

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

8x07 - "Rogue."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the novel

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine: Abyss

by David Weddle & Jeffrey Lang

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING

A nice normal, happy shot of the station, looking all pretty with its new power core...

2 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING

BASHIR walks jovially down the corridor, a spring in his step, wearing Lt Cmdr's pips. He comes to the door of a set of quarters, which opens for him. He steps inside...

3 INT. DS9 - DAX'S QUARTERS

BASHIR

Ezri?

He sees a travelling bag, but it's not packed. He steps further inside, towards the bedroom. The jacket of Ezri's uniform is thrown haphazardly over a chair. Stepping into the bedroom, he sees DAX sitting on the floor working a blob of clay. Her red uniform shirt is caked in residue, and there are streaks all over her face.

BASHIR

I don't think I'll ever get used to you in that colour.

DAX

Oh. Hi. What time is it?

BASHIR

Almost thirteen-hundred hours. Our transport leaves in forty minutes.

DAX

Wow, later than I thought. Clay isn't as easy as I thought.

BASHIR

What made you decide to take up sculpture? Especially now?

DAX

Well, I was off duty today and I figured since all I had to do was pack, this would be a good time to work on some of the exercises the Symbiosis Commission recommended.

She stands up, stretching and leaving messy handprints on her rear. Bashir smiles at that. He looks around and sees a series of small busts she had already finished, the last recognisably JADZIA. Ezri begins cleaning up at the sink.

BASHIR

Your previous hosts?

DAX

The idea is not to be too representational. It's more about impression and emotional response. I think about each host, and the feelings guide my fingers.

BASHIR

Interesting. But is it the sort of project you want to undertake just before we leave for a vacation?

DAX

Don't counsel the counsellor, Doctor. Former counsellor. I know my timing is off and I know myself well enough to understand why. I admit, I'm a little nervous about this trip. Our first vacation together - it's a big step. But I really do want to see where you grew up. I'm sure I'll come away with all sorts of insights.

BASHIR

Oh lord. Maybe it's not too late to cancel...

DAX

Ha! No way! Now we have to go.

DAX (cont)

And as long as we're doing some short-term analysis, what's with you not saying anything about your promotion, Lieutenant Commander?

BASHIR

Didn't seem appropriate, somehow. I'm not like Nog. He still needs the recognition, the ego boost.

DAX

Nog needs ego boost?

BASHIR

My dear ex-counsellor, I'll have you know that inside that narrow chest beats the heart of a very sensitive young Ferengi.

DAX

Are we talking about the same Nog? The one who watches my ass every time I walk past?

BASHIR

He's just appreciating some of your finer qualities. The mark of a sensitive soul.

DAX

Anyway, how did we get off the subject of your promotion?

BASHIR

How did we get off the subject of you not being sure you wanted to go on vacation?

DAX

I'm packing, I'm packing!

She strips off her shirt. grabs a clean one, puts it on. Then she grabs a variety of clothes from all over, rolls it all into a big ball, and throws it haphazardly across the room into the bag. Bashir is horrified.

DAX

Where's your suitcase, anyway? I don't see anything perfect and hermetically sealed around here.

BASHIR

Back in my quarters.

DAX

Well, you'd better go and get it if you want to make that flight.

BASHIR

Yes, ma'am. And may I say, you've obviously taken well to command.

He leaves, just missing another missile of clothes, which smacks into the door as it closes behind him.

4 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING

Bashir struts cheerfully down the corridor again...

5 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS

Bashir enters, and sees there is a man sitting beneath his window. For a moment he is confused, until he recognises the all black clothes. Even though it's a new face - COLE - the arrogance and attitude clearly say Section 31.

COLE

Doctor Bashir. It's a pleasure to finally meet you.

BASHIR

Bashir to Ops. Intruder alert.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS

Bashir still stands by the door, Cole in the chair under the window. Cole is perfectly calm, not smug, but secure and relaxed in his control.

BASHIR

Bashir to Ops. Ops respond.

COLE

I'm sorry, Doctor, but your colleagues aren't receiving you. Lieutenant Dax is still in her quarters and will remain so for around another twelve minutes or so. She's having trouble finding a padd she wanted to bring with her.

(smile)

Allow me to introduce myself. Please call me Cole. As you have no doubt already guessed, I'm affiliated with the organisation you call Section 31.

BASHIR

You don't call it that?

COLE

I don't call it anything, Doctor. I've found that I rarely need to identify it to anyone who doesn't already know what it is.

BASHIR

(roll eyes)

I assume this isn't a social call.

COLE

Courteous but direct. Director Sloan noted that in his profile.

BASHIR

If Sloan told you that, then he must also have mentioned that I'm not interested in working with your "organisation".

COLE

In fact he did, but you might change your mind when you've heard me out.

Angered, Bashir begins to close on Cole, who doesn't react.

COLE

Sit down, Doctor. You will do me the courtesy of hearing me out.

Bashir stops in his tracks, and as if not in total control of his own actions, he takes a seat opposite Cole...

COLE

Good. You know, of course, that you are not the only genetically enhanced human in the Federation. There are others, far more than Starfleet Command knows about... or wants to know about. One in particular is Doctor Ethan Locken. Name mean any thing to you?

Bashir shakes his head silently.

COLE (cont)

He doesn't travel in the same rarefied circles as you, Doctor. A paediatrician. Very well liked, I'm told. Had a practice on New Beijing. That you have heard of.

BASHIR

Of course I have. Everyone has heard of New Beijing. It was a massacre, probably one of the worst of the war. Especially as it had no strategic value --

COLE

Terror always has strategic value,
Doctor. Remember that.

(regathers)

As you might expect, surviving an
ordeal like that, Locken was more
receptive to our invitation than
you were. He understood the need
for an organisation like ours.

BASHIR

Wait. I have a question.

Cole nods, allowing the question...

