

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

14x04 - "Zero Sum Game"

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine

and on the *Star Trek* tie-in novels
by Pocket Books

TNG 19x04 - "THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY"

Noonien Soong faked his death - barely. The moment *Enterprise* left (TNG "Brothers"), he staggered to his lab and conducted a full consciousness transfer into a new ultra-advanced android body. In the years that followed, Soong set up a casino on Orion to build a fortune, and sent out intel feelers to every corner of the quadrant. He was visited by an agent of the Fellowship of Artificial Intelligences, but turned down their invitation to join. He watched proudly as his beloved son Data continued to develop, but was devastated when Data died (TNG "Nemesis"). Ever since, he has tried to think of a way to bring Data back to life. When he saw the Breen attacking Maddox's lab on Galor IV and stealing his children's bodies, he triggered the alarm (evading Starfleet as they chased him around the city), and then followed the Breen. He knows he will need Starfleet's help to face whatever the Breen are planning...

VOY 12x04 - "THE ARK PLANET"

When *Voyager* and *Demeter* emerge from slipstream, they find themselves at the edge of a massive void. The expanse is not empty - it is cloaked. Waveforms attack, but *Voyager* sends back the message they received years ago; the waveforms respond by uncloaking everything, revealing whole sectors reduced to rubble. O'Donnell locates the one remaining intact planet, with myriad animal and plant species transplanted from destroyed worlds. The waveforms are trying to fulfil their directive - "sustain" - but the ecosystem is eating itself, hence their call for help. Chakotay worries about the Prime Directive, but O'Donnell convinces him that if they can communicate with the waveforms and teach them how to save the planet for themselves, it's not a violation. The two ships explore, and discover metal from a ship older than the entire Federation. The markings say "the Worlds of the First Quadrant". Who are they...?

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 DARKNESS

A CREAKing, GROANing sound as a rusty old metal door is heaved open, letting dim light in from outside. Into the doorway step the silhouettes of two BREEN figures.

They step through the door and heave it closed behind them, resealing the darkness again.

One of them boots up a small palm beacon and places it on a surface, illuminating...

2 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - MAINTENANCE CRAWLSPACE

...the same small utility closet they hid inside in 14x02. The taller of the two Breen twists its helmet and lifts it off, revealing BASHIR, tired and sweaty and stressed.

BASHIR

Right back where we started.
Please tell me we won't have to
sleep here this time, at least.

The other Breen also removes its helmet - SARINA.

SARINA

You think I brought us here for
rest? Get your head in the game,
Julian. We need a quiet place to
go through the data we just stole,
and we can hardly go back to Nar's
place, or the Warren.

She pulls out the portable data DEVICE from a pocket and hands it to Bashir. She removes her gloves and places them aside, takes the device back from him and gets to work.

Bashir watches her work in silence, admiring her dexterity and the intensity of her focus. She senses his look...

SARINA

What?

BASHIR
I'm just... impressed.

SARINA
(wry)
By my beauty, poise and grace?

BASHIR
(genuine)
Untainted by this alien culture's
primary symbol of ugly conformity.
(looks down at
his own suit)
I, on the other hand, look like a
little boy playing dress-up.

SARINA
It's your youthful enthusiasm I've
always found attractive. I think
I've cracked the encryption - with
a little luck, we should have a
decrypted file in a minute or so.

She sets her device aside to do its work, and stretches out her own neck and arms. For all her greater experience in this line of work, it is still stressful. He pulls out two more of the FIELD RATIONS, and they eat while they can...

BASHIR
We need to talk.

SARINA
(matter of fact)
Yes, I killed that man. I know
it's not the choice you would have
made, but it was the right one.

BASHIR
By what reasoning?

SARINA
If I'd just knocked him out and
left him there, sooner or later he
would have woken up and got help.
Then our covers would be blown.

BASHIR

Our covers will be blown anyway
when they check his computer and
see what kind of data we accessed.

Sarina walks away the few steps their hiding place allows,
throwing her arms out in exasperation.

SARINA

Yes, we're playing a cat-and-mouse
game, Julian, I know that. I also
know you're not used to this kind
of life. But I'm gonna need you to
get used to it pretty damn fast.

BASHIR

What does that mean?

SARINA

You've been questioning my every
move since we got here. And that's
fine, you have to learn. But we're
getting close to crunch time, and
you need to stop asking questions
and start doing what we came here
to do. There's no more time for
pangs of conscience, Julian. I'm
sorry that man had to die, but it
is done and you need to accept it.
Because it's highly likely that he
won't be the last person we have
to kill before this is over.

Bashir quietly absorbs the tirade. Sarina approaches, more
conciliatory now...

SARINA

Is there anything I've said that
is not eminently logical based on
our current circumstances and the
parameters of our mission?

BASHIR

(whisper)

No.

SARINA

And can you do it?

The device BEEPS. Sarina presses a few buttons, and the device PROJECTS a holo-image like inside their helmets, bright GREEN light that is almost blinding in the dark space. They both peer at it, trying to figure it out...

BASHIR

What are we looking at?

SARINA

This factory is making precision computer parts. Like components for a chroniton integrator.

BASHIR

One of the critical elements in a slipstream drive. Where do the parts go after the factory?

Sarina reaches in to manipulate the holo-image, trying to find the answer to that... and is confused by the answer.

SARINA

Straight to the waste processing and recycling plant.

BASHIR

That has to be a mistake. Are the records for the recycling plant in there too?

SARINA

(grin)

That's the spirit. Hold on... here we go, yesterday's report. Does anything there look odd to you?

Bashir leans in, translating the Breen ideograms...

BASHIR

They're shipping a lot of toxic waste for remote disposal.

SARINA

Millions of isotons in the last month alone. I haven't seen many industries in this city that would generate toxic waste, have you?

BASHIR

No... but I do see a lot of local production plants sending masses of material for recycling... and almost the exact same amount leaving the plant for disposal.

SARINA

Wherever that material is going... that's the secret shipyard.

BASHIR

Do the manifests say where the disposal site is?

SARINA

No... that's probably on a need-to-know basis.

BASHIR

Well, I can tell you one person who'd need to know - the pilot of the garbage scow that's leaving the plant in forty minutes.

