

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

14x03 - "Behind the Mask"

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*

and on the *Star Trek* tie-in novels  
by Pocket Books

### TNG 19x03 - "NOCTURNE"

A cloaked Breen ship is making a run for it, with the stolen Soong-type androids on board. A mysterious shuttle with no life signs but the apparent ability to track cloaked ships follows it. *Enterprise* is following them both - at a discreet distance. On the way, Worf and Choudhury discuss their relationship, both agreeing they like the casual, noncommittal place they are in. Picard watches his son René sleep, thoroughly enjoying fatherhood. LaForge has dinner with junior doctor Tamala Harstad, and admits that all this android talk has him thinking about his friend Data. When the Breen ship finally stops at a world, the second ship also follows it down. *Enterprise* hides in the magnetic pole while Worf leads a perilous away mission, descending to the surface by EVA orbital skydive. The away team finally catches up with the mysterious shuttle and its pilot on the surface. "Took you long enough," smirks Noonien Soong.

### VOY 12x03 - "DO NO HARM"

At Earth with Janeway and *Galen*, the EMH receives orders to head to Starbase 185 - they rescued a crippled survivor who, impossibly, reads as Caeliar. Starfleet is paranoid about the super-advanced aliens returning, but the Doctor establishes that the man is not a Caeliar at all - he is a former Borg who brutally ripped out his own implants. After days of healing with the help of Seven's borrowed catoms, the Doctor is finally able to identify the stranger - Axum, Seven's ex-boyfriend (VOY "Unimatrix Zero"). Axum recalls the horror of his existence to *Galen's* Cmdr Glenn, but Starfleet Medical demands they hand over Axum and all research into catoms. The Doctor is incensed, until Medical reluctantly reveals they are facing a "catomic plague" on planets attacked by the Borg. Millions are at risk if they cannot solve this. Back on *Voyager*, Seven experiences erotic dreams starring a man who is *not* Counsellor Cambridge...

## TEASER

FADE IN:

### **1**    EXT. SPACE - SALAVAT ORBIT

The barren rocky world, with only the meagre buildings of the shuttle landing strip showing. But underground...

### **2**    INT. SALAVAT COLONY - CHECKPOINT

SIRENS sound and surveillance drones HOVER ominously over the scene, as BREEN soldiers block the paths of civilians and scan their ID chips before letting them pass. This is not the bored, everyday formality in the arrivals hall but a tense military operation. They are hunting for fugitives.

PAN UP to the rough-hewn ceiling, where a MAINTENANCE HATCH is set high up in the wall, with a ladder leading up to it from the floor. Quietly, slowly, the hatch creeps open...

...and two BREEN can be seen crouching in the small space beyond it. They peer down at the soldiers...

BASHIR (comm)

You're certain this is the only exit on this level?

SARINA (comm)

Yes. I've checked three times. It's the only one that exits on this side of the checkpoint.

BASHIR (comm)

Maybe we should lay low until the city's not on high alert anymore.

SARINA (comm)

Our ride home won't wait forever, Julian. We can't afford to bide our time. We have to be bold.

BASHIR (comm)

There's bold and there's suicidal. If we climb down this ladder, they'll shoot us long before -

SARINA (comm)  
Who said anything about a ladder?

The first BREEN pulls out a tiny portable HARPOON GUN.

BASHIR (comm)  
No, no, no, no...

SARINA (comm)  
Stand clear.

She JAMS an anchor into the wall outside the hatch, turns and FIRES into the darkness of this underground city. The bolt FLIES, carrying a monofilament WIRE until it HITS and embeds itself into the opposite wall.

Sarina quickly tests the wire - it is taut and strong - then clamps a tiny PULLEY over it and PUSHES off without another word, flying into the darkness and silence.

The second Breen sighs inside his suit, pulls out his own pulley, attaches it and PUSHES off after her.

WITH BASHIR in his Breen suit as he flies across the open space, Breen soldiers unaware beneath him, into complete darkness, no sign of Sarina...

SARINA (comm)  
Brakes! Brakes!

Bashir SQUEEZES the pulley around the wire, slowing himself until two HANDS reach out and catch him, guide him to a stop and a standing surface. They are in total DARKNESS.

**3 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

BASHIR'S view through the slim eye-slot is total blackness, but the suit's Starfleet-installed HUD reveals a HOLO-IMAGE projected before his eyes - the shape of a Breen helmet in green, like sonar, with that shape clearly labelled SARINA. Also visible are the words PRIVATE CHANNEL.

SARINA (comm)  
Can you walk? How's your leg?

BASHIR

I only had time for a quick run  
over with the dermal regenerator.  
I'll have a scar.

SARINA (comm)

It won't be your last. Come on.

The Breen holo-shape turns and moves off, and Bashir goes after her. As they walk, the shapes of the passages around them loom into the holo-image, allowing a clearer picture of where they're going. Staying in Bashir's POV:

BASHIR (o.s.)

I can't help noticing you've been  
giving me a lot of orders. Perhaps  
you forgot that I outrank you?

The other Breen shape glances back, not appreciating Bashir's indignant tone, before forging onwards.

SARINA (comm)

I also must have forgot when you  
thanked me for getting us both out  
of there alive. I'm the one who's  
done this before, Julian, but if  
you're sure you can do better...

**4    INT. SALAVAT COLONY - PASSAGEWAY**

Sarina reaches an intersection into a somewhat more well-lit corridor, although still in the hidden depths of the city. As she warily pokes her head out to check...

SARINA (comm)

(continuing)

...I will happily hand control of  
the mission over to you.

Seeing it's clear, she steps out, and Bashir follows.

BASHIR (comm)

That's not what I'm saying. Just -

A sharp, staccato BUZZ of Breen industrial noise barks out from behind them (translated into ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES)...

CHOT NAR  
Stop where you are!

Bashir and Sarina spin, and see a government-suited Breen, CHOT NAR, standing and holding a WEAPON on them. Sarina instantly pulls her own weapon, ready to fire. Bashir jumps between them, now also speaking in BUZZ with SUBTITLES...

BASHIR  
There's no need for weapons. We're  
no danger to you. I am Khet Rhun.

Nar looks at Sarina, who has lowered her weapon... a bit. When Nar holsters her own weapon, Sarina does the same.

SARINA  
Minh Sann.

CHOT NAR  
Those are not your real names.

BASHIR  
Why do you say that?

CHOT NAR  
Because no-one goes to the trouble  
of having themselves zeroed just  
to then go around giving out their  
real names. That's how I found you  
- you were setting off null value  
errors all over the surveillance  
grid. I thought everyone had been  
warned. Are you from the colonies?

Bashir and Sarina glance at each other, then back to Nar.

SARINA  
You could say that.

CHOT NAR  
You'd better come with me. I'll  
keep you somewhere safe until we  
can fix your ID chips.

Nar moves off down the passage. Bashir and Sarina follow...

5 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - APARTMENT BLOCK FOYER**

It is shift change time on Salavat. Hundreds of BREEN of all suit-types come and go, either heading off to work or coming home from it. ADVERTISEMENTS cover every wall, a new product displayed on them with every Breen that passes.

CHOT NAR, BASHIR and SARINA cut through this in a straight line, keeping to the middle of the room so as not to get too close to the adverts and set off any more null errors.

