

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

12x15 - "Ghost Ship."

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 17x15 - "THIRD OF FIVE"**

Making repairs at Ramatis, Picard reviews reports - he knows this is only the beginning. Almost every active ship and officer has been drafted into defence. Listening reluctantly to the whispers in his head, Picard realises that the Borg will next hit five targets simultaneously - starbases 157, 234 and 343, and the Klingon colonies at [Khitomer](#) and Korvat. Only one of the five is in range for *Enterprise* to reach in time, so Picard sets course for Korvat, knowing it leaves the others all but undefended. Ten million people are killed on Korvat before *Enterprise* can destroy the cube, leaving only a few thousand survivors. Meanwhile three Starfleet ships fight the Borg over Khitomer. Two are destroyed, and *Ranger's* XO orders her crew to ram the cube. The helmsman cannot do it, so the XO does it herself. *Ranger* is destroyed, taking the cube with it and saving the planet, to the Klingon governor's great honour.

### **TTN 1x15 - "GODS OF NIGHT"**

2381: *Titan* passes through an area of subspace distortions - similar but not identical to Borg transwarp. The readings lead to a blank area of space, where star charts prove a planet used to be. 2168: On the ultra-advanced Caeliar world, Captain Hernandez gets shown around their Great Work - a millennia-old project to contact any lifeform as advanced as themselves. Their representative Inyx explains - they are made of catoms (programmable matter) and can be or do anything. Many *Columbia* crew bristle against being kept here, MACO leader Major Foyle especially. 2381: Dr Ree explains Troi's failed pregnancies - her experience with [Ian](#) (TNG 2x01 "The Child") corrupted her ovarian DNA. Riker attempts to confide in Vale, leading to an argument about allowing Troi to remain on active duty in her condition, then to Vale's aborted attempt to kiss her married captain. As they approach the empty space, a subspace pulse knocks *Titan* out of warp, leaving the ship blind and immobilised...

### **VOY 10x15 - "I AM A MIRROR"**

*Voyager's* first mission back on active duty is to track the still-missing *Reston* (VOY 10x12 "Revenant"). Before they can

destroy it, its commander contacts them - an assimilated Nick Locarno. He claims they are not connected to the Collective, and they can help. Dr Kaz starts working with them on anti-Borg strategies. Paris and Locarno argue - they had almost identical backgrounds but Paris got his second chance while Locarno was shunned. Paris responds that it was all Locarno's choice, like when Nick chose to let himself be assimilated to escape capture, while Tom would have rather died. Meanwhile, Admiral [Owen Paris](#) has taken command of Starbase 234, just in time for it to come under attack from the Borg. Adm Paris barely manages to send a message to his son, apologising for their latest argument, before the base is destroyed. Having just destroyed Locarno and *Reston*, Tom Paris receives the report that his father has been killed.

## TEASER

FADE IN:

### **1**     EXT. DESERT

A vast expanse of sand, carved into rolling dunes by a strong and persistent wind, and under scorching sunlight. We PAN slowly across the view, until we gradually come upon something half-buried under the sand - grey metal plates, forming a large shape that peeks out of the sand.

We PULL BACK some, enough to see more of the shape of the vessel, the curve of a hull, the grooves separating the plates, holes where the hull has been broken and the sand is dropping through into the darkness within.

PAN and PULL BACK some more, until we finally see enough of this metallic shape to recognise it as a Starfleet vessel, specifically of the NX class (from *Star Trek: Enterprise*). The ship is clearly lifeless, a crippled husk that crashed here and went no further.

Upon the back of this dead beast, black boots climb. As they pick their way across the metal plates, they pass over the name of the ship etched onto the hull.

### **NX-02 COLUMBIA**

The boots continue to climb up the hill of the ship's primary hull, until they reach a point where it is possible to look out over the body of the vessel, half covered in constantly shifting sand.

We see this figure only from behind as it looks out across this view. The figure is female, has long dark hair tied into a clasp, and is wearing a Starfleet uniform.

SISKO (o.s.)

Dax!

The figure turns, revealing itself to be JADZIA DAX. She looks back the way she came, seeing Captain BENJAMIN SISKO following in her path, also wearing his Starfleet uniform. Sisko stands beside Jadzia and gazes out with her.

SISKO

Quite a find, old man.

JADZIA

Tobin watched the *Columbia* launch from space dock around Earth. I never imagined I'd see her again here, in the Gamma Quadrant, two hundred years later.

SISKO

How's the search going?

JADZIA

Slowly. There's some unusual subatomic damage in the hull. Not sure what it means yet. All we know for sure is that she's been here almost that entire time.

They walk on a bit, towards a place where a great gash was torn into the hull by its crash. Hull panels are caved in, old cables droop, and sand has fallen in through the hole. Jadzia and Benjamin pause at the edge of the hole.

SISKO

Have you been able to identify any of the crew?

JADZIA

We haven't found any bodies. No remains of any kind.

SISKO

Is it possible they abandoned ship and settled somewhere on the planet?

JADZIA

Maybe. But most of their gear is still on board, and this desert goes on for almost nine hundred kilometres in every direction.

They look down into the dark hole...

2     **INT. COLUMBIA**

Now inside the wreck, looking up at the jagged hole. Jadzia and Benjamin stand in a shaft of bright sunlight. As Jadzia turns away from this, she sees something out of the corner of her eye and quickly turns to look at it...

Sparkling, twinkling LIGHTS in the darkness, gone as soon as they are seen. Jadzia shakes her head and rubs her eyes.

SISKO  
You alright, Dax?

JADZIA  
Fine, it's nothing. Just scorching  
my retinas.

They turn a corner and find Chief O'BRIEN hunched beneath a low-hanging tangle of wires and ancient circuit boards.

JADZIA  
Chief. Any luck?

O'BRIEN  
Not yet. It's a damn museum piece,  
is what it is. Our tricorders  
can't talk to it, and I can't find  
an adaptor in *Defiant's* database  
that'll fit these inputs.

SISKO  
Are the memory banks intact?

O'BRIEN  
Well, they're there. But whether  
they work... Nobody's used a  
system like this in a century.

SISKO  
How long, Chief? Give me a number.

O'BRIEN  
A couple of days, at least.

SISKO

That won't work. Worf just called.  
The *Defiant's* sensors detected  
Jem'Hadar approaching the system.  
They'll be here in twenty minutes.

