I was not informed about your visit. I would have prepared a proper reception had I known.

KIRA

Naturally. But you weren't meant to know of my coming. My servant and I have been travelling in secret.

MU-OPAKA

May I enquire as to the reason for your visit?

Kira steps closer, lowering her voice, but keeping the superior tone of her Intendant disguise.

KIRA

My purpose is not for the ears of the rabble who work under you. Is there some place where we can speak privately?

MU-OPAKA

Of course. Please follow me.

MU-Opaka walks down the steps and onto the street, leading Kira and Vaughn a little further down the streets.

CLOSE-UP

As Opaka walks, she slowly and subtly moves her hand into the folds of her robes. She grabs the handle of a Klingon disruptor that is hidden in a pocket and begins to slowly pull it out, all while trying to appear casual and calm.

BACK TO SCENE

Just as Opaka reaches the door of another building, she jerks to a stop. There is a Starfleet phaser touching the back of her neck, held by Kira. Opaka hisses frustration.

Kira whispers into her ear while Vaughn tries to subtly block view of the entire affair from the rest of the town.

KIRA
Drop the weapon.

MU-OPAKA
I think not. Take a good look
around you.

Kira turns her head, and what she sees makes her pull back the phaser from Opaka's neck.

Every person - every single Bajoran on the street - is pointing a weapon at Kira and Vaughn.

Kira realises she might have made a slight miscalculation.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. MYLEA STREETS - DAY

Kira and Vaughn face dozens of disruptors pointed at them. Opaka grabs each of their phasers and confiscates them.

KIRA

Alright, look. We're not who you think we are.

MU-OPAKA

Oh, I know precisely who you are. I knew it the moment I saw him.

(nod towards Vaughn)

What I want to know is why you've come here, and why you're posing as the Intendant.

Opaka jams her disruptor under Kira's chin. Kira gulps. Vaughn meanwhile is scanning all the faces in the crowd.

KIRA

I came because of Iliana Ghemor.

MU-OPAKA

Where is she? If she's dead, if you've killed her -

KIRA

She's fine. Only two of us could make the journey, but she's safe, I promise you. She told us how to find the religious enclave where she got her... information.

MU-OPAKA

Then why the deception?

KIRA

I didn't know who to trust. Ghemor didn't have time to tell us who we should talk to. I never imagined the entire town was in on it.

Opaka studies Kira a moment, then reaches out and grabs her ear in the style of a vedek. She closes her eyes, reading Kira's *pagh*. Then she relaxes and lets go, stepping back.

MU-OPAKA

(to the town)

They mean us no harm. You may all stand down.

Reluctantly, the towns people begin to put away their weapons. Opaka after-you's for Kira and Vaughn to enter the building. But before he goes, Vaughn takes a quick scan of the faces in the crowd again.

KIRA

What are you looking for?

VAUGHN

Someone who can help us.

KIRA

Let's hope we've found them.

6 INT. REFECTORY

A stone meeting room, a mid-sized table. Opaka sits at the head, Kira and Vaughn on either side with cloaks cast off, revealing the Starfleet uniforms beneath. An ND Bajoran stands near the doorway, weapon still drawn just in case.

KIRA

Thank you for letting us speak with you, administrator.

MU-OPAKA

You're not like your counterpart at all, are you? That imperious air you put on earlier - it doesn't come naturally to you.

VAUGHN

Lady Opaka, is it true that the Bajoran religious enclaves are allied with the Terran rebellion?

MU-OPAKA

Yes. In fact, you might say Mylea represents the marriage of the two groups. I was one of the first to rally to Benjamin Sisko's banner. As you've no doubt guessed, Mylea is much more than a simple fishing village - it is both a religious sanctuary, and a training ground for freedom fighters.

KIRA

That must be a huge risk for all of you.

MU-OPAKA

The risk to our *pagh* would be far greater if we did nothing. Let's get to the heart of it, shall we? You're from that other universe. Iliana Ghemor went there weeks ago to stop her counterpart, and we haven't heard from her since. But within the last hour we received word that Terok Nor itself is under attack by Alliance forces, and now here you are. I take this to mean things did not go well.

KIRA

No, they didn't. Ghemor failed, and now her counterpart is over here, impersonating the Intendant. She's the one leading that attack.

MU-OPAKA

What do you imagine we can do?

KIRA

Expose her. Alert the authorities that the Intendant is a fraud.

MU-OPAKA

It would take a lot more than your word to convince them.

VAUGHN

You don't need our word. She may look Bajoran, but her biology is Cardassian - a medical scan can prove it. Her quantum resonance signature is the same as ours.

MU-OPAKA

No-one will listen.

KIRA

Then what about the people here? You said they're training to fight - well, we need them to fight!

MU-OPAKA

We may train soldiers for the rebellion, but we have no means of staging off-world attacks.

KIRA

But there has to be something we can do!

MU-OPAKA

We must put our faith in the Prophets. And we must trust the rebels of Terok Nor to prevail.

VAUGHN

And if they don't?

MU-OPAKA

We do not live in a world of guarantees, Elias, but rather one of choices. The Prophets gave us free will so that we might light our own way in the darkness.

Kira smiles, almost amused at the florid language.

KIRA

You speak like the vedeks of my world, Lady Opaka. Most Bajorans I've met from your universe seem completely ignorant of -

MU-OPAKA

Most of my people have forgotten the Prophets. It wasn't until I came to Mylea myself, and rediscovered the Shards of Dava, that I realised that the time of the Emissary is upon us.

KIRA

Shards of Dava? You mean Dava Nikende? He was a kai on my world, a religious leader -

MU-OPAKA

On ours too. It was he who foresaw the destruction of the Tears.

KIRA

(breath knocked
out of her)

The Orbs were destroyed? How is that possible?

MU-OPAKA

The Terran Empire. Our conquerors disapproved of our religion. But Dava foresaw the Orbs' destruction and he took what steps he could to preserve their light. He took a fragment from each, set them in a band of metal, and hid them away.

KIRA

Orb fragments...

MU-OPAKA

Yes. And I believe I can guess your next question, Captain. Yes, the Shard discovered on your world came from ours. Dava's writings say that before he hid the Shards, the Orb of Souls called to him. He describes meeting his reflection, and entrusting the Shard of Souls to this second Dava.

KIRA

My world's Dava. But it was all for nothing. The Shard has fallen into the hands of a madwoman bent on fulfilling Trakor's prophecy. None of it makes sense!

MU-OPAKA

Prophecy is often vague, Captain. That is why we must test it.

MU-PRYNN (o.s.)

Sulan...

Kira looks up at the new voice. Vaughn does not - he closes his eyes and holds his breath. It is MU-PRYNN, bursting into the room with tears running down her face.

