

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

13x09 - "Smalltown Boy"

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 18x09 - "COLD BLOODED"

Assigned to look for worlds to settle with post-Borg refugees, *Enterprise* is sent to survey Fromander IV, a planet near the Gorn Hegemony. Decades-old long-range readings suggested it was an uninhabitable ice planet, but *Enterprise* finds that while it is in the midst of an ice age, the planet is class-M enough to support a number of lifeforms. Since beggars can't be choosers, Picard recommends it as a promising candidate. However the Gorn come calling, claiming the world for themselves. Relations with the Gorn have been largely friendly, and Picard reminds them of their respect for President Bacco from Cestus III and his own assistance in the political uprising during the war (TNG "The Gorn Crisis"). But the Gorn are unexpectedly aggressive and confident, and since the *Enterprise* is in no position to fight, Starfleet orders Picard to withdraw and abandon Fromander IV to the Gorn, leaving the refugees without a world to colonise...

### TTN 2x09 - "SYNTHESIS"

Strange subspace effects lure *Titan* towards a binary system. On the way, Riker searches for a holodeck programme to enjoy with Troi and their daughter. To his discomfort, the computer instead offers up the jazz club and his old holo-girlfriend Minuet (TNG "11001001"). Arriving at the system, *Titan* detects a destroyed ship. Vale takes an away team on a dangerous spacewalk, and brings the ship's computer core back onboard to figure out what happened. It is SecondGen White-Blue, one of a sentient machine race called Sentries. When another Sentry, SecondGen Cyan-Grey, comes looking for its comrade, it assumes *Titan* is the enemy and attacks. White-Blue has to bond with *Titan* to send a signal and stop Cyan-Grey's attack. But in the course of doing so, White-Blue detects a nascent intelligence in the computer, and offers to raise it to sentience... and it accepts. *Titan* is now alive, and has chosen a holographic avatar in the form of Minuet...

### VOY 11x09 - "IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCES"

*Galen* arrives at the former Borg transwarp hub, pursued by *Voyager*. A rift into fluidic space is opening. Eden realises that Admiral Batiste has framed everyone - he was the saboteur. She confronts him in the shuttlebay - he is really an 8472 who

infiltrated Earth years ago, and he planned the entire Full Circle mission just to get home. When an 8472 ship emerges from the rift, Paris brings Chakotay in to talk to "Valerie Archer". Barclay tries to deactivate the Doctor's holo-assistant Meegan, but she attacks - the Indign consciousness never left her. She is the one who stole the remaining canisters from the planet, with Batiste's help. The 8472 don't want Batiste back - he is too human now - but Meegan decompresses the shuttle and ejects him into space. Chakotay is able to persuade Valerie to save Batiste and let him come home at last. But Meegan escapes with the shuttle, and a fleet of Indign cubes are on their way...

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**1     INT. SURAMIL ORPHANAGE**

A Bajoran CHILD, approx 4, dashes past us on a mission of mischief. The child's minder, GALMA (Bajoran female, 40s, clothes old and worn but not threadbare), chases after it.

GALMA

Please slow down, you'll hurt  
yourself...

As Galma fails to catch up with the child, we see the rest of this establishment. An old house, stone walls, furniture and facilities all rundown but serviceable, just barely.

And it is filled with CHILDREN of all ages, from baby to teenager, all Bajoran. Another MINDER (Bajoran female, 30s) sits in a ratty armchair feeding a baby from a bottle while a young girl observes, learning how it's done.

EFRIN (o.s.)

Galma! Galma...?

Galma abandons her chase of the first child, and turns to see who is beckoning her. The caller, EFRIN (Bajoran male, 60s), is just entering, holding the hand of another Bajoran child. This one is male, approx 7, dark-skinned, quite shy and nervous.

GALMA

Hi, Efrin. Oh, and who do we have  
here?

EFRIN

Hi, Galma. I found this young man  
scrabbling through the trash  
outside the administration centre  
for something to eat.

GALMA

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Come  
in, please.

Galma welcomes them into the house, Efrin drawing his apprehensive young charge along. The boy doesn't know any of these people, and has no reason to trust them. Galma leans down to him, speaks warm and welcoming.

GALMA

Well, young man. Do you know where your parents are? Do you have anywhere safe to stay?

The child silently shakes his head, too nervous to speak.

GALMA

Not to worry, you'll be safe here, I promise. Are you hungry?

This time the child nods.

GALMA

I don't doubt it.  
(calls out)  
Bram!

Another Bajoran male child, BRAM, emerges from a group of children. This boy is the same age as the first, but much more confident in this environment. This is his home.

BRAM (7 YRS)

I was only playing three-card *pilmur*, I didn't do anything!

GALMA

Don't worry, Bram, I'm not telling you off for once.

(re other boy)

We have a new arrival - will you take him to the kitchen and get him something to eat from the pantry please? And once you've done that, maybe give him a tour, explain how things work here, and find him a bed. Is that okay?

BRAM (7 YRS)

(shrug)

I guess. Come on!

Bram holds his hand out for the newcomer. The child looks nervously back to Efrin, who nods. Finally the boy takes Bram's hand and heads into the depths of the house. Galma and Efrin stand together and watch them go.

EFRIN

Sorry to drop another one in your lap, Galma. I just couldn't leave him out there. I asked around at the administration centre but no-one seemed to want to claim him.

GALMA

That doesn't surprise me - damned Cardassians don't care whose lives they ruin. But I'd rather have him here than out there. Poor kid looks starved half to death.

EFRIN

I was no older than him when the Cardies first showed up. There were no kids rummaging through trash for their dinner then.

GALMA

And they have the gall to claim that family is the most important thing.

The two older Bajorans stand and sadly watch the orphaned children left in their care...

In the KITCHEN area, the first child has sat at a rickety wooden table while Bram rummages in a large pantry. He emerges with arms full of food - more than two 7-year-old boys can possibly eat - and dumps it all onto the table.

BRAM (7 YRS)

Hey, you never said your name...?

The boy finally speaks, amazed at the bounty before him.

HETIK (7 YRS)

Hetik.

BRAM (7 YRS)  
Is that your family name or your  
given name?

HETIK (7 YRS)  
I... don't know.

BRAM (7 YRS)  
Don't worry about it, I don't know  
if Bram is my first or last name  
either. It's just what I remember.  
That's me, by the way - Bram.

HETIK (7 YRS)  
Bram. Can we really eat all this?

BRAM (7 YRS)  
Probably not, we have to ration  
the food. Cardies don't give us  
much. Galma'll probably yell at me  
again. But you're the new kid, so  
you deserve a proper welcome.

Hetik smiles for the first time - Bram's obvious comfort in  
this place is helping to bring the nervous young Hetik out  
of his shell. Bram nods his head towards the food - go  
ahead. Tentatively, Hetik picks up a piece and digs in.

BRAM (7 YRS)  
There you go. Stick with me,  
Hetik. I'll see you right.

Instantly friends, the two boys start in on the food...

FADE OUT

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**2     EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The shuttles, freighters and passenger liners are back, taking up a good half of the available docking ports.

**3     INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

CENN at the central monitoring desk, as life goes on around him as normal...