KIRA (o.s.)

Does that mean we can get out of  
here now?

They all turn to see KIRA, in her Bajoran Militia uniform  
circa season 5, approaching from out of the darkness. She  
looks uncomfortable, glancing back over her shoulder.

SISKO

Is something wrong, Major?

KIRA

There's something in here. I can't  
explain it, but I can feel it.  
There's a *borhyas* watching us.

SISKO

A ghost? Are you telling me you  
think this ship is haunted?

KIRA

I don't know. But I heard things,  
and I felt the hairs on my neck  
stand up, and I keep seeing blinks  
of light in the dark...

DAX

(unnerved)

Blue flashes? Just out of the  
corner of your eye?

KIRA

(thrilled to  
be validated)

Yes!

SISKO

I've heard enough. Let's get back  
to the *Defiant*.

The team starts walking together down the corridor.

JADZIA

I wish we had more time to find some answers. Like how the hell the *Columbia* ended up all the way out here when history records it being lost near Romulan space.

SISKO

Sorry, old man. Besides, Kira still needs to get back to the station so Doctor Bashir can give her a full check-up.

KIRA

Should we plant demolitions? To stop the Jem'Hadar from capturing the ship?

SISKO

I doubt they'll find much more than we did. No, the *Columbia* has kept her secrets for two hundred years already. She can wait a little longer.

(taps combadge)

Sisko to *Defiant*. Four to beam up.

A moment, and Sisko, Kira, Dax and O'Brien all disappear in transporter beams, leaving the *Columbia* deserted once more.

A moment, and more blue flickering lights flash in the depths of the darkened ship, just out of sight.

A moment, and another figure walks out of the darkness into the beams of sunlight - EZRI DAX.

She walks around the space, looking at the buckled bulk heads, the dead and dangling cables, the gashes in the hull. Nothing seems to have changed in the years since she was last here. Ezri taps her combadge.

DAX

Dax to Helkara.

HELKARA (comm)

Helkara here.

DAX

Is your tricorder still reading clear?

HELKARA (comm)

As clear as it can be with this kind of atmospheric disturbance. Is there a problem?

DAX

Check life sign readings again, will you? Just to be sure.

A pause as Helkara does exactly that.

HELKARA (comm)

Only the readings that match perfectly with the *Aventine* crew who should be here, sir. Do you have reason to believe otherwise?

DAX

No... no, I'm sure it's nothing.  
Dax out.

Out of the corner of her eye, Ezri sees the flickering blue lights again. She feels the prickling of the hairs on her neck and the backs of her hands. She knows something is here with her, in the darkness. She just knows.

She walks on into the dead and deserted *Columbia*...

**BLACK OUT**

**END OF TEASER**

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

### **3**     EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE

Looking down upon the station from above, tight upon the Ops capsule at the top. Then WIDEN, and reveal...

*Defiant* moored on the docking ring. On the opposite side, the Akira-class *James T Kirk*. On an upper pylon, the Vesta-class *Aventine*, and on a lower, the Nebula-class *New York*. The four ships are distributed evenly around the station.

### **4**     INT. DS9 - WARD ROOM

Beginning tight on Ezri Dax's red uniform collar, which now features four pips, indicating a rank of captain.

WIDEN to reveal Dax sitting at one end of the ward room table, fingers woven on the table before her. She looks up and sees the others around the table with her.

At the opposite end of the table sits Commander RO LAREN. Beside her, Major CENN. Along the two sides, captains Benjamin Sisko and ELIAS VAUGHN. Supporting their captains are Commander ROGEIRO of the *Kirk*, and Lieutenant CAVANAUGH of the *New York*.

DAX

Thank you all for meeting with me.  
I realise you're probably busy.

SISKO

It's good to see you safe, old man. And congratulations on the promotion.

DAX

Thanks, Benjamin. I just wish it were under better circumstances. But after our losses at Acamar, Starfleet apparently saw fit to promote me two ranks and put the ship under my command. I guess they were short-handed.

VAUGHN

Don't put yourself down, Dax. Now  
what do you need from us?

DAX

I have a mission from Starfleet.  
One I had to convince them to give  
me. They weren't happy about it -  
every other ship in the fleet is  
being reassigned to defence  
against the Borg attacks.

RO

Then why are you different?

DAX

Because I have a hunch. When we  
fought the Borg at Acamar, my  
science officer, Helkara, detected  
something strange about the cube.  
Some weird subatomic damage to its  
hull metals. I knew it reminded me  
of something at the time, but I  
was kind of busy so I didn't give  
it much thought. Once the battle  
was over, I went back and looked  
at those readings again... and  
eventually, I remembered where I'd  
seen them before.

VAUGHN

Where was it?

DAX

On the *Columbia*.

SISKO

You mean, in the Gamma Quadrant?  
Dax, that was seven years ago.

CENN

(puts hand up,  
hesitant)

I don't think I know this story.

DAX

Sorry, Major. It was on the *Defiant*, just before the Dominion War. We were returning from another mission when I - or rather when Jadzia - detected Earth-made technology on a planet where there shouldn't have been any.

CAVANAUGH

Earth-made? Not Federation-made?

SISKO

It was *Columbia*, a pre-Federation warp five ship. It was missing and presumed destroyed in the Earth-Romulan War two hundred years ago.

RO

So then what was it doing in the Gamma Quadrant?

DAX

Exactly. It was the archaeological find of the century, I couldn't turn it down. Unfortunately the Jem'Hadar came calling and we had to run. And then war broke out a couple of months later, and we all had other things to worry about. Hopefully, it's still there.

SISKO

You're going back to find it?

DAX

It's the same subatomic readings, Ben. I checked *Defiant's* records against *Aventine's*, and allowing for differences in construction between us and the Borg, the readings are identical.

RO

Okay, say it is the same readings. Forgive my ignorance, but so what?

SISKO

Nobody knows how the Borg have been getting into Federation space for these attacks. When *Voyager* destroyed their transwarp hub in the Delta Quadrant, it should have crippled their network for years.

VAUGHN

(nodding along)

And there have been no indications of transwarp activity, of quantum slipstream, of wormholes - of any of the known methods of extra-warp travel - that might explain how they're getting so deep into our territory without setting off any of our border proximity alarms.

DAX

That subatomic damage might help explain how the *Columbia* managed to make it from the Romulan border to the Gamma Quadrant in less than ten years, a journey that should have taken it three-hundred-fifty years under its own power.