MU-OPAKA

Prynn, you shouldn't be here. Not now. What's wrong, child? What's happened?

MU-PRYNN

Ashalla... the news...

Kira winces - she can guess what is coming. Prynn collapses in tears on Opaka's shoulder.

KIRA

What about Ashalla?

MU-PRYNN

It's gone. Ashalla's gone. The entire city's been destroyed.

7 ON MONITOR SCREEN

A Cardassian monitor, showing a series of faces which click over every few seconds. Tekeny Ghemor, Kira Taban, Shakaar Edon, Corbin Entek, Dakhana, Ataan... and Skrain Dukat.

ILIANA (o.s.)

They're all dead...

8 INT. HARKOUM PRISON - OFFICE

A small dark room, Cardassian style - the administrator's office. Aside from the screen, most of the room's light is from a big, blue-lit Obsidian Order symbol on one wall.

ILIANA sits at the computer, scanning through its pages, wearing civilian Bajoran clothing. As she clicks to each face in turn, she is hit by loss over and over again.

ILIANA

They've all been dead for years.

SHING-KUR (o.s.)

Nerys...?

Iliana quickly changes the screen to hide what she has been looking at. It becomes the VIDEO of Cardassian surgeons operating on live Jem'Hadar - the ones Ro also watched in 9x21. Iliana subtly wipes away tears, then turns.

SHING-KUR stands in the doorway, not wanting to intrude.

ILIANA

What is it, Shing-Kur?

Shing-Kur walks gently into the room, looks at the screen. She is not fooled, but she will pretend for Iliana's sake.

SHING-KUR

I don't know why you keep watching that over and over again. Dukat's doctors may have been clever, but they were as heartless and brutal as any other Cardassian.

(realises her mistake)

I'm sorry, I -

ILIANA

Then it's a good thing you were able to improve on their work. Thankfully there's no longer a need to strap a Jem'Hadar to a table and pray he doesn't kill us before his head explodes.

SHING-KUR

Speaking of which, I brought you
the latest information sent by
Taran'atar.

Shing-Kur hands Iliana a padd, which she immediately starts
reading - as much as a distraction as for genuine interest.

SHING-KUR

I have to say, I'm surprised
you're only using him as a spy.

ILIANA

For now. Have patience, Shing.
Leading billions of Jem'Hadar
soldiers back through the wormhole
and onto Captain Kira's very
doorstep, just before I place her
head on a pike, is a tempting
idea, but it lacks a certain -

She breaks off, caught by something she read on the padd.

SHING-KUR

Nerys? What's the matter?

ILIANA

(strangled whisper)
Another Kira.

SHING-KUR

What?

ILIANA

Another Kira. Another universe.
(shows her padd)
Look! A parallel universe with
another Kira Nerys!

Shing-Kur takes the padd back and begins to read the file
for herself. Iliana anxiously paces the room.

SHING-KUR

Alright. But why is this upsetting
you? This woman had nothing to -

Iliana SMACKS her across the face, blistering with rage.

ILIANA

How can you know me as well as you
do and still not understand what
this means to me? Another Kira is
out there - claiming my identity!

Iliana grabs Shing-Kur by the front of her tunic and SLAMS
her to the wall, screaming in anger. Shing doesn't resist.

ILIANA

And doesn't that imply there's an
infinite of alternate Kiras out
there, in innumerable parallel
universes, each of them carrying a
piece of me?

Iliana launches into a blur of PUNCHES and KICKS and BLOWS,
taking out all her fury and fear and revenge on Shing-Kur.
Shing-Kur just takes it, letting herself be pummelled.

CROSS-FADE TO:

Shing-Kur's bloodied and bruised face, whispering soft
platitudes and rocking back and forth. PAN DOWN to see that
Iliana's head is in her kneeling lap, weeping openly.

SHING-KUR

We'll get them. We'll get all of
them somehow. I promise.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR

GHEMOR stalks down the corridor, hunting someone who is successfully evading her. She turns a corner, and as she does, SISKO emerges from the shadows behind her. Ghemor turns to him, annoyed but grudgingly impressed.

SISKO

Was there something you wanted from me, Agent Ghemor?

GHEMOR

I'm not an agent anymore. How did you do that?

SISKO

I picked up a few tricks over the years from a Cardassian who used to live here. Now do you mind telling me why you've been following me around the station?

GHEMOR

I wanted to talk to you.

SISKO

That much I gathered. What about?

GHEMOR

I saw the look Vaughn gave you before he beamed out. He convinced Captain Kira to take him instead of me, and he did it on your instructions. I want to know why.

SISKO

Well, let me ask you something, Ms Ghemor. Why do you care about getting back to your universe? Considering all the trouble you went to to get over here, you seem strangely eager to return.

GHEMOR

I only came to your twisted world to stop my counterpart before she stole the mantle of Emissary in my world. I'd think you of all people would appreciate that.

SISKO

(smooth, unruffled)

I'm surprised to hear you say that... given that we both know you had the perfect way to stop her while you were still on the other side. But you didn't.

Ghemor is taken aback that Sisko knows her secret. He has ruffled her, but she tries not to show it.

GHEMOR

So you sent Vaughn instead?

SISKO

Someone had to step up, because up to now, too many people have been dropping the ball.

He's said his piece, got under her skin, so he turns to go. Ghemor angrily calls after, not letting him off the hook.

GHEMOR

You're playing a dangerous game, Captain.

SISKO

(over his shoulder)

That's the difference between you and I, Agent Ghemor. This isn't a game to me.

GHEMOR

But it is to Them, isn't it?

That makes Sisko stop and turn back to her. Ghemor is gratified to have finally got a reaction out of him.

GHEMOR

They treat our lives like *kotra* pieces. Tell me, Captain - how do you go along with it? Putting your own people's lives on the line for some abstract concept of fate, abandoning any sense of free will, any sense of choice -

SISKO

(quietly angry)

Everyone has a choice, Ms Ghemor.
Everyone.

Then he turns again and walks away, not looking back.

CUT TO:

10 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY

RO LAREN screams with effort as she stands inside a support frame, forcing one leg to move one small step forwards. It is her post-injury physical therapy. She hates it, but it has to be done. ETANA stands by her side, encouraging.

ETANA

You're doing great, Laren. Keep going.

Ro forces the other leg forward, tentatively puts some weight on it with a grunt. She stops to catch her breath.

RO

Kol... can I ask you a question?

ETANA

No, you can't have the wheelchair.

RO

Not that. Kol, are you religious?

(off Etana's look)

We've never really talked about it - and I appreciate that. You know it makes me uncomfortable. But... well, are you?

