

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

14x02 - "Poker Face"

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 19x02 - "A FACE IN THE CROWD"

The face on the surveillance scans cannot possibly be Data or B-4, but whoever it is, he was involved in the raid on Maddox's android lab. Picard has the entire planet locked down, no ships allowed to land or leave. Worf and Choudhury lead security teams, pursuing the figure into the sewers and skyscrapers. But somehow their quarry evades at every turn, even hijacking a runabout and crashing it to cover his escape. The figure reads as human, but his miraculous ability to stay ahead of them suggests he could actually be another android. If anyone (like the Typhon Pact) either had or acquired Soong-type tech, it'd be disastrous. Frustrated, Picard finally decides the only option is to lift the planetary lockdown. That done, *Enterprise* detects a small shuttle leaving and rendezvousing with a cloaked vessel - Breen. As the Breen ship leaves, they detect another following it. Picard decides to follow them both.

VOY 12x02 - "FIVE STAGES"

Janeway arrives on Earth for a debrief with Admiral Akaar, but he demands a psychological evaluation before giving her the Full Circle fleet - she was assimilated, killed, and brought back to life, and it will take time to deal with that. Janeway is predictably resistant, and visits her mother Gretchen and sister Phoebe, who can't understand how Kathryn can even think about going back out there. Doesn't she care how they suffer every time they are told she is dead? Struggling with her guilt - over the Borg Invasion, the Omega catastrophe, Q Junior's death - Janeway visits her own grave in the Presidio. But she realises she has to take care of her *Voyager* family, even if she can't be with them. She suggests to Akaar that the hundreds of former Full Circle crew rescued by *Achilles* need a new ship - the testbed USS *Vesta*, now in pieces at Utopia Planitia. Akaar is impressed by Janeway's *chutzpah*, and agrees...

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - DEFIANT

The Starfleet warship flies at warp away from us...

2 INT. DEFIANT - TRANSPORTER ROOM

The door opens - BASHIR and SARINA enter together, wearing form-fitting black jumpsuits. Captain RO and Cmdr DEEL of Starfleet Intelligence follow in standard uniform.

An EXTRA is operating the transporter console...

RO

Dismissed, Ensign. I'll take this.

The ensign nods and EXITS the room. Once they're gone, Ro moves to take over the station instead, checks the systems.

RO

Okay. Everything ready?

DEEL

All the equipment they'll need is waiting in your cargo bay.

TENMEI (comm)

Bridge to Captain - approaching the rendezvous point now, sir.

RO

Thanks, Prynn. Drop to impulse and signal our approach.

TENMEI (comm)

Aye, sir. Bridge out.

As we "feel" the ship drop out of warp, Ro turns back to Bashir and Sarina, quietly trepidatious...

RO

Well... I guess it's time, then.

DEEL

Good luck, you two. The Federation
is counting on you both.

BASHIR

No pressure.

SARINA

We won't let you down, Commander.

RO

Ready to transport...

Bashir and Sarina step up onto the transporter platform.

BASHIR

Thanks, Ro. We'll see you in a few
weeks... hopefully.

SARINA

Oh stop worrying, Julian. It'll be
fun, I promise!

RO

Syncing transport with the cargo
bay... Energising...

3 **DEEL**

...passes a significant look at...

4 **SARINA**

...who catches it and offers the tiniest nod in return...

5 **BASHIR**

...notices both these things, the kind of tiny micro-
gestures that nobody who is un-enhanced would catch...

6 **POV**

On the transporter platform behind Bashir and Sarina...

Bashir turns to glance at Sarina in curiosity as to what
that look between her and Deel meant...

...the basic and cramped *Defiant* transporter room dissolves into shining PARTICLES OF LIGHT...

...and reforms into the more modern and expansive *Aventine* transporter room...

...where Captain DAX, Cmdr BOWERS and Lt KEDAIR wait, with transporter chief SPON running the console.

7 **INT. AVENTINE - TRANSPORTER ROOM**

Bashir turns back from Sarina to Dax, as the latter steps forward to greet them. There is a subtle but undeniable tension here, all covered by polite smiles.

DAX

Welcome aboard *Aventine*. It's good to see you again - both of you.

SARINA

Thank you, Captain.

DAX

(gesturing)

Miss Douglas, I don't believe you know my XO, Commander Sam Bowers, or my security chief, Lieutenant Lonnoc Kedair. This is Doctor Bashir of DS-Nine, and Sarina Douglas of Starfleet Intelligence.

Bashir and Sarina step down off the transporter stage, and everyone mutters their greetings...

8 **DAX**

...taking the measure of Sarina...

9 **SARINA**

...fully aware and giving back as good as she gets...

10 **BASHIR**

...caught between two super-smart ex-girlfriends...

11 BACK TO SCENE

A moment of awkward silence, then Sarina finally speaks...

SARINA

I assume you've been briefed on the particulars of our mission?

DAX

Yes, we've been coordinating with Special Ops on coming up with a suitable insertion strategy.

BOWERS

First things first, Captain - we should get Doctor Bashir and Miss Douglas -

SARINA

(cutting in)

Forgive me, Commander, but while I may not be in uniform, I do hold a rank of lieutenant, at least for the duration of this assignment.

Bashir worries that will cause a problem. Instead Bowers relaxes - it means there are no civilians on his ship.

BOWERS

My apologies, and thank you, Lieutenant. As I was saying, we should get Doctor Bashir and Lieutenant Douglas to their quarters. I can escort them -

DAX

(cutting in)

No, Commander. You return to the bridge, and signal *Defiant* we're ready to depart.

(to Kedair)

Lieutenant Kedair, you inventory their gear and make sure it all came over intact. I'll escort our guests to their quarters.

BOWERS / KEDAIR
Aye, Captain.

Dax not-all-that-subtly places herself in between Sarina and Bashir, takes his arm as they exit to the corridor.

Behind their backs, Bowers and Kedair share a look - they are fully aware of the tension in the room, and can't help but worry how it will affect the upcoming mission...

12 EXT. SPACE - DEFIANT

From holding position, the small *Defiant* turns away back the way it came...

...leaving the much larger *Aventine* to pull away, gradually ramp up... and finally jump to WARP into the distance.

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

13 EXT. ROMULUS - CAPITAL CITY - DAY

The cityscape of Romulus's capital, as seen in eps like ENT 4x12 "Babel One". CLOSE IN on the grand senate building...

14 INT. PRAETOR'S CHAMBER

The throne room of the Romulan head of government. Praetor KAMEMOR, an elegant woman well into her second century but still vital, strides the room with an unhappy glower.

KAMEMOR

You have evidence of this? Proof?

Standing before her are three other Romulans - the middle-aged male civilian Senator VENTEL, the military officer TOMALAK and the intelligence agent SELA (both from TNG).

TOMALAK

My sources inside the Federation confirmed your previous suspicions - a cloaked vessel was involved. You are most wise, Madam Praetor.

Kamemor knows Tomalak is insincerely attempting to butter her up, and remains unimpressed. Ventel is horrified...

