

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

14x11 - "Nightmare Fuel"

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 19x11 - "FULL FRONTAL"

T'Ryssa Chen manages to talk the Gorn down from firing on *Enterprise*. With proof Data did not murder the Intelligence operative, he is released from custody. He and LaForge probe the captured android and learn that it is Soong-type, remote-controlled with a Tholian brain connected via Breen tech. Breen ministers urge the Domo to abandon his plans before it is too late, but he refuses. Thot Konar questions his new orders, as they would waste vitally important assets. He is told to have faith in the Domo. The Breen's last two remote-control androids make a frontal assault on the conference compound. Despite a desperate defence by Starfleet, Data and the Gorn, the androids make it right in front of Bacco before being stopped. Thot Konar executes the remote control operators to cover his tracks, then sends another signal. Starfleet reacts to readings of Soong-type androids on dozens of worlds...

VOY 12x11 - "FOUR WINDS"

The Full Circle fleet splits up. Janeway stays at the First World, which the Confederacy see as sacred after the "Source" led them to it via the Streams, saving them from the Borg. *Voyager* tries to map the Streams, and B'Elanna determines they are *not* naturally occurring. *Galen's* Cmdr Glenn comes across a child stabbed in the street. He cannot get decent medical care because his family is "unproductive", and despite Glenn's best efforts, the child dies. O'Donnell takes *Demeter* to a farming world already exhausted beyond use, its citizens abandoned by the Confederacy for also being "unproductive", even though it wasn't their fault. *Vesta* goes back to the Gateway Stream, and finds that the alien alliance is gaining new members every day. An all-out attack can't be far off. Finally, Janeway attends a public worship ceremony, but Lt Lasren reads that everyone there is faking it, instead filled with emptiness and terror...

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - OVERNE III - ORBIT

A purple-grey world with large land masses separated by colourless seas, all swathed in wispy cloud.

PULL BACK until a JEM'HADAR ATTACK SHIP comes into view in the foreground.

CROSS-FADE the live image into...

2 BREEN HOLO-DISPLAY

The room-filling DISPLAY seen in 14x10 "In Circles", which shows a representation of the same world and ship, with Breen SYMBOLS constantly switching round its edges. Grating Breen BUZZ sounds out, overlaid with audible TRANSLATION.

ZELK (o.s.)

We have achieved high orbit over
Overne Three, Master Beld.

3 INT. REN FEJIN - BRIDGE

The same small, cluttered and poky bridge as seen in 14x10, but now without the rattles and creaks - perfectly still.

BELD, captain of this rickety old freighter, stands gazing at the hologram. The representative from Special Research Division, THOT TROK, stares from opposite him. And the sole Romulan, Specialist KINN of the Tal Shiar, is between them.

(Half a dozen Breen crew run the bridge, among them ZELK.)

BELD

Can passive scans identify any
planetary defences?

ZELK

Yes - and they appear formidable.

The holo-image of the planet ZOOMS OUT...

...revealing not one but dozens of Jem'Hadar attack ships surrounding the planet, outlined in red. A daunting sight.

ZELK

Extrapolating from what is visible at this angle, I estimate there are thirty-six Jem'Hadar vessels, six weapons platforms, and several dozen assembly scaffolds, although most appear empty and uncrewed.

BELD

What about on the surface?

ZELK

It is difficult to be certain due to the large number of industrial facilities there, but I'd estimate six surface defensive placements.

KINN

Then it would appear we've come to the right place.

The Romulan smiles smugly at his opposite number, Thot Trok. The Breen doesn't take his eyes off the display.

THOT TROK

We have travelled months to reach this world. Now that we're here, I cannot help but wish I were safe at home in the Breen Confederacy.

BELD

Is there any indication that they know we're here?

KINN

(off readouts)

The phase cloak is functioning within expected tolerances.

THOT TROK

Expected tolerances? You mean to say, not at optimal tolerances?

KINN

Thot Trok, the cloak was designed for a Romulan warship. There was little time to test it on a ship of *Ren Fejin's* configuration. That we are here having this discussion suggests it is working. I suggest we accept that, and get to work.

BELD

I agree. But alert us the instant you even suspect a problem, Kinn.

Kinn nods silently. That settled, Trok turns back to Zelk.

THOT TROK

Zelk - can you detect where the deflector systems and structural integrity generators are produced?

ZELK

Not without engaging active scans.

Trok ponders the image of the planet in the holo-display...

THOT TROK

Show me this cluster of buildings on the largest continent.

The image ZOOMS IN repeatedly until we see a collection of industrial buildings - dozens of them, all interconnected.

BELD

Is that what we're looking for?

THOT TROK

Impossible to tell from outside.

BELD

But it's a place to begin. Zelk, take us down. Quietly.

4 EXT. SPACE - OVERNE III - ORBIT

While multiple JEM'HADAR ships keep watch unawares...

...we FOLLOW what appears to be empty space down towards the planet's surface...

5 **EXT. SPACE - ROBINSON**

The majestic Galaxy-class *Robinson* glides at impulse...

6 **INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE**

A normal day for Captain SISKO and his senior staff.

SISKO
Commander Rogeiro - anything from Starfleet?

First officer ROGEIRO checks his readouts...

ROGEIRO
Not yet, captain.

SISKO
Isn't that behind schedule?

ROGEIRO
Yes, but not by an unreasonable amount. Things happen. I don't believe it's cause for concern.

Deltan male UTELN calls out from the tactical station...

UTELN
Captain, we're receiving a signal from the *Eletrix*.

SISKO
On screen, Lieutenant.

Uteln works his panels, frustration growing...

SISKO
It's audio only, sir, and there's a lot of interference. Captain... I think it's a distress call.

Sisko exchanges a look with Rogeiro - tension is rising.

SISKO

On speakers.

Uteln works his panels again, and the voice of T'JUL, the Romulan ship commander, sounds out chopped and scratchy.

T'JUL (comm)

Eletrix to *Robinson*, this is
T'Jul. We've suffered an accident,
possibly an -

(lost in static)

-tage. We are facing... -tainment,
and may... -ject the singul-...

(lost in static)

...may need to evac-... -quest
immediate assist-...

The message is lost in static. Rogeiro looks to Sisko...

ROGEIRO

Act of sabotage. Loss of contain-
ment. Eject the singularity.

(to Uteln)

Lieutenant Uteln, do you have a
fix on the *Eletrix's* location?

UTELN

The message did include spatial
coordinates, but they're partial
due to the signal loss. I'm back-
tracking the transmission path.

SISKO

Lieutenant Corala, anything of
interest on long-range sensors?

Cygnian female CORALA speaks up from sciences...

CORALA

Nothing out of the ordinary, sir.