RO

And if it can tell you that, it might also tell you how the Borg are getting into Federation space. And how we can stop them.

DAX

That's how I sold it to Starfleet. I told Admiral Nechayev this could be the most important mission in the fleet right now. That may have been an exaggeration. But like I said, I have a hunch.

VAUGHN

So back to my original question - what do you need from us?

DAX

(shy smile)

Well, first of all, I need you to tell me if I'm crazy. You are the people who know me better than anyone else. Does this make any sense, or am I making it all up?

SISKO

(chuckle)

I think it makes perfect sense. I learned to trust Dax's intuition thirty years ago. You should too.

VAUGHN

Captains have taken far greater leaps on far less evidence. If it works out, what a start to your first command!

DAX

And if it doesn't, it'll probably be my last command. So you think I should do this?

RO

I think you have to. Besides, like you said, Starfleet ordered you. It's out of your hands.

ROGEIRO

You said that was 'first of all'. Was there a second of all?

DAX

Actually, yes. As well as captain and first officer, the *Aventine* lost several senior staff against the Borg. My helm officer is still in sickbay two weeks later. So I was hoping I could pick up some replacements here. From you, Ro.

RO

You're... stealing my crew?

DAX

Not all of them. But it just made sense to bring in people I already know and trust. I picked up Simon - Doctor Tarses - on my way here. He's going to be my chief medical officer. But I still need a chief engineer and a first officer.

RO

Who did you have in mind?

As Dax considers her response to that...

**5    EXT. DESERT**

The exterior of the crashed *Columbia*, still half-buried in shifting sand. Ezri Dax stands upon its surface, shielding her eyes against the glaring sun reflecting off the metal.

She stands by one of the large dark holes where the hull was compromised. She turns, crouches, stares down into the darkness, wondering about what might lurk down there. Then a FACE appears in the hole, and Dax SQUEAKS in shocked surprise, almost tumbling backwards.

But the face is only *Aventine's* science officer, Lt Cmdr GRUHN HELKARA, a trim Zakdorn male. He is climbing up a set of makeshift steps which have been constructed within the hole. He pokes his head into the open air with a smile.

HELKARA

Good news, Captain. The new converter's working. I thought you might want to come down and have a look for yourself.

DAX

No thanks, Gruhn. I'd prefer to stay topside.

She has no intention of elaborating. Helkara clambers up until he too stands on the surface of the *Columbia*, looking out across the desert. He palms sweat off his forehead.

HELKARA

By the gods, did it get hotter out here?

DAX

Yes, it did. Where are you with the metallurgical analysis?

HELKARA

Almost done, sir. You were right. We detected molecular distortion in the spaceframe consistent with intense sub-spatial stress.

DAX

And what was the cause?

HELKARA

Hard to be sure.

DAX

You mean you don't know.

HELKARA

Well, I'm not prepared to make that admission yet. I may not have enough data to form a hypothesis, but my tests have ruled out several obvious answers.

DAX

Such as?

HELKARA

Extreme warp velocities. Quantum slipstream vortices. Wormholes. Iconian gateways. Time travel. Oh, and the Q.

DAX

Doesn't leave us much to go on.

HELKARA

No. But I love a challenge.

DAX

Keep at it, Gruhn. Something moved this ship clear across the galaxy. I need to know what it was, and I need to know soon.

HELKARA  
Understood, Captain.

KEDAIR (comm)  
Kedair to Dax.

DAX  
(taps combadge)  
Dax. Go head, Lieutenant.

KEDAIR (comm)  
We just got another priority message from Starfleet Command. I think you might want to take this one. It's Admiral Nechayev, and she wants a reply.

DAX  
(sigh)  
Alright, Lieutenant. Beam me up. I'll take it in my ready room.

KEDAIR (comm)  
Aye sir. Stand by for transport.

DAX  
You're in charge down here till I get back, Commander.

Helkara nods acknowledgment, then Dax disappears in a transporter beam, leaving Helkara alone by the ominous dark hole in the *Columbia's* corpse...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**6 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Focusing again on the Ops dome...

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

Ro, Dax, Lt BOWERS and Lt LEISHMAN sit in the lounge, Bowers stiff and formal, Leishman bouncing with excitement.

LEISHMAN

Are you kidding? Oh my god, yes!

Yes, absolutely!

(oh wait)

If that's okay with you, sir.

RO

(wry)

In fact, Captain Dax's selections have already been pre-approved by Starfleet Command. I don't have much say in the matter. But thank you for asking, Lieutenant. And yes, it's okay with me.

LEISHMAN

Chief engineer of a slipstream vessel? Do you have any idea how many engineers in Starfleet would kill for that?

(sudden realisation)

Oh my god, Prynn's gonna kill me.

RO

And what about you, Sam?

BOWERS

(hesitant)

It's certainly a rare opportunity.

DAX

Which means what?

BOWERS

(awkward)

Commander Ro, there's something I'd like to discuss with Captain Dax before I accept the transfer. If I could have a moment...?

RO

Sure. Come on Mikaela, let's go break the news to Nog and Prynn.

Ro and Leishman stand to leave, and Dax and Bowers also stand out of courtesy. Once Ro and Leishman have left and the door is closed, Bowers paces slowly over towards the commander's desk, building courage for what he is about to say. Dax watches him curiously from afar.

DAX

Sam? What's wrong? Aren't you interested? I would have thought you'd jump at the chance.

BOWERS

Oh, I'm very interested, sir. The Vesta-class ships are a prime assignment. And though I've never chased promotion, I certainly don't object to it.

(turns to her)

But I have some conditions first.

DAX

Okay... I'm listening.

BOWERS

I want formality on the bridge.

DAX

What do you mean?

BOWERS

I would never say this to Commander Ro, it's not my place here. But I have found myself increasingly uncomfortable with the way she runs this command.

Bowers looks out through the door of the office onto Ops, where he can see Ro, Leishman, NOG, TENMEI and CANDLEWOOD. They are all laughing and joking, congratulating Leishman with hugs and high-fives and noogies.

Bowers feels guilty about what he is saying, but equally, that is the perfect example of what he is saying.

BOWERS

First names, practical jokes, senior officers play-fighting in front of their subordinates. It is not appropriate for the nerve centre of a Starfleet crew.