VENTEL

It must have been the Klingons - their vengeance for Bacco giving slipstream to the Cardassians.

TOMALAK

(condescending)

No, Senator Ventel. Klingons have no taste or talent for espionage. Nor do Ferengi. Cardassians do, but there is no need. As you say, they already have slipstream.

VENTEL

Then one of the smaller powers -

TOMALAK

No...

Kamemor is getting impatient with the smarmy Tomalak...

KAMEMOR

Admiral Tomalak, kindly drop the suspense and simply tell us what you know.

TOMALAK

As you wish, Madam Praetor. The guilty parties came from within the Typhon Pact itself.

Ventel's jaw drops, while Kamemor maintains her dignity.

KAMEMOR

You're certain? Because that would suggest one or more of our allies are willing to commit an act of war without even notifying us, let alone seeking our approval.

VENTEL

The Breen? The Tzenkethi? We gave them all cloaking devices -

TOMALAK

The cloaks we gave to them were old models, obsolete. Starfleet already possesses the technology to see through them. For any ship to have got so far into Federation space, it must have been Romulan.

Kamemor is furious. Her pacing of the room increases...

KAMEMOR

I did not order any such mission into Federation space, Admiral.

TOMALAK

(quite calm)

Indeed not, Madam Praetor.

KAMEMOR

In fact, would it not be fair to say that such an undertaking goes against every single one of my policies since taking office?

TOMALAK

It would, Madam Praetor.

KAMEMOR

Then why did it happen?

Tomalak hesitates to answer - Kamemor turns to Sela, the blonde half-human woman from whom she expects no better.

KAMEMOR

And what about you? Does the Tal Shiar have nothing to say?

SELA

Many things, Madam Praetor. My investigation revealed that this programme - to employ a cloaked Romulan ship to acquire slipstream from the Federation - was devised by my predecessor Chairman Rehaek, and approved by your predecessor, Praetor Tal'Aura. It seems that despite their untimely deaths, the project was never cancelled.

VENTEL

Are you saying we may be about to go to war over a clerical error?

SELA

I am saying, Senator, that Praetor Kamemor has plausible deniability. She can say with honesty she knew nothing about it. Any action will then be the Federation's to take.

VENTEL

That is an awfully thin ledge on which to balance an entire empire.

TOMALAK

If it helps, Senator, I have also identified the vessel in question as the *Dekkona*, and I've had its Commander Marius arrested.

SELA

He will be interrogated and any further disloyalty rooted out.

Kamemor seethes - it doesn't feel right, but they have made a convincing case. She finally takes her seat, unhappily.

KAMEMOR

Very well. I will try to contact President Bacco and... apologise for Tal'Aura's actions.

VENTEL

Praetor - if the Federation is not openly accusing us of anything, we need not openly admit to anything.

KAMEMOR

No, my friend. That is not how I want my relationship with Bacco to start. I will be honest, if... circumspect.

(firm)

Make it clear to your subordinates that any unauthorised actions against the Federation will be punished. Severely. Understood?

They all nod - Ventel worried, Tomalak and Sela maintaining their perfect yet slimy composure.

KAMEMOR

You may go.

ALL

Thank you, Madam Praetor.

All three bow and exit. Kamemor stews in her throne...

15 **INT. CORRIDOR**

Out in the corridor, Ventel walks off on his own. Sela and Tomalak glance around to be sure they are not overheard...

SELA

Will Marius talk?

TOMALAK

He will take his own life in shame
before having the chance. What
about Valnor?

SELA

He should be at Salavat by now.

Slightly reassured, they turn and go their separate ways...

16 **INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR**

SPARKS burst from a welding gun as two pieces of hull metal are joined together. The sparks fall...

...and bounce off the plated shoulders of a Breen soldier, reflect in his masked helmet. This is THOT KEER, standing on a metal catwalk stretching across a gigantic ship hangar hewn out of solid rock. He looks around proudly...

...at the half-built BREEN SHIP tethered in zero gravity, dozens of other Breen working around it performing various tasks. Floodlights show more parts being built ready for assembly. Keer's pride in his work is interrupted...

...by boots CLANGING on metal. Keer turns and sees two other figures walking along the catwalk towards him. One is Romulan General VALNOR, the other a hulking Gorn General named EZGOG. Keer is unhappy but resigned at their arrival.

As they speak, we will hear Valnor's voice in English, but Keer's industrial BUZZ and Ezgog's reptilian GROWLS and HISSES will be translated by way of ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES.

VALNOR

Thot Keer. Ezgog and I thank you
for receiving us.

The two visitors reach Keer and look out over the view.

VALNOR

We trust your team are making
swift progress on the prototype?

THOT KEER

We are, General Valnor. Thank you
for your confidence.

Keer's seemingly dismissive attitude puts Valnor on edge.
Even disguised, the Breen clearly does not want them here.

VALNOR

My people took a great risk to
extract your operative from the
Federation shipyard. I should
think our actions would serve as
evidence of our good faith in this
joint endeavour.

THOT KEER

Your people honoured the terms of
our agreement to the letter. So
have mine. We are constructing the
prototype, and we provided the
operative, as agreed.

EZGOG

But you have not been sharing your
prototype's test data.

THOT KEER

Because that was not part of our
agreement. Your people provided us
with the requisite rare ores.

(gestures to ship)

The Tzenkethi provided the gravity
envelopes to allow us to construct
the prototype in zero-G. And we
promised you six working cruisers
in return. That is all.

As the Breen and the Gorn begin to square off, the Romulan
steps between them and attempts to defuse tensions.

VALNOR

My friends, there is no need for us to argue. I am certain that if we discuss this in a rational manner, we can come to a mutually beneficial arrangement.

THOT KEER

We already have that arrangement. If you wish to see it changed, that is a job for the diplomats. I am a soldier and an engineer - amending treaties is not my job.

VALNOR

Romulan and Gorn engineers could help you with that job. It might shave days or even weeks off your schedule. Time is a factor in this project, in case you'd forgotten.

THOT KEER

I have not forgotten, and I am on schedule - assuming this meeting ends now so I can return to work.

Ezgog growls in irritation, but Valnor's cold smile is no less threatening.

VALNOR

Very well. For your sake, Thot Keer, I hope that you remain on that schedule. Because if you do not, I assure you I will amend the terms of our partnership.

Valnor turns and walks back down the catwalk. After a last growl, Ezgog does the same. Keer watches them go.

THOT KEER

All I ever wanted was to build starships. If I had known it would mean dealing with politicians, I would have become a chef instead.

As Keer turns back to his precious prototype...

17 INT. AVENTINE - DAX'S QUARTERS

A LADEL spoons a pile of steaming *coq au vin* from a larger bowl into a smaller one - Bashir nods his thanks as Dax returns for another spoonful for herself. They settle down to their meal around the dining table in her quarters...

BASHIR

I'm honoured. It's not every day one is served by a captain.

DAX

I'm not just a captain, Julian. I'm also a friend.

BASHIR

Not to mention an ex. I'm sorry for showing up empty-handed, but the replicator wouldn't let me whip up a bottle of wine.