ETANA

Well, maybe I'm not as fervent as Kira or as serene as Opaka... but yeah, I follow the Prophets' path.

RO

See, that's the thing. I can't deny there's a wormhole out there, and obviously there are entities that live in it. But that's a long way from believing they're gods. If Iliana Ghemor's plan really is to become the Emissary, then I need to understand what she hopes to gain by doing that. So I've been diving into all the files and records and prophecies I can find. But... I'm afraid I might be missing some of the subtleties.

ETANA

Every child on Bajor knows the prophecies about the coming of the Emissary, Laren. He is the one the Prophets will call to Them, the one who will open the Temple gates, and the one to whom They will give back his life.

RO

Is that enough, though? Look at the incident with Akorem Laan. Plenty of people thought he fit the bill better than Sisko, but in the end they insisted Sisko was the one they wanted. Why him?

ETANA

I can't tell you the Prophets' minds, Laren.

RO

I realise that. But... This is what's bugging me. Even if the alternate Bajorans accept Iliana as their Emissary, there's no

guarantee the Prophets themselves will. So what does she get out of it? Yeah, she has a whole world following her every whim... but how does that solve her problems?

Etana can't answer - these kinds of questions are beyond her. Ro gives her a bashful grin, and pulls herself up.

RO
I need a break.

ETANA
You know the deal. Meals on the Promenade, using the exo-frame.

RO
Yeah, yeah.

Etana hands the bulky metal frame to Ro, who takes it with good-natured grumpiness.

11 **INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR**

TENMEI throws her padd onto the table, groans loudly with frustration. Across the table, BASHIR sits sipping a drink.

BASHIR
Steady, Ensign. You aren't the first to feel defeated by the wormhole aliens. But the answer won't be found with standard Starfleet methods, I'm afraid. You need to think outside the box.

Tenmei sighs with frustration. DAX approaches the table.

DAX
How's it progressing, Ensign?

TENMEI
I'm sorry, Lieutenant, but there's just no reason why a collapsing warp field or a leaky plasma injector should open up a passage into the alternate universe.

Dax takes a chair and joins them at the table. QUARK sidles up to the table, delivering food for Bashir and Tenmei.

DAX

Prynn, listen to me. I know how hard you've been working on this. I knew it wasn't going to be an easy assignment, but I also knew that if anyone could figure out what happened to the *Rio Grande*, it's you. Stick with it.

QUARK

Stick with it, you say? Curious choice of words, considering the rumour going around that you're thinking of moving on yourself. As in, transferring off the station.

Dax clenches - shame, annoyance, betrayal. Bashir turns to her, quietly upset. Tenmei is just staying out of it all.

BASHIR

Ezri...? Is that true?

DAX

Yes, alright! I've been thinking about it. From time to time. As in, not very often. Can we change the subject, please?

BASHIR

It just seems rather...

QUARK

Sudden.

BASHIR

Yes, that's it. It seems sudden.

DAX

Oh please. Neither of you has any idea how long I've been thinking about this. And I want to stress, I am only thinking about it.

QUARK

You know, it's widely accepted on Ferenginar that certain places are nexuses of interesting activity. This place is one. Remember Rule of Acquisition one-ninety-nine - "Location, location, location."

Prynn blinks, the answer coming to her in a flash.

PRYNN

Location. That's the answer.

BASHIR

What's the answer?

PRYNN

Nexuses of interesting activity. Outside the box. Change the subject.

QUARK

(*sotto*, to Bashir)

Do you have any idea what she's talking about?

DAX

Prynn, is this something to do with the *Rio Grande*?

PRYNN

That's just it. I don't think it was ever about the *Rio Grande*.

DAX

Explain it to me.

PRYNN

Maybe the *Rio Grande's* malfunction didn't force it to cross over to the alternate universe at all. Maybe it was just the precondition for the Prophets allowing it to cross over.

BASHIR

It sounds as if you're saying the Prophets deliberately sent the *Rio Grande* to the alternate universe.

PRYNN

That's exactly what I'm saying.

DAX

So all we need to do is recreate the malfunction while we're inside the wormhole, and the Prophets should do the rest.

PRYNN

I guess it all comes down to the will of the Prophets. They're the ones calling the shots in there.

DAX

I like it. Well done, Prynn.

Dax gets to her feet, re-energised and ready.

BASHIR

You're going in there, aren't you?

DAX

You bet. Nog hasn't made a dent in the scattering field, so this may be our only way to help Kira and Vaughn. And if they keep insisting on leaving me in command, I'm damn sure gonna make the most of it.

APPLAUSE goes up. Confused, they look around and see that Ro stands in the doorway, wearing the metal leg braces, walking stick in one hand and Etana supporting the other.

The entire crowd cheers - she responds with more good-natured grumbling. Quark grins and gets to his feet.

QUARK

Ah... nothing so gloriously misanthropic as a full-powered Ro Laren. If you'll excuse me...

Quark leaves to greet Ro. Dax turns back to Bashir.

DAX
Any last minute advice?

Bashir gently takes her hands with an encouraging smile.

BASHIR
You're the captain.

She smiles, touched by his support...

12 **INT. REFECTORY**

With MU-Opaka, plus our Kira and Vaughn. MU-Prynn has delivered the news, and the room is now in uproar. Prynn is raging through the tears.

MU-PRYNN
Terran butchers! I knew we should never have trusted them, Sulan. And sure enough, the first time they're under pressure, they prove they're still the same monsters they always were!

VAUGHN
But Prynn, you're Terran...

MU-PRYNN
I wish I wasn't! What have the Terran rebels ever done for us?

KIRA
I refuse to believe the rebels did this. I've known O'Brien for years, and he would never -

MU-PRYNN
You know your O'Brien. You have no idea what this one is capable of.

While Kira tries to calmly reason with MU-Prynn, Vaughn stands and gently takes MU-Opaka by the arm. He guides her to the side, where they can talk privately.

MU-PRYNN

(background)

...they're estimating a death toll as high as two million. Minister Lenaris and at least half the parliament were in the capital.

KIRA

We should have done more. If we had tried harder to turn Bajor against the Alliance...

MU-PRYNN

They'd have just turned their entire fleet against us!

VAUGHN

(foreground)

Lady Opaka, why are we wasting time? We both know there is one in your group who could fix this entire problem here and now.

MU-OPAKA

(taken aback)

How can you possibly -

VAUGHN

I know Benjamin Sisko is here.

Opaka is surprised all over again. That is not what she expected him to say. On her shocked expression...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

13 INT. REFECTORY

Where we were, as MU-Opaka reacts to Vaughn's claim.

VAUGHN

Well? Lady Opaka, I know Sisko is the one who's supposed to be the Emissary. If you take me to him, I may be able to persuade him to do what he was supposed to have done a long time ago.

