

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

9x13 - "Malefactorum."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the short story

*Star Trek: Corps of Engineers: Malefactorum*

Written by Terri Osbourne

and on elements from the novel

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine  
Mission Gamma Book 2 - This Grey Spirit*

by Heather Jarman

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**1     INT. KLINGON HALL OF WARRIORS**

Open on a slaughtered Klingon body, dead and glassy eyes staring blankly. More dead and bloodied bodies all around him, the result of some grand and glorious battle.

They lie in a large, high-ceilinged dramatic hall, lined with statues and portraits. A panting, sweating Klingon woman of heaving bosom - NGARA - stands among the bodies.

NGARA

(Show yourself!)

*QablIj Hi'ang!*

An exerted Klingon man with bulging muscles - LUGHOR - stalks to her with lust in his eyes. The style is operatic, overblown, stereotyped Klingon battle and bloodlust. It's a Klingon bodice-ripper tale. Softcore porn, basically.

LUGHOR

(I'm right here!)

*QabwIj vIso'be!*

NGARA

I will toast my father's honour  
over your corpse, you *p'tahk!*

As Lughor reaches her, Ngara SPINS in a furious battle, CLASHing her spear against his own, hair flying all over. His spear tears the fabric of her sleeve, baring her arm.

Angered, Ngara manages to THRUST the tip of her spear into Lughor's thigh. The pain gives him strength to respond.

NGARA

On this night, I will stand in  
black pools of your blood, spilled  
when I slit your throat!

The battle continues, neither giving nor gaining ground. Finally, Ngara makes one huge dramatic SLO-MO LEAP towards Lughor, ROARing, her spear outstretched.

Lughor leaps up to join her in mid-air, knocks her spear out of her hand, and they fall to the ground, him on top of her. Ngara ROARS again and flips him until she is on top, pressing on his shoulders and digging her fingernails in.

Both growling and breathing deeply, they stare into each other's eyes. Pulling her arms up and away, he brings up a knife out of nowhere and slits the laces on her corset.

LUGHOR  
I will have you!

DAX (v.o.)  
Nog, what the hell are you  
reading?

**2     INT. DEFIANT - MESS HALL**

NOG slams down the padd he was reading, face-down onto the table, as DAX peers over his shoulder. He puts his arm over the padd, hiding it. He is flustered, skin flushed.

DAX  
At ease, Lieutenant. I can only  
assume that isn't the engineering  
report I asked for.

Still breathing hard, now from shock and humiliation rather than excitement, Nog reaches desperately around the table until he finds another padd, grabs it and SHOVES it at Dax.

NOG  
Umm, no, that would be this one.

DAX  
Thanks. I've got Bowers running a  
diagnostic from the tactical side.  
We'll identify those false  
readings one way or the other.

Dax takes the second padd, straightens up to read it. Nog begins to hope he is getting out of this intact.

NOG  
I'm sure we will.

DAX

(casually)

That must have been fascinating reading on that other padd. You don't often encounter references to leather corsets in Starfleet engineering manuals.

Nog cringes. Ensign PERMENTER (8x17 "Empathy") overhears and grins. She brings her tray and sits opposite Nog.

PERMENTER

Oh! "Burning Hearts of *Qo'noS*"! Have you got to the part where Ngara has the *bat'leth* duel with the whole House of Rutark?

Hideously embarrassed, Nog looks desperately to Dax for rescue. She smiles back sweetly, awaiting his answer.

NOG

Yes, alright! I'm reading "Burning Hearts of *Qo'noS*"! There, I said it. Are you happy?

(to Permenter,  
eager and excited)

That was great! I never thought she'd make it past the bewitched *targs* guarding the moat, did you?

DAX

Is this what all engineers do between duty shifts?

PERMENTER

Hey, no fair, Lieutenant. I got it from T'rb in sciences, so they started it. Didn't Richter have it before T'rb?

NOG

No, Richter asked me to pass it to her when I was done. Ensign Senkowski gave it to T'rb.

Now Ensign SENKOWSKI (male, human) overhears too, and joins the party at the table with his own tray.

SENKOWSKI

Don't you dare drag me into this.  
Imagine it, Lieutenant - a Klingon  
bodice-ripper. It's the end of  
literature as we know it.

PERMENTER

This from the man who practically  
begged me to let him borrow  
"Vulcan Love Slave."

NOG

(perking up)  
Really? Which version?

SENKOWSKI

The classic original. By Krem.

NOG

That's never been proven.

SENKOWSKI

Never been disproven either. I  
know Iskel is the favourite, but  
I'd say the evidence that Krem is  
the original author is compelling.  
Either way, I'd take "Vulcan Love  
Slave" over "Burning Hearts of  
Qo'noS" any day.

(turns to Dax)

And for the record, Lieutenant,  
I happen to like Starfleet's  
engineering manuals. I find them  
pithy, concise and thorough.

DAX

(straight-faced)  
I appreciate your candour, Ensign.

PERMENTER

(smirking)  
Still annoyed Mikaela got the  
promotion, eh, Jason?

SENKOWSKI

I take my engineering duties very seriously.

DAX

As well you should.

Nog has been trying to sneak another look at his padd. Dax nudges him back to the conversation.

NOG

Oh. You're an invaluable member of the team, Ensign.

(to Dax, protesting)

What? I'm at the good part.

The mess hall doors open, and SAM BOWERS strides in, carrying another padd. He heads for Dax.

DAX

Results of the tactical systems diagnostic?

BOWERS

Turns out we had a redundant programming problem. Nothing serious after all.

DAX

That's a relief. The last thing we need in a fire-fight is a malfunctioning torpedo bay.

BOWERS

Tell me about it. I like to think I'm good at improvising, but it's a lot easier with a full arsenal.

Bowers sits down at the table, opposite Nog.

BOWERS

So... has Lughor broken Ngara's clavicle yet?

Nog rolls his eyes, while Dax chuckles.

3 **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING**

Standard establishing shot, *Defiant* not present.

4 **INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE**

Lieutenant RO LAREN sits behind her desk, hard at work, a bit exasperated and worn out. The main doors open and Bajoran Sgt ETANA KOL pops her head in, a little nervous.

ETANA

Boss? Umm, Lieutenant... do you have a moment?

RO

Sure, I should probably take a break anyway. I've been staring at everything I can find on this Sidau business for so long, it's all just becoming one big blur. What's up?

ETANA

Well, I wanted to talk to you about something.

RO

(smiling)

Oh, I think I know what this is. You want -

Suddenly, she is interrupted by a COMM SIGNAL coming in without warning. It is a human male voice, fear and uncertainty coming through clearly.

GORDIMER (comm)

Lieutenant Ro...

RO

(instantly wary;  
to Etana)

Hold that thought.

(into comm)

Gordimer? Is that you? Are you okay?

No answer. Ro is becoming increasingly concerned.

RO  
Gordimer! Answer me!

Still no answer. Ro is now very worried.

RO  
Computer, locate Ensign Gordimer.

COMPUTER  
Ensign Gordimer is in his  
quarters. Habitat ring, section  
thirty-seven delta.

RO  
Is he alone?

COMPUTER  
Affirmative.

RO  
Any sign of unauthorised weapons  
fire?

COMPUTER  
Negative.

At Ro's urgent nod, Etana rushes to the weapons locker. Ro runs out of the room onto the Promenade, with Etana running after, handing her a phaser. Ro slaps her combadge.

