

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

9x21 - "Fearful Symmetry."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the novel

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine: Fearful Symmetry*

by Olivia Woods

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

**KIRA** - Captain Kira Nerys of Starfleet, currently on Deep Space Nine, recovering from the attack.

**ILLIANA** - Our Universe's version of Iliana Ghemor. Born Cardassian but surgically altered to appear Bajoran. She killed the Intendant and is currently impersonating her.

**GHEMOR** - The Mirror Universe's version of Iliana Ghemor. Previously known as simply the Cardassian Woman. She was attempting to stop Iliana's plan, but failed.

### TEASER

FADE IN:

#### **1** WHITE SPACE

A heart beat THUMPS. Solid, regular breaths HISS. A brown hand, stretching its fingers, turning.

Follow it up the arm to reveal SISKO, in civilian dress. He is testing his hand, making sure it is real. He knows he is in a Prophet Vision, but something is different this time.

SISKO

Hello? Is somebody here?

Slowly, other figures are revealed out of the fog, not all identifiable as yet. They form into a loose circle, of which Sisko is a part. There are eight in total.

Sisko looks to one - it is another version of himself, dressed in formal Federation Diplomat's clothing, clean shaven. We will call him AMBASSADOR SISKO.

Sisko turns and looks at another Sisko, wearing the gaudy metallic tunic of the old Terran Empire (as in TOS 2x10 "Mirror Mirror"). Dagger at the waist and a massive scar across his face that has deadened one eye. IMPERIAL SISKO.

Our Sisko looks at the space to his immediate right. Nobody is standing there. On Sisko as he receives a flash...

**QUICK FLASH:**

-- MU Sisko, the pirate, sitting in Quark's bar (from either 2x23 or 3x19).

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sisko looks back to his other counterparts. They speak like real people, not embodied Prophets.

SISKO

I take it we're here to do something about the hole in our ranks.

AMBASSADOR SISKO

Not us. You.

SISKO

I don't understand.

IMPERIAL SISKO

He was your responsibility. It was your task to reach him - to convince him to take his place among us.

SISKO

What are you talking about? I never even met our counterpart in that reality. How is anything about him or that universe my responsibility?

IMPERIAL SISKO

You ignored the signs.

SISKO

What signs? Every crossover was their doing, except for the first one - and that was entirely by accident!

On Sisko as he gets another flash...

**QUICK FLASH:**

-- Kira and Bashir in the runabout, flying through the wormhole, go through a white flash of light (2x23).

**BACK TO SCENE**

Understanding comes to Sisko.

SISKO

It wasn't an accident at all. The Prophets wanted our two universes to connect.

DOCTOR SISKO (o.s.)

You're starting to understand.

Sisko turns to another alternate Sisko, dressed in a lab coat and wearing Benny Russell-style glasses. DOCTOR SISKO.

DOCTOR SISKO

Every other crossover was initiated by their side, just as you said. And more tellingly, they all occurred by transporter. But your Kira and Bashir's runabout went through the wormhole to get there and back the first time. And you never considered that it was no random event... or that your two universes seemed unusually permeable in the Bajoran system after that first time. You never wondered why no one in that universe opened their Temple gates, despite the presence of a Sisko in that continuum. Not even after you learned the truth about your origins - that Benjamin Sisko does not exist by accident, in any universe.

SISKO

The Sisko of the Intendant's dimension - he was supposed to have become their Emissary.

Alt-Sisko number 4 responds - human, but dressed in a Bajoran Militia uniform and wearing a Bajoran earring. COLONEL SISKO.

COLONEL SISKO

That's the only reason any of us exist. We're each born onto a path we're meant to walk, but his life - his reality - made him the most reluctant of us, the one least open to accepting the role we're all meant to fulfil.

Alt-Sisko number 5 pipes in - ADMIRAL SISKO of Starfleet.

ADMIRAL SISKO

(shakes head)

Cowardice. The fear of believing in ourselves has always been our greatest enemy.

SISKO

You're telling me I was supposed to have gotten through to him somehow.

Alt-Sisko number 6 was assimilated at Wolf 359. BORG SISKO, with a grating metallic voice and red pen-light.

BORG SISKO

Not alone. Never alone. But it was your job to keep your eye on the ball.

Borg Sisko lifts his hand - he is holding a baseball.

SISKO

But why me? You all seem to have understood my task when I didn't even know I had one. Why wasn't it one of you?

The last alt-Sisko is reminiscent of Gabriel Bell (3x12) - a homeless man, depressed and shabby. HOMELESS SISKO.

HOMELESS SISKO

Because next to him, you were the slowest of us to accept who you really are. Helping him would have helped you to understand yourself that much quicker, so you could have better prepared your Bajor for the trials ahead.

On our Sisko as he gets more flashes:

**QUICK FLASH:**

-- Sisko wincing with the pain of a vision (5x10).

-- Sisko frowning, understanding something briefly while by the tree on his property (9x10)

**BACK TO SCENE**

SISKO

What happens now?

ADMIRAL SISKO

Our most immediate concern is that the deserter's continuum is now vulnerable to the threat from your side.

SISKO

What threat?

AMBASSADOR SISKO

You'll know soon enough. Events are proceeding quickly in both realities.

IMPERIAL SISKO

The damage may already be too great for the outcome we're hoping for.

COLONEL SISKO

If the circle isn't complete, the tapestry will unravel. That mustn't happen.

SISKO  
What must I do?

The various alternate Siskos share a look between themselves, then turn back to our Sisko. The image is overtaken in a WASH of green colour, the energy of an Orb. And the colour wipes us out, into...

**2    INT. MONASTERY - PRAYER ROOM**

The Orb energy swirls back into the Orb itself, which turns calmly in its arc. This one is green. Hands reach in and close the box - they belong to OPAKA. She turns to Sisko, who kneels on the ground before the Orb box.

OPAKA  
Did you find what you sought?

Sisko doesn't answer her. He is too stunned by what he has been told...

FADE OUT:

**END OF TEASER**

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

### **3**     ON MONITOR SCREEN

An image of GHEMOR, the Cardassian Woman, sat at a table in an interrogation room. We are watching via a fixed camera set at a high angle in the room's wall. Opposite her sits EZRI DAX, her back to the camera, conducting the interview.

GHEMOR

My name is Iliana Ghemor. I'm a former agent of the Obsidian Order, the intelligence arm of the Klingon-Cardassian Alliance, in what to you is an alternate universe. Now I'm part of the rebellion organised by the Terrans of my continuum, whose objective is to overthrow the Alliance and live free of tyranny. My original assignment was to assassinate the Intendant of Bajor, Kira Nerys. I aborted that mission when I became aware of a plot that involved individuals from your side. I crossed over to stop it.

DAX

What was the nature of that plot?

GHEMOR

To replace her with someone worse.

DAX

Who?

GHEMOR

You're not very good at this, are you? You're not an interrogator. Your technique is terrible.

DAX

This isn't an interrogation. I'm just here to ask some questions.

GHEMOR

Whatever you want to call it,  
you're wasting time. You have to  
let me speak to your captain.

DAX

I'll look into that. Who was  
planning to replace the Intendant?

GHEMOR

(sigh)

Your reality's version of me. She  
was surgically altered years ago  
to replace Kira. I believe she has  
already crossed over into my  
universe, killed the Intendant,  
and taken her place.

DAX

If that's the case, why are you  
still in this universe?

GHEMOR

This is pointless! I already told  
Commander Vaughn all of this! Just  
let me speak to Captain Kira.

DAX

I said I'd look into it. Why are  
you still in this universe?