BASHIR (cont)

Did Section 31 know about the
attack on New Beijing in advance?

Cole pauses, seeming to genuinely consider the question...

COLE

You know, Doctor, I'm not sure.
None of us knows everything every-
one else in the organisation
knows. Security measure, you
understand. But it certainly
sounds like the kind of thing we
would have heard about. So let's
assume we did. What difference
would it have made?

BASHIR

You could have told someone! You
could have told me...

COLE

And you would have done what,
exactly? At the height of the
Dominion war, would you have
convinced Captain Sisko or Admiral
Ross to reassign forces to New
Beijing? Those starships would
have been destroyed, the troops
killed, and all those civilians
would still have died.

COLE (cont)

And consider this. Maybe those forces were needed someplace they might have done some actual good, something crucial. Maybe what happened to New Beijing was the best outcome we could have hoped for under the circumstances.

BASHIR

That is the most specious, fatuous sort of sociopathic double-talk I've ever heard! It's insanity, Mister Cole. People died --

Cole stands, infuriated. In response, Bashir instantly silences, as if programmed...

COLE

First, Doctor, never use that word unless you know precisely what you are talking about. It's imprecise. Second, and I wouldn't think you'd need me to tell you this, but people die all the time. It's simply a question of how many, who they are, and how they died. My colleagues and I keep the numbers as small as possible, and make sure the right ones don't die. You yourself have benefited from our efforts, so please be very careful about who you're condemning today.

Cole sits back down and takes a moment to collect himself.

COLE

Locken underwent training as an agent. Or rather, he indulged us as we went through our program. Considering his background, he already knew how to go unnoticed when so desired. And then, in the final days of the war, we found a Jem'Hadar factory on a planet called Sindorin. Heard of it?

BASHIR

No.

COLE

A Class-M world in the Badlands. Very unusual for that region. We have no idea when the hatchery was established. The evidence suggests the Dominion couldn't bring it fully online. If they had, that last offensive on Cardassia might have gone a little differently. Something to think about late at night, isn't it Doctor?

BASHIR

Odo ended the war. He convinced the Founder that the Federation wasn't a threat. He gave them the cure to your virus and stopped the genocide you were hoping for.

COLE

That's certainly an interesting interpretation of events.

BASHIR

You have another?

COLE

We've got off topic again, Doctor. The hatchery was abandoned and undefended. Locken's mission was to tell us if the DNA sequencers could be adjusted so that the Jem'Hadar would be loyal to us.

BASHIR

You bloody fools. We just ended a war against a totalitarian regime who used genetically engineered slaves as cannon fodder. How could you think for a moment that anyone in the Federation would tolerate you employing the same methods?

Cole claps his hands indulgently...

COLE

Bravo, Doctor. You do have a flair for oratory. Now step down off your soapbox for a moment and consider some possibilities. The question should not be, how dare we use the same methods as our enemies, but rather, what can we learn from our enemies that we might turn to our advantage? How much more equitable and humane would it be if the Federation could mass-produce its own army, happy to sacrifice their lives for their leaders? With that kind of army, who could ever pose a threat to the Federation again?

BASHIR

Federation history is filled with people who defeated more advanced, better armed enemies, because the citizen-soldier is always going to be more resourceful and creative.

COLE

Regardless, as you might have surmised by my telling you this, things didn't quite go to plan.

BASHIR

What happened?

COLE

Locken left for Sindorin about ten weeks ago, with a small team of specialists. For the first few weeks, he kept in regular contact. His associates confirmed he was doing what we asked.

BASHIR

Associates? You mean spies.

COLE

We had to protect our investment.
But then we stopped hearing from
his... associates.

BASHIR

Then they're dead, all of them.
What do you think happened next?

COLE

We know he managed to bring some
of the incubators back online. We
can only assume he was able to
reprogram the Jem'Hadar to be
loyal to him. He can't get them
all off-planet right now, because
he only had one ship. But he's
keeping them busy. A number of
ships have gone missing in the
area, and two former Cardassian
holdings have been attacked -

BASHIR

(interrupting)

They're not former Cardassian
holdings, they're protectorates.

COLE

Semantic nitpicking will be
irrelevant if you don't stop him
quickly and quietly.

BASHIR

If I don't stop him?

COLE

Of course, Doctor. Who better?
Locken can rationalise his actions
because he believes he's better
than everyone else. It doesn't
matter what he does because it's
all for their own good.

BASHIR

But what's he actually planning?

COLE

If I had to guess, I'd say he wants to make the galaxy safe for children and other small things by any means necessary. If you want to know, ask him.

BASHIR

(chuckle)

You've managed to mire yourself in this quicksand of back-stabbing and lies, and you expect me to liberate you? Give me one reason why I should.

COLE

Because while there may be many enhanced persons out there, very few are as well socialised as you. But what do you think would happen to all of them if it became known that a genetically enhanced person had restarted the war? What would happen to your friend Jack, or perhaps to Sarina?

Bashir sits and glares at Cole for a long time. He really has no choice here.

BASHIR

Damn you to hell.

Cole sighs, genuinely relieved...

COLE

Thank you, Doctor. When can you leave?

BASHIR

I don't know. I'll have to make some arrangements.

COLE

Of course. I understand.

Cole gets up to leave, drops a padd into Bashir's lap...

COLE

Please extend my apologies to
Lieutenant Dax for making her
miss her vacation. Just out of
curiosity... did you really want
her to go back to Earth with you
and visit the old homestead?

BASHIR

Yes, I did. Very much.

COLE

Well then... it must be love.

He turns and leaves. Bashir sits for a moment, regaining
control of his body. Eventually, he taps his combadge.

BASHIR

Bashir to Kira.

KIRA (comm)

Go ahead.

BASHIR

Nerys... we need to talk.