DAX

They're just enjoying their work, Lieutenant. That's not a crime. Maybe it's you who needs to loosen up a bit.

BOWERS

(exasperated)

That's exactly the attitude I'm talking about. I reject the idea that I need to 'loosen up'. That it's only a matter of time before I come to my senses and start behaving like everyone else. The bridge of a starship - or a space station - is a place of business, not of games and gossip.

DAX

I didn't realise you felt this strongly.

BOWERS

Don't get me wrong, I know how to have fun. You should catch me on the dance floor some time. But there's a time and a place, and bridge duty is not it. Lives depend on the decisions we make in that space. So if I'm going to be

your first officer, I want your assurances that I'll have your support in setting an appropriate tone.

Dax straightens, taking everything he has said on board. He wonders if he is about to be given his discharge papers.

DAX

Very well. You've made persuasive points, and I am prepared to agree to your terms. Welcome aboard the *Aventine*, Lieutenant - or should I say, Commander Bowers.

BOWERS

Thank you, Captain. Then I accept the position.

She approaches, and they shake hands to close the deal.

DAX

Good. And you know I'm holding you to that dance floor thing.

**8**    **EXT. AVENTINE**

Establishing the large and sleek Vesta-class ship in orbit of the golden-coloured desert planet. It is now largely repaired from the beating it took at Acamar two weeks ago.

**9**    **INT. AVENTINE - CORRIDOR**

A door opens and Sam Bowers - now in a red command collar with three pips - steps out into the corridor. He walks along purposefully, past engineers still effecting repairs. He turns a corner... and finds himself at a dead end.

Embarrassed at having got lost on his own ship, he turns back the way he came. The noise of voices draws him on, and he discovers to his relief that they are coming from two junior officers waiting for a turbolift.

The Tellarite male and the human female are close, chatting and whispering intimately, clearly a couple. The moment

they spot him approaching, they jerk apart, standing more professionally. Bowers remains completely above it.

BOWERS

Good morning Lieutenant, Ensign.

TELLARITE

It's afternoon, sir.

Luckily, the turbolift arrives. Bowers after-yous the two junior officers inside.

**10 INT. AVENTINE - TURBOLIFT (CONTINUED)**

As the doors close, the human woman speaks...

WOMAN

Deck twelve, engineering.

BOWERS

Bridge.

(sheepish)

Sorry.

WOMAN

That's alright, sir. It happens.

They stand in silence, until a few moments later, the door opens onto...

**11 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Bowers exits the turbolift onto the bridge - 90 percent repaired from what we saw last episode. KEDAIR, the ship's security chief, stands from the centre chair.

KEDAIR

Sir.

BOWERS

I am ready to relieve you,  
Lieutenant.

KEDAIR

I am ready to be relieved, sir.  
(hands him padd)

Salvage operations on the *Columbia* are proceeding according to schedule. No contacts in sensor range, Dominion or otherwise, and all systems nominal.

(hesitant)

Although... there were some reports from the surface that I want to check out.

BOWERS

What kind of reports?

KEDAIR

The kind that make me think our teams are more fatigued than they are letting on, sir.

BOWERS

What gives you that impression?

KEDAIR

A pair of incident reports, filed eleven hours apart, each by a different engineer. They claim the *Columbia* is haunted, sir.

Kedair's dubious expression makes it clear how likely she thinks that is. Bowers accepts it stoically.

BOWERS

Maybe it is. Lord knows I've seen stranger things.

KEDAIR

(a touch  
perturbed)

I don't plan to indulge the crew's superstitions, sir. I just want to be sure they're not becoming delusional out of grief or stress.

BOWERS

A valid concern, Lieutenant. Is the captain in her ready room?

KEDAIR

Aye, sir. She's been on the comm with Admiral Nechayev for the better part of half an hour.

BOWERS

Very good. I relieve you.

KEDAIR

(snap to attention)

I stand relieved. Permission to go ashore, sir?

BOWERS

Granted. But keep it brief. We may need you back on watch.

With a nod, Kedair strides towards the turbolift and leaves the bridge. Bowers settles into the centre seat.

He barely has time to browse the padd in his hand before...

DAX (comm)

Dax to Commander Bowers. Please report to my ready room.

BOWERS

On my way, Captain. Lieutenant Kandel, you have the bridge.

Bowers stands, heads towards the ready room door...

**12    INT. AVENTINE - READY ROOM**

As Bowers enters, Dax is standing and staring out of the window at the planet below, clearly annoyed and unhappy.

BOWERS

What happened? Is Starfleet pulling the plug?

DAX

They might as well be. We have twenty-four more hours to finish our salvage and head back to the

wormhole. Nechayev wants us to  
join the fleet defending Trill.

BOWERS

Why the change of plans?

Dax steps to her desk, turns the screen around to face  
Bowers. It plays a VIDEO CLIP - just a few brief dramatic  
seconds of weapons fire exchanged with a looming Borg cube,  
and then static. Clearly, the recording ship was destroyed.

DAX

This is from the USS *Amargosa*, one  
of five ships lost in the last  
sixteen hours. All in the Onias  
sector, and all to the Borg. No-  
one knows if the same Borg cube  
destroyed all five ships.

BOWERS

If it was all the work of one  
cube, it might be another scout.  
Another test of our defences.

DAX

And if it wasn't, then the  
invasion has started. And we're  
out here playing in the sand.  
Either way, we have to break orbit  
by tomorrow, so we can forget  
about raising the *Columbia*.

BOWERS

(crosses arms,  
ponders)

Our main objective is to figure  
out how the *Columbia* got here. To  
do that, we need to analyse the  
computer core. If Leishman and  
Helkara's adaptors work, we can  
download its memory banks over  
night and be done by morning.

DAX

(picking up  
the thread)

And then parse the data on our way back. Not my first choice, but it will have to do.

(sigh)

Alright, let's get on with it. A war is why we couldn't solve this ship's mysteries seven years ago. And another war is why we need to solve them now. Before we leave this planet, I want to know what happened to the *Columbia*.

Off Dax's determination...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**13    INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

NOG and SHAR stroll along the Promenade together.

NOG

And then, when I've only just finished repairing and restocking the *New York*, the *Aventine* turns up and I've got to start repairing and restocking that.

SHAR

I'm certain Captain Vaughn would be willing to lend resources and staff as long as we're here.