RO  
Ro to Shul. Meet me and Etana at  
Ensign Gordimer's quarters.  
Something's wrong.

SHUL (comm)  
Acknowledged.

RO  
Ro to Ops. I need an emergency  
site-to-site transport for two to  
the habitat ring, section thirty-  
seven delta. Code seven green.

5 **INT. DS9 - OPS CENTRE**

While Bajoran Sgt SHUL (8x21 "Lesser Evil") runs quickly across Ops to the transporter platform, KIRA NERYS looks urgently up from her position at the central Ops table, and nods to Bolian ensign T'RB, sitting at the science station.

KIRA

Do it.

T'RB

(works panels)

Energising...

6 **INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

While Ro and Etana continue to run down the Promenade towards a turbolift, a moving transporter beam catches them on the move, dissolving their running figures...

7 **INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR**

...and rematerialises them, still running, in the corridor. They run a few more paces to a door, and Ro slaps the door chime. There is no answer.

RO

Computer - security override,  
priority one. Access code Ro gamma  
three-two-two.

A BEEP, and the door opens. Her weapon raised and Etana covering her back, Ro steps cautiously into the room.

8 **INT. DS9 - GORDIMER'S QUARTERS (CONTINUOUS)**

As Ro edges in, everything looks normal. A double room, twin beds on opposite sides, each with their own separate furniture. Etana covers the room. Outside in the corridor we hear the transporter signature, and soon SHUL steps in.

Ro sees a drinking glass on the floor, tipped over and spilling water onto the carpet. Ro looks further around the other side of one of the beds, and there is Ensign GORDIMER (8x12 "Demons of Air and Darkness").

He is face down on the ground, wearing pyjama bottoms but no shirt, a stream of blood leaking out of one ear and onto the carpet. A Starfleet padd has fallen out of his hand to the ground.

RO  
Gordimer!

Ro rushes to him while Etana and Shul secure the room. She crouches down by his face. His eyes are still open and scared, and he is shuddering, unable to breath or move. Ro slaps her combadge hard enough to bruise.

RO  
Ro to Infirmary, incoming wounded, medical emergency. Ops, beam Gordimer directly to the Infirmary then shut down the transporters. Etana, get down there too. If he so much as breathes a word, I want to know. Shul, secure the room and set up out in the corridor. Not even Captain Kira gets in here without my permission. Understood?

Everyone gets to work. Gordimer's eyes just manage to focus on Ro, before the transporter takes him. On Ro's confused and furious face...

FADE OUT:

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**9     INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

In the operating theatre, BASHIR slowly and sadly pulls a sheet over Gordimer's face and body. Seeing this, Ro stalks out of the theatre, and into the Infirmary's main room.

Etana and KRISTEN RICHTER (human female, last seen 8x22 "Greater Good") stand together, comforting each other. Ro shakes her head, and Etana clenches her jaw.

RO

Is the program ready?

ETANA

It's uploading right now, boss.

Ro nods acknowledgement and carries on out of the room, leaving Etana and Richter alone.

RICHTER

You okay, babe?

ETANA

Yeah... Just a little shaken, I guess.

BASHIR

(from other room)

Kristen, I could use your help in here.

Kristen looks to her girlfriend, not wanting to leave her. But Etana nods encouragingly.

ETANA

Go on. I'll be fine. I've got work to do too.

Richter kisses Etana tenderly, then reluctantly heads back into the operating theatre with Bashir. Etana steels herself and leaves the Infirmary.

10 **INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

Ro strides across, on a mission, heading for Quark's.

11 **INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR (CONTINUOUS)**

An ordinary evening crowd. Ro heads to the stairs to the holosuites. Seeing her, QUARK eagerly steps out...

QUARK

Laren... Can I get you -

RO

Not the time, Quark. I need to use a holosuite. Now.

QUARK

Absolutely, anything for you. I was hoping I'd see -

RO

Quark.

Realising she is serious, he stops trying to schmooze her.

QUARK

O - okay... holosuite three is available. Come with me.

RO

Thank you.

Quark leads her up the stairs, and she follows. They reach the upper corridor together, and see that TARAN'ATAR is at the door of one of the holosuites, working the panels.

RO

(acknowledging)

Taran'atar.

TARAN'ATAR

Lieutenant.

RO

Come for a training session?

QUARK

Of course he has. All he does is take up my holosuite time.

TARAN'ATAR

If you would prefer that I train on you and your patrons, rather than holographic opponents, I would be happy to oblige.

QUARK

(to Ro)

You see? Nothing but threats.

Quark throws his hands up in exasperation and leaves. As Taran'atar opens one door and enters, Ro opens the other door and steps through.

**12 INT. HOLOSUITE (CONTINUOUS)**

Ro steps onto the bare holosuite grid, the door closing behind her.

RO

Computer. Run program Ro Two.

The computer bleeps affirmatively, and the holosuite shimmers, the image replaced by...

**13 INT. DS9 - GORDIMER'S QUARTERS (CONTINUOUS)**

Ro appears to be back in Gordimer's room, exactly as it was when she found the body. She walks around freely, knowing she is free to touch whatever she wants.

RO

Computer, access all log files from crew quarters. Go back five hours. Replicator logs, personal logs, entry-exit logs, medical logs, whatever's available. Correlate those and extrapolate a recreation of the events that transpired in this cabin. Begin with Gordimer returning from his duty shift this morning.

COMPUTER

Accessing.

While the computer does its work, Ro continues to walk around the room. Besides the outline of where the body fell, and the glass and padd that fell, nothing seems out of place. Uniforms folded neatly, boots shined, bed perfectly made. The same on the other side of the room.

RO

(to self)

Looks like he was just reading the padd, got up to get a drink, then collapsed when he came back to the bed. Wasn't close enough to the table to hit his head.

(inspects table)

No blood or impact damage.

She goes to Gordimer's bedside table. There is a PICTURE FRAME featuring Gordimer standing with his arms around two older people - his parents. Next to it is a bar of gold-pressed latinum. Ro picks it up, turns it over, frowns.

RO

No maker's mark. That's not right.

(taps combadge)

Ro to Etana. You found a bar of latinum in Gordimer's room?

ETANA (comm)

Yes. It's in the evidence locker with the glass and the padd. Why?

RO

I want more scans done on it. I've got reason to believe it might be counterfeit.

ETANA (comm)

Will do. Anything else?

RO

Not yet. Ro out.

She puts the bar back on the table.

COMPUTER

Ready. Extrapolated series of events is not comprehensive.

RO

That's okay. Run the program.

The room's doors open, and Gordimer walks in. He peels off his uniform jacket with a sigh, and goes to the closet to hang it neatly. He stretches the muscles in his shoulders and neck, and goes to the room's replicator.

GORDIMER

Computer, chicken Caesar salad with croutons, please. Oh, and a glass of water. Delay thirty minutes.

COMPUTER

Acknowledged.

That done, he turns and heads into the quarters' bathroom. The door closes behind him, then we hear the sonic shower.

RO

Computer, speed up recreation to five times normal speed.

After a few moments, the bathroom doors open again. Gordimer walks out of the bathroom at comical speed, in his pyjama bottoms and rubbing his hair with a towel.

At five-times-speed, he folds the towel neatly, hangs it over the back of a chair, then goes to the replicator. He brings the dinner back to a dining table and tucks in.

Meanwhile, at normal speed, Ro walks around a bit more, watching Gordimer but keeping an eye out for intruders.