MU-OPAKA

You cannot persuade him, Elias.

VAUGHN

Let me try. Please. This is what I was sent here to do.

OPAKA

Sent? By whom?

VAUGHN

By his counterpart. The Emissary of my Bajor.

OPAKA

I see. Very well. Follow me.

Vaughn looks back to the room - Kira is still talking with Prynn. Vaughn makes eye contact with MU-Prynn for a moment. She pauses, not sure how to react to him. She gives him one short nod of acknowledgement and then turns back to Kira.

Then Vaughn turns and follows Opaka out of the door. Kira hasn't noticed him leaving.

14 INT. BASEMENT ROOM

They emerge into a primitive, underground basement room. Boxes are piled around the walls, except for a bare space at one end. Vaughn frowns, not sure what Opaka is up to.

Then Opaka pulls a small control out of her robes and points it at the bare area. A hologram dissolves, revealing a spiral staircase going further down into the ground.

15 **INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE**

Opaka leads Vaughn down the staircase, lighting candles placed into alcoves in the old stone walls as she goes.

16 **INT. SANCTUARY ROOM**

At the bottom of the stairs, they find a small underground chamber like the one where the Orbs are kept in Ashalla.

In the room are eight stone plinths, where eight bracelets sit on plush cushions - all containing coloured stones, fragments of Orbs - plus one plinth with an empty pillow.

OPAKA

This is where Dava hid the Shards.
This is the most sacred place we
have, and therefore is the most
fitting interment for the bones of
my friend... the man who should
have been Emissary.

On the far wall is the shape of a Bajoran burial headstone. Bajoran characters adorn it, but clearly among them are the English words, BENJAMIN SISKO. Vaughn's jaw drops...

17 **EXT. SPACE - THE BADLANDS**

Back to ep 9x10 "Fragments and Omens." The Besinian ship that attacked Sidau village sits among the swirls of the Badlands, showing the damage of its attack by the *Defiant*.

Moving past the *Defiant*, further into the Badlands, we can just barely make out another shape. It is a tiny cloaked ship, the freighter's shuttle, only visible when the smoke and energy of the Badlands indicates the negative space.

KIRA (comm, v.o.)

Kira to Nog, shut down the restart
sequence, right now.

18 INT. SHUTTLE POD

Iliana, in civilian Bajoran clothing, sits at the controls, listening in to the *Defiant* crew talking. She is enormously entertained by listening to them try to figure it all out.

Behind her, KE HOVATH is stuck in the back portion of the shuttlecraft, trapped behind a force field. He is starting to realise some small portion of what's going on here.

NOG (comm)
Aye, sir... initiating core shut
down... Uh-oh.

KIRA (comm)
What is it?

NOG (comm)
The injectors aren't responding.
They're cycling up to overload.
Captain, this thing is going to
rupture any second.

HOVATH
(foreground)
You're not her. You're not Kira
Nerys. Who are you?

Iliana glances over her shoulder at Hovath for a moment, a bit annoyed that he is interrupting her fun.

KIRA (comm)
Kira to *Defiant*. Get us out of
here, now!

Iliana grins and looks out of the shuttle's front window.

ILIANA
Say goodbye to Iniri, Hovath...

On cue, the freighter explodes in a big fireball, knocking the *Defiant* backwards and tumbling. Hovath SCREAMS. Iliana laughs, holding up the *pagh-varam* bracelet proudly...

CUT TO:

19 **EXT. HARKOUM - DAY**

The *pagh-varam* is held in another hand... WIDEN to reveal that Hovath himself is holding it. He is terrified, though. He has clearly been repeatedly beaten and terrorised.

We are outside on the surface of Harkoum - the rundown city on the edge of the desert, the open-air warehouse where the Klingon mercenary chased the Cardassian Woman.

Hovath looks over his shoulder - Iliana is there, watching him. Beside her is TELAL, her Romulan lieutenant.

Another small group of people huddle together in the mess of the warehouse. They are of various different species, but all the kind of abject, down-trodden people who would eke out an existence on a dead-end world like this.

HOVATH

These people are afraid of you.

ILIANA

With good reason.

HOVATH

What did you do to them?

ILIANA

I made sure their fear would be at your disposal. You told me the Soul Key conjured the *Dal'Rok* out of your villagers' fears. Show me.

Hovath looks to the terrified aliens, down at the bracelet in his hand. He still can't quite bring himself to do it.

ILIANA

Understand this, Hovath... Do as I ask, and I'm willing to let these people return to their lives, such as they were. But if you try any tricks, they die.

Too scared to refuse, Hovath lifts the *pagh-varam* up to the sky, as he used to do as the Storyteller of Sidau village. Nothing happens. He frowns, confused.

He thrusts his hand towards the sky again, brow creased in concentration. He looks down at the bracelet wrapped around his palm, genuinely confused. This should have worked.

ILIANA

Why isn't it working, Hovath?

HOVATH

I... I don't know! Perhaps I'm no longer worthy.

ILIANA

Then you're useless.

She draws her disruptor and SHOOTS him dead on the spot. He thuds to the ground, a burning hole in his chest. The other aliens YELP in terror. Iliana absently puts away the weapon.

TELAL

Are we done here?

ILIANA

(annoyed)

Yes, we're done.

TELAL

(re aliens)

What do you want us to do with them?

ILIANA

Dump them back in the city.

TELAL

Are you sure? They know what we look like.

Iliana leans down, plucks the bracelet off Hovath's dead hand, and restores it to her own. She turns and walks away.

ILIANA

I didn't say they had to be alive.

As Telal draws his weapon with a nasty grin...

20 **INT. HARKOUM PRISON - OFFICE**

The *pagh-varam* is back on Iliana's hand. She sits gazing down at the tiny green stone in the bracelet. Across the table from her, Shing-Kur is working at various padds.

SHING-KUR

All my scans are consistent with the Orb studies done aboard Deep Space Nine. The stone is an Orb fragment, but like its larger cousins, it defies any more meaningful explanation than that.

ILIANA

So you still can't tell me why it won't work?

SHING-KUR

I can tell you one thing with absolute certainty - that object is not from this universe. Its quantum resonance signature unquestionably places its origin in the Intendant's universe.

Still gazing into the stone, a smile comes over Iliana's face. The explanation has occurred to her.

ILIANA

It's fate.

SHING-KUR

What do you mean?

ILIANA

This thing is an Orb fragment. It's a construct of the Prophets. The Prophets exist outside of time. The vedeks would say it works when it's fated to work.

SHING-KUR

So we have to wait for it to
decide for itself when we can get
any use out of it?