UTELN

Captain, the signal's likely path
is consistent with the location of
the carbon planet the *Eletrix* told
us about in their last message.

SISKO
Send the coordinates to the helm,
Lieutenant. Commander Sivadeki,
time at maximum warp?

The Tyrellian female at helm, SIVADEKI, works her panels...

SIVADEKI
One-point-two hours, sir.

SISKO
Set a course and engage. Mister
Uteln, reply to the *Eletrix*, just
in case they can still receive.
Tell them we're on our way.

The crew get to work...

7 **EXT. SPACE - ROBINSON**

Robinson turns in its course and JUMPS TO WARP...

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 EXT. SPACE - ROBINSON

Robinson flying at high warp...

9 INT. ROBINSON - CONFERENCE ROOM

Sisko sits alone at the conference table, pondering the contents of the padds on the desk before him.

The door from the bridge opens, and ROGEIRO enters.

SISKO
Commander - time to destination?

ROGEIRO
Forty-seven minutes, sir.

Sisko gestures for Rogeiro to sit - he does.

SISKO
And what's your analysis?

ROGEIRO
Difficult to be sure. The *Eletrix* could have in fact suffered an accident or an act of sabotage, just as T'Jul's message claimed.

SISKO
And we have to act as if it was a genuine distress call. Because if we don't, and it is genuine, it'll make trusting us all the harder.

ROGEIRO
Exactly, sir.

SISKO
But that's not what your gut tells you.

Rogeiro steeples his fingers, thinks it through.

ROGEIRO

The Intelligence report suggested T'Jul's assignment to this mission was an attempt at rehabilitation, both for the commander's own sake and in the eyes of the Federation.

SISKO

Is there any good reason to think she wasn't willingly involved in the attack on Utopia Planitia?

ROGEIRO

Marius's arrest and suicide could have been as the plan's scapegoat.

SISKO

But if she's still on the mission now, if she's luring us into a trap - what does she hope to gain?

ROGEIRO

Perhaps capture of the *Robinson*?
Interrogation of the crew?

SISKO

How would that benefit the Typhon Pact? Or even just T'Jul herself? Would she really squander the career opportunities this mission offers her on petty revenge?

Rogeiro stares out the window at the warping stars...

ROGEIRO

It is possible this entire thing has nothing to do with us...

SISKO

What do you mean?

ROGEIRO

If T'Jul was a willing participant at Utopia Planitia, that would put her at odds with Praetor Kamemor,

who condemned and apologised for the attack. Perhaps T'Jul wants to use the failure of this mission to undermine the Praetor's policies.

SISKO

But that's not what your gut tells you.

ROGEIRO

(shakes head)

T'Jul comes across as a lot less duplicitous than most Romulans, if you'll pardon the stereotype. Our dealings with her on DS-Nine, and ever since, gave me the impression of a hard-working officer who just wants to do the job she's been given to the best of her ability.

SISKO

Then the question is - what job has she been given?

ROGEIRO

I guess we'll find out in -
(checks padd)
- forty-four minutes.

Sisko considers that, then makes a decision.

SISKO

Take the ship to yellow alert, Commander. We need to be ready for anything.

ROGEIRO

Aye, sir.

Rogeiro gets up from the desk and heads back to the bridge, leaving Sisko alone...

10 **EXT. SPACE - ROBINSON**

Robinson flying on at high warp...

11 **EXT. SPACE - OVERNE III - ORBIT**

Back to the purple-grey world with several dozen Jem'Hadar attack ships keeping watch in orbit...

12 **EXT. OVERNE III SURFACE - DUSK**

Gliding gently over the surface of the planet - factories and industrial complexes as far as the eye can see, but all strangely quiet. The machines are not working, and there are no workers to be seen anywhere. Continue to move...

...As we suddenly **PASS THROUGH** a distortion field and find ourselves right up on the *Ren Fejin*, hovering right over the city - in "plain view" if not for the phase-cloak.

...And on through the Breen ship's blocky hull, past the layers of technology and bulkhead, until...

13 **INT. REN FEJIN - BRIDGE**

Master Beld, Thot Trok and Specialist Kinn observe the city on their room-filling holo-display. The focus changes every few seconds, revealing building after building. The Breen BUZZ with audible translation for the Romulan's benefit.

BELD

Do you notice anything?

THOT TROK

I'm looking. It's not as if the buildings have signs identifying their purpose.

BELD

No, I'm not talking about the insides. I'm asking if you notice anything odd about the outsides.

THOT TROK

I'm not sure what you mean. I don't see anything.

BELD

Precisely. There's nothing to see. The place seems to be abandoned.

KINN

The Federation's intelligence on the Dominion did state that they closed their borders, after their brief alliance with Bajor against the Ascendants. A reduction in starship and weaponry production would be consistent with that.

THOT TROK

If it's abandoned, why are there so many Jem'Hadar ships in orbit?

BELD

I suppose that suggests temporary disuse. They may not require full scale production today, but who's to say they never will again?

THOT TROK

Regardless of their reasoning, it makes our job here much easier.

BELD

Zelk - scan inside one of those buildings. Low intensity, narrow beam. Try not to set anything off.

Zelk's gloved fingers march over the panels - fruitlessly.

ZELK

The entire complex is coated in a sensor-scrambling material.

THOT TROK

Then we need to go inside and look for ourselves. Kinn?

The Romulan looks up from his own readouts, exasperated...

KINN

As I already told you, the phase-cloak is fully operational. But I suggest you proceed with caution.

ZELK

And since the facility is shielded to outside sensors, you would be free to exit the ship and inspect the materials in person without the Jem'Hadar detecting you.

THOT TROK

An excellent notion, Trop Zelk. Master Beld, if you would...

14 EXT. OVERNE III SURFACE - DUSK

Hovering over the industrial complex in the half-light, we PUSH DOWN AND FORWARDS, until we PASS THROUGH the roof of the largest building and into its interior...

15 INT. DOMINION FACTORY

One of the Dominion's main manufacturing plants, filled with industrial replicators and assembly frames - but DARK and abandoned. No windows, no light, and no power either.

After a few moments of gliding through this emptiness like it's a haunted house...

...a BLINDING LIGHT bursts into life, a GLOW of blue-green coruscating energy like that seen in 14x01 "Siren". Not quite a transporter, the energy forms slowly into...

...THOT TROK himself. Back in the dark, with only the tiny twinkling lights and green glow of his mask to light his way, the Breen engineer stands firm and looks around...

16 INT. TROK'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Thot Trok's POV - the green-outlined NIGHT VISION view that Bashir and Sarina used in 14x03 "Behind the Mask". It shows the shapes of all the machines and materials in the entire complex, clearly revealed without need of actual light.

17 INT. DOMINION FACTORY (INTERCUT)

Nodding with satisfaction, the Breen walks off into the darkened factory to find what he needs.