Satisfied, Sarina shuts down the holo-image, grabs her own helmet and hands Bashir his. He takes it with solemnity.

SARINA

Let's go hitch a ride.

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 EXT. SPACE - AVENTINE

The Vesta-class explorer flies at impulse...

8 INT. AVENTINE - CONFERENCE ROOM

A mug of COFFEE on the conference table... BOWERS brings it up and takes a sip. He looks tired, eyes red, skin drawn. Placing the mug down, he rubs his eyes, shakes himself out.

BOWERS

I need a break. And a shower. And
a few hours' rest if I'm honest.

Behind him, KEDAIR paces and stretches her shoulders.

KEDAIR

Copy that - if only to see the
inside of something other than
this room for a few minutes.

DAX leans against the conference table, just as tired as the others, studying the HOLO-MAP that shows the distribution of ROMULAN and BREEN ships between them and SALAVAT.

DAX

Requests denied. There has to be
a way through this blockade, and
it's our job to find it. Bashir
and Douglas are counting on us to
get them out at a minute's notice.

BOWERS

That's if they're still alive. If
they've been killed or captured,
we'll never know. And if they
don't accomplish their mission,
the point will be moot anyway.

KEDAIR

Why would the point be moot?

DAX

Because if the Breen launch their prototype, the op is officially a failure and we have to leave the sector immediately - to preserve deniability for the Federation.

KEDAIR

Well, that's just great.

DAX

The floor is open to suggestions.

Kedair comes and stares at the holo-image of the blockade.

KEDAIR

So no help from the Klingons...
But maybe we don't need actual
Klingons... we just need to make
them think we've got Klingons.

BOWERS

(perking up)

A fake distress signal?

KEDAIR

That Breen ship we captured, the *Sitkoskir* - it probably had codes for their comm network, right? If we hack into their comm net, we could generate a distress call that would be indistinguishable from the real thing.

DAX

Do you have the skills to pull off that kind of electronic forgery?

KEDAIR

No, but I'd bet Helkara, Mirren and Riordan do between them.

DAX

Alright. What kind of emergency would be big enough to pull more than one or two ships away?

BOWERS

How about a Klingon attack against multiple worlds?

(points to map)

The Klingon fleet at Starbase 514 is scheduled to ship out in less than two hours. That's our plausible threat right there.

DAX

Except that they've been recalled to Klingon space.

BOWERS

But the Breen don't know that. If the Klingons cloak the moment they leave the starbase...

DAX

(face lights up)

...Then as far as the Breen know, the Klingons could be anywhere. I love it. Sam, wake up Helkara and the others - I want them ready to hack that network the moment we get the call. Lonnoc, the access codes. I'll talk to the Klingons.

BOWERS

Okay, but after I do that, can I get some rack time?

DAX

Sure, but sleep fast. We've got a big day ahead of us.

All three get to work...

9 INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SUBWAY PLATFORM

A multitude of suited and helmeted BREEN fill every space of the platform, waiting to squeeze onto the SUBWAY TRAIN that is just pulling into the station. As the train's doors open, they SURGE forwards trying to claim their space.

10 **INT. TRAIN - MAIN CABIN**

Among the crowds are our two hero Breen, BASHIR and SARINA. They are swept along, pushed together against the far door as every inch is filled with another body. They speak via their private comm channel so that no-one can overhear...

BASHIR (comm)
What is going on? It wasn't this busy before.

SARINA (comm)
No... most of their conversations are the same. They all got job offers, and all at the same time.

BASHIR (comm)
To work on the slipstream project? At least that means we're on the right track.

SARINA (comm)
They must really want to get it done as soon as possible.

BASHIR (comm)
That, and the fact that you blew up one of their other trains.

Bashir's head tilt expresses playfulness, Sarina's own head tilt suggests wry amusement in return. Then the train JERKS as it heads out of the station, all the Breen jostling against each other... and off they go.

11 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - SUBWAY PLATFORM**

The train disappears into the darkness of the tunnel.

12 **EXT. SALAVAT COLONY - RECYCLING PLANT**

Still under a sky of stone, but as outside as it gets in this buried city - a massive cavern deep underground.

In it stands a gigantic FACTORY, with six shuttle docking platforms spreading out from it in a circle, all over a black LAKE that ripples as one of the shuttles takes off.

The crowds of BREEN walk along one of the platforms under floodlights towards one of the remaining shuttles. Our two "hero" Breen join the end of the line to board...

...until Bashir pulls Sarina out of the line.

BASHIR (comm)
Wait - this is wrong.

SARINA (comm)
What are you talking about?

BASHIR (comm)
We don't know these people are going to the shipyard, that's just a guess. The only ship we know is going our way is the garbage scow.

SARINA (comm)
(deep breath)
You're right. Which one is that?

Bashir pauses to look around the factory and its various docks, his visor analysing everything. Without pointing...

BASHIR (comm)
Over there by the conveyor system.
No windows in the shuttle.

Sarina looks, sees the one he means, nods subtly.

As more Breen head to the shuttle, they allow themselves to be pushed out of the way and slip back out of the light and into the shadow. Once they are sure no-one is looking at them, they move off towards the other docking platform.

13 EXT. SALAVAT COLONY - DOCKING PLATFORM

A CONVEYOR BELT rumbles along, carrying egg-shaped GARBAGE PODS out from the factory along the platform. Watching this from the shadows, we can just make out two Breen shapes.

SARINA (comm)
Six minutes. If you have a better idea, now's the time to share it.

BASHIR (comm)
(sigh)
Fine. Let's go.

They crouch-run from cover to a pile of spare garbage pods. As the conveyor belt pauses a moment, Bashir picks one up, quickly carries it over to the belt and places it on, in between the already present pods. He opens it up...

BASHIR (comm)
Madam, your chariot awaits.

SARINA (comm)
You first. It'll be easier for me to programme the manifest from the outside. Just hold it open for me.

Bashir clambers inside. Sarina works the control panel...

14 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Inside his suit, Bashir struggles to manoeuvre himself in the tight space, even as he looks around with a smirk...

BASHIR
Cosy.

Then he hears a loud and grating ALARM, and the usual Breen NOISE outside, translated by his suit's systems...