ILIANA

Don't you see? I'm not meant to
use it here. I'm meant to return
it to where it belongs. To where
there's a Bajor that is still
waiting for the one who will open
the gates of the Celestial Temple.

Shing-Kur looks dubious, but Iliana is rapturous. The truth
has come to her - it's her destiny to be the Emissary.

21 INT. SANCTUARY ROOM

...Where Vaughn stands staring at Benjamin Sisko's grave.
He doesn't understand - how can this possibly be?

VAUGHN

When did it happen?

OPAKA

Six years ago. Less than a year
after he started the rebellion.

(pause)

I looked into his *pagh*, and I saw
the promise he was supposed to
fulfil. I tried to explain what
I'd seen, what it would mean for
Bajor and the rebels if he could
open his mind and seek the Temple,
but he never believed me.

VAUGHN

It's a mistake... it has to be.
He told me... someone has to stop
Iliana by becoming the Emissary
before she beats him to it.

OPAKA

Quite. It was our hope from the
start that someone would have
already done so by now.

VAUGHN
So where is he?

OPAKA
She. As for where... you left her
behind in your continuum.

Vaughn's jaw drops all over again as he understands.

VAUGHN
Are you telling me you expected
Ghemor to become your Emissary?

OPAKA
I can't say it comes as a surprise
that she didn't tell you. Iliana
rejected most of the revelation
that she received from the Shard
of Prophecy. She fixated on what
she learned about her counterpart
- the threat she represented.

VAUGHN
But if it was meant to be her...
why did Sisko specifically send
me? It doesn't make sense.

OPAKA
She already refused. She thought
she could stop the other Iliana
without embracing the rest of her
destiny. But when she came to us
from the rebels, I felt her *pagh*.
I recognised her for who she is,
despite her protests. Ironic...
one who did not wish to be among
us was to be the Emissary.

On Vaughn's confusion...

22 **INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS**

Ghemor, the Cardassian woman, stands in the middle of the
room. She is staring at Shing-Kur, who sits in a cell.

SHING-KUR

You have the look of someone lost.
Something's changed since we last
spoke.

GHEMOR
Nothing's changed. She's still out
there, and you're still in a cage.

SHING-KUR
Really? Then I dare say that makes
two of us.

DAX (o.s.)
Ghemor?

Ghemor turns and sees Dax standing in the short corridor to
the office, Bashir at her shoulder.

DAX
A moment of your time, please.

23 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE

Dax and Bashir walk into the office, followed a moment
later by Ghemor. Dax turns and folds her arms.

BASHIR
If I may say, Ms Ghemor, you look
a bit drawn. How are you feeling?

GHEMOR
Honest answer? Pretty useless. But
thank you for asking.

BASHIR
When was the last time you slept?

GHEMOR
Probably too long ago.

DAX
Then I advise you to get some
rest. We have a new theory about
the wormhole. We're launching the
Defiant tomorrow so we can put it
to the test. If we're right, we

could have you back in your
universe before lunchtime.

Ghemor stares at her own reflection in one of the security
office monitor screens. Bashir is right - she looks a mess.

GHEMOR

I don't know why you'd want me
along. Every decision I make
lately turns into a disaster. I
ran away from the Obsidian Order,
I ran away from the Bajorans, I
failed to stop the madwoman...
and so I ran away again.

DAX

Well, I'm sorry if you're having
some problems, Ms Ghemor. But I
suggest you find a way to deal
with them before your counterpart
becomes the new face of the
Prophets.

GHEMOR

(still staring
at reflection)
New face...

Then inspiration hits. She turns to Dax, newly energised.

GHEMOR

I think I have an idea...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24 INT. HARKOUM PRISON - OFFICE

Iliana and Shing-Kur sit in the dark room, opposite sides of the table. Shing-Kur is working hard on padds and plans. Iliana is gazing deep in the tiny green stone of the *pagh-varam*, totally ignoring the plate of food in front of her.

SHING-KUR

The more I learn about her, the more amazed I am that Intendant Kira lasted as long as she has...

(looks up)

Aren't you going to touch your dinner?

Iliana rubs slightly at the skin on the hand that holds the bracelet - it feels odd, cold. Shing-Kur tries again.

SHING-KUR

I'll say this for her, though. When the Intendant embarks on a scheme, she doesn't mess around.

Iliana isn't really listening. Something is definitely wrong. Her hand is deathly cold, and she can't take her eyes off the tiny stone. Then something MOVES inside the stone, until it appears to be looking right back at her.

Iliana flares in alarm, and then a great wash of colour SWIRLS out of the *pagh-varam* - Orb energy, a bright and spinning green. The energy washes out the image...

25 WHITE SPACE

The formless environment of the Prophets. A heart beat THUMPS, anxious breaths HISS. We PAN around until we see Iliana, confused and scared.

The heart beat continues to thump. But then a second beat joins it, thumping alongside. Iliana hears it, and knows what it means. She turns on the spot...

...and sees Ghemor, her own alternate self. They stare into each other's eyes, quickly realising who each other is.

From Iliana's POV, looking at Ghemor, zooming to ECU...

FAST MONTAGE

- Ghemor slitting her father TEKENY's throat
- O'Brien pointing a weapon at Ghemor aboard Terok Nor
- Opaka grasping Ghemor's ear, Vedek-style
- Ghemor turning away from the Klingon mercenary (9x19)

BACK TO SCENE

As Iliana reacts to this knowledge about her counterpart. She looks at Ghemor...

...then we PAN quickly around, all in one shot, to being Ghemor's POV, looking at Iliana, and zooming to ECU...

FAST MONTAGE

- Iliana, as a young Obsidian Order trainee, draws her blindfold-built phaser on Entek (9x21)
- Dukat looms over Iliana-as-Kira in her prison cell, as she screams in fear (9x22)
- Iliana breaks down as the memories return, crying in the cold water of Dukat's luxury shower (9x22)
- The secret captor places the *pagh-varam* bracelet on the table in front of the terrorised Hovath (9x10)

BACK TO SCENE

Ghemor reacts to this knowledge about Iliana, her eyes creasing with anger and determination to stop her. Iliana recognises the look, and is afraid of it...

Ghemor takes a menacing step towards Iliana, and green colour WASHES over everything, taking us out...

26 INT. HARKOUM PRISON - OFFICE

...and back to real life. Iliana JERKS back from the table, almost losing her balance. She stares at the bracelet, her heart pounding in fear, as she readjusts to existence.

SHING-KUR

Nerys! Nerys, are you okay?

ILIANA

What - what just happened to me?
Where did I go?

SHING-KUR

You didn't go anywhere. You just froze where you were for a moment. You didn't blink. I'm not sure you were even breathing.