18 **EXT. SPACE - CARBON PLANET - ORBIT**

Robinson reaches orbit over a dark and dusty red world...

19 **INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE**

Sisko sits in his command chair, tense at this sight on the viewscreen. His senior staff all work their consoles...

UTELN

This is definitely the source of *Eletrix's* distress call, Captain.

ROGEIRO

Any sign of *Eletrix* on sensors?

CORALA

Negative. But the planet's unusual chemical composition makes it difficult to get clear readings.

ROGEIRO

What are the chances T'Jul and her crew made landing on the surface?

CORALA

The environment would be extremely inhospitable to most humanoid life forms. Methane atmosphere, volcanic activity, rivers of hot oil. If they did land, they wouldn't last long.

ROGEIRO

Then the sooner we rescue them, the better. Commander Sivadeki -

SISKO

Belay that.

Rogeiro looks to Sisko in surprise. Sisko stays tense...

SISKO

Mister UteIn, activate the phase-cloak detection system the crew developed on the Romulan border. Sweep across the entire system.

UTELN

Aye, sir.

As Utehn gets to work, Rogeiro leans in and speaks *sotto*...

ROGEIRO

Captain, that could take hours.
The *Eletrix's* crew could be
depending on us.

SISKO

Or they could be lying in wait.

Rogeiro accepts that, unhappily. But seeing the expression on his XO's face, however controlled, makes Sisko soften.

SISKO

On the other hand, there's no
reason we can't work both angles
at once. Take Lieutenant Corala
and a security team, Commander.

ROGEIRO

Aye, sir.

Eager and relieved, Rogeiro gets up from his chair...

20 EXT. SPACE - CARBON PLANET - ORBIT

A RUNABOUT emerges from the *Robinson's* large main shuttle bay and heads down towards the planet's surface...

21 INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT

Rogeiro drives the ship, with Corala working the sensors next to him and two security - STANNIS and ROGERS, both seen in 13x21 "Disregard" - preparing themselves behind.

ROGEIRO

Acheron to *Robinson* - confirming
sensor link-up.

SISKO (comm)

Loud and clear, Commander. You're
cleared to proceed.

22 **EXT. SPACE - RUNABOUT**

Following the runabout down from orbit, diving into the carbon planet's dirty, smoggy atmosphere...

23 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

Coralá works her sensor controls...

CORALA

It's just a soup out there, the sensors can barely read a thing...

She resorts to just peering through the window...

CORALA

There! I saw something metal...

As the smog clears somewhat, all four lean forward to look more closely... and their jaws drop in horror.

24 **EXT. CARBON PLANET - SURFACE - DAY**

The runabout emerges from a thick layer of dirty cloud to fly over the planet's red dust surface, a landscape of dead rust streaked with oily black rivers...

...and a massive field of STARSHIP DEBRIS spread over what seems like kilometres. Parts are recognisably Romulan. The *Eletrix* came in to land, alright - it came in hard.

25 **INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE**

Seeing this view fed to the main viewscreen, Sisko hangs his head. Another thing that was his fault...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

26 EXT. SPACE - CARBON PLANET - ORBIT

Robinson in orbit of the dusty red planet...

27 EXT. CARBON PLANET - SURFACE - DAY

The field of debris is surrounded by a fleet of Starfleet activity - two runabouts and a half dozen smaller shuttles parked on the dusty red-black ground, and several dozen enviro-suited FIGURES stomping about carefully, trying to take forensic readings without disturbing the crash site.

SISKO (v.o.)

Captain's log, supplemental. It seems the *Eletrix* has been lost... with all hands. My crew is making a painstaking analysis of the crash site, although the difficult terrain is making progress slow.

CLOSE IN on one of the runabouts, with an enviro-suited FIGURE striding over the dusty red-black towards it...

SISKO (v.o.)

But I'm willing to take the time. I want to be able to make a full report to Starfleet... and as for its effect on peace between the Khitomer Accords and the Typhon Pact... we'll just wait and see.

28 INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT

The hatch OPENS, and the suited figure passes through a FORCEFIELD that keeps the planet's toxic atmosphere out. Once the hatch is closed, the figure twists off its helmet, revealing ROGEIRO. Sisko stands to greet his surprised XO.

ROGEIRO

Captain - you didn't need to come down yourself.

SISKO

Yes... I did. Report, Commander.

Rogeiرو moves to a wall computer, taps the tricorder built into his suit's arm, feeding its data and readings to the computer, then demonstrates them for Sisko's benefit...

ROGEIRO

It's as we thought. No life signs, no escape pods in the area. There is abundant biological residue, nothing immediately identifiable, but consistent with a crew the size of the *Eletrix*'s... after a high velocity crash.

Sisko turns away, absorbing that darkly. He stares out of the window at the destruction beyond.

SISKO

Any clues as to what caused it?

ROGEIRO

Relkdahz and Corala can explain it better than me. But in short, it looks like they were trying to eject the singularity core, but instead of it shutting down, it suddenly accelerated them to warp speed... right into the planet.

Sisko hangs his head at the horror of it all.

ROGEIRO

They wouldn't have had chance to reach escape pods. But they would not have felt anything either. It would have been over in a moment.

SISKO

Thank you, Anxo. Continue your analysis. I'll be on *Robinson*.

Rogeiرو is surprised Sisko used his first name - they have always been formal up to now - but he nods his obedience...

29 **EXT. SPACE - OVERNE III - ORBIT**

Focusing on one of the Jem'Hadar ships as it keeps watch over the planet below, looming threateningly...

30 **INT. DOMINION FACTORY**

Thot Trok continues to stomp as quietly as his heavy boots will allow around the Dominion factory. He holds a scanner in one hand, not needing to look down at it because...

31 **INT. TROK'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

...its readings are automatically transmitted to the HEADS-UP DISPLAY inside his suit helmet. The green outlines of machines and devices, with quickly shifting BREEN SYMBOLS.

The angle of this view changes as Trok looks upwards...

32 **INT. DOMINION FACTORY (INTERCUT)**

...gazing at the ceiling overhead, knowing that there are dozens of Jem'Hadar ships ready to catch him and kill him. He shakes himself out of the dark mood, and proceeds to walk around the factory in almost complete darkness.

Finally he comes to one particularly enormous machine, as big as a house, and waves his scanner over it. A moment to absorb the results. He scans the machine again, just to make sure. Absorbs the results again. Finally...

THOT TROK

Thot Trok to Ren Fejin.

BELD (comm)

This is Beld. Are you finished already?

THOT TROK

Already?! This is the seventh building I've checked, Beld. And I've been expecting a polaron beam to blast me to pieces, or a troop of Jem'Hadar to suddenly transport in and surround me the whole time.