6 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - CHOT NAR'S APARTMENT**

The door OPENS and Nar leads Bashir and Sarina inside. It is basic but serviceable, the same as any normal person's apartment, all as generic and bland as at the marketplace - a sofa and chairs, coffee table, vid-screen on the wall. Nar continues to speak in Breen noise with SUBTITLES...

CHOT NAR

Make yourselves comfortable. It's not much but it's all I can offer you for now.

Having locked the door with several different locks, Nar heads off to her bedroom. We go with her...

**BEDROOM**

Opening her closet, Nar unclasps her helmet and lifts it off with a sigh of blessed relief, revealing her FACE. She is the same species as Kazren, the spy from 14x01 "Siren". Bronze skin, white hair which has been bunched up inside the helmet but which she now shakes free and long.

**LIVING ROOM**

Bashir and Sarina are hovering where they were, unsure what to do with themselves. Then Nar appears in the doorway from the bedroom, completely out of the suit.

She is humanoid, and is wearing a silk robe that disguises her figure in a much more flattering way than the Breen suit did, with her long white hair tumbling fetchingly over her shoulders. She looks *stunning*.

As Bashir and Sarina gawp, Nar looks back confused, and we hear her real voice for the first time.

CHOT NAR

I don't mean to criticise, but it is impolite to remain masked once your host has unmasked...

Bashir and Sarina glance to each other, unsure...

CHOT NAR

You are safe here. Please - remove your masks and be at home.

Bashir and Sarina's private comm, which Nar can't hear...

SARINA (comm)

We really can't refuse. Follow my lead, and let me do the talking.

Bashir nods, and both of them unclasp their own helmets and lift them off, revealing the faces of BASHIR and SARINA.

Nar's jaw drops, amazed and utterly shocked...

CHOT NAR

You're... you're not Breen at all. You're humans.

As Bashir and Sarina stand there, wondering if they're about to be turned in as dangerous alien imposters...

BLACK OUT

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**7 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The Cardassian-designed station, with the *Defiant* docked...

**8 INT. DS9 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE**

The door from Ops opens, and Nurse ETANA pokes her head in.

ETANA

Hey, boss - you got a minute?

Captain RO smiles from behind her desk...

RO

Sure, Kol - come on in. What's up?

Etana enters and takes the guest seat, a bit awkward.

ETANA

Kristen and I were just wondering when Doctor Bashir is coming back?

RO

Getting busy in the Infirmary?

ETANA

I know it's not like he hasn't taken leave before, but we usually have some notice so we can plan ahead, maybe get help from Bajor. This time it was like he had to take leave right this minute, couldn't even wait long enough to tell us how long he'd be away.

Ro ponders her reply - she can't tell Etana about Bashir's secret mission, but she doesn't like lying to her friend.

RO

Julian... had some stuff he had to take care of. Can't Doctor Aylam handle it?

ETANA

She's only one woman, boss. She can't work twenty-six hours a day. And Kristen and I are nurses, not doctors - what if someone needs emergency surgery overnight?

RO

Look, Kol - I can't tell you when Julian will be back, because I just don't know. But... maybe there's something else I can do.

She gets up, heads to the door, but doesn't open it. She looks through the glass, to where Lt CANDLEWOOD sits at his science station. Ro KNOCKS on the glass, Candlewood looks up, Ro beckons him. As he gets up, Ro returns to her seat. By the time Candlewood ENTERS, she is back behind her desk.

CANDLEWOOD

Hey, boss. What's up?

RO

(*faux* glare)

That's "what can I do for you, Captain?", Lieutenant. Sergeant Etana only gets to call me boss because we're friends.

CANDLEWOOD

(*faux* insulted)

We're not friends?

They are, so Ro lets it go - *this time*.

RO

What are you working on lately?

CANDLEWOOD

Nothing that can't be put off. Why, what do you need?

RO

You're assigned to the Infirmary until further notice.

CANDLEWOOD  
...I'm sorry, what?

RO  
They're short-handed with Bashir  
away. I know you're not a doctor -

Candlewood scoffs - yeah, obviously. Ro continues...

RO  
(continuing)  
But you worked in sickbay before,  
enough to offer support. I'll ask  
Counsellor Matthias to help too -  
she does have medical experience.

CANDLEWOOD  
All blue-shirts together, huh?

RO  
Between you, it should be enough  
to take some pressure off Doctor  
Aylam. Delegate what needs to be  
delegated, and report to the  
Infirmary first thing tomorrow.

CANDLEWOOD  
Understood...

With a look of "Alright, on your head be it," Candlewood  
heads out. Etana turns back to Ro with her own look -  
Candlewood is a good guy, but he can be a bit... *much*.

ETANA  
This'll be fun. Thanks... boss.

With a wry look, Etana heads back out to Ops as well. Ro  
watches them go, then turns worried again. When *will* Bashir  
be back? Will he be back at all?

9 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - CHOT NAR'S APARTMENT**

Bashir and Sarina have just revealed themselves to their  
saviour, Chot Nar. She steps back, wary and unsure...

CHOT NAR

I've never actually seen humans before. Not in the flesh, anyway.

SARINA

(hands up)

Please don't be afraid. Yes, we're humans. Cultural observers.

CHOT NAR

Civilians? From the Federation?

SARINA

That's right. We're just here to learn about your people.

CHOT NAR

Then why did you attack the civil control drones in the marketplace?

SARINA

We didn't, they attacked us. We were just defending ourselves.

BASHIR

And we did everything we could to keep innocent civilians out of the crossfire.

CHOT NAR

What happens now that I've seen your faces?

SARINA

Well, that depends. Do you have any food?

CHOT NAR

Some.

SARINA

Then perhaps we could sit down, have a bite to eat, and you could tell us things we don't know about the Breen. Which is most things.

A pause to consider, then Nar pulls her robe tighter about herself and comes into the living room. She takes one of the chairs, Bashir and Sarina sit together on the sofa.

CHOT NAR

What do you want to know?

BASHIR

For starters, I'd love to know about your own species, including what you call yourselves.

CHOT NAR

My people are the Silwaan. We were one of the founding members of the Confederacy.

SARINA

Silwaan? Not Dessev?

CHOT NAR

(bark of laughter)

Dessev? Gods no, nobody's called us that in centuries. Where ever did you hear that?

SARINA

Just a name we heard in passing.

Bashir picks up his discarded helmet...

BASHIR

I'm guessing the snouts on these things aren't for your benefit.

CHOT NAR

(faint smile)

No, that feature is included to accommodate the Fenrisal. I don't think your people have met them.

SARINA

One of the rumours I'd heard was that the Breen had no blood, and they need to wear refrigeration suits or they'll evaporate.

CHOT NAR

Ah - whoever told you that must have encountered an Amoniri.

BASHIR

Are they the ones with the four-lobed brains that foil telepaths?

CHOT NAR

No, those are Paclu. They are also very strong. That's why they and the Amoniri dominate the military.

Bashir leans forwards, intrigued...

BASHIR

Do you mean it's a caste system?

CHOT NAR

Not at all. Confederate Congress sets standards of performance for all roles within the government, military and educational sectors. Certain species are better able to meet those demands, that's all.

BASHIR

Remarkable. Then if it's not too impertinent to ask, why exactly do your people wear these masks?

