

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

9x03 - "Waiting for the
Mist to Clear."

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Based on the novella

"Fragments and Omens"
by J Noah Kym

appearing in

Star Trek: Worlds of Deep Space Nine
Book 2 - Trill / Bajor

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BAJOR - ESTABLISHING

Afternoon turning to evening. A sudden storm batters the countryside - thundering RAIN, driving WIND, threatening clouds. A country PUB stands on a hillside among this...

2 INT. PUB

The place is packed with people. Most have been forced to take refuge from the storm in here, and are making the most of the chance to drink and party. Waiters and bartenders are probably busier than they've ever been.

Tucked into a corner booth is RENA, a young, medium-dark skinned Bajoran woman, early 20s. Her clothes are wholly unsuitable to the weather - a light sweater and knee-length skirt. She has things to be doing and does not want to be stuck in this noisy, smelly place - but she has no choice.

Rena finishes her ale, rummages in her travelling bag, pulls out a large paper DRAWING PAD, sealed within a clear plastic waterproof packet. She opens the packet and removes the pad, opening it to look at a picture on the first page.

INSERT

It's a charcoal drawing of a design for a Bajoran grave marker. It seems half-hearted, unfinished.

BACK TO SCENE

Rena looks at her design, unhappy with it. Frustrated, she tears out the page, balls it up, HURLS it across the room.

As she follows the paper ball's progress, her eye falls on a table full of WORKERS - trawler men in oily galoshes. Most of them are eyeing her back over their drinks, keeping a close eye on her legs. She hitches her skirt down as far as it will go. Groaning, the men turn back to their drinks.

But one man at the table had not been looking at her legs - it is JAKE SISKI (although Rena does not know this).

Can't hurt to check him out while no-one's watching. He's cute, with his week-old beard and his easy smiles.

Then he looks up -- and makes eye contact. His expression is kind and gentle, and she responds with a shy half-smile.

...then the waiter taps him on the shoulder and catches his attention away. Strangely disappointed, Rena turns back to her pad, looks at the empty page. No idea what to draw.

JAKE (o.s.)
Excuse me?

Surprised, Rena looks up -- to see JAKE standing near her.

JAKE
I saw you had some paper, and I was wondering if you could spare a sheet.

RENA
You have a sudden desire to sketch one of your comrades?

JAKE
(chuckle)
No, but there's a lady over there who's offered to transmit a message to my family for me. I just need to write it down.

Still suspecting it might be a strange pick-up line, she tears out a page, grabs a pencil and hands them to him.

RENA
Have a seat.

JAKE
Thanks. There's no transmitter on the barge, there's definitely not one in here, and I suspect I won't get to Mylea for another few days.

RENA
(intrigued)
You have business in Mylea?

JAKE

Not business, exactly. More like it felt like the right place to go when I took off from home a week ago. Maybe there's a fishing outfit that could use a hand.

RENA

So you've not signed on to work the river for the summer?

JAKE

Nah. Tessik told me about a famous archaeological site he thought I might be interested in. Yyn? I have experience in archaeology so I thought I'd check it out.

She watches his hands, writing complex Bajoran script on the paper like a native. She finds that interesting - that a non-Bajoran would be so familiar.

A uniformed (and wet through) local Militia OFFICER barges into the pub, shakes off the rain, catches the bartender's eye. The bartender directs him to a microphone - and after a CHIME, the officer's voice booms from speakers...

OFFICER

Due to continuing bad weather and the risk of flash floods, the River Road and the Yolja barges are being closed indefinitely.

(groans from
everywhere)

Arrangements have been made for all of you to be accommodated in the village nearby.

Rena looks around at the crowd, like them disappointed at this. Jake notices and looks at her questioningly...

RENA

I'm feeling a lot of pressure to get home at the moment. This delay is not welcome.

JAKE
Emergency?

RENA
Responsibilities.

JAKE
Ah, that I understand. You're
welcome to bunk with me and the
guys. They're not so bad. I'll
walk with you if it'll make you
feel more comfortable.

She smirks, flattered by what she still suspects is an
interest beyond simple courtesy...

RENA
In the days of the *d'jarras*, high-
born ladies always travelled with
stewards for their protection.

Jake bows deeply, holds his arm out for her to take...

JAKE
Accept my services, milady?

RENA
(mock harassed)
If I must.

She grabs her bag, puts the drawing pad back in it, then
takes his arm and heads out of the pub into the evening...

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. BAJOR - ESTABLISHING - DAY

One of the standard city shots, government buildings. On the other side of the world from the storm, it is a nice sunny, pleasant morning...

4 INT. ASAREM'S OFFICE

First Minister ASAREM sits behind her desk in a well-appointed but not ostentatious office. Her Second Minister, a middle-aged Bajoran man named LEDAHN, sits opposite. She nibbles on toast as they go through her morning briefing...

LEDAHN

Okay, item one - new figures from the Ministry of Trade. Bajoran educators, artists and farmers are still in great demand on many Federation worlds. Bajoran cuisine appears to be especially popular.

ASAREM

Good. Amazing to think, isn't it? That less than decade ago we were struggling with famine. Now we can not only feed ourselves, but meet off-world demands too.

LEDAHN

Item two - the Federation Council convenes in two weeks, at which time they will discuss the Trill government's handling of the parasite crisis.

ASAREM

Inform Councillor Rava that Bajor will support holding specific individuals accountable, but not the Trill people *en masse*. They've suffered enough. Bajor has nothing to gain by making it worse.

LEDAHN

Understood. Item three - Minister Ridoll's report on the Cardassian situation. Inadequate health care is still the largest problem.

ASAREM

I never thought I'd be so grateful to Vedek Yevir for circumventing my authority. Please make sure the media knows this office supports the Vedek's mission to Cardassia, and set up a meeting with Ridoll to discuss additional medical aid.

Ledahn nods, but then looks off to side, touching the small comm device in his ear, as if he is receiving a message...

LEDAHN

First Minister, if you'll excuse me for a moment.

ASAREM

Of course, Ledahn, go on.

Ledahn politely excuses himself from the room. Asarem sits back, gazing up at a large portrait of Shakaar.

Finishing her toast, she goes to take a sip from a cup -- but splutters the drink back out, bellowing out loud...

ASAREM

Theno!

Asarem's personal assistant, THENO, pokes his head around the door. 70s, wizened, huge nose ridges, long-suffering and thoroughly impertinent. He gets away with it because he's good at his job and is usually right.

THENO

You screamed, First Minister?

ASAREM

(re cup)

What is this?