KINN (comm)

I keep telling you, Thot Trok, the cloak is functioning as well as we could expect. We are safe here.

THOT TROK

I'll agree to that when we're back in Breen space, Kinn. To answer your question, Beld, I am finished - because I've found what we need.

A moment, then Beld asks, as if he can't quite believe...

BELD (comm)

Repeat that, Thot Trok.

THOT TROK

I have found the machines that the Dominion use to manufacture their structural integrity technology.

Another moment of silence...

...then another BLINDING LIGHT shines in the darkness, the BLUE-GREEN ENERGY forming gradually into Master BELD. He stomps across the factory floor to stand beside Trok.

BELD

Show me.

Trok hands Beld his scanner. Beld works its controls, then looks up as if reading the data transmitted to his helmet.

BELD

These machines are massive.

THOT TROK

They have to be. They produce those systems whole, before they are installed on a ship. Vulnerability is minimised because there is no in-system integration required.

BELD

Can the machines be disassembled?

THOT TROK

Perhaps, but it would take a full scale research project to figure out how. There's no time for that.

They ponder a moment, the two Breen suits standing together in the dark. Then Beld works the scanner again, hands it back to Trok, who uplinks the data to his helmet HUD.

THOT TROK

What am I looking at?

BELD

Our cargo holds. The *Ren Fejin* was assigned to this mission so as to be inconspicuous to Starfleet, and in the hope that whatever we found could be dismantled and stored in pieces. We might fit one of these machines, but not all four.

THOT TROK

We need them all. And it's not as though we can take one now, then come back later for the rest.

BELD

No. But that's why we have a contingency plan. Follow me.

Beld walks back to where he first appeared. Trok stashes his scanner and follows him. When they reach the beam-in point, Beld calls out...

BELD

Kinn - bring us back.

A moment, then the BLUE-GREEN ENERGY takes them both in another blinding display...

33 INT. REN FEJIN - TRANSPORT ROOM

A construction of articulated metal bars as seen in 14x01, except that this version is onboard the creaky old Breen freighter instead of the top-of-the-line Romulan warbird.

The bars are arranged to fit two humanoids inside their frame, and the same BLUE-GREEN ENERGY forms in the space between, eventually coalescing into Trok and Beld.

Once they have materialised, the bars disengage, allowing the two to walk out. They pass KINN at his console...

BELD

Thank you, Specialist. Join us on the bridge.

...and exit the room. Kinn purses and follows...

34 INT. REN FEJIN - BRIDGE

BELD stands on his bridge, commanding his crew. The holo-display now shows that they have returned to a high orbit.

BELD

Zelk - encode the message. Append all data, including the readings of all the equipment Trok requires and its precise location.

Zelk works his console. Trok and Kinn stay out of the way - Beld turns to them now.

BELD

I have no wish to stay in Dominion space any longer than is necessary - certainly not to tell them what to look for and where to find it.

ZELK

Your message has been encrypted.

BELD

Kinn - affix your verification.

Kinn doesn't like being ordered around, but it *is* the right thing to do. Still pursing, he heads to Zelk's console...

KINN

This is specialist Joralis Kinn. I request assistance. Authorisation code *eleth risu t'ren evek norvad*.

That done, Kinn returns to Trok's side. Zelk works...

ZELK

The message has been sent, Master.

BELD

Excellent. Plot the fastest course out of Dominion space back to the Idran system. We'll leave as soon as we receive the coded response.

THOT TROK

We're not leaving now?

BELD

Thot Trok, we don't know exactly where the ship we just tried to contact is. Or even if it still exists at all. We cannot leave until we receive a response.

THOT TROK

And if that response never comes?

BELD

Then we turn to the tertiary plan.

THOT TROK

Which is?

BELD

None of your concern - not until it becomes necessary to enact it. I suggest we all get some rest.

As Kinn turns to exit the bridge again... BOOM.

The ship rocks HARD, a ROAR of crunching metal. Anyone unlucky enough to be standing is THROWN off their feet...

...TROK's helmeted head hits the deck hard. Dazed, he looks around the suddenly shaking bridge...

...And it is utter chaos and destruction.

35 INT. TROK'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

The green outlines of the familiar bridge are shuddering as the ship is HIT again, the ROAR of weapons fire coming to him through his helmet along with the voices of the crew...

ZELK (comm)
They're polaron bursts! Shields
are down by sixty-four percent.

KINN (comm)
I don't think the phase-cloak is
operating anymore...

36 INT. REN FEJIN - BRIDGE

The ship is HIT again, consoles bursting into sparks and flames. The holo-display dissolves into static and dies. TROK rolls around on the deck, struggling to get to his feet but constantly being knocked down again...

BELD (o.s.)
Make evasive manoeuvres! Try to
get the cloak functioning again!

Trok finally rights himself enough to reach up to one of the consoles, using it to lever himself upright...

...until another weapons volley HITS the ship and Trok is thrown back to the deck hard, banging his head again.

He can only lift his head enough to look around the bridge, at the fires and gasses and bodies on the deck, and then...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 MONTAGE

A confusing mish-mash of images swirling around each other, double exposed and wispy, dreamlike...

-- the destroyed Breen bridge, as JEM'HADAR SOLDIERS beam in using Dominion transporters, and immediately move to restrain the dazed, injured Breen and their Romulan guest

-- A bright sunny day on a golden desert planet. Our POV plays happily in the sand, bifurcated alien HANDS running through the grains while an alien child's LAUGHTER rings

-- Inside the Breen suit, as the green outlines of multiple Jem'Hadar soldiers wrestle our struggling body and our own desperate, terrified BUZZES for mercy are ignored

-- A teenaged male alien uses those bifurcated alien hands to lower a BREEN HELMET into place, completing the suit

-- Green outlines ripped away, normal eyesight struggling to adjust to a blinding SPOTLIGHT without the customary helmet. While Jem'Hadar hold us tight, a VORTA reaches in, attaches the devices used on Sisko in 3x02 "The Search"

-- Back to the desert, our POV rearing back in terror as a CREATURE from a nightmare bursts through the sand, towers over the alien child, its dozen black EYES peering, FANGS dripping with venom, segmented body pulsing and writhing

-- Trok's POV on Chairwoman Sela from 14x07 "The Summit"

-- Trok's POV looking around the Dominion factory

-- the SOUND of the child's laughter over it all

And finally **HARD CUT** to:

38 INT. DOMINION CELL

An alien we have never seen before, the one with the alien hands but now an adult - THOT TROK without his suit.

The terrified, traumatised alien is bruised and bleeding, cowering in a ball in a corner of this dark and cold metal cell. We may have seen his kind in the background of the secret Breen undercity in 14x03 "Behind the Mask", but he is none of the already established races - he is VIRONAT.