GHEMOR

Because the device I used to make  
the crossover was destroyed... and  
because I need your help to stop  
her carrying out her objectives.

DAX

What are those objectives?

GHEMOR

I'll reveal that only to Kira.

DAX

You'll reveal it to me.

GHEMOR

Wouldn't you rather know why that creature turned against you? What do you call it - a Jem'Hadar?

DAX

We already know that someone who looks like Captain Kira was surreptitiously communicating with Taran'atar for more than six months, using a very sophisticated method of brainwashing. We know Taran'atar supplied information to this individual that enabled her to carry out a massacre of a Bajoran village three months ago. And we know Taran'atar attacked Kira and Ro before fleeing to the planet Harkoum where, by a strange coincidence, we found you.

GHEMOR

There are no coincidences. And you didn't "find" me. I rescued two of your officers.

DAX

We also retrieved a large cache of data on the experiments being conducted at the Grennokaar prison facility on Harkoum. Experiments on living Jem'Hadar dating back more than four years.

GHEMOR

Is there a question you want to ask me?

DAX

Are you responsible for Taran'atar's betrayal?

GHEMOR

No.

DAX  
Were you involved in the Sidau  
massacre?

GHEMOR  
No.

DAX  
What proof can you offer me that  
your story is true?

GHEMOR  
I can offer it to Captain Kira.

DAX  
What are your counterpart's  
objectives?

GHEMOR  
I'll reveal that only to Captain  
Kira.

A finger reaches over the screen to tap a control - the  
image freezes. Then we WIDEN to reveal...

**4 INT. DS9 - WARDROOM (CONTINUOUS)**

Dax stands by the screen. She turns to speak to the rest of  
the room, where KIRA, VAUGHN, BASHIR, NOG, BOWERS and  
TENMEI sit around the conference table.

DAX  
I'm sorry to say the rest of the  
interview was more of the same.  
The subject volunteered no  
additional information, and just  
kept repeating her demands to  
speak directly to the captain.

While Dax moves to take a spare seat at the table, Kira  
cannot take her eyes off the screen. She looks at Ghemor's  
eerily familiar face. It disturbs her.

She composes herself, turns back to her crew. She is still  
noticeably cool, not the usual warm and approachable Kira.

KIRA

We may as well start with the fundamentals. Doctor?

BASHIR

I've verified three salient facts. One - she is a healthy Cardassian female. Well, healthy once I fixed her rather horrible injuries, anyway. Two - using our records of Legate Tekeny Ghemor to compare, I can confirm that this woman is indeed his daughter. And three - analysis of her quantum signature proves beyond a doubt that she is not native to our continuum.

KIRA

Alright - she's who she claims to be. But can we trust anything she says beyond that?

TENMEI

She came to our aid on Harkoum, at considerable cost to herself.

KIRA

Is there any reason to think that her actions weren't calculated precisely to gain our trust?

VAUGHN

I'm sure they were. But that in and of itself doesn't make her a liar. Our guest has so far acted in good faith.

DAX

Except about elaborating on her claims. That she refuses to say anything except to the captain is reason enough to be cautious. For all we know, she may be hoping to win us over so she can finish what Taran'atar started.

On Kira as the memory comes against her will...

**QUICK FLASH:**

-- Taran'atar's knife slices into her chest (9x17).

**BACK TO SCENE**

Kira closes her eyes, pushing the memory away.

VAUGHN

We've been cautious. We've had her confined for a week, on suspicion alone. Under surveillance and under guard. We've yet to make a ding in her shields. Unless the captain intends to authorise more forceful methods of interrogation, we're out of options.

Silent surprise around the room. Kira stares coldly at him.

KIRA

Is that what you're proposing? A "more forceful" interrogation?

VAUGHN

Of course not. Even if it weren't unlawful and abhorrent, she's done nothing to deserve such treatment. I'm simply saying we've reached an impasse, and we can't rule out the possibility that everything she's been telling us is the truth.

Kira rubs the bridge of her nose. She's getting a headache.

KIRA

Status of Ro's investigation?

VAUGHN

Ongoing. She's put Major Cenn in charge of the criminals we rounded up on Harkoum, but so far they've had little to say regarding their missing ringleader.

KIRA

That ringleader supposedly being  
our side's Iliana Ghemor.

VAUGHN

If our guest is to be believed.

BASHIR

Captain... try to remember our own  
experience in the other universe.  
What it felt like to be trapped in  
a world that was so familiar, yet  
was so different. I don't know if  
I've ever felt so alone or lost.

KIRA

And you think our visitor may be  
feeling the same way?

BASHIR

I think she's doing her best to  
earn our trust. Maybe it's time we  
considered trying to earn hers.

Kira sighs, pauses to consider. She makes a decision.

KIRA

Lieutenant Dax, please inform  
security that I'll meet with the  
visitor in my quarters, tomorrow  
morning at oh-nine-hundred.

Dax glances guiltily at Vaughn, then back to Kira.

DAX

Me, Captain?

KIRA

Have you become hard of hearing,  
Lieutenant?

DAX

(blink of surprise)  
No, sir.

KIRA

Then that'll be all. Meeting  
adjourned. Commander Vaughn, stay  
a moment.

As everyone else files out, Vaughn stays standing at the  
opposite end of the table. He can tell trouble is brewing.  
Kira sits with her hands on the table, not looking at him.

KIRA

You want to tell me what the hell  
happened out there?

VAUGHN

Captain?

KIRA

Taran'atar. The *Defiant*. Prynn.  
(stands up)  
I read your after-action report.  
I also read Ezri's and Sam's and  
your daughter's. And what I'm left  
wondering is, after all the  
questionable actions you took  
while I was out of commission...  
how is it you're still alive?

Vaughn opens his mouth to reply, then closes it again. The  
usual defences don't work. He admits the sad truth.

VAUGHN

I was lucky.

KIRA

Damn right you were. You put your  
crew, yourself, and the *Defiant* at  
risk. And you failed the mission.

VAUGHN

Respectfully, Captain, although  
Taran'atar did get away, Ensign  
Tenmei was recovered, vital intel  
was obtained, a criminal enclave  
was routed, and we returned  
without a single fatality.

KIRA

Is that supposed to mitigate your actions? Going after Taran'atar yourself, first after he'd taken your daughter hostage and again after you thought he'd killed her? Never once contacting Starfleet to apprise them of the situation and request assistance?

VAUGHN

(firmly)

I was in command. I took what I believed to be the correct and necessary steps to resolve the crisis. If you're unhappy with the way I do my job -

KIRA

You made it personal, Commander!

VAUGHN

(quiet)

Haven't you ever made it personal, Captain?

She tightens, folds her arms and turns her back on him.

KIRA

Get out. You're relieved of duty until further notice, Commander.

Vaughn blinks, genuinely surprised. That is not how he thought this would go. He opens his mouth to attempt to explain himself, but Kira clearly isn't listening. So all he can do is turn and walk out, leaving Kira alone.

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

### 5 INT. DS9 - RO'S QUARTERS

The rooms feature three times as many computers as usual, temporary ones. A large object blocking the window, square and flat but tall as a person, with a blanket thrown over.

RO sits in a hi-tech wheelchair at the computers, deeply engrossed. On the nearby couch are pieces of an EXO-FRAME. Doctor SIMON TARSES is also stood there, hands on hips, frustrated with Ro. She is very pointedly ignoring him.

TARSES

I'm done arguing with you. Your physical therapy was supposed to have begun yesterday. I let you take a pass on it once. You can't decline therapy again.

RO

Watch me.