THENO

Cela tea, First Minister. I had the kitchen prepare it for you.

ASAREM

No, no, no! Theno, how long have you been my aide?

THENO

It seems forever, First Minister.

ASAREM

Then you should know that I only drink *cela* tea from Rakantha. This is not Rakantha.

Theno comes in, picks up the cup, takes a sip...

THENO

It seems passable to me.

ASAREM

That's the problem. Right there. That attitude. Bajorans don't strive for passable. Our culture and civilisation weren't built on passable. The monks in Rakantha have been growing *cela* plants for centuries. It's an art to them.

THENO

(unimpressed)

Isn't this the same group who campaigned a few years ago to have Cardassian voles declared a protected species?

ASAREM

(tightly)

Their droppings have been found to have a remarkable restorative effect on our farmland.

THENO

But... they're voles.

ASAREM

You're missing the point. The monks of Rakantha weren't afraid to get their hands dirty and work to make things better instead of settling for 'passable.'

THENO

My ignorance shames me, First Minister. Shall I have myself taken into custody?

ASAREM

Just get that swill out of here and bring me some kava juice.

THENO

As you wish. Would you like one vole dropping in that or two?

Before she can reply, Ledahn returns to the room with a troubled expression. Theno takes his chance to escape...

LEDAHN

First Minister... Rava Mehwyn is dead.

Asarem's face drops, appalled at that news...

ASAREM

Oh no... How did it happen? Who's responsible?

LEDAHN

What? No, no-one! She had a heart attack in her sleep at the Bajoran embassy, her second night on Earth. Natural causes. First Minister, I'm sorry if I led you to believe --

ASAREM

No, Ledahn, that's alright. I guess I've just gotten into the habit of assuming the worst.

LEDAHN

That's understandable, especially after all we've been through lately. But she was ninety-six, after all. We have to select a replacement right away.

ASAREM

Can't that wait?

LEDAHN

I'm afraid it can't. By the rules of the Federation Council, a world must have representation at the opening of the session, in two weeks' time, or it can't take part in the session at all.

ASAREM

What? It took the Chamber almost two months to agree to Rava in the first place. We'll never get them to agree on a replacement councillor in time.

LEDAHN

We don't need to. In an emergency like this, you have the authority to appoint an interim councillor without the Chamber's consensus. That appointment gets reviewed after a year, but by that time --

ASAREM

-- she'll be thoroughly immersed in the job and no-one would dare revoke her. Excellent. Get me all the files on our candidates.

Ledahn nods, and rushes off to do as she says...

5 EXT. BAJOR - ESTABLISHING

Back in the midst of the storm in the countryside, as it batters a local vineyard...

A storage room hewn from rock, with many wooden racks of wine bottles. A table has been set up with food, which the trawler men from Jake's boat are picking through. They are loud and raucous, drinking ale they brought with them.

Elsewhere in the room, Jake and Rena sit slumped against a wall with their own plates between them. Rena is still somewhat uncomfortable around the brash and noisy workers, but Jake's presence gives her distraction and comfort. She trusts him instinctively, and they chat freely and easily.

Rena picks up a piece of *hasperat* - a kind of savoury pastry - but grimaces at the taste and puts it back down.

JAKE

Sorry... I thought most Bajorans liked *hasperat*.

RENA

It's the bread. It's long past the point when it should be used this way.

JAKE

Oh, I... didn't notice.

RENA

My family has run a bakery in Mylea for generations. My father, and his father. A lot of things I don't know. Bread, I know.

JAKE

Do you have a large family?

RENA

Just me and my aunt. My parents both died in the Occupation. It was my grandfather who raised me, mostly. He used to tell me stories of how my parents were in the Resistance. He'd say they were the bravest people in town.

JAKE

I lost my mother when I was young too.

Jake pauses, awkward, and changes the subject...

JAKE (cont)

So... how did you end up in that tavern?

RENA

Before he died, my grandfather asked me to go to the Kenda shrine and bring back a *duranja* lamp. Don't really know why. So I left my place at Dakhur University, went to the shrine, got the lamp and that's when I got caught in the storm.

(shrug)

Vedek Triu said my path would be revealed as I walked it. I hope he was right.

JAKE

I've found that things tend to happen for a reason. Was that the responsibility you talked about?

RENA

Not just that. He also asked me to design his grave marker. I've been trying, but... nothing I try seems right. Nothing seems enough. How to express this remarkable life in a few inches of metal... his bravery, his kindness...

(beat)

I mean, there's all the usual labels - resistance hero, devoted father and husband, fierce traditionalist. But none of those describe who Azeni Topa was.

She smiles, drifting off into a story. Jake is happy to sit back and listen, enchanted...

RENA

Okay, Mylea's a coastal town,
right? So in the afternoons, we
get a lot of fog coming in off the
water. I mean, not fog like you
see in other places - this, you
could easily get lost in. And
people do, sometimes.

JAKE

Sounds like San Francisco on
Earth.

RENA

When I was younger, I remember he
used to step out onto the street
in front of the bakery...

7 **EXT. BAKERY - DAY**

A middle-aged, dark-skinned Bajoran man, TOPA, stands in
the cobbled street on a foggy afternoon, his face turned up
towards the sky and a faint smile on his face. A young
girl, about five, approaches and joins him - YOUNG RENA.

RENA (v.o.)

He'd just stand there, face up to
the sky, with his eyes closed,
this funny little smile on his
face. I asked him one time why he
did that. The sun was hidden
behind the mist, so why bother?

Topa turns to young Rena, still smiling enigmatically...

8 **BACK TO SCENE**

RENA

He said, "But I know the light is
there. When it finally breaks
through the mist, I'll be ready."

JAKE

(quite touched)
That's lovely.

RENA

Of course I was too young to grasp the metaphor then. But I think... that's kind of where I am now. I feel like I'm waiting for my life to start, and that it won't happen till I get back to Mylea.

She says this not with any eagerness, but with a sense of heavy responsibility. Jake understands how she feels. Then one of the drunken trawler men barges over, interrupting...

TRAWLER

Little missy wanna join us for a game or two?

RENA

(polite)

I'm not much for *shafa*.

TRAWLER

(suggestive)

We don't have to play *shafa*.

JAKE

Get back to the game, Ganty. I think Volvin is cheating you.

TRAWLER

That reptile!

The trawler man lurches back over to his mates. Rena looks back to Jake, grateful for the timely rescue...

JAKE

(awkward)

Perhaps we should call it a night.

She agrees, but a touch disappointed. They both stand up.

RENA

So... we should probably exchange names. I'm Rena.