And because he has been stripped naked of his suit, we can see exactly what he looks like. Grey skin turning to pink around the wounds. Cleft limbs split into two at the elbows and knees, each half bending in opposite directions, extra sensory organs along their lengths. A head shaped almost like an 8472's, but with eyes and mouth like a Kelpien's.

SLITHER-THUD. The sounds come from outside the cell. Trok jerks, looks up in terror. SLITHER-THUD. No... it *can't* be.

The cell's door slides open...

..and outside it is the same nightmare CREATURE from the desert, rearing up on its hind slithers to fill the space, SCREECHING its fury, venom dripping from its long pointed fangs, a dozen eyes pin-pointing Trok where he cowers...

Trok desperately looks around himself for anything - a weapon, a hiding place, *anything* - but there's nothing.

The creature SLITHER-THUDS in through the door, blocking the only exit, leaving Trok nowhere to run...

Trok huddles deeper into the corner, curls up tighter - we PAN DOWN his alien body... over hairs standing on end the length of his cleft limbs... to a trickle of LIQUID leaking out along the metal floor. He wet himself in his terror.

A foreclaw reaches out, plucks Trok up by the scruff, YANKS him into the air, SLAMS him against the cell ceiling, lets him DROP painfully to the deck again. Bruised and weeping, the naked Trok drags his head up from the deck, and sees...

...LAAS, the Changeling, sneering down at him in disgust.

LAAS

Get up, you filthy monofom.

Trok looks around desperately - where did the creature go?

LAAS

I said get up!

Too terrified to disobey, Trok tries to get his cleft feet under him and struggle upright against the cell wall. But he is weak, and collapses back to the deck. Laas chuckles.

LAAS

Thot Trok. You are the only one left. Well, you and the Romulan. The others... the Jem'Hadar said they dissolved into mist...

On the last word, Laas himself DISSOLVES into mist, his Changeling body dispersing. Trok watches, fascinated...

...until the Changeling suddenly reforms in a CLAP of thunder, the humanoid shape right in front of Trok, his face a rictus of hatred and *teeth*. Trok shrieks...

LAAS

Why are you here, I wonder? Surely you can't have imagined you could make war on the Dominion in such an insignificant vessel.

THOT TROK

(weak, croaky)

Founder -

LAAS

(bellows)

I am not a Founder. The Founders are foolish and superstitious cowards. I am Laas.

THOT TROK

What do you want from me?

LAAS

Want? From you?

The Changeling LAUGHS, the contempt in it echoing around the small metal cell as he THROWS HIS VOICE for effect.

LAAS

We will take all the information we need from your ship. There is nothing you can offer me... other than perhaps some entertainment.

Entertainment...? Oh gods, that can't be good...

LAAS

It is an awesome responsibility to lead the Dominion... it is also a chore. I tire of the monoforms I'm told I need to... "protect".

Laas crouches down, bringing his eyes level with Trok's...

LAAS

But I have no mandate to protect you, or the Romulan, or those to whom you sent your signal.

THOT TROK

Laas... please... what can I do to save my life?

LAAS

There's nothing at all you can do... except start running.

As the Changeling MORPHS, rising up to become the CREATURE again, looming and screeching and drooling...

...Trok finds the strength to LEAP to his feet and RUN.

39 EXT. SPACE - CARBON PLANET - ORBIT

Robinson in orbit of the dusty red planet...

40 INT. ROBINSON - CONFERENCE ROOM

Sisko stands staring out of the window at the planet below.

The non-bridge door opens and Counsellor ALTHOUSE enters.

ALTHOUSE

Captain - do you have a moment?

Sisko is really not in the mood to be bothered, but...

SISKO

What can I do for you, Counsellor?

ALTHOUSE

(gently)

You can be honest with me. You're already thinking this was somehow your fault, aren't you?

SISKO

(turns to her)

I beg your pardon?

ALTHOUSE

We're alone, you can speak freely.

SISKO

I didn't say you could.

ALTHOUSE

Privilege of being the counsellor. After our encounter with the Vahni Valtupali you seemed... refreshed. More positive. It would be quite normal for events like these -

(out the window)

- to cause something of a setback.

SISKO

(bitter)

A thousand people died - I think a bad mood is only to be expected.

ALTHOUSE

Exactly. That's what I'm saying. What's not normal is you blaming yourself for these events. They happened long before we arrived.

SISKO

I didn't even believe the distress call was real -

ALTHOUSE

Did you order the ship to maximum warp the moment you got that call?

SISKO

Yes, but once I got here I delayed the rescue out of suspicion -

ALTHOUSE

Were those reasonable precautions?

SISKO

(getting annoyed)

Yes, but -

ALTHOUSE

Was it your fault?

SISKO

Yes!

Sisko is shocked by the force of the admission Althouse tricked out of him. He turns away to look out the window again. Althouse approaches quietly, gently, but firmly...

ALTHOUSE

No. Your problems are rooted back in the Alpha Quadrant. An accident affecting a Romulan ship on the other side of the galaxy, however tragic, has nothing to do with the Prophets, your wife or daughter.

SISKO

I wish I could believe that.

ALTHOUSE

I realise just me saying it won't be enough to convince you. But at least keep it in mind, will you?

A long pause...

SISKO

I'll try. But you're not the one who has to call up Admiral Akaar

and tell him that the president's
dream of a nice, peaceful joint
exploration mission...is dead.

Althouse nods sadly - she can't deny that. She places a
hand of comfort on Sisko's shoulder, then turns to leave.

...but before she can, the bridge door opens and ROGEIRO,
CORALA, UTELN and RELKDAHZ enter. Sisko is a little taken
aback at so many of his senior staff coming to see him at
once - it must be serious. Althouse hovers, curious...

SISKO

Commander? Is there a problem?

ROGEIRO

Yes, sir. We've been continuing
our analysis of the crash site...
and some anomalies have crept up.

SISKO

Go on...

Corala goes to the large wall screen, works it a moment,
and brings up more READINGS...

CORALA

I was trying to reconstruct the
last moments of the *Eletrix's* life
before it crashed, by looking at
the decay rate of the high-energy
particle radiation at the site.

RELKDAHZ

That's the kind of radiation an
artificial singularity would leave
behind after it was destroyed.

Sisko nods his understanding of that - carry on. Corala
points out a certain wave-form reading on the screen...

CORALA

This decay rate is not at all what
we would expect based on previous
incidents with Romulan vessels.

SISKO

Couldn't the difference be due to changes in the technology that the Romulans didn't tell us about?

CORALA

Yes, it could. But when added to certain other irregularities, it made my tail twitch, so to speak.

SISKO

What irregularities?

Uteln takes over the story...