ANNOUNCEMENT (comm)
Attention all personnel. This is a security alert from the Breen Intelligence Directorate. Human spies have infiltrated Salavat.

Bashir's jaw drops in horror...

15 INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

As she reacts more stoically but equally unhappily...

ANNOUNCEMENT (comm)
All communications and public transport systems are locked down.

Remain where you are and cease all activities until your identities have been verified by Confederate security officers. Repeat...

16 **EXT. SALAVAT COLONY - DOCKING PLATFORM (INTERCUT)**

As the alarm and the droning Breen BUZZ continue, echoing off the stone walls, Bashir looks back out of the hatch of the garbage pod at Sarina...

BASHIR (comm)
That's not good.

SARINA (comm)
No, it's not. Have a nice trip.

She SLAMS the hatch closed and pushes the pod along the conveyor belt, setting the whole procession in motion again towards the garbage scow at the far end of the platform.

17 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Rocking from the movement, Bashir is horrified anew...

BASHIR
What are you doing?!

18 **EXT. SALAVAT COLONY - DOCKING PLATFORM (INTERCUT)**

With the pod rumbling away from her on the conveyor belt, Sarina melts back into the darkness, towards the factory...

SARINA (comm)
Julian, they're locking everything down. That pod will get you most of the way along the platform. I'll cause a distraction and buy you time to get on the ship.

Bashir's response is half-lost as he gets further away...

BASHIR (comm)
No! We're not splitting up! I'm not leaving you here!

19 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Bashir is terrified, on the edge of tears, as Sarina's final message is also scratched through with static...

SARINA (comm)
Goodbye, Julian. Good luck, and
don't let me down.

And then she is gone. Bashir PUNCHES the wall of the pod, his curses translated into Breen BUZZ.

20 **INT. RECYCLING PLANT - CORRIDOR**

A corridor inside the factory, simpler and more industrial than in the market or the offices. SARINA walks down it in her Breen suit, trying to look unsuspecting specifically so that she *will* look suspicious.

21 **INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Muttering to herself, trying to convince herself...

SARINA
He'll be alright. He has every
advantage, even if he doesn't
realise it yet. He'll be fine.

22 **INT. RECYCLING PLANT - CORRIDOR (INTERCUT)**

Two armed Breen spot her. She ducks sideways into another passage, as suspicious as she can be. They come running, neural truncheons at the ready, BUZZing loudly...

23 **INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Half-hurrying, with BOOTS following and BUZZ translated...

BREEN (comm)
Stop! We need to verify your
credentials!

She turns to face her pursuers blocking her exit, seeing their outlines in green in her heads-up holo-display. One BUZZES an order, the translation coming through...

BREEN (comm)
Identify yourself.

SARINA
Hesh Rin, Confederate Information
Bureau. Identify yourselves.

The two Breen soldiers are momentarily taken aback...

24 INT. RECYCLING PLANT - CORRIDOR (INTERCUT)

In the moment of confusion, Sarina takes her chance.

SLAMS her left hand into one soldier's truncheon, driving it back into his own chest - FLASH of light, CRACKLE of power, and he goes down with a gurgle of buzzing. PUNCHES with her right hand at the second soldier's snout.

As he staggers back, she SNATCHES the truncheon off the first, LEAPS on top of the second and DRIVES the truncheon into his throat. Another FLASH and CRACKLE of power.

Another loud BUZZ from off-screen - Sarina looks up, and three more soldiers have spotted her.

She takes off running down the corridor, leading them all on a chase away from Bashir and the garbage shuttle.

One of the Breen draws a disruptor - and FIRES.

25 INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Sarina SCREAMS, the systems in her suit SCRAMBLING, and she tumbles to the ground. As the sounds of nearing BOOTS and SHOUTS drift in, she slips into unconsciousness...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

26 EXT. SALAVAT COLONY - RECYCLING PLANT

The recycling factory and the six docking platforms arrayed around it. One of the passenger shuttles LIFTS OFF and rises into the dark, heading for where we don't see yet.

27 EXT. SALAVAT COLONY - DOCKING PLATFORM

The conveyor belt rumbling down the platform, carrying the garbage pods towards the ship at the far end, whose engines are starting to GLOW as it too prepares for launch.

28 INT. GARBAGE POD

Squeezed into the small egg-shaped pod, BASHIR just has room to sit with his helmeted head in his gloved hands.

Then the conveyor GRINDS to a halt, and Bashir is SLAMMED against the sides and out of his doldrums. He looks up...

BASHIR (comm)

I can't have reached the ship yet.
It would have taken another seven
seconds. The security lockdown...

He pushes himself as far as he can into the back corner, pulls his disruptor, and FIRES at the frontmost point.

29 EXT. SALAVAT COLONY - DOCKING PLATFORM

The front of the egg is BLASTED apart from the inside, and Bashir clammers back out of it, past the singed edges, and onto the conveyor belt itself. He looks forwards...

...and sees the section of platform upon which the garbage scow rests LIFTING on squealing hydraulics, as the bridge that connects it to the main part of the dock retracts. His way to the shipyard is growing further away by the second.

He glances back behind him, and sees the factory surrounded by armed Breen, all running into the building to capture Sarina as SIRENS wail.

He turns back. No more time to wait. He has to do this *now*.

He puts away his disruptor and pulls out his own zip-line gun, like Sarina used in 13x03. Judging the perfect timing, he starts RUNNING towards the platform's approaching end...

SHOOTS the zip-line at the rising docking platform...

The dart FLIES through the darkened underground air...

...and EMBEDS itself into the edge of the metal platform. The wire SNAPS taut...

...and LIFTS Bashir with it, SWINGING him up into the air.

He flies through the air, trying to be sleek and dignified and not flail too much...

Bashir presses a control on the gun and the wire REELS back in, YANKING him closer to the still rising platform...

...at the last second, he elegantly FLIPS around to land on the top of the platform. He looks back over the edge...

...and sees the factory growing further and further away the higher he rises.

He quickly detaches the line, ZIPS it back into the gun, stashes it away and turns to the SHIP still preparing...

30 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

The shape of the ship as cast in ghostly green lines, the heat from the engines clear, various readings and analyses shifting as Bashir's HUD scans it...

BASHIR (o.s.)