JAKE

Jake... -ob.

RENA

Jay-cub. Thanks for... for being
my steward for the night.

He smiles warmly. She looks at him, still intrigued...

RENA

So, Jacob... where does a human
barge worker with a background in
archaeology learn to write such
fluent Bajoran?

JAKE

Well, I consider myself more a
writer by profession than anything
else. I'm working on something at
the moment - a modern twist on an
old Bajoran ghost story.

RENA

(impressed)

Really...? You'll have to let me
read a bit.

JAKE

If I can see your sketches.

RENA

Fair enough.

Impulsively, she leans in and gives him a quick peck of a
kiss on his cheek. Then she quickly turns, grabs her bag
and a bedroll, and heads into a closet that has been
assigned as her sleeping room...

...leaving Jake pleasantly flustered.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 INT. CLOSET

Rena rolls out her bedroll, opens up her bag, takes out the sketch pad, and an ornate candelabra - the *duranja* lamp. Looks at it, reminded of her grandfather, feels guilty.

But she shakes it off, convinces herself she's done nothing wrong, settles down. Hmmm... could do with the bathroom...

10 INT. VINEYARD STOCKROOM

Rena emerges from the closet, finds Jake curled up in his own bedroll, right outside her door. Across the room, the trawler men are increasingly drunk and boisterous. Quickly decides better of it, heads back into the closet...

11 INT. CLOSET

...grabs her things, shoves them back into her bag...

12 INT. VINEYARD STOCKROOM

...and stalks out of the closet, past Jake, heading for the exit. Seeing her, Jake scrambles up and after her...

JAKE

Where are you going?

RENA

Somewhere else. If you feel the need to sleep outside my room to protect me, then it must mean you think I'm in danger. I'd rather take my chances with the storm.

JAKE

I'll go with you. Just let me get my things.

RENA

I've lived in this province all my life, Jacob. I can handle myself.

JAKE

Rena, I know you don't know me,
but I want to help you. You're
facing treacherous terrain in
horrible weather, and it won't be
light for another six hours at
least. You're in as much danger
out there as you are in here.

She pauses, resentful to need help. But she does like him.

RENA

Fine.

She turns and walks out, with Jake following...

13 EXT. BAJOR - RIVER ROAD - NIGHT

The storm is still raging. Jake and Rena walk along an old road, the rush of the RIVER right next to them. Each hugs themselves against the rain, not as friendly as they were.

They reach a junction, with a SIGN written in both Bajoran script and English. Rena grumbles - yet another sign of the Federation. She stomps on, Jake rushing to catch up. But as she steps closer to the edge of the roaring river --

-- the muddy ground gives way, and she begins to slip down towards the water. Jake GASPS, comes running after...

JAKE

Rena!

Jake digs in his heels, stretches his arm out, catches hold of Rena's arm, slowly stops her slide --

-- but she loses hold of her bag. It falls, RIPS open, dumps its contents into the mud. She grabs for them, but too late, the sketchpad is soaked with mud. All her sketches, her artwork, ruined. She POUNDS her fists into the muddy ground in fury, SCREAMING at the injustice.

RENA

I'm doing what you wanted! I
walked away from my life to follow
the path you laid out for me!

RENA (cont)

Do you hear me? If I'm submitting
to all of your demands - all of
them! - you could at least make it
easier! Answer me! Send your Tears
or your Emissary, but answer me!

Jake watches from a respectful distance, sad for her anger and frustration. Rena gradually picks herself up, clothes soaked and caked in mud. Jake looks out across the river...

JAKE

Something's out there - a ship.
I can see the light on the bow.

RENA

They'll never see us in the storm.

Jake pulls out a FLASHLIGHT out of his own bag, shines it towards the ship, waves it around to get attention. After a few moments, the light FLASHES in response...

JAKE

(excited)

They're changing course! Rena!
You can go home!

Despite the storm inside and out, she can't help but smile at Jake's enthusiasm, glad for his help...

14 EXT. RIVER PATROL VESSEL - NIGHT

Still deep night. The large and bulky iron boat chugs along the river, headlight piercing the rain and wind...

15 INT. RIVER PATROL VESSEL

A small and sparse cabin, rocking with the motion of the boat. Low light, a rickety bunk bed, two steaming cups of tea on the small table, two emergency clothing packs on the chair. A porthole shows the continuing rain and wind.

Jake is already showered, wearing the bland but dry pyjamas from his pack. Rena ENTERS, having just finished the same. Throws back the tea, scrambles up the ladder, snuggles under the covers, turns her back without a word.

Jake accepts that she is in no mood to talk, so he sits on the lower bunk and drinks his own tea. Once it is finished, he resigns himself to his own bed. After a while...

JAKE

Rena.

(no response)

Your book, your sketches - I'm so sorry. I know how I'd feel if I lost my work.

RENA

I'm sure it's just the Prophets letting me know they're aware of my rebellious heart.

JAKE

Why would the Prophets take away your art?

Rena shuffles in bed - humans never understand this stuff.

RENA

They're not taking away my art. It's more like... the Prophets have put all Bajorans on a path. When we accept our path, our lives are filled with confidence and peace. If we resist our path, we find chaos and uncertainty. As you can see, I'm not doing too well.

JAKE

Or maybe this is where your path is supposed to lead.

(she scoffs)

No seriously. Last year, I thought I lost my father. I believed that if anyone could find him, I could. So I went searching for him.

RENA

But you said your father lives farther up in Kendra province. So I take it he wasn't dead.

JAKE

No, but I didn't find him. I ended up on this crazy adventure, found several someone elses instead. None of it made sense. But looking back, I know that what seemed like a mistake at the time, was really part of a larger pattern that I couldn't see while I was in it. My hopes came true - my father came home - just not the way I expected. Maybe that's where you're at.

She pauses, considering his confidence in her. She decides that it is only fair she confide something in return...

RENA

My grandfather died a few weeks ago. He had a degenerative illness that could have been cured if he'd received treatment in his youth. But the Cardassians didn't care about helping Bajorans. So he lived out his last days in agony. He was so miserable, so brave... I could never have said no to him. So far, I've only been able to honour one of my promises - going to Kenda shrine. I need to go home to Mylea to finish the others.

JAKE

He didn't ask you to give up your art, did he?

RENA

Oh, no. But he asked me to commit to a life that would honour Bajor. That would preserve what is unique about us, in the face of all this change. I can best do that by returning to Mylea. Once my aunt retires there's no-one else to run the bakery. Mylean traditions are in danger of disappearing if no-one makes sure to uphold them.