UTELN

I found it curious that the ship's destruction was so complete. So catastrophic that there is not a single piece of it left intact.

RELKDAHZ

Even for a warp speed crash, we'd expect something to survive.

ROGEIRO

And the distress call. Didn't it sound a bit too... I don't know... desperate for the Romulans?

Althouse interjects herself, intrigued by the discussion...

ALTHOUSE

Surely if the *Eletrix*'s crew were in genuine danger, their captain would be anxious to call for help.

ROGEIRO

Yes, of course. But when added to everything else...

SISKO

What's your point, Commander? What conclusion are you drawing from all these... anomalies?

Rogeiroy takes a moment to look around his department heads
- at Uteln, Relkdahz, Corala. They all agree with him.

ROGEIRO

That that wreckage... is not of
the *Eletrix* at all.

Sisko tenses - the guilt and self-recrimination are turning
to anger. He looks out of the window at the planet again...

SISKO

So if the *Eletrix* is not down on
that planet... then where the hell
is she?

Off Sisko's glower...

41 INT. ELETRIX - BRIDGE

...to Commander T'JUL, the Romulan woman with the long hair
and light eyes, sitting in her command chair on a bridge
just like the one seen in 14x01 "Siren", lights lowered to
suggest it is under CLOAK. Like Sisko, she is glowering...

MAIN VIEWSCREEN

...at the sight on the viewscreen of the *Ren Fejin*, the
Breen freighter, in orbit over Overne III. It is clearly
damaged, floating seemingly powerless and adrift. Unlike
before, there are no Jem'Hadar ships anywhere to be seen.

BACK TO SCENE

Seeing this, T'Jul's normally pleasant, placid face darkens
into a SNEER. This is not what they needed today...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

42 EXT. SPACE - OVERNE III - ORBIT

The *Ren Fejin* drifts dark and powerless over the purple-grey planet. The Jem'Hadar appear to have withdrawn and left the Breen freighter for dead.

43 INT. ELETRIX - BRIDGE

T'JUL still in her command seat, the bridge darkened for cloak. Proconsul TOMALAK steps up behind her seat, looking at the same image on their viewscreen...

TOMALAK

It's taken weapons fire.

T'Jul rolls her eyes (unseen by him) at Tomalak stating the blazingly obvious. She doesn't appreciate him being here.

The two crew who worked with her on the *Dekkona*, as seen in 14x01 "Siren" - DIVELN and RIXORA - have also been brought on for this mission. Diveln speaks up from his console...

DIVELN

Engines, weapons, communications,
transporter - all are offline.

TOMALAK

As is the cloak, obviously.

T'JUL

(tight smile)

As you say, Proconsul. Diveln -
what can you determine about the
weapons that caused the damage?

DIVELN

Energy readings indicate an attack
using polaron beams.

TOMALAK

The Jem'Hadar. Hardly unexpected.

T'JUL

But good to have confirmed. What about life signs?

DIVELN

I'm reading one Romulan signature and thirteen Breen suits.

TOMALAK

(relieved)

The *Ren Fejin's* entire complement.

T'Jul looks to her other side - where Trop KAZREN stands, the sole Breen on the bridge, Kinn's opposite number.

T'JUL

What do you think, Trop Kazren?

The Breen spy walks closer to the viewscreen, inspecting the image upon it. He BUZZES, with audible translation...

KAZREN

Switch to spectral scan. Focus on the bridge.

Diveln looks to T'Jul - she nods. The view zooms in and alters, becoming more like the green outlines of a Breen helmet HUD. It shows the *Ren Fejin's* bridge layout, with the outlines of several Breen standing about, oddly still.

Kazren turns back to T'Jul and BUZZES...

KAZREN

If the *Ren Fejin* battled Dominion forces, where are those forces now?

TOMALAK

Clearly, the Breen have vanquished their foes.

T'JUL

In that ship?

(beat, realises)

My apologies, Trop Kazren, if that was impolite.

KAZREN

It was correct. The success of *Ren Fejin's* mission was predicated on stealth, not on armaments.

Tomalak throws his arms up in exasperation...

TOMALAK

We are wasting time! Your own people are over there waiting for rescue, Kazren. Not to mention an agent of the Tal Shiar.

T'Jul stands from her command chair, turns to face him...

T'JUL

Proconsul, please do me the honour of joining me in my ready room?

Tomalak looks down his nose at T'Jul, but inclines his head in acquiescence and allows her to lead him from the bridge.

44 **INT. ELETRIX - READY ROOM**

T'Jul enters the ready room with Tomalak close behind. Once the door is closed, she turns and addresses him politely.

T'JUL

Proconsul, I acknowledge your experience and your seniority. But I must respectfully remind you that the *Eletrix* is my command, and it is inappropriate for you to question my orders on the bridge.

TOMALAK

And I would remind you, Commander, that you only hold that rank and this command thanks to my grace.

T'JUL

And that of the Tal Shiar?

Tomalak draws back, alarmed that she has figured that out. T'Jul smiles, knowing she has him rattled, and presses on.

T' JUL

From the moment you informed me of our real mission, it was clear the *Eletrix* had been drawn into a Tal Shiar operation. I serve at the Romulan people's pleasure, so I have no objection. But for all their skill with subterfuge, the Tal Shiar are just as often petty tyrants. You say I owe my position to their grace. I believe I would have achieved that position long ago if not for the Tal Shiar sowing distrust over something so insignificant as my hairstyle.

TOMALAK

(grudging)

You do appear to be a.. capable... starship commander.

T' JUL

Such effusive praise. What is also clear is that the *Eletrix* is only the back-up plan. What matters is the *Ren Fejin's* mission. Kazren and I worked well together aboard the *Dekkona*. I see no reason not to trust his instincts now.

Tomalak appraises the younger woman. To his own annoyance, he can't really argue with anything she says. So he simply inclines his head again, and turns to re-enter the bridge.

45 **INT. ELETRIX - BRIDGE**

Re-entering the bridge, T'Jul heads straight to Kazren, and gently pulls him aside to a quiet corner, speaks *sotto*.

T' JUL

Kazren - is there a way to use sensors to determine the identity of those wearing Breen suits?

Kazren's translated voice also lowers in volume to match.

KAZREN

I understand why you are asking.
And yes, there is a way to do as
you say. But I must have privacy,
and no recording of my methods.

T'Jul nods agreement and heads over to Diveln, with Kazren
behind her. Meanwhile Tomalak watches from afar, curious...

T'JUL

Centurion Diveln, I must ask you
to temporarily relinquish your
station.

Diveln obeys and steps aside. Kazren immediately takes over
the station and starts working. T'Jul returns to her chair,
with a smile at Tomalak to cover her smugness.

T'JUL

Sublieutenant Rixora - is there a
way to determine if the Jem'Hadar
penetrated the phase cloak?