DAX

That'll be Sam. I never realised he was such a stick-in-the-mud until I made him my XO.

BASHIR

I guess that's just the way it is with people - who they are depends a lot on where they are, and who they're with.

Dax takes a mouthful, chews it, pondering that point...

DAX

Is that how come you're off on a suicide mission all of a sudden?

BASHIR

Suicide mission? Thanks for the confidence.

DAX

Come on, Julian. This isn't you.

BASHIR

(tense smile)

To quote yourself from six years ago, "How the hell would you know?" We haven't been together for a long time, Ezri. Clearly, things have changed since then.

He gestures with his fork towards the four pips on her collar. She peers at him as he returns to his food...

DAX

You still have a crush on her, don't you?

BASHIR

(defensive)

I'm still attracted to her, yes. It goes far beyond infatuation.

DAX

Even worse - you're in love with her. And you're about to be her partner in a high-risk undercover intelligence operation. Don't you see a few potential complications with that scenario, Julian?

BASHIR

(derisive snort)

You're one to talk. Or have you forgotten how you attached yourself to my mission to Sindorin? And don't try to tell me this is different, we both know it's not.

Dax drops her own fork with a CLANG, letting this get to her despite her best intentions for this evening...

DAX

You know what's the same between the Sindorin mission and this one, Julian? You are. But this is not playing spy games on the holodeck. This is real.

Julian stands from the table, throws down his napkin. Ezri looks up at him, unimpressed...

BASHIR

You think I'm here to play a game, Ezri? To satisfy some adolescent appetite for adventure?

DAX

No - I think you're here to impress Sarina. But just because you're genetically enhanced doesn't make you qualified for intelligence work.

BASHIR

Funny, that's what some said about your status as a joined Trill with regard to your readiness for starship command. According to our critics, neither one of us is qualified for our current duties.

He heads to the door, the meal cut short. At the door...

BASHIR

You were offered an opportunity to expand your horizons, and you took it. I plan to do the same - with or without your approval.

And he leaves.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 EXT. SPACE - ESCAPE POD

An escape pod from a Breen ship drifts alone in space, no sign of any other ships anywhere near...

19 INT. ESCAPE POD

A small two-person space, brimming with slightly damaged technology, rocking slightly as the pod drifts. Two BREEN sit strapped to the outer walls, facing each other.

NOTE: When all regular Breen speak, we hear the industrial BUZZ translated by way of ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES. For Bashir and Sarina only, when outside the suits, we hear them speak to each other in ENGLISH as if over a comm, but to others with the BUZZ and subtitles. When in the suits with them, we hear them speak ENGLISH as normal, their companion over the comm. All outside Breen BUZZ is heard muffled through the suit, translated into robotic English by its systems.

After a moment...

SARINA (comm)

Why didn't you tell me you and Dax
used to be romantically involved?

As the other Breen reacts...

20 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

...where BASHIR reacts to Sarina's words, while LIGHTS from the suit's internal HEADS UP DISPLAY play over his face...

BASHIR

What? How did you...

SARINA (comm)

Are you kidding me? You both got
tense the moment you saw each
other. And the way she inserted
herself between us on the way from
the transporter room...

21 INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

...where SARINA is likewise, smirking as she needles him...

SARINA
(continuing)
...classic divide and conquer
move. Not exactly subtle either,
for a trained psychologist.

BASHIR (comm)
Sarina... I don't really want to
talk about this right now.

SARINA
What else are we going to talk
about? It'll be hours until that
Breen patrol ship picks us up.

22 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

SARINA (comm)
(continuing)
What, did you have a bad break-up
or something?

Bashir sighs - apparently he's going to have to talk about
this, whether he wants to or not.

BASHIR
Seems like we've had five years of
bad break-ups. Whenever we meet,
we always end up falling into the
same argument over and over again.
We even know we're doing it, and
yet somehow we can't seem to stop
ourselves repeating the pattern.

SARINA (comm)
I think the environmental systems
had to compensate for the frosty
air during that last meeting...

From Bashir's sad face, **CUT TO:**

23 INT. AVENTINE - CONFERENCE ROOM

BASHIR sits at the table, with Dax, Bowers, Kedair and Sarina in other seats. Beneath the professional demeanour, everyone is aware of the tension between Dax and Bashir.

Bowers gestures to a HOLOGRAM cast over the table, showing a Breen PRIVATEER vessel.

BOWERS

This is the *Sitkoskir*. A Klingon warship captured it a month ago, it's sitting inside a sensor blind in our main shuttle bay right now, and it's how we're going to get you into Breen space.

KEDAIR

We've encoded your suits' ID chips with profiles that identify you as members of the *Sitkoskir*'s crew. We're hoping that since it was a privateer ship, the crew manifest wouldn't be as closely monitored as that of a military vessel, and that that will help to cover any mistakes we may have made.

BASHIR

That's already a lot of ifs.

DAX

Getting cold feet, Doctor?

BASHIR

It's the Trill that all have cold extremities, Captain, not humans.

Wanting to get the meeting back on track, Bowers calls up another HOLOGRAM beside the first - an Orion CORSAIR.

BOWERS

This is an Orion corsair, and in order to get you into Breen space convincingly, we're going to stage a little dogfight between them.

CLOSE IN on the two holographic ships as they begin to move in pre-programmed manoeuvres...

And TRANSITION INTO...

24 **EXT. SPACE - THE BATTLE**

...the real things out in space. Looking like two real-life starships in the middle of a real-life battle, they SWOOP around each other, FIRING their weapons...

KEDAIR (v.o.)
They've been fitted with extensive
remote control systems...

25 **INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

The large and complex helm console, where young male Bolian pilot THARP manipulates 2-D representations of the remote controlled starships. His left hand directs the Breen ship and his right the Orion ship, while larger representations appear on the *Aventine's* gigantic IMAX-style viewscreen.

KEDAIR (v.o.)
(continuing)
...which Lieutenant Tharp will
operate in real time.

Behind him, Dax sits calmly in her command chair while her crew attend to their various tasks. Kedair at tactical...

KEDAIR
Weapons locked, Captain.

DAX
Fire at full power, Lieutenant.
Make sure that Breen patrol ship
reads the fight as clear as day.

Kedair works her consoles...

26 **EXT. SPACE - THE BATTLE**

The Orion ship FIRES its weapons right at the Breen...

...and just miss it by a matter of inches.

BOWERS (v.o.)

The weapons may be at full power,
but they won't actually hit
anything. It's all been pain-
stakingly choreographed.

CLOSE IN on the skin of the Breen ship, and we can see the
ESCAPE POD from earlier, not yet released from its mother.

KEDAIR (v.o.)

Meanwhile, you two will ride it
out in one of the escape pods...

27 **INT. ESCAPE POD**

...where Bashir and Sarina, disguised inside their stolen
Breen suits, are strapped to the walls of the escape pod
and being BUFFETED back and forth by the fierce movements
of their mother ship and the battle going on outside.

KEDAIR (v.o.)

(continuing)

...wearing your Breen suits.

BASHIR (comm)

Oh god, I feel sick...