On Bashir's worried face...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 INT. DS9 - KIRA'S OFFICE

KIRA, Julian, Ezri and RO are all gathered in the lounge area. They all look stressed. VAUGHN calmly enters the room, carrying his usual mug of tea...

KIRA
Anything on internal scanners?

VAUGHN
Nothing.

KIRA
No surprise there, I suppose. I'd have been more shocked if we had picked something up.

VAUGHN
So would I. But then we'd have to wonder about why he let us catch him. No, it's better this way.

RO
Sindorin - I know it. The Maquis considered using it for a base. It would have made a good place to retreat to... if we'd had chance. There's a mineral in the water that plays havoc with sensors.

KIRA
Can we narrow down a likely location on the planet?

RO
It depends. What's required for a Jem'Hadar hatchery?

BASHIR
Genetic material, which the Vorta would have brought with them. But water too. Preferably fresh water.

Ro calls up a display on a padd, and shows it to them...

RO

Here then, this lake. We'll narrow it further when we get closer.

BASHIR

But not too close.

RO

Well, that's the trick, isn't it?

BASHIR

Yes it is, and thank you for volunteering, Lieutenant. It'll be good to have someone who knows the territory. Which brings me to my next request... Colonel, I'd like to have Taran'atar accompany us.

KIRA

You realise there's likely to be quite a few Jem'Hadar there.

BASHIR

Exactly why I want one who's on our side. He'll be able to offer valuable insights about how they think, their likely responses.

KIRA

This is getting crazier by the minute. You're talking about going into the Badlands with only one or two other people --

DAX

Or three.

KIRA (cont)

- we'll talk about that later. One of them a Jem'Hadar, to confront someone who's set himself up as the local deity, all just to save Starfleet some trouble?

BASHIR

I don't like this any more than
you, but it's the lesser evil.

KIRA

(forced to admit)

Alright. I'll speak to Taran'atar
and see how he feels about this.
He might not be able to do this,
you know. Odo told him to obey me.

BASHIR

And if you tell him to listen to
me, then he will.

VAUGHN

I'll have Bowers assign you a
runabout. Any preference?

RO

The *Euphrates*. She handles well in
turbulent atmospheres.

VAUGHN

Good choice. Six hours?

Ro nods, and she and Vaughn leave. Bashir hovers with Dax -
he has something else he's a little afraid to bring up...

KIRA

Julian - what is it?

BASHIR

The commander didn't seem terribly
shocked to discover that there's
a secret covert operations group
within Starfleet.

DAX

Neither did Ro. What's your point?

BASHIR

Vaughn's service record isn't
exactly full of details, is it?
For someone with his length of
service...

BASHIR (cont)

...you'd expect more than the few meaningless details I found. And he didn't contribute much to our discussion just now.

KIRA

Julian, Commander Vaughn has proven himself to me, and to this station. If you want to bring his trustworthiness into question...

BASHIR

No, I'm sorry. This Section 31 business is making me paranoid.

(to Dax)

See you later?

She nods and smiles, and Bashir leaves. Kira continues to sit there, mulling something over. Dax watches her...

KIRA

I don't like what I just heard.

DAX

Neither do I, but he has a point. Vaughn always played it close to the vest. But Starfleet Command has complete confidence in him.

KIRA

Can Julian do this?

DAX

No question, but he needs back-up he can count on. Ro and Taran'atar are a start, but I want to go too.

KIRA

Is that a good idea? You remember the mission to Soukara?

DAX

Of course. But these are entirely different circumstances.

KIRA
Really? Different how?

DAX
You and Odo went to join Damar's
resistance as a couple.

KIRA
Odo and I aren't you and Worf.

DAX
Exactly. And Ezri and Julian
aren't Jadzia and Worf either.

KIRA
What if you're wrong, Ezri?

DAX
I'm not. We'll do this the right
way, if only to prove we can.

Kira relents, and Dax leaves.

Kira follows her to the door of her office, where she spots
Taran'atar standing ram-rod in his usual place in Ops...

KIRA
Taran'atar, can I speak to you?

He leaves his space and enters her office, everyone eyeing
him carefully as he goes. He stands at attention...

KIRA
I'd like to make a request.

TARAN'ATAR
A request?

KIRA
There's something I'd like you to
do, but I don't want you to feel
compelled to do it. It is our way
to ask our guests for assistance,
and let them make the choice.

TARAN'ATAR

I am not your guest, Colonel. I am a Jem'Hadar, on a mission to obey, observe and learn. The Founder --

KIRA

Odo.

TARAN'ATAR

... Odo ordered me to serve your will as I would his. He said nothing about making choices. Just tell me what you want me to do.

KIRA

I want you to consider going with Doctor Bashir on a mission to a planet where a human has taken control of a Jem'Hadar hatchery.

TARAN'ATAR

It will be as you say. You may consider the Jem'Hadar serving this human already dead.

KIRA

I'm not asking you to kill them --

TARAN'ATAR

Either I kill them, or they kill the doctor and anyone with him.

KIRA

Let's get something straight. I realise you have a predisposition towards killing your enemies, and lethal force may in fact become necessary, but it isn't to be your first option. Is that understood?

Taran'atar considers how to best explain himself...

TARAN'ATAR

You wonder at my willingness to kill my own kind. You think because you fought us, you understand us.

TARAN'ATAR (cont)

That we are defined solely by the genetics used to create us. Do you feel the same way about Doctor Bashir?

Kira is surprised at the question, not sure how to answer. Taran'atar pushes his advantage...

TARAN'ATAR

You have accepted that he is genetically predisposed to act differently, to think differently than you do, even though this disposition was devised by beings no more divine than yourself.

KIRA

...Yes.

TARAN'ATAR

Then please extend the same courtesy to me.

KIRA

You make some very valid points. But we're still going to do things my way. So I'll ask you one more time. Am I understood?

TARAN'ATAR

No. But it will be as you say.