CHOT NAR

To prevent exactly the kind of discrimination you hinted at.

SARINA

I don't follow. How do the masks do that?

CHOT NAR

Outside the family unit, only the Intelligence Directorate know the race of individual citizens. Since we only evaluate one another by our performance records, no-one is

advanced because of species, or age, or attractiveness. Breen are judged on their merits alone.

BASHIR

(smile)

An entire culture predicated on blind tests. I'll say this for it - it certainly sounds fair.

SARINA

If no-one ever sees anyone else's faces, how do you know everything you just told us about the others?

CHOT NAR

(sly)

Well, we're not supposed to see. But there is a small yet vibrant dissident subculture that exists in the hidden spaces of all Breen cities. Agitators who yearn to live without masks. To be free.

SARINA

Why are you telling us this?

CHOT NAR

Because I am one of them. I work for the Intelligence Directorate - and I use that position to help my friends. But with your arrival, I can offer them something better.

BASHIR

And what's that?

CHOT NAR

Asylum in the Federation.

Off Bashir and Sarina's amazed reactions...

10 **EXT. PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - DAY**

The centre of Federation government in Paris...

11 INT. PALAIS - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Klingon ambassador K'MTOK rips apart a *lIngta'* leg with his bare hands and stuffs some of the raw meat into his mouth.

Ferengi ambassador DERRO crunches hard into a crab's shell and scoffs it down with relish, followed by a soft burp.

Cardassian ambassador GARAK sips demurely from a goblet, watching the other two with a politely blank expression. He turns and shares the look with...

Federation president BACCO, who tries to control her smirk.

DERRO

I love a female who cooks.

BACCO

I'm glad I could could make you happy, Ambassador Derro. But you realise I didn't invite you here just for the Kytherian crabs.

K'mtok waves his half-chewed *lIngta'* leg in the air, and leers through meat-skewering teeth...

K'MTOK

A fresh *lIngta'* leg is the food of seduction. Do you want something from me, Madam President?

GARAK

While I'm certain no sane woman could resist your charms, K'mtok, I do not believe President Bacco is seeking access to your body.

BACCO

Very astute of you, Mister Garak. In fact this is a matter of utmost importance and secrecy.

DERRO

Yes, we're here to talk about your spies in Breen space, obviously.

Bacco's face drops, blood draining. She looks to K'mtok, who grins at her knowingly through bloody teeth. She looks to Garak, who sips from his drink with an enigmatic smile.

BACCO

How did you...

DERRO

I'm a Ferengi - we hear things.

GARAK

Whereas secrets are a Cardassian's specialty, Madam President.

K'MTOK

And if we have this intelligence, so does the Typhon Pact.

BACCO

Alright, time saved then. You know what they're up to, and you know we have an operation underway right now to stop them. But if the Typhon Pact are working together to screw with us, I say we should work together to screw them back.

GARAK

What did you have in mind?

BACCO

You spoke of specialties - they're using theirs, so let's use ours. Ambassador Derro, I want those ears of yours out there hearing everything. Mister Garak, you also have the plans for slipstream -

GARAK

And if for some reason the Breen should find themselves without their newly acquired plans, they will not find us too talkative.

BACCO

Glad to hear it. And K'mtok -

K'MTOK

You wish us to fight? I thought you didn't want this to turn into a war with the Typhon Pact.

DERRO

Besides, I thought the Klingons were in as bad shape as Starfleet. And the last fleet you sent into Breen space never came back.

GARAK

And with the Kinshaya taking their chance to harass your borders...

(off K'mtok's growl)

Please don't be upset, Ambassador. The Cardassian Union is facing similar issues with the Tzenkethi.

BACCO

That's alright, Ambassador K'mtok. You're right, I don't want a war. But there is something else your people are very good at...

K'MTOK

And what's that?

BACCO

Hating the Romulans.

Bacco has turned dark and intense, even vengeful. In response, K'mtok gives a toothy grin...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

### **12 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - CHOT NAR'S APARTMENT**

The door CHIME sounds. Chot Nar, still out of her suit, steps behind a privacy screen and boots up a small viewer beside the door. It shows...

#### **SCREEN**

...another BREEN out in the corridor. It looks into the security camera and BUZZES. The COMPUTER translates.

COMPUTER VOICE

It is I - Chon Min.

On screen, a BEAM reaches out to scan the visitor's ID chip. The computer BEEPS affirmatively.

CHOT NAR (o.s.)

Enter the pass code.

On screen, the visitor enters a code into the panel outside the door. The computer BEEPS affirmatively again.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Chot Nar steps back from the screen and presses the button to open the door. It does, and the Breen visitor enters.

As soon as the door closes again, the visitor removes his helmet, revealing CHON MIN, a FENRISAL Breen - basically a werewolf. Golden fur, a long doglike snout and sharp teeth.

CHON MIN

I'm here. What's the urgency?

Before Chot Nar can answer, Chon Min's sensitive doggy nose flares, and he steps back, worried.

CHON MIN

Strange scents. Not like any I know. Who is here?

CHOT NAR

Calm down. My guests are outsiders but they have come in peace. Treat them as friends, Min.

(calls out)

You can come out now.

Hesitantly, Bashir and Sarina step out from the bedroom.

CHOT NAR

Chon Min, allow me to introduce Julian Bashir and Sarina Douglas of the United Federation.

CHON MIN

Nar, have you lost your mind? Why did you bring them here? Why did you let them see me?

CHOT NAR

They are cultural observers, Min. They can help us.

CHON MIN

They can get us all killed.

CHOT NAR

Listen, I need you to modify their ident chips so they have proper profiles. Right now they show up in the system as zeroes.

BASHIR

Actually, I didn't really follow that. What did you mean when you said we'd zeroed ourselves?

CHON MIN

(to Nar, frustrated)

Don't they know anything?

(to Bashir, annoyed)

When any Breen interacts with any piece of technology, it scans their chips to identify them and show them what they most want to see, based on their history.

SARINA

(catching on)

So the information kiosk, and the advertising hoardings. That's why they didn't work for us - because we have no history here.

CHOT NAR

Yes. That's how I found you, and how everyone else will find you if we don't fix it. Min, will you? Or do I need to find someone else?

CHON MIN

Telling more people about these two is the last thing we need. I can do it, only because it's you.

Nar reaches out and strokes Min's fur affectionately - he purrs low in response. Clearly, these two are a couple.

That done, Min pulls a tool out of a pocket and walks up to Sarina, starts tweaking the chip in her Breen suit.

CHON MIN

I'll programme these with existing fake idents already on the system.

SARINA

Thank you for helping us.

CHON MIN

I'm not doing this for you. I'm doing it because I owe Deshinar many favours.

SARINA

Nevertheless, we're grateful.

CHOT NAR

Now we just need to find somewhere safe for them to stay...

Off Bashir and Sarina's curious look...

**13**    **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - PASSAGEWAY**

All three back in their suits, Chon Min leads Bashir and Sarina down a staircase into the darkness. They talk in the Breen BUZZ, translated by ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES.

BASHIR

Are you sure this is right?

CHON MIN

I'm taking you to a haven off the surveillance grid. Only a handful of us know of this sanctuary.

They reach the bottom of the stairs, and face a heavy DOOR, with a broken light fixture next to it. Min moves the light aside, revealing a BUTTON. He presses it. A voice buzzes...