She hears a rustling - Jake's face appears at the edge of the upper bunk, near to hers...

JAKE

I hate not being able to see your face when we talk. I'll go back down if it bothers you.

Rena sits up in her bed, covers herself with the blanket, pats the bed, inviting Jake to sit with her. He clambers up and perches at the other end of the bed, respectful...

JAKE

I understand what you're saying, Rena. But from the way you've talked about your grandfather, I have a hard time believing he'd want you to give up your studies.

RENA

I won't give it up, exactly. I'll help Marja with the bakery and pursue my painting in my spare time, like I always have.

Jake's expression makes it clear that he is not convinced. Seeing it, Rena crosses her arms, defensive...

RENA

Look, I have nothing against you Federation people. But you don't have thousands of years of history to protect. I owe it to Bajor.

JAKE

You owe it to yourself to paint. I saw you out there, screaming at the Prophets, more angry than almost any other person I've ever seen. And considering that I've seen Kira Nerys angry, that's saying something.

Rena is surprised by the namedrop, but Jake barrels on...

JAKE (cont)

You weren't screaming about preserving Bajoran history. You were screaming like someone who was having her soul - her *pagh* - torn out of her body.

(whisper)

Tell me again that you need to give up your art.

She begins to sob quietly under her breath...

RENA

I'll do what I have to...

Jake reaches out tenderly, pulls her into an embrace. She doesn't resist. He pulls the blanket up to keep their legs warm. Rena gasps slightly with the intimate contact.

Tentatively, he reaches out and traces the edge of her face with his fingertips. Gently, cautiously, he leans close and kisses her. She knows she shouldn't...

...but she lets herself relax into it and enjoy it. Kisses become more passionate, more urgent. Rena reaches around Jake's back, pulling him tighter to her, and he responds.

As they grow more intense, we do the classic "pan to fireplace" move - drifting over to the porthole and the rain and wind pounding against the outside of the boat.

CROSS-FADE TO:

16 INT. RIVER PATROL VESSEL

Later - the porthole reveals that it is morning, and the storm is over. There is a loud KNOCK on the door...

VOICE (o.s.)

Mylea Harbour in twenty minutes.

Woken by the noise, Rena lifts her head from where she lies on the top bunk, naked under the blanket, with Jake spooned up behind her and still asleep.

She disentangles herself, climbs quietly down, grabs her pyjamas from where they got thrown, quickly dresses, grabs the rest of the emergency pack. With a nervous, uncertain glance back at Jake, she rushes out of the room...

17 INT. BATHROOM

A tiny bathroom aboard ship. Rena enters, closes and locks the door, puts down the pack, stares in the mirror...

RENA

Oh, Rena... what have you done?

Still worried, she begins brushing her hair and washing...

18 INT. RIVER PATROL VESSEL

Rena cautiously re-enters, knowing it will be awkward. Jake is already up and dressed - he looks up hopefully, sees her expression, and his own drops. He turns back to his bag...

JAKE

Don't tell me. It was a mistake,
you just want to be friends --

RENA

No, it wasn't a mistake. I chose -
we chose, and it was right. We
both needed the comfort.

She reaches out to touch him, but he flinches away...

JAKE

Comfort? You make me sound like a
favourite pillow.

RENA

I can't make this more than that.

JAKE

Why not? Because I don't fit into
Topa's plan? I'm not from Mylea?

(beat)

What, Rena? Tell me, since I don't
have the benefit of having the
Prophets lay it all out for me.

RENA

If I could, I would ask you to come home with me. I would invite you to stay at my house and we'd see what could happen between us. But I can't. I just... can't.

Jake's angry face softens as understanding comes to him...

JAKE

There's someone else. Someone that Topa wanted you to be with.

RENA

Yes... and no. Before I left to study, there was an understanding between me and someone I'd known since childhood. I was ready to break it off... but I owe it to Topa to see if it can work.

JAKE

Well, far be it from me to stand in the way of your path.

He hefts his bag onto his shoulder and heads out, leaving Rena alone and miserable...

19 EXT. MYLEA HARBOUR - DAY

The river patrol boat rests at the harbour jetty, and the passengers are disembarking - lots of other people who were also rescued from the storm. Rena and Jake are among them - Jake pointedly not anywhere near to or looking at Rena.

Two people of Rena's age jump up and wave. HALAR is a girl in study robes, a novice for the church. KAIL is a muscular young man, a manual labour factory worker.

As Rena approaches, Halar throws herself on her in a hug...

HALAR

Oh, Rena! We were so worried when we heard about the storm. You must have been terrified!

RENA
(wryly)
I've had easier trips down the
valley.

Halar lets her go, and Kail steps in. He hugs her, places a kiss on her lips. She tries to control her discomfort with it - this is her fiancé-to-be.

Once he lets her go, Rena's eyes drift guiltily over to Jake, who is walking through the crowd, still not looking at Rena. Halar follows her eyes, and claps with glee...

HALAR
You're looking at Jake Sisko,
aren't you?

Rena's brow creases, confused for a moment - until she suddenly understands who Halar is talking about. She is amazed to realise who she just slept with...

RENA
Jacob... Sisko?

HALAR
Jake, Jacob... either way, he's a
Sisko. The son of the Emissary. I
practically squealed out loud when
I saw him coming down the harbour.
Did you see him on the ship?

Halar carries on chatting, but Rena is still too stunned to respond, as she watches Jake walk off without a glance in her direction... *what the hell has she done?*

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INT. BEDROOM

As her morning ALARM goes off, RENA is already lying awake in bed, staring at the ceiling, mind going round and round over the recent days' events. Guilty, confused, resentful.

She slaps off the alarm, drags herself upright with a sigh. Moves to a sink, splashes her face, rinses with mouthwash, ties back her unruly black hair, takes an allergy tablet...

...then just stares balefully at herself in the mirror...

21 INT. BAKERY - MORNING

Small and traditional ovens open onto the shop floor. A long counter filled with pastries and rolls and loaves of all different kinds. Aunt MARJA is already hard at work.

A door at the far end opens, and Rena steps in, tying on an apron. She's not looking forward to this. Marja glances up from her glazing brush, then goes back to her work...

MARJA

If you can manage to stay focused,
the buns need glazing.

RENA

What do you mean, focused?

MARJA

I mean we're feeding people here,
we're not creating art. Fofen
Genn's replicators are down, and
he's got a houseful of boarders to
feed. He'll need a few baskets of
rolls to hold them over till the
repair person comes.

(sideways glance)

Kail came over every day while you
were away. I know he wants to make
it official.