Iliana jerks her hands away from Shing-Kur, stumbling back.

ILIANA

She's coming for me...

SHING-KUR

Who is?

ILIANA

Put this place on high alert. Now. Find the best assassins we've got. Tell them there's a Cardassian woman on her way here, to Harkoum. I want her stopped before she gets anywhere near me. Put a bounty on her head, promise them anything, I don't care - just stop her.

SHING-KUR

I - ...

ILIANA

(not listening)

We have to move. Contact L'Haan, tell her to get ready. There's no more time.

SHING-KUR
Okay, Nerys, I'll do it. But then
I want you tell me what's going
on. Will you do that?

Iliana nods absently. Anything to get things moving.

SHING-KUR
What about Taran'atar?

ILIANA
(small smile)
Activate him. It's time we brought
him home.

On Iliana's dark grin and Shing-Kur's business-like
acceptance...

27 FAST MONTAGE

- Taran'atar throws the knife into Kira's chest (9x17)
- Ghemor and the Nausicaan fight in the desert (9x20)
- Taran'atar disappears in the trans-dimensional transport
beam from the depths of Harkoum (9x20)
- L'Haan helps Iliana don the Intendant's headdress (9x20)

28 INT. NEGH'VAR - CORRIDOR

...On Iliana, pretending to be the Intendant, as she walks
down the corridor of the Klingon flagship with a self-
satisfied smirk.

She is being escorted by two bulky Klingon guards towards a
large, heavy door at the end of the corridor. It opens, and
a Cardassian man turns to face her - ENTEK.

ENTEK
Intendant Kira, I presume. My name
is Corbin Entek. I am very pleased
to meet you.

Iliana conceals her shocked reaction, and enters...

29 INT. NEGH'VAR - OFFICE (CONTINUOUS)

Iliana affects the Intendant's manner, stalking seductively to the desk, slinking into its large seat. She tries to be confident and unruffled - it is not entirely working.

ILIANA

I am a busy woman, Mister Entek,
And I do not appreciate having my
time wasted by impertinent
Obsidian Order agents "demanding"
an audience with me.

ENTEK

I'll certainly make your concerns
known to Director Lang when we
next speak. She has developed a
keen interest in your thoughts
lately... as have some others.

ILIANA

(weary sigh)

Kindly dispense with the veiled
insinuations and come to the
point, Mister Entek. Or else
Director Lang will also develop a
keen interest in the whereabouts
of your body.

ENTEK

My pleasure, Intendant. Twenty
hours ago, you transmitted an
enquiry to the Central Records
Office for information about one
Ataan Rhukal.

Iliana languidly spins the chair until she is facing away from Entek. Trying to project boredom and indifference, but really covering a wince at her own sentimental stupidity.

ILIANA

What of it?

ENTEK

Perhaps you were unaware that
Rhukal is currently being held at

the Order's facilities on Kora Two, on charges of conspiracy and murder. He appeared to be closely associated with a former Order agent named Iliana Ghemor... an agent who disappeared on the very night her own father - Tekeny Ghemor, the former head of the Order - was mysteriously murdered.

Iliana absorbs all this information about her opposite.

ILIANA

And you believe my interest in Ataan stems from... what? Complicity in this crime?

ENTEK

If there's one thing life in the Obsidian Order has taught me, Intendant, it's that everyone is guilty of something.

ILIANA

Would you like to see exactly what I'm guilty of, Mister Entek?

Iliana turns to him, a wide grin spreading across her face. Entek is a little thrown by this change.

ILIANA

Taran'atar... show yourself.

A whisper-rush of air, and Entek turns to see TARAN'ATAR standing right behind him. Entek stumbles backwards into the table, shocked and scared. Taran'atar stares him down.

ENTEK

What - what is that?

ILIANA

The future.

Taran'atar advances threateningly, and Entek cowers back. Iliana begins to smile as Entek's SHRIEKS begin...

30 **EXT. SPACE - NEGH'VAR**

As Entek's SCREAMS echo off into the distance, the massive Klingon flagship warps through space, surrounded by eleven other Klingon vessels of various classes.

As they pass us, all the ships ripple and cloak...

31 **EXT. FOUNDERS' WORLD**

A sweeping shot of the planet-sized lake of changelings, flowing with golden liquid as we have always seen it. The small rocky islet juts above the surface, as it always has.

ANGLE

Looking down into the changeling mass, a FIGURE beneath the surface. The figure gradually moves closer to the surface, gently guided by the natural tides of the Great Link.

The figure breaks the surface of the Link - and it is Taran'atar. The Jem'Hadar is naked, curled up in a foetal position. Breaching the surface, he stretches, legs and arms straightening, his eyes opening. Blissful, calm.

He is being born - given birth by the Founders. The tendrils of changeling matter are still wrapped around his throat, his ankles and wrists. He tries to break free of them, but he can't. He begins to struggle.

Then the protoplasm MORPHS, becoming strands of metallic copper, cutting across his throat and limbs, holding him tight and choking him. He struggles, frustrated, almost on the verge of panic. But he can't break free.

L'HAAN (v.o.)
(faint whisper)
My mind to your mind... your
thoughts to my thoughts.

More strands of copper lash out and strap Taran'atar down.

L'HAAN (v.o.)
Fight what you see. Fight what you
feel. Follow my voice.

He continues to struggle, his eyes wide. But he has heard this voice now, and he feels that someone else is with him.

TARAN'ATAR (v.o.)

Who are you?

L'HAAN (v.o.)

I am L'Haan. I believe that I can help you. But I need you to help me in return. Close your eyes.

TARAN'ATAR (v.o.)

I cannot.

L'HAAN (v.o.)

You can. You fail because your altered mind will not permit you to follow the commands of anyone but her. But I do not seek to command you. I merely offer an idea, and invite you to make the choice to close your eyes.

ZOOM IN TO ECU

Close on Taran'atar's face as he considers her words... and then closes his eyes. Then he opens them again...

ZOOM OUT FROM ECU

And sees that he is standing, dressed, on the Founders' rocky islet. Opposite him stands L'HAAN, the Intendant's Vulcan handmaiden who we have seen since 9x07. They are alone as the changeling sea rolls around them.

L'HAAN

Well done.

TARAN'ATAR

Where are we?

L'HAAN

You are asleep in the Intendant's stateroom. I have risked reaching out to you to make a proposal.

TARAN'ATAR

You betrayed your last master.
Now you betray your new one.

L'HAAN

I have no master. My servitude is
pretence. I am a member of a
secret organisation which seeks a
fundamental reordering of this
part of the galaxy.

Taran'atar receives flashes of memory...