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

...where Bashir is just trying not to throw up as he is
buffeted around, the HUD lights making him dizzy...

BASHIR

(continuing)

I can't handle this. I have to get
out of this helmet...

SARINA (comm)

No!

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

...where Sarina handles the buffeting better, but reacts in
horror at Bashir's suggestion...

SARINA
(continuing)
We don't know how good the Breen's
long distance sensors are. If that
patrol ship picks up human life
signs, the whole plan is ruined.

BASHIR (comm)
But -

SARINA
Just try to relax, Julian. Don't
tense up, let it all go loose.
Think of it as a rollercoaster.

BOWERS (v.o.)
You'll be the first escape pod to
be ejected from the ship...

On cue, Bashir and Sarina are thrown back against the walls
as the entire escape pod LAUNCHES...

30 EXT. SPACE - THE BATTLE

...shooting way from the Breen privateer ship at top speed.
A handful of other escape pods follow it out...

BOWERS (v.o.)
(continuing)
...and once you've reached a safe
distance inside Breen space...

31 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE

As the viewscreen shows the escape pods flying away, Dax
turns to Bowers sat beside her...

DAX
Do it.

Bowers works his own console...

BOWERS (v.o.)
...we'll detonate the ships.

32 **EXT. SPACE - THE BATTLE**

The Breen privateer and the Orion corsair both EXPLODE from the simulated damage (in reality planted demolitions).

The flames ROIL out into space, catching all the escape pods and swallowing them up...

...all except for one, the first to be ejected, which is just pushed by the shockwave further into open space...

33 **INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

...where Bowers reads his console...

BOWERS

Both ships destroyed, all sensor ghosts terminated. Escape pod is undamaged and clear of the blast.

Working hard to portray calm and confidence, Dax nods.

DAX

Good work everyone. Cancel yellow alert and begin radio silence. Tharp, set course for the Black Cluster. Mirren, keep our sensors on the escape pod, I want to know the moment the Breen pick it up. Kedair, monitor all transmissions from the Breen patrol ship. If they don't buy our ruse, we need to extract our people on the fly.

KEDAIR

Aye sir, standing by for plan B.

The crew all get to work. Bowers settles in next to Dax...

BOWERS

And now...?

DAX

Now we wait. And pray this doesn't go hideously wrong.

34 **EXT. SPACE - ESCAPE POD**

Back to the escape pod, alone and drifting in space...

35 **INT. ESCAPE POD**

...where the two Breen-but-not-Breen sit waiting, talking.

SARINA (comm)
So what did you and Dax fight
about this time?

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

...where Bashir allows himself to be distracted...

BASHIR
She doesn't think I'm qualified to
be here.

SARINA (comm)
Do you agree with her?
(he flinches)
I only ask because it seems to be
bothering you.

BASHIR
I don't care if she doubts my
abilities. What upset me was that
she questioned my motives.

SARINA (comm)
Because of me? Well, at least
she's consistent.

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

...where Sarina talks through the disembodied translator...

SARINA
(continuing)
But I have to be honest with you,
Julian - she might not be wrong.
If anyone but me asked you to do
this mission, you'd have said no.

BASHIR (comm)
Sarina, I have done many stupid things in my life, for many stupid reasons. But I have never risked my life just to impress a woman.

SARINA
(smiles)
Good. Now I feel like I can count on you to do really stupid things for all the right reasons.

Suddenly the HUD lights shining on her face PULSE a queasy RED, and a louder Breen BUZZ echoes through the pod...

38 **INT. ESCAPE POD**

...where the grating Breen BUZZ is deafening. Bashir and Sarina issue their own static noises over it...

BASHIR (comm)
So soon?

SARINA (comm)
I guess they were either closer than we thought, or faster than we thought. Or both.

BASHIR (comm)
Answer or they'll get suspicious.

Sarina flicks a switch on the arm of her suit...

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

...where the incoming signal is translated by the suit...

BREEN (comm)
...the Confederate vessel *Torzat*. We received your distress signal. Respond and confirm your status.

SARINA
Torzat, this is pod twelve of the privateer *Sitkoskir*. There are two of us aboard. All systems stable.

BREEN (comm)
Acknowledged, *Sitkoskir* Twelve.
Stand by for our tractor beam.
We'll have you aboard shortly.

The incoming signal drops, as indicated by a change in the HUD lights. Sarina grins...

SARINA
Here's where the fun begins.

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

...where Bashir remains unhappy about this whole thing...

BASHIR
Fun? Oh yes, definitely. We're trying to locate and break into a hidden military base to destroy a prototype starship and corrupt the stolen data. We'll be surrounded by the most notoriously paranoid people the Federation's ever met, with no back-up and no clear exit strategy. That's if they don't see through us the moment they meet us and just shoot us in the head.

41 **EXT. SPACE - ESCAPE POD**

BASHIR (v.o.)
(continuing)
How could this not be fun?

As the large Breen starship looms over the tiny pod...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

42 EXT. SPACE - AVENTINE

The Vesta-class Starfleet ship flies at high impulse...

43 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE

Reading her console, tactical officer KEDAIR speaks up...

KEDAIR

The Breen patrol ship picked up
the escape pod, Captain. They're
on course to Salavat at warp six.

DAX

Did the Breen ship make any long-
range subspace transmissions after
picking up the pod?

KEDAIR

No, sir. They seem to have resumed
radio silence.

BOWERS

That's a good sign.

DAX

Maybe. At the very least it's not
an obviously bad sign, and that's
good enough for now.

(thumbs control)

Captain's log, supplemental. We
have observed a skirmish between
two unidentified vessels - a Breen
privateer and an Orion corsair.
Only a single escape pod, from the
Breen privateer, appears to have
survived the battle. The pod was
retrieved inside Breen space by a
Breen military patrol. No further
data is available at this time.

That done, she looks back to Bowers sitting beside her...

DAX
Commander, compile today's logs
and send a batch transmission
back to Starfleet Command.

BOWERS
(small smile)
Aye, sir.
(works console)
Batch transmission away, Captain.

Kedair reacts to a new reading on her console...

KEDAIR
Captain, we may have a problem.

DAX
What is it?

KEDAIR
Some kind of sensor ghost. Could
just be a gravitational lensing
effect caused by our proximity to
the Black Cluster...

BOWERS
...But?

KEDAIR
But I think it might be evidence
of a cloaked ship following us.

Dax considers this...

DAX
It makes sense. We may have told
everyone Utopia Planitia was an
accident, but assuming they know
we know it's a lie, they can't be
too surprised to see us patrolling
the border. Maintain course... but
keep those sensors open too.

Kedair nods assent, but everyone remains tense...

44 **EXT. SPACE - BREEN SHIP**

The Breen patrol vessel that picked up the pod DROPS OUT OF WARP and coasts to impulse speeds...

...approaching a seemingly barren WORLD of ice and rock.

45 **INT. BREEN SHIP - QUARTERS**

A basic cabin aboard the Breen ship, with a pair of bunk beds and little else. Breen soldiers lie on each bunk - the lower one relaxed, the upper one struggling with his suit.