CENN

DS-Nine Ops to *Voralpe* - welcome back. Please hold position, you are currently eighth in line for docking. Apologies for the delay.

VOICE (comm)

Acknowledged, DS-Nine. *Voralpe* holding position as requested.

Cenn closes the channel and takes a moment to centre himself. From the science station, CANDLEWOOD speaks...

CANDLEWOOD

Feels like we're doing it all over again, doesn't it, Major?

CENN

I'm just amazed there are still some refugees who haven't found anywhere to touch down yet. Where are they even coming from?

CANDLEWOOD

Give me a moment and I will answer that question for you...

Candlewood works his panels, interrogating the records...

CANDLEWOOD

Interesting. Some Klaestron, some Sti'ach... and some Nausicaans.

CENN

Nausicaans? Oh Prophets, that's  
all we need.

CANDLEWOOD

Don't be prejudiced, Major. Their  
homeworld was destroyed, I'm sure  
they're in no mood to make a mess.

Cenn is not so confident.

The door to Ro's office OPENS, and we hear...

HETIK (o.s.)

Thank you, Commander.

Candlewood's ears immediately perk up, and he turns to see  
our usual adult HETIK emerging from the office. Candlewood  
turns to look around himself - what's going on here? Is  
this an alternate universe?

Hetik walks towards the turbolift, looking as if he will  
head straight past Candlewood with no more than a polite  
smile. But Candlewood stands and intercepts his boyfriend.

CANDLEWOOD

Hey - what's going on? Is  
everything okay?

HETIK

(stiff smile)

It's fine, John, don't worry. But  
listen, I might not be home for  
dinner tonight, okay?

CANDLEWOOD

What? Why not?

HETIK

Just a personal thing I need to  
take care of, nothing for you to  
worry about. I'll see you when I  
get back.

Hetik moves on and steps aboard the turbolift...

CANDLEWOOD

But -

HETIK

Habitat ring, please.

The turbolift carries him away. Candlewood calls after...

CANDLEWOOD

Back? Back from where?

But there is no answer. Hetik is gone. Completely confused, Candlewood immediately marches towards Ro's office...

**4 INT. DS9 - COMMANDER'S OFFICE**

RO behind her desk, working. The door CHIMES...

RO

Come in.

The door OPENS, and Candlewood enters.

CANDLEWOOD

Commander? What was that about?

RO

What, Hetik? Nothing, don't worry.

CANDLEWOOD

Yeah, that's what he said. And I don't believe either of you.

RO

He needed a favour, that's all.

CANDLEWOOD

What kind of favour?

RO

John, it's really not my place to say. If Hetik hasn't told you, I assume he's got a good reason. Maybe you should trust him.

CANDLEWOOD

Yeah... yeah okay, you're right.

Candlewood turns and leaves, back to Ops. As the door closes, Ro watches him go - she knows what's going on.

5 **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Time has passed, the arrangement of shuttles has changed - some have come, some have gone.

6 **INT. DS9 - CANDLEWOOD'S QUARTERS**

The door OPENS and Candlewood enters, absently tapping the *mezuzah* at the door and moving into the room. He tears off his uniform jacket, casts it across the back of the sofa and rolls out his shoulders.

He pauses, looks around the room. Hetik is not present, but signs of him are everywhere - Bajoran nick-nacks on the coffee table, tomorrow's *dabo* outfit hanging out destined to go unworn, and of course the Bajoran prayer mandala.

Candlewood moves to gaze at this latter, taking in the swirls and icons and colours. It means nothing to him personally, but it does represent the man he loves.

CANDLEWOOD

Computer, location of station  
resident Hetik.

COMPUTER

Unable to establish.

CANDLEWOOD

Alright - he said "when I get  
back." Computer, display list of  
all departures from DS-Nine since  
fourteen-hundred hours today.

COMPUTER

Working.

Candlewood moves to his personal computer screen and begins to piece through the results...

7 **INT. DS9 - DOCKING CORRIDOR / AIRLOCK**

Candlewood jogs along, dodging past some of the more-than-usual EXTRAS wandering down the corridor. He reaches a circular airlock, peers through the glass...

...and sees the open hatch of a RUNABOUT at the far end. Relieved, he immediately works the panel, the airlock ROLLS OPEN, he dashes through the gap...

8 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

...and into the runabout. Having been performing the pre-flight checks, Lt jg ALECO turns at his arrival...

ALECO  
Lieutenant? Is everything alright?

HETIK  
(entering from rear)  
John? What are you doing here?

CANDLEWOOD  
Vel... could you give us a moment?

ALECO  
I've got a departure slot in two minutes...

CANDLEWOOD  
I know. We'll be quick, promise.

A moment to consider, then Aleco harrumphs, gets up and EXITS to the rear cabin. Hetik is not happy...

HETIK  
John, I said you didn't need to worry about it.

CANDLEWOOD  
Yeah, but when something's going on with my boyfriend, I'm going to worry. Where are you going?

HETIK  
None of your business.

CANDLEWOOD

Since when?

HETIK

You don't know everything about me, John. I had a life before I came to DS-Nine.

CANDLEWOOD

I've never doubted it. But why can't you let me in on it?

HETIK

Because it's nothing to do with you. Just... don't interfere.

CANDLEWOOD

Babe... I don't mean to interfere. I'll go if you want. But whatever it is... I can help. Certainly better than Aleco can.

Hetik pauses to think, not liking being put on the spot...

CANDLEWOOD

God knows you've been there for me through problem after drama after crisis. Let me help you for once. Aren't we in this together?

Off Candlewood's plaintive plea, Hetik remembers...

**9    INT. SURAMIL ORPHANAGE**

Hetik, now a strapping teenager of 14, stands nervously in what counts as his Sunday Best clothes, facing a Bajoran prayer mandala. Galma, now older, watches on proudly.

GALMA

When a Bajoran child turns fourteen, it is time to decide if they will step foot on the path of the Prophets. The *ih'tanu* ceremony has been passed down unchanged from the time of Kai Dava himself, and

will be passed on down from here  
for centuries yet to come.

None of this makes Hetik any less nervous, and neither do the gathered CHILDREN, all the residents of the orphanage, standing and watching him silently.

GALMA

Hetik... do you love the Prophets?  
Will you walk their path? Will you  
follow their guidance as laid down  
in the sacred texts, until you  
reach the Celestial Temple?

Hetik breathes deep - he takes this question seriously.

HETIK (14 YRS)

I will.

GALMA

Who brings the chain?

BRAM, now also 14, wiry and slyly intelligent, steps up.

BRAM (14 YRS)

I do.

GALMA

(re prayer mandala)

Then, just as the symbol of our  
faith connects the land to the  
people to the Prophets...

Bram lifts a Bajoran earring to Hetik's previously bare ear, connecting first the clip on the lobe...

GALMA (o.s.)

(continuing)

Let the chain connect the body -

(now the top hook)

- to the *pagh* -

(now let the

chain dangle)

- to the Celestial Temple. And may  
you walk with the Prophets always.

The ceremony is done, and Galma and the gathered children all APPLAUD enthusiastically. But Bram stays staring up into Hetik's warm brown eyes, smiling and genuinely happy.

GALMA

Alright you two - the trouble  
twins. Go on and get your food  
before everyone else takes it.