RENA

It's not even unofficial. And he comes because you feed him.

Not even listening, Marja hands Rena a tray full of just-baked buns and moves away to do something else. Rena sighs and gets to work herself...

22 **EXT. BAKERY - MORNING**

Rena emerges from the bakery with a large basket of bread in each hand. It is a misty morning on the same street where Topa once stood. She goes to a handcart kept outside the door, bends down to begin tying the baskets to it...

JAKE (o.s.)

Excuse me?

Rena looks up. Jake is swathed in the mist, so she doesn't recognise him at first. Then he emerges, and she squeaks...

RENA

Jacob.

JAKE

Uh... yeah. Rena. Fofen sent me down to see if the bread was... I mean, I had no idea this bakery was yours - I, you know, umm...

The slap of shoes on the cobbled street announces another person arriving out of the mist. This is PARSH, a slightly nerdy boy their age, who has a bit of a crush on Rena...

PARSH

Hey, Jacob! My dad just heard from Marja, the bread's on...

(noticing Rena)

Oh, hi Rena. Great to see you. Sorry I missed Topa's funeral. He was a great old guy. If you ever want to talk, I'm always --

RENA

Thanks, Parsh. Let's get moving. My aunt will want me back at work.

PARSH

Right.

Rena passes the handcart off to Parsh, who is happy to take it. Rena and Jake follow at a distance, cold and prickly...

RENA

Well hello, Jacob Sisko. Who knew the son of the Emissary worked as a steward to ladies in distress?

JAKE

(retort)

Talked to Kail lately?

Speak of the devil - they catch up with Parsh outside the boarding house, and Kail is there chatting with him...

KAIL

A-ha! My woman has brought me food. Excellent.

Kail reaches to pinch a roll out of the baskets, but Rena SLAPS his hand away. Grinning, Kail pecks her cheek. Rena is practically crawling out of her skin with awkwardness. Then Kail eyes Jake up and down, comparing himself...

KAIL

I was just inviting Parsh to join our group. He's never been to Yyn.

RENA

Neither have I.

KAIL

(suggestive)

Of course not, or we would have had our wedding night already.

Jake's face is a picture of confusion. Parsh explains...

PARSH

Solstice night at Yyn, any couple can take one of the Astur candles and be granted the privilege of being married for the night.

Jake nods uncomfortably, understanding the subtext - sex.

PARSH

Why doesn't Jacob come along? He's a writer. He might find a story at Yyn. I know Halar would enjoy his company.

(to Jake)

She's mad about anything to do with the Emissary.

JAKE

(polite)

I'd like that. Count me in.

RENA

I need to get back to the bakery.

Shoving the baskets at Parsh, she turns and hurries back into the mist, desperate to get away...

23 INT. BAKERY

Rena comes rushing through the kitchen, right past Marja...

MARJA

We'll have customers soon!

RENA

I'm working on Topa's memorial!

She SLAMS the door behind her...

24 INT. BEDROOM

Rena runs in, RIPS the sheets off the bed, takes a large white one, pins it to the wall using her hair clips...

...then she pulls out a box of paints and starts painting furiously on the canvas, throwing colours at random in her anguish. Before long she is crying, painting for her life.

25 INT. ASAREM'S OFFICE - DAY

Asarem sits at her desk, speaking to another Bajoran woman, SORATI, on her screen. Ledahn is sat nearby again...

SORATI (screen)

I'm sorry, First Minister, but my answer is no. I'm honoured that you thought of me, but the truth is... my husband is not well. I cannot leave him for so long a time. I hope you understand.

ASAREM

Never apologise for loving your husband, Sorati. Please give him my wishes. My loss is his gain.

(closes screen)

Theno!

Theno appears, long-suffering expression in place...

THENO

First Minister, there is a comm system...

ASAREM

Just bring me the list of all Bajoran diplomats with at least five years' off-world experience.

Theno nods and disappears. Asarem turns back to Ledahn, sees the respectfully disapproving look on his face...

ASAREM

What? Should I have asked her to put her world ahead of her family?

LEDAHN

Yes.

ASAREM

Easier said than done. Sorati's out of the picture. Let's move on.

LEDAHN

To whom? We've been through every name on that list. None has the qualities you said were essential for Bajor's first Councillor.

Theno returns and hands a padd to Asarem, then hovers...

THENO

Second Minister Ledahn, may I ask
you a question?

LEDAHN

Sure, Theno, what is it?

THENO

I've recently been informed that
Cardassian voles are an asset to
the environment. Why then are they
not a protected species?

LEDAHN

Well... they're voles.

THENO

My thoughts exactly.

ASAREM

(ignoring Theno)

You're right. None of these are
good enough. Yes, they're all
qualified, but Bajor needs someone
who's more concerned with standing
up for us than making friends.

THENO

If I may be so bold, Ministers...
I have a suggestion.

ASAREM

Do you have nothing better to do?

THENO

Sadly, First Minister, that is
precisely the reason I accepted
this position.

Ledahn has to cover a smirk at that.

ASAREM

Do you have someone to suggest or
don't you?

THENO
Your former husband.

Asarem's jaw drops, utterly dumbfounded and appalled...

ASAREM
I'll pretend I didn't hear that.

LEDAHN
First Minister, you may not have
that luxury...

ASAREM
Stop right there. Get out, Theno.
Get out, or by the Prophets, I'll
kill you where you stand.

THENO
(unfazed)
I'll leave you to it then,
Ministers. I'm quite confident
that between the two of you,
you'll find someone... passable.

With a backward glance, knowing he has scored a hit, Theno leaves. Asarem stares after him. Then she turns back to Ledahn, who clearly thinks this is something she should consider. Turning to the wall, Asarem stews angrily...

26 EXT. MYLEA TAVERN - NIGHT

A different pub in the town, down by the harbour...

27 INT. MYLEA TAVERN

A more regular-sized crowd of townsfolk out for the night. Rena, Halar and Kail sit together at a table. Kail has had a significant amount to drink and is becoming rather loud and obnoxious. The girls are getting embarrassed, waiting hopefully for Parsh or Jake to join them...

HALAR
Well, I think it's wonderful. Our
generation will be the first to
enjoy the benefits of being true
galactic citizens.

KAIL

(harrumph)

You know what the kids really care about? They just want to know when their parents will be getting the latest replicator technology. When the new holo-novels are available.

HALAR

Being Federation citizens means more than just finding out what the people on Earth are wearing this season. Yes, it means we gain things from them. But we get to show all those other worlds all the great things about Bajor.