Gordimer finishes his dinner, takes the plates back to the replicator. He goes to his shelves and grabs a padd. He lies on his bed, props himself up with a pillow and places the still half-full glass on the bedside table.

As he reads the padd at high-speed, periodically sipping from his glass, Ro peers over his shoulder.

RO

That looks like the padd with the Ferengi business journals on it.

After a while, Gordimer gets up from the bed, replaces the padd neatly on its shelf, and grabs another.

RO

That's the padd with the novel. Computer, resume normal speed.

Gordimer returns to normal speed. He brings the second padd back to the bed, fluffs the pillow, and settles in again. He continues to read for a while, as Ro watches everything.

Gordimer rubs at his temple as if getting a headache. Stretching his neck muscles again, he gets up from the bed, carrying the padd and the now-empty glass. He places the glass back into the replicator.

GORDIMER

Computer, two aspirin and some more water, please.

The replicator refills his glass. He takes the two pills, swallows them with the water, and heads back to the bed.

At the foot of the bed, he STUMBLES, the strength going from his legs. The glass and padd tumble from his hands to where Ro found them. On his knees, he manages to croak...

GORDIMER

Need help... Lieutenant Ro...

RO (comm)

Gordimer? Is that you? Are you okay?

(pause)

Gordimer! Answer me!

Shuddering and struggling to breathe, he collapses to the floor where Ro found him. Her eyes wide with frustration and anger, Ro stares down at him, no wiser now than before.

14 **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The *Defiant* has returned, and is just settling into its place on the docking ring.

15 **INT. DS9 - WARDROOM**

A senior staff meeting. VAUGHN, Dax, Nog, Bowers, Bashir and Ro sit around the table. Kira enters and takes her place at the head of the table, all business.

KIRA

Alright. Talk to me.

BASHIR

Ensign Devin Gordimer died at around seven-thirty hours. Cause of death was massive cerebral haemorrhage. Something or someone shattered his eardrums and caused his brain to vibrate inside his skull until about a thousand blood vessels burst all at once. I've never heard of anything like it.

RO

I have reason to believe he was attacked.

KIRA

I thought you said there were no signs of a struggle.

RO

Correct. No signs of an accident either. And I'm only just getting started, but I don't see anything to make me think it was suicide. So if the doctor's ruling out a spontaneous medical condition -

She looks to Bashir - he nods his agreement.

RO (cont)

- I don't see any other option.

VAUGHN

Do you have any suspects?

RO

Not so far. Sensors don't show anybody else in the room at the time. No transporter signatures. He wasn't poisoned. No malfunction in the sonic shower. His roommate Jason Senkowski was away with you on the *Defiant*. He was well-liked by his colleagues. Never gave me any trouble on security detail.

NOG

It's like the perfect locked-room murder mystery.

RO

I don't like mysteries, Nog.

KIRA

Commander, anything to report?

VAUGHN

Nothing out of the ordinary. The Cardassian colonies are getting along about as well as they have since the war, thanks to our aid shipments. The *Defiant* was just there to do our fair share.

(sigh)

Unfortunately, even with the Klingons, Romulans and Starfleet all sharing responsibility for patrolling their territory, various predators and pirates are making their presence felt. Ghemor and Macet do what they can, but...

KIRA

Alright. Make sure Macet knows we'll help if we can, as long as it doesn't compromise our own

security. But right now, Ensign Gordimer is our priority.

(to Ro)

Lieutenant, continue your investigations. You have my full support, whatever you need. Dax, you and Nog head up the science teams while Shar's away. I want every sensor reading, every DNA trace checked and rechecked. People do not die on this station if I can help it. Dismissed.

Nodding, the others get up to leave. Ro is the last one to leave, but Kira calls to her.

KIRA

Ro... are you alright?

RO

Not really, no.

Ro exits without another word, leaving Kira alone.

**16 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE**

Ro sits behind her desk, unhappy with the job she is about to do. Her desk computer beeps.

COMPUTER

Connection established. Channel secured.

Her screen changes to reveal an older human man, Gordimer's FATHER, looking a little perplexed.

FATHER (screen)

Ummm, Lieutenant... Ro, is it? How can I help you? They pulled me out of a lecture for this.

RO

I'm sorry, Professor Gordimer. But I'm the chief of security here on Deep Space Nine, and there's been an incident regarding your son.

FATHER (screen)  
(chuckles)  
You sound like one of his old  
grade school teachers. What did  
Devin do now?

The older man's good humour makes this horrible duty all  
the worse for Ro. She forces herself onwards...

RO  
No, sir... I don't know any good  
way to say this, so I guess I'll  
just say it. Devin has died.

His face drops. A few deep breaths, then a shaky voice.

FATHER (screen)  
What happened?

RO  
I'm afraid I can't say that yet.  
Not with any certainty, anyway.  
The investigation has only just  
begun.

FATHER (screen)  
I - I understand. If someone did  
this to him, I trust that you'll  
find out who.

RO  
(with feeling)  
I will. I promise.

On Ro's wounded but determined expression...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**17 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE**

Ro is hard at work behind her desk. Etana enters from the rear security cells area and takes the opposite seat.

ETANA

How's it going, boss?

RO

Not good. The recreation gave me a couple of ideas, but nothing that can create the kind of vibrations Bashir described. Tell me you have something.

ETANA

Well, you were right about the bar of latinum. It's fake. But the two padds he read are just standard issue - the same as available to anyone in Starfleet. I checked their registry numbers and they're both accounted for at all times.

RO

Any interesting DNA traces?

ETANA

On the padds, only the ones that match perfectly with whoever checked it out. On the latinum, though, besides human, there was Ferengi, Cardassian and Bajoran.

RO

All of which are to be expected.

ETANA

I agree. But we should have an expert check it over to be sure.

RO

Yeah, you're right. Ro to Bashir.

BASHIR (comm)  
Go ahead.

RO  
I'm sending Etana round to you  
with a piece of evidence that we  
need examined. I need you to  
confirm our DNA trace readings.

BASHIR (comm)  
Understood.

Ro signs off. Etana gets up and goes back through the rear  
cell doors, reappearing after a moment carrying a container  
which holds the latinum in the blue glow of a stasis field.

RO  
Oh, wait - you wanted to ask me  
something, didn't you?

ETANA  
It can wait.

She heads on out of the doors and onto the Promenade. At  
the same time, Ensign Senkowski appears in the doorway. He  
is exhausted, dishevelled, disturbed by recent events.

SENKOWSKI  
Um, hi... you wanted to see me,  
Lieutenant?

RO  
Come in, come in. How are you  
doing, Jason? Settling into the  
new quarters?

SENKOWSKI  
I guess. Thank you for arranging  
them for me.

RO  
Have you slept?

SENKOWSKI

Not since the *Defiant* got back. I just keep wondering if whatever got Devin was really meant for me.

RO

Why? Do either of you have enemies who might try something like this?

SENKOWSKI

Not that I know of. I mean, I knew Dev pretty well from the *Musgrave*, but we'd only been there a year before we both transferred here.

RO

What about before the transfer? Did he take any vacations?

SENKOWSKI

Are you kidding? He was saving up every penny to retire to Risa. He didn't leave the ship that often. I think the last time either of us left - before the transfer, I mean - was the away mission in the Badlands to salvage that old Cardassian freighter Commander Vaughn discovered.

Ro pauses. That brings up a whole new set of possibilities.