VOICE

Valley.

CHON MIN

Harbour.

With a CLUNK of heavy locks, the door swings open. Two armed BREEN stand guard on the other side, weapons raised.

CHON MIN

I bring new friends. Welcome them.

Apparently satisfied, the soldiers lower their weapons, and Chon Min, Bashir and Sarina enter...

**14**    **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

...as they pass through the door to whatever is on the other side, Bashir's face is overcome with WONDER. As the lights of his HUD scramble to keep up, his jaw drops and his eyes raise, taking in the vista before him...

**15**    **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - THE WARREN**

A huge, multi-level secret city within a city, with shops, "open-air" restaurants, and BREEN of all species mingling freely without need of feature-hiding suits. SUBTITLES...

CHON MIN

Welcome to the Warren. You'll be safe here - for now.

BASHIR

A handful? There must be thousands of people in here.

CHON MIN

We'll draw stares by not removing our masks. But better that than let them see humans among them.

SARINA

We understand. We don't want to cause any more trouble.

CHON MIN

Follow me.

He leads them into the Warren. As they walk, they pass...

A SILWAAN male stirring food in a big pot, ladling some out into a bowl for a FENRISAL female, who wolfs it down...

A group of PACLU (tall and imposing, four-lobed brains like Ferengi but without the ears) dancing to alien music...

A FENRISAL male making good use of his furry coat against the cold required to keep safe his AMONIRI make-out partner (a gas-filled mylar balloon in the shape of a humanoid)...

Plus more species, some humanoid some not, but all could fit into a humanoid Breen suit. Living their lives, crying or laughing, drinking or dancing, fighting or f\*\*king.

**16 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Bashir watches all this with utter elation.

BASHIR

This is... wonderful.

CHON MIN (comm)

Then do not betray them. We are placing our trust in you, humans.

Bashir nods, solemnly taking on that responsibility...

**17**    **EXT. SPACE - ROBINSON**

The Galaxy-class USS *Robinson* flies at impulse...

**18**    **INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE**

The door from the ready room opens and SISKO enters, quite pleased but trying not to show it. Cmdr ROGEIRO stands from the captain's chair, steps aside for his captain.

ROGEIRO

I don't mean to pry, sir, but that was the third comm from Starfleet Command in the last few hours. Is there some new development?

SISKO

Yes. What's the status of our experimental cloak detector?

ROGEIRO

Lieutenant Corala reverse-engineered the transphasic torpedo we used against the Borg, combined it with the quantum transport module you used to access the alternate universe. This will allow us to scan multiple phase states at once using Dominion anti-proton beams to echo-locate any cloaked vessel hiding in those states. Commander Relkdahz refit the main deflector and sensor array, and Commander Plante has designed a search pattern that will allow us to scan as much space as possible without entering the Neutral Zone.

SISKO

Sounds like we're ready. Excellent work, Commander. Please pass on my commendations to the crew.

ROGEIRO

Aye, sir. Thank you, sir.

Sisko confidently takes his centre seat, and Rogeiro sits beside him. Sisko toggles the control station at his side.

SISKO

Sisko to all senior staff. Prepare to activate the new phase cloak detection system on my signal.

Rogeiro leans in and speaks *sotto*...

ROGEIRO

You realise, of course, sir, that the Romulans' new ship could be anywhere along the entire border.

SISKO

We have to start somewhere. And the sooner the better.

ROGEIRO

Also that absence of evidence is not evidence of absence. The system might just not work, and we'd never know.

Sisko doesn't like that, but he can't argue with it either.

SISKO

That doesn't mean we don't try.  
(out loud)  
Alright, Commander. Let's do it.

ROGEIRO

Aye, sir.

Rogeiro stands again and begins throwing out orders.

ROGEIRO

Sivadeki, take us to the first point on Plante's search pattern, thrusters only. UteIn, full power to the main deflector and direct the beam across the Neutral Zone.

SIVADEKI at helm and UTELN at tactical respond...

SIVADEKI  
Bearing four-zero mark two-five,  
thrusters aye.

UTELN  
Powering the deflector now...

**19    EXT. SPACE - ROBINSON**

Close-up on the DEFLECTOR DISH as a steady beam of energy FIRES out of it, scouring the space in front of the ship...

**20    INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE**

Sisko sits patiently in his chair as PLANTE (ops) pores over her sensor readings...

PLANTE  
Nothing yet, captain.

SIVADEKI  
First point scan complete, moving  
us to second -

PLANTE  
Wait! There may be something...

SISKO  
Tactical display.

The bridge is on tenterhooks as Plante casts her readings up to the main VIEWSCREEN...

**VIEWSCREEN**

A MAP of the Neutral Zone between Federation and Romulan space, with the *Robinson* depicted on the Federation side and sending its beam into the zone...

...and something as yet unidentified detected nearby...

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sisko stands from his chair, approaches the screen...

SISKO  
Can we get anything clearer?

PLANTE  
I'm working on it, sir...

**21**    **EXT. SPACE**

The energy beam firing out from the *Robinson*... and bouncing off a SHAPE.

From the point of contact, the shape UNCLOAKS... revealing a ROMULAN WARBIIRD (D'Deridex class).

PULL BACK from this reveal, and we see two more warbirds uncloak as well, on either side of the first, all arrayed in front of the *Robinson*.

**22**    **INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE**

The crew reacts to this as the ship goes to RED ALERT.

UTELN  
Three warbirds decloaking, sir!  
They're in an attack formation...  
and they've just charged weapons.

ROGEIRO  
They were on top of us all along.

As Sisko glares down the Romulans on his viewscreen...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**23 EXT. SPACE**

*Robinson* facing the three Romulan warbirds...

**24 INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE**

RED ALERT lights flash. While the crew is tense and urgent, Sisko himself remains calm, taking his seat confidently.

SISKO  
Attention Romulan vessels. This is  
Captain Benjamin Sisko of the  
starship *Robinson*. You have ten  
seconds to respond and explain  
your presence in the Neutral Zone.

Rogeiro is quietly nervous - it's a bold strategy to try to take charge when they're so clearly outnumbered.

UTELN  
They're responding, sir.

SISKO  
On screen.

The viewscreen changes to reveal Cmdr BRETOR, on a standard Romulan bridge background. He is clearly not happy.

BRETOR (screen)  
You have some nerve, Starfleet, to demand an explanation from us when you are clearly the aggressors.

SISKO  
(unfazed)  
And you are?

BRETOR (screen)  
I am Commander Bretor of the *D'Varian*. You are outnumbered, outgunned and surrounded.

SISKO

And I'm still waiting for a reason not to demand your surrender for violating the zone. I warn you, Commander, I'm not a patient man.

BRETOR (screen)

You are in a position to demand nothing. You come here, parade up and down our border, threaten us when we have done you no harm. How did you expect us to react?

SISKO

After Utopia Planitia, Commander, how do you expect us to react?

At this, Bretor seems genuinely baffled.

BRETOR (screen)

You want to blame us for your own accident? Starfleet must be more desperate than I thought. Let me be blunt, Captain. You are one. We are three. You will surrender your ship, or we will take it by force.

SISKO

My answer is still no.

BRETOR (screen)

Very well. The deaths of all your crew will be -

ROMULAN (screen)

Commander! Vessels decloaking!