TARSES

Lieutenant, you can't expect to walk again unless you do the work. If anything, you're taking a step backwards.

(brandishes exo-frame)

Why are you in a wheelchair when you should be using this?

RO

It slows me down. Chair's faster for what I'm doing, easier.

TARSES

Unacceptable. I'm giving you a direct medical order to stop whatever you're doing and -

Tarses is forced to dodge as a bowl of fruit slices is launched at his head. It SMASHes against the wall behind him and drips to the floor. He turns back, furious.

TARSES

What the hell is your problem?!

RO

Right now, just you. So I suggest you get lost, before I pick up my spice pudding.

TARSES

You can't just -

He has to dodge again to avoid the bowl of sticky pudding flying his way. It covers the door in a gooey mess.

TARSES

That's it! I've had it! Maybe Bashir will have better luck.

RO

Don't bet on it.

TARSES

(moving to door)

Don't think this is over, Ro.

RO

I'm reaching for my tuna salad...

Tarses bolts out of the room before he can be hit again.

Now alone, Ro scoots sideways in her wheelchair, moving between the computers and their various screens.

First screen - a RECORD from the Bajoran Archives, with information about the Temple, the Orbs and the *pagh-varam*.

Second screen - Starfleet's Memory Alpha, with information about the Mirror Universe and the Intendant.

Third screen - a vid-feed from DS9's security cells. They are occupied with the mercenaries from Harkoum. Major CENN stands in the room, holding a padd, talking to them MOS.

Fourth screen - Ghemor alone in the interrogation room.

Fifth screen - the laboratory from Grennokar prison. Two Cardassian DOCTORS work on a live but restrained JEM'HADAR patient. The Jem'Hadar suffers a horrendous seizure and dies. The Cardassians dispassionately note their readings.

Sixth screen - a SOUND-WAVE recording. Ro reaches in to tap 'play.' The sound-wave vibrates with the recorded voice.

DUKAT (comm)  
(sample from 5x19)  
Your daughter is alive, Ghemor.  
I know where to find her.

Ro listens to it, gritting her teeth, trying to put all the pieces together. She repeats the recording.

DUKAT (comm)  
Your daughter is alive, Ghemor.  
I know where to find her.

Ro YANKS off the blanket, revealing one massive computer screen, featuring pictures of all the people known to be involved in this situation, connected by a web of lines.

At the centre is the image retrieved from Taran'atar's scrambled computer - the fuzzy, grainy picture of what appears to be Kira, but is actually Iliana Ghemor.

After looking over the web of connections for a moment, Ro taps a few keys and uploads a new picture - a screen-grab of Dukat. She puts it right next to Iliana at the centre of the web. Zooming to **ECU** on the picture of Dukat...

MATCH CUT TO:

## **6 INT. CARDASSIAN HALL OF HEROES**

Begin CLOSE on Dukat, in the middle of a huge belly laugh. WIDEN to reveal that he stands in a small circle of other Cardassian men, all military and proud of it.

The room is filled with milling Cardassians, men in their military uniforms and women in glamorous evening dresses, who join and leave and rejoin other circles of gossiping partygoers, all sipping *kanar* as they go. This is warfare.

Dukat finishes his laugh, and turns to the man beside him - Gul DARHE'EL (from 1x19 "Duet"). Also in the circle are Gul TREPAP and Legate KELL (3x07 "Civil Defense").

DUKAT

Oh, my dear Gul Darhe'el. While I can't fault your enthusiasm, it's been my experience that violence is best used as a precision instrument, not a bludgeon.

TREPAP

I agree with Darhe'el. Any sign of hesitation on our part, any show of mercy, would be seen as a lack of Cardassian resolve. We should never underestimate the Bajorans' fanaticism. Or their viciousness.

KELL

And you, Ghemor? How would you handle the Bajor annexation?

TEKENY GHEMOR (3x05 "Second Skin") dislikes this company, disagrees with almost everything said. But he has to be careful about what he says - he can't be seen as disloyal.

TEKENY

I would begin by reconsidering the need for the continued occupation of Bajor at all.

ENTEK (o.s.)

What an interesting notion, Legate. Perhaps you'd like to elaborate?

ENTEK, the Obsidian Order agent from 3x05, subtly wormed his way into the circle. The only one in a civilian suit.

TEKENY

Gladly, Mister Entek. After all, we would not want your report to Enabran Tain to be anything less than complete, would we?

Entek smoothly does not rise to the bait.

TEKENY (cont)

We have had control of Bajor now for over thirty years, extracting its resources non-stop. We have never gained the acceptance of the natives, and all our attempts to beat them into submission have failed. The cost in Cardassian lives alone should give pause to anyone in this room. Factor in Bajoran lives lost -

DARHE'EL

Bajoran lives don't count. They're just another resource, to be used and discarded as we see fit. And while you may have not set foot on Bajor in twenty-five years, Legate, I have served there that entire time. Too long to see all our efforts tossed aside.

Slick and smarmy Dukat makes an attempt to defuse this by changing the subject. He looks over Tekeny's shoulder.

DUKAT

And who is this lovely creature?

We look past Tekeny and see ILIANA, his daughter. The young Cardassian girl is barely out of her teens. She has been quietly standing just outside the circle, letting the men go about their business, listening closely to every word.

Dukat looks at her with a kind of salacious sneer, and she hates him instantly, but covers it with politeness.

TEKENY

This is my daughter, Iliana.  
Iliana... Legate Danig Kell, Gul  
Morad Trepar, Gul Trekal Darhe'el,  
Mister Corbin Entek...

(with an edge)

...and Gul Skrain Dukat.

DUKAT

It's a great pleasure to meet you,  
Iliana. You must be very proud of  
your father.

ILIANA

He's a great man.

DUKAT

Your mother also serves the state  
with great distinction, as I  
recall. I wonder, will you follow  
in your father's footsteps to the  
military, or will you join your  
mother in the judiciary?

ILIANA

I have my own ideas about how best  
to serve Cardassia.

Subtly, Entek's eyes move to look at Iliana. She notices  
him noticing her. Dukat raises his glass to her.

DUKAT

Lovely and independent. I salute  
the future of the empire.

TEKENY

(trying to protect her)  
Run along now, Iliana. I'll call  
for you when it's time to go.

Grateful for the rescue, Iliana nods her acknowledgements  
and slips away. Dukat and Entek both watch her go, but each  
with very different thoughts in mind.

**7     EXT. CARDASSIAN GARDEN - NIGHT**

Cardassians mill and chat, somewhat more informally than  
inside. Iliana wanders through the crowd, recovering from  
the tension of the moment inside, and trying to relax with  
thoughts of enjoying the artwork and sculptures around her.

ATAAN (o.s.)

Iliana?

Ilana turns, surprised, to see a handsome young Cardassian man in a military uniform - ATAAN. She blinks, recognising.

ILIANA

Ataan!

They hug chastely. There is subtle but undeniable flirting going on here. They both find each other attractive.

ATAAN

I can't believe it's you. How've you been?

ILIANA

I'm well. You're all grown up.

ATAAN

So are you.

(re uniform)

I just got promoted. I'm a glinn on Gul Pirak's security detail. I'm joining him on his assignment to Bajor next month. He's a good man, and it's a huge opportunity.

ILIANA

I'm afraid one gul is much the same as any other to me.

ATAAN

And you? Do you still draw?

ILIANA

I do. I also paint. And sculpt. In fact, my parents just gave me permission to complete my studies at the university in Pra Menkar.

ATAAN

That's wonderful! Congratulations. What else have you been up to?

ILIANA

Oh, the usual. Promoting dissent, plotting revolution, planning to overthrow the government.