He turns and leaves the office. Kira lets out a relieved breath, and thinks about what he has said...

8 INT. DS9 - DOCKING RING CORRIDOR

Ro, Bashir and Dax have gathered by an airlock to board the runabout. Taran'atar approaches with a large soft case...

RO

Let me guess. Weapons?

Without speaking, Taran'atar lays the case on the deck, undoes some clips and rolls it out flat.

It contains a Bajoran phaser, several extra power packs, a dozen hand-grenades, and his *kar'takin* blade...

RO

What, no throwing knives?

He points to a smaller bag within the larger one...

RO

Oh good. Wouldn't want to forget those.

He rolls up the package again without comment. Commander Vaughn emerges from inside the runabout and approaches...

BASHIR

Commander? We didn't expect to find you here.

VAUGHN

Thought I'd save you some time and run through the pre-flight checks. She's ready, but do try bringing her back in one piece, please. I recently found out what a dreadful record this station has when it comes to runabouts. Are you going direct to Sindorin?

BASHIR

No, we're going to take a very indirect route. Try to make us look like a survey ship. We will be skirting the edge of the Romulan protectorate though, so we're expecting cloaked ships.

VAUGHN

Alright. Check in periodically before you hit the Badlands. It'll help keep up the survey pretence. Well, safe journey.

The gang steps into the airlock and on board. Bashir is last, feeling a bit suspicious of Vaughn's presence.

Then Vaughn stops him before he can board, making sure no-one else is around to overhear...

VAUGHN
Doctor, a moment please.

BASHIR
Yes, Commander?

VAUGHN
A word of advice. Don't try to be a hero. Don't think for a moment you'll be able to find evidence you can use against Thirty-One. Just go in, do the job, and come home. Understood?

BASHIR
(wary)
I understand what you're saying, but not why.

VAUGHN
Because I'd like to see all of you come home alive. Cole needs you to do his dirty work for him, but that's all he's going to allow. Try to go beyond that, and I can guarantee there will be unpleasant repercussions.

Vaughn turns and walks away. As Bashir watches him go, looking at him suspiciously...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

9 INT. RUNABOUT - REAR CABIN

The ship is flying at WARP through open space. Bashir gets two bowls out of the replicator - one of soup and one of rice. He places them on the table opposite Taran'atar, who is sat very uncomfortably. Bashir sits too...

BASHIR

I thought you might like something other than that concentrated pond water the Vorta gave you to eat. Do you want to try some of this?

TARAN'ATAR

I don't know. What is it?

BASHIR

Rice. Grain, spices and beans. And this is vegetable broth.

TARAN'ATAR

Humans are omnivores. You do not eat meat?

BASHIR

Call it a lifestyle choice.

TARAN'ATAR

Klingons eat a great deal of meat.

BASHIR

Klingons get diseases of the colon a lot, too. Try it.

Taran'atar takes the bowl of soup, sniffs it...

TARAN'ATAR

It has an unpleasant odour.

BASHIR

Try it anyway. No, wait.

Bashir takes out his tricorder, scans Taran'atar...

BASHIR

Okay, no allergies. Go ahead.

He takes a tentative sip. Rolls it around, considers it.
Forces it down. Takes another sip. And keeps going.

TARAN'ATAR

Thank you. How do you know so much
about our biology?

BASHIR

You aren't the first Jem'Hadar
I've examined. Some I've studied
quite carefully in fact.

TARAN'ATAR

Dissections?

BASHIR

What? No! Of course not.

TARAN'ATAR

Vivisection?

BASHIR

(appalled)

No!

TARAN'ATAR

Then I do not understand. How
could you know so much about my
species?

BASHIR

I found a Jem'Hadar child several
years ago. I was able to observe
much of its maturation process.
And... well, perhaps I shouldn't
tell you this, but I once tried to
cure some Jem'Hadar soldiers of
their ketracel-white dependency.

TARAN'ATAR

Did you succeed?

BASHIR

The situation actually turned out to be not unlike your own. A rare and random mutation.

TARAN'ATAR

How rare?

BASHIR

You tell me. Didn't you say the Vorta searched for Jem'Hadar like you specifically at Odo's request?

TARAN'ATAR

Yes, and they found only four of us. Or so they said.

BASHIR

You sound sceptical.

Taran'atar stops to think about what to say...

TARAN'ATAR

Jem'Hadar understand Vorta better than they understand us. We obey them because it is the will of the Founders. Most Jem'Hadar go their entire lives without ever seeing a Founder, but the Vorta are always there. Watching, prying, sneering. Bajorans, Klingons, Romulans, humans... you all look like Vorta to us. Some Jem'Hadar who fought in the war said it made killing you more satisfying.

BASHIR

Charming.

TARAN'ATAR

The Founder told me to obey the colonel as I would obey him. The colonel has told me to obey you. So that makes you my Vorta.

BASHIR

Oh no. Not me. I'm just the man
who gives you soup and rice.

TARAN'ATAR

As the Vorta gave me the white.

BASHIR

Bad comparison. I want you to be
well --

TARAN'ATAR

So I can fight for you. So I can
kill other Jem'Hadar.

BASHIR

That's not true! I want you to
help me find a way to avoid more
deaths. I'm a doctor.

TARAN'ATAR

And I am a soldier. My role is to
defend and, if necessary, to kill.
Do you think that makes you
superior to me?

BASHIR

Better? No. More tolerant, maybe.
The Federation --

TARAN'ATAR

Not the Federation. You. There is
something about the way you carry
yourself. Again, it reminds me of
the Vorta.

BASHIR

There were times in the past when
I felt the need to hide who I was.
It's been a hard habit to break.

TARAN'ATAR

(considers)

When you think about what you are
going to say, you are not nearly
so much like a Vorta.

(holds out bowl)
May I have some more?

BASHIR
Yes, of course. Wipe your chin.