NOG

Oh, it's okay. I'm only whining. It's good to see you, Shar. Prynn said you were on the *Kirk* now.

SHAR

Yes... and given recent events, I'm unsure if it was the right decision. Perhaps I should have stayed at home - to protect it.

BIF (o.s.)

Nog! Hi!

They stop, and look down at the deck - the tiny puppy BIF is there. Far from his usual happy, tail-thumping self, his spines droop with worry. Nog swallows down his retch.

NOG

Bif - is everything okay?

BIF

I don't think so. Can you help?

His concern overriding his revulsion, Nog nods and follows Bif back into the shop, Shar following along intrigued.

14 INT. DS9 - ETHRAKOIS' SHOP

In the far corner, we see ornaments and glassware SMASHED, thrown haphazardly around. MRS ETHRAKOI sits on the deck, in the middle of the wreckage, staring emptily at a padd in her hands. Nog and Shar approach gently, crouching down.

NOG

Mrs Ethrakoi... Bissenna...?  
What is it? What's wrong?

She doesn't respond, just stares at the padd. Nog reaches out and gently takes the padd from her - she allows it. Nog reads the screen with a small stifled gasp. He passes it to Shar, who also reads and closes his eyes to the horror.

NOG

I'm so sorry.

MRS ETHRAKOI

They all gone. Every damn one o'  
them. Even him.

SHAR

Barolia is your homeworld?

MRS ETHRAKOI

Was. Ain't no survivors, they say.  
Acamar got survivors. But Barolia  
and Ramatis - ain't nothin' left.

NOG

Is there anything I can do?

MRS ETHRAKOI

Like what? They comin' to kill us  
all, ain't they?

Shar and Nog share a look - what can they say? They both know that that is very likely true.

MRS ETHRAKOI

Don't make no sense. How can an  
entire planet be dead?

NOG  
Bissenna, I'm going to call for  
someone to come, okay? You stay  
here. Bif - stay with her. Someone  
will be here soon, I promise.

BIF  
I will.

Mrs Ethrakoi nods absently. Bif crawls up close, trying to  
comfort her. Nog pulls Shar away and they step quietly out.

**15    INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

Back out on the Promenade, Nog sees Shar's haunted look.

SHAR  
Her entire world is dead, Nog. How  
many more before this is over?

Nog has no answer.

Elsewhere, Dax walks along the Promenade. Taking in the  
sights and sounds, enjoying being back in these familiar  
surroundings for the first time in almost two years,  
letting herself relax despite the tense circumstances.

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

She pauses at the threshold of the bar. It's doing a decent  
trade, with a fun, casual atmosphere, all the local colour,  
the smell of the food wafting out. QUARK holds court, Lt  
Cmdr EVIK NATH sits at the bar watching the crowd.

PIF  
Welcome to Quark's!

Dax starts a little, looks down to see PIF the green dog-  
like Aarruri grinning up at her.

DAX  
Oh. Hello. I'm sorry, I don't  
think we've met.

PIF

My name is Pifko Gaber, I'm the official maitre d' for the Ferengi embassy. And you must be Captain Ezri Dax of the *Aventine*.

DAX

How could you possibly know that?

PIF

Always know your customer before they walk in the door. Rule of Acquisition number one-ninety-four.

DAX

Really? Well, things have changed since I was last here, that's for sure.

PIF

Would you like a table, captain?

DAX

Actually I thought I'd just sit at the bar, if that's okay.

PIF

We have several fine seats available. Please take your pick.

DAX

I will, thank you Mister Gaber.

PIF

Oh, call me Pif. Everyone does!

Grinning at this most unexpected interaction, Dax steps on into the room and approaches the bar. As she nears, Quark looks up from what he was doing, and gasps in amazement.

QUARK

Well, there she is. Captain Ezri Dax. Who would have ever thought?  
(genuine)  
Jadzia would be proud.

DAX

Thanks, Quark. I like to think so too. How are you?

QUARK

All the better for seeing you. Although I would prefer it if we weren't at war all over again.

DAX

I'm still hoping there's a way to stop this before it gets any worse, Quark.

EVIK

Certainly an admirable ambition, Captain. I only hope it's not a futile one.

Dax turns to notice Evik sitting at the bar with them.

QUARK

Dax, meet Lieutenant Commander Evik Nath, the station's chief of security.

Dax looks between back and forth Quark and Evik, notices the complete lack of any tension between them. They appear to be completely comfortable with each other.

DAX

And you two are friends? Wow, things really have changed around here, haven't they? A pleasure to meet you, Commander.

EVIK

And you, sir. Do you think there's a way to stop the Borg?

DAX

That's what my mission is about. And I really ought to be getting on with it. I just wanted to look up some old friends before I go.

QUARK

Doctor Bashir's over there.

Quark directs Dax's attention towards a table under the stairs, at which they can see Ro, JULIAN BASHIR and Dr SIMON TARSES sitting together with drinks. Dax smiles.

DAX

Thanks, Quark. Good to see you.  
Commander Evik.

EVIK

Sir.

Dax steels herself and heads across towards the table. Seeing her approach, Bashir stands gentlemanly.

BASHIR

Ezri...

DAX

Julian. Simon. Commander.

RO

What, I don't get a name?

DAX

(grin)

Sorry - Laren.

RO

Join us. I was just catching up with these miracle workers about that time they healed my broken back and saved me from being in a wheelchair the rest of my life.

DAX

(Dax and Bashir sit)

The good old days, huh? Simon, I want to get moving within the hour. Is everything ready?

TARSES

Aventine's sickbay is fully repaired and restocked, thanks to

Doctor Bashir. I arrogantly submit we're ready for anything.

DAX

Okay. You'd better check in with Sam, make sure he knows.

RO

Come on, Simon, I'll walk you to the airlock. Good luck, Captain.

DAX

Thanks Ro. You too.

Ro and Tarses get up from the table, pointedly leaving Bashir and Dax alone. Awkward pause.

BASHIR

Ro told me about your mission. Are you really sure about this, Dax?

DAX

Why wouldn't I be?

BASHIR

It seems like a hell of a stretch. The *Aventine* is a strong ship - obviously, or you'd never have survived at Acamar. Wouldn't you be better off here, protecting the Federation?

DAX

You think I'm wrong about the *Columbia*?

BASHIR

I just think it's a thin thread to be hanging all your hopes on.

DAX

Or maybe you really think I can't handle it.