SARINA (comm)
Will you stop fidgeting?

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

...where Bashir lies on his back, HUD lights dimmed...

BASHIR
I can't help it. I don't how anyone sleeps in these things. My own breathing sounds downright asthmatic inside this helmet.

SARINA (comm)
I know the real reason you can't relax, and it has nothing to do with that suit being too snug.

BASHIR
Really. Do tell.

SARINA (comm)
It's because you had to leave Kukalaka behind.

BASHIR
That's ridiculous!

As Bashir remembers...

FLASHBACK - 12x13 "A BEAR OF VERY LITTLE BRAIN"

As Bashir cuddles up in bed, Kukalaka safely in his arms...

BACK TO SCENE

Bashir sighs into his suit...

BASHIR

Okay, maybe it's a little true.
You think I'm crazy, don't you?

SARINA (comm)

Crazy, no. Adorably broken, maybe.

A new and loud BUZZ penetrates the suit from outside...

47 INT. BREEN SHIP - QUARTERS

Both Breen react to the noise, lifting from their bunks...

BREEN VOICE

We've arrived at Salavat. A guard
will escort you to your shuttle.

Both Breen stand, preparing themselves...

48 EXT. SPACE

A small SHUTTLE drops out of the larger Breen ship, which
then goes on its way.

The shuttle flies down into the planet's atmosphere...

As the surface nears, we see a LANDING AREA, and a pitiful
handful of support BUILDINGS gathered around it, the metal
constructions and floodlights out of place against the
stark, uninhabited rock. The world looks all but abandoned.

49 EXT. BREEN SHUTTLE

Close up on a PORTHOLE of the shuttle, a Breen helmeted
face looking out of the window at this sight...

BASHIR (comm)

Is that it? If that's the extent
of this shipyard, we shouldn't
have any problems here.

50 **EXT. SPACE - SALAVAT ORBIT**

The shuttle flies on down, approaching the landing strip...

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

The ship construction visible through a window, project leader Thot Keer stands facing another Breen - Thot NAAZ. The other's image fritzes occasionally - he is a hologram. They BUZZ at each other, translated by ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES:

THOT NAAZ

I have the utmost respect for your work on this project, Thot Keer. However, Domo Brex is demanding results sooner than expected.

THOT KEER

I have no wish to disappoint the Domo or our allies, Thot Naaz. But the prototype is not yet ready.

THOT NAAZ

So your report said. Why then are you refusing aid freely offered by the Romulans and the Gorn?

THOT KEER

Because it comes at too high a price. Our national security now depends upon our status as the technical innovator of the Typhon Pact. But there are too many design flaws for us to proceed.

THOT NAAZ

What do you mean, design flaws? This is a proven technology.

THOT KEER

Only on a handful of specially designed Starfleet vessels. The more I study the schematics, the more certain I become that hull geometry plays too vital a role. We need a more fluid aesthetic.

THOT NAAZ

Don't tell me you're actually dismantling what you've already built? Have you lost your senses?

THOT KEER

I have no choice, sir. Resolving these variables will take time, and until I have done so, it is not safe to proceed.

THOT NAAZ

Work quickly. Our allies gave us a limited window of exclusivity with this technology. If we fail to master it soon, they will move to take control of the project.

THOT KEER

My staff and I are working as fast as we are able. I will notify you as soon as I finish the equations. If possible, I would be grateful if I could be kept notified of events in the political arena...

THOT NAAZ

Trust me, Keer. If our allies see fit to ruin my day, I will not hesitate to ruin yours.

THOT KEER

Of that I have no doubt, sir.

Naaz's holo-image disappears, leaving Keer alone. Visibly sighing even through the suit, the Breen engineer calls up the stolen slipstream schematics and gets back to work...

52 EXT. SALAVAT SURFACE - SPACE PORT

The shuttle from the Breen ship touches down on the landing area, amid a hailstorm of freezing rain.

As it comes to rest, a HATCH hisses open on the side...

53 **INT. BREEN SHUTTLE**

The Breen PILOT of this tiny vessel turns from his controls to glare at his two passengers, and barks in Breen BUZZ...

PILOT

Get out.

Clearly being given no choice, the two figures get up and clamber out of the hatch, into the grinding hailstorm...

54 **EXT. SALAVAT SURFACE - SPACE PORT**

The two Breen walk into the driving hail, protected from the worst of it by the suits but still straining against a powerful wind. Behind, the shuttle closes up and lifts off.

Some distance away on the landing area, another shuttle disgorges a handful of other Breen. These seem much more accustomed to the weather, and immediately start walking towards one of the small buildings ringing the area...

BASHIR (comm)

I suppose we just follow them?

SARINA (comm)

Worth a try.

They go to join the line of people entering the building...

55 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SPACE PORT**

Our two "hero" Breen figures - Bashir and Sarina - walk into the building, and jerk to a stop at the sight...

...of a large ARRIVALS hall, with many more Breen figures than we would have expected given the apparently deserted state of this colony. They line up, all wearing suits, to pass through a series of security checkpoints.

An armed and angry guard shouts in industrial BUZZ...

GUARD

Keep moving forward! Stop holding up the line.

Jolted on, Bashir and Sarina join a line each, immediately getting lost among the sea of all but identical suits. The lines shuffle forwards, a step at a time...

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

A POV SHOT of what Sarina sees inside her helmet, including the words clearly displayed - PRIVATE CHANNEL.

SARINA

Can you see where they're going
once they pass through security?

BASHIR (comm)

No, but this is far more people
than can fit inside the buildings
we saw out there. They must be
ending up somewhere.

SARINA

Well... we're about to find out.

57 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SPACE PORT**

Bashir and Sarina reach the front of their respective lines. The suits hide their reactions, luckily...

As Bashir stands, noticing the armed guards standing at strategic points all around the room...

The security agent raises a hand-held scanner...

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

POV SHOT through the narrow eye-slot as the agent points the scanner at Bashir himself...

ON BASHIR as the sweat rolls down his brow...

59 **ON BASHIR'S SUIT**

The BEAM from the hand-held scanner passes over the small CHIP embedded in the outside of the suit...

...and the scanner BEEPS affirmatively.

60 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SPACE PORT**

The security agent waves Bashir on dismissively. Bashir does so with relief.

Bashir meets up with Sarina again, and they follow the crowd of other identically disguised Breen...

...down a wide PASSAGE that slopes deeper into the earth, the sounds of hundreds of Breen BUZZING growing louder the deeper they go, until at last the passage opens out into...

...a broad thoroughfare, with a railing that looks out over a chasm far below. Bashir and Sarina step up to the railing and look down over the chasm...

61 **POV - UNDERGROUND CITY**

...and see an entire CITY, under a huge dome carved right out of the rock. A multi-levelled subterranean metropolis criss-crossed with walkways, bridges and trains. Robotic DRONES zip to and fro, keeping an eye on everything.

...plus throngs of BREEN figures moving about among it all, along with the sounds of MILLIONS of Breen vocoders.

62 **BASHIR AND SARINA**

...as they look down over this sight with awed dismay...