DAX (comm)
Dax to Bashir.

BASHIR
Go ahead.

DAX (comm)
We've found something. Better come
up here. And bring Taran'atar.

They place down the bowl and head for the door...

10 **EXT. SPACE - RUNABOUT**

The runabout has come to a halt, near a small scout ship of
Romulan design...

11 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

Bashir enters the cockpit, followed by Taran'atar. Ro and
Dax are looking through the windows at the Romulan ship.

TARAN'ATAR
Romulan *N'Renix*-class vessel. Crew
of forty-five. Medium shielding,
medium weapons. Maximum speed warp
nine-point-eight. Used primarily
to transport high-level military
personnel and secret technology.

BASHIR
I've never heard of this class.
Has one ever been to the station?

TARAN'ATAR
No *N'Renix*-class ship ever left
Romulan space during the war.

RO
Then how do you know about it?

TARAN'ATAR

The Dominion's intelligence on the Alpha and Beta Quadrant militaries is quite extensive.

BASHIR

What happened to it?

DAX

The hull is breached in a dozen places. No life signs. No energy signature. The engines are gone.

BASHIR

Core failure?

DAX

No, I mean they're gone. Removed. Took the main disruptor bank too. Ripped it right out of the hull.

TARAN'ATAR

This is not a Jem'Hadar attack pattern, but it is well placed.

RO

You guys have patterns for weapons-fire attacks?

TARAN'ATAR

For every class of enemy craft. They each have their weaknesses.

RO

What about Starfleet runabouts?

TARAN'ATAR

Aft shield generator.

RO

I'll remember that.

BASHIR

That's enough. Can we board? Is it holding atmosphere?

DAX

Engineering and the bridge are intact, and I think I could reactivate life support from here. No gravity though.

RO

Ugh. I hate zero-gee.

BASHIR

You can stay here and mind the sensors. Taran'atar and I will gather our gear.

RO

Just a minute. There are no bodies. The crew quarters have been blown open, so you'd expect to see bodies nearby. But there aren't any.

BASHIR

Right. And that means someone dragged the ship here from wherever it was actually attacked. But why? A scarecrow?

TARAN'ATAR

If I understand the term correctly, then yes, it was meant to incite fear.

RO

Terror is an effective weapon.

BASHIR

Alright then, we don't have much time to do this. Let's go see what Commander Vaughn packed for us.

Bashir and Taran'atar leave. Dax watches her boyfriend go with a smirk...

DAX

He's trying not to show it, but he's enjoying this.

RO
Yeah, I got that too.

DAX
He used to play spy games on the
holodeck with Garak.

RO
Really? Never go spying with
someone who thinks it's a game.

DAX
He hasn't played since he learned
about Section 31. I think it lost
its innocence.

RO
Or maybe he lost his.

12 EXT. SPACE - ROMULAN SHIP

Focusing on the Romulan ship now...

13 INT. ROMULAN SHIP - CORRIDOR

Taran'atar BEAMS IN about a metre off the deck. He is not
wearing a pressure suit, just an oxygen mask and goggles.

Then Dax and Bashir beam in too, wearing pressure suits...

DAX
No shroud?

TARAN'ATAR
No need. There's no-one here.

BASHIR
Alright, let's not waste time. The
bridge is that way. Would you mind
taking point, Taran'atar?

Taran'atar pushes off and guides himself down the corridor.
Dax and Bashir follow, trying to move in zero-g.

As they reach a closed door, they magnetise their boots...

BASHIR
Is there anyone in there?

DAX
(checking tricorder)
If we assume the ship was carrying
its usual complement, and that
between a third and a half of the
crew was lost when it breached,
then everyone is in there.

TARAN'ATAR
I will stay out here and watch. I
dislike being in a room with no
escape route.

BASHIR
Ro can transport us out.

TARAN'ATAR
Assuming she's still there.

He turns and floats away, shrouding as he goes. Bashir
fiddles some controls, the doors open...

14 INT. ROMULAN SHIP - BRIDGE

...where Romulan bodies litter the room, draped over chairs
and consoles, all killed cleanly, a disruptor to the head.

Except for two - the Captain and a Tal Shiar officer - who
have been deliberately rematerialised halfway through the
walls of the bridge, so that they died slowly.

Bashir and Ezri enter, looking around horrified...

DAX
Every time I think I've seen
everything...

Bashir approaches one of the half-materialised figures and
sees a green-bloody shape carved into the forehead - a
circle superimposed with a crescent.

DAX
What does it mean?

BASHIR

It's an ancient symbol, almost
four-hundred years old. The sun
and the moon together, suggesting
totality, everything in the world.
The symbol of Khan Noonien Singh.

DAX

Locken has appropriated his icon.
It'll send Earth into a frenzy.

BASHIR

Frenzied people make rash decisions.
Maybe that's what he wants.

Dax turns away and starts pushing buttons. All the screens
splutter to life, playing the same pre-recorded message.

It shows ETHAN LOCKEN, a pleasant older gentleman in his
60s, very average and ordinary looking. His clothes carry
the same icon as carved on the Romulan's forehead...

LOCKEN (screen)

My name is Locken, and you are
trespassing. If you have not come
to pay tribute, then leave or be
destroyed. There will be no other
warning.

(pause)

Don't imagine for a moment that
you're a match for me. You're not.

Off Bashir and Dax's horror...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

15 EXT. SPACE

The *Euphrates* and the Romulan ship, looking all deserted...

16 INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT

Dax and Bashir BEAM IN on the pad - Ro turns to greet them.

RO
What's going on?

BASHIR
I've asked Taran'atar to initiate
a warp core breach on my command.

DAX
Do we have the authority to do
that? Shouldn't we contact the
Romulans, or Starfleet?

BASHIR
The Romulans would come here and
see that a human was responsible
for this massacre. Probably even
decide Starfleet was involved.
Better to destroy it.