FAST MONTAGE

-- Mirror SPOCK, watching as he beams Kirk back to his
universe, after the very first crossover (TOS 2x10)

-- Mirror TUVOK, joining the argument among the rebels in a
cave with Sisko (3x19)

-- L'Haan places the Intendant's silver headdress onto
Iliana's head (9x20)

BACK TO SCENE

TARAN'ATAR

And you hope to recruit me into
your cause?

L'HAAN

No. I only seek your help in
correcting the mistake I made by
bringing both you and the false
Intendant into my universe in the
first place.

TARAN'ATAR

You misjudged her.

L'HAAN

This new Kira is as malign, if not
more so, than the one she killed.
I fear that rather than advancing
my plan, I have put it at risk.

TARAN' ATAR

What do you wish me to do?

L' HAAN

What I cannot do without risking my organisation - kill her.

TARAN' ATAR

She is my god.

L' HAAN

Is she? Is her claim to your obedience truly any greater than that of your previous masters - these "Founders" of yours? The ones who denied their divinity to you? The beings who banished you into the unknown so that you might learn to redefine your entire state of being?

TARAN' ATAR

My life is hers. That is the new order of things.

L' HAAN

If the old order can be changed, so can the new. That is an axiom we have in common, I think. I offer you an alternative to the order of things.

TARAN' ATAR

What alternative?

L' HAAN

My people have telepathic skills which we have concealed from the Alliance. I can break the hold she has on you. Your choices would forever be your own. No-one will have a claim on your loyalty or your obedience again, unless you choose to give it to them. Do you understand me, Taran'atar? You will be free.

Taran'atar thinks about everything she has said. And he makes a decision. He scrunches his eyes closed again, and he pushes forward. The background around him morphs, and we MATCH CUT Taran'atar's face...

32 **INT. INTENDANT'S STATEROOM**

... as he forces himself out of his dream and awake, by sheer force of will.

L'Haan JERKS back in surprise, her hand pulling away from its mind-meld position on his rocky face. He is leaning against the wall in a corner of Kira's elaborate quarters on the *Negh'Var*.

Before L'Haan can recover from the surprise, he reaches forward, GRABS her and spins her, pulling her back against his chest. One arm is wrapped across her chest, pinning her arms, the other grabs her chin in a rough grip.

TARAN'ATAR

I was not meant to be free.

And he SNAPS her neck.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

33 INT. NEGH'VAR - MAIN BRIDGE

Beginning close on KURN, who stands glaring down at Iliana. The bridge crew around them can clearly hear their angry conversation - they are making no effort to keep it down.

KURN

I want that creature off my ship!

ILIANA

Taran'atar isn't going anywhere,
General.

KURN

You brought it aboard without my
knowledge or consent. Now it has
killed your own handmaiden!

ILIANA

You heard what he told us. L'Haan
was going to betray me. Taran'atar
may have responded impulsively,
but it was the correct response. A
proportional response. As long as
you and your men remain loyal to
me, you have nothing to fear.

KURN

Don't insult my honour, Intendant.
My men and I fear nothing, and our
loyalty is -

ILIANA

Your loyalty was negotiated, so
let's forgo the posturing, shall
we? Now you know exactly how
dangerous Taran'atar can be when
necessary. That's good, because
now you know you can believe what
I've told you about what we have
to gain by finding his people.

KURN

I also know what we have to risk.
I've looked into that thing's
eyes, Intendant... it's soulless.
When it chooses not to obey you
anymore, it won't discern friend
from foe.

ILIANA

He can't make that choice, Kurn.
And when we find the rest of his
kind, I'll control them just as
easily. Imagine it - an army of
creatures just like Taran'atar,
led by you... as you go into
battle against Martok and Dukat.
There will be no more Alliance...
just a single, all-encompassing,
invincible empire. Led by us.

Kurn glares at her, battling between the greed for what she
is promising, and his growing worry over the whole thing.
Then his first officer, KRONA, reports.

KRONA

Entering the Bajoran system,
General. Slowing to sublight now.

Too late to argue now - they are at the point of no return.
Hissing, Kurn throws himself into his grand command chair.
Iliana stands beside him. She does not lounge seductively
like the real Intendant would - she is all business.

On the screen, the warp field slows back to the normal star
view, and we can see the other Klingon ships doing the
same. In the distance, Terok Nor hangs in orbit over Bajor.

KURN

Sound battle alert throughout the
fleet.

KRONA

All ships acknowledging. We're
detecting an unusual transmission
being received by Terok Nor.

KURN

What type of transmission?

KRONA

It appears to be a communication,
but I cannot isolate the source.

ILIANA

Can you put it on speakers?

Krona sets to work. A squeal of static slowly clears to reveal a familiar voice.

KIRA (comm)

...also have a stake in seeing
this woman stopped. She's proved
herself to be a threat on our side
as well as yours. My people and I
stand ready to assist you.

ILIANA

(urgent)

Jam that transmission!

Kurn swivels to her, intrigued and confused.

KURN

That sounded like you.

KRONA

Terok Nor has raised shields and
is arming weapons. No sign of
Defiant.

ILIANA

It could be cloaked.

KURN

Instruct all ships to begin sensor
sweeps of the Bajor system. If
that cursed vessel is anywhere
nearby, I want it found!

ILIANA

Patch me into that signal. Put it
on the main viewer.

KURN

What are you doing, Intendant?

ILIANA

I'm enjoying myself, General.

The screen changes to show Kira and Ghemor at DS9's central Ops table. Kira glares, recognising her opposite number with surprise and anger. Iliana gives a thin, amused smile.

ILIANA

Well hello... Captain. What an unexpected surprise. And how clever of you to have devised a way to communicate with Terok Nor. You've no idea how pleased I am to see you alive.

KIRA (screen)

I sincerely doubt that.

ILIANA

Oh believe me, I wasn't happy to learn what Taran'atar had done to you. That was a task I'd reserved for myself. It's reassuring to know I get to come back for you... once I'm done here, that is.

KIRA (screen)

You won't succeed.

ILIANA

Of course I will. Haven't you heard? I walk with the Prophets.

Iliana brings up her hand, with the *pagh-varam* wrapped around her palm. She wiggles her fingers in a taunting wave to Kira. Then she nods to Krona, who cuts the transmission.

KURN

Are you finished?

ILIANA

Deploy the scattering field.

KRONA

(hits keys)

It's done. It's expanding... it has already blanketed Terok Nor and should cover the planet within the next few minutes.

ILIANA

Good. Begin scanning Bajor for anomalous quantum resonance signatures, and continue until further notice.

KURN

What do you expect to find?

ILIANA

If the scattering field operates the way you claim it does, nothing. But I've learned not to underestimate the alternates.