No access hatches - of course not.
And I can't stay here or I'll be
fried. Computer, activate oxygen
seal and prepare magnetic clamps.

The suit's internal computer BEEPS affirmatively, and Bashir sets off running again...

31 **EXT. GARBAGE SCOW (INTERCUT)**

Bashir runs along the side of the ship... LEAPS...

...and lands on the ship's hull with a CLUNK of magnetic clamps in his suit's gloves and boots.

Just in time, as the ship's engines FIRE at last, lifting it off the platform...

Bashir clammers one CLUNK at a time along the outside of the ship, until he finds a dip between two bulges in the hull and tucks himself inside it...

32 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Gritting his teeth against the vicious vibrations, hoping to hell the magnetic clamps hold, Bashir rides the ship...

33 **EXT. GARBAGE SCOW (INTERCUT)**

...and it rises into the air and towards the stone ceiling.

ANGLE UP to see the direction the ship is going...

...and it shoots through a TUNNEL cut right into the heart of the rock, disappearing into the darkness within.

34 **EXT. SPACE - SALAVAT ORBIT**

The garbage scow ZOOMS out of an otherwise unmarked HOLE in the barren surface of the planet, and up into open space.

And as the ship ZOOMS past us, we see Bashir still in his Breen suit, clinging desperately to its hull...

BASHIR (comm)
I hope Sarina's somewhere safe...

CUT TO:

35 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - INTERROGATION ROOM**

Sarina JERKS awake, stripped out of her Breen suit and the black bodysuit she wore beneath it, down to her underwear, and strapped into a chair just like Chot Nar was in 13x03.

She becomes aware of the BREEN INQUISITOR hovering just out of sight. He BUZZES, words translated by a wall SPEAKER.

BREEN INQUISITOR

I must admit, I enjoy questioning outworlders. Interrogating someone whose background is unknown to me, whose history is not a matter of public record... the challenge is quite exhilarating. Like that of an artist facing a blank canvas.

Sarina SNEERS through bloodied teeth...

SARINA

Oh, I'll be your masterpiece.

BREEN INQUISITOR

Your defiance is refreshing. Chot Nar gave me nothing but silence... at first. Would you like to know how long it took me to break her?

SARINA

Actually, I'd much rather find out what it's gonna take to break you.

BREEN INQUISITOR

It amuses me that you think your self capable of testing my limits. I hold your fate in my hands.

SARINA

I doubt it. You know what a high-profile prisoner I am, and so do your superiors. Which means if you kill me, they'll have your head.

BREEN INQUISITOR

I don't have to kill you to change the shape of your existence.

Out of nowhere, a neural truncheon is jammed into her back. A FLASH of light, a CRACKLE of power, a SCREAM of agony...

36 **EXT. SPACE - GARBAGE SCOW**

The functional ship flies at impulse. Slowly CLOSE IN...

...until we find BASHIR clinging to the outside.

37 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT**

The lights of his HUD play over his face, but his thoughts are light-years away.

BASHIR

I should never have left her.

(shakes head)

No - she gave me no choice. If I'd stayed, her sacrifice would have been for nothing. I know my duty. I'm a Starfleet officer, I have to complete the mission. She doesn't have a problem with that...

(sigh)

So why is it so difficult for me?

Then he finally notices something in his HUD, and frowns...

BASHIR

Wait... we're not going back to the planet...? Don't tell me Starfleet got it wrong and the shipyard isn't on Salavat at all?

(checks readings)

I just hope it reaches somewhere habitable before I run out of air.

(ponders)

Of course, that's if this ship is actually going to the shipyard at all. Maybe I'm about to be dumped into a gas giant with a load of toxic waste. In which case my air supply is kind of irrelevant.

(beat)

No - you can't think that way, Julian. You have to assume you're right, and plan accordingly.

He shakes the doubts from his head, and settles in to plan.

BASHIR

Okay, so the shipyard is not on Salavat. But this ship has no warp drive, so it can't be outside the system. So how did Starfleet fail to detect an orbital platform?

(new thought)

Maybe it's cloaked. But cloaking something that big would throw up tachyons, tetryons, half a dozen other kinds of exotic particles. And it's not as if the Breen are experts in cloaking tech, that's why they needed the Romulans. So what are the Breen experts in?

A smile conquers his face as the answer comes to him...

BASHIR

Looking the same as all the rest.

CUT TO:

38 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD

THOT KEER, the Breen engineer overseeing the Confederacy's vitally important slipstream project, stands on his metal catwalk, gazing proudly over his life's work...

The floodlights bathing the shipyard in light go dark. Keer raises his snout, looking up to the stone ceiling above...

...just as it OPENS, splitting into four segments that retract into the walls, creating a huge opening into space.

RISE UP, past the various Breen engineers working on their various ship components...

...THROUGH the open docking hatch, the atmospheric FORCE-FIELD buzzing as we pass through...

39 EXT. SPACE - BREEN SHIPYARD

...and into open space, as the garbage scow hovers over the opening with BASHIR clinging to its hull like a barnacle.

And as we PULL BACK, we see that the rocky outside of the secret shipyard is in fact an ASTEROID in space...

...and PULL BACK more until we see that this asteroid is surrounded by dozens more, all almost identical...

...and OPEN UP until we see an entire ASTEROID BELT, a field of millions of tumbling rocks among which the secret shipyard is quickly lost, and the Salavat star a tiny pin-prick of light in the distance.

40 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - INTERROGATION ROOM**

Sarina LANDS on the floor, blood frothing from her mouth, gasping for breath, limbs spasming uncontrollably as she shudders in agony, too much pain to even scream.

The Inquisitor looks down at her, a dispassionate mask...

BREEN INQUISITOR

For a first session, this has been quite productive. However, I still have doubts about her story.

One of two BREEN SOLDIERS, his underlings, responds...

BREEN SOLDIER 1

We could use a psychoactive drug.

BREEN INQUISITOR

No - we lack reliable information on human neurochemistry. She is too valuable to risk any mistakes.

BREEN SOLDIER 1

Then how shall we proceed?

BREEN INQUISITOR

Let her rest. When she awakens, we'll resume by standard methods.

Sarina's shudders gradually lessen, but she still lies there in agony. The Inquisitor STOMPS to the door...