Smiling conspiratorially, Bram leads Hetik off. Galma watches them go with an amused but long-suffering smirk.

In the kitchen, Bram gathers another armful of food...

HETIK (14 YRS)

Thanks for doing the *d'ja pagh* for  
me, Bram. It means a lot.

BRAM (14 YRS)

Hey - we're best friends. You did  
it for me last month, of course  
I'd do it for you. Now come on,  
got something special planned...

As the other children begin to arrive for their share, Bram gestures (as best he can with an armful of food) for Hetik to follow him. Unsure what's going on, Hetik does...

The pair reach a dark corner of the house, a hidey-hole, the secret place that teenage boys always find to do teenage boy things together. As they settle in...

BRAM (14 YRS)

You looked great in that suit, by  
the way. Really "suits" you.

(Hetik chuckles)

I mean it. Really - you looked  
gorgeous up there.

HETIK (14 YRS)

Gorgeous...? Bram, what are you -

BRAM (14 YRS)

We've been best friends for, what  
- seven years, right? Haven't you  
ever wondered if...

Bram reaches out, tentatively takes hold of Hetik's hand...  
Hetik lets him.

BRAM (14 YRS)  
...we could be more than friends?  
Maybe even... boyfriends?

A small, slightly embarrassed smile grows on Hetik's face,  
and Bram realises with delight...

BRAM (14 YRS)  
...You have?

HETIK (14 YRS)  
I've wanted that for a while.

BRAM (14 YRS)  
Oh wow... now I'm the one who's  
nervous. Okay, great. Wow.

They both giggle, shy and elated. A moment to regather...

HETIK (14 YRS)  
So what do we do now?

BRAM (14 YRS)  
Well, I can think of one thing...

Bram leans closer to Hetik, and like two clumsy teenage  
boys who have no idea what they're doing, they KISS.

After a moment they pull back and giggle again.

HETIK (14 YRS)  
Okay then... boyfriends.

BRAM (14 YRS)  
Definitely. That is a crappy world  
out there, Hetik... but I say the  
trouble twins are going to conquer  
it together.

(takes Hetik's hand,  
holds it up)  
Alright? You and me, we're in this  
together. All the way.

HETIK (14 YRS)  
(nods)  
All the way.

As the boys smile and hold hands, we go...

**10**    **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

...back to adult Hetik remembering those events. Candlewood is waiting for his response...

CANDLEWOOD  
...Babe?

Hetik can't say no to those sad puppy-dog eyes.

HETIK  
Alright. In it together, all the way. But it's your job to tell Aleco...

CANDLEWOOD  
Done!

Candlewood sweeps toward the runabout's rear cabin, calling out loud in a sing-song voice...

CANDLEWOOD  
Oh, Lieutenant Alecoooo...

But as Hetik moves into a seat, he begins to wonder if this was really the best idea...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**11 EXT. SPACE**

A runabout flies at impulse...

**12 INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

RO appears on a side screen, from her office on DS9...

RO (screen)

I did not give you permission to  
go to Bajor, Lieutenant.

Candlewood replies from the pilot seat, while Hetik stays  
out of the way in the passenger seat...

CANDLEWOOD

I know, I'm sorry, it was a really  
last-minute decision. Can we just  
call it emergency leave?

RO (screen)

Not when you're in possession of a  
Starfleet runabout, we can't.

(sigh, grudging)

I'll just reassign the mission to  
your command instead of Aleco's.

(peers past

CW to Hetik)

I take it Hetik has now informed  
you of the nature of the mission?

CANDLEWOOD

(awkward)

Actually no, we still need to  
discuss that.

RO (screen)

John, you need to understand it's  
only because I know what's going  
on that I'm letting you get away  
with this. And we will discuss it  
at length when you get back.

CANDLEWOOD

I appreciate that, Commander. And thanks. I'll make it up to you.

RO (screen)

DS-Nine out.

The signal drops on Ro's sour expression, and Candlewood turns back to Hetik, eager to hear the story but sensitive to his boyfriend's feelings. Not making eye contact...

HETIK

After you left for your shift this morning, I checked the local news bulletins like I do every day. For any updates... from Suramil.

CANDLEWOOD

...Oh.

HETIK

I know I never talk about it, but I still care about the people I grew up with in the orphanage.

CANDLEWOOD

What was the news?

HETIK

The authorities were clearing out some abandoned buildings, ready for upgrading them to put refugees in. But they found someone already in there. A man... a dead man.

CANDLEWOOD

You knew him?

HETIK

The report said unidentified. No name, no papers, appeared to have been surviving in those buildings for a while. The only identifying mark was an unusual tattoo.

Hetik quietly pulls up his shirt at his left side, pulls down the edge of his trousers just an inch...

...and there on his hip is his own TATTOO, a small group of Bajoran characters, makeshift, as if done on the cheap.

While Candlewood absorbs this, Hetik remembers...

**13**    **EXT. BAJOR - CAPITAL CITY - DAY**

14-year-old Hetik lies on his side, tears in his eyes...

14-year-old Bram lies facing him, holding his gaze...

BRAM (14 YRS)

Come on, tough guy, you can handle  
it. Just a little longer...

REVEAL that they are lying on little more than a bench in a dirty back alley, while two Bajoran adults draw the TATTOOS on the two teenage boys - Hetik's left hip, Bram's right. Background NOISE suggests a party, open-air celebrations.

Hetik continues wincing in pain, but the tattooists finish up, nodding acknowledgment to their customers. As the tattooists pack up their things, Bram hauls Hetik upright and they inspect their new matching tattoos.

BRAM (14 YRS)

"Trouble Twins." Perfect.

Bram grabs Hetik for a full-on KISS - Hetik flinches back from the pain in his hip, but soon relaxes into the kiss.

When they separate, Bram goes over to the tattooists, and Hetik sees him dole out a few coins to them. The tattooists go on their way, and Bram comes back to Hetik...

HETIK (14 YRS)

Where did you get that money from?  
Did you steal it?

BRAM (14 YRS)

Keep your voice down. Of course I  
stole it, where else do you think?

HETIK (14 YRS)  
You can't keep doing this!

BRAM (14 YRS)  
Why in fire not? Nobody else is  
gonna take care of us, Hetik, so  
we have to take care of ourselves.  
(re tattoos)  
The trouble twins, together all  
the way, that's what these mean.

HETIK (14 YRS)  
(points)  
But listen to that sound. That's  
the sound of a new world. The  
Cardies are gone, and we're free  
for the first time in our lives!

Patient, Bram leads Hetik down the alley towards the party.

BRAM (14 YRS)  
Exactly. There's a Ferengi saying  
- "I've got the brains, you've got  
the looks, let's make lots of  
money." You and me together, in a  
world like this... we can't fail.

They reach the end of the alley, which opens out into...

...a huge MARKETPLACE, where Bajorans sell food, drinks and  
trinkets to their newly freed country-people. Bajorans  
party and carouse, while a few Starfleet and Militia EXTRAS  
(Season 1 uniforms) also mill around browsing the stalls.

Bram leads Hetik by the hand into the melée, both side-  
eyeing the Starfleet people as they move among the stalls.

They spot a lone Starfleeter, a young human WOMAN, alone at  
a certain stall. Bram silently gestures Hetik towards her.