KAIL

Please. Bunch of old people - off-worlders! - sign a piece of paper and suddenly we're all supposed to do our jobs without getting paid.

(snarl)

Now the flat-noses are everywhere, acting like they own the planet.

RENA

(horrified)

Kail! Who's been acting like that?

KAIL

You know who.

An uncomfortable moment. Parsh arrives to interrupt...

PARSH

Sorry I'm late. The sonic showers went off-line. Is Jacob here yet?

HALAR

You know that's not how it works, Kail. No-one gets a free ride. Everyone has to do something, but no-one gets left behind. No-one starves, no-one is cold, but not everyone gets his own holosuite.

KAIL

Oh no? Sounds like you understand all the rules, Halar. I wish someone would explain them to me. Why should I bother working in that iron foundry when they can replicate anything I could make just by pressing a few buttons?

RENA

You should do it because you want to. Like I do in the bakery and Halar does in her mother's dress shop. Why are you being such a jerk about it?

KAIL

How different are they really from the Cardassians? Cardies had guns. Humans got holo-novels. What's the difference? At least the Cardies were tough. The Feds, they're just cowards. Every single one of them.

HALAR

(annoyed)

You think the Emissary is a coward too, Kail?

KAIL

The Emissary? Fine, let's talk about the Emissary. What about how convenient it was that he showed up just when the Feds wanted to make a favourable impression on the gullible masses. I mean, there couldn't have been any political motivation for that, could there?

RENA

(sharply)

Why don't you just shut up, Kail?

KAIL

(incensed)

Wha...? What did you say?

RENA

You heard me. What do you know about the Emissary? You haven't cared about the prophecies since you were little.

Kail leers at Rena's slightly revealing outfit...

KAIL

You're hardly the portrait of piety, Rena. Faking sick to get out of shrine services so we could meet at the docks and --

RENA

(stands suddenly)

We're done, Kail. I thought this could work. I wanted it to work for Topa's sake. But I'm not putting up with this, not even for my grandfather.

KAIL

You gonna go find yourself a Federation boy now, Rena? Us Myleans not good enough for you?

RENA

I'm leaving now, Kail. Don't bother following me. And don't come to the bakery tomorrow with your apologies.

She pushes away from the table and begins to walk away. Snarling, Kail steps into her path, and the empty beer glass in his hand begins to SWING towards her head...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. MYLEA TAVERN

Before the glass in Kail's hand has a chance to hit Rena's head, it is STOPPED by a dark-skinned hand - Jake's hand.

JAKE (o.s.)
Hey, whoa! She hasn't done
anything to hurt you!

Moving with it, Kail turns the movement onto Jake instead, and ends up flinging Jake right off his feet and sending him CRASHing against someone else's table.

The entire room comes to a halt, holding their breath at the unexpected noise. Rena is absolutely stunned at what just happened. Meanwhile Jake slumps against the table...

JAKE
I bit my tongue...

HALAR
Kail! What's the matter with you?!
Help him up!

Startled, as if only just realising what he has done, Kail turns and lurches drunkenly out of the tavern. Parsh, who was keeping his head down, helps Jake up off the floor...

PARSH
He... I'm sorry, Jacob... he's not
normally like this. He got fired
from the foundry. His foreman...
they didn't like each other very
much, but that doesn't mean...
he's not normally like this.

JAKE
Someone should check on him. You
know where he went?
(Parsh nods)
Then you should go. We can plan
the Yyn trip tomorrow.

PARSH
(to Rena)
You're really ending it with him?
(she nods)
Good.

He turns and leaves. Jake rubs at a bump on his head...

JAKE
Man, this place is even rougher
than Quark's.

Still stunned, Rena can do nothing but turn and leave too.

29 EXT. MYLEA TAVERN - NIGHT

Rena RUNS out of the tavern into the warm, breezy night.
She runs a few paces towards the harbour, and comes to a
stop at the water's edge, crying the tension out.

The tavern's doors squeal open again, and Jake approaches
her cautiously. He holds out a long chiffon scarf...

JAKE
I have your wrap. You left it on
the chair.

RENA
(taking it)
Thank you for looking after me.
Now please leave me alone.

JAKE
I want to be your friend, Rena.

Trying to escape from her feelings, she throws the wrap on
and marches away down the wooden promenade of the harbour.

JAKE
I'm sorry about Kail!

RENA
(turning back)
Sorry? Why? You saw him in there,
his boorish, bigoted behaviour.
(more)

RENA (cont)

Yes, that was the man I once loved. By comparison, you come out looking like the fine gentleman steward. You can bask in your superiority with my blessing.

JAKE

I'm sorry because I know how much it meant to you to honour your promise to Topa.

RENA

(slumps)

I can't finish anything. First I lose my sketchbook in that damn storm. Now I've rejected the man he wanted me to marry. I'm a colossal failure.

JAKE

Rena... you aren't a failure.

He steps closer, tentatively, and gently kisses her. She doesn't pull away. But then the tavern door creaks again, and more revellers spill out. She lurches away guiltily...

RENA

I shouldn't be with you. Not like this.

JAKE

Why not?

RENA

I need space to think. I can't -- I won't feel how I've felt the last few days...

JAKE

I'll walk you home. That's all. Nothing more. Marja wouldn't want you on your own at this hour.

Nodding hesitantly, she lets Jake guide her away...

30 **EXT. MYLEA STREETS - NIGHT**

Jake and Rena walk along the old, cobbled streets, wisps of mist still cloaking the ground. They are not holding hands, but only because Jake doesn't want to push it.

RENA

Why didn't you tell me you were
the son of the Emissary?

JAKE

(thinks a moment)

Have you ever been asked to bless
a broom?

RENA

(laugh)

Can't say that I have.

JAKE

The day I left my dad's house, I
followed the back roads through
the nearby farms. A farmer on his
way to the market in Sepawa
offered me a ride. He gave me his
name, I gave him mine. Then he
asked me to bless his broom.

RENA

But, you don't have any special
connection with the Prophets.

(pause)

Do you?

JAKE

In this case, the saying "like
father, like son" does not apply.
But try telling that to the
farmer. His wife was having
trouble keeping dust out of the
house. He thought a word from me
might help.

RENA

(chuckling)

I see. I'm sorry, but that's...

JAKE

It's ridiculous! I'd have laughed too if the guy hadn't been so serious. My friend Nog would ask what's the good of having a name if you're not willing to trade on it. But that's not my style. So... I stopped telling people my name.

A few moments of quiet companionship as they walk...