BREEN SOLDIER 1

Where will you be when she wakes?

BREEN INQUISITOR

In my office. Hail me on channel
twenty-three.

A pneumatic HISS-HISS of doors, and the Inquisitor is gone.
The first soldier beckons to the second, who keeps guard...

BREEN SOLDIER 1

Help me put her on the hook.

BREEN SOLDIER 2

Do your own job, I'll do mine.

BREEN SOLDIER 1

You can put away your disruptor. I
doubt the human poses any threat.

Grudgingly, Soldier 2 holsters his weapon and joins Soldier
1. They each grab a leg and HAUL Sarina into the air with a
BUZZ-GRUNT of effort, planning to hang her upside-down from
the hook in the ceiling (as in 7x19 "Strange Bedfellows").

Sarina's eyes SNAP open, she SNATCHES the disruptors from
their hips with each hand, and FIRES them into their guts.
The two Breen crumble to the deck, SCREAM-BUZZing.

She DROPS, goes smoothly into a ROLL and comes up with a
disruptor in each hand, pointed at the door.

Satisfied that no-one heard, she creeps forwards and checks
the two now-unconscious Breen soldiers. She nods - they are
alive - but she takes the SHACKLES off their belts and uses
them to bind their hands behind their backs. Just in case.

That done, she takes a moment to catch her breath. The pain
and shudders were not faked, it's just that she is strong
and determined enough to keep going anyway. But it's hard.

Her Breen disguise is propped up against the wall. She
heads towards it, but STOPS in shock...

...because beneath it, thrown casually to the deck against
the wall like discarded trash, is CHOT NAR's body.

Heartbroken, Sarina crouches down, brushes the scraggly white hair away from Nar's golden skin, revealing her real Silwaan features. She was clearly tortured in much the same way that Sarina herself was, and did not survive.

Then she steels herself, stands, and heads to her suit. She fiddles inside for one of the secret pockets, brings out a MICRO-HYPOSPRAY, and injects herself with it. She feels the painkiller flowing through her body, and sighs in relief.

She stashes the hypo, grabs the suit and eases her aching body into it. She holsters the disruptors at her hips, locks the helmet into place, and heads back to the door.

On the way, one of the soldiers BUZZ-GRUNTS, so she leans down and PUNCHES him sharply in the head. He settles again.

She grabs the neural truncheon off his belt, hefts it. She likes it. It will do nicely.

At the door, she works the comm panel - channel 23, like the Inquisitor said - and BUZZES. The speaker translates.

SARINA

Sir, the human woman is awake.

BREEN INQUISITOR (comm)

Good. I will be there directly.

She drops the line, steps to the side of the door...

SARINA

And I'll be waiting.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

41 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - SMALLER CATWALK

BOOTS clanging over the metal catwalk through the darkness, past two gloved HANDS that grip firmly to the edge, unseen.

Once they pass, the hands' owner HAULS itself up and onto the catwalk. The suited BASHIR looks up...

...and sees the docking hatch RUMBLE closed again. As soon as it is sealed, the LIGHTS come back on, showing Bashir...

42 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR

...the enormous shipyard, containing a whole new design of BREEN SHIP, a fluid design akin to a miniature *Aventine* but with the usual Breen signifiers, being constructed in zero-G by hundreds of Breen engineers brought in from Salavat.

This is what Bashir has come here to destroy.

43 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - SMALLER CATWALK

Bashir gawks, until a BUZZ from behind him - he is blocking the way. He steps aside, lets this next group stomp on past him. Once they have, he joins them, hiding in plain sight.

44 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - MAIN CATWALK

THOT KEER stands observing the construction, points and shouts (Breen BUZZ with ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES)...

THOT KEER
Be careful with that!

Foreman TROP JATH approaches, they BUZZ at each other...

TROP JATH
The reactor is assembled and ready,
sir. We are less than an hour away.

THOT KEER
Very good, Trop Jath.

Meanwhile, the group of Breen STOMP across the catwalk in the background, ignored by Keer and Jath. The last Breen in line slows a bit, as if to listen in...

THOT KEER (subs)
I have been thinking, Jath...

45 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Keer's voice translated by Bashir's suit, as he slows...

THOT KEER (comm)
(continuing)
...it seems wrong to let our bird leave the nest without a name. I'm thinking... *Marjat*. For its maiden voyage, I name this vessel *Marjat*.

TROP JATH (comm)
Is that a name of significance?

THOT KEER (comm)
None that need concern you.

46 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR (INTERCUT)

Bashir can't hover any longer without looking obvious, so he moves on. Keer was too engrossed in his ship to notice.

The group of Breen he is following reach a door. The one at the front enters a CODE into the panel at its side...

47 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

The number registers on Bashir's HUD...

He nods, committing it to memory...

48 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR (INTERCUT)

The door opens, the Breen enter, and Bashir follows them through, quickly lost in the crowd.

MATCH CUT TO:

49 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - PASSAGEWAY**

Two Breen exit a door and walk down the corridor. In front is the Inquisitor, and close behind with a disruptor jammed into his lower back, is Sarina. The dark lighting helps to disguise what is going on. BUZZ with ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES:

SARINA
Which way?

BREEN INQUISITOR
Right. There is a cargo lift that leads up to the flight deck. But it will do you no good.

SARINA
Don't talk if it's not to help.

They turn right at an intersection, and a little further down is the lift door, with a security panel by its side.

SARINA
Open it.

The Inquisitor touches the scanner, it reads his ID chip, and the door opens. Sarina nudges him inside...

50 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - CARGO LIFT (CONTINUOUS)**

...the moment the doors close behind them, she SLAMS her disruptor on the back of his neck. He slumps to the ground unconscious. She turns to work the lift controls...

SARINA (comm)
Be thankful for Julian's good influence, or you'd be dead...

The lift starts moving. She looks at her hostage, considers a moment, then pulls her stolen neural truncheon...

SARINA (comm)
Still... this is for Chot Nar.

...and she JAMS the truncheon into his lower back. A FLASH of power, and the Inquisitor's body JERKS violently...

51 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - FLIGHT DECK**

Sarina walks calmly out of the lift, whose light has been shot out and the controls left SPARKING.