RO

Did you notice anything unusual in the Badlands? Any signs he might have been sick?

SENKOWSKI

No, ma'am - nothing. He always made sure he was healthy. Got his check-up every six months on the dot, whether he needed it or not. He was always in the gym. Always made sure he ate right. He was probably in better shape than Captain Dayrit.

RO

Did he ever talk about anyone being mad at him? Anyone who might have had a vendetta against him?

(shakes his head)

Jason, did you ever touch his padds, or his bar of latinum?

SENKOWSKI

(that's unthinkable!)

Oh no no no, definitely not. He almost broke one of my ships once. After that we agreed he wouldn't touch anything of mine, and I wouldn't touch anything of his.

RO

Those ships mean a lot to you?

SENKOWSKI

(shrug)

I'm an engineer, Lieutenant. Building and fixing ships is what I do. There's a model of the old Constitution-class *Defiant* at home that I built when I was twelve. I built both the *Grayson* and the *Commonwealth*.

RO

The which?

SENKOWSKI

The two models in my quarters. They're pre-Federation explorer ships. My great-great-grandfather helped design the *Grayson*.

RO

You don't happen to know why he kept the bar of latinum on his shelf, do you?

SENKOWSKI

No, ma'am.

RO  
Or why he was reading Ferengi  
business journals?

SENKOWSKI  
(shrug)  
I know he had a fascination for  
the Ferengi markets. Maybe one of  
his stocks came through.

Ro sits back, getting frustrated with all the dead ends.

RO  
Okay. Thanks, Jason. You should go  
and relax, try to get some sleep.  
But let me know if you think of  
anything else.

SENKOWSKI  
I will. Thank you, Lieutenant.

He gets up and heads out to the Promenade, leaving Ro no  
further on than she was.

**18 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Just a moment to re-establish, and indicate time passing.

**19 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

The doors open and Ro wanders in, arms folded, deep in  
thought. Bashir looks up from his work to see her.

BASHIR  
Lieutenant? You okay?

RO  
I guess. I just need to know -

BASHIR  
What killed Gordimer?

RO  
No. Well, yeah, eventually, but  
that's not it.

BASHIR

Then what is it?

Ro opens her mouth to reply, but nothing comes out. She is frustrated, can't put her thoughts into words.

RO

I don't know.

BASHIR

You need to know something, but you don't know what that something is?

RO

I've been going round in circles for hours. I know there's something that's just out of my reach. I don't know how to explain it.

BASHIR

Try me. I may not be a counsellor, but I can ask a direct question.

(beat)

Why don't you start by telling me why you came through that door?

RO

I'm getting tired of dead ends. I don't know any more about why he died than I did when I walked into his quarters. Well, I do, but it's not helpful.

BASHIR

I may not have known you for long, Lieutenant, but I've never known you to run out of options.

RO

(indignant)

Who said I'm out of options? I've just tested every one I thought of already, and came up with nothing, that's all. There's no evidence that he tripped on anything. He

didn't have a medical condition that would cause him to suddenly collapse. There were no incurable blood disorders involved. So why?

BASHIR

(sigh)

Trust me, I'm just as frustrated as you are. His blood chemistry was otherwise completely normal.

RO

So if he wasn't drugged, there wasn't a struggle, and he didn't trip, then what?

BASHIR

What we need is a change of subject - that sometimes helps me think. How was your trip to Ferenginar?

RO

Oh, it was fine, I suppose. Except for the rain. And the bugs. And the cold. And all the Ferengi.

BASHIR

Well, at least you saved Rom's throne for him. And Leeta's a mother! Rom's a lucky man.

RO

I guess. I just feel sorry for the poor guy. His enemies knew exactly how to attack him - just confuse him to death.

BASHIR

Rom never was the sharpest tool in the box.

RO

It's an old terrorist trick - hide your weapon in plain sight. Did it all the time in the Maquis. Use

something everyone would just accept because they're used to seeing it. In this case - Rom being a bit... well, stupid.

(pause; a new thought occurs)

Something in plain sight. Something we'd just look straight past because we'd never think of it as a weapon.

BASHIR

(catching on)

The padds... What if there's something inside one of the padds? Wouldn't we have picked it up on the scans?

RO

Not if it had a masking signal.

They are both excited. It is not an answer, but definitely a step in the right direction. Ro taps her combadge.

RO

Ro to K-

ETANA (comm)

(interrupting)

Etana to Ro. We've got another body.

As Ro and Bashir react...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**20 INT. DS9 - SENKOWSKI'S QUARTERS**

Ro stands angrily, looking down at Senkowski's dead body, his glassy eyes seeming to accuse her. Bashir inspects the body, Etana scans the room.

They are in Senkowski's new single quarters. His model ships have pride of place on his shelves. There is another padd on his bedside table, another spilled glass of water on the floor, and another trickle of blood from his ear.

RO

This looks like the same thing.

BASHIR

That'd be a logical assumption. Except for blood type, these readings are virtually identical to what I found on Gordimer. I'm even picking up the same amount of brain tissue in the blood.

RO

The exact same? How is that possible? There should be too many variables for it to come out exactly the same.

BASHIR

Well, it is.

RO

He said he was afraid that whatever got Gordimer was meant for him. I guess he was right.

(sigh)

Well, at least now we've got a signature on the murder weapon. Etana, grab the padd and get it to Dax and Nog.

Etana gingerly picks up the padd with gloved hands.

ETANA

Will do, boss. Anything else?

RO

Run a DNA trace on the glass as well. Compare it to the one from Gordimer's murder and standard replicator settings. I want to make sure the replicators aren't lying to us.

ETANA

Got it.

Etana leaves. Ro seethes.

**21    INT. DS9 - SCIENCE LAB**

Ro, Dax and Nog stand around a worktable. In the centre lie the two padds in question, surrounded by a force field. The doors open and Kira enters, heading straight for them.

RO

We think we've got the murder weapon, Captain.

KIRA

The padds? You're serious?

RO

Deadly. Go ahead, Nog.

Nog manipulates some metallic callipers that pass through the force field. He uses them to open one of the padds and take off its cover. The tech inside has clearly been rearranged. Kira leans in, looks at it.

RO

I scanned that padd myself three times. So did Etana, so did Dax. Nothing showed up.

KIRA

How did the scanners miss this much tampering?

NOG

(pointing)

Because of this. It's designed to contact the central computer for regular programming updates. But it's not doing that anymore. Now it's sending out false signals to fool any sensor into thinking it's just a regular off-the-shelf unit.

KIRA

And what's it hiding?

NOG

That, I'm still working on.

KIRA

But how did it get modified in the first place? Those things are kept in Starfleet possession at all times. You can't just grab them off the Promenade.

RO

No, you can't. And there's no record of any going missing. So that leaves direct tampering out of the question. I... do have a theory, but it's a bit... out there.

KIRA

Everything's out there right now, Lieutenant. Spit it out.

RO

Well, there was one other common factor between Gordimer and Senkowski's deaths, something I overlooked at first. They weren't just both reading padds when they died. According to the library access files, they were reading the same thing. A novel called "Burning Hearts of Qo'noS."

KIRA

What, you're saying the story  
killed them?

NOG

Hold on - "Burning Hearts of  
*Qo'noS*"? I read that book!

DAX

(dismayed)

Oh gods... the novels...

KIRA

What are you talking about?

DAX

Just before the *Defiant* left for  
its patrol of Cardassian space,  
there was a new batch of stories  
uploaded to the library. They've  
been all over the station.  
Everyone's got access to them.  
Half the *Defiant's* crew was  
reading them on their downtime.