BASHIR

I never said that.

DAX

You don't have to, Julian, it's always the same with you. Every time I try to make a change, you try to tell me I can't do it. My transfer to command, negotiating with the Yrythny, taking on the parasites on Trill, the *Luna*...

BASHIR

Are we really going to do this every single time, Dax?

DAX

(dismissive)

Do what?

BASHIR

Me trying to be nice, you taking every single word and deliberately twisting it to make me sound like a monster?

DAX

Oh, so I'm the bad guy now? You know, I came here hoping for some encouragement. This is a big chance I'm taking.

BASHIR

And I don't want you to run into it blindly, without thinking it through first. That is Dax's MO, after all. Believe it or not, I don't actually want you to die.

DAX

Are you sure? If I die, you can rest safe in the knowledge that the great Doctor Julian Bashir was right, as always.

BASHIR

You know what this really is, Counsellor Dax? This is not me

needing to be right. This is you projecting all your insecurities onto me. As always.

Dax stands slowly, utterly furious, and looms over him.

DAX

That's Captain Dax to you, Lieutenant Commander Bashir. I suggest you remember that. And if any interaction with me is so hard for you, then I have another suggestion. How about you and me never seeing each other again?

She turns and leaves, head high and face stern. Bashir is left stricken, knowing that he messed this up *again*.

On the Promenade, Dax strides purposefully towards a turbolift. She slaps her combadge harder than necessary.

DAX

Dax to Bowers. Recall all crew to their stations. I want to leave as soon as DS9 can give us clearance.

BOWERS (comm)

Understood, Captain.

The turbolift arrives, and she steps aboard, glowering.

DAX

*Aventine.*

The computer beeps affirmatively, and the doors slide shut.

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**17 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Re-establishing the *Aventine* docked at the station.

**18 INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Most of DS9's senior staff is already present - Ro and Cenn at the central Ops table, Candlewood at sciences, ALECO at tactical, Tenmei just hanging out. Pointedly not Bashir.

A turbolift rises into Ops, carrying Captain Vaughn, Shar and Nog. Tenmei notices and runs to hug Shar and Vaughn.

TENMEI

Dad! Shar!

RO

(chuckles)

Whatever happened to the days when you two barely acknowledged each other's existence?

VAUGHN

Happily long gone, Commander. Dax on her way?

CENN

Just waiting for final clearance now, Captain.

Meanwhile, Tenmei and Nog have led Shar over to the science station, where the Andorian is greeted with a handshake by his replacement as chief science officer.

CANDLEWOOD

Good to see you, Shar. How's being back on a starship treating you?

SHAR

It is good, thank you, John. I am finding it quite fulfilling.

CANDLEWOOD

Good, cause you're not getting  
this science station back.

TENMEI

Computers are John's best friends.

CANDLEWOOD

Careful. Another crack like that  
and this computer expert might  
just replace your entire music  
archive with Sinnravian drad.

NOG

And what would be wrong with that?

The rest chuckle - everyone knows drad music is unbearable  
to everyone but Ferengi. Meanwhile Cenn's panel trills.

BOWERS (comm)

*Aventine* to DS-Nine. We're ready,  
requesting clearance to depart.

CENN

(off panels)

Clearance granted, *Aventine*. Safe  
journey. Walk with the Prophets.

BOWERS (comm)

Acknowledged, Major. We'll see you  
again soon. *Aventine* out.

RO

Put them on screen.

Cenn does so - the main viewscreen changes to show *Aventine*  
slowly arcing away from the station and out into space.  
Tenmei pouts, grumbles under her breath. Shar notices...

SHAR

Prynn? Is everything okay?

TENMEI

No. Leishman gets to fly around  
with a slipstream engine and I  
don't.

After a moment, the wormhole bursts into life. *Aventine* dives in, is swallowed up, and the wormhole closes.

Ro turns back to Vaughn, shares a look. They are proud of Dax, but they all hope she will be alright.

Then there is an ALERT on Cenn's panels. He checks them...

CENN

It's a message from Starfleet.  
There's been another Borg attack.

Ro, Vaughn and Sisko blanch with horror...

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

The video clip from the *Amargosa* plays on a wall screen. Ro, Sisko and Vaughn watch in silent horror. They took this in private so as not to demoralise the crew any more.

As the clip begins to repeat, Sisko reaches out and taps off the screen. They've seen enough. Quiet, haunted.

SISKO

Five attacks in the last sixteen hours. Who knows how many more on the way.

RO

These weren't anywhere near the Bajor sector, though, right? They're not on their way here?

VAUGHN

The Onias sector is way over near Romulan space. But since we still don't know where the hell they're coming from or how, it may not stay that way.

SISKO

The *Kirk* and the *New York* have been ordered back towards the core worlds. To join the defence if and when there's another attack.

RO  
Leaving Bajor undefended if they  
do come here.

VAUGHN  
(half joking)  
Maybe you can pray to the Prophets  
to protect you.

SISKO  
(quiet, pained)  
That's not funny, Elias.

VAUGHN  
No, I suppose it's not.

RO  
When do you leave?

SISKO  
Admiral Whatley wants us to be on  
our way as soon as possible.

Ro turns to the other two captains, looks them both clear  
in the eye so there's no mistaking. She makes this formal.

RO  
Then I wish you safe journey,  
Captains. And good luck.

VAUGHN  
And to you, Commander.

They shake each other's hands. Solemn, aware of the task  
before them, Sisko and Vaughn turn and EXIT the office. Ro  
steps to the window that looks out over Ops, and watches as  
Vaughn beckons MOS for Shar to join them.

Shar shares a moment of concern with Tenmei and Nog, who  
don't want to see their friend go into danger. But orders  
are orders. Shar joins Sisko and Vaughn on the turbolift,  
which takes them all away.

After a moment, Ro turns back to her desk, lowers herself  
into the seat. And sits there alone, isolated. Abandoned.

20 **EXT. AVENTINE**

Re-establishing the *Aventine* in orbit of the golden-coloured desert planet.

21 **INT. AVENTINE - CONFERENCE ROOM**

The door opens and Dax strides in to the conference lounge, heading towards the closest chair at the head of the table.

As Dax takes her seat, Bowers is already sat to her right and Helkara to her left. Next in line are Leishman next to Bowers, and MIRREN (Ops manager, human female) next to Helkara. Presumably Lt Kedair is running the bridge.