On screen, the Romulan crew go to RED ALERT themselves...

**25    EXT. SPACE**

*Robinson* facing the three Romulan warbirds...

...but then five KLINGON WARSHIPS of various classes uncloak on the *Robinson's* side.

26 INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE

Utelm reacts to his tactical console...

UTELN

Five Klingon warships decloaking,  
sir. All targeting the Romulans.

Sisko just smiles quietly. On screen, Bretor seethes.

BRETOR (screen)

Well played, Captain.

SISKO

Give yourself credit, Commander. I  
couldn't have done it without you.  
Now, our Klingon friends are going  
to keep you company here while we  
return to our patrol route. And if  
you feel like making a fight of  
it, I might remind you that you're  
the ones who entered the Neutral  
Zone, not us. *Robinson* out.

The screen returns to an external view.

SISKO

Commander Sivadeki, take us to  
point two on the search grid.

SIVADEKI

Aye, sir.

The ship gets underway, the crew lets out a breath.

ROGEIRO

You knew that was going to happen,  
didn't you? That's what all the  
calls from Starfleet were about.

SISKO

They suspected the Romulans would  
keep a close eye on us out here,  
so they arranged some back-up.  
It's not even the first time the  
Romulans fell for that trick.

ROGEIRO

It's good to see you smile again,  
sir. Even if it is at my expense.

(Sisko nods)

But he seemed genuinely confused  
when you mentioned Utopia Planitia  
- is it possible he really didn't  
know his own people are behind it?

SISKO

If it was a top secret Tal Shiar  
mission, a regular commander would  
never have been told.

ROGEIRO

Then we may have just confirmed  
his worst fears - the Federation  
and the Klingons working together  
to threaten his homeland.

SISKO

A necessary evil, Commander.

As Rogeiro reluctantly accepts that...

**27    EXT. SPACE - SALAVAT ORBIT**

Re-establishing the deceptively empty world...

**28    INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - KEER'S OFFICE**

A private space within the shipyard for the private use of  
project leader THOT KEER. This Breen male, an ordinary man  
just trying to do his job, stands facing three superiors.  
They surround him in a semi-circle, and are all HOLOGRAMS.

They are: Keer's direct commander THOT NAAZ (seen 14x02  
"Poker Face"), their ambassador to the Typhon Pact THOT  
GREN (seen TNG 19x11 "Puzzle Box"), and the highest Breen  
in the entire Confederacy, the exalted DOMO BREX.

They are distinguishable by different marks on their suits  
that denote rank and specialty without giving away anything  
personal, and all speak in Breen NOISE, with SUBTITLES.

Thot Gren angrily points a finger at Keer and Naaz...

THOT GREN

All we ever get from you two is promises, never results. Your project is late, over budget, and now a political liability. By any standard, the project has failed.

THOT KEER

It will have failed only if it is abandoned before it can succeed. With all respect, Domo, we cannot let all our efforts so far go to waste, not when we are so close.

THOT NAAZ

The Romulans already wield power disproportionate to their size, thanks to their reunification and their cloaking technology. If they gain control of slipstream before us, we risk becoming even more of a second-rate power than we are.

THOT GREN

Thank you, Thot Naaz. The Domo and I are well aware of the political ramifications. But if we defy the Typhon Pact's information exchange requirements, we will face stiff economic sanctions. We might even find ourselves expelled from the Pact altogether, which leaves us exposed before the entire galaxy.

Tired of the bickering between his subordinates, Domo Brex finally speaks up.

DOMO BREX

Thot Keer, answer the following questions with hard numbers. How many additional workers do you need to complete your slipstream prototype within three days?

THOT KEER

Seven-hundred twenty-eight, Domo.  
All requisite personnel are here  
on Salavat, and available to be  
drafted immediately. We have space  
to board them, and our provisions  
are more than sufficient.

DOMO BREX

Then the chief impediment to your  
operation is money.

THOT KEER

Correct, sir.

DOMO BREX

So to hire the crew and work them  
in double shifts for three days,  
factoring in parts and fuel...?

THOT KEER

My currently estimated total cost  
is six-point-four billion *sakto*.

DOMO BREX

A steep request.

THOT NAAZ

Consider it an investment in the  
Breen Confederacy's future, Domo.

THOT GREN

A Ferengi might call it doubling  
down on a bad bet.

THOT KEER

I can have the prototype powered  
up and ready for preliminary  
testing in fifty-two hours, Domo.

DOMO BREX

If I grant your request for more  
funding and personnel.

THOT KEER

Yes, sir. If you grant my request.

A moment of silence as Brex considers what to do...

DOMO BREX

Request approved. Do it. Gren, do whatever is necessary and legal to stall the rest of the Pact. Naaz, anything that money cannot buy for Keer's project, I authorise you to commandeer. Anyone who refuses to be hired, I give you permission to kidnap and press into service.

THOT NAAZ

It will be done, Domo.

DOMO BREX

Fifty-two hours, Keer. May darkness and silence protect you, because if you fail, the repercussions will be severe.

THOT KEER

I understand, Domo.

The holograms of Brex and Gren disappear. Naaz remains...

THOT NAAZ

Keer, I just want you to know that whatever happens in the next three days, if you lead this project to disgrace, I intend to make sure that you alone bear the blame.

THOT KEER

Of course, Naaz. But how could I possibly fail, with such inspired leadership as yours to guide me?

Keer's sarcasm makes Naaz fair vibrate within his suit. Then his hologram disappears as well, leaving Keer alone. He turns, walks to the window, and looks out over the view of the shipyard hangar on the other side.

THOT KEER

Time to go to work.

29 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - THE WARREN

Life goes on in the even-more-secret underground hidden city-within-a-city of free Breen...

30 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - BASHIR & SARINA'S APARTMENT

Bashir stands at a window, looking out at this view...

SARINA (o.s.)

You should stay away from the window. Someone might see you.

Bashir lets the curtain fall back over the window, covering the view. He turns back to the room and sees Sarina lying on the bed, watching him from afar. The room is simple with a bed, a comm unit, a cooking nook and a partition for the bathroom. They have both stripped out of their Breen suits, which stand propped against the wall, eerily disembodied.

BASHIR

We're cultural observers, aren't we? Not that Min was buying it.

SARINA

Could hardly tell him the truth.

BASHIR

Why not? They're dissidents. You saw how eager Nar was to help us.

SARINA

Being dissidents doesn't make them traitors, Julian. Helping peaceful observers is one thing. Abetting spies on a mission of sabotage is entirely different. Besides, they can't reveal what they don't know.

BASHIR

Very thoughtful. But how do you know they aren't listening in on us right now? Everywhere else in this place is under surveillance.

SARINA

Because while you were gazing out of the window, I was scanning the room for devices. We're clear.

Bashir smiles and joins her on the bed, stretching out beside her, facing her across the pillow.

BASHIR

Alone at last.

SARINA

And it only took you six years. My mother warned me about fast boys.

BASHIR

Did she indeed?

SARINA

Actually, it was Lauren. And she said those kind of boys were the most fun.

BASHIR

That sounds like Lauren.

Bashir chuckles, then drifts away, thinking. She reaches out, strokes the edge of his face.

SARINA

You're thinking something. I can see it in your eyes.