Hetik sighs, but goes along with it. He stands tall, puffs  
his chest out, showing off his teenage muscles, schmoozes  
his way up to the woman with all the charm he can muster...

And we go into a **SERIES OF SCENES**

-- As the Starfleet woman giggles bashfully at Hetik's flirtatious compliments, Bram sneaks up behind her and snatches the PADD from her travelling bag

-- Bram exchanges the Starfleet padd for some more coins from a sketchy figure in another back alley, while Hetik watches unhappily

-- Back at the stalls, Hetik pays for a small amount of food from the vendor, while behind the vendor's back Bram steals more food for them both

-- An abandoned, half-destroyed building, where the two teenage boys scoff down their stolen food, Hetik eventually laughing along with Bram despite himself

-- The same building at night, and Hetik lies on the stony ground with Bram's head on his chest. Bram turns to look up at him and they KISS, gradually getting more passionate...

and **CUT TO:**

**14**    **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

Adult Hetik covers up the tattoo on his hip, turning to gaze sadly out of the window as he remembers. Candlewood is worried, but can do nothing more than drive the runabout...

**15**    **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Focusing on the docking ring...

**16**    **INT. DS9 - DOCKING BAY**

The circular airlock rolls open and more refugees begin slowly trickling out. As in 13x01 "The Recovery Position", security personnel are waiting, armed but holstered, as the refugees file into the individual scanning booths.

Lt Cmdr EVIK is "airside", giving his welcoming spiel:

                  EVIK

                  Welcome to Deep Space Nine. Please  
                  form orderly lines to pass through  
                  the scanners...

Major Cenn stands at the door of the cargo bay, "landside" of the scanners, watching the lines proceed. Half a dozen KLAESTRONS (as seen 1x08 "Dax") file through the scanners.

On CENN as he remembers...

#### **FLASH**

A trio of CARDASSIANS laughing in a distinctly threatening manner as they stride through a Bajoran village...

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Cenn turns away from the memories, trying to focus...

Next out of the airlock are a dozen small creatures - these are STI'ACH, less than a metre tall, covered in blue fur, with six limbs and big round eyes and big floppy ears. They huddle together protectively as they stumble down the ramp.

While Evik continues reciting his spiel in the background, CENN instinctively smiles at the cute little creatures...

#### **FLASH**

Cenn, in traditional Bajoran clothing, holds his tiny baby daughter in his arms, cooing over the giggling child...

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

The Sti'ach reach the scanners, and a security EXTRA tries to split them up to go through individually. But the lead Sti'ach HISSES violently, ears thrown back flat and mouth open to reveal an array of deadly-looking fangs.

The Security Extra immediately backs away, does not draw his phaser. Evik steps forward...

#### **EVIK**

There's no need for alarm. These machines will scan to confirm your identity, and check for medical issues, contraband or weapons. We need everyone to go through one at a time, but after that you will be reunited, I assure you.

The lead Sti'ach looks nervously around the hall, sees how no-one else has any problem with the scanners, and BARKS a few short syllables to its compatriots. Reluctantly, they separate to go through the scanners one by one.

EVIK

Thank you.

Evik nods to the Extra to continue, then turns back to receive the next group of arrivals...

...which are a trio of huge, hulking NAUSICAANS. They stomp down the ramp, growling under their breath and looking for any excuse to start a fight. Their leader is SEBRIGAR.

At the door, CENN tenses and prepares himself...

SEBRIGAR

This is what we have waited months for? More machines and metal?

EVIK

This is only temporary, sir. Once you've been processed we'll do our best to find you more permanent lodgings on Bajor.

SEBRIGAR

Do your best? We saw Starfleet's best when you ignored our distress calls and left us to the Borg.

EVIK

I can't speak to events during the invasion, sir. I'm just here to see you safely aboard the station.

Sebrigar growls unhappily but keeps his temper for now, as he leads his own compatriots to the scanners.

A booth opens, and Sebrigar steps in. The scan moves up and down and around - and the lights turn RED, an ALARM going off. Evik immediately steps forward, as do the security EXTRAS, all drawing weapons. Cenn watches in dread...

EVIK

Sir, the security scanner suggests  
you are carrying a weapon.

Inside the sealed but transparent booth, Sebrigar reaches  
into his clothes and unleashes a long KNIFE.

SEBRIGAR

You mean this?

EVIK

Please deposit the knife into the  
drawer at your side. It will be  
returned to you on departure.

SEBRIGAR

Never!

EVIK

Sir, we will not open the booth  
until the knife is confiscated.

Sebrigar GRINS at Evik, and then PUNCHES the glass of the  
booth, leaving a SHATTER pattern on Cenn's side.

Still outside the booths airside, his friends BRAY their  
amusement. The airside security Extras aim their phasers,  
holding them back from rushing to their leader's aid.

Landside, the security Extras quickly move the other new  
arrivals to safety before turning their own weapons towards  
Sebrigar, who is still PUNCHING the glass...

...and it finally SHATTERS, the Nausicaan ROARING his way  
out of the broken booth, knife waving wildly.

A security extra FIRES his phaser...

...it HITS Sebrigar, but the stun setting was too low. The  
Nausicaan staggers, but does not go down.

The lead Sti'ach LEAPS at Sebrigar, the seemingly cute and  
adorable alien sinking its big fangs into the Nausicaan's  
knife-wielding arm. He SCREAMS but does not drop the knife,  
swinging the arm around trying to shake the Sti'ach loose.

Security dare not fire now the Sti'ach is in the way...

CENN watches this, tense and with tears in his eyes...

**FLASH**

A young Bajoran woman wrestling with a Cardassian soldier. The soldier STABS the woman with his own knife. Pinned to the dirty ground by another soldier's knee, Cenn SCREAMS...

**BACK TO SCENE**

Finally unable to stand it any longer, Cenn also enters the fray, trying to wrestle the knife off Sebrigar...

EVIK

Major, stay back!

The Nausicaan HEAVES his arm aside, the Sti'ach goes FLYING and HITS a wall with a THUMP, and the knife...

...SINKS deep into Cenn's stomach. He CROAKS and GURGLES, and slumps to the deck...

...three Starfleet security all FIRE their phasers at once, finally knocking the Nausicaan down...

...CHAOS erupts, screams of panic, Evik shouting...

EVIK

Evik to Doctor Bashir! Medical  
emergency at docking port seven!

But we stay on Cenn, shuddering in horror as his guts bleed out from between his desperate clutching fingers...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

### ACT THREE

FADE IN:

#### **17 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

Cenn is TRANSPORTED directly onto a bio-bed, injured and bleeding. BASHIR and RICHTER get to work immediately.

BASHIR

Twenty cc's ambizine, quickly.

Richter quickly fills a hypospray and passes it to Bashir. He injects the groaning Cenn, who settles down into a quiet stupor, his hands slumping away from his bleeding stomach.

Bashir activates the surgical arch and gets to work...

#### **18 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS**

A shackled and groggy Sebrigar is shoved over the lip of a security cell. While a security Extra holds a phaser on the Nausicaan, Evik unfastens the shackles, steps out of the cell, and presses a control to activate the FORCE-FIELD.