ATAAN

Uh-huh. And how's that coming?

ILIANA

We take over Central Command at midnight. You should come. There's a party afterwards.

Grinning, he offers her his arm, and she gladly takes it. They walk on, Iliana practically glowing with excitement.

MATCH CUT TO:

**8    INT. DS9 - KIRA'S QUARTERS**

The doors open to reveal Ghemor, the Cardassian Woman, in the corridor. NEELEY stands behind. Across the room, Kira is just extinguishing the candles of her prayer mandala. At Kira's nod, Neeley steps back, so Ghemor steps forward.

GHEMOR

Thank you for seeing me, Captain.  
I apologise if I'm interrupting.

KIRA

I was just praying.

GHEMOR

For what?

KIRA

I'm sorry?

GHEMOR

When you pray, what do you ask of your gods?

KIRA

I don't ask them for anything. I look inward for the virtues the Prophets teach us to cultivate. Wisdom... strength... hope.

GHEMOR

Meditation, then.

KIRA

Labels don't matter. What counts  
is the act of exploring your *pagh*.

Kira walks up to Ghemor and gazes curiously into her face.

KIRA

Last time I saw that face, it was  
in a mirror on Cardassia Prime.  
Seeing you in person is a  
little... disorienting.

GHEMOR

I know just how you feel. So...  
how do you want to begin?

Right to business. Kira can respect that. She gestures to a  
chair. Ghemor sits, and Kira takes the seat opposite.

KIRA

Why are you here?

GHEMOR

That's the wrong question.

KIRA

Then what's the right one?

GHEMOR

What really happened to the Iliana  
Ghemor of this universe.

KIRA

Do you know?

GHEMOR

I know some things. I know her  
deep cover assignment involved not  
merely making her look like you,  
but suppressing her real identity  
and replacing it with yours.

KIRA

And this all happened at Elemspur  
Detention Centre?

GHEMOR

That's right.

KIRA

Except I was never at Elemspur. I was never replaced by a Cardassian operative.

GHEMOR

But you were a target for replacement.

KIRA

(pause, then collect)

You told Commander Vaughn that Gul Dukat betrayed the Order's plan to have Iliana replace me. Why would he do that?

GHEMOR

If I had to guess, I'd say it was something to do with your mother - Meru, wasn't it? I understand she was his comfort woman for a time.

Kira's expression darkens. Ghemor sees it.

GHEMOR

It's true, then?

KIRA

Yes. But she'd been dead for years by then. She was in no position to influence Dukat on my behalf.

GHEMOR

I don't have all the answers. But I do know that she's completely insane and extremely dangerous. She still thinks she's you.

KIRA

After all this time? After sixteen years?

GHEMOR

That's one of the reasons she's out of her mind, Captain. She was never reactivated. This galaxy is very different from the one she remembers, and you've been living the life she believes should have been hers.

KIRA

This is all about getting to me?

GHEMOR

There's more to it than that. As I said to Lieutenant Dax, I believe she crossed into my universe with a plan to replace the Intendant.

KIRA

And?

GHEMOR

And I don't believe she has any intention of stopping there. She plans to eliminate every Kira Nerys in every universe she can reach. And she thinks that little trinket she murdered a village to get hold of is the key.

Off Kira's reaction...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**9 INT. DS9 - RO'S QUARTERS**

Dax stands by the big screen. Bashir and Nog are sat on couches, Ro is in her wheelchair, and Kira paces the room.

DAX

So let's say she's telling the truth. What do we do about it? If it really is our Iliana Ghemor that Taran'atar has followed into the other universe, do we leave them there? Or do we have an obligation to go after them for the crimes they committed here?

Still pacing, Kira pauses, a little out of breath. She presses a hand to her breast bone - her artificial heart.

BASHIR

Are you alright, Captain?

KIRA

(sharp)

I'm fine.

(then calmer)

I'm not prepared to undertake an incursion into the other universe on just this woman's say-so. What we need is someone to corroborate her story. She claims to be working with Smiley's rebellion. We need a way to contact them.

NOG

It might be possible. We have the specs for Smiley's dimensional transport module. If I can adapt its quantum targeting system to our subspace array... it'll take time, though, Captain. Maybe a couple of days.

KIRA  
Get to work on it immediately.

NOG  
Aye, sir.

Nog gets up and leaves the room.

DAX  
What do we do with our visitor?

KIRA  
Nothing. Leave her where she is.

BASHIR  
You're not going to question her?

KIRA  
I don't trust her, Julian. She obviously knows more than she's saying, and she's parcelling it out, bit by bit. She's playing some kind of game, and I'm not allowing it to continue.

DAX  
Commander Vaughn has considerable experience in this area. He may be able to -

KIRA  
Commander Vaughn isn't available.

DAX  
But Captain -

KIRA  
(gentle, but firm)  
Let it go, Ezri.

Dax unwillingly tamps down further protests. Kira continues to pace. Ro has been mostly ignoring the conversation, still working and thinking. Now she sighs and harrumphs.

RO  
Captain, this doesn't make sense.

KIRA

What doesn't make sense, Ro?

RO

I've been reviewing the records of your abduction by the Obsidian Order six years ago, when they tried to convince you that you were Iliana Ghemor.

DAX

What about it?

RO

Some things just don't add up. It all started when the woman from the Central Archives contacted you about your time at Elemspur Detention Centre.

KIRA

(frustrated)

But I was never at Elemspur.

RO

But Odo tracked down someone who claimed to recognise you from Elemspur.

KIRA

Yes, and then he disappeared. We assumed he was a Cardassian agent to help carry out the plot. He was probably the one who altered the Archives' records too.

RO

That's a reasonable assumption, except that there's no evidence the records were altered.

BASHIR

So what are you saying? That the captain was at Elemspur, despite having no memory of it?

KIRA  
(to herself)  
He knew about the *hara* cat.

DAX  
Captain?

KIRA  
Entek. He reminded me about a *hara* cat I killed, when I thought it was a Cardassian soldier. I never told anybody about that. Even after Julian proved medically that it was all a lie... I still wondered how he knew about the *hara* cat.

DAX  
Maybe it was something he implanted while you were being surgically altered. So that he could use it as "proof" of his story.

KIRA  
Maybe. But what if it was real? What if Entek knew about it not because he implanted it, but because it was one of the memories he transferred from me to Iliana sixteen years ago?

BASHIR  
Another fine byzantine plot courtesy of the Obsidian Order.

DAX  
But this is all speculation. Anyone who could confirm any of this is long dead.

BASHIR  
(victorious grin)  
Not everyone.

10 **ON MONITOR SCREEN**

One of Ro's computer screens now shows an image of GARAK.

GARAK (screen)

Really, Doctor, flattering as your faith in me is, I'm afraid in this case you severely overestimate the depth of my knowledge into the Order's activities while in exile.

11 **ANGLE**

To reveal that Kira, Bashir and Dax are now gathered around the screen, with Ro still in her wheelchair.

BASHIR

I don't think I've overestimated anything about you, Garak. You never made a secret of the fact that you still had contacts in the Order. You admitted as much when you came to me with information about Kira's abduction.

GARAK (screen)

Yes, for all the good it did me. I found the whole affair quite embarrassing.

BASHIR

But why get involved at all? You had nothing to gain from it.

GARAK (screen)

Are you suggesting my innate gallantry isn't reason enough?

BASHIR

You knew about the Order's plot against Legate Ghemor from the beginning, didn't you? By telling us, you effectively set in motion your own counter-op. You were trying to help the dissidents.