RO

Computer, list of all people who  
downloaded "Burning Hearts of  
*Qo'noS*."

COMPUTER

Lieutenant Nog. Ensign T'rb.  
Ensign Devin Gordimer. Crewman  
Sevak. Lieutenant Samaritan  
Bowers. Lieutenant Kesh-u. Ensign  
Bryanne Permenter. Ensign Jason  
Senkowski. Lieutenant Cardok.

KIRA

If that book is the key, then how  
come Gordimer and Senkowski are  
dead and the rest are still alive?

RO

(realising)

Because they're human.

DAX

What do you mean?

RO

Nog's a Ferengi. T'rb's a Bolian. Cardok's a Benzite. But Gordimer and Senkowski are both human. Maybe whatever this thing does is only tailored to humans.

NOG

But... Bowers. And Permenter.

RO

Then I think we get them to the Infirmary as soon as possible.

KIRA

Wait, that still doesn't explain how a story can kill you.

NOG

There could be a hidden line of code in the text. A sophisticated enough code could reprogram the padd's own technology to perform other functions - like send out masking signals.

RO

(another inspiration)

Bashir said that Gordimer's eardrums were burst. Nog, check this thing's loudspeakers.

Nog manipulates the callipers, pulling bits of tech out of the way. He taps keys on the worktable, scanning the padds.

NOG

You were right. The speakers have been reconfigured into an acoustic amplifier. This thing could focus a beam of sound like a phaser.

RO

Sonic bullet. Just as effective as any sword or knife, and completely undetectable to standard sensors.

KIRA

Alright, I buy it. Computer, shut down all access to the station library's fictional database. Interface with the *Defiant's* main computer and do the same there.

COMPUTER

Access cancelled.

KIRA

Now where did this thing come from? Who the hell goes to the trouble of writing a novel with a secret code embedded in it, just to try and kill some humans?

DAX

Computer, who uploaded the novel "Burning Hearts of *Qo'noS*" to the library?

COMPUTER

Novel uploaded by Ambassador Quark.

They react with horror, anger, surprise, disappointment. For Kira, it's just confirmation of her worst assumptions.

KIRA

That little troll - that's it. I'm gonna personally kill him.

Nog's face is hurt, upset. Ro turns angrily to Kira.

RO

Captain. Can I speak to you privately for a moment?

Not waiting for a reply, Ro grabs Kira by the arm and drags her out of the room, into the corridor.

22 INT. DS9 - DOCKING RING CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

Kira reacts badly, throwing Ro's arm off furiously.

KIRA

What the hell do you think you're doing?

RO

Permission to speak freely, sir?

KIRA

This better be good, Lieutenant.

RO

Is that a yes?

KIRA

(tense, warning)

Go ahead.

RO

Then to use your own question, what the hell do you think you're doing? You just promised to kill the duly appointed ambassador from Ferenginar, right in front of his own nephew, who also just happens to be your chief engineer. You cannot do things like that, not when you're a Starfleet captain.

KIRA

You're giving me advice on how to be a good Starfleet officer? That's rich.

RO

That's exactly what I'm doing. Believe it or not I've been in Starfleet before - twice. I've pissed off enough captains and admirals to learn where to draw the line, and what you just said in there was way over it.

KIRA

Quark helped to kill two Starfleet officers, Ro! That's over the line! I might have known you'd defend him.

RO

I beg your pardon?

KIRA

I'm talking about you and your... relationship with him.

RO

My relationship with Quark is none of your damn business, Captain. But as a matter of fact... I recently broke off whatever kind of relationship that was.

KIRA

(surprised into sympathy)

Really? Oh... I didn't know.

RO

Yeah, well... like I said, none of your business.

(reins it in)

Captain, I don't want to fight with you. But do you seriously think Quark is capable of this?

KIRA

He's been breaking laws since the day he set foot on this station.

RO

Import regulations! Selling fake trinkets. Over-charging customers. But you can't honestly tell me you think he'd actually kill someone, or knowingly help someone else do it. He may be greedy and devious, but he is not a murderer.

KIRA

Alright, maybe he's not. But he is involved in this in some way, and he's going to tell us exactly how.

RO

Oh, absolutely. I'm going to make him spill every secret he's got. But it's got to be done politely. He's a government official now, and he deserves respect on that basis alone.

KIRA

Can we really do that? Questioning him inside the bar could raise all kinds of diplomatic problems. It's sovereign Ferengi territory now.

RO

I don't know. A little interview right there in the embassy might prove handy. He won't want to cause a scene for his customers.

A little annoyed at having to accede to Ro, but smart enough to accept when she is wrong, Kira turns to the door.

KIRA

Alright - that's a plan.  
(beat)  
Thank you, Lieutenant.

The door opens and they head back into the lab.

**23    INT. DS9 - SCIENCE LAB**

...where Nog and Dax are waiting, rather uncomfortably.

KIRA

Lieutenant Nog, I'd like to apologise for what I said earlier. Under Federation law, your uncle is innocent until proven guilty. And... though it surprises me to say it, he probably is innocent.

Nog accepts the apology silently, still a little shaken.

KIRA

Now, back to business. You said this thing was uploaded to the library, and everybody had access to it on the *Defiant*. Could it be related to the glitch in the *Defiant's* targeting systems?

NOG

I don't think so, Captain. If I'm right about how this works, then it would only start reconfiguring the tech once the file's accessed. Just sitting there in the computer shouldn't have any effect.

KIRA

But it's worth making sure. Take Bowers and get on it. Once he's been to the Infirmary, that is.

NOG

Aye sir.

KIRA

And you're absolutely certain this thing only affects humans?

NOG

So far. But any program clever enough to do this wouldn't have much trouble tailoring itself to different frequencies. Humans may have just been the first target.

DAX

I'll have everyone on that list report to Julian for a check-up.

KIRA

Good. I don't want any more bodies on my deck.

CUT TO:

**24**    **INT. KLINGON HALL OF WARRIORS**

Dead and bloody Klingon bodies cover the ground, just like in the novel at the top of the episode. Except that now, instead of Ngara the Klingon warrior-woman, Taran'atar is the one slashing through them with speed and viciousness.

He executes several complicated manoeuvres battling the oncoming Klingon warriors, but he slaughters every one of them easily.

Then he loses balance and STUMBLES a little, and one of the holographic Klingons manages to draw blood.

Taran'atar instantly turns and IMPALES the Klingon on his *kar'takin* knife. But he is still a little bit clumsy. He fights on as best he can, refusing to give in to the dizziness that is slowly encroaching.

He does not understand why his movements are becoming more uncoordinated, or why his head isn't clear. His frustration only makes him fight harder.

Eventually he loses his balance again, and collapses to his knees, unable to raise his arms to fight. He tries to force his eyes to stay open, but they flutter closed, and he slumps to the floor. The Klingons bray victory.

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

TREIR stands hands-on-hips, reacting warily to the presence of Ro and Kira side by side in uniform.

TREIR  
This can't be good. I take it you  
want to speak to the Ambassador?

RO  
If you don't mind, Treir.

TREIR  
Don't mind at all. Quark!

Quark emerges from among some customers he was schmoozing, and saunters over with an ingratiating smile.

QUARK  
A-ha! My two favourite Bajoran  
beauties. Treir, have our guests  
asked for a drink?

TREIR  
Not yet.