BASHIR

This isn't the time or place.

SARINA

Sure it is. Either one or both of us might not make it out of here alive, Julian. It's now or never.

BASHIR

Just... I missed you so much after you left. You needed space, so I didn't call or write. But I wanted to, more times than I could count.

SARINA

I'm sorry. That must have hurt.

BASHIR

You were the woman I'd waited my whole life to meet. And then there you were, in my arms. Then just as quick, you were gone again. Oh, I understood why. But that didn't make it any easier to let you go.

Sarina wipes the tear from his eye. She's crying too.

SARINA

I didn't understand then what I meant to you. Or what you meant to me. I couldn't, I wasn't capable of it. If I had... I don't think I would have been able to leave. And I don't want to leave you again.

BASHIR

I never want to leave you again either. Not ever. I love you.

He reaches out and kisses her. She kisses back, hungrily. It's natural, no awkwardness or uncertainty.

As hands start to roam and clothes start to slip, we PAN back to the window, and...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**31 EXT. SPACE - AVENTINE**

The shark-like Vesta-class ship patrols at full impulse...

**32 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Captain DAX looks to tactical officer KEDAIR in dismay...

DAX

How many?

KEDAIR

Six Breen ships and two Romulan warbirds, moving in a staggered formation, shadowing our course.

Cmdr BOWERS reads off his own readings, also not happy...

BOWERS

Starfleet reports ship movements from Gorn and Tholian space, as well, heading in this direction.

DAX

So this is the Typhon Pact's oh-so-subtle attempt to tell us to stay on our side of the border. Are they massing to attack?

KEDAIR

No, Captain. They're manoeuvring to keep themselves in between us and Salavat. That's not an attack fleet - it's a blockade.

BOWERS

At slipstream speeds, we might still be able to sneak through.

Dax gets up from her command chair, beckoning Bowers with her from his. They meet at Kedair's tactical console, where they watch the DISPLAY of icons representing ship movement.

## TACTICAL DISPLAY

Dax points to some of the icons...

DAX (o.s.)

No... their fleet is maintaining a steady distance from us. Look - we move up half a light year, they move back by the same amount.

## BACK TO SCENE

DAX

(conclusion)

They're giving themselves room, which equals time to react.

BOWERS

I don't suppose we have time to go back to DS-Nine and borrow the *Defiant's* cloaking device?

DAX

(shakes head)

We need to stay in case Bashir and Douglas call for extraction. Not that we could reach them with our friends here in the way.

KEDAIR

There's something else, Captain. This formation is not optimal for catching anyone trying to sneak through their blockade. There are significant gaps.

DAX

Which means that's exactly where the cloaked ships will be. They're daring us to run the blockade.

BOWERS

Maybe we need to fight cloak with cloak. Hand off extraction to the Klingons, send in a bird of prey.

DAX

(shakes head)

That card's been played already.  
They'll know to look for it now.  
And the Romulans are the experts  
in cloaking tech - any Klingon  
ship will be detected.

BOWERS

Then why not use that? Send in the  
Klingons to distract them, force  
them to break their own blockade.

DAX

(ponders it)

Make them pick their battle - the  
one they can see or the one they  
can't. And either way, they lose.

(nods)

It would take a lot of cloaked  
ships, but it's worth a shot.

Dax heads towards her ready room, throwing one last order  
over her shoulder to Kedair...

DAX

Lieutenant, put a message through  
to Starfleet Command. I've got  
some major grovelling to do.

Off Dax's determination...

**33 EXT. SPACE - SALAVAT ORBIT**

Back to the rocky world that they are trying to get to...

**34 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - TASK POD**

Chot Nar's small private room in the Breen Intelligence  
Directorate. The door opens and she ENTERS, back in her  
identity-hiding suit.

As before, she takes a seat at her desk, lets the computer  
scan her ID, BEEP happily, and come to life. She BUZZES...

CHOT NAR

Recognise Chot Nar of the Breen  
Intelligence Directorate. Sleep  
break complete, resume urban  
surveillance network analysis.

The computer BEEPS again, and starts doing its normal work.  
Then Nar hits a certain control, and the desk goes BLACK...

...rebooting a few moments later in two partitions - one  
continuing to do its work in GREEN text, and the other now  
running with BLUE text instead. Nar nods approvingly, and  
begins working this new display.

CHOT NAR

Access segregated files, run off-  
line tests on profiles indicated.

The computer does it works silently... then BEEPS again.  
Nar reads the displays...

CHOT NAR

No errors detected, histories and  
credit lines are stable... ident  
profiles are active.

Satisfied, she begins working the computer again.

CHOT NAR

Upload profiles to public servers,  
and delete local copies. Initiate  
secure erasure protocol.

The computer BEEPS yet again, and goes to work covering its  
own tracks. Chot Nar relaxes, job done.

An ALERT sounds - Chot Nar reacts. And another, and another  
- several different ALARMS going off at once.

Nar stares in horror for a second, then her gloved fingers  
start flying over the controls, hunting for what went  
wrong. After a moment of panic, she sits back...

CHOT NAR

They know.

**35**    **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - BASHIR & SARINA'S APARTMENT**

Bashir and Sarina are in bed, asleep, curled around each other naked in the aftermath of passionate lovemaking.

BEEP BEEP BEEP from the comm unit - Sarina is instantly on high alert. She jumps out of bed and rushes to the comm unit while Bashir is only just dragging himself conscious.

The comm system robotically speaks NAR's words...

COMPUTER

I'm compromised. You are free and clear to move, but I have to run.

Bashir shares a look of horror with the stoic Sarina...

COMPUTER

Your new IDs are in deposit boxes at the Bank of Ferenginar branch in the Padlon Sector. They will identify you as senior officials in the Confederate Information Bureau. I've fragged and scrambled all data so there should be no way for anyone to trace you. But they will be coming for me. Good luck.

The signal drops, and Sarina is in motion, slipping on her black bodysuit and gathering their few meagre belongings.

SARINA

We have to move - now.

BASHIR

Do you think we can save her?

SARINA

No. But we can save ourselves.

Not liking the sound of that, Bashir gets out of bed...

**36**    **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - TASK POD**

Chot Nar performs a last data sweep of her computer and urgently heads for the door. She opens it...

...and a bigger taller soldier BREEN is in the doorway, looming over her. He brings up a neural truncheon...

...and JAMS it into her stomach, jolting her with agonising energy. Her BUZZ is transformed into a metallic SQUEAL...

**37 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - BASHIR & SARINA'S APARTMENT**

Bashir and Sarina are now back in their suits, but without helmets. Sarina is quickly gathering the last of their things, while Bashir is pleading with her...

BASHIR

But she's only in trouble because of us.

SARINA

She's been working against them long before we came along. This was inevitable, and she knew it.

BASHIR

We were strangers, and she used her last moments to warn us.

SARINA

Then let's not waste it. Come on!

She picks up his helmet, shoves it at him. Reluctantly he takes it, and together they lower their masks into place, disguising themselves again. They head for the door...

**38 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - INTERROGATION ROOM**

Chot Nar is no longer in her suit. She is tied to a chair and slumped forward, unconscious, long white hair hanging freely. She jerks awake, whimpers...

A Breen BUZZ sounds in the room, overlaid with a robotic translation from a SPEAKER in the cold metal wall...