Evik then opens a slot in the wall labeled EVIDENCE LOCKER and seals the Nausicaan's knife inside it. With a glance back at his prisoner, he heads out to the security office.

#### **19 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

While Bashir and Richter work urgently around the bio-bed, their medical JARGON and the BEEPS of the machines drift into the background while we CLOSE IN on Cenn, heavily sedated but still conscious, as he remembers...

#### **20 INT. CENN'S HOUSE - DAY**

A Bajoran house, basic and shack-like, similar to Shakaar's farmhouse from 3x24 "Shakaar". These people scrape by with what they have, a simple life devoid of any luxuries.

CENN, 25 years old and dressed in the usual Bajoran style, opens the door on an OVEN, really little more than a stone kiln, and places a pottery bowl filled with JUMJA SOUFFLÉ into it. Then he closes the door and steps back, satisfied.

LESEDI (o.s.)  
Desca! Come quick!

At the fear in his wife's voice, Cenn runs to her...

**21 EXT. CENN'S VILLAGE - DAY**

Cenn emerges from their shack into the small vegetable patch that is their front yard. His wife, LESEDI (the young woman from the earlier flashback) stands holding their baby daughter and looking out with alarm and fear...

...as a trio of CARDASSIAN SOLDIERS stride down the dusty path between the rows of similar shacks that make up this village. They laugh in a distinctly threatening way; behind them are other small groups of soldiers doing the same.

Cenn and Lesedi, and their neighbours, all watch in fear.

CENN  
Cardassians? What in fire are they  
doing here? They never come here.

LESEDI  
I have no idea. Take her inside.

Lesedi passes their baby to Cenn, who quickly cradles the little girl and rushes her back inside...

**22 INT. CENN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Holding the baby close, Cenn whispers quiet platitudes to keep her calm. He places her safely into her bassinet, tucks in the simple sheets, and heads back to the door...

**23 EXT. CENN'S VILLAGE - DAY**

Lesedi is still standing in her vegetable patch, watching warily. A Bajoran OLD MAN, their neighbour opposite, calls:

BAJORAN  
What do you want? There's nothing  
for you here.

The first group of Cardassians stop and sneer...

CARDASSIAN 1

You're more right than you know,  
Bajoran. Central Command finally  
came to their senses, and we're  
getting off this stinking dirt  
ball of a planet once and for all.  
First back to Terok Nor, and then  
finally home to Cardassia.

Hearing this, the various Bajorans mutter among themselves  
- can it really be true? At long last?

LESEDI

Good! You never belonged here in  
the first place!

Horrified, Cenn tries to pull Lesedi away, back to safety,  
but she won't go. And now the Cardassian has noticed her.

CARDASSIAN 1

We belong wherever we say we do.  
But Gul Dukat gave us a few hours  
to enjoy ourselves first. And I  
thought, hey! Why not visit that  
cute little village over the hill  
in Jo'kala? For old times' sake.

His friends LAUGH nastily. Lesedi is terrified but defiant.

OLD MAN

Well, you've visited, so now you  
can be on your way.

CARDASSIAN

But we haven't had our fun yet!

Down the street, the SQUEAL of a phaser rifle and the  
SCREAM of someone getting shot. The Cardassians LAUGH.

OLD MAN

No! You can't!

CARDASSIAN

We can do whatever we want.

And the Cardassian SHOOTS the old man dead on the spot. Cenn YELPS, but Lesedi stands her ground. Elsewhere the sound of more SCREAMS and houses catching fire...

LESEDI

Stop it!

CARDASSIAN 1

Make me.

The Cardassian shoots his phaser at the old man's house, making the old wood-and-straw construction catch fire.

CENN

(whimper)

Lesedi, please, don't provoke them, come back inside...

But his young wife rushes Cardassian 1, KNOCKING the phaser rifle out of his hand. The other Cardassians LAUGH again...

Cardassian 1 GRABS Lesedi, she wrestles with him...

Cenn starts forward to protect his wife, but one of the other soldiers PUNCHES him to the ground, PINS him there face down with a knee on the back...

Cardassian 1 gets firm hold of Lesedi's neck, turns her towards her husband...

Cardassian 2 grabs Cenn's hair, YANKS his head up to make sure he can see clearly...

Cardassian 1 pulls a KNIFE and STABS Lesedi in the stomach, SLICING her open stem to stern as Cenn SCREAMS in horror.

Cardassian 1 drops the now-dead Lesedi to the dusty ground, and Cardassian 2 takes his knee off Cenn and stands, KICKS him in the stomach for good measure.

Bruised and beaten, horrified, Cenn scrabbles along the ground to his collapsed wife, turning her over...

CENN

Lesedi... no...

Cardassian 1 picks up his fallen rifle, walks calmly to the door of the house...

...hears the CRYING of the baby, chuckles...

...and FIRES his phaser rifle right at the oven, making it EXPLODE in flames that quickly spread to the rest of the house. Then he walks away, clapping his friends on the back in fellowship and amusement as they move on.

Cenn hears his baby's SCREAMS from inside the burning house, scrambles back to the door again...

...but a bigger EXPLOSION rocks the house and THROWS him backwards to the ground.

Cenn lies stunned and crying as his house collapses and burns, his child SCREAMING inside it, his eviscerated wife at his side, while Bajorans SCREAM and Cardassians LAUGH...

**24 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

And back to the semi-conscious, sedated Cenn on the bio-bed, tears running down his cheeks as Bashir and Richter rush around operating on his own stabbed stomach...

**25 EST. BAJOR - CAPITAL CITY - DAY**

A standard establishing shot of the Bajoran capital city...

**26 INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION**

Modern and sophisticated, befitting the capital city of an advanced Federation world, far from the squalor and poverty of the past. A RECEPTION desk is staffed by ALTHA, Bajoran female in her 60s. Candlewood and Hetik approach smiling...

HETIK

Hello. I understand the man from the news report was brought here? The one who was found dead in an abandoned building, with the tattoo?

Altha is cautious about these strangers...

ALTHA

I'm afraid I can't release any information about our patients, living or dead.

HETIK

(earnest, charming)  
It's okay, I'm his next of kin.

ALTHA

Unless you have a way to prove that, I still can't release any information. I'm sorry.

Candlewood pushes forward, confident and smooth.

CANDLEWOOD

(reads name-badge)

Hi, Altha. My name's Lieutenant John Candlewood, I'm the senior science officer on Deep Space Nine. I report to Commander Ro Laren, have you heard of her?

Altha nods nervously...

CANDLEWOOD

Now, I don't mean to intrude, but we are here on official Starfleet business. The man my assistant described is a person of interest to us, and we really need to see that body - assuming he's here, that is. I could contact Commander Ro and ask her to contact General Lenaris, and he could send over a Militia officer to handle the case, but honestly that would just be wasting time and it would all come to the same result anyway. So you'd really be helping us out if you could just let us take a look at the records... and the body?

Altha struggles with what to do for the best...

**27**    **INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR**

A medical porter (Bajoran male, 20s) leads Candlewood and Hetik down the corridor, past other medical professionals. Enough steps back to not be overheard, Hetik mutters...

HETIK

That was amazing, I've never seen you like that.

CANDLEWOOD

Like what?