In front of her are half a dozen Breen FIGHTERS, single-pilot vessels at rest with their canopies open. Several TECHS are working on them. Beyond them all is another hole straight through the rock, like at the recycling plant.

To her right is the pilots' ready room, where a mission COMMANDER is giving a briefing MOS to his six PILOTS, visible through glass. None of them have noticed her yet.

To her left are several CRATES covered in Breen SYMBOLS...

52 **INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

The in-suit translation system renders the symbols in green English text - MUNITIONS. Sarina smiles...

SARINA

I would have preferred a subtler exit, but this will do in a pinch.

53 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - FLIGHT DECK (INTERCUT)**

Casually, Sarina strolls past the munitions crates while quickly pressing buttons on her disruptor. She slips the weapon BETWEEN two of the crates, where the rhythmically blinking LIGHT can be barely seen, and keeps walking.

The techs walk away from one of the fighters, apparently satisfied. Sarina heads straight for that one, climbs the ladder, takes the seat, and pulls the canopy closed.

Only then does anyone notice - a loud BUZZ calls out...

BREEN COMMANDER

Halt! Get out of that ship!

54 **INT. SARINA'S FIGHTER (INTERCUT)**

Ignoring him, Sarina quickly straps herself in and starts testing controls, figuring out how this works...

55 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - FLIGHT DECK (INTERCUT)**

The mission commander and his six pilots all come running as the stolen fighter's engines FIRE...

56 **DISRUPTOR (INTERCUT)**

Blinking away, building power, unnoticed by anyone...

57 **INT. SARINA'S FIGHTER (INTERCUT)**

A voice comes over the fighter's comm (BUZZ w/ SUBTITLES):

BREEN COMMANDER
Shut down your engines at once.
This is your only warning.

But Sarina just grabs the yoke, settles her feet onto the engine controls - and PUNCHES IT.

58 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - FLIGHT DECK (INTERCUT)**

The stolen fighter LAUNCHES at full throttle, JERKING up from the deck and wobbling erratically towards the hole in the rock walls. As the pilots run to their own ships...

59 **DISRUPTOR (INTERCUT)**

The blinking reaches fever pitch...

60 **INT. SALAVAT COLONY - FLIGHT DECK (INTERCUT)**

...and the munitions stock EXPLODES - a massive ball of FLAME that consumes all the crates, half the deck and at least one of the Breen techs.

61 **INT. SARINA'S FIGHTER (INTERCUT)**

Sarina guides her fighter into the dark tunnel, as the sound of Breen SCREAMS transformed into frantic BUZZING comes through the comm. She forges on, determined...

62 **EXT. SPACE - SALAVAT ORBIT**

...and ZOOMS out of another otherwise unremarkable hole in the planet's surface, and on into open space.

63 EXT. SPACE - BREEN SHIPYARD

The secret asteroid shipyard elsewhere in the system...

64 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - CORRIDOR

The place is packed with Breen soldiers and civilians all busy busy busy, a constant BUZZ of all their conversations overlapping. The pressure on these people is tangible.

And among them walks BASHIR, the human spy. He reaches a junction, looks up at the SYMBOLS over it...

65 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

The heads-up display translates the symbols...

BASHIR
Restricted access. Finally, some
peace and quiet.

66 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - CORRIDOR (INTERCUT)

...Bashir turns down the quieter, darker corridor, the background BUZZ immediately dying out. He walks...

67 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

...and talks to himself...

BASHIR
Too busy to even check IDs. That
can only mean a tight deadline.

The green-outlined corridor reaches another branch...

68 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - CORRIDOR (INTERCUT)

He pauses at the next turn, hidden by the dim lighting. At the far end of this branch is a DOOR, flagged by two uniformed military Breen, and more SYMBOLS over it.

69 INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

Bashir's HUD automatically ZOOMS, refocuses, translates...

BASHIR
Authorised personnel only. That's
the command deck.

70 **INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - CORRIDOR (INTERCUT)**

Bashir pulls back around the corner, hides in the dark...

71 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

...preparing himself for what is to come.

BASHIR
Hundreds of them... engineers,
technicians... civilians. And
they're all about to die.
(shakes head)
No - don't sanitise this. I'm
about to kill them.

He closes his eyes as the voices of MEMORY come to him,
quotes from various moments in 14x03 "Behind the Mask"...

SARINA (v.o.)
Did I want to kill him? Of course
not. But I did it, for the sake of
the mission and the Federation...
You have to put aside your empathy.
It is necessary... You knew what
you signed up for, and we don't
have time for this... You've been
in war, you know how it works...

BASHIR (v.o.)
We're not at war...

He opens his eyes again, hardens his heart.

BASHIR
But we are. Maybe it's a cold war,
but it's a war nevertheless. These
people aren't innocents. They're
willing members of the Breen war
effort, and they wouldn't hesitate
to kill me. To kill us.

72 **INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - CORRIDOR**

The two Breen SOLDIERS guarding the Ops Centre door SNAP to attention as they see another Breen coming towards them. More Breen vocoder BUZZ with ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES...

BASHIR

Attention! I am Hesh Gron, here by order of the Information Bureau. Two human spies have been detected on Salavat. Have you seen anything unusual in the last three hours?

The two guards look to each in momentary confusion - and Bashir SHOOTs them both down at point-blank range with his disruptor. They slump to the deck, dead.

Bashir grabs the wrist of one, drags his hand up to the scanner, and lets it scan his ID. BEEP - the door opens...

73 **INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR**

Thot Keer gazes proudly over his creation...

THOT KEER

Keer to Ops. Prepare to initiate final diagnostics and systems check on my order. Confirm.
(no response)
Keer to Ops! Respond!

Still no response. Keer is getting worried, something is wrong. He heads over to a computer console, inspects it...

Suddenly an ALARM sounds, loud and grating, like at the recycling plant. As the Breen engineers react in panic, Keer shouts over the sudden din to the approaching Jath...

THOT KEER

Report!

TROP JATH

Reactor malfunction! Breach imminent!

THOT KEER
(re the console)
But all readings are nominal.

TROP JATH
Not the ship, sir. The base.

THOT KEER
(into action)
Evacuate the base and bring the
Marjat's main power online. We
have to get the ship and the
workers out of here now, before
the base is destroyed.