DAX
You realise this is exactly the
sort of thing Section 31 would do?
Erase the evidence. Those people
all had friends and families who
deserve to know something.

BASHIR
The irony is not lost on me.

TARAN'ATAR (comm)
Taran'atar to Bashir. I am ready.

Ro hits the controls - Taran'atar BEAMS IN.

TARAN'ATAR

The task is complete. The overload should occur in six minutes.

RO

Then let's get out of here. Anyone want to say anything?

Dax and Bashir have no words. Taran'atar doesn't understand the issue. So Ro just sets the ship back to warp.

17 **EXT. SPACE - THE BADLANDS**

The *Euphrates* weaves among the plasma storms. Gradually the storms part until we see a small blue-green M-class planet.

18 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

Everyone looks a little ruffled, except for Taran'atar. Ro is hanging tight onto the controls, Dax is looking sickly and injecting her arm with a hypospray.

BASHIR

What's our approach vector?

RO

I'm going to go in fast over the icecap, approach near sea level. Everyone okay with that?

BASHIR

You're the pilot.

RO

That's right.

DAX

Something decloaking on the port side. Oh hell...

19 **EXT. SPACE - THE BADLANDS (INTERCUT)**

A Cardassian ORBITAL WEAPONS PLATFORM (as in 6x22 "Tears of the Prophets") decloaks and FIRES before the runabout can react. It scores a direct hit on the rear shields...

20 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT (INTERCUT)**

Sparking consoles, smoke billowing, the works...

DAX
Direct hit! We've lost deflectors,
tractors, life support... every-
thing! Somebody find some power!

Bashir works some rear consoles, and Ro's panel comes back to life. She immediately gets the ship moving...

RO
Where did they get a Cardassian
weapons platform? Do we abort?

BASHIR
Not an option.

21 **EXT. SPACE - THE BADLANDS (INTERCUT)**

The weapons platform FIRES again - the runabout's shields fizzle to nothing, and the ship begins to PLUMMET...

22 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT (INTERCUT)**

The cockpit is in chaos, fires and smoke. Ro makes a last few entries, grabs her bag and heads to the transporter.

RO
Everybody out!

She grabs a medkit, and Taran'atar joins her. But Bashir is still at the consoles, working furiously. Dax stays too...

RO
Doctor!

BASHIR
Go! The presets are dead, and I
need to stabilise or you'll be two
big smears across the landscape.

DAX
We're closing on the shoreline.
Almost in range. Get on the pads!

With a curse, Ro does. She and Taran'atar BEAM out...

DAX
They're down safe.
(another attack)
Sensors are gone!

BASHIR
So's the transporter. Get in the
pilot seat - controlled re-entry.

She does so grimly. He is still working at a back console.

BASHIR
Do you see what I'm going to do?

DAX
I think so.

BASHIR
The only way the system will cool
off enough. Can you handle it?

DAX
(really not)
Yes.

BASHIR
Okay... now.

He presses some buttons - everything goes dark and silent.

23 EXT. SINDORIN - ATMOSPHERE (INTERCUT)

The *Euphrates* drops like a stone, completely powerless,
free-falling towards the tree-tops of the surface, until...

BLACK OUT

24 EXT. SINDORIN - SURFACE - NIGHT

Ro and Taran'atar trudge miserably through the night-time
forest, where it has also started to RAIN very hard...

RO
Have I mentioned how very much I
hate being wet?

TARAN'ATAR
Yes, several times. Please don't
do it again.

RO
Can you see anything?

TARAN'ATAR
Of course. They may be Jem'Hadar,
but they have not received proper
training. Did you see how they
pursued us before the rain began?

RO
No. I mean, I might have seen a
few blades of grass waving about -

TARAN'ATAR
Precisely. They are pathetic.
(suddenly
stiffens)
I'll return.

He suddenly shrouds and runs off again. Ro stops dead...

RO
(whisper)
Taran'atar! Where are you, dammit?

The shroud shape is suddenly beside her - she JUMPS.

TARAN'ATAR (o.s.)
Someone is out there. They are not
Jem'Hadar. They move more swiftly
and make better use of the cover.
They know this forest. If you draw
their attention, I'm certain I
could kill them all.

RO
No! They might not be enemies.

He un-shrouds right in front of her, almost nose to nose.

TARAN'ATAR

I thought everyone on this planet
was an enemy. What has the doctor
not told me?

RO

Nothing. But there's something I
never told him.

Taran'atar studies Ro, suspicious...

Suddenly, the foliage around them RUSTLES, and Taran'atar
raises his weapon. A small FIGURE steps out...

...pigmy-sized and ape-like. Then more of them, and more,
until Ro and Taran'atar are surrounded by a dozen or more
of the slim figures on all sides. These are the INGAVI...

RO

Lower your weapon.

Taran'atar will do no such thing.

RO (cont)

Look, you and I both know you could
kill them all with your bare hands.
It won't make a difference if you
lower your phaser for a moment.

He still doesn't. Ro reaches out, forcibly pushes his
weapon down...

RO

Put it down.

The first Ingavi, KEL, speaks to Ro...

KEL

Why are you here? Why is he here?

RO

He's my companion. He won't hurt
you. Do you remember me? Is there
anyone here who knows me?

KEL

I remember you. That is why I was sent to speak to you. My name is Kel. We remember Ro Laren with honour and affection.

(to Taran'atar)

They all want to kill you.

RO

He isn't like the others, I swear it. I'll be glad to tell you the whole story, but not here. Is there somewhere safe we can go?

KEL

Safe? No place is safe anymore. But perhaps we can find a place a little more sheltered.

(to Taran'atar)

I will tell them you heeded Ro and lowered your weapon. This means I have spoken for you, so if this is a trick, and you intend to kill us all, then kill me first.

TARAN'ATAR

Agreed.