QUARK  
Well, table three has. Off you go.

Treir throws an acidic look at Quark, then back to Ro.

TREIR  
Whatever it is, I saw him do it.

Treir heads away. Quark leads Ro and Kira over to the bar.

QUARK  
Now, what can I get you -

RO  
What do you know about the novel  
"Burning Hearts of Qo'noS" ?

QUARK

Ah! What a wonderful story! A best seller on Vulcan, I'm told. You're welcome, by the way.

KIRA

So you admit you uploaded it?

QUARK

Of course. Why not? I've heard only good things. That Bolian science ensign loved it. What is it with blue guys wearing blue uniforms around here, anyway?

RO

Quark, that story is specifically designed to kill people.

QUARK

Oh, a little suspense never hurt anybody.

KIRA

I've got two dead bodies in the Infirmary that suggest otherwise.

QUARK

(quiet, shocked)

Two dead bodies?

RO

I don't suppose you have any idea why Ensign Gordimer was interested in Ferengi business journals, do you? Or why there was a fake bar of latinum in his room?

KIRA

A deal that went bad, maybe?

QUARK

(becoming worried)

What? No! Captain, I don't even know Ensign Gordimer!

RO  
Hundred-ninety-fifth Rule, Quark.

QUARK  
Okay - I know him as a customer. I know what he likes to drink. But that's all! I don't know anything about any fake latinum.

KIRA  
Quark...  
(glance at Ro;  
tries to be polite)  
Ambassador, we don't want to have to make an interstellar incident out of this. But the fact is that you are responsible for uploading a program to DS-Nine's computer that caused the deaths of two Starfleet officers. Do you really want another weapons trafficking charge on your record? Diplomatic privilege only extends so far.

Quark looks with panic back and forth between the two.

QUARK  
Laren...

RO  
Don't even try it, Quark. Whoever designed this thing doesn't care what species you are. It adjusts itself for every known species.  
(really working it)  
Your own nephew read it. He barely escaped with his life. Hasn't your family suffered enough lately?

KIRA  
Tell us who made it, Quark, and maybe my report to the Federation Council will tell them you didn't know what it was capable of.

QUARK

I don't know who made it!

RO

If it's such a best seller, how  
can you not know who wrote it?

QUARK

That's just what Tellow told me!

RO

Who's Tellow?

QUARK

The Wadi - the Wadi trader who  
sold it to me.

KIRA

Wadi? You mean those guys with  
that stupid game? Why would they  
be selling a Klingon story?

QUARK

I don't know! Maybe it's a  
reinterpretation. Maybe it's fan  
fiction.

RO

What did he give you, Quark? He  
must have given you a chip or a  
rod or something.

QUARK

Yes, yes, I've got it right here.

He rummages quickly in a drawer, eager to get this over  
with. He pulls out a small chip and hands it to Ro.

QUARK

Here - this is what he gave me.  
Laren, you have to believe me, I  
had no idea -

RO

I do, Quark. Thank you.

KIRA

Yes, thank you for your help,  
Ambassador. I'm sure it will make  
a difference to their families.

Kira and Ro leave - Quark is genuinely hurt and upset.

**26**    **INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

Moments later, Ro and Kira stride into the Infirmary, where  
Bashir sits at his desk.

KIRA

Julian - anything?

BASHIR

Doctor Tarses is examining Ensign  
Permenter right now. She did  
complain of a headache, but that's  
all. And she's the last, everyone  
else checked out fine.

RO

Great. I've got another piece of  
evidence to scan for DNA traces.

She hands him the chip. He takes it, places it in a  
scanner, switches it on and inspects the results.

BASHIR

Human... Bajoran... Ferengi...

RO

You, me, Quark.

BASHIR

Right. But there's something else  
here... I can't quite tell. The  
sample's corrupted, as if somebody  
had tried to remove their finger-  
prints. Plus, of course, there's  
not a lot of surface area.

KIRA

Could it be Wadi?

BASHIR

Wadi? The guys with the game?

(looks closer)

Yes... yes, it could be Wadi. The protein sequences are a match even with the small sample. I'll say yes - some of it's definitely Wadi. But there's still another trace that I can't get a handle on. I'll keep working on it.

KIRA

Do it on the *Defiant*, Doctor. Kira to Dax.

DAX (comm)

Dax here.

KIRA

Pull up the flight plan on the Wadi trader vessel that was here two weeks ago.

27 **INT. DS9 - OPS CENTRE**

Dax works the central Ops console, Vaughn nearby.

DAX

Got it, Captain. They went back through the wormhole.

KIRA (comm)

Vaughn, are you there?

VAUGHN

Yes, Captain. What's going on?

KIRA (comm)

Get the *Defiant* ready, Commander. You're going after them.

VAUGHN

Aye, sir.

Signing off, he beckons Bowers over from the tactical station to follow him towards the turbolift.

28 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY

Ro and Kira head towards the exit as Bashir prepares his equipment. But in the doorway, Ro pauses.

RO  
Captain, if we're going into the  
Gamma Quadrant, should we take  
Taran'atar?

KIRA  
Are you sure that's a good idea?

RO  
Never hurts to have muscle on your  
side. And I think he needs to get  
off the station. He's like a tiger  
in a cage, Captain... we need to  
let him out to prowl around once  
in a while or he'll just go crazy.

KIRA  
Okay, I guess you're right. Have  
you seen him?

RO  
Last I saw, he was heading into  
the holosuite.

KIRA  
Come on.

They exit onto...

29 INT. DS9 - PROMENADE (CONTINUOUS)

...where they find that Taran'atar is actually standing outside of Quark's bar, staring across the Promenade at the door to the Infirmary. He is trying to decide whether to go in. When Ro and Kira exit, he stiffens.

RO  
Taran'atar! Just the man I want to  
see. I've got a mission for you.

Taran'atar looks to Kira, confirming that this is what Kira wants. She nods, and Taran'atar turns back to Ro.

TARAN'ATAR

Continue.

RO

I don't know if you're aware, but two officers have been killed on the station in the last day.

TARAN'ATAR

No, I was not aware. And... that surprises me.

RO

We've identified the culprit as a Wadi trader. The *Defiant* is going to follow the trail. As our resident expert on the Gamma Quadrant, I want you with us.

TARAN'ATAR

Are we returning to the Dominion?

KIRA

(awkward)

No. You'll return here with us.

TARAN'ATAR

As you say. I will prepare.

Taran'atar walks off. Kira shares a cautious look with Ro.

KIRA

I'll tell Vaughn to record a transmission for the Dominion, so they know why we're in the Gamma Quadrant. Have Taran'atar co-sign it. Hopefully they'll trust that we're not going to cause trouble.

RO

Aren't we?

Ro heads back to the security office to prepare.

30 **EXT. DS9 - ESTABLISHING**

Focusing on the *Defiant* sitting on the docking ring.

31 **INT. DEFIANT - MAIN BRIDGE**

Elias Vaughn enters the bridge - Bowers is at tactical, TENMEI at helm. Ro stands to one side, tense and arms folded. Vaughn settles into the command chair.

VAUGHN

Lieutenant Ro - I don't believe  
I've ever seen you on the bridge  
before.

RO

Your point?

VAUGHN

Simply that you've always been  
welcome. As the senior security  
officer on the station, you're  
entitled to take the tactical  
position whenever you want.

RO

Bowers is welcome to it. I've got  
enough to worry about.