TROP JATH
Where are you going, sir?

THOT KEER
Ops - I need to open the bay doors
and upload the final schematics -
in case we fail to escape.

Keer EXITS through the same door Bashir did earlier. Jath turns back to the panicking engineers, begins trying to get them organised and under control...

74 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - CORRIDOR

While ALARMS sound and Breen panic all around, Thot Keer strides forcefully through the melée, pushing them aside.

THOT KEER
Out of my way!

He turns into the corridor marked Restricted Access...

But as he turns the next corner towards the Ops Centre...

...he stops at the sight of Breen BODIES on the deck. They were shot in the chest, apparently while someone was trying to escape. Keer steps over them, horrified...

He reaches the door to the Ops Centre, which is SCORCHED with disruptor blasts...

75 **INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - OPS CENTRE**

...and enters the control centre of his entire operation, littered with dead bodies. They were all executed before they even had chance to get up from their stations, which are now BLASTED and SPARKING husks of useless metal.

Thot Keer steps into this, looks around in horror...

THOT KEER

But they were just engineers and technicians. Why kill them? What kind of murderer... what kind of monster could do this?

76 **INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - CORRIDOR**

Where Bashir now walks firmly through the panicking crowd, straight towards us, as alarms BLARE and vocoders BUZZ...

77 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT**

Stern faced, walking on calmly as the voices translate...

VOICES (comm)

Get to the escape pods, quickly...
Has anyone seen Sepp, I can't find
her... Please help me... Gods
we're all going to die here...

Bashir remains calm, burying it all, refusing to think about what he is now responsible for...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

78 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - OPS CENTRE

The ruined and sparking control centre, with smoke wafting and ALARMS sounding. Thot Keer HEAVES a computer console and its murdered occupant aside to reveal a secret panel hidden behind it, and works it urgently.

THOT KEER

Access memory core. Locate all design files related to the slipstream adaptation project.

But the screen just shows him a blinking CURSOR, indicating no files found. Thot Keer punches the wall in frustration.

THOT KEER

No! They must be there. All my work, all my notes... Wait - the back-ups. Access the protected back-ups and transmit to the Confederate Information Bureau.

The computer BEEPS positively... but the beep develops into a SCREECH that makes Keer flinch. The screen runs with the chaotic green text of a computer about to overload...

Keer DIVES for cover as the secret panel EXPLODES in flames and shattered metal. As it burns, Keer looks back from his position on the deck, horror clear even through the mask...

After a moment, Keer scrambles upright, dashes to another computer, HEAVES it aside to reveal another secret panel.

THOT KEER

Open the outer doors of the main hangar.

A non-exploding positive BEEP this time...

THOT KEER

Keer to Trop Jath! Can you confirm the hangar bay doors are opening?

TROP JATH (comm)
Affirmative, sir.

THOT KEER
Then get going. Saving the *Marjat*
is your highest priority now.

TROP JATH (comm)
It will take five minutes for the
bay doors to open wide enough to
manoeuvre the prototype out. You
have that long to get on board.

THOT KEER
I'm on my way, but do not wait
one second longer than you have
to. Get my child to safety!

As the ALARMS sounding through the base seem to get even more frantic, and the HUM of building power rises, Keer leaves the dead bodies and runs for the door...

79 **INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR**

The hangar bay doors are RUMBLING open, agonisingly slowly. Single-person WORK BEE vessels head for the narrow opening in a desperate attempt to make it to safety.

The *Marjat* powers up. Engines GLOW, moorings CREAK and SNAP as the narrow ship manoeuvres slowly in the tight space, prow turning towards the opening bay doors above.

Behind it in the base, alarms sound and lights flash, and computer consoles EXPLODE as the power begins to overload.

The multitude of Breen engineers practically RIOT, fighting each other to reach the last few escape pods or work bees.

BASHIR runs along the catwalk, pulling his disruptor...

...towards a WORK BEE and the Breen trying to enter it...

...SHOOTS the Breen until he falls away and over the edge of the catwalk, tumbling away into the zero-G field...

...and Bashir clammers into the work bee himself. He looks up through its grimy canopy...

...and sees the prototype almost at the bay doors, prepared to squeeze through the second they are opened wide enough.

80 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT**

Determined...

BASHIR

I've got to stop that ship before
it escapes. Computer, reactivate
oxygen seal...

81 **INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR**

The work bee SURGES up, following the much larger prototype towards the growing hole in the shipyard's stone ceiling.

There are several others around it, heading for the gap...

The prototype knocks them aside in its rush to escape, making the tiny vessels EXPLODE and kill their pilots...

...but Bashir's work bee is heading for the ship itself.

82 **EXT. SPACE - BREEN SHIPYARD**

The view from outside as the bay doors rumble open...

...and the pointed nose of the *Marjat* pushes through the atmospheric force-field and into open space. Almost out.

83 **EXT. SPACE - BASHIR'S WORK BEE**

...heading straight for *Marjat's* rear impulse engines...

84 **INT. BASHIR'S WORK BEE**

...driving the ship forward with his one hand, he rummages under the seat with his other...

...and comes back with a standard FIRE EXTINGUISHER. Happy with that, Bashir LOCKS the work bee's controls...

85 **EXT. SPACE**

The work bee SURGES towards the *Marjat*...

...its canopy BURSTS open and Bashir EJECTS into space...

...he FIRES the extinguisher in his hands, using it to push himself away from the ship...

...and the work bee COLLIDES with the *Marjat* and EXPLODES.

The force of the explosion pushes Bashir further away into open space, the flames REFLECTING in his mask...

86 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT**

Bashir sees this through his HUD, and smiles. He did it.

BASHIR

Computer, trigger recall beacon.

The internal computer BEEPS affirmatively, and Bashir sighs in relief. Until his face drops again in new horror...

87 **EXT. SPACE**

...because as the flames die out, it is clear that although the rear impulse engines are heavily damaged, the majority of the prototype is intact and still limping to safety.

88 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT**

Reacting to this...

BASHIR

No! I failed... Sarina sacrificed her life... I killed people in cold blood, and all for nothing.

And there is nothing he can do about it.