RIXORA

No, Commander. But since we have
thus far gone undetected, we must
assume that either the *Ren Fejin's*
cloak malfunctioned, or the crew
did something to draw attention.

T'JUL

(accusing glance
at Tomalak)

Like send their message to us.

Kazren turns back to T'Jul and BUZZES urgently...

KAZREN

Of the thirteen Breen suits, only
four are worn by actual Breen.

T'JUL

(tensing)

And the others contain Jem'Hadar?
Then this is a trap.

KAZREN

Only eight are worn by Jem'Hadar.
The last is worn by a Changeling.

T'JUL

(startled)

A Founder?

That's an unwelcome development. T'Jul takes a moment to think over her options...

Then inspiration strikes. She gets up and heads out of the bridge, calling out as she goes...

T'JUL

Tomalak, Kazren - come with me.

Intrigued as to what is going on, Tomalak does so. Kazren also follows, allowing Diviln to take his seat back.

Returning to the image of the *Ren Fejin* on the screen...

46 INT. REN FEJIN - BRIDGE

The Breen bridge, dark and damaged but cleaned up enough to present at least a surface image of normality. Half a dozen Breen suits stand at ramrod attention - all except for one.

This last one - TROK - looks nervously to one side, barely daring to move his helmeted head...

47 INT. TROK'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Now that we know what Trok's real face looks like, we can watch him as he looks in terror at the other figures with him on the bridge - he knows exactly what they are.

48 INT. REN FEJIN - BRIDGE (INTERCUT)

Trok carefully turns his head the other way, and sees...

KINN, the Romulan agent. Physically unwounded, but with a blank look that suggests he was tortured and traumatised in some other equally horrible way. They are all just waiting.

Suddenly, all seven figures on the bridge begin to glow with the BLUE-GREEN ENERGY of interphase transport...

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

Trok's face beams with hope, knowing what this is...

50 **INT. REN FEJIN - BRIDGE (INTERCUT)**

The Jem'Hadar are all caught unawares, have no idea what is happening to them. They fade out of existence...

51 **INT. ELETRIX - CARGO BAY**

...and reappear in a much larger version of the articulated METAL FRAME that defines the space for interphase transport - big enough to receive 13 Breen suits and one Romulan.

This version stands in a large Romulan cargo bay - the one they were going to use to beam up the stolen Dominion tech.

52 **INT. TROK'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

From inside his suit, Trok gazes with blessed relief at...

...the outlines of three figures standing facing them...

53 **INT. ELETRIX - CARGO BAY (INTERCUT)**

...T'Jul, Tomalak and Kazren in a row, with Rixora running the interphase transport control panel.

...And dozens of armed Romulan soldiers surrounding the guests, weapons raised. The moment the blue-green energy dies away, the soldiers SHOOT all 13 Breen on the spot.

54 **INT. TROK'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Shocked and horrified all over again, Trok SCREAMS from the disruptor shot, his suit's systems SCRAMBLING...

55 **INT. ELETRIX - CARGO BAY (INTERCUT)**

...translated to a BUZZ of fear as all but one of the Breen suits DROP to the deck unconscious.

The last looks around calmly at his fallen comrades, then reaches up and twists off his helmet - revealing LAAS.

(During the below, two of the soldiers gently reach out to KINN - who had no reaction to the transport whatsoever and was not shot with the Breen - and help him out of the way.)

Laas sneers from his Breen suit at his captors...

LAAS

Did you think you could simply
shoot me down like these mindless
animals? Don't you know who I am?

T'JUL

Indeed we do. That is why we have
prepared this...

T'Jul steps aside, revealing a console carrying the QUANTUM STASIS FIELD DEVICE from 3x21 "The Die Is Cast".

T'JUL

Invented by our old friends from
Cardassia - although of course it
took the Romulans to perfect it.

Anger overflowing, Laas tries to MORPH...

...but finds to his own horror that he is locked into one shape and unable to shift. He tries again - nothing.

Looking around at the Romulan guards training weapons on him, he knows he is trapped. He ROARS with frustration...

...but T'Jul just smiles back.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

56 INT. ELETRIX - CONFERENCE ROOM

The purple-grey planet of Overne III, as seen through the window of the Romulan version of a conference room.

PAN ACROSS to the door, which opens to allow LAAS to enter, his arms held by two Romulan soldiers. He is led to one end of the conference table...

...facing Commander T'JUL, who stands facing him from the opposite end of the table. On her right are the two Romulan males TOMALAK and KINN, the latter now somewhat livelier. On her left are TROK and KAZREN, both in their Breen suits.

T'Jul gestures for the two guards to let go of Laas - they step back, but pull their weapons just in case.

T'JUL

I am Commander Orventa T'Jul of the Romulan Imperial Fleet. Your name is Laas, I'm told. You are aboard the warbird *Eletrix*.

Laas doesn't respond. In fact he doesn't even look at her.

T'JUL

All Jem'Hadar from the Breen vessel are alive. They have been divested of their Breen armour and are being held in detention. We are prepared to set them free - and you as well.

Still getting no response, T'Jul walks around the table and approaches the Changeling - although makes sure to stay an arm's length away. She gestures to the DEVICE on the table.

T'JUL

I'm sorry for our use of these devices. But I wasn't sure you'd listen to me without them.

Laas still says nothing. T'Jul is getting frustrated.

T' JUL

Neither my crew nor that of the Breen vessel have come to commit violence against your people or any part of your empire.

Finally Laas looks up, pins T'Jul with his dark eyes...

LAAS

We come in peace, is that it? I believe that is what monoforms say before committing genocide.

T' JUL

We came here to acquire technology from the Dominion that will put us on an even footing with Starfleet. We are only seeking structural integrity systems, not weapons.

LAAS

It's all monoforms know how to do. Fight... until you are all dead.

T' JUL

I doubt you hold any love for the Federation. We are here because they threaten our people as well now. We should be allies in this!

LAAS

And alliance to you means stealing from us just because you need it?

T' JUL

We do need it. Our people's safety depends on matching the Federation. We are trying to avoid war.

LAAS

Go ahead and kill each other. The fewer monoforms left, the better.

Frustrated now, T'Jul returns to her own end of the table. Laas clearly won't budge, so she gets down to business.

T' JUL

We contacted the Jem'Hadar holding position on the other side of the planet. They know we are holding you. They consented to allowing the surviving Breen to return to their ship, repair it and leave Dominion space. They have yet to consent to providing us with the technology we need. I was hoping you might convince them.

LAAS

Why would I help you? You take me prisoner, restrict the essence of who I am. Now you threaten me unless I do your bidding.

T' JUL

I'm not threatening you, Laas. I'm asking for your cooperation. Allow us to take what we need, and we'll let you go free. Then we'll leave your space and never return.