BASHIR (comm)
So... not just a shipyard then.

As the lives of millions of Breen go on beneath them...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

63 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MARKETPLACE

One of the public areas, where dozens of Breen go about their day - shopping, talking to friends, heading to work. It looks like any public area, except it's underground and everyone in sight is disguised in a Breen suit.

With so many to see, we can now tell that not all the suits are identical. The suits we have seen for years are only for the MILITARY. There are also CIVILIANS, who wear suits of a different, softer design and less aggressive masks. And GOVERNMENT, whose suits look almost like business wear. But they all hide every possible identifying feature.

Despite the constant background DRONE of all the vocoders, we pick out our two "hero" Breen, Bashir and Sarina, to focus upon as they take in the sights before them...

BASHIR (comm)

They hide everything from each other... all the time. It makes me feel sad for them.

SARINA (comm)

They obviously have their reasons. We're not here to judge them.

As they walk into the throng, a normal-sized Breen civilian comes towards them holding the hand of a smaller Breen, and Bashir realises - this is a child and its parent.

As the pair get closer, we can see that the parent has a sling across its chest, carrying what is presumably a baby Breen. The family passes Bashir in the crowd, and he turns to try to look at the baby as subtly as he can...

...and sees that even the baby wears a suit and rudimentary mask to hide its features, as it lies in its cradle.

64 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

...where Bashir's face reveals his horror at this sight.

BASHIR
My god... they even put their
babies in masks. What are they so
scared of?

SARINA (comm)
Julian, concentrate. Look at the
buildings, the signage.

Forcing himself to focus, Bashir looks around...

65 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MARKETPLACE**

...at shops, buildings, road signs, commercial hoardings.

BASHIR (comm)
It's all so... generic. Like it's
deliberately designed to disguise
any sign of cultural identity or
individuality.

SARINA (comm)
It makes sense. If they hide their
bodies so no-one knows what they
look like, they wouldn't want the
architecture to give any hints
away either. Here, look at this.

Sarina leads Bashir over to a circle of tall black OBELISKS
in the middle of the marketplace. Another Breen stands at
one, manipulating subtle controls on its surface.

As Sarina and Bashir stand in front of one of the obelisks,
green ALIEN TEXT flashes quickly across it, right to left.

SARINA (comm)
It's a public information kiosk.

BASHIR (comm)
Can you make any sense of it?

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

...Sarina frowns in frustration as the red lights from her
HUD flash and change as quick as the lights on the kiosk.

SARINA

No. The AI in our suits has been working on their written language since we got here, but this is moving too fast to translate.

BASHIR (comm)

What are we looking for?

SARINA

Lodgings - if we've got to explore this entire underground city to find our shipyard, then we'll need a base of operations to work from.

67 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

...exasperated and amused, Bashir shakes his head...

BASHIR

Incredible. Here we are trying to infiltrate a secret military base, and we don't even know how to book a hotel room.

SARINA (comm)

Think you can do better, Julian? Feel like taking over and showing me how it's done?

BASHIR

Are you saying you don't think I'm up to the task?

SARINA (comm)

Do you answer every question with another question?

BASHIR

Move over.

He shoulders her aside and takes her place at the kiosk. His own HUD lights begin to work overtime as well...

68 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MARKETPLACE**

After a few awkward and humiliating moments, Bashir sags.

BASHIR (comm)
Alright, fine. I give up.

Sarina pulls him away, back into the crowds...

SARINA (comm)
It might take a few days before
our translators can learn enough
to keep up with that thing.

BASHIR (comm)
I wasn't hoping to be here a few
days. Where are we going now?

They reach another railing, and look over it...

69 **POV - CORE CHASM**

...at another CHASM, narrower in diameter than the first
but diving down much deeper into the core of the planet. At
the bottom is the RED GLOW of geothermal power, and between
there and here are the lower levels of the city, a delicate
web of energy-collectors, and a series of large air FANS.

BASHIR (comm)
This is how they power it all...

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

...Sarina's POV, the words PRIVATE CHANNEL still showing,
plus a multi-spectral sensor display of their view.

SARINA
Yes, but look there.
(sharp)
Don't make it obvious.
(sigh)
See those fans? I bet they're part
of an air filtration system, which
suggests there'll be maintenance
ducts down on those lower levels.
Possibly even abandoned ones.

71 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MARKETPLACE**

Bashir spots one of the DRONES fly past them, watching...

BASHIR (comm)

What if they're monitored? I doubt people as paranoid as these would leave their civil infrastructure accessible to just anyone.

SARINA (comm)

Then they're not our only option. Stop being so pessimistic, Julian.

And she leads them both back into the marketplace again...

72 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - PASSAGEWAY**

Somewhere dark and stiflingly hot in the lowest levels of the city. Our two "hero" Breen walk down the passage...

...and spot a tiny ALLEY off the main passageway. At the mouth of the alley, one of them raises a PALM BEACON...

...revealing a tangle of thick POWER CABLES entering a JUNCTION BOX. Next to this box is a heavy metal DOOR.

BASHIR (comm)

Ladies first.

SARINA (comm)

Oh no - age before beauty.

The first Breen leads the way into the dark, reaches for the metal door, and HEAVES it open on SQUEALING hinges...

73 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MAINTENANCE CRAWLSPACE**

The two Breen suits squeeze through the narrow door and find themselves in a narrow passage through the industrial complex, its walls lined with power cables and components.

The second Breen pulls the door closed behind them, sets the palm beacon on a surface to provide some limited light in the darkness. Then it grasps its helmet, LIFTS it...

...and reveals Sarina. She shakes the sweat out of her hair and takes a long-awaited deep breath of "fresh air". Off the other Breen's apparent alarm...

SARINA

Don't worry about the internal sensors. They're tied to the alarms, which I disabled while you were working on the door.

The other Breen also removes its helmet, revealing Bashir.

SARINA

Welcome to our new home away from home. May as well get some sleep.

He looks around their new base of operations in dismay...

74 EXT. PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - DAY

The centre of Federation government in Paris...

75 INT. PALAIS - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Tellarite councillor GLEER, last seen 12x11 "Death of a Salesman", huffs his expansive chest in dudgeon.

GLEER

This is an unconscionable display of executive arrogance, unbecoming a president of the Federation!

Seated calmly behind her desk, President BACCO gazes over the three guests sat across from her - Gleer, Vulcan female T'LATREK, and the African-styled human male MAZIBUKO.

BACCO

I know you feel strongly about this, Councillor Gleer. And it really does warm my heart to see you and Councillor T'Latrek on the same side of an issue for once. But insulting me won't change my mind about vetoing this bill.

Gleer is about to get his Tellarite dander up, but T'Latrek calms things with a simple raised hand...

T'LATREK

If you veto our bill, Madam President, I will introduce a motion to overturn your veto.

MAZIBUKO

And I will second that motion.

BACCO

I would expect nothing less. But before you cross the Rubicon on this issue, I think it's only fair to warn you that you don't have the votes to overturn my veto.

MAZIBUKO

Oh but we do, Madam President.