DAX

Let's get started.

HELKARA

The salvage of the *Columbia's* logs is underway, Captain. Ensign Riordan is helping its computer talk to ours, and they seem to be getting along splendidly.

LEISHMAN

I'd like to commend Ensign Riordan for his work on this project, Captain. If it weren't for the schematics he found in Earth's archives, I doubt we could have made a successful connection to the *Columbia's* memory banks.

DAX

I'll note it in my log.

(to Helkara)

How much of their data have you translated so far?

HELKARA

About thirty-five percent. We're dividing our time between sensor logs and flight records.

DAX

(to Mirren)

Have you made any progress in analysing the data?

MIRREN

Some. By cross-referencing the two sources, we're developing a simulation of the *Columbia's* approach to the planet and its crash landing.

BOWERS

How far along is the sim?

MIRREN

We've locked down roughly the last forty seconds before the *Columbia* impacted the surface. It looks as if it was on autopilot before it -

Mirren is interrupted by a RUSTLING sound. She glares across the table, where Leishman is busy unwrapping a small piece of candy. Job done, she happily pops it into her mouth and begins to chew... before looking up and realising that everyone is staring at her.

LEISHMAN

(still chewing)

What?

MIRREN

Must you?

LEISHMAN

I get low blood sugar.

Bowers glowers but holds his tongue. Dax sees this and covers a smirk of amusement. Leishman just keeps chewing, guileless and innocent, deliberately torturing Mirren.

BOWERS

Mirren, you said the *Columbia's* autopilot had been engaged. Any idea by whom?

MIRREN

Not yet. We're not even sure when it was activated. It might have been online for minutes, or it could have been flying the ship for years.

DAX

Alright, we still have fourteen hours to work on this before we have to pull up sticks. Sam, I want all our resources focused on this, understood?

BOWERS

Aye, sir.

DAX

Thank you, everyone. Dismissed.

Everyone stands from their seats and begins to head back towards the bridge - Dax lets them all pass her before her, waiting to go last.

As they do, Leishman steps into file behind Mirren and begins WHISTLING an off-key tune. Mirren lasts only seconds before turning to her with gritted teeth.

MIRREN

Do you mind?

LEISHMAN

Sorry. Helps me think.

Dax smirks again as they leave the bridge. She is actually grateful for Leishman trying to lighten the atmosphere in here. Before the door to the bridge has chance to close, Counsellor HYATT pokes her head in.

HYATT

Do you have a moment, Captain?

DAX

Sure, come on in.

Dax directs Hyatt to the seat Bowers was sitting in, while she sits back down where she was. The door to the bridge closes, leaving them alone.

DAX  
So what's up?

HYATT  
I have some concerns about the crew's psychological condition. It's only been two weeks since they lost an entire third of their crew mates in a devastating battle against the Borg.

DAX  
(nodding)  
I imagine your appointment book has been full.

HYATT  
Can't deny that. But a lot of it, especially since we came here, hasn't even mentioned the Borg. At least not directly.

DAX  
What do you mean?

HYATT  
I've had more than a dozen of the crew mention that they felt a presence on the *Columbia*. That they'd been working down there, alone or in pairs, and had the feeling that someone - or something - was watching them.

Dax takes a deep breath. She has felt the same thing, but doesn't want to admit that to a subordinate right now. It might undermine her newfound authority.

DAX  
You think it's because of what happened at Acamar?

HYATT

So many deaths. The prospect of many more to come. The pressure to do something, anything to stop it. It wouldn't be out of the realms of possibility for some to suffer a certain level of paranoia.

DAX

But for all of them to have the same story?

HYATT

(shrug)

There's such a thing as a shared delusion. One person talks about it, others pick it up, think they're feeling the same thing. And it spreads.

Dax ponders quietly. Is she going crazy? Are they all?

DAX

I've heard similar reports from others. Bowers wants to increase security down on the *Columbia*. Kedair thinks it's superstition. Tarses has treated a dozen people for a tingling on the skin.

(pause)

And I've felt it myself.

Dax looks down, vaguely ashamed. Hyatt absorbs the news without reaction. She wonders how to be delicate here...

HYATT

I spoke briefly with Doctor Tarses shortly after we left DS-Nine. He mentioned he detected some tension with your former crewmates.

DAX

(sad smile)

Great. One week as a captain and my senior staff are already gossiping about me behind my back.

HYATT

Not gossiping. Expressing concern. He wanted to be sure you had the necessary support during your transition.

DAX

So you think I'm imagining it? The same as everyone else?

HYATT

You lost people too, the same as they did. And you have the added pressure of becoming captain. Can you honestly rule it out?

DAX

(deliberately  
contrary)

Maybe there's a native life-form. Something that took up residence inside the *Columbia* for shelter.

HYATT

Helkara didn't detect any life signs apart from our own crew.

DAX

Starfleet records are filled with non-corporeal life-forms that don't register on standard sensors until you know what to look for.

HYATT

(gently)

They're also full of crew who suffered post-traumatic stress after particularly harrowing experiences.

Dax sits back. She knows she is not winning this one.

DAX

Alright, Counsellor. What do you suggest?

HYATT

I do understand that you have to balance the needs of the crew with the parameters of the mission. And if there's a chance the *Columbia* can help us against the Borg, you can't let a few hairs standing up on the back of your neck stop you. But you also can't just discount it altogether. I just want you to keep it in mind when it comes to the crew's performance.

(beat)

And your own.

DAX

Understood, Counsellor. Thank you.

Hyatt nods, and quietly stands to leave the room. Dax sits at the conference table, pondering what Hyatt has said.

22 **INT. COLUMBIA**

The dark and dismal depths of the deserted *Columbia*, with *Aventine* crew working away in various corners.

And unseen by those workers, peeking around the corner and seeming to watch them from afar, the little blue lights continue to flicker...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**23 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE**

Dax sits in the captain's chair, legs crossed and reading a padd. Bowers sits in the first officer's chair next to her. The business of the bridge goes on around them.

A BEEP sounds from Lieutenant Kedair's console. Dax quickly turns to look towards her security chief, worried it's something bad.

DAX

Don't tell me - the Jem'Hadar are here.

KEDAIR

Not this time. It's Starfleet again, via the wormhole relay.

Bowers calls up the message on his own console, reads through it, frowns at it.

DAX

What does it say?

BOWERS

They're cutting our deadline.