BREEN INQUISITOR

Hello, Chot Nar.

Nar replies in her own voice, trying to hide her face...

CHOT NAR  
Please, let me have my mask.

BREEN INQUISITOR  
Traitors do not deserve to wear  
the face of the Breen.

At that, she looks up, revealing her true face, her Silwaan face - bruised and beaten but defiant. She cannot see her accuser, he is silhouetted by a bright interrogation light.

CHOT NAR  
I am no traitor. I am no-one of  
consequence. This is a mistake.

BREEN INQUISITOR  
You give yourself too little  
credit. And there is no point  
denying what we already know.

CHOT NAR  
You know nothing about me.

The Breen calmly steps out of silhouette. He bends down to her level, brings his Breen mask up to her naked face. He BUZZES, the SPEAKER translating it aloud, the words all the more threatening for their synthetic emotionlessness...

BREEN INQUISITOR  
I know everything about you, every  
detail of your life... including  
how, where and when it will end.

Off Nar, trying to control her terror...

**39 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - THE WARREN**

Life goes on for the maskless denizens of the secret Breen city. But two fully suited BREEN walk among them, making a beeline for the exit while trying not to draw attention. Bashir and Sarina talk via their private comm line...

BASHIR (comm)  
Sarina - wait a second!

SARINA (comm)  
Julian, how long do you think it  
will take for the Breen to break  
Nar and get her to tell them  
everything she knows?

The Bashir Breen grabs the Sarina Breen's arm, stops her...

BASHIR (comm)  
All the more reason for us to warn  
these people to get out of here  
while they still can.

SARINA (comm)  
I'm not talking about them. Nar is  
not trained for interrogation, and  
if I had to bet, I'd say she'll  
sell us out long before she'll  
betray them. That means we have  
less time than ever to complete  
our mission. So get moving.

She turns the arm-grab on him and drags him to the exit...

**40 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - PASSAGEWAY**

Bashir and Sarina climb the stairs out of the Warren back  
into the passageways of the underground Breen city. But  
Bashir is still pleading even as Sarina forges on...

BASHIR (comm)  
Sarina, stop. We have to help -  
those people are in danger.

SARINA (comm)  
Those people are not our mission.  
Our mission is to find the hidden  
shipyard, destroy the slipstream  
prototype, and sabotage any copies  
of the plans, not to get mixed up  
in Breen internal politics.

BASHIR (comm)  
Well I'm sorry, but I can't be so  
blasé about it. They sheltered us,  
we at least owe them a heads up.

SARINA (comm)  
I'm sorry Julian, but no we don't.

The NOISE of running boots and angry BUZZES coming their way. Alarmed, Sarina grabs Bashir and quickly pulls them both into a darkened alcove off the main passageway...

**41**    **INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

The night-vision HOLO-IMAGE as seen in scene 3. Sarina sees the mouth of the alcove they are hiding in, the passageway beyond it, the boots and shouts getting closer...

SARINA (o.s.)  
I've heard there's a Breen saying  
- "May darkness and silence  
protect you."

In the holo-display, a dozen BREEN SOLDIERS thunder down the passageway, heading for the Warren, too single-minded to spot Bashir and Sarina hiding in the darkness...

**42**    **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

As Bashir waits in the dark, holding his breath, the sounds of WEAPONS FIRE, shouts and SCREAMS filter through...

BASHIR  
They didn't protect the dissidents.

SARINA (comm)  
I hate this as much as you do, but  
you have to put aside your empathy  
and accept there was nothing we  
could have done. We should go.

**43**    **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - PASSAGEWAY**

With the Breen soldiers all distracted raiding the Warren, Sarina steps quietly out of their alcove, pulling Bashir with her. As the sounds of WEAPONS and SCREAMS continue, the two humans turn away and quickly walk the other way.

BREEN SOLDIER (o.s.)  
Stop where you are!

Bashir and Sarina freeze, hands up. They slowly turn on the spot, and see a BREEN SOLDIER standing in the passageway holding a weapon on them, much like in scene 4. It BUZZES at them, translated by ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES...

BREEN SOLDIER  
You are dissidents.

From this angle, Bashir stands between Sarina and their accuser, trying gallantly to protect her. He replies, also in BUZZ and SUBTITLES...

BASHIR  
That's not true -

In a split second, Sarina takes the opportunity Bashir's coverage provides to pull her own weapon and SHOOT the Breen down on the spot. He THUDS to the ground, a smoking hole in the front of his suit.

Bashir stands stunned at this, horrified. Sarina grabs his arm and pulls him on down the passageway...

SARINA (comm)  
Julian, we have to go. Now!

Too stunned to resist, Bashir lets himself be dragged away, and they run down the passageway, away from the noises of WEAPONS and SCREAMS from the Warren...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**44 INT. BANK OF FERENGINAR - RECEPTION**

The well-dressed Ferengi banker LAG greets us volubly...

LAG

Welcome to the Bank of Ferenginar!  
My name is Lag, senior accounts  
supervisor. How may I serve you?

Bashir and Sarina stand in their Breen suits in this oasis  
of Ferengi tastelessness, financial reports on every wall.  
They talk in Breen NOISE, which Lag apparently understands.

SARINA

Safe deposit boxes. Hesh Rin.

BASHIR

Hesh Gron.

Lag does not object to their bluntness, he is used to it.  
He just bows obsequiously and brings out a hand scanner...

LAG

Of course. May I be permitted to  
scan your ident chips?

SARINA

Proceed.

Lag scans their chips - the scanner BEEPS affirmatively.

LAG

Excellent. Please follow me to the  
deposit room.

Lag heads deeper into the bank. Bashir and Sarina follow.

**45 INT. BANK OF FERENGINAR - DEPOSIT ROOM**

A smaller private room within the bank, lockboxes covering  
the walls, a table and chairs in the centre of the room.  
Lag leads Bashir and Sarina in...

LAG

Please wait here while we - ah!

Two younger FERENGI, his junior clerks, scuttle into the room, place two small deposit boxes onto the table, and scuttle out again. Lag backs out of the room, bowing...

LAG

Your boxes are coded to open on contact with your ident chips. Take as long as you like. Let me know when you're ready to leave.

And he's gone, fawning all the way.

Bashir and Sarina pick up the boxes - their lids spring open the moment they touch them. Bashir takes out the contents - a SECURITY CARD. He inspects the symbols...

BASHIR (comm)

No wonder he was so subservient - these make us practically VIPs.

SARINA (comm)

With luck, they should get us wherever we need to go.

BASHIR (comm)

Hard to believe that a culture as paranoid as this could let their infrastructure get so vulnerable to virtual fraud.

SARINA (comm)

I guess that's what happens when you reduce everyone's life to an algorithm.

As they slip their new ID cards into their pockets...

BASHIR (comm)

They're not algorithms, Sarina - they're people. And you killed one of them back there.

SARINA (comm)

It was self-defence. You've been in war, you know how it works.

BASHIR (comm)

We're not at war - in fact we're specifically trying to prevent a war.

SARINA (comm)

And at that time, in that place, that Breen soldier was stopping us from reaching that objective. Did I want to kill him? Of course not. But I did it, for the sake of the mission and the Federation.

BASHIR (comm)

How noble of you.