KEL

Some of my friends are attempting to distract the other Jem'Hadar who are searching for you. Hurry.

Kel turns and walks into the forest, followed by the other Ingavi. Ro and Taran'atar follow through the rain...

RO

Look, thank you for trusting me. I realise it can't be easy for you.

TARAN'ATAR

If you wish to avoid any further misunderstandings, you should brief me now on everything you know about this planet.

RO

The Ingavi were native to a world that fell under Cardassian control about seventy years ago. A group of about two-thousand fled. Sindorin was similar enough to their own world that they could start over.

(pause)

I promised I would never reveal to anyone that I knew they were here. Of course, the Dominion came anyway. Then Section 31. I kept my silence, but it didn't matter.

TARAN'ATAR

But I don't understand. They were weaker than the Maquis, surely.

RO

What are you saying? We should have killed them, conquered them?

TARAN'ATAR

You were at war. You had need of this place.

RO

That's not good enough! I wasn't going to do to them what the Cardassians did to Ingav, or to Bajor. They've suffered enough.

As they continue on into the dark, rain-soaked forest...

25 EXT. LOCKEN'S BASE - ESTABLISHING

A military compound in the trees, fences and barbed wire.

26 INT. LOCKEN'S BASE - PRISON CELL

Quite a nice cell, as cells go. Observation device in the ceiling. Dax and Bashir sit on separate bunks, both a mess.

DAX

This is how many crash landings for you now?

BASHIR

Four.

DAX

Only four? I would have thought it was more than that.

BASHIR

Actual contact between a ship and a planet's surface? No, only four. The *Yangtzee Kiang*, the *Rubicon*, the stolen Jem'Hadar ship and now this. How's your collarbone?

DAX

A little stiff. How are you?

BASHIR

Annoyed. Angry. Fearful for... for the future. Did you ever find your combadge?

DAX

No, it must have fallen off during the crash.

BASHIR

Any idea about the crash site?

LOCKEN (o.s.)

You were extraordinarily lucky.

Dax and Bashir jump in surprise. They turn and see that LOCKEN himself is standing in the doorway...

LOCKEN

Julian Bashir. I can't tell you how delighted I am to meet you. Never in my wildest dreams did I think Section 31 would be stupid enough to send you after me.

BASHIR

Why stupid?

LOCKEN

Because you're probably the one person who will truly understand what I'm trying to do here. You're quite the celebrity, you know. Someday we must discuss your little obsession with the Alamo. I have a similar fascination with the Battle of Thermopylae.

BASHIR

Three-hundred Spartans against the army of the Persian Empire.

LOCKEN

It's always a pleasure to meet a fellow scholar. This is already better than I hoped. I feel like I know you, that we are *simpatico*.

DAX

Except, of course, that we're in a cell and you aren't.

Locken totally ignores Dax, as if she is simply not there. He steps back, and the forcefield at the door drops...

LOCKEN

Would you like to accompany me to my chambers? I've prepared supper, then we'll take the tour. What's the point of having a secret base if you can't show it off?

Bashir grins - he and Locken are starting to hit it off. Dax looks on with growing worry...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

27 EXT. SINDORIN - RAINFOREST - NIGHT

Focusing on a particularly enormous and ancient TREE...

28 INT. INGAVI CAVES

Actually, the hollowed out roots of the enormous tree. Kel, Ro and Taran'atar crouch before an old and frail Ingavi, wrapped in cloth, his eyes blind with cataracts. This is their leader, TAN MULLA.

TAN MULLA

Hello, Ro. I hope the years have been kind to you.

RO

And you, Tan Mulla. I'm sorry we meet again in such circumstances.

TAN MULLA

Forgive us if we are suspicious. Not long after you left, the first Jem'Hadar came. And the pale ones who speak so well but smell so bad.

TARAN'ATAR

Vorta.

TAN MULLA

Yes, them. We didn't like them, but they assured us they meant us no harm, and we believed them... for a time. We try to stay hidden, but there are many among us who would prefer to fight, even if it means we die, because our lives have become unbearable.

RO

I understand. As I told you when we met, I myself was fighting the same invaders who conquered Ingav.

TAN MULLA

Did you win?

RO

No. I lost. And in the end, the Cardassians lost too. The ones who are doing this, we're here to stop them. I'm just so sorry that you found yourself trapped between all these forces. It's not right...

Suddenly, Taran'atar gives an infuriated GRUNT, turns and stalks away. The Ingavi flinch. Ro looks confused, follows him. He is standing by the exit, checking his weapons bag.

RO

What's wrong? Taran'atar?

TARAN'ATAR

Nothing is wrong. And everything is wrong. The Founder... how can I say this? He must be ill, perhaps deranged from living among solids so long. Why am I here? Why should I care about these...

(in Ro's face)

Why do you care about them? They are weak. If they die now, what does it matter?

RO

They want to live.

TARAN'ATAR

As do all living things. What does that have to do with our task? I do not regret giving my life for my duty, but I still do not understand what my duty here is.

RO

We're here to stop Locken.

TARAN'ATAR

Then let us be about it!

RO

Alright, answer me this. What can we do in our present situation?

Taran'atar stops to consider the question...

TARAN'ATAR

If I am to wage a campaign, I will need supplies and troops.

RO

I think I can get you troops.

TARAN'ATAR

(re Ingavi)

These creatures are no match for Jem'Hadar. Even these Jem'Hadar.

RO

That's what you thought about humans and Bajorans, isn't it?

TARAN'ATAR

What about your ship? Locken will not have destroyed it. He wants to salvage ships for his use. Perhaps he has not yet recovered yours.

29 INT. LOCKEN'S BASE - CORRIDOR

Bashir and Locken stroll companionably down the corridor, lined with many paintings and sculptures. Dax hangs back a bit, but keeping a close eye. Locken is ignoring her.