VAUGHN

Then why the change today?  
(beat)  
This is personal, isn't it?

Deciding to be honest, Ro turns towards Vaughn, shielding their conversation from the rest of the bridge.

RO

Almost three-hundred people died  
at Sidau, Commander. And while  
I'll do everything in my power to  
bring the murderer to justice, I  
can accept that there probably  
wasn't anything I could have  
personally done to stop it from

happening. But Gordimer and Senkowski were on my station, Under my protection. It's my fault they're dead, and I will track down whoever did it - personally.

VAUGHN

Ro... I can certainly understand why you'd feel that way. But like I said, you have to know we're all in this together. The only person who we can unequivocally say is to blame is Mister Tellow.

RO

And like I said, it's one thing to know that in your head. It's another matter to feel it in your heart, when you're the one who has to call up the proud parents and tell them their child is dead.

Understanding that, Vaughn turns to Tenmei, fatherly love in his eyes.

VAUGHN

Ensign, whenever you're ready.

TENMEI

Aye sir.

32 **EXT. DEFIANT**

The *Defiant* decouples from the station, pulls back slowly, turns and then surges out into space. The wormhole opens in a swirl of colour, and the *Defiant* dives in.

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**33 INT. ALIEN BAR**

Ro pins a sweaty, corpulent Wadi male - TELLOW - against the grimy wall. One hand is around his fleshy throat, the other is pointing a phaser directly at his head. She is disgusted by him, his long stringy hair and tattooed face.

Behind her, in the body of the dingy, seedy bar, Bowers stands holding off the bartender-cum-bouncer, a hulking Dosi male, with his own phaser.

TELOW

Go back through the anomaly,  
Starfleet! You got no power here.

RO

Oh, I got power. Why do you want  
to run, Tellow? It makes me think  
you might be hiding something.

TELOW

No. I don't deal with Starfleet.

RO

But you do deal with Ferengi. And  
that Ferengi deals with Starfleet.  
And he says you sold him a weapon.

TELOW

I don't know anything about no  
weapon or no Ferengi.

RO

You know anything about Betazoids?

TELOW

Federation law -

RO

Do I look like I give a damn about  
Federation law?

BOWERS

Lieutenant, are you sure about this? Commander Vaughn -

RO

I don't care what Vaughn thinks! We're dealing with a threat to Federation security here! Now... are we going to play nice, or do I bring in my Betazoid to rip it out of your brain?

**34 INT. DEFIANT - MAIN BRIDGE**

Ro enters, striding quickly over to where Vaughn and Bashir stand together at the science station, looking at readings.

RO

We've got a bigger problem.

VAUGHN

I know. Bashir just told me he's identified the last DNA trace.

BASHIR

(grave)

It's Vorta.

RO

(nodding)

If this is the first wave of a new Dominion attack...

VAUGHN

I don't think so. I'd say more likely we're dealing with another defective clone. Which doesn't make him any less dangerous.

RO

According to Mister Tellow, we're looking for a Vorta named Luaran. She's working entirely without the Dominion's support, out of the abandoned communications post at Callinon Seven.

VAUGHN

Luaran...? The last Luaran I met was in charge of the Dominion's occupation of Betazed. I killed her myself.

BASHIR

Captain Kira encountered a Luaran in Cardassian space too.

VAUGHN

Ensign Tenmei, engage cloak and set course for the Callinon system, maximum warp.

TENMEI

Aye, sir.

The lights dim for stealth mode, and the screen shows the stars streaking as the ship jumps to warp.

**34 EXT. SPACE - CALLINON SYSTEM**

A distant red sun, a large gas giant planet in foreground. The system also has a lot of asteroids and small moons.

**35 INT. DEFIANT - MAIN BRIDGE**

Increase magnification - now the screen shows a tiny communications satellite silhouetted against the gas giant.

VAUGHN

Take us in, Tenmei. Slow and easy. Bowers, keep a close eye.

BOWERS

Aye, sir. No sign of -

The ship is suddenly ROCKED by phaser fire out of nowhere.

VAUGHN

- the hell? Bowers!

BOWERS

Phaser cannon! Localising now -

VAUGHN

Evasive manoeuvres, Tenmei! Damage report! How the hell'd she see through the cloak?

BOWERS

Minor damage deck three, ablative armour holding. The Dominion has seen through our cloak before, sir. I've got the phaser source - two asteroids either side of us.

VAUGHN

Drop cloak, take them out, Bowers.

**36    EXT. SPACE - DEFIANT**

Mid-evasive manoeuvre, the *Defiant* uncloaks and immediately FIRES phasers on two asteroids, which EXPLODE. But we now see two spinning points of light approaching...

**37    INT. DEFIANT - MAIN BRIDGE**

BOWERS

Incoming! Two photon torpedoes - scratch that, quantum torpedoes!

VAUGHN

Shoot them down, Bowers.

BOWERS

I'm trying sir, but I can't seem to get a lock...

VAUGHN

Vaughn to Nog! You told me these targeting problems were fixed!

**38    INT. DEFIANT - MAIN ENGINEERING**

Nog and his crew, including Permenter, are working busily.

NOG

I thought they were, sir! I'm re-routing now.

Nog runs across to another console, but realises that Taran'atar is standing there. Nog glares up at the hulking Jem'Hadar, who stares back, intrigued.

TARAN'ATAR

You no longer fear me.

NOG

I got over that a while ago. Now you're just in my way.

Strangely impressed, Taran'atar slowly steps aside and lets Nog pass. Nog urgently works the other panel...

**39    EXT. SPACE - DEFIANT**

Just as the torpedoes are getting worryingly close, the *Defiant's* pulse phasers FIRE and destroy them in space.

As the ship heads towards the planet, more small MISSILES shoot out from other nearby asteroids and impact against the shields, picking away at them in many tiny explosions.

**40    INT. DEFIANT - MAIN BRIDGE**

As Bowers works his panels...

BOWERS

Small missile fire, sir. Diverting shield power... Shields now at one-hundred-five percent.

VAUGHN

If that's all she's got, we shouldn't have any problems here. Any sign of shields on the listening post?

BOWERS

Nothing we can't interfere with.

**41    EXT. SPACE - ESTABLISHING**

The listening post, hanging in front of the gas giant.

42 INT. CALLINON LISTENING POST

A dark and abandoned Dominion installation - the same place where Dax and O'Brien got caught in 3x01 "The Search, pt 1." Transporters deposit Ro, Bowers, Nog and Taran'atar in the darkness, all armed.

Massive ear-piercing ALARMS instantly go off, making Nog cringe from the noise. Wincing himself, Bowers manages to track the speakers, and shoots them out with his phaser. Nodding her thanks, Ro leads them forward.

RO

Anybody see anything?

As if in answer, a loud ROAR signals a single JEM'HADAR running towards them in the darkness. Nog gasps in shock. Bowers and Ro both raise their phasers, but Taran'atar has already LAUNCHED forward to face the other Jem'Hadar.

The two Jem'Hadar set to battle, but Taran'atar is clearly the superior fighter. The other Jem'Hadar is untrained, uncoordinated, undisciplined. Taran'atar takes him out in a few strokes of his *kar'takin*, and he drops to the ground.

Catching her breath, Ro is about to head forward. But then a PHASER bolt comes out of the darkness. Bowers falls to the ground, BELLOWing in pain, caught in the leg.

Ro turns to see LUARAN (7x22 "Tacking Into the Wind") emerging with phaser in hand. The Vorta looks unkempt and dishevelled, like she has gone just a little bit crazy.