SARINA (comm)

No-one ever said intelligence work was noble. But it is necessary. Time's wasting - let's go.

She SLAMS the lid of her safe box and heads for the door...

**46 EXT. SPACE - AVENTINE**

Patrolling at full impulse...

**47 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

The ready room door opens - Dax emerges, stomps unhappily back to her command chair. Bowers sees the grumpy face...

BOWERS

I take it that's a no?

DAX

The Klingons have denied President Bacco's request and recalled their fleets. They're facing too much pressure from the Kinshaya and the Gorn to spare any for us.

KEDAIR

Without the Klingons, we can't  
break the Breen's blockade.

DAX

(sharp)

I'm aware of that, Lieutenant. But  
apparently being the Chancellor's  
ex sister-in-law isn't enough to  
swing them our way, not when they  
already helped us out against the  
Romulans. We're on our own - we'll  
just have to deal with it.

BOWERS

So we deal with it. Isn't this the  
finest ship and crew in the fleet?

Dax turns to Bowers, bolstered by his boasting.

DAX

Yes, Sam. Yes it is.

(toggles control)

All hands, this is the captain. As  
of now, all *Aventine's* resources  
are devoted to finding a way to  
break through that blockade and  
reach our agents on Salavat. No  
sleep, double shifts, whatever it  
takes. Contact your department  
heads for specific orders.

(toggles off again)

Take charge of it. We have to  
reach them, Sam. We have to.

As he watches her, Bowers is starting to wonder if there's  
a personal dimension to Dax's determination...

**48    INT. SALAVAT COLONY - CHECKPOINT**

A checkpoint much like in scene 2, with an entire platoon  
of Breen soldiers stopping everyone and scanning their ID  
chips before waving them on through...

...Except that this time, our two "hero Breen" are about to  
pass through it face-on instead of trying to evade it.

As Bashir and Sarina wait in line, inching forward step by step, they look up to the signage over the checkpoint...

**49**    **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

In Bashir's heads-up holo-display, the Breen characters are translated, revealing CONFEDERATE INFORMATION BUREAU.

BASHIR

Hell of a way to test out our  
new disguises - by walking into  
a crowd of armed Breen soldiers  
protecting a government complex.

**50**    **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - CHECKPOINT**

They reach the front of their respective queues. The guards SCAN their ID chips, read the results... and immediately bow their heads in deference, allowing Bashir and Sarina through with no questions. The two spies move on.

**51**    **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Bashir's sigh of relief cannot be seen through his suit. To his consternation, Sarina's voice sounds almost playful...

SARINA (comm)

One down, one to go.

The HUD shows their next barrier - the reception desk.

BASHIR

Now for the real test...

**52**    **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - RECEPTION AREA**

A standard reception desk like in any office block. While numerous civilians move back and forth through the foyer area, several more sit behind the counter, dressed in the same suit style as Nar - government workers, not soldiers.

Bashir and Sarina approach and hand over their new security cards. The receptionist takes the cards, glances at them, scans them, hands them back, nods their owners on their way without a word. It is all tragically perfunctory.

Bashir and Sarina move on into the building, boots stomping on the granite floor.

BASHIR (comm)  
He has no idea who he just let in.

SARINA (comm)  
All the better for him.

BASHIR (comm)  
So where do we go now?

SARINA (comm)  
I guess we look for a directory.

They stop at another INFORMATION KIOSK, the green figures moving right-to-left in more controlled fashion now that they have proper fake identities.

BASHIR (comm)  
I can actually read this now. I don't even need the translator.

SARINA (comm)  
One of many reasons you're here.  
(points)  
This is what we're looking for - here, on the twenty-third floor.

BASHIR (comm)  
Auxiliary systems control? Why make that our target?

SARINA (comm)  
Because auxiliaries are often less defended than primaries. There's an elevator over there - let's go.

She leads him on...

...they step into an elevator, the doors close...

...and we PAN UP to show the enormous height of this Breen government complex, all of it buried deep underground.

**53**     **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - PASSAGEWAY**

On another level of the complex, the elevator doors open again, and Bashir and Sarina emerge. They pause a moment, then Sarina takes the lead in heading down the corridor, their heavy boots continuing to STOMP on the ground.

BASHIR (comm)  
I hope we don't have to sneak up  
on anyone.

They reach the door at the far end of the corridor. Sarina lets the scanner pass its beam over her ID chip - the scanner BEEPS and the door opens. They walk in...

**54**     **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - TASK POD**

A small private office space much like Chot Nar's. A lone BREEN ANALYST sits with his back to the door, working his angled computer, but he SPINS at their unexpected entrance.

BREEN ANALYST  
Who are you? What are you doing  
here? This is a restricted area!

Sarina steps forwards, replying in Breen BUZZ / SUBTITLES.

SARINA  
I am Hesh Rin. This is Hesh Gron.  
We have been sent by the Bureau  
to demand your cooperation.

BREEN ANALYST  
I will need to see confirmation of  
those orders before you can access  
my task pod.

A moment's pause, as Sarina figures out her next step.

In a split-second, she HITS him with the edge of her hand right into his throat. With his chokes converted into noise by his helmet, Sarina PUNCHES him under the chin, knocking his head back with a wet SNAP. He drops to the floor, dead.

While Bashir stands once again stunned, Sarina is straight into action like killing the Breen was no big deal.

SARINA (comm)  
(re access panel)  
Open that up and put the body in  
there. Make sure to disable his ID  
chip transponder. The longer they  
take to find him, the better.

But Bashir doesn't move...

**55 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

The horror is clear on his face. As he looks from the body  
on the ground up to Sarina's face...

...all he can see is the Breen mask, a green-edged ghost in  
his heads-up holo-display. He confronts her...

BASHIR  
You didn't have to do that!

SARINA (comm)  
Julian, we've been over this - it  
was self-defence.

**56 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - TASK POD**

BASHIR (comm)  
The last one was self-defence -  
maybe. He was military, he was  
pointing a weapon at us.  
(points)  
But this one - he was a civilian.  
He was just trying to do his job,  
and you killed him for it. What  
ever happened to do no harm?

Sarina's response is equally uncompromising...

SARINA (comm)  
You're the doctor, Julian, not me.  
You knew what you signed up for,  
and we don't have time for this.  
Hide the body, now. For all we  
know, ID chips might alert the  
system if their wearer dies.

She turns to the dead analyst's computer and starts working it, giving Bashir no more room to argue.

Bashir reluctantly does as he is told - opens up the panel, hefts up the dead Breen's body, bundles it unceremoniously into the crawlspace beyond the access panel, then closes it back up again. It's as if the poor man was never here.

While Bashir stands and stares, Sarina is working hard...

SARINA (comm)

I have something. Encrypted files and communiques, all tagged for a special research division of the starship design bureau here on Salavat. I'll bet that's our slipstream project.

She pulls a small DEVICE out of another hidden pocket and places it onto the computer's surface...

SARINA (comm)

I'm downloading the data into a portable unit that we can analyse once we're safely out of here.

(a beep)

Right, that's it. Let's go.

She disconnects the portable device, gets up and heads for the door, a Breen on a mission.

After a moment, Bashir manages to tear his gaze away from the access panel and follows her, another Breen with his helmeted head hanging in shame...

BLACK OUT

**END OF SHOW**