HETIK

So... commanding. You really took charge of that poor woman.

CANDLEWOOD

Oh God, sorry, I didn't mean to butt in, this is your mission...

HETIK

No, I liked it. It was... sexy.

Candlewood gapes, surprised at that. The porter reaches a door, opens it for them. They nod their thanks and enter...

**28**    **INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE**

Dim lighting, a desk with a computer, and a wall of cold metal hatches. As the porter closes the door and leaves them be, Candlewood and Hetik move deeper into the room.

CANDLEWOOD

Okay, let's check the records...

He sits at the computer, starts tapping away...

CANDLEWOOD

This might take a minute, it's been a while since I've used real Bajoran interfaces instead of Starfleet or Cardassian...

Hetik mumbles affirmatively, his mind elsewhere. He steps up to the wall of morgue hatches and inspects them...

CANDLEWOOD

Right, I'm in. Checking the John  
Does... or I guess that would be  
the Doe Johns in Bajoran...

Behind him, Hetik taps the control on a certain hatch - it  
slides smoothly out with a pneumatic HISS. The morgue tray  
contains a body, draped in a sheet...

CANDLEWOOD

Here we go, brought in three days  
ago, no name, no papers...

HETIK

His name was Bram...

Hetik draws back the sheet, and reveals BRAM (but older,  
now 28), looking thin and weathered - and dead. Hetik moves  
down the body, to the hip, pulls back the sheet again...

...and there is the tattoo, the same as on Hetik's hip.

CANDLEWOOD

The autopsy report says that the  
cause of death was -

HETIK

Drug overdose.

CANDLEWOOD

(turns)

How did you know?

As Hetik gazes at the dead body of his first boyfriend...

**29 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY**

Adult HETIK (now about 21, just a little younger than he  
appeared in season 8) SMACKS a small blue pill out of Adult  
BRAM's hand, and it goes flying across the room.

HETIK

No! Enough, Bram. No more of this  
crap. It's killing you.

Bram immediately moves to hunt down the fallen pill among the rubble of the same half-destroyed building where they ate and slept all those years ago. This is their home now.

BRAM (21 YRS)

Prophets' sake, Hetik! I paid good money for that...

HETIK

You paid stolen money for that, didn't you? And why?

BRAM (21 YRS)

Because I need it! And don't you go getting all superior, we both know you've done your fair share.

HETIK

Are you really talking about being superior while you're on hands and knees desperately searching for your next fix?

Hetik goes and pulls Bram up by the arm, brings him face to face. Bram struggles, but Hetik is physically stronger, tall and muscly, while Bram is thin and wiry and exhausted.

HETIK

Bram, please. I love you, but I can't let you do this to yourself.

BRAM (21 YRS)

(weak, teary)

Why not? There's nothing else for us out there. We're right back where we started, aren't we? Only now instead of just Cardassians, it's Cardassians and Jem'Hadar. Why shouldn't I dope myself into oblivion? Why aren't you?

HETIK

We both promised to follow the path of the Prophets, didn't we? We both did our *ih'tanu* ceremony.

BRAM (21 YRS)

And a fat lot of good it's done  
us. Unless you think this is what  
the Prophets had in mind.

HETIK

I don't know the Prophets' minds.  
But I know what was in your mind  
when you did this.

Hetik reveals the tattoo on his hip. He reaches across and  
reveals Bram's own emaciated hip, compares the two tattoos.

HETIK

Together, forever. All the way.  
That's what this means. But that  
won't happen if you kill yourself.

Bram breaks into tears, collapses into Hetik's arms.

BRAM (21 YRS)

Oh Prophets... I'm sorry. I'm so  
sorry. I need you, Hetik. I'd be  
no good without you, I'd never  
make it. Don't ever leave me,  
Hetik... please, promise me.

HETIK

I promise...

As Hetik holds the weeping Bram...

**29    INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE**

...Candlewood holds a similarly weeping Hetik, not really  
knowing why, as they both watch over Bram's dead body...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**30 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

Bashir has met Ro and Evik at the door of the Infirmary, while Cenn still lies on the bio-bed in the background.

BASHIR

He'll be fine. It'll take a while,  
but he'll make a full recovery.

RO

Good. I didn't want to have to  
break in another liaison officer.

(small smiles)

Do we have any idea why he decided  
to be an action hero?

EVIK

Major Cenn is a capable officer,  
Commander. But I agree this was  
not his usual style. Perhaps I  
could speak with him?

BASHIR

As long as you don't wear him out.

RO

Thanks, Doctor.

Ro heads out to the Promenade, Evik heads in to talk to Cenn, and Bashir gives them their space.

As Evik takes a seat beside Cenn's bed, the major looks up at the security chief, blank exhaustion in his eyes...

**31 EXT. BAJOR - CAPITAL CITY - DAY**

14-year-old Hetik and Bram run out of the alley into the market, holding hands, having just received their tattoos. But as they move into the crowd, scoping out targets...

...we **PULL BACK** and **RISE UP**, crane shot, up the walls of the damaged buildings that form the city...

...until at the top of one building, sitting right at the edge of its roof and staring down at the milling crowd of Bajoran civilians, Militia and Starfleet below, is CENN.

He is blank, empty, emotionally wrung out. He peers over the edge of the high building on which he sits...

**ANGLE DOWN**

The steep side of the building, the stone ground far below.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Cenn ponders that distance, that unforgiving surface...

...until a pair of rust-coloured BOOTS step up beside him.

KIRA (o.s.)

Nice view.

Cenn looks up, surprised to see Major KIRA, in her Militia uniform as she appeared at the start in 1x01 "Emissary". Cenn doesn't react beyond mild confusion. After a moment, Kira sits down, dangling her legs over the edge with Cenn.

KIRA

Don't much like the short way down though. I'll take the stairs.

CENN

Who are you?

KIRA

Major Kira Nerys, Militia. You?

CENN

(looks back down)

Doesn't matter.

Kira follows his eye-line, sees the Starfleet uniforms.

KIRA

Damned Starfleet. No better than the Cardassians.

Cenn flinches at the mention of that name. Kira notices but does not comment. Talks around the obvious.

KIRA

I was in the resistance. Killed hundreds of Cardassians. And now, just because I disagreed with the provisional government about them inviting in the Federation, I'm being sent - tomorrow - to live and work with them on Terok Nor.

CENN

Terok Nor? They're letting that abomination stay operational?

KIRA

(shrug)

We built the place. May as well make use of it, I guess.

CENN

But how can you carry on? After so much... so much...

KIRA

How can you not? This is what we were fighting for all along, this day, when the Cardassians are finally gone. What's the point of going through all that if we don't stay alive to enjoy it? This is our world, they don't get to win by making us give it up.

Cenn absorbs that. Kira can see she is getting through to him, but remains casual, not drawing attention to it.

KIRA

That's why I joined the Militia. Fighting is the only thing I know how to do, but at least this way I'm fighting for Bajor, not just against the Cardassians. It's what the Prophets would want us to do.

CENN  
The Prophets...

KIRA  
Yeah, I know. Hard to make it all  
make sense, sometimes. I just have  
to cling to my faith that it does  
make sense... to Them.

Kira suddenly gets to her feet, holds out her hand to Cenn.