KURN

(suspicious)

You said you weren't happy about what Taran'atar had done to your counterpart. What did you mean?

Iliana curses to herself again - another silly mistake.

ILIANA

A tale for another time, Kurn. But I trust you see now why I warned you about interference from the other universe. And why I had your people design the scattering field to prevent it.

KURN

(grunts agreement)

It's abundantly clear to me that the alternates are in league with the rebels. We will need to deal with that threat more directly before long.

ILIANA

And we will. Just don't forget
that I want Terok Nor captured,
not destroyed.

Kurn grunts again, but reluctantly agrees to Iliana's
commands. He turns to his crew.

KURN

Helmsman, hold position within
weapons range of Terok Nor.
Weapons, withhold fire until the
Intendant gives the order. First
officer, relay these instructions
to the rest of the fleet.

KRONA

(hits keys)

All ships acknowledge, General.

KURN

It's your move now, Intendant.

Iliana leaves Kurn's side and goes to stand by the weapons
console. She presses a few buttons, then turns back.

ILIANA

Raise the rebels.

KRONA

Channel open.

ILIANA

Attention, occupants of Terok Nor.
This is Intendant Kira Nerys of
Bajor. Your unlawful seizure of
this space station is at an end.
By the authority of the Alliance,
I am placing you all under arrest
for assorted acts of terrorism and
murder. You have one minute to
stand down and surrender.

The screen changes to show O'Brien stood at Terok Nor's
central Ops table, defiant and hate-filled.

O'BRIEN (screen)

I don't need a minute to tell you and your Klingon lapdogs to go to hell, Intendant. We aren't surrendering to you or anyone else. I have a torpedo lock on Bajor's capital.

ILIANA

Yes, that gambit has worked well for you up to now, hasn't it, Smiley? Holding an entire planet hostage, threatening billions of lives - it seems so ruthless. A bit too ruthless for the likes of you, I think.

O'BRIEN (screen)

You think I'm bluffing?! Make one move against this station and I promise you Bajor will pay the price. Now back off!

ILIANA

No.

She reaches out to the firing control, and deliberately, so that everyone can see, she presses the BIG RED BUTTON.

The vibration of multiple torpedo launches RUMBLES through the ship. The other Klingon officers' instruments register what has happened at the same time as O'Brien's do. O'Brien is stunned, his eyes going wide.

O'BRIEN (screen)

My God, what the bloody hell have you done?

ILIANA

I've taken away your hostage.

KRONA

General, sensors show... massive detonations on the surface of Bajor. In the capital city!

KURN
(standing)
What?!

On the screen, O'Brien is staring, unable to believe what has happened. He is on the verge of collapse, almost crying. Iliana ignores Kurn and walks closer to the screen.

ILIANA
Now before grief turns to rage,
and you begin pouring out the
station's entire firepower at my
fleet in some pathetic attempt at
revenge, let me point out that
I've destroyed only a single city.
If you don't surrender Terok Nor
to me immediately, I'll destroy
another, and then another...

Staring at her with hatred, tears spilling over, O'Brien sags in defeat. Iliana takes it as her answer.

ILIANA
General Kurn, have your troops
prepare to board Terok Nor as soon
as its shields come down.

Satisfied with her victory, Iliana turns to leave.

34 EXT. TEROK NOR

Terok Nor surrounded by twelve Klingon warships, including the massive flagship *Negh'Var*. The nearby blue-green orb of Bajor is marred by one massive explosion on its surface.

35 INT. TEROK NOR - PROMENADE

Klingon warriors stomp down the Promenade, harrying rebels at disruptor-point, towards Security. Others are being herded out of the bar and the infirmary to join the crowd.

One of the rebels tries to fight back - a Klingon STABS him in the gut with his *dk'tahg* and leaves him to die as the others trample over the body.

36 **INT. TEROK NOR - SECURITY CELLS**

O'Brien sits on the bunk in one of the cells, emotionally ruined. Keiko is in another cell, and Ezri in the third, both a little more defiant but still upset. A Klingon stands and sneers at them through the force fields.

37 **INT. TEROK NOR - CARGO BAY**

More Klingon warriors herd and force more rebels into a cargo bay. The room is packed full of scared, angry people. As the door is closed, leaving them alone in there, a force field pops up over the door and all the walls.

38 **INT. TEROK NOR - OPS CENTRE**

The turbolift rises slowly into Ops, carrying Iliana and Kurn. The room is already filled with Klingons at the various posts, including Krona at the central ops table.

Iliana and Kurn step off the turbolift, both glowing with victory. They walk down to the ops table, savouring their conquest with a grin. Then they climb back up the stairs to the office.

39 **INT. TEROK NOR - INTENDANT'S OFFICE (CONTINUOUS)**

Iliana strides purposefully into the room, followed by Kurn. She circles the desk, inspecting it.

KURN

It was a bold move. But a bit too lateral as strategies go. Klingons prefer more direct confrontations.

ILIANA

You don't approve of my choice.

KURN

It is not for me to approve or disapprove, Intendant, as you have correctly reminded me more than once since this mission began. It will be interesting to know the Regent's reaction, though, once word of this reaches him.

ILIANA

I've crushed the rebellion in this system in one stroke. I think the Regent will be quite pleased.

KURN

Making him less inclined to look suspiciously at your activities from now on. Freeing you to pursue the overthrow of his rule.

ILIANA

Well said.

Kurn is silent for a moment, regarding her with curiosity. Then they are interrupted by Kurn's comm device. He steps away to answer it, and we hear him mutter something back and forth. He signs off and turns back to Iliana.

KURN

My tactical officer reports that he has detected readings of the type you told him to search for.

ILIANA

(sharp, angry)

Where? How many?

KURN

The northern hemisphere, Kendra province. A coastal village known as Mylea. Two.

ILIANA

Send six *Chutok* attack craft down to the surface, General. Have your men surround the village and go in on foot. The invaders are to be captured. But they are not to be killed. Am I understood?

KURN

But if they are enemies of the Alliance -

ILIANA

I want them alive. And just to make sure there are no accidents, Taran'atar will lead the assault.

KURN

What?! My men will never -

ILIANA

(smooth)

If your men have a problem with following Taran'atar, they can take the matter up with him. The outcome of that should be quite amusing.

She turns away and gazes out of the window, down at Bajor nearby. The dark smudge caused by her attack is clearly visible. Kurn, still eager to needle her, steps close behind and follows her eye line down to the damage.

KURN

As I said, a bold move. But you are not the woman I once knew, Intendant. You don't even seem to care that you murdered millions of your own people.

ILIANA

They're not my people.

(beat)

But they soon will be.

On Iliana's resolute expression...

FADE OUT:

THE END