GARAK (screen)  
(sly smile)  
I always said you had a vivid  
imagination, Doctor.

DAX  
So assuming you knew about Entek's  
plan all along, what do you know  
about Iliana Ghemor?

GARAK (screen)  
Not as much as the captain would  
like me to know, I'm afraid.

KIRA  
What the hell does that mean?

GARAK (screen)  
It means that the Obsidian Order's  
greatest weapon has always been  
truth. Iliana Ghemor was indeed  
sent on a mission to replace you,  
just as Entek described it.

KIRA  
Garak, this doesn't make sense. If  
there was someone with my face on  
Bajor all these years, don't you  
think someone would have noticed?

GARAK (screen)  
Undoubtedly. Which forces us to  
conclude that wherever Operative  
Ghemor was, it was not Bajor.

KIRA  
Then where?

GARAK (screen)  
That, I don't know. Which leads me  
to believe no-one in the Order  
knew what became of her, either.

Off Kira's frustration...

MATCH CUT TO:

12 EXT. PRA MENKAR UNIVERSITY - DAY

...to Iliana, sat on a bench, doodling sketches on a large electronic PADD. It is a sunny day in the courtyard of the University, an unusually flower-filled and free-feeling place for Cardassia. Other Cardassian students mill about, all more artistic than the usual strict Cardassian youth.

After a few moments, another FIGURE comes to sit on the bench. Iliana does not look up or respond. They both sit quietly, enjoying the warm sunshine. Finally...

ILIANA

Is there something you want of me,  
Mister Entek?

WIDEN to reveal ENTEK sitting on the bench beside her, warm and friendly, pleasant and carefree.

ENTEK

As a matter of fact there is. But  
let me first say how flattered I  
am that you remember me.

ILIANA

Don't be. I just have a good  
memory, that's all. It's a useful  
skill for an artist.

ENTEK

For an agent too.

ILIANA

(scoff)

Is that what all this is about?  
Recruiting me for the Obsidian  
Order?

ENTEK

You couldn't guess that?

ILIANA

I'm just a little disappointed it  
wasn't something less obvious.

ENTEK

Ah. You expected me to speak in riddles so that my listeners can trip over themselves trying to unravel the truth from the lies. Yes, we do have agents like that. They're rather annoying.

ILIANA

So are you, Mister Entek. And unfortunately, you've come a long way for nothing. So allow me to save you any further trouble. The answer is no. Have a good day.

Iliana picks up her padd, stands and begins to walk away. Untroubled, Entek calls after her.

ENTEK

You should reconsider. I've been watching you - in fact, it would be fair to say I've come to know you well since the reception. And I'm convinced you would be an extraordinary operative.

Iliana turns back to him, furious despite herself.

ILIANA

You don't know me at all.

Entek smiles. She is responding exactly how he wanted.

ENTEK

Only child of Legate Tekeny Ghemor of Central Command, and First Tier Inquisitor Kaleen Ghemor of the Central University. A child of privilege, raised in the comfort and security of the ruling class. You consider yourself an idealist, concerned primarily with art and music and abstract learning. But these pursuits are primarily to fill the void of real purpose in your life. Essentially, you give

the appearance of dissent without actually practising it in your everyday life, lest doing so cost you the comfortable existence to which you've grown accustomed.

Iliana is dumbfounded by all this, and not a little insulted. Entek carries on regardless.

ENTEK (cont)

You've recently become betrothed to your childhood friend and current lover, Glinn Ataan Rhukal, who is on a five-year tour of duty on Bajor as a member of the personal staff of Gul Pirak. You worry that your relationship will not survive the separation, but you believe that your mutual feelings will ultimately prove stronger. You enjoy the feel of his breath on your neck ridges... especially the right side.

Entek is done for the moment, his point proved.

ILIANA

If you really believe all that, why would you want someone like me in the Order? It sounds as if you have ample reason to arrest me rather than recruit me.

ENTEK

That option was considered at some length. But you have far too much potential, Iliana. I know your concerns about Cardassia - and Bajor - are genuine. I share those concerns. I'm merely offering you an opportunity to be part of the solution.

ILIANA

First you flatter me, then you humiliate me, now you appeal to my

sense of patriotism. How soon  
should I expect you to threaten my  
loved ones?

ENTEK

Not for some time, I hope.

Entek sits back, smiling, relaxed and completely confident of himself here. Iliana is thrown by his accusations, but is trying not to react to him. She turns on her heel and stalks away. He watches her go, quite calm.

**13    INT. ILIANA'S STUDENT ROOM**

A typical college dorm room, with clothes and books, drawings and half-finished sculptures. Cardassian, but easy-going Cardassian.

Iliana sits at her desk, working with some dissatisfaction on a clay bust of her own face.

TEKENY (o.s.)

Hello, Iliana. May I come in?

She turns, surprised, to see her father in the doorway. She jumps to her feet and rushes to embrace him. He is rather uncomfortable - he has bad news to deliver, but doesn't want to hurt her with it.

ILIANA

Father! It's so good to see you!  
Is mother here too?

TEKENY

She's home. I came alone because I  
needed to speak with you.

Iliana is momentarily perplexed. But understanding dawns, and she steps back, her face falling to slack shock.

ILIANA

(whisper)  
Ataan's dead.

TEKENY

Word came from Bajor this morning.

She turns away, looking blankly at her room. The sculptures and artwork. All of a sudden, none of it means anything.

ILIANA  
How did it happen?

TEKENY  
Preliminary indications are that Bajoran terrorists somehow breached Gul Pirak's security perimeter and planted a bomb outside his window while he slept. The entire east wing of the house was destroyed. I'm so sorry.

She continues to stare, empty of emotion. She reaches out to the clay bust of her own face and slashes her fingers through it, crushing it and ripping it until it is a lump of useless, formless mush.

**14**    **CLOSE ON DOOR**

A dull, grey metallic door opens. Entek is standing there, having just opened it.

**15**    **ON ILIANA**

Who is standing outside, having just knocked on the door. Her face is blank, emotionless. She has killed any feeling inside herself.

**16**    **ON ENTEK**

He smiles with sympathy. He is not surprised to see her.

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**17 INT. DS9 - OPS CENTRE**

Kira's office door is firmly closed. But gathered at the Ops table are Dax, Nog, Bowers, Bashir and Tenmei. They keep their voices down as the business of Ops goes on.

DAX

Okay. How do we stand with the neuro-pulse device to reverse Taran'atar's brainwashing?

BASHIR

We learned a great deal from the data Vaughn brought from Harkoum. Leishman thinks she's close to modifying a combadge to transmit the pulse. It would still need to be activated within five meters of Taran'atar to work, though.

DAX

Good work. Nog, where are we with the dimensional com-link?

NOG

Slow going, to be honest. I need to build the transport unit, test it, then take it apart again to adapt it for communications.

DAX

Do the best you can. But I also want you to construct a second working unit so that we can make crossovers ourselves, if the captain decides that's necessary. Sam, work with Nog on preparing a defence against the devices.

BOWERS

You're expecting an attack?

DAX

I have no idea what to expect. I just want to be prepared for any contingency. Prynne, I need you to work on the *Rio Grande*.

TENMEI

(confused)

There's nothing wrong with the *Rio Grande*.

DAX

I know, but there are two ways of getting between the two universes. One is this dimensional transport module. The other was a fluke of somehow ending up there during a passage the *Rio Grande* made through the wormhole. Somewhere in that runabout's systems there's a clue as to why that happened. I need you to find it.

TENMEI

You can count on me, Lieutenant.

DAX

I know that too. Alright everyone - get to work. And keep me posted.

The rest of them break up and head to their assignments. Dax leans across the table with a heavy sigh. She glances up to Kira's office again - the door is still closed.

A turbolift arrives, and Dax turns to watch Sisko rise into Ops. He proudly wears brightly coloured clothes, which Dax grimaces at as he walks down to meet her in the middle.

DAX

My gods, who dresses you these days?

SISKO

I'll have you know this is my daughter's favourite, old man.

DAX  
She's not even a year old yet.

SISKO  
And already she has impeccable  
taste.  
(awkward pause)  
So how are things around here?

DAX  
They've been better. Have you  
heard about Commander Vaughn?

SISKO  
Word's gotten around.

DAX  
I'm glad you're here, Benjamin. If  
you ask me, Kira really needs a  
friend right now.

SISKO  
Most captains do. More often than  
they'd like to admit. But  
especially at times like this.

He looks up at the closed door, takes a deep breath, and  
climbs the steps to the doors. They OPEN...

MATCH CUT TO:

**18**    **INT. TRAINING ROOM**

Entek ENTERS through another pair of doors into an Obsidian  
Order training room. In it stands Iliana, blindfolded and  
standing by a tray of various technological components.

She sorts through them by touch, muttering under her breath  
as she does. Order agent LIMOR (8x09) observes and records  
her progress, while Entek watches with satisfaction.

ILIANA  
Main circuit plate. Rodinium  
collar. Superconducting emitter  
crystal. Waveguide amplifier.

She sorts some of these items into one pile, discarding the rest, continuing to announce each one as she does so.

ILIANA

(*sotto*)

Spiral wave accelerator. Energy  
flow regulator. Emission unit  
housing. Control interface.

The correct components gathered, she begins to assemble them piece by piece, by touch and memory alone. Entek and the other agent exchange an impressed glance.

ILIANA

Targeting sensor. Memory solid.  
Micro-forcefield inductors.  
Coolant module. Safety lock.  
Handgrip.

(louder)

Done!

She lifts the finished object - a Cardassian HAND PHASER - and points it directly at Entek. Limor clicks off his timing device, and Iliana removes her own blindfold.

LIMOR

A new record.

ENTEK

Well done, Iliana. You've beaten  
your previous personal best.  
However, next time -

LIMOR

(interrupting)

You misunderstand, sir. I meant  
that Trainee Ghemor set a new  
record for the organisation, not  
just for herself.

Entek looks at Iliana, who is still pointing the finished phaser and staring right at him. He is impressed, and also just a tiny bit resentful. Off Iliana's small smirk...

MATCH CUT TO:

19 INT. DS9 - KIRA'S OFFICE

... Kira's unhappy face, looking up from her desk computer as Sisko ENTERS. She is obviously still having some issues. He is somewhat tentative, sensitive to her emotional state.

KIRA

I just got off the comm with the Vedek Assembly. Thank you for speaking to them on my behalf.

SISKO

My pleasure. I'm just relieved you aren't asking to use the Orb of Time again. Are you sure you still want to go through with this?

KIRA

The Orb of Memory might be my best shot at finding out the truth. I was going to leave straight away. Do you want a lift back to Bajor?

SISKO

Not just yet. Still some things I need to do here. I'll probably still be here when you get back.

Kira pauses, and opens up a little to her old friend.

KIRA

Thanks for staying close while I get back on my feet, Benjamin. After what happened... it's been hard for me to trust anyone.

SISKO

That's understandable. But you're going to have to deal with those feelings sooner or later. And you've got good people here.

KIRA

So what do you do when one of them disappoints you?

SISKO

There's no single answer to that.  
Each situation is unique, and you  
just have to work through them.

KIRA

I'm not reconsidering the  
station's command structure, if  
that's what you mean. I'd have to  
be quite the hypocrite to fire my  
first officer for acting on his  
own authority, wouldn't I?

SISKO

(smirk)

If you're expecting me to argue...

Kira sits back in her seat, heavy and pensive. She slumps  
over her desk, then looks back up at Sisko.

KIRA

You know, looking back, I honestly  
don't know how you ever put up  
with me. Seriously, how did you  
and I ever get past some of the  
stunts I pulled over the years?

SHAKAAR (v.o.)

What the hell were you thinking,  
Nerys?!

CUT TO:

**20    INT. RESISTANCE CAVES**

The hideout of the Shakaar resistance cell, as in 5x19.  
SHAKAAR himself is haranguing a younger, resistance-era  
Kira while other resistance EXTRAS stay out of their way.

SHAKAAR

Look, you did good out there, I'm  
not denying that. But you've been  
taking a lot of risks lately.  
We've lost too many people to put  
up with anyone's recklessness.

Young Kira puts her hands on her hips, full of contrarian attitude. Full of old Kira fire and split-second temper.

KIRA

This is about Dakhana, isn't it?

SHAKAAR

I never mentioned Dakhana. But isn't it interesting that she's the first thing that came to mind?

KIRA

If you're gonna blame me for what happened to her, then just do it!

SHAKAAR

*Kosst* it, Nerys, no-one blames you for what happened to Dakhana - except you! We were lucky more of us didn't die on that raid.

KIRA

Aren't you the one who says we're in this fight for a cause that's more important than our lives?

SHAKAAR

That doesn't mean I expect us to throw those lives away.

KIRA

That's not what I was doing!

SHAKAAR

Maybe not yet, but that's the direction you're headed, and I won't stand for it. Bajor has produced enough martyrs already.

SISKO (v.o.)

But we both know this isn't about you and me, or even you and Vaughn. This is about guilt.

CUT TO:

Kira and Sisko, still where they were. Kira gazes at Sisko, whose gentle voice is hitting uncomfortably close to home.

SISKO (cont)

The misguided notion that this was all your fault. Either because you were out of action, or because Taran'atar was compromised on your watch... or you blame yourself for trusting him in the first place.

KIRA

Julian is certain that Taran'atar only attacked me and Ro because he was under some kind of control. And I keep asking myself... what if he's wrong? What if this was inevitable from the start?

SISKO

Nerys, the *Defiant* returned with not one single casualty. Ensign Tenmei spent two solid days with him, fighting him all the way. Vaughn attacked him with a full Starfleet team, in personal hand-to-hand combat. The only way any of our people survived that, is if Taran'atar was fighting every instinct he had to kill them.

KIRA

Then why did he try to kill me?

SISKO

You look exactly like the woman who's controlling him. Maybe he just lashed out, because on some level he knew he was compromised, and he associates your face with what's been done to him.

As Kira ponders that troubling thought...

22 EXT. BAJORAN WOODS - DUSK

A PUNCH flies at Iliana's face. She fights a young Bajoran WOMAN, a brutal battle with whatever comes to hand.

Entek stands just out of the way. He is holding a large padd - the one Iliana was drawing on at University.

ILIANA

You had no right -

Iliana SLAMS the pipe she is holding against her opponent's hand, smashing the bones. The woman SHRIEKS from the pain.

ENTEK

I have every right. More, I have an obligation. This was a gift from your mother. You rejected it - discarded it. Why?

Iliana swings the pipe downwards towards the woman's skull. It CLANGS loudly as it is blocked by the woman's knife.

ILIANA

Because it only serves to remind me of the time I wasted before joining the Order.

The Bajoran woman KICKS at Iliana's stomach, winding her and making her drop her pipe.

ENTEK

Are you really so ashamed of the person you were? Is there nothing left of her in you?

The Bajoran woman LUNGES, STABS her knife between Iliana's neckbones. Iliana BELLOWS, but grabs the woman's damaged hand. She SQUEEZES, crushing the broken bones.

The Bajoran woman stumbles back. Iliana advances. She grabs the fallen knife and FLINGS it at the Bajoran woman.

The Bajoran turns, trying to run away. The knife HITS her in the back of the neck, slicing in deep. She collapses forward to the ground, dead. Iliana watches, emotionless.

ENTEK  
Computer, end program.

The forest around them vanishes, replaced by...

**23**    **INT. TRAINING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)**

The room we saw earlier. It was all holographic. Iliana looks down, and the Bajoran woman's body is still there.

ILIANA  
She was real...

ENTEK  
I thought it was about time you faced an opponent who was serious about killing you. Only then could I be sure if you were ready.

ILIANA  
An assignment?

ENTEK  
As of this moment, yes.

ILIANA  
Who was she?

ENTEK  
A recently captured terrorist. Quite a ferocious one, too. Her name was Dakhana. She obligingly provided the information for your assignment.

**24**    **ON MONITOR**

A Cardassian intelligence report on Occupation-era Kira, featuring a screen-cap of her face.

ENTEK (o.s.)  
Kira Nerys. A member of the Shakaar resistance cell, based in Dakhur province.

25 **ANGLE**

Entek and Iliana stand at the screen in the training room. Iliana gazes at Kira's image, intrigued and disquieted.

ILIANA  
She looks like me...

ENTEK  
It's fascinating, really. Order scientists have identified a number of morphologies common to more than one Cardassoid species. It comes in very handy.

ILIANA  
(understanding)  
Infiltration.

ENTEK  
(nods)  
Achieving the level of trust this assignment requires will be much easier if you believe yourself to actually be one of them...

ILIANA  
For that to work, you'll need the real Kira alive - at least until the memory transfer is done.

Entek smiles a small smile of satisfaction.

ENTEK  
We're working on that right now.

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**26    INT. ELEMSPUR CELLS**

A stone prison cell, enough for four prisoners. Occupation-era Kira comes back to consciousness on the floor. She has been beaten badly, clothes tattered and face bruised.

YELN (o.s.)  
Easy, take it easy.

A middle-aged Bajoran man, YELN, gently helps her to sit up. He hands her a damp rag - the only source of water in the place. She wrings a few drops of water into her mouth.

KIRA  
Thanks. Where am I?

YELN  
Elemspur Detention Centre. They  
dumped you in here yesterday.  
You've been out the entire time.

She looks around - one man is huddled in a corner, rocking himself back and forth and whimpering under his breath.

KIRA  
What happened to him?

YELN  
They kept him awake for four days,  
because they thought he knew  
something about the resistance.  
Then they beat him unconscious  
when he wouldn't talk. When he  
woke up, they started again,  
except that they cut off another  
finger every time he dozed.  
(beat)  
So what did you do to piss off the  
spoonheads?

KIRA  
Wrong place at the wrong time.

YELN

Yeah. Weren't we all.

Three Cardassian military officers deactivate the electric gate at the door to the cell. They open it, and step in with weapons drawn. Kira sneers as she gets to her feet.

TARRIK

Kira Nerys - you have been found guilty of numerous acts of terrorism and homicide. Trial to confirm this verdict has been waived. The sentence is death, to be carried out following medical interrogation.

The lead officer - TARRIK - starts towards Kira. She squares up, ready for a fight. But before she can, Yeln jumps in between them and pushes the Cardassian away.

YELN

No! Leave her alone!

Tarrik PUNCHES Yeln hard - the old man goes down bleeding. Then the Cardassian turns and GRABS Kira by the throat.

TARRIK

Behave, or I'll gas everyone in this room.

Fuming, Kira does as she is told, for the moment.

TARRIK

You know, from the way they talk about you, I expected more of a fight. I'm almost disappointed. Still, I'm not taking any chances.

Tarrik brings up a hypospray. But as he loosens his grip on her throat, she HEAD BUTTS him as hard as she can. He BELLOWS in pain, his hands flying to his bleeding nose.

While he is distracted, Kira GRABS the phaser from his belt. She FIRES it at one of the other guards, hitting him right in the face and killing him outright.

In the chaos, she makes a run for the open door. But as she reaches it, there is a HISS of hypo to her neck. She slumps into the arms of the final guard. Yeln and the rest cower.

TARRIK  
(holding his nose)  
Get her to Entek! Now!

Off Kira as she fades out...

**27**    **INT. ILIANA'S BEDROOM**

...to Iliana's face - except that it is now Kira's face. She has had her surgery, and looks Bajoran.

PULL BACK to reveal that we have been looking at Iliana in a mirror, in a sparse utilitarian Obsidian Order bedroom. She inspects herself - new skin, new teeth, new hair, the familiar eyes. She tests her hand, makes sure it is real. (Match with similar scene from 9x04 "The Officers' Club.")

Entek appears, reflected behind her in the room. She doesn't turn, but just keeps gazing at her reflection.

ENTEK (o.s.)  
Iliana?

ENTEK (o.s.)  
How do you feel?

ILIANA  
Strange - almost... reborn. The clay is fired - I am now what you needed me to be. I made the recording, as you suggested. I just hope it helps.

ENTEK  
Don't worry. You won't be under cover for long - a year at most. And when we're ready, another agent will contact you, inject you with the desegranine to reactivate your original identity, and then you can come home.

ILIANA  
That will be nice.

ENTEK  
This is an important assignment  
you've been tasked with, Iliana.  
In fact, without you, there is no  
assignment. I could make it an  
order, but I'm choosing to make  
this voluntary. Are you sure?

ILIANA  
(frowns)  
Why would you ask?

ENTEK  
Because I need to know you're  
taking this assignment for no  
other reason than to do your part  
in service to Cardassia.

ILIANA  
Of course, absolutely.

ENTEK  
In that case, there's one more  
thing you need to know.

He produces a padd from a pocket, and hands it to Iliana.  
She takes it in her strange new hand, begins to read it.

**28 INSERT - THE PADD**

Kira's resistance intelligence file again - but with a new  
section, one that is headed "Known Terrorist Activities."

**29 BACK TO SCENE**

Iliana reads the report, her face hardening from thoughtful  
to emotionless and cold.

ILIANA  
Gul Pirak's compound... the Order  
identified the Shakaar resistance  
cell as the ones who attacked it.

(beat)  
Kira... killed Ataan.

Entek says nothing, just lets her absorb it. She turns to him, firm and resolute.

ILIANA  
When do we begin?

**30    INT. OPERATING THEATRE**

Bajoran Iliana perches nervously on a bio-bed, in a medical smock. At the head end is the complex machinery to transfer her memories. Entek waits nearby, plus various MED-TECHS.

Doors OPEN and the real Kira is wheeled in on a gurney, semi-conscious and woozy. Tarrik barges in after her, still cradling his bloodied and broken nose.

TARRIK  
Mister Entek, I demand that the prisoner be returned to my custody after the procedure.

Entek keeps his eyes on Kira, guiding the gurney to a position next to Iliana's bio-bed, busying himself.

ENTEK  
A word of advice, Glinn Tarrik. Never presume to issue demands to a senior operative of the Obsidian Order.

TARRIK  
That terrorist just killed one of my men!

ENTEK  
And bloodied you quite thoroughly, from the look of it. Which says as much to me about the quality of staff at this facility as it does the prisoner. Now get out of my sight. As of this moment, this Bajoran is property of the Order.

Annoyed but powerless, Tarrik turns and stomps back out. Entek sighs and rolls his eyes, long-suffering. Iliana smirks, sharing the joke with him.

ENTEK

This is why I never joined the military.

ILIANA

I think you rather enjoyed that.

ENTEK

I always said you were perceptive.

ILIANA

(re Kira)

What are you going to do with her?

ENTEK

(shrug)

After she's terminated? Probably file her in the Order archives.

Iliana shrugs too - it doesn't really matter. She takes a deep breath and lies back on her bio-bed, her head fitting neatly inside the apparatus. The med-techs begin fussing around, making connections.

ENTEK

I'm going to give you a sedative now - a mild one. You'll feel drowsy. It's perfectly normal. Don't fight it.

ILIANA

I understand.

ENTEK

Iliana... I'm going to miss you.

ILIANA

I know. Now stop stalling.

Entek gently reaches in and touches a hypospray to her neck. As Iliana begins to drift off, we **CROSS-FADE TO:**

**31**     **SERIES OF SCENES**

Fading in and out across each other, as various memories come and go...

-- Looking down on the two bio-beds, disheveled real Kira on the left, transformed and polished Iliana on the right, as the med-techs move around just out of sight.

-- Kira's semi-conscious head lolls to her left, and she frowns as she sees the identical face next to her.

-- Kira as a child, crying as her mother Meru is taken away (from 6x17 "Wrongs Darker Than Death or Night").

-- The smiling faces of Lupaza and Furel, battling to control their skimmer (8x12 "Demons of Air and Darkness").

-- Semi-conscious Iliana looks to her right, making eye-contact with the identical face by her side.

-- Shakaar rages at Kira, frustrated.

-- At the party, Dukat leers at Iliana...

                  ENTEK (o.s.)  
                  (angry)  
                  What are you doing here, Dukat?

**32**     **INT. OPERATING THEATRE**

Both woozy and half-there, Iliana and Kira both react to the voice. From their hazy, sedated POVs on their bio-beds, they can see that DUKAT himself really is in the room with them, and Entek is arguing with him strenuously.

                  DUKAT  
                  This operation is finished, Entek.

                  ENTEK  
                  (scoff)  
                  It's barely begun! And you are  
                  outside your jurisdiction. This is  
                  Order business - you have no  
                  authority here.

DUKAT

On the contrary. I am still the prefect of this quaint little corner of the Union, and my authority here is absolute.

(to the med-techs)

Clear this room! Now!

Nervously, the techs bow their heads and leave. By this time Kira and Iliana (who are both now effectively Kira) know who Dukat is, and are suitably confused and terrified. Tarrik has also returned to the room, sneering at Entek.

DUKAT

Listen very carefully, Entek. Leave now. Return to Cardassia and tell Enabran Tain that everything went as planned. Refuse to follow my instructions, and I will inform Central Command and your lovely protégé here precisely who was responsible for allowing the Shakaar cell to attack Gul Pirak's home, killing him and so many other loyal soldiers... just so that one promising young woman would be turned to the Order.

ENTEK

You're bluffing.

DUKAT

Don't be naive.

ENTEK

Even if I agreed to this, my superiors will never believe my report without Kira's body.

Dukat grabs a hypospray, jams it at the real Kira's neck - she flinches away uselessly - and draws a vial of her blood. That done, he shoves the hypospray at Entek.

DUKAT

Make one.

Entek fumes a moment longer, then finally relents. He snatches the hypo from Dukat and leaves the room. Tarrik, meanwhile, has approached the still half-conscious Iliana, who flinches back from this unfamiliar Cardassian face.

TARRIK

Sir, this one's awake.

DUKAT

Sedate her. She has a long journey ahead of her, and she's going to need her rest.

TARRIK

What about the Bajoran?

DUKAT

I want her memories of the last seven days altered. She's to believe she's been in the Dakhur hills the entire time, hiding from Cardassian patrols. Give her back her clothes and belongings and leave her somewhere safe. Make certain you aren't seen.

The real Kira looks to her left again, seeing her opposite number. She watches Tarrik grab another hypospray and press it against the terrified Iliana's neck. As Iliana closes her eyes, Kira is confused. Who is this other person?

But then a shadow passes over. She looks up to see Dukat looming. She freaks out as much as she can through her sedation. He caresses her face, whispers directly to her.

DUKAT

You'll never know how close you came, Nerys. I sincerely hope you won't waste this second chance. You're so very much like Meru... and whether you know it or not... I'll always be watching.

The image is overtaken in a WASH of bluish colour, the energy of an Orb. And the colour wipes us out, into...

**33**    **INT. MONASTERY - PRAYER ROOM**

The Orb energy swirls back into the Orb itself, which turns calmly in its ark. Hands reach in to close the box - Opaka. She turns to Kira, who kneels on the ground before the box.

OPAKA

(gently)

Did you find what you sought?

Kira is still sorting it all out, amazed and appalled, trying to make sense of what the Prophets have shown her.

KIRA

He knew about me... he knew I was Meru's daughter. He knew I was in the resistance. He knew all along, and he pretended he didn't. He was... protecting me.

Opaka isn't sure what Kira is talking about, but it is impolite to pry. She lets Kira work it out for herself.

KIRA

She was wearing my face. She had my memories. So what did Dukat do with her?

Off Kira's confused expression...

MATCH CUT TO:

**34**    **INT. LETAU CELL**

Iliana, who now looks like Kira and believes she is Kira, JERKS awake on a cot in another prison cell. This one is comparatively nice, with clean walls, toilet facilities against one wall, but no window. She is alone in this one.

While she is still groggy, we hear in the background the BUZZ of a force field dropping, then reactivating, and slow and steady FOOTSTEPS entering the cell.

DUKAT (o.s.)

Good morning.

Iliana looks up and sees Dukat standing across the room. Instantly raging, she LEAPS off the bed, ready to attack him. But she is still groggy, and collapses to her knees.

DUKAT

An excellent start. Tell me, what do you remember?

She SPITS in his face. He sighs, calmly wipes it away, then GRABS her by the throat and DRAGS her to her feet.

DUKAT

What... do you... remember?

ILIANA-as-KIRA

I remember every dead Bajoran whose *pagh* cries out for justice.

Dukat smiles, and lets her go. She collapses on the cot.

DUKAT

Perfect. I must say I appreciate your not pretending to be some innocent victim of circumstance. People spend too much time denying themselves, don't you agree...  
(testing it out)  
... Nerys?

ILIANA-as-KIRA

Not much point in that, is there? You obviously know who I am. And I've been in this gods-forsaken place for seven days.

DUKAT

Ah - you still think you're in Elempur. No, no. This isn't just any jail. You aren't on Bajor anymore. Or Terok Nor. This is the maximum security prison on Letau, the innermost moon of Cardassia Prime, and this room is its deepest cell. It's kind of a... special project of mine.

ILIANA-as-KIRA

Whatever you think this is going to get you, you can forget it. I'd die before I tell you anything.

DUKAT

Oh Nerys, I'm not interested in information, and certainly not in seeing you die. I plan to ensure you'll live a long, long life. You see, I have a special interest in your case, and very... personal reasons for bringing you here.

Iliana gulps. This is getting very bad.

DUKAT

I watched Kira Nerys grow up. And long ago, I made a promise to someone very dear to me that she would remain safe.

He steps closer, and slowly, deliberately, unclasps the front of his uniform. She pushes back as far as she can into the wall, but there is nowhere to go. He comes closer, leering horribly, continuing to unfasten his uniform.

ILIANA-as-KIRA

I'll kill you...

DUKAT

No, you won't. You are right about one thing though... I know exactly who you are.

As Dukat's shadow looms large over Iliana, blacking out the image, and we hear him growl and her SCREAM...

BLACK OUT:

**THE END**