BASHIR

You've always been interested in the arts?

LOCKEN

I suppose, though I only recently put my hand to anything. Always afraid to draw too much attention to myself. If I'd received some encouragement from my parents, it might have been different. But I decided to make the best of things.

He looks around at his base, proud and admiring...

LOCKEN

No matter what else I accomplish here, I think I'm most proud of the work I did back on New Beijing. We helped mothers bring new life into the world...

Dax scoffs and rolls her eyes - Locken sees.

LOCKEN

Mock if you will, Lieutenant. But many settlers came to New Beijing precisely because of the work we did at the centre.

BASHIR

Do you even know why the Dominion invaded? Starfleet could never figure it out.

LOCKEN

Apparently it was all a mistake. They'd been misinformed. Have you ever seen Jem'Hadar in combat? I don't mean against Starfleet or Klingons. Have you ever seen them tear into a civilian population?

BASHIR

No. And I never want to.

LOCKEN

And if I have my way, you never will. But Jem'Hadar are mortal. One of the things I learned on New Beijing is that I can deal death quite efficiently when I must.

DAX

Didn't you help any of the others? Your colleagues, your patients?

Locken stops and turns a withering glare on Dax...

LOCKEN

You know, Lieutenant, it strikes me that you've been attempting to sow some sort of discord all evening. I wish you'd stop. It's really rather annoying and stands no chance of succeeding.

He turns back to Bashir, ignoring Dax, and they walk on...

LOCKEN

Would you like to see the rest of the facility?

BASHIR

Alright. I'd also like to hear about how Section 31 approached you. I'm surprised you cooperated with them as long as you did.

LOCKEN

I cooperated with them for as long as it suited me.

BASHIR

Where are the other agents?

LOCKEN

They are now my guests. I'm not a murderer, Julian.

DAX

Not a murderer?! What do you call what you did on that Romulan ship?

LOCKEN

That was war. The first volley in a new war that will bring about a permanent peace.

DAX

That wasn't war. That was a total disregard for any universally recognised rules and conventions. That was sadism.

LOCKEN

Your rules and conventions. Your
limited concept of right and
wrong. Being the limited creature
you are, you couldn't understand.
Julian does. Don't you, Julian?

Locken looks at Bashir, expecting him to agree. Dax stares
at him, expecting him to refute.

Not sure which way to jump, he tries to be diplomatic, much
to Dax's displeasure...

BASHIR

I think I'd like to see the rest
of the facility.

LOCKEN

Then take a look. I think you'll
enjoy this.

They come to a large WINDOW which looks out onto a large
indoor TRAINING AREA. A group of teenage-looking Jem'Hadar
are being trained with swords by three adult Jem'Hadar...

DAX

A forcefield on the doors. You
don't trust in your own godhood?

LOCKEN

I'm a very cautious individual.
Come and see the next chamber.
This is where it gets interesting!

Another WINDOW shows a Jem'Hadar FACTORY, a production line
of incubators, tubes and conveyor belts. Dax is appalled...

LOCKEN

Look over there. There's a pupa
coming through now.

A small white squelching thing about the size of a football
appears out of a tube. Bashir is fascinated...

DAX

You mean it's a baby.

LOCKEN

Never lose that sense of humour,
Lieutenant. But be sure not to
confuse it with sentimentality.
The Jem'Hadar don't care.

BASHIR

So you have, what, two-hundred
adult Jem'Hadar now?

LOCKEN

And soon there'll be more than I
know what to do with. Except that,
of course, I know exactly what I'm
going to do with them.

(heartfelt)

The Federation needs us, Julian.
It needs enlightened people who
will rule wisely, unafraid to do
what needs to be done.

DAX

Like Khan, you mean? There was an
enlightened man. I know history -
the cleansings, the camps...

LOCKEN

Winners write history, Lieutenant.
Yes, Khan made some mistakes. But
think about what he would have
accomplished if he'd had chance.

DAX

Like what? Precisely what would be
different?

At this, Locken shows his first real emotion...

LOCKEN

How about all the lives that would
have been saved if Julian and I
were the norm? If Khan had won,
the Federation would be much more
powerful today, the Dominion would
never have stood a chance, and New
Beijing would never have happened.

Locken realises he has let a little too much out, and is a touch embarrassed. He pauses to pull himself together...

LOCKEN

It isn't too late though. That's my point. We can't change the past, but we can learn from it to shape the future. We could do it together, Julian. You and I could recreate humanity in our image.

BASHIR

(chuckling)

You can't be serious. Why would I ever consider helping you in this insane scheme? What could you possibly have to offer humanity that would make them follow you?

LOCKEN

How about this?

Lights come on at the final WINDOW, and Julian faces a duplicate Locken hanging in a tank. He looks further...

...and the room is full of them, all duplicate Lockens.

BASHIR

Clones? Who cares? Cloning tech has been around for hundreds of years, but it's useless if you can't transfer the intelligence, and that kind of technology is...

(stops, realises,
amazed)

You've figured it out.

LOCKEN

Almost. Some Vorta equipment was left behind. Their brains are very different, but I'm on the right track.

(beat)

So tell me, Julian, what wouldn't humanity agree to, in exchange for immortality?

DAX

He'll never help you! He'd never
set himself apart like you have
and try to tell humanity he knows
what's best for it. You don't know
anything about him.

Dax looks at Bashir... and instead of agreement, she sees
uncertainty. Locken claims victory....

LOCKEN

Obviously, Lieutenant, you don't
know him as well as you thought.

DAX

Oh gods...

Horrified, she turns and RUNS away back down the corridor.

LOCKEN

Don't worry, she won't get far.

BASHIR

Oh, I wasn't worried. I'm sure
everything will be fine in the
morning.

Unconcerned, Bashir turns back join Locken at the window,
watching the clone tanks with fascination...

BLACK OUT:

THE END