BACCO

Check again. You'll find I had a long talk with Councillor Enaren earlier about the need to extend the Starfleet Operational Security Act for another ten years. I also had a lovely chat with Councillor Krim, so I wouldn't tally Bajor's vote too soon either. And I think Councillor Beltane is a proponent of robust counter-intelligence.

Gleer springs to his feet, thundering...

GLEER

This is a disgrace! An affront to an open society! If I have to -

Bacco's dry Vulcan secretary SIVAK breaks in on the comm...

SIVAK (comm)

Forgive the interruption, Madam President, but Admiral Akaar and Ms Piñiero need to speak to you.

BACCO

(taps comm)

Okay, Sivak, please show them in.

(taps again)

I apologise for the abrupt end to our discussion, Councillors. But I need to ask you all to step out, please. This is urgent business.

The three councillors get up to leave, Gler muttering all the way. At the door he turns back, but Bacco is ready -

BACCO

I know, Gler - this isn't over.
Now get out.

The doors open - Gler, T'Latrek and Mazibuko exit, while AKAAR and PIÑIERO enter. The door closes again.

BACCO

You two have perfect timing.
What's going on?

AKAAR

We heard from Captain Dax on the *Aventine*, ma'am. Our two agents have been successfully inserted into Breen space. Unfortunately, we have a new complication.

BACCO

A new one? Pete's sake, Leonard, we haven't finished dealing with the current complication yet. What's gone wrong this time?

PIÑIERO

The *Aventine* is being tracked by a cloaked vessel.

BACCO

One of the fancy new Romulan ones?

AKAAR

No ma'am - Breen. The *Aventine* was only able to detect it because the

cloak is an older model that does not work well with Breen ships.

PIÑIERO

(trying to
be positive)

Besides, Praetor Kamemor's message said the commander of their most advanced ship was arrested...

BACCO

(unconvinced)

Yeah, then "committed honourable suicide", *quelle surprise*. We are working on cracking that new cloak, though, right?

AKAAR

Yes ma'am - Captain Sisko's crew aboard *Robinson* is leading that effort. However, we have no proof that ship is anywhere near them.

PIÑIERO

Or if it's still deployed at all.

BACCO

Or if it's the only one. So what do we know?

AKAAR

For now, only that if the *Aventine* cannot shake its shadow, it might prevent the extraction of our agents from Salavat.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

76 EXT. SPACE - SALAVAT ORBIT

The seemingly barren rocky world, which we now know hides a full-sized colony deep underground...

77 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MAINTENANCE CRAWLSPACE

BASHIR sleeps shallowly on the ground, wearing the black jumpsuit from Sc 2. A HAND reaches in to shake him awake...

SARINA

Wake up, Julian.

He groggily looks up, sees SARINA looming over him, already back in her Breen suit *sans* helmet. Looking the other way, he sees his own suit propped up against the wall, empty. As he struggles upright, foggy and unrested, she hands him a basic Starfleet FIELD RATION to eat. She scoffs her own.

SARINA

Time to get back to work. Here.

Breakfast done, Bashir moves to don his suit again. Sarina pulls out a package of micro-tools from a pocket in her suit, and begins working on the cables and components all over the walls of their hiding space. Off Bashir's look...

SARINA

Signal tap into the information network. If you need to patch in, it's transmitting an encrypted signal on channel nine-four-one.

BASHIR

Got it.

Suit back on, he grabs the last part - the helmet.

BASHIR

Now I know how Garak felt.

Deep breath - helmet goes on. Sarina opens the door...

78 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MARKETPLACE**

The same as yesterday - civilian Breen, soldiers, families going about their day. Our two "hero" Breen join the throng and blend in easily enough, a DRONE of vocoders everywhere.

BASHIR (comm)
Why are we back here again?

SARINA (comm)
It's exactly what we need, Julian - a variety of businesses, and civilians who look like they come from different social strata. It's an anthropological goldmine.

BASHIR (comm)
I thought we were supposed to be looking for the secret shipyard.

SARINA (comm)
If we don't learn the finer points of the language and culture, we'll be lucky to make it back to the surface, never mind the shipyard. Just watch and listen. Let your suit translate the conversations.

With a harrumph, Bashir allows Sarina to lead him into the crowd. They move down a narrower alley with shops on either side, Breen civilians buying food for later. We go into...

79 **MONTAGE - SALAVAT MARKETPLACE**

-- As Bashir and Sarina pass a stall, one Breen customer BUZZES to another (subtitles)...

BREEN 1
I'm so tired this morning. I can't get used to this new schedule.

-- An electronic ADVERTISING BOARD's display changes every few seconds to a new commercial. As Bashir and Sarina pass, it GLITCHES, the signal lost in static for a moment...

-- Two more Breen stand at the information kiosk, one of them working the panels with urgency. Bashir and Sarina stroll past, overhear one of them BUZZING (subtitles)...

BREEN 2

Just get me out of here. I can't
live with him a moment longer.

-- Robotic drones fly over the marketplace, up and down the aisles, keeping an eye on everyone...

-- A fast food outlet - a Breen buys a polystyrene PACKAGE, then carries it to a row of single-person BOOTHS. A door opens, the Breen enters the booth, the door closes. Another door opens, another Breen emerges holding an empty package, and deposits it into a bin. Bashir watches fascinated...

-- As Bashir and Sarina move on, the SHOPKEEPER follows their progress, suspicious of these two figures who stopped and watched his business for no apparent reason...

80 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - TASK POD

The door opens on a small room in the BREEN INTELLIGENCE DIRECTORATE's Salavat complex and a government Breen enters - CHOT NAR. She takes the seat at her desk. As always, her industrial BUZZ is translated via ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES.

CHOT NAR

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

The desk, which angles up at 45 degrees from her waist, sends out a SCANNING BEAM like the one the arrivals agent used. The beam reads the ID chip in Nar's suit - a BEEP, and the desk comes to life as a whole bank of computers.

Nar is startled when the computer casts a HOLOGRAM above the desk - she wasn't expecting anything. It is an error message of some kind - something has gone very wrong.

Urgently, she reaches in and starts manipulating the holo, getting more and more worried with every new bit of data.

CHOT NAR

Registering null values throughout
the surveillance grid. That's not
possible... Display locations.

The hologram RESETS to show a MAP of the market through
which Bashir and Sarina have been walking, with INDICATORS
of where the anomalies were recorded. Nar peers at them...

CHOT NAR

Not random - a steady progression
through the market, disappearing
near lower maintenance. Display
surveillance at these locations.

The hologram RESETS again - now showing CCTV images taken
by the drones. In each of them the same pair of Breen have
been highlighted by the computer - Bashir and Sarina.

CHOT NAR

Scanning IDs - crew of *Sitkoskir*.
No... I don't think so. Segregate
data to my authorisation code and
continue standard surveillance.

The computer BEEPS, the hologram dissolves, and Nar's desk
becomes a normal display of green text flowing from right
to left, as on the info kiosks. Nar stands from the desk...

CHOT NAR

If another operative captures them
before me... they will be richly
rewarded. I will not accept that.