JAKE

What went wrong tonight? With Kail, I mean. You were so determined to make it work.

RENA

Oh... our relationship has been unravelling for a while now. When I came back from university...

JAKE

...everything was different. I know that feeling.

RENA

He wasn't always such a fool. Something happened to him while I was away. He became bitter.

JAKE

Maybe something happened to you.

RENA

Maybe. Who knows these things?

JAKE

I do. I pay attention to these things.

RENA

You're a writer. It's your job.

JAKE

And you're an artist. It's your job too.

By now they have reached the small courtyard outside Rena's bakery. Unsure how to end their evening, Rena gazes into Jake's face for a moment, then awkwardly says...

RENA

Thank you for walking me home.

...then she enters the shop and closes the door.

31 INT. BAKERY

From inside the shop, Rena waits and watches through the window as Jake turns and walks away into the night. When he has disappeared in the mist, she turns and heads upstairs.

32 EXT. BAJOR - COUNTRY COTTAGE - EVENING

Another house, a small country cottage hidden among the trees, away from prying eyes...

33 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE

First Minister Asarem stands on the threshold - the door is already open. She realises she was expected. She enters the small house, expecting to see someone, but there is no-one.

She walks through, past modest furnishings and extensive shelves of books. Still no sign of anyone. She comes to the back of the house, where another door opens out onto a rear veranda, with a stunning view of the countryside.

34 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - VERANDA

Cautiously stepping out, she sees a telescope set up, aimed into the sky, and a high-backed chair before it, facing away from her. A table next to the chair carries a bottle of spring wine and an empty glass. A hand appears from behind the chair, places a half-full glass on the table...

KRIM (o.s.)

I've heard it said that you don't realise how much you miss people until they're gone. But I'm coming to find that you don't realise just how little you miss them until one comes to disturb you.

ASAREM

It's nice to see you too, Aldos.
Your charms are undiminished.

The man stands and reveals himself to be General KRIM (from 2x02 "The Circle") - Minister Asarem's ex-husband. He pours wine into the spare glass, hands it to Asarem, raises his in a toast. He knows full well why she is here.

KRIM

To Rava Mehwyn. May her *pagh* know
peace.

ASAREM

Bajor needs you, Aldos. I had to
come.

KRIM

I don't agree. I saved your
political career by unshackling
you from my disgrace. I asked one
thing of you when we last spoke,
seven years ago. To be left alone.
But you couldn't even do that.

ASAREM

You egotistical, self-pitying
pavrak! How dare you claim you did
me a favour by divorcing me?!

KRIM

Wadeen. Don't pretend you didn't
agree it was the best course of
action. The wife of General Krim,
Jaro Essa's fool, could never have
become First Minister.

ASAREM

Alright, I admit it. I let you
make the choice I was afraid to
make for myself. But no-one blamed
you, Aldos. The Circle Commission
exonerated you completely. You've
spent a lifetime fighting for the
Bajoran people. That's how you're
remembered, not as Jaro's dupe.

ASAREM (cont)

(pause)

I know how it feels to have your faith betrayed. To follow a leader who is not what he claims to be. But I didn't have the luxury of hiding away when it all fell apart. I had to fight harder than ever, because that's what Bajor needed of me. And it's what Bajor needs of you right now.

KRIM

Did you ever think that maybe I no longer care what Bajor needs?

ASAREM

Not for a second. The books, the telescope, the spring wine. You can pretend not to care all you want, but you don't fool me.

KRIM

I'm not a diplomat. I'm a soldier.

ASAREM

Then be a soldier! Walk out onto the battlefield and fight for your people. Make alliances, defend, strategise, advance. Attack if you must, fall back when necessary. Do what needs to be done as Krim Aldos would do it.

He looks at her over his drink, trying to decide whether she is completely correct or completely insane...

KRIM

This will not endear you to the Chamber of Ministers. You'll have many more political adversaries.

ASAREM

(sigh)

Do you even know why I went into politics? Because I wanted power.

ASAREM (cont)

Not like Jaro or Winn wanted it,
for its own sake. But so that I
could use it to do the most good.
If I don't seize this opportunity
to put a strong, effective Bajoran
voice on the Federation Council,
regardless of the cost to my own
popularity, then all my power will
have been wasted.

(shrug)

Besides, if you do the job the way
I expect you will, my approval
ratings will skyrocket. But I have
to have your answer first. I need
you to say it out loud, Aldos.
Will you accept this appointment?

As they stare each other down...

35 EXT. BAJOR - COUNTRY COTTAGE - NIGHT

Asarem emerges from the house, past a couple of Militia
soldiers, and up to a hover-car waiting at the top of the
driveway. Theno is there, opening the door for her...

ASAREM

He accepted. I told him a craft
would come tomorrow morning to
take him to the capital.

THENO

I dance for joy, First Minister.

ASAREM

Whatever made you think of Aldos
in the first place?

THENO

You did, the other morning. When
you complained about the tea.

ASAREM

There are times, Theno, when I
don't know whether to thank the
Prophets for you, or curse Them.

THENO
(deadpan)
I am often troubled by the same
question, First Minister.

He closes the hover-car door behind her, gets into the front seat, and the vehicle floats away...

36 INT. BEDROOM

Morning breaks through the windows of Rena's bedroom, as she rouses slowly from deep sleep. She staggers out of bed and across to her sink, where she splashes her face.

Then she notices something that has been shoved under her bedroom door - a brand new sketchbook. Surprised and pleased, she reaches down to pick it up and finds that another set of pages have been tucked inside it.

Pulling them out, she sees the top page, which carries a few Bajoran ideograms, followed by the word "Jacob" signed in English below them.

RENA
(reading aloud)
Everything old can be new again,
including your art. Jacob.

She smiles, touched, and looks at the other pages. She realises with delight that it is a story, written in Bajoran - the one he told her he was working on.

She takes the pages over to a seat under the window, and begins to read in the morning light...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

37 EXT. YYN RUINS - DAY

An open-air archaeological dig of an ancient Bajoran city. The buildings are still in remarkably good condition, and the entire area has been turned into a public attraction.

Jake and Rena walk together through the ruins. Parsh and Halar are nearby, but far enough away to give Jake and Rena their privacy in the light crowd of morning tourists.

JAKE

How old is this place?

RENA

Not sure. Twelve, fifteen thousand years at least. Not as old as B'Hala, but old enough. Do they have ruins like this on Earth?

JAKE

Yeah, we have ruins. But they're a couple of thousand years old at most, and most of them are in a lot worse condition than this.