KIRA  
Right, come on. I don't have time  
to sit around here all day, as  
nice as the view is. You coming?

Cenn stares at the outstretched hand a moment...

...then takes it, and hauls himself to his feet. Kira and  
Cenn walk off together across the roof, away from the edge.

**PAN BACK DOWN** to the marketplace...

...but now the Starfleet officers browsing the stalls are  
in the later grey-shoulder uniforms, and the buildings look  
less damaged, rebuilt.

Among them is adult HETIK, now as he appeared in Season 8.  
He lurks in the shadows of the stalls, no sign of Bram. He  
is doing this particular thieving mission on his own. From  
these shadows he can see BASHIR, with a travelling bag...

BASHIR  
I still can't believe I let Kira  
talk me into it. Of all the times  
to not have a doctor onboard, the  
entire engineering crew performing  
delicate surgery to install a new  
fusion core is not it.

DAX, only a Lieutenant at this time, sighs in exasperation.

DAX  
Just think of it as starting our  
vacation early. Come on...

Dax leads Bashir off through the stalls...

...Hetik watching his progress the whole way, trailing him like a panther hunting prey.

Dax wanders off to look at a different stall on her own...

Hetik spots his opportunity. He approaches Bashir from behind, hand reaching out to snag the PADD from his bag...

...but finds his hand suddenly held by RO, who has appeared out of nowhere. In her own grey Militia uniform, earring in her right ear, she leads Hetik away, Bashir none the wiser.

HETIK

Get off me, I wasn't doing -

RO

Don't bother, I know exactly what you were doing.

They reach the ALLEY again, and stop.

HETIK

What do you want?

RO

To talk to you, that's all. This is not the way, I promise you.

HETIK

I don't have a choice!

RO

You may think that, but it's not true. You don't have to live like this. It's a different world now.

HETIK

What do you know about it?

RO

Believe me, I know exactly what it's like to grow up on the street. After Bram kicked me out -

HETIK  
(ears perk up)  
Bram?

RO  
Yeah, Bram Adir - ran a resistance cell on Valo Two. Liked to boss me around, but he took care of me too, at least for a while. Anyway the point is, I made the choice that I had to get out of the bad situation I was in and try to find something better, even if it meant leaving him behind. And I did it.

Ro's unwitting connection has aroused Hetik's curiosity. He is still a scared kid, but she is sparking something...

HETIK  
By joining the Militia?

RO  
Well, you don't have to do exactly what I did, there's a whole galaxy of choices out there. But do something, okay? I'm not going to arrest you as long as you promise me you'll do something.

As Hetik considers her words...

**32    INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE**

...back to Candlewood absorbing all this, as Hetik finally reveals the full story. They are now sat on the chairs by the desk, while Bram's morgue tray remains open...

CANDLEWOOD  
Wow - so Ro was the one who got you off the streets. She never mentioned anything...

HETIK  
I didn't want anyone to know. Especially not...

Not Candlewood. He nods, accepting that, not offended.

CANDLEWOOD

What about Bram?

Hetik prepares to reveal the rest...

**33 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT**

Bram (now 23 and quite intoxicated) gapes in amazement...

BRAM

What do you mean, you're leaving?  
Where do you expect to go?

Hetik stands firm, trying to remain strong and not let his emotions show through...

HETIK

I don't know yet. I just know I  
can't stay here, not anymore.

BRAM

You think you can do better?

HETIK

I have to try. There has to be  
more to life than... this.

BRAM

Not for people like us. Don't you  
understand that yet? We're the  
forgotten children, Hetik, the  
ones no-one will ever care about.

HETIK

Galma cared. So did Efrin.

BRAM

They threw us out on the streets!

HETIK

Because of you, Bram. Don't you  
understand that? Why do you think  
she was always calling us the  
"trouble twins" ?

BRAM

She always hated me.

HETIK

She loved you. She put up with you for years, breaking all the rules. And even then she didn't ask you to leave until the Cardies were gone and she knew you'd be safe.

BRAM

If I'm such a bad influence, why did you come with me?

HETIK

Because I loved you too. I knew you'd get into trouble out here - and out here you wouldn't have Galma to look out for you.

BRAM

So, what? You stayed with me all this time - slept in the same bed and took the same drugs and prayed to the same gods - out of pity?

HETIK

Out of hope. I spent fifteen years hoping you'd become a better man. Obviously hope wasn't enough.

BRAM

Excuse me - a better man? You think you're so much better than me? You'd never have survived out here without me. I'm the brains, remember? You're just the looks.

That hits Hetik in his core, because he has always feared that too. Bram sees this, and changes tack...

BRAM

I'm sorry, Hetik, I didn't mean that. I do need you. Just give me a bit longer... please? I can get

off the drugs and find a proper job and be the man you want me to be, if you're here to help me.

HETIK

I've survived most of my life by believing that. Hasn't happened yet. I still love you, Bram, but I can't stay and watch you slowly kill yourself. So I'm going.

BRAM

Look, it's late, just spend the night and we can talk about it...

HETIK

I can't. If I do, I know you'll find some way to persuade me to stay, and I know I'll give in. I have to go now, while I've still got the strength to do it.

Bram is starting to realise that Hetik is serious. Holding himself tight so as not to break, Hetik goes to him...

HETIK

Bye, Bram. I hope you get better.

...and kisses him firmly. Then he turns to walk away.

BRAM

Hetik, don't! Please! I'll...  
I'll kill myself if you go...

The desperate, last resort emotional blackmail isn't going to work. Hetik keeps walking out into the dark night...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**34 INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE**

Candlewood holds Hetik's hands, sat facing each other on the two desk chairs in the dimly lit morgue. Hetik has been crying, Candlewood just there for him, calm and supportive.

CANDLEWOOD

You can't blame yourself, Hetik.

HETIK

Of course I can! His last words to me were "I'll kill myself".

CANDLEWOOD

He was trying to manipulate you into staying with him. You have to see that.

HETIK

He had it in him to be better, John. His family were resistance, it was in his blood. If I'd just stayed with him a little longer, worked a little harder to help -

CANDLEWOOD

You said you spent most of your life helping him. If he was going to change, he would have done it.

HETIK

You can't know that! We weren't like you, John - we didn't grow up in a peaceful world with a mother who fed us whatever we wanted.

CANDLEWOOD

I realise that, but -

HETIK

It was a horrible world for us, and he needed me.

CANDLEWOOD

Yes - so that he didn't have to take responsibility for anything. You did the right thing walking away from him, you had no choice.

HETIK

I always thought so, but then I read that news report...

CANDLEWOOD

It was a toxic relationship, babe. The kind you have to get out of, or else it'll kill you slowly too. You can't take the blame for what he did to himself.

Hetik looks over to the still-open morgue tray - Candlewood gently takes his chin and pulls his gaze away again.

CANDLEWOOD

No, don't look at him. He's the past. I'm not saying you should forget him, he was a big part of your life. But you have a whole new life now. You followed Ro's advice, and look what happened!

Hetik smiles through the tears at the memory...

**35    INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE**

As in Season 8 - Militia security chief Ro Laren sit-leans against her desk, glad to see Hetik standing with her.