LUARAN

Lower your weapon, human.

RO

(not lowering)

You need your eyes checked - I'm not human.

LUARAN

You're all human! I take it my little free gift with purchase has begun its work...

Ro is about to try another tack, to negotiate. But before she can, Taran'atar PUSHES past her and barrels towards the Vorta. Luaran's face gapes in surprise to see the Jem'Hadar coming towards her, forgetting about the phaser she holds.

RO

Taran'atar, wait -

But too late. With a violent ROAR, Taran'atar runs up and THRUSTS his *kar'takin* right through Luaran's chest. The Vorta GASPS in surprise and shock, gurgling as she stares disbelieving into Taran'atar's eyes.

RO

Taran'atar, no!

Luaran twitches, dying right there on his knife, until eventually she sags and Taran'atar throws her away. Ro is horrified and appalled, holding her phaser on Taran'atar.

RO

Stand down, now!

She looks down in shock at Luaran's body, then up at Taran'atar. He dares her to confront him.

RO

(slaps combadge)

Ro to *Defiant*! Emergency medical transport right now for Bowers and the Vorta! Right now!

The transporter takes Bowers and Luaran. Nog stands back, not quite as brave as he would like to believe. Ro keeps her weapon trained on Taran'atar.

The Jem'Hadar, however, has noticed something on the ground behind where Luaran's body was. It is Luaran's ketracel-white box. He stares at it, can't take his eyes off it.

**43    EXT. DS9 - ESTABLISHING**

We're home, and the *Defiant* has returned.

**44    INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

Ro and Kira stand over Luaran's dead body on a biobed.

RO

We impounded Tellow's freighter, checked his records. This was the first place he sold the story. Presumably the plan was that it would make its way further into the Federation from here. Nog's purging it from all systems now.

(no response)

Luaran must have wanted revenge for losing the war. And found a clever way to take it by using something nobody would suspect.

KIRA

Luaran... I killed her, you know. Well, I helped Garak and Odo kill her. The last thing she saw was a Founder handing Garak the weapon that killed her. Maybe that's why her next incarnation went crazy.

RO

Do we tell Odo?

KIRA

Tell him what? That we used Taran'atar to kill another member of the Dominion? I don't think that would help him convince the other Founders to trust us.

(beat)

It can't have been easy for her. Staying away from home, away from her people for so long.

RO

Speaking of which, what do we do about Taran'atar?

KIRA

What can we do?

With a sigh, Kira heads out. Ro follows.

As Kira and Ro exit to the Promenade, they pass Dax on her way in. The Trill heads towards Bashir, who points out two padds on the work surface between them.

BASHIR

Ah, there you are. You can put those back into circulation. Nog certified them both one-hundred percent brain-killer free.

Dax picks up the padds and starts flicking through them.

DAX

So... "Burning Hearts of Qo'noS," eh? You read it?

BASHIR

Never got the chance, actually. Probably for the best.

DAX

Jadzia read it years ago. And you know, she didn't even think of it as fiction.

Dax takes the padds and gets up to leave. On her way out, she throws a playful glance back over her shoulder.

DAX

She considered it an instruction manual.

Bashir watches her go, surprised, confused and intrigued. Was she just flirting with him?

**45 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE**

Ro sits at her desk, exhausted. Taran'atar stands at attention before her, uncowed.

RO

I just really wish that you hadn't killed that Vorta. I was hoping to take her alive for any information she might have.

TARAN'ATAR

(unimpressed grunt)

Why order me to come if you did not want me to kill for you? It is the only use I have here.

RO

Surely you understand by now that we try to avoid killing whenever possible.

TARAN'ATAR

She murdered two of your own officers. Does that not demand her own death in return?

RO

(tense)

I am fully aware of what she did, Taran'atar. But Starfleet has rules that we have to follow about this kind of thing.

(pause)

I... may not always agree with those rules. But I am obligated to follow them.

TARAN'ATAR

Am I to be punished?

RO

I've spoken to Captain Kira. She decided to let it go this time, under the circumstances.

TARAN'ATAR

I should have never gone on the mission. It was a waste of my time.

RO

I thought you'd be happy to get off the station. To finally do something.

TARAN'ATAR

That Vorta was no challenge. She was weak and deluded. She had betrayed the Dominion. She deserved to die.

RO

(uncomfortable)

Now, you actually sound happier.

TARAN'ATAR

Many Jem'Hadar would be happy to kill their Vorta, if we were permitted. We only follow their orders because the Founders command us to do so. Because that is the order of things.

(pause)

Perhaps you should remember that the next time you want me to follow your orders.

Taran'atar turns on his heel and walks out, leaving Ro somewhat wiggled. She slumps in her seat, pondering. With the door still open, Etana steps inside, rather nervously.

ETANA

Boss?

RO

Hi, Kol. Oh right, yes, of course. You wanted to talk to me, didn't you? I guess I'm free.

Etana comes in, tentatively takes a seat.

RO

To be honest, I've been waiting for this. I expected you to ask for a recommendation for your transfer to Starfleet weeks ago.

ETANA

Lieutenant... I don't want your recommendation. Actually -

RO

Oh I know, you want your record to speak for itself. And it does - I couldn't have got through the last couple of days without you. Your application will sail through. But it can't hurt to have an extra good word.

ETANA

No, Laren.... I'm not transferring to Starfleet. In fact, I'm here to tell you that I'm leaving security altogether.

A long pause, as Ro stares disbelievingly. Then quietly...

RO

I beg your pardon?

ETANA

I'm staying with the Militia, but I'm going to transfer to the Medical Corps and work in the infirmary with Kristen.

RO

So what you're saying is that you're abandoning me?

ETANA

I'm doing no such thing. You've got a full Starfleet crew, and now you've got Major Cenn -

RO

Cenn's a whining baby. He doesn't know this station like you do. He barely knows where his own quarters are.

ETANA

Laren, I don't want to argue about this. It wasn't an easy decision for me. The fact is, you've been a good friend, and...

(smirk)

... an okay boss. But this has been coming for a while. Kristen was working so hard while Doctor Bashir was away. I didn't see her for a whole three months while the *Defiant* was in the Gamma Quadrant. And... considering the last couple of days, now's as good a time to get out of security as any.

RO

You're quitting over Gordimer?

ETANA

(exasperated)

You know that's not what this is about. I'm tired with never seeing my girlfriend. If I transfer to Medical I can stay on the station and I get to spend more time with Kristen. And I was a medic in the resistance, sometimes anyway. So it's not like I don't have the training already. Please don't make this hard on me, Laren.

Ro sits and fumes for a moment.

RO

Well, I'm not happy about it. But it's your life. And I wouldn't want to be the person who stands between you and Kristen.

ETANA

Thank you. The request has already gone in to General Lenaris. You'll give it your nod of approval?

RO

(grudging)

If I have to. Still can't believe you're leaving me with Cenn, though.

ETANA

Give him a chance. He might surprise you.

RO

(sombre)

I've had enough surprises for a while, thanks.

ETANA

Yeah. I guess so.

On that note, Etana quietly gets up and leaves. Ro sighs. After a pause, she rallies herself, unhappy but resigned.

RO

Computer, establish connection to the University of Soweto, Earth. For the attention of Professor Harold Gordimer.

COMPUTER

Working.

Ro sits back sadly as the computer does its work...

FADE OUT:

**THE END**