89 **EXT. SPACE**

Breen-suited Bashir floating powerless in space. In the distance, *Marjat* limps out of the shipyard on thrusters...

CUT TO:

90 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE

DAX striding urgently to Kedair's tactical console...

DAX

Do we have a lock on the beacon?

KEDAIR

Yes, sir. It's in the asteroid belt between the Salavat system's fifth and sixth planets. But we're only getting one beacon.

DAX

Whose?

KEDAIR

Doctor Bashir's. We're continuing to monitor for Lieutenant Douglas.

DAX

Good. Mister Tharp, plot a course to that beacon, ready slipstream. Mister Bowers, sound red alert and prepare to cross into Breen space.

BOWERS

(taps panel)

This is the XO. Red alert, all hands to battle stations. This is not a drill - repeat, not a drill.

DAX

Helkara, Mirren - spring the trap.

As RED ALERT lights flash, Zakdorn male science officer HELKARA and human female ops manager MIRREN get to work.

HELKARA

Aye, Captain. Hacking the Breen comm-net now...

MIRREN

Uploading fake distress signals...

Dax nods to Kedair, who works her console. A barrage of BREEN BUZZ comes over the comm, translation overlaid...

COMM VOICE (comm)

All allied vessels, this is a priority alert. Ocrum Three is under attack by Klingon forces! Repeat, Ocrum Three -

The signal dissolves in STATIC. Kedair grins...

KEDAIR

In fact, most Breen colonies on the other side of the sector are under attack by Klingon forces. At least, that's what I hear.

HELKARA

Most of those colonies are outside the Breen ships' immediate sensor range. So if they want to know for sure, they'll have to move.

BOWERS

Still a hell of a gamble, Captain.

DAX

Imagine you're the captain of one of those ships, Sam. You've spent days playing cat and mouse with a Federation ship on your border, only to get word about a massive Klingon attack on the worlds you left undefended. It must look to them like we were the decoy and the Klingons are the real thing.

KEDAIR

(off panels)

Breen ships breaking formation - they're leaving the blockade. Even if the Romulans try to fill the gaps, there's no way to cover the whole area. We can get through.

Dax strides to her seat, sits proudly and confidently.

DAX
Mister Tharp - engage.

The Bolian male at helm, THARP, gets to work. Blue swirling energies form on the gigantic IMAX viewscreen. Dax smiles.

DAX
Catch us if you can.

And the ship shoots into the slipstream tunnel...

91 EXT. SPACE - SARINA'S FIGHTER

Sarina's single-person Breen fighter zooms through space...

...quickly followed by WEAPONS FIRE from two more fighters that are chasing her. They manage glancing blows, causing small FIRES and making Sarina's ship WOBBLE precariously...

92 INT. SARINA'S FIGHTER (INTERCUT)

Breen-suited Sarina tries to regain control of the ship even as she flinches back from a BURNING console...

93 INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)

SARINA (comm)
There goes life support. Computer,
activate oxygen seal.

The computer within her suit BEEPS affirmatively, just in time for the ship to SPLUTTER and lose speed...

SARINA
And that's the starboard engine.
Sixty-thousand kilometres to go.

She looks up at her heads-up display...

...which shows a throbbing message in red text - RECALL BEACON DETECTED, DR JULIAN BASHIR.

SARINA
Hold on, Julian. I'm on my way.

94 **EXT. SPACE - SARINA'S FIGHTER (INTERCUT)**

With one engine spluttering, Sarina deliberately cuts both engines and lets inertia keep her moving...

...then thrusters fire to FLIP the ship so it is pointing backwards...

...and FIRES her weapons, adding to her momentum. And again, and again, until the weapons banks are empty.

One last BURST of thrusters, flipping the ship again until its canopy is facing the direction of travel, vulnerable underside facing the oncoming pursuers...

...and just as they FIRE again, hitting the underbelly...

...Sarina EJECTS herself into space, letting the fighter's ejection system SHOOT her in the direction she needs to go. The EXPLODING fighter ship helps her speed...

On the helmeted face reflecting the stars...

95 **INT. SARINA'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Still fierce and determined, fighting G-forces...

SARINA
Computer, trigger recall beacon.

The suit computer BEEPS...

96 **EXT. SPACE - BASHIR**

Likewise hanging in space somewhere in the asteroid belt...

97 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Reacting as his own HUD registers the incoming signal in red - RECALL BEACON DETECTED, LT SARINA DOUGLAS...

BASHIR
Yes! She's alive!

He looks up at the green-outlined night-vision display...

98 **EXT. SPACE (INTERCUT)**

...and sees the *Marjat* still limping away, not having got too far with its damaged engines...

BASHIR (comm)
I know it's a lot to ask for two miracles in as many minutes...
but please, please...

A BLINDING BURST of BLUE-WHITE LIGHT in space, causing Bashir to throw his arm up to protect his eyes...

...and the *Aventine* has arrived.

99 **INT. BASHIR'S SUIT (INTERCUT)**

Screaming in elation...

BASHIR
Yeeeeaaaaahhhh!!!

KEDAIR (comm)
Aventine to Bashir. Do you copy?

BASHIR
Affirmative, *Aventine*! I'm here!

100 **EXT. SPACE (INTERCUT)**

Bashir practically waves to the gigantic Starfleet ship...

...as two dark shapes zoom past him towards it - BREEN FIGHTERS, the ones that were chasing Sarina. The tiny dart-shaped ships FIRE on the *Aventine*...

KEDAIR (comm)
Hold on, Doctor. We'll beam you up as soon as we swat a few flies...

BASHIR (comm)
Negative! Ignore them and forget about me - you've got to stop that prototype from getting away.

101 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE

At RED ALERT, everyone on their game...

KEDAIR

The fighters are breaking off and calling for reinforcements...

HELKARA

Blocking their comms now...

BOWERS

What about the recall beacons?

MIRREN

Bashir holding station at three-point-two kilometres, Douglas incoming at one-hundred KPS.

DAX

Show me the prototype...

The massive viewscreen shows the *Marjat* - front half free and clear, back half still inside the asteroid shipyard.

DAX

Suggestions?

BOWERS

If we fire, it's an act of war.

KEDAIR

If it never escapes the shipyard, it'll be a moot