RO

So I'll talk to Kira and arrange quarters, and we'll just tell everybody you're here to make a pilgrimage to see the wormhole.

HETIK

Well, I mean... that's true. Thank you, Lieutenant - for everything.

The door from the Promenade opens, and Orion *dabo* girl TREIR walks in. Ro stands up...

RO  
Ah, Treir - thanks for coming.  
This young man is Hetik.

TREIR  
(flirty)  
Well hello, Hetik...

RO  
(chuckle)  
Down, girl. Hetik needs a job, and  
I think you can help him out. Just  
don't tell Quark it was my idea...

Treir is intrigued - both at the idea of having something to lust after, and at the idea of messing with Quark...

**CUT TO:**

**36 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR (STOCK FROM 8x16 "BABY STEPS")**

Treir is talking to QUARK, discussing Hetik as he learns how to use the *dabo* wheel...

QUARK  
He's... my... what?

TREIR  
Your new *dabo* boy. I hired him.

QUARK  
He's... he's... you...

While Quark continues to flutter in horror...

**NEW FOOTAGE**

Militia Lt Ro watches from the door, chuckling...

**37 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

CENN lies on the bio-bed, more clear-headed now. Bashir et al have left him to recover...

**38**    **INT. DS9 - CORRIDOR (STOCK 9x10 "FRAGMENTS AND OMENS")**

VAUGHN and KIRA, both in Starfleet uniforms, walk and talk.

VAUGHN

Ro's made some progress. She suggests we reinstate the liaison position. She has someone in mind already. With your permission, of course.

KIRA

Send Ro to my quarters in thirty minutes with his file. But unless there's something on there I don't like, I think it's a sound idea.

**CUT TO:**

**39**    **INT. DS9 - KIRA'S QUARTERS**

As it might have been in Season 9. Starfleet Captain Kira inspects a PADD as she rushes down some food...

**INSERT - THE PADD**

Major Cenn's Militia record, including uniformed headshot

**BACK TO SCENE**

Kira smiles, recognising the man from the roof. She presses her thumb to the padd, an affirmative BEEP, puts it down.

**CUT TO:**

**40**    **INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS**

Cenn (still rather weak and tender) and Evik step into the cells area together, keeping a close eye on Sebrigar, the Nausicaan still occupying one of the security cells.

EVIK

Are you sure about this, Major?

CENN

(nods)

Go ahead, I'll be fine.

Not entirely convinced, Evik nevertheless heads back to the office, leaving Cenn alone with Sebrigar. The Nausicaan is wary of what's going on here, watches curiously. But Cenn is no threat, approaching with an open manner.

CENN

How are you feeling?

SEBRIGAR

My chest aches, from where your people shot me.

CENN

Yes, I regret that that happened. But it seemed to me that you were determined not to stop until we shot you. Is that right?

SEBRIGAR

(evasive)

I don't know what you mean.

CENN

You were itching for a fight from the moment you stepped out of the airlock. You brought a knife to a place you must have already been told weapons were not allowed.

SEBRIGAR

I obey no-one's rules.

CENN

Especially not when you're trying to get yourself killed.

SEBRIGAR

(over-exaggerated)

Ha! You are insane, Bajoran!

CENN

No, I'm not... I've just been where you are. Your entire world

destroyed... feels like Starfleet  
did nothing to help... and you  
wonder what's the point of going  
on, you might as well be dead.

Sebrigar doesn't reply. Cenn continues...

CENN

I jumped into the fight because  
you reminded me of the Cardassian  
who killed my wife and child...  
and because I didn't fight hard  
enough to save them. But you're  
not the Cardassian - you're me.  
So I'm letting you go.

Cenn switches off the FORCE-FIELD and steps back, no  
defence. Sebrigar does not move, confused.

SEBRIGAR

But I tried to kill you.

CENN

And I forgive you.

Cenn holds out a hand, welcoming the Nausicaan out of the  
cell. After another moment of caution, Sebrigar stands and  
steps over the lip, still worried this might be a trap.

CENN

Good. Sebrigar, isn't it? Come  
with me and I'll get you some  
quarters, find your friends. And  
we can talk about what you're  
going to do next, if you like.

Sebrigar allows Cenn to guide him towards the door...

CENN

...and no, you can't have your  
knife back.

**41    EST. BAJOR - CAPITAL CITY - NIGHT**

The same scene, but the day has moved on...

42     **INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE**

Hetik, with Candlewood's moral support, drapes the sheet over Bram's body and slowly pushes the morgue tray back into the wall. That done, Candlewood pulls him into a hug.

CANDLEWOOD

We should probably go and give Altha some information, let her close the case.

HETIK

Who?

CANDLEWOOD

The receptionist. Altha?

HETIK

Oh... right.

(beat)

Thanks for coming with me, John. Not sure that I would have been able to face this on my own. I just... didn't want you to know who I used to be...

CANDLEWOOD

Hey - I love you. There's no need to be ashamed of how you grew up, Hetik. You did the best you could with what you had. And look at how much better your life is now!

HETIK

Oh yeah. I serve drinks and spin gambling wheels and teach yoga. I guess I am just a body, and you're the brains, like Bram said.

CANDLEWOOD

Now, hold on - I have never said that. I've never even thought it.

HETIK

(doubtful)

Really?

CANDLEWOOD

Really. You are a warm, loving, passionate man who helps other people to enjoy their lives. That is an incredibly important thing. Don't let him take that away.

Hetik nods, accepting that.

CANDLEWOOD

Besides, look at us. Doesn't our relationship prove that you were never the messed up one?

**CUT TO:**

**43 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR (STOCK 8x26 "UNITY, pt 1")**

QUARK and Militia Lt Ro are at the bar talking, when NOG enters, part of a stream of Starfleet uniforms who have just come back from the *Defiant's* Gamma Quadrant mission.

NOG

Uncle! How have you been?

QUARK

Terrible, as if you couldn't tell.

While Quark continues to complain...

**NEW FOOTAGE**

One of the Starfleet officers entering the bar is Nog's junior computer specialist, CANDLEWOOD (a lt jg in yellow).

As he joins a group of colleagues, HETIK leans over the *dabo* table to his Orion teacher TREIR, and mutters...

HETIK

Hey, Treir? Who's that guy - the one with the curly hair?

TREIR

One of the junior engineers, I think. John something. Why?

Hetik seems smitten already - he wanders over towards Candlewood's group. Treir frowns, then gets it...

TREIR

Ohhh. Well, that explains it.

Hetik reaches Candlewood's group...

HETIK

Hi! Welcome to Quark's. I don't think we've met. I'm Hetik, the new *dabo* boy. You're John?

Hetik holds his hand out to shake Candlewood's, but the human man just stares dumbfounded at this vision in lycra and muscles who has inexplicably chosen to speak to him.

CANDLEWOOD

Umm... sorry... I have to go.

Face on fire, Candlewood desperately runs out of the bar. His colleagues chuckle, but Hetik is not deterred...

**44**    **INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE**

Candlewood face-palms with embarrassment...

CANDLEWOOD

Oh God, don't remind me.

HETIK

Come on... let's go home.

Hetik takes Candlewood's hand, opens the door, and leads him out into the brighter lights of the hospital...

FADE OUT

**END OF SHOW**