LAAS

And if I don't?

T' JUL

Then we will bring you back with us to the Romulan Star Empire, where you will spend the rest of your considerable life confined.

Laas settles back, a defiant expression on his face.

T' JUL

Very well. I understand there is a time limit on how long you can stay in one shape. We can wait.

(to the guards)

Lock him up.

The guards take Laas and drag him out of the room again.

57 **INT. ELETRIX - SECURITY CELL**

Laas sits calmly in one cell behind a forcefield, glaring from under heavy brows at the Romulan guard who holds a weapon on him anyway just in case, and at the Romulan tech who checks the readings on another quantum stasis device...

58 **INT. ELETRIX - SECURITY CELL**

Eight JEM'HADAR soldiers stand tensely in two other cells, on edge and despising the many Romulan guards who watch over them with weapons at the ready. That anyone could dare to hold a Founder hostage... they will make them pay.

59 **EXT. SPACE - OVERNE III - ORBIT**

Several JEM'HADAR ATTACK SHIPS continue to hold position in orbit over Overne III...

...and then the *Eletrix* uncloaks right in their midst.

The Jem'Hadar ships react immediately, moving quickly into attack formation... but holding fire for now.

60 **INT. ELETRIX - BRIDGE**

T'Jul is back in her command chair, portraying confidence and unflappability to the same Vorta we saw earlier. This is NEMAN, and he is wearing one of their eye-drives.

T'JUL

Hello, Neman. T'Jul here again.

NEMAN

What do you want, Romulan?

T'JUL

Well, my patience is not endless, and you've wasted enough of my time. So I've decided if you don't allow me to beam my crew down to Overne Three immediately and take what we need, I will execute the Founder, and you will watch it happen.

As the Vorta reacts to that...

T' JUL

I should also point out that if the Jem'Hadar - or anyone else for that matter - approach us during this process, I will end Laas's life. Agree to my terms, and as soon as we've completed our work, we'll leave for the wormhole. If we make it there without Jem'Hadar pursuit, we will leave Laas safe and intact someplace where you can collect him at your leisure.

(beat, smile)

Do you agree to my terms?

Neman stews - what other choice does he have?

61 **EXT. SPACE - OVERNE III - ORBIT**

The Jem'Hadar ships peel away to a higher orbit...

...and the *Eletrix* heads down towards the planet.

62 **INT. ELETRIX - CARGO BAY**

Thot TROK and Sublt RIXORA work the controls together...

RIXORA

Rixora to T'Jul - cargo transporters are networked across all four bays.

T'JUL (comm)

Proceed, Sublieutenant.

Rixora works her panels as ordered, the METAL FRAME opens out to its widest possible dimensions, and the BLUE-GREEN ENERGY starts to form. As Trok watches fascinated, the machines he was sent here to find begin to materialise.

Slowly, slowly... and there they are. The huge chunks of machinery seen earlier on the surface, now in the Romulan cargo bay. Trok's suited shoulders slump with relief.

Trok eagerly grabs his scanner, dashes to the machines and begins to scan them over. After a while...

THOT TROK
Trok to T'Jul - transport complete.
We have everything we need. With
this equipment... the Typhon Pact
will have slipstream drive.

63 **INT. ELETRIX - BRIDGE**

T'Jul receives this report with satisfaction...

T'JUL
Excellent. Thank you, Thot Trok.
And congratulations on the success
of your mission. Channel closed.

T'Jul looks to Tomalak, stood behind her. He looks back,
silently acknowledging that her plan worked after all. She
turns back to her bridge, proud of her success.

T'JUL
Centurion Diveln, set course for
rendezvous with the *Ren Fejin* and
engage at maximum warp.

DIVELN
Yes, Commander.

T'JUL
Then we find a place to leave Laas
and his Jem'Hadar. Then, at last,
on to the wormhole... and home.

Satisfied at a job well done, T'Jul settles into her chair.

64 **EXT. SPACE - OVERNE III - ORBIT**

Eletrix rises up from low orbit, past the waiting Jem'Hadar
ships... and as soon as it can, JUMPS to warp.

65 **INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE**

Rather than staying distant in his command chair, SISKO is
up and moving between the science and tactical stations aft
of the bridge, conferring with Lts CORALA and UTELN.

SISKO

You're absolutely certain? I can't go to Starfleet with an accusation that the Romulans have abrogated the treaty without definite proof.

UTELN

Yes, sir. It can't be *Eletrix* down there. There are just too many anomalies for it to be real.

SISKO

...Why?

CORALA

Sir?

SISKO

Why are there too many anomalies? If the Romulans wanted to fool us into thinking they were destroyed, why not do a better job of it?

CORALA

Maybe they didn't have time to.

UTELN

Or maybe... they didn't need to.

SISKO

(intrigued)

What do you mean?

UTELN

Look at where this supposed crash happened - a carbon planet, toxic atmosphere, impossible to scan from any reasonable distance. The only way to investigate is by hand through bulky environment suits.

CORALA

If the answers were obvious, we'd find them out and move on. But if we had questions, we'd take the time to clear those questions up.

UTELN

This whole thing was designed to waste our time, so that we'd be busy here while they do whatever they're doing somewhere else.

SISKO

(puts it all together)

And by the time we realised it wasn't the *Eletrix*... it would be too late. They would have already done whatever they needed to do.

UTELN

Yes, sir.

SISKO

Alright, you've convinced me. Package up everything we've got and send it back to Starfleet now. Top priority, highest encryption.

CORALA

Aye, sir.

While UteIn and Corala get to work on that, Sisko returns to his seat and sits beside Rogeiro, who heard it all.

ROGEIRO

Should we abort the mission?
Return to the Alpha Quadrant?

SISKO

No. *Eletrix* could be anywhere. As long as Starfleet's been warned, there's not much else we can do. And as long as we're here, there's a chance we might run into them.

(turns to helm)

Helm - set course for the next stop on our exploration program.

UTELN

Captain - that comm packet. It's come back as undeliverable.

Sisko is alarmed by that. Rogeiro pipes up...

ROGEIRO

We never did receive our regular
dispatch from Starfleet.

SISKO

And now we can't communicate with
them either... Is there a problem
with our comm array, Lieutenant?

UTELN

(working)

Diagnostics are clean. And we did
receive *Eletrix's* distress call.

ROGEIRO

Then maybe the problem's at the
other end.

SISKO

The other end... you mean Deep
Space Nine.

Rogeiro nods - yes, that's what he means. Sisko hardens.

SISKO

Helm - belay my last. Set new
course back to the wormhole...
maximum warp.

Off Sisko's once again darkening mood, as the ship builds
to warp around him...

BLACK OUT

END OF SHOW