DAX

(dismayed)

What?!

KEDAIR

Did they say why? Have there been more attacks?

BOWERS

Not explicitly. But they want us back in the Alpha Quadrant sooner - in four hours.

Dax ponders into her woven fingers. What to do? She needs the data from the *Columbia*, but can she afford to disobey orders on her very first mission?

DAX

How soon do we have to leave to make their deadline?

BOWERS

Taking into account reclaiming all the hardware we've installed down there, leaving orbit, maximum warp back to the wormhole, then from Bajor to the rendezvous point... we basically have to start now.

Dammit. That does not make her happy.

DAX

How much data have we got from the *Columbia* so far?

BOWERS

(checks panels)  
Sixty-eight percent.

KEDAIR

Is that enough?

DAX

No way to know, is there? I guess we'll just have to hope.

(taps console)

Dax to Helkara and Leishman.

A moment, and a crackly signal comes through, interference caused by the atmospheric conditions.

HELKARA (comm)

Helkara here, Captain.

DAX

Change of orders, I'm afraid, Commander. Start shutting down the salvage operation on the *Columbia* immediately.

HELKARA (comm)

Sir, we haven't finished the data  
reclamation from their computers.

DAX

I know. Leishman - is there any  
way to disconnect the memory banks  
and bring them with us?

LEISHMAN (comm)

Sorry, Captain. The housings were  
damaged pretty badly in the crash.  
That and two hundred years of wind  
and sand eating away at them - if  
we try to move them from where  
they are, they'll disintegrate and  
we'll lose everything.

DAX

(sigh)

Alright. So leave that part of it  
running as long as you possibly  
can while you dismantle the rest.  
I want every last bit of data we  
can get. But *Aventine* needs to  
leave orbit as soon as possible.

HELKARA (comm)

Understood, sir. We'll let you  
know when we're ready.

DAX

Good. Dax out.

The line drops. Dax turns to Bowers and they share a look -  
she is steaming about this. He offers her a sympathetic  
smile, but it doesn't help much. It feels like failing at  
her very first mission as a captain.

**24**    **EXT. COLUMBIA**

The broken NX-class ship sits half-buried in the sand.  
Runabouts, shuttles and digger vessels dot the desert  
around it, and figures can be seen clambering about upon  
its surface doing this and that.

25     INT. COLUMBIA

A young male Bolian engineering non-com, YOTT, stands among the dangling cables and broken bulkheads of the *Columbia*. This is one of the lower decks, where no light reaches via holes in the hull, and they work only by artificial light.

KOMER, a human female chief petty officer, is with him, working on packing bits of technology back into crates and carry-cases. She is already annoyed at Yott, who is looking up and down the corridors rather than helping with the shut-down of the operation.

YOTT

This place gives me the creeps.

KOMER

Don't tell me you're seeing ghosts now too.

YOTT

Not ghosts. But something's been following us since we came up from E-deck.

As if in proof, a gust of wind blows past, kicking up some of the sand they tracked down here on their boots. An eerie MOAN accompanies it.

Komer is unimpressed. She takes her palm beacon and shines it down the corridor one way. Nothing. She turns and shines it down the corridor the other way. Nothing. That done, she turns back and shines the light directly into Yott's face.

KOMER

Who do you think's following us, the invisible man?

YOTT

Chief, I'm serious. There's something here.

KOMER

(harrumph)

Fine.

Since the only way to deal with this appears to be to humour him, Komer sets down her coil spanner with a sigh and picks up a tricorder instead. She opens it and begins pressing buttons, holding it out to the deserted ship.

YOTT

What are you doing?

KOMER

I'm running a full spectrum scan for life-forms and energy readings. Don't worry, it'll only take a few seconds. You just keep standing there. Anything special you want me to look for?

Yott shakes his head no, but continues to look warily about as if expecting something to jump out at him at any moment. Komer continues to scan, and tries to lighten the mood.

KOMER

You know, you ought to lay off the *raktajino*. It makes you jumpy.

YOTT

I don't drink *raktajino*.

(beat)

Can't you feel it? Like a charge in the air? It smells like ozone.

KOMER

I'm not reading anything unusual. No bio signs in this section - nothing but us.

YOTT

There are things tricorders can't read. Exotic energy patterns, trace elements, extra-dimensional phenomena...

KOMER

And paranoid delusions. I can't believe I really have to tell you there's no such thing as -

The little BLUE LIGHTS flicker in the darkness. Yott sees it and JUMPS in terror. But this time, Komer also sees it. Her head snaps around and she holds the tricorder out.

YOTT

You saw that! You saw it!

Komer takes a deep breath, continues to scan. Yott's fear is infecting her too, but she tries to remain rational.

KOMER

Residual energy. Just a surge in the power lines. Makes sense when you think about how much juice we're pumping into this old wreck.

YOTT

Not anymore we're not. You know Lieutenant Leishman already shut down the relays in this section. There's no power on this deck.

(points)

So where did that come from?

Another MOAN of wind comes through, kicking up sand and whistling through cracks in the walls. An electric HUM begins to rise in the darkness. The hair on Komer's neck stands on end.

A light fixture on the wall FLARES to life despite there supposedly being no power. Its brightness is all the more blinding for the darkness around it.

YOTT

(grabs her sleeve)

Alright that's it. Come on!

KOMER

Komer to *Aventine* -

The light fixture EXPLODES, sending sprays of shattered plastic flying like shrapnel. Streaks of jagged, blinding LIGHTNING shoot out in the darkness and HIT Yott and Komer both square in the chest.

Both crewmen are THROWN hard to the deck by the force of the blow to their chests, landing with a hard THUD while the shrapnel continues to rain down on them.

Komer and Yott lie on the deck, shuddering in SPASMS. Tools and machinery cast everywhere. The artificial lights they brought have been knocked askew, sending crazy shadows across the dark and broken bulkheads.

The electric HUM continues to build, becoming a WHINE as the power in the air intensifies. In the darkness, the blue flickering lights reappear.

As Komer and Yott lie there unable to move, watching this, the lights move closer and closer, out of the darkness. The lights multiply, tiny angry blue fireflies swarming.

Gradually, they coalesce into the rough shape of a HUMANOID figure... which hovers over them in the darkness for a moment. And then DESCENDS on them.

And Komer and Yott SCREAM...

BLACK OUT

**END OF SHOW**