RENA

Yyn is famous now for the Legend of Astur - the pageant we'll see later. But there's probably some religious significance too that's been lost over time.

JAKE

Bajor was aware of the Prophets this far back?

RENA

Sure. There's something I've been meaning to show you...

She reaches into the bag she is carrying, and pulls out the new sketchpad. She opens it and shows him the drawing...

INSERT

A simple but beautiful and effective drawing, in charcoal and pastels, of Rena's design for Topa's grave marker. It has the air of finality - this is the one.

BACK TO SCENE

JAKE

Topa's memorial. It's beautiful.
Is this the final draft?

RENA

I think so. Putting aside all the baggage of what I thought I should do, I remembered how I saw Topa.

JAKE

Will you explain it to me?

As Jake watches enchanted, she points out aspects of the drawing, pleased that he is pleased...

RENA

I worked in a few gemstones that are native to Mylea. I chose the style of runes they used here at Yyn. It reads, "I know the light is there. When it finally breaks through the mist, I'll be ready."

(pause)

It isn't dramatic. No tales of his exploits in the resistance. But to me, this is Topa.

JAKE

What you've done here is told the truth. That's what matters. He asked you because he wanted to be remembered the way you saw him. Maybe he didn't want to be known as part of the history of Mylea. Just as your grandfather.

She wasn't entirely confident, but his support convinces her. She puts the sketchpad carefully back in her bag.

JAKE

Now come on. There's lots to see,
and Parsh and Halar are probably
hungry for lunch. Then tonight
we're going to watch this Legend
of Astur pageant. I'm reliably
informed it's quite romantic.

Smiling, she lets him lead her by the hand into the ruins.

CROSS-FADE TO:

38 EXT. YYN RUINS - NIGHT

The ruins have now been set up as a performance centre. A dazzling display of actors, dancers, lights and fountains makes up the show, as spectators cuddle together on the surrounding grassland to watch and enjoy.

Rena now sits on a blanket between Jake's legs, him gently stroking her hair. Next to them, Parsh has plucked up the courage to put his arm around Halar, and she doesn't mind. They all sit in comfortable silence as they watch the show.

Rena quietly narrates the story to Jake as the actors and dancers perform...

RENA

(sotto)

Astur had found her true love, but
she couldn't persuade him to leave
the land to join her in the sea.
Her father, the King of the Reef,
granted her human form to be with
him, but only as long as there was
light. Astur and her lover built a
great fire, hoping to deceive the
King. But instead, the lovers were
consumed by the flames.

On cue, enormous BONFIRES burst into flame all around the performers. The crowd oohs and aahs, impressed.

The performer playing the King of the Reef acts out his despair, picking up a large milky glass ball from the ground, and throwing it high into the air.

It seems to hover there, and then thousands of tiny candles burst into life all around the area. Rena applauds loudly along with the rest of the captivated crowd.

NARRATOR

And so it is, that on summer
solstice night, the sea turns to
flame as the King of the Reef
hopes that his daughter and her
lover can live again.

The stage lights dim - that's the end of the show - but the candles remain lit. People start to get up, ready to leave.

JAKE

What happens now?

RENA

Well, Parsh kind of explained it
to you, but it probably makes more
sense now you've seen the pageant.
The story goes that those couples
who capture a part of the flame -
the candles - have the King of the
Reef's blessing for one night as
a married couple. When the sun
rises, the spell is broken.

JAKE

Sounds like it's just an excuse
for people to make love.

RENA

It is. But it's a romantic one,
don't you think?

Jake and Rena begin to get up, gather their things. Parsh is nowhere to be seen. Halar steps closer and drags Rena to one side, eager and excited and nervous...

HALAR

I want Parsh to bring me a candle.

Rena blinks her surprise, but then she notices Parsh approaching out of the darkness, holding a candle in his cupped palms. He is shaking, clearly terrified, and looking at Halar as if hardly daring to hope. Rena grins, spins Halar around to face Parsh and pushes her towards him.

Happy for her friends, she turns back to find Jake - but she is surprised to realise that he is not there. She looks around, trying to spot him in the crowd, but there is no sign. Worried, she walks on, wondering where he has gone.

RENA

Jacob? Jacob...?

39 **EXT. MYLEA STREETS - NIGHT**

Rena walks through the cobbled streets, hugging herself against the light summer evening mist. She has been looking for Jake for some time, increasingly worried where he could have gone. The sounds of other people celebrating echo to her through the mist and darkness.

40 **EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT**

Rena approaches the outside of her bakery - still no sign. As she takes one last worried look around...

JAKE (o.s.)

Rena...

Jake emerges from the shadows. Rena is too relieved to notice the candle he holds in his cupped palms...

RENA

Don't you ever leave like --

Then she realises. She had secretly hoped it would happen, but it's still a surprise now they're actually here. He approaches her slowly, almost as nervous as Parsh was...

JAKE

I know you made promises to Topa.
I know you feel like you have
obligations to Mylea. I'd never
ask you to walk away from those
obligations...

RENA

I know...

She moves quickly and throws her arms around him, kissing him hard. He is caught by surprise, only just gets the candle out of the way before she crushes him...

JAKE

Whoa... let's not take the legend too literally here...

Smiling, she kisses him again, then takes his hand and leads him through the door into the bakery...

41 INT. BEDROOM

Rena leads Jake into her bedroom, takes the candle, places it on a table. He is still a bit shell-shocked...

JAKE

If this is going too fast for you...

She shushes him with a finger to the lips, and pushes him gently down onto the bed. Equally as nervous, she joins him and begins to undo the buttons on his shirt.

He stops her, taking her face in his hands and bringing it to his own for another kiss. They relax a little, realising they are really going to do this.

After another moment of staring into each other's eyes, they kiss again and slide down onto the bed by the flickering candlelight...

CROSS-FADE TO:

42 INT. BEDROOM

Morning. Rena is woken again by the morning light, turns in bed to see Jake beside her, awake and watching her...

RENA

Hey.

JAKE
(smile)
Hey yourself.

RENA
You look like you're going to
explode if you don't say whatever
it is you're thinking.

JAKE
I... I think I might be in love
with you.

Rena is surprised, but not offended...

JAKE
I know it's sudden and all, but --

On impulse, before he can spoil it with explanations, she
leans in and kisses him. He relaxes with relief.

JAKE
I feel like... you see me.

RENA
I see you because I love you too.

Grateful and relieved, he kisses her forehead, then leans
in to whisper something into her ear. We don't hear or see
what, but Rena smiles, amazed, and looks him in the eye...

RENA
Ask me that again.

FADE OUT:

THE END