Chot Nar quickly leaves her small room again.

81 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MARKETPLACE

Those same two Breen - Bashir and Sarina - sit on a bench
in the market, just watching the underworld go by. Breen
civilians pass them, unaware of the spies in their midst.

82 INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Sarina sits calmly, the DRONES of the civilians' vocoders
translated into overlapping snippets of conversation...

VOICES (comm)
I'm sure I've put on weight... I
need to get my suit remeasured...
mommy can I have one please...

SARINA
They're normal people. The same
everyday concerns as... everyone.

83 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Bashir hears similar overlapping chatter...

BASHIR
Normal except none of them are
ever allowed to show their face.

VOICES (comm)
How did you enjoy that *fazibek* for
dinner... I'm going to miss my
train soon... I'd like to report
some suspicious behaviour...

Bashir caught that last, and focuses in with alarm...

VOICE (comm)
Two individuals in the merchant's
circle... they've been sitting
here for hours...

84 INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Sarina has also heard, is also alarmed...

VOICE (comm)
(continued)
I don't know what they're doing
but they're acting strangely...

BASHIR (comm)
Sarina, did you hear that?

SARINA
I heard. We need to go, now.

85 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MARKETPLACE**

Bashir and Sarina stand and walk calmly for the exit...

...a SIREN sounds, from every angle, down every aisle of the marketplace. Every other Breen STOPS in their tracks, as if this is simply what one does when a siren sounds.

Sarina starts RUNNING, Bashir right on her heels.

Even in their suits, they are obvious by the fact that they are the only ones moving. None of the civilians try to stop them, but just by standing still they are making it tough.

A swarm of the robotic DRONES converge ahead of them, sharp and threatening. Bashir grabs Sarina and SKIDS to a halt...

BASHIR (comm)
We have to get off the street...
 (looks around)
This way!

They run down an alley whose sign implies MASS TRANSIT. A moment after they pass the sign, it is BLASTED by disruptor bolts from the drones. The machines swarm after them...

86 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SUBWAY PLATFORM**

Bashir and Sarina DASH onto the platform, drones SHOOTING right behind them. Civilian Breen SCATTER in a panic...

A TRAIN is already in the station, its doors closed. Bashir RUNS to the doors, expecting them to open automatically like Starfleet doors do. They don't, and he RUNS right into the door, bouncing back and falling to the ground.

As he falls, a DISRUPTOR BOLT passes right over his head and DISINTEGRATES half the train door.

A split-second behind him, Sarina spins and falls to one knee, a disruptor suddenly in her hand, and FIRES back. One of the drones is HIT, goes spinning off in flames.

SARINA (comm)
Get on the train!

She grabs Bashir, yanks him upright, pulls him through the hole in the door and onto the train...

89 **INT. TRAIN - MAIN CABIN (CONTINUOUS)**

...where Bashir pulls his own disruptor, turns and joins Sarina in FIRING back through the half-destroyed door at the drones. As the automated attackers FIRE at the train, civilians already onboard it hit the deck, cower in fear.

SARINA (comm)
We have to move. Head for the driver's cab, and stay down.

Sarina runs towards the front of the train, Bashir right behind her again, both half-crouched so the drones cannot shoot them through the windows.

DISRUPTOR BOLTS pepper the train, not caring about the terrified Breen civilians...

...and a train wall is BLASTED apart. A piece of shrapnel SLICES Bashir's leg right through his suit. A BUZZ of pain, he half falls - Sarina grabs him and drags him along...

90 **INT. TRAIN - DRIVER'S CAB**

The lock is BLASTED off the door by a disruptor bolt, and Sarina BURSTS in. She grabs the terrified DRIVER by his uniform and YANKS him out of his seat, throwing him out into the main cabin, right past where Bashir crouches.

SARINA (comm)
Julian, are you alright?

BASHIR (comm)
No. But do what you have to do,
I'll cover you.

While Bashir continues to SHOOT back at the drones, Sarina finds the comm controls. A SQUEAL fills the cabin, then the BUZZ of a loudspeaker announcement...

SARINA (subs)
Attention all passengers. Everyone out - now.

91 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SUBWAY PLATFORM (INTERCUT)**

The train's doors all open, and the Breen passengers all SCRAMBLE to escape. In doing so they get in the way of the drones, and some of them get shot by DISRUPTOR BOLTS.

92 **INT. TRAIN - MAIN CABIN (INTERCUT)**

Bashir spots the train driver still on the deck...

BASHIR (subs)
You too. Get out.

DRIVER (subs)
Thank you.

The driver scrambles to his feet and runs for the doors.

Favouring his bleeding leg, Bashir turns to enter the driver's cab, where Sarina is working the train controls.

SARINA (comm)
Hold on. This could get rough.

BASHIR (comm)
I think that ship has sailed.

93 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SUBWAY PLATFORM**

The train SCREECHES into action, speeding away into the dark tunnel that contains its tracks...

...the remaining drones SWARM down the tunnel after it, still firing...

94 **INT. TRAIN - DRIVER'S CAB**

With Bashir cradling his damaged leg, Sarina tenses...

SARINA (comm)
Hit the deck and hold on to something heavy.

He does...

...just in time for Sarina to SLAM the brakes on, forcing the train to SCREECH to a halt in the dark tunnel...

...Bashir TUMBLES forwards with the momentum, hitting the front wall of the driver's cab with a THUD...

95 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SUBWAY TUNNEL

The drones can't slow down, they have nowhere to swerve to, so they CRASH into the back of the train and EXPLODE.

96 INT. TRAIN - DRIVER'S CAB

Sarina helps Bashir up off the floor, full of adrenaline but in control...

SARINA (comm)
Can you walk?

BASHIR (comm)
Not without help.

97 INT. TRAIN - MAIN CABIN

Sarina supports Bashir as they hobble towards the door...

SARINA (comm)
We need to get off this train and into the city's subway system. If it's like any other city's transit networks, it probably has tunnels that are no longer in use.

98 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SUBWAY TUNNEL

Having already clambered to the ground, Sarina reaches up to help Bashir get down from the cabin.

Then they start making their way down the tunnel, away from the sounds of SIRENS and burning attack drones. As he struggles on into the darkness...

BASHIR (comm)
I was bleeding all over the place back there. What if they detect my human DNA?

SARINA (comm)
That won't be a problem.

BASHIR (comm)
How can you be sure?

As the two suited Breen figures stumble on towards us with the crashed train at their backs...

...suddenly a massive EXPLOSION consumes the train, rocking the very ground, making dust fall onto their helmets.

Bashir stops a moment, looks back at the burning train...

SARINA (comm)
Let's just say I took precautions.

At Sarina's gentle urging, Bashir turns around again, and the pair continue on into the darkness...

99 INT. SARINA'S SUIT

Sarina pushes on, calm and determined...

100 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT

Bashir in pain and quietly terrified...

...until he decides that actually, he's kind of enjoying himself here. And, safe in the knowledge that no-one can see him inside his helmet, he lets out a sly smile...

BLACK OUT

END OF SHOW