

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

## 14x01 - "Siren"

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 19x01 - "HOUSE OF MIRACLES"

Captain Bruce Maddox (TNG "Measure of a Man") calls *Enterprise* to the Daystrom Institute Annex on Galor IV - he needs the help of LaForge to save B-4's life. The android's primitive brain is overloading with Data's downloaded memories, but removing them would be effectively killing all that is left of Data. There has to be a way to save them both. Before *Enterprise* can reach Galor, Maddox's lab is attacked and B-4 stolen, along with the android corpses of Lore and Lal, which were also stored there. Clearly someone is interested in Soong-type androids. On arrival, *Enterprise* takes charge of the investigation. While Worf deals with the planetary governor, LaForge and Choudhury learn that, despite the professional job, an alarm sounded before the raiders had finished, or else no-one would ever have known. Meanwhile, regular surveillance scans of the planet turn up a familiar face - Data himself, if he were human...

### VOY 12x01 - "PERFECT LIGHT"

Admiral Kathryn Janeway has been ordered back to Earth to justify the continued existence of the Full Circle fleet. But first there is a memorial to conduct - for the four ships and 700 crew who died in the Omega Continuum. Seven, Kim and Conlon create a real-time long-distance holo-link to share the service with family and crew back home. Former *Quirinal* captain Regina Farkas rebukes Janeway about the consequences of her actions, blaming her for the entire Borg Invasion. A strangely cold EMH asks to extract some of Seven's catoms to experiment on. After the memorial, *Galen* sets course back to Earth with Janeway and the EMH on board, while *Voyager* and *Demeter* remain in the Gamma Quadrant. Chakotay is upset that Janeway is leaving so soon after their reunion. He demands his crew find a mission to prove the fleet is still worthwhile. Kim decides to follow up on the mysterious waveform from VOY "Twisted"...

## TEASER

FADE IN:

### 1 INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA - CORRIDOR

A RED ALERT light flashes urgently, keeping rhythm with a wailing SIREN. Ugly dark SMOKE drifts across it, as scared VOICES chatter in the background, and the sound of PHASERS.

Ensign FYYL, a young male Bolian engineering officer fresh out of Starfleet Academy, runs down the corridor waving the smoke away. He is verging on panic - this situation is much more than he ever wanted or expected to face.

Ahead of him, at the end of the corridor, the PRESSURE DOOR is starting to rumble closed. Not wanting to end up trapped in this narrow, creaking corridor, Fyyl dashes for the door and DIVES for the shrinking gap between it and the deck...

### 2 INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA - JUNCTION ROOM

Fyyl skids across the floor, CRASHING into the far wall of this small boxy space with an OOF. He scampers to his feet, reaches quickly for the COMPUTER PANEL in the wall, working it even as the red alert sirens continue to wail elsewhere.

FYYL

This is Ensign Fyyl, reporting  
section twenty-three-gamma secure.  
Requesting new orders... please...  
I don't know what's going on. I  
don't know what to do!

The computer shows a graphic of the UTOPIA PLANITIA CONTROL CENTRE - a modular Starfleet design comprising a vertical tubular core with half-globes at each end, and two rings of other domed structures linked to the core by smaller tubes.

As Fyyl watches the screen, sections of the graphic turn in sequence from YELLOW to GREEN, indicating those sections have also reported in secure. Fyyl breathes in relief...

...until other sections turn instead from yellow to RED. Whatever is going on here, it is only getting worse.

**3**     **EXT. SPACE - UTOPIA PLANITIA FLEET YARDS**

The control centre hangs in space, the hull breached and ATMOSPHERE escaping from one of the narrow connecting arms.

PAN across the many starship construction frames containing half-built ships, over the red curve of MARS hanging below, readings in green ROMULAN script super-imposed as we go...

...then we ZOOM sharply and artificially to the outskirts of the facility until we find the Nova-class USS *Sparrow*, calmly patrolling. More Romulan sensor readings flow.

**4**     **INT. ROMULAN SHIP - BRIDGE**

Subcommander T'JUL, an officer whose light eyes and long chestnut hair make her stand out from the usual Romulan soldier, observes this with tense interest. The sounds and voices of a low-lit Romulan bridge continue around her...

KOZIK (o.s.)

The patrol vessel is beginning to react to the red alert...

MARIUS (o.s.)

The command centre?

KOZIK (o.s.)

They were venting atmosphere, but forcefields are now in place.

MARIUS (o.s.)

As expected. No matter, it's the first crack in the dam.

T'Jul stands taller at this news...

**5**     **INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA - CORRIDOR**

Poor terrified Ensign Fyyl dashes back into the now-sealed corridor. PHASER in hand, he pelts towards the far end, towards the SOUNDS of weapons fire and shouting voices.

Through the windows, he sees across empty space to other tube connectors, and similarly panicked scenes taking place inside them. The far door opens, Fyyl plunges through...

**6**     **INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA - CORRIDOR**

...and right into a FIREFIGHT he is in no way prepared for. He SLAMS himself against the bulkhead to avoid the criss-crossing phaser beams, flinching from the heat and light.

To one side, through the smoke, three Starfleet security FIRE their phasers. Fyyl FIRES his own weapon blindly in the same general direction, no idea what he's firing at.

Return shots blast down the corridor, catching one of the security officers - he collapses to the deck, eyes open but lifeless. Fyyl stares at him in terrified horror.

OFFICER

Fall back!

The second security OFFICER lays down covering fire towards the intruder, while the third beckons Fyyl urgently towards them. The young Bolian ducks his head and runs for cover. But as he reaches them and they begin to back away...

...An EXPLOSION fills the corridor, a WALL OF FIRE racing towards Fyyl and the security officers. They turn to run...

**7**     **INT. ROMULAN SHIP - BRIDGE**

The viewscreen of the Romulan bridge shows the station...

MARIUS (o.s.)

Increase magnification.

The viewscreen ZOOMS IN, and through the same windows they can see the wall of flame rolling down the corridor, and the doomed Starfleet officers trying to stay ahead of it.

They fail - the explosion swallows them up.

Seeing this, T'Jul briefly looks away - those officers were only doing their jobs. Then she steels herself and looks back - she is also here to do hers.

T'Jul finally turns and looks to the centre chair and the older Romulan male sitting in it - Commander MARIUS. He nods his permission, and she moves into action.

T' JUL  
Move us into position, Centurion.

KOZIK  
Yes, Subcommander.

Centurion KOZIK works his console, and the image on screen shifts as the Romulan ship moves closer to the station...

KOZIK  
Commander - internal comm traffic suggests their security forces are closing in on the operative.

T'Jul tenses - that would not be good. Another ALERT...

KOZIK  
The Starfleet patrol ship is now moving to assist, and they are charging their tractor beam -

T' JUL  
Have they detected us?

KOZIK  
I do not believe so, Subcommander. The cloaking device is operating according to specifications.

T'Jul turns towards her commander Marius, speaks softly...

T' JUL  
Commander, it is a new generation of cloak. The *Dekkona* is the first vessel to be fitted with it. There could be variables we did not -

Before Marius can respond, a new EXPLOSION briefly whites out the screen - but notably does not rock the ship.

**8     EXT. SPACE - UTOPIA PLANITIA FLEET YARDS**

The explosion has ruptured the inverted dome at the bottom of the station, all but severing it from the core. A new BALL OF FLAME billows out of the hole...

...and right towards the *Sparrow*. Shields protect the small Starfleet ship but are unable to stop it from being THROWN backwards by the force of the blast.

9 **INT. ROMULAN SHIP - BRIDGE**

Seeing the station list sideways, venting more atmosphere, running lights flickering wildly, T'Jul is alarmed.

T'JUL  
That's too soon.

MARIUS  
(urgent)  
Go. Get to the transition control room and prepare for extraction.

T'Jul leaves the bridge without another word.

10 **INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA - CORRIDOR**

Another figure runs down another dark corridor, RED ALERT lights flashing, SMOKE hissing, distant voices pursuing.

This is the one responsible for all this - a male alien, humanoid but of a species we have not seen before, bronze skin with thin white hair. He is called KAZREN, and he wears a Starfleet engineering jumpsuit (as seen in TNG).

He turns a corner into a dark and empty alcove. Not enough of a hiding place. But as the voices grow closer, he spots a service hatch in the bulkhead, close to the deck.

He grasps his phaser, steps briefly back out of the alcove and HURLS the weapon as hard as he can down the corridor. It spontaneously FIRES through the smoke as it flies.

Then Kazren crouches down, rips open the service hatch and crawls inside, curling up into a ball and pulling the hatch cover back into place to hide himself.

Half a dozen Starfleet security run down the corridor, following the phaser fire and completely missing Kazren's tiny hiding place...

11 INT. ROMULAN SHIP - CONTROL ROOM

T'Jul dashes into the room, dominated by a large platform atop which rests a complex construction of articulated metal bars, almost like a child's climbing frame.

Two junior officers - DIVELN and RIXORA - crew a standing console opposite this. T'Jul is right to business.

T'JUL  
Display the ship.

DIVELN  
Yes, Subcommander.

A screen displays a SCHEMATIC of the very ship they are on, the Mogai-class IRW *Dekkona*, pride of the Romulan fleet.

T'JUL  
Expand.

The SCHEMATIC recedes until both the *Dekkona* and the Utopia Planitia control centre can be seen. They are surprisingly close - the Romulans' cloaking device has brought them to the very heart of the Federation. T'Jul is proud of this.

RIXORA  
Subcommander - we're not picking up the operative's homing beacon.

T'JUL  
Secondary protocol then, passive sensors only. The operative's physical parameters are on file.

RIXORA  
Yes, sir. Initiating scan.

T'Jul waits nervously - she does not want to be responsible for something going wrong at this late stage. Finally...

RIXORA  
I've located the operative, sir. He's alive, near the extraction point, but stationary.

T'JUL  
Is he alone?

RIXORA  
Yes, Subcommander.

T'JUL  
Tell Commander Marius we're taking  
helm control, then take us in.

DIVELN  
Firing thrusters...

On the display, the two graphics of the Romulan ship and  
the Starfleet station grow closer... closer...

DIVELN  
Ten... nine... eight...

T'Jul watches the screen, hoping this will work...

**12 INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA - SERVICE HATCH**

Kazren curled up in his tiny hiding space, as the angry  
VOICES of Starfleet security grow closer... closer...

**13 INT. ROMULAN SHIP - CONTROL ROOM**

The graphics of the Romulan ship and the Starfleet station  
are practically bulkhead to bulkhead, about to crash...

DIVELN (o.s.)  
Six... five... four...

And then the two graphics actually CROSS, the Romulan ship  
passing THROUGH the Starfleet station. T'Jul smiles with  
small relief, but the mission is not over yet...

DIVELN  
One! Extraction point achieved,  
initiating phase transition...

On the platform, the construction of metal bars SHIFTS,  
quickly rearranging itself until it forms the shape of a  
small CUBE, big enough for a humanoid to crouch inside...

**14**    **INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA - SERVICE HATCH**

Kazren begins to GLOW, his body overtaken by a blue-green energy, something like a transporter but not quite...

**15**    **INT. ROMULAN SHIP - CONTROL ROOM**

The platform and its metal bars also GLOW, a blinding white light that forces T'Jul to wince...

...inside the cube, the blue-green energy starts to form the shape of a body, bit by bit, agonisingly slowly...

**16**    **INT. UTOPIA PLANITIA - SERVICE HATCH**

The troop of Starfleet security officers TEAR the service hatch open, but to their frustration find nothing inside.

**17**    **INT. ROMULAN SHIP - CONTROL ROOM**

The energy finally solidifies into the form of KAZREN. The glow recedes, the metal bars disengage, the frame opening out. Kazren stands tall, steps down from the platform.

KAZREN

Subcommander T'Jul... we have  
achieved our mutual objective.

He reaches into a pocket of his Starfleet jumpsuit and pulls out an isolinear chip, holds it in his palm. T'Jul gazes at this chip with a thrill of satisfaction. This is what it's all been about. She reaches out...

But Kazren SNAPS his fist closed around the chip before T'Jul can take it from him.

KAZREN

Our orders are to deliver the  
information directly to Salavat.

T'JUL

Of course.

Swallowing her frustration, T'Jul instead bends to pick up a small crate, hands it to Kazren.

T'JUL

Your suit is ready. I imagine you  
must be eager to wear it again  
after going so long without.

Kazren takes the box without a word, lays it down, enters a  
code onto its control panel - it opens with a HISS. Then he  
starts quickly stripping off his Starfleet jumpsuit.

T'Jul turns back to her subordinates...

T'JUL

Disengage from the station, then  
signal Commander Marius that we  
can proceed to the delivery point.

RIXORA

Yes, Subcommander.

As T'Jul turns back to Kazren, she sees him just snapping  
the chestplate of his suit into place.

T'JUL

You have performed a great service  
for your people and mine today,  
Trop Kazren.

As T'Jul watches, Kazren dons the final part of his suit -  
a BREEN HELMET. He replies in the usual grating Breen  
ELECTRONIC BUZZ, translated into ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES:

KAZREN

Long live the Breen Confederacy.  
Long live the Typhon Pact.

Off that...

BLACK OUT

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**18    EXT. CHATEAU THELIAN - NIGHT**

A grand chateau, built in the classic French style, sits among the lush trees and vineyards of the Loire Valley, the "garden of France". This has been the official residence of the Federation President since the early 24th Century, and is named for the famous Andorian former president Thelian.

**19    INT. CHATEAU THELIAN - SITTING ROOM**

President BACCO enters the room, where only a small lamp lights the dark wood-panels. In her 90s but still a force to be reckoned with, the human woman wears a dressing gown and slippers, and a distinctly displeased disposition.

BACCO

It's four o'clock in the morning,  
Esperanza. What the hell are you  
doing in my house?

Chief of staff PIÑIERO steps up, with Secretary SHOSTAKOVA (off-world human female, 50s) and Admiral ABRIK (Trill male, 50s) holding back and letting her take the brunt.

PIÑIERO

I apologise, Madam President, but  
there's been an incident. There  
was an explosion at the Utopia  
Planitia fleet yards.

BACCO

I swear to god, if you've woken me  
up for an industrial accident -

ABRIK

No, ma'am. In fact the preliminary  
reports suggest the yards' command  
centre was sabotaged... to conceal  
the theft of classified data.

BACCO

What data?

ABRIK  
The full schematics for quantum  
slipstream drive, ma'am.

Bacco slumps into one of the soft Chesterfield couches.

BACCO  
This is bad, isn't it?

PIÑIERO  
I would never have interrupted a  
good night's sleep if it wasn't.

BACCO  
Don't be ridiculous, I haven't had  
a good night's sleep since I took  
this job. What do we know?

ABRIK  
Not as much as we'd like, ma'am. I  
have also been unable to contact  
Admiral Akaar... no-one seems to  
know where he is.

AKAAR (o.s.)  
I'm right here, Mister Abrik.

The door opens again to reveal Admiral AKAAR, the highest  
admiral in the service. The tall Capellan wears a similar  
robe, one which does not fully cover his enormous physique.

Piñiero, Shostakova and Abrik cover their reactions as they  
realise with horror that Bacco and Akaar had been sleeping  
together. Akaar maintains perfect dignity in his shorty-  
robe, while Bacco's defiant gaze dares them to comment.

AKAAR  
You were saying, Admiral...?

ABRIK  
Umm... yes, sir. We're fairly sure  
the spy was a civilian engineer  
named Kazren. His file lists his  
species as "Dessev", but -

BACCO

Never heard of 'em.

ABRIK

Indeed, ma'am, he appears to be the first of his kind we've ever met. He gained access to Utopia Planitia's main computer using stolen credentials and specialised tools to fool the bio-sensors.

Abrik passes a PADD to Bacco. Akaar leans over to see...

**INSERT - THE PADD**

A VIDEO CLIP, as taken by the USS *Sparrow*, showing the hull breach venting atmosphere, the first explosion that killed Ensign Fyyl, and the larger explosion that sent the *Sparrow* itself rolling and causing the recording to cut off.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bacco and Akaar receive this with anger and stoicism.

ABRIK

The first explosion helped him to evade capture while he transmitted a locator signal. The second seems intended to disable the station's shields and cover his beam-out.

AKAAR

Beam-out? To where?

ABRIK

Sensor readings from the station itself and from its patrol vessel the USS *Sparrow* suggest... that a cloaked Romulan vessel was waiting nearby to pick Kazren up.

BACCO

How the hell did a cloaked vessel get past our perimeter defences all the way into Mars orbit?

ABRIK

(re the padd)

Judging by those readings, I'd say the Romulans have put phasing cloaks into active service.

AKAAR

If so, they could be roaming at will throughout Federation space.

PIÑIERO

That's true, sir, but there is a bigger problem. If the Typhon Pact develops their own version of the slipstream drive, we lose the only tactical advantage we have left.

AKAAR

(stands tall)

If you'll excuse me, ma'am, I should contact Starfleet.

BACCO

Yes, thank you, Leonard. You can use the comm in the study.

AKAAR

Admiral Abrik, join me.

Akaar heads back through the door; Abrik follows. Bacco hauls herself upright and heads to a different door...

BACCO

The replicator is calling, ladies. Accompany me to the kitchen.

The three women exit together...

**20    INT. CHATEAU THELIAN - KITCHEN**

At the replicator in the wall, Bacco orders...

BACCO

Decaf coffee, French roast, black and hot.

PIÑIERO

Decaf?

BACCO

You can thank my doctor for that.

Bacco reaches in and picks up the mug, warming her hands on it. Then she leads Piñiero and Shostakova over to the large dining table, and they all perch on stools around it.

BACCO

Ms Shostakova, you've been awfully quiet. Is this as bad as Starfleet says, or are they over-reacting?

SHOSTAKOVA

I don't think they've exaggerated the threat, Madam President.

BACCO

How likely is it that the Typhon Pact was really behind this?

SHOSTAKOVA

Extremely likely. They're the only power in local space with both the resources and the motivation to perpetrate such an act.

BACCO

But I thought this new Romulan Praetor - what's her name?

PIÑIERO

Kamemor, ma'am. Gell Kamemor.

BACCO

Yeah, her. I thought she was supposed to be, you know, sane.

SHOSTAKOVA

Maybe that was simply propaganda to get us to drop our guard. Or maybe she doesn't yet have full control of her Empire.

BACCO

That's a cheery thought for four  
in the morning.

(sigh; sips coffee)

What about this spy guy? What's a  
Dessev when it's not at home?

PIÑIERO

I've never heard that name, ma'am.

SHOSTAKOVA

He likely misrepresented himself,  
name and homeworld. Clearly, more  
stringent processes are required  
for hiring civilian employees at  
high-security facilities.

BACCO

Really? You think?

(beat)

Esperanza, initiate full security  
reviews of all personnel, civilian  
and Starfleet, at facilities that  
require higher than level five.

PIÑIERO

Yes, Madam President.

BACCO

I assume we are looking for the  
stolen schematics, yes? Digging  
into the spy's background?

(Shostakova nods)

How do we spin this for the press?

PIÑIERO

An accident, like you said. It's a  
shipyard, industrial environment.  
Mistakes happen, and sometimes  
even the best safeguards fail.

BACCO

(nods)

Okay. Tack on the usual - hearts  
go out, pledge our support, blah  
blah blah. You know the drill.

PIÑIERO

We still need to talk about the political fallout. If the Typhon Pact were behind this, Tezrene will start talking as soon as she thinks we're at a disadvantage.

SHOSTAKOVA

So how do we stop her from feeding the real story to the press?

PIÑIERO

By making her think we have some other ace up our sleeve - one so devastating she doesn't even want to know what it is, never mind see it in action, but that we're fully prepared to use if she pushes us.

BACCO

And if we end up provoking the Typhon Pact into a shooting war?

PIÑIERO

I don't think we're there yet. If they were ready to take us on head to head, they wouldn't be pulling all this cloak-and-dagger stuff.

The door opens and AKAAR re-enters, back in uniform and totally under control. ABRIK follows in his huge shadow.

AKAAR

Madam President, I've issued orders for Starfleet to step up patrols along the Romulan border. If they were involved -

SHOSTAKOVA

That ship could be bound for any number of worlds allied with the Typhon Pact, Admiral. Those plans could be anywhere - or everywhere - within a matter of days.

BACCO

Then talk to me about response plans. What's our play here? Diplomacy? Direct engagement?

PIÑIERO

(hates to say)

Neither, ma'am. I think we need to look at covert operations.

BACCO

We talking Starfleet Intelligence or Federation Security?

AKAAR

Starfleet. If it were a strictly internal matter I'd say civilian, but Starfleet is better equipped to take action on foreign soil.

ABRIK

We're also more culpable. If we send civilians to an enemy world, we can always disavow them if they get caught. If we send Starfleet personnel, that's an act of war.

AKAAR

(to Abrik)

But only we have the resources to mount an insertion and extraction mission on so short a time scale.

(to Bacco)

I assure you, Madam President, if a better option were available, I'd recommend it. But it isn't.

Bacco sits to ponder for a moment, sipping her coffee...

BACCO

Alright, Admiral. Give Starfleet Intelligence the go-ahead. If the Typhon Pact wants to build a slip-stream ship, SI is authorised to do whatever it takes to stop them.

PIÑIERO

Ma'am, I'm not sure that such a  
broad license is -

BACCO

(spins on her)

Whatever it takes, Esperanza. They  
hit us at home, killed our people,  
stole our property. If they intend  
to use it against us, I want them  
shut down with extreme prejudice.

(to Akaar)

SI is clear to proceed with a full  
sanction black op. Understood?

AKAAR

Yes, Madam President.

BACCO

Good. Now get out of my house, all  
of you. I have to bullshit the  
Federation Council about this in  
forty minutes, and I'd quite like  
to shower first.

ALL

Thank you, Madam President.

Abrik and Shostakova leave. Piñiero hovers at the door long  
enough to see Akaar place a hand of comfort on Bacco's arm,  
and Bacco place her own hand over it in silent gratitude.

Piñiero smiles, then quickly leaves before either can see  
her witness their private moment. Akaar follows her out...

...leaving Bacco alone at her kitchen table.

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**21    EXT. BAJOR - SISKO'S HOUSE - DAY**

Sisko's house sits in the Kendra valley, as seen in many previous episodes...

**22    VIDEO CLIP**

FLAMES burst out of the ragged hole in the space station, carrying burned and twisted fragments of hull into space, until our POV is overwhelmed by it and cuts to STATIC. It is the same video Bacco and Akaar watched, but judiciously edited to hide any hint of a firefight inside the station.

**CUT TO:**

**23    INT. SISKO'S HOUSE - OFFICE**

KASIDY flinches, even knowing that this is just a local news report on the SCREEN that sits on her desk. She sits in her office chair, watching as the report, starring our regular Bajoran newsreader TIANA FEEN, continues...

TIANA (screen)

That footage was recorded by the USS *Sparrow* during what Starfleet are calling a "tragic accident" at the Utopia Planitia Fleet Yards in the Terran system.

Kasidy tenses at the mention of Utopia Planitia. The screen changes to show an image of Ensign FYYL, looking incredibly young and hopeful in his official Starfleet headshot.

TIANA (o.s.)

A full casualty count has yet to be released, but it is known that Ensign Jawit Fyyl, a young officer on his first posting, was killed in the blast. His Academy tutor, Professor Miles O'Brien, called him "a promising engineer whose loss will be deeply felt."

Kasidy taps the screen to PAUSE the report and stands from the chair, trying to control her emotions - sadness, anger, frustration. She looks out the window to the back garden, where daughter REBECCA is running around without a care.

As the girl kicks her way through the fallen autumn leaves, her live-in childminder JASMINE picks her up and swings her around, leaves flying and the girl SHRIEKING with delight. Kasidy flinches again at what sounds like a scream.

Off-screen we hear the SLAM of the back door as Rebecca barrels through it and into the house, waving to Kasidy without pausing as she runs past the open office door...

REBECCA

Hi, mommy!

...on her way to her own bedroom. A moment later Jasmine appears, taking a moment to catch her breath.

JASMINE

That girl is gonna wear me out.

She looks up expecting at least a chuckle, but sees that Kasidy is not laughing. Curious, Jasmine looks past her, and sees the paused image of Ensign Fyyl. Thinking she knows the problem, Jasmine steps closer, comforting.

JASMINE

Poor kid. My old friends from the Militia told me about it. Didn't Ben used to work there as well?

Kasidy flinches all over again at her husband's name. Jasmine can see that something is on her friend's mind.

KASIDY

He did. He doesn't anymore.

JASMINE

Kas... please, what's going on? You haven't been yourself for... going on two months now. You know I'm your friend, right? You can talk to me.

Kasidy looks at Jasmine a moment, trying to decide, then closes the door to the office so Rebecca can't hear. She heads back to the screen, works the controls, brings up a new recording - the one SISKO left in 13x22 "Disconnect."

SISKO (comm)

That's why, before recording this,  
I sent a petition to the Mylea  
courthouse... filing for divorce.  
I think it's the best thing.

Kasidy pauses it again, blank faced. Jasmine's jaw drops...

KASIDY

I should have been expecting it.  
We've been drifting apart for  
years. But I honestly thought...

JASMINE

I take it Rebecca doesn't know.

KASIDY

(shakes head)

I just keep telling her Starfleet  
needs him to captain a starship...

JASMINE

Did he at least say why?

KASIDY

He believes the Prophets warned  
him that if he stayed with me, his  
life would be filled with sorrow.  
And he thinks that means Rebecca  
and me getting hurt if he's here.  
He said... that he loves us, and  
that's why he has to leave us.

JASMINE

Sounds like an excuse to me.

KASIDY

I know he believes it. Never made  
any sense to me, but he really  
believes in what they told him.

Jasmine is furious at Sisko on her friend's behalf.

JASMINE

Then maybe you should give him what he wants. If he cares more about the Prophets than his own family, he doesn't deserve one.

But she sees that Kasidy is hurting over this, and tamps down her own anger so as to not make it any worse on her.

JASMINE

I'm sorry. What do you want to do?

KASIDY

I don't know. I've played that damn message over and over. I've cried, I've screamed, I've cursed the day I ever met him...

JASMINE

But you still love him, don't you? It's okay if you do.

KASIDY

I've never met anyone like him. He's the father of my child. And Rebecca adores him. Her favourite toy is a model of a Starfleet ship he gave her the last time he...

She drifts off, stares out of the window again, at the fallen leaves on the grass, where her daughter was happy.

KASIDY

So I will give him what he wants.  
(back to Jasmine)  
But at a price.

Off Kasidy's newfound determination...

**24**    **EXT. SPACE - ROBINSON**

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

25 **INT. ROBINSON - SISKO'S QUARTERS**

The expansive captain's quarters of a Galaxy-class vessel, as seen through TNG. SISKO sits on the couch, gazing at...

**ON PERSONAL SCREEN**

The portable computer on the coffee table shows a brief repeating clip of Kasidy and Rebecca laughing together.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sisko watches the wife whose heart he broke, as she enjoys better times. Then the CHIME of the comm...

PLANTE (comm)  
Bridge to Captain Sisko.

SISKO  
Go ahead.

PLANTE (comm)  
Sorry to disturb, sir, but there's  
a comm signal, for your eyes only.

SISKO  
Send it down here, Commander.

Despite his head knowing better, Sisko's heart can't help but hope. But as Kasidy's image is wiped from the screen, it's replaced not by the real thing but by Admiral WHATLEY, grey and unrested. Sisko tries to hide his disappointment.

WHATLEY (screen)  
Captain...

SISKO  
Admiral. Good to see you.

WHATLEY (screen)  
You too, Ben. And I wish it were  
under better circumstances. But  
I'm afraid I have new orders for  
the *Robinson* and her crew.

Off Sisko's concern at that...

26 INT. ROBINSON - CONFERENCE ROOM

The same VIDEO CLIP again, this time in HOLOGRAM form, cast up over the table, Sisko's face seen through it as he sits.

As the clip repeats, we PAN around the other senior staff watching - ROGEIRO at Sisko's right hand, then SIVADEKI, UTELN and PLANTE, plus a previously unseen Cygnian female, new science officer CORALA. Finally the engineer, Otevrel male RELKDAHZ, sit-leaning in a specially designed chair.

SIVADEKI

Utopia Planitia. The Federation News Service said the explosion was an accident.

SISKO

It wasn't.

PLANTE

Then who did it? And why?

SISKO

An as-yet-unknown saboteur and spy. Whoever they were, they stole the plans for quantum slipstream.

ROGEIRO

Just what we need, after the Borg Invasion, then the Typhon Pact...

UTELN

Captain, the slipstream drive is the only thing that's allowed us to maintain the balance of power. Without it we're vulnerable.

SISKO

Vulnerable is an understatement, Mister Utehn. Starfleet believes the Romulans rescued the spy, and they're trying to flee Federation space aboard a cloaked vessel right now.

ROGEIRO

(catching on)

And as the primary patrol vessel along the Romulan border, our mission is to catch them before they get the chance to escape.

Sisko nods. All present realise what a tall order that is.

CORALA

Captain, you're saying Starfleet expects us to figure out how to track a cloaked ship?

SISKO

Not just cloaked, Lieutenant. To get as far into Federation space as it did, Starfleet believes the ship must have been using a new cloaking system - a phase cloak.

Relkdahz speaks up - a tinny scratch processed into a male-inflected voice by his combadge.

RELKDAHZ

We've known they were working on that tech for more than a decade. We assumed they'd given up.

SISKO

Apparently not. You'll have all the sensor readings Starfleet can give you, Mister Relkdahz. I want you to work with Lieutenants Utehn and Corala to come up with some way, any way to see through that cloak. That is your top priority.

CORALA

We'll do our best, sir.

SISKO

Commanders Plante and Sivadeki, your job is to come up with a search pattern.

PLANTE

Are we authorised to enter the  
Neutral Zone, Captain?

ROGEIRO

I don't advise it, sir, not with  
tensions as high as they are.

SISKO

Starfleet agrees. But as long as  
we stay in Federation space, they  
approve the use of whatever means  
are necessary to stop that ship.

UTELN

Whatever means are necessary? That  
doesn't sound good.

SISKO

It isn't.

SIVADEKI

Captain, I don't mean to sound  
negative, but space is big, and  
we're supposed to find a single  
solitary vessel that's hiding  
behind a cloak we don't even know  
how to detect? I really don't know  
how we're going to do this.

SISKO

I don't know either, Commander.  
But I do know we're sure as hell  
going to try.

Off Sisko's stern expression...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**27    EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

At long last, back to our home in the Bajoran system, with at least one Starfleet ship docked at the station...

**28    INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR**

BASHIR sits alone at a table on the upper level, hunched and closed in, nursing a *raktajino* that is long since cold. He looks down to the main floor, sees no-one he recognises.

But QUARK sees him look, and calls up loudly and cheerily across the quieter-than-usual expanse of the bar...

QUARK

Doctor! Another *raktajino* for you?

A little embarrassed at the attention, Bashir calls back...

BASHIR

No thank you, Quark.

**LOWER LEVEL**

Quark turns away and starts wiping down the bar, muttering under his breath...

QUARK

That's fine. It's not as if I'd rather have paying customers at that table.

**UPPER LEVEL**

With a small smirk, Bashir looks away casually and mutters under his own breath...

BASHIR

You should really try to remember that those doctors on Adigeon Prime gave me hearing on a par with the average Ferengi, Quark.

Bashir looks back down at the lower level again, and sees Quark FLINCH - he heard Bashir. He half-glances over his shoulder in Bashir's direction with an apologetic smile, then turns back and busies himself with cleaning.

Bashir looks back into his coffee, sighs to himself...

BASHIR

They gave me everything... except  
the ability to be happy.

He wallows a moment longer, then gets annoyed with himself and pushes the cold drink away. Gets up, turns to walk around the upper level of the bar towards the exit...

...Quark watching him as he goes...

**29    INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

Bashir emerges onto the Promenade's upper level, where the day proceeds as normal. He takes the spiral staircase, and descends to the lower level. An alien WOMAN and her young child wait patiently for him so they can take the stairs back up - Bashir nods politely to them as they pass.

The Replimat is busy with more varied aliens, all seemingly excited to be there. The Promenade itself is likewise, with the CROWDS feeling less like businesspeople on their way to work and more like tourists here to see the sights.

Bashir strolls through this, a touch bemused. Finally he reaches the INFIRMARY, just as its doors open and TENMEI exits. She spots Bashir and intercepts him...

TENMEI

Ah, there you are.

BASHIR

Lieutenant Tenmei. Have we somehow  
become a tourist attraction while  
I wasn't looking?

TENMEI

Well, it is Gratitude Festival  
time. It happens every year.

Bashir gives her an indulgent smile.

BASHIR

I'm aware of that, Lieutenant.  
Eidetic memory, remember? I just  
mean that when I first came to  
this station thirteen years ago,  
barely anyone in the Federation  
had even heard of Bajor. Now they  
take vacations here.

(pause; considers)

Have I really been here thirteen  
years? Hard to believe.

TENMEI

Hell, I've been here six. Time  
flies when you're living through  
endless crises and disasters.  
Besides, the grey suits you.

Bashir flinches at that - Tenmei gestures to the salt-and-pepper creeping into the doctor's temples and new beard.

BASHIR

That's quite enough of that, thank  
you. Were you looking for me?

TENMEI

(back to business)

Oh, yes - I wanted to talk to you  
about my father.

Bashir hesitates - he and Tenmei have had their conflicts  
before over her father, and he doesn't want to inflame them  
again. Treading on eggshells...

BASHIR

Go on...

TENMEI

Don't worry, Julian, I don't want  
to fight with you again either.  
But you know what Opaka said -  
that he was still in there.

BASHIR

Prynn... you know my feelings on this. The evidence is clear -

TENMEI

I'm not saying I trust her sixth sense over your medical equipment, but you've worked miracles before.

BASHIR

Prynn... He's comfortable, free of pain, and surrounded by hospice nurses dedicated to making sure he stays that way. My medical advice now is the same as it was a year ago - there's nothing more I can do. It's time to let him go.

Tenmei's instinct is to attack, but she gets herself under control. She knows Bashir isn't trying to be cruel.

TENMEI

I can't. I'm sorry, Julian. I just can't, not if there's still hope.

She turns and walks into the crowd. Bashir watches her go, sad. Then he enters the Infirmary.

**30    INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

It's quiet, no emergencies to handle. Bashir slumps into his seat, calls up displays on the computer.

BASHIR

Right, what have we got for the afternoon?

(reads displays)

Vaccination updates for children at station pre-school. Physicals for all Starfleet personnel with names between K and L. Health code violations in all food outlets except the Ferengi embassy.

(sigh)

So much for the excitement of frontier medicine.

CENN (comm)  
Ops to Doctor Bashir.

BASHIR  
This is Bashir. Go ahead, Major.

CENN (comm)  
The captain wants to see you in  
her office on the double, Doctor.

Bashir is intrigued - maybe there is excitement after all.  
He locks out his computer and launches up from his chair...

BASHIR  
On my way.

**31 INT. DS9 - OPS**

Bashir jumps off the turbolift as it arrives, eager for  
whatever this is. Major CENN is at the central table...

CENN  
(re the office)  
Go straight in, Doctor.

Bashir heads directly to the captain's office. He passes Lt  
CANDLEWOOD at his station - the younger science officer  
playfully mocks in a childish sing-song tone...

CANDLEWOOD  
You got called to the captain...

BASHIR  
(withering)  
John, you're thirty years old.

Bashir carries on towards the office. Candlewood sulks...

CANDLEWOOD  
(mutter)  
Mean.

Bashir reaches the captain's office. The door opens at his  
approach...

32 INT. DS9 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

...and he enters to see the recently promoted Captain RO standing to greet him. The captain's guest also rises...

RO

Thanks for coming so fast, Doctor.

Ro gestures to her other guest - BETAZOID female Cmdr DEEL, a Starfleet officer wearing a BLACK collar instead of red.

RO

This is Commander Ilirra Deel from Starfleet Intelligence.

BASHIR

(shakes her hand)

A pleasure to meet you, Commander.

DEEL

Likewise, Doctor. I've heard a lot about you. Please, take a seat.

At Ro's nod, they all sit. Bashir is rather intrigued...

RO

I hope we're not interrupting something important...

BASHIR

Oh, nothing that can't be delayed. I was talking to Lieutenant Tenmei about her father...

DEEL

Ah yes, Captain Vaughn. I was sorry to hear what happened.

BASHIR

Did you know him?

DEEL

We worked together briefly in Intelligence. I considered him something of a mentor.

Ro reacts to that a little - she felt that about him too.

RO

How is Prynne?

BASHIR

(sad smile)

Still unwilling to let him go. I can't blame her, though. She's smart enough to know what's right, but weak enough not to choose it.

(shrug)

But then that could describe any of us, at one time or another.

(brightens)

So! What can I do for Starfleet Intelligence?

DEEL

In fact I'm here to recruit you for a special assignment, Doctor.

BASHIR

Something medical in nature, I presume? Saving lives?

DEEL

Not this time, I'm afraid. This is a full-sanction covert operation, authorised by President Bacco herself. That means that whoever we send... has a license to kill.

Off Bashir's reaction to that...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**33 VIDEO CLIP**

The same video clip all over again - explosion, space station torn apart, ball of flame carrying debris towards the camera, finally cut to static.

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

Bashir, Ro and Deel watch this on Ro's desktop screen, all suitably daunted. Bashir remains tense...

BASHIR

I'm sorry but I still don't see what this has to do with me.

DEEL

(re the screen)

The moment this happened, we began analysing ship activity throughout Typhon Pact territory, looking for patterns that might suggest they were gathering components and material for building a slipstream ship. We think we've found it.

RO

In Romulan space?

Deel brings up new data on the screen - an icy PLANET.

DEEL

Actually, no. We're looking at the Breen world of Salavat. Not much more than a chunk of frozen rock, but it's been getting an awful lot of attention lately from Breen and Romulans. It's also where they've been shipping critical parts for a chroniton integrator, which is the secret to making slipstream work without slamming into planets at a thousand times the speed of light.

RO

If you know that's where they're building the prototype, why not just send in a fleet and frag the whole planet?

DEEL

Tempting, but ultimately self-defeating. We're in no condition to start a shooting war with the Typhon Pact, Captain. Besides, just because this is where they're building it doesn't mean it's the only place they're keeping the plans. But it does mean it's where they're doing their research -

BASHIR

(catching on)

And updating those plans as they figure out how to make the drive work with their ship designs.

DEEL

Very good, Doctor. That's this target's real value. We don't just want to destroy the ship - we want to sabotage the stolen data and all its back-ups. If we succeed, we can set back the Typhon Pact's slipstream research by a decade, by which time Starfleet should be back on its feet. If we fail... I don't think any of us wants to know what happens after that.

BASHIR

On that much we can agree. But I still don't see why you think I'm the right man for this job. It's hardly my area of expertise.

Deel brings up another new image - the madman ETHAN LOCKEN from 8x08 "Abyss". Bashir is not happy to be reminded...

**FLASHBACK - 8x07 "ROGUE"**

-- Romulan dead bodies half-materialised through a wall  
-- Locken smiling and polite, a pleasant older gentleman

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bashir shudders with revulsion. Deel continues unheeding...

DEEL

On the contrary Doctor. The after-action report from your mission to Sindorin suggests you're quite capable. In addition, Intelligence suffered losses to the Borg just like the rest of Starfleet. Quite frankly we don't have anyone with the skills this mission requires.

BASHIR

And what skills would those be?

DEEL

Our knowledge of the Breen is still limited. Remote observation has yielded almost no usable intel about their society or biology. Whoever we send will have to think and adapt at superhuman speeds. The cold temperatures and higher gravity on Salavat mean we need someone with great strength and endurance. And, not to put too fine a point on it, but we need someone who can fit in the suit.

BASHIR

(deep breath)

I see. Forgive me if I don't seem thrilled at the prospect of being dropped alone onto a Breen planet when you don't even have any idea what you're sending me into.

DEEL

Well, you wouldn't be going in alone. As for what you'd be going into, we've brought some experts who may be able to shed some light on that. Assuming you're willing to commit to the mission.

Bashir is clearly struggling with this. He looks to Ro for guidance, but she only shrugs.

RO  
Your call, Doctor.

DEEL  
The fact is, Doctor, we need you. Your enhanced abilities give you a better chance of surviving this mission than any other agent. If you turn us down, we'll go ahead without you... but I honestly don't like our chances.

Bashir ponders for a moment, then makes his decision.

BASHIR  
Alright, Commander. Let's go and meet your experts.

Off Bashir's determination...

**35    INT. DS9 - CARGO BAY**

...to his utter dismay at who those experts are.

BASHIR  
Oh no...

JACK (from 6x09 "Statistical Probabilities") flashes a crazy-eyed smile, rattles out his rapid-fire speech...

JACK  
Bet you weren't expecting us, were you? Hm? Hm? Hm?

Next to him, 60-year-old man-baby PATRICK bounces with excitement, gives a childish wave and a shy giggle...

PATRICK  
Hello, Julian.

Bashir JERKS as a hand grabs his ass - he turns to find sex-crazed LAUREN leaning seductively against the wall...

LAUREN  
Love the beard. Very sexy.

Bashir turns to Deel, who brought him here...

BASHIR  
I'm out.

Bashir heads for the door, but Deel grabs his shoulder...

DEEL  
I know about your history with these three, Doctor, but -

BASHIR  
Then you know they shouldn't even be here.

DEEL  
(placating)  
Let's be reasonable, Doctor. You and I both know that Jack and his friends possess remarkable insight when it comes to analysing raw intelligence. They say they have new information about the Breen - information we need, Doctor.

Bashir pauses, something occurring to him. Then he gets it.

BASHIR  
Oh, I see. The real reason you need me isn't that I'm enhanced. It's that Jack and his friends won't reveal their information to anyone but me.  
(to Jack etc)  
Isn't it?

JACK  
(manic applause)  
Bravo, Julian! Well done! Way to  
use those synapses!

BASHIR  
This is ridiculous...

JACK  
This is life and death, Doctor!

Everyone flinches at Jack's deafening outburst. He cringes.

JACK  
Sorry.

DEEL  
I know this looks bad, especially  
after that unfortunate business  
with the Dominion...

As Bashir remembers...

**FLASHBACK - 6x09 "STATISTICAL PROBABILITIES"**

-- Jack PUNCHES Bashir, he falls to the deck unconscious  
-- Bashir and security catch Jack *et al* in the corridor

**BACK TO SCENE**

Deel continues...

DEEL  
(continuing)  
...but where our people hadn't  
made any progress in years, they  
made breakthroughs in mere hours.

Deel steps close, speaks *sotto*, calm but firm, bringing her  
authority to bear...

DEEL  
I could have Starfleet Command  
make it an order, Doctor. But I'd  
rather you consent to help us.

Feeling trapped, Bashir looks to the three savants. Jack shrugs. Patrick giggles. Lauren blows him a kiss.

BASHIR

Fine. Let's get it over with.

Jack pokes Lauren on the arm repeatedly...

JACK

See? See? Told you he'd do it.  
Told you. Knew he would. Said so.

Lauren rolls her eyes and struts off to safety. Only mildly chastened, Jack turns to Patrick and pokes him instead.

JACK

See? Told you.

BASHIR

(already  
regretting this)

How long is this briefing supposed  
to take?

DEEL

A few hours at least. They tell me  
there's a lot to go through.

Lauren reclines on a couch and seductively pats the space beside her.

LAUREN

You should make yourself...  
comfortable, Julian.

Julian resists the urge to roll his own eyes...

BASHIR

I'm sure I'll be fine, thank you  
Lauren. We should get to work.

DEEL

Just a moment, Doctor. They should  
brief your mission partner at the  
same time. No point going through  
it all twice.

(taps combadge)  
Ready to start when you are.

VOICE (comm)  
Coming.

Bashir recognises the voice with alarm. It *can't* be. But a glance at the Jack Pack shows them smiling knowingly...

The cargo bay door opens, and SARINA strides confidently in. The fourth member of the Jack Pack is now strong and graceful, and she wears the same Starfleet uniform as Cmdr Deel - with the black collar. Bashir gazes in amazement...

**FLASHBACK - 7x05 "CHRYSALIS"**

-- Bashir and Sarina kiss on the star-backed Promenade  
-- Sarina walks into the airlock, leaving Bashir forever

**BACK TO SCENE**

Miraculously back in his life, Sarina smiles at Bashir...

SARINA  
Hello, Julian.

Bashir can only reply in a tiny, quaking voice...

BASHIR  
Hello, Sarina.

In the background, Lauren leans in to whisper to Jack...

LAUREN  
And you thought this would be awkward.

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**36 INT. DS9 - CARGO BAY**

Jack paces back and forth before a screen showing a Breen headshot, gesturing wildly and nibbling on fingernails. Lauren stretches slinkily and Patrick bounces nervously.

The three intelligence agents sit calmly. Deel and Sarina pay attention, but Bashir can't stop his eyes slipping to Sarina as he tries to fit his head around her being back...

PATRICK

(almost to self)

Their biology makes no sense...

JACK

He means that it's inconsistent. You have four totally different physiological profiles for Breen, did you know that? Hm? Hm? One says they're just humanoids with canine snouts -

BASHIR

That's pure speculation -

LAUREN

Because of the helmet. We know.

JACK

One says they're sacks of ammonia with skeletons and they just go -  
(with gestures)  
- "poof" at any temperatures above fifteen degrees. That's from your own Major Kira.

PATRICK

(copies Jack with glee)

"Poof!"

BASHIR

Yes, I read her report...

**FLASHBACK - 4x05 "INDISCRETION"**

-- A Breen helmet is torn off to reveal KIRA underneath...

**BACK TO SCENE**

JACK

She did it twice! Twice!

PATRICK

Anyway, it's Captain Kira.

LAUREN

Actually it's Vedek -

DEEL

(calm but firm)

Stay on topic, please. Is that all you have on Breen physiology?

LAUREN

Hardly. Starfleet thinks they're carbon-based, but a Klingon file says they're silicon-based. One file says the Breen have four-lobed brains, and another says they have no blood at all.

**FLASHBACK - 5x14 "IN PURGATORY'S SHADOW"**

-- Bashir testing the blood of Garak, Martok etc, but not the Breen prisoner held with them by the Dominion

**BACK TO SCENE**

JACK

Gendered. Asexual. Hermaphroditic.

Jack is getting very agitated, throwing his hands in the air. Sarina tries to calm him with an appeal to his ego...

SARINA

What's your hypothesis about the Breen's physiology, Jack?

JACK  
Wouldn't you like to know.

SARINA  
(disarming smile)  
Yes. I would.

JACK  
(thrown off)  
Oh. Well... okay. It goes beyond  
biology. Beyond blood or no blood,  
bones or ammonia sacks. It's all  
in those speech vocoders.

Jack brings up an AUDIO FILE and plays it - Bashir flinches at the harsh, industrial sound of Breen speech. After a few seconds, Jack shuts it off again and exclaims proudly...

JACK  
There! Did you hear that?

BASHIR  
Hear what?

LAUREN  
(sigh, exasperated)  
It's not organic syntax, Julian.  
It's artificial. Like a universal  
translator creates when it parses  
one language into another.

DEEL  
So... Breen language is computer  
generated? Are they androids?

JACK  
No no no! You're totally missing  
it! We're saying there is no Breen  
language. Those vocoders aren't  
for translating or amplifying -  
they're for scrambling.

PATRICK  
It's how they hide...  
(stage whisper)  
...from each other!

LAUREN

That's the whole point.

Jack steps forward, stealing the spotlight, wanting all the attention on him, delivering revelation for the ages...

JACK

Pay attention, all of you, because this is important. There is no such thing as Breen physiology or Breen language because "Breen" is not a species. "Breen" is just an arbitrary social construct!

Cmdr Deel nods along, seeing the wisdom of that...

DEEL

They do call themselves the Breen Confederacy, I guess. That implies things to confederate. How many different Breen species are there?

PATRICK

At least a dozen. Maybe more.

Sarina turns to Bashir and Deel, excited...

SARINA

This is our way in. If the Breen wear those suits to hide their identities even from each other, we can just alter a pair of them for ourselves and walk right in.

LAUREN

Modify the vocoders to translate back and forth from English. Even in a crowd, no-one would know.

PATRICK

Plus, the suits are designed to mask the wearer's vital signs!

JACK

They're ripe for infiltration.

DEEL

We could even hide some gadgets  
inside them - tools, medicine,  
rations, that kind of thing.

Bashir gets up and stalks away from them, frustrated.

BASHIR

Have you all lost your minds? You  
all call yourselves the smartest  
people in the galaxy, and the best  
you can come up with is to dress  
up and stroll in the front door?

JACK

(offended)

Do you have a better idea?

BASHIR

A much better one. I'm leaving.

Bashir walks out of the room without another word. Sarina  
watches him go, thinking...

**37 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

A moment of time passing...

**38 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS**

Bashir stands at his window, staring out at the stars. When  
the DOOR CHIME sounds, he knows exactly who it will be.

BASHIR

Come in, Sarina.

The door opens - and it is indeed Sarina, carrying a large  
crate. She steps over the threshold with a wry look.

SARINA

That was a dramatic exit.

BASHIR

A bookend to your own dramatic  
entrance. What's in the box?

She places the crate down, thumb-scans her ID in, opens the box and pulls out a pile of stiff cloth, shakes it out.

SARINA

I thought it might suit you.

It is recognisably a Breen suit. Bashir shakes his head, exasperated. She is not going to make this easy for him.

BASHIR

This is not how I imagined our reunion would go...

SARINA

(steps closer,  
smiling)

So you have imagined our reunion.

BASHIR

(another step)

A thousand times. At least.

She throws down the suit and hugs him close - chaste, for now, although there is no doubt he'd like it to be more.

SARINA

I missed you too, Julian. And I'm sorry I wasn't able to be the woman you wanted me to be.

BASHIR

You have nothing to be sorry for. I'm the one who crossed lines I should never have even approached.

She steps back, caresses his face, tears threatening. His eyes are completely captured in hers, powerless.

SARINA

Only for a moment. I've played those moments over and over. I didn't realise at the time how much it must have hurt you to let me go. But I do now.

BASHIR

So... what happens next?

She pulls back, sniffles away the tears. Picks up the Breen suit again, holds it against herself, modelling it for him.

SARINA

That's up to you. I'm going to Salavat with or without you.

I'd rather it was with you.

(re suit)

What do you think?

BASHIR

You can't be serious. You'd actually risk your life on Jack's hare-brained costume scheme?

SARINA

First, it's not as bad a plan as you think. And second, there's more to it than just slipping into these and ringing their doorbell.

BASHIR

Such as?

SARINA

(conspiring grin)

Trust me.

BASHIR

(arms folded)

Sorry, I'm going to need more to go on than that.

SARINA

Such as?

BASHIR

Such as why you're working with Starfleet Intelligence at all. Last thing I heard, you'd been granted a research fellowship at the Corgal Institute.

SARINA

That was seven years ago, Julian. They didn't have the resources or the faculty to keep up with me.

BASHIR

You could have joined the Vulcan Science Academy, or the Daystrom Institute. Any number of places.

SARINA

I tried, Julian. They didn't even bother responding. You know how people like us are received, be it professional or personal - first curiosity, soon followed by fear.

Bashir backs down a little - he knows that all too well.

SARINA

(continuing)

So when a man from Starfleet Intelligence approached me -

BASHIR

(sharp)

A man? What was his name?

SARINA

Aldo Erdona. Why? Does it matter?

BASHIR

...No. Sorry, go on.

SARINA

Anyway, that's when I saw a chance to use my skills to the fullest. People like me - like us - are better suited to field ops than almost anyone else in Starfleet. We can go places and do things that others can't, and make better tactical decisions in less time.

BASHIR

Just because we can do a thing -

SARINA

- doesn't mean we should do it, yes I know. But I think we have an obligation, Julian. To use our abilities for the good of the Federation. Tucked away in a lab or toiling on some space station, there's only so much we can do.

BASHIR

(bristling)

Now hold on - I've made some major contributions from DS-Nine and the *Defiant*. As a scientist you could cure diseases, develop new energy sources, invent new technologies -

SARINA

- or I could prevent a war that would kill millions, stop a coup that would condemn generations to oppression, or help the Federation keep its rivals in check without resorting to bloodshed.

She regathers her composure. Picks up the Breen suit once again, and this time holds it up to Bashir's body.

SARINA

Besides, I should think you'd want in for the exploration alone. How many people will have this chance to observe the Breen up close?

He is starting to be persuaded. She pushes her advantage.

SARINA

Think about it, Julian. You and me, exploring strange new worlds together, pushing ourselves to the limit for the good of the Khitomer Accords and the Federation...

Finally, Bashir takes hold of the Breen suit. He slips on the jacket, tests out how it feels...

BASHIR  
It's only a temporary assignment?

SARINA  
That's what I was told.

Bashir snaps the chestplate closed. Stretches his neck.

BASHIR  
And how, exactly, are we supposed  
to infiltrate this hidden Breen  
shipyard?

SARINA  
(sly smile)  
For that, you have to commit to  
the mission. Operational security,  
I'm sure you understand. But this  
is a start...

She pointedly passes him another piece of the Breen suit -  
its helmet. Taking a deep breath, he lifts it up...

BASHIR  
Alright, I'll do it...

He lowers the helmet into place, and concludes in the Breen  
ELECTRONIC BUZZ, translated into ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES:

BASHIR  
...For the Federation. And for the  
Khitomer Accords.

Off Bashir as a Breen...

FADE OUT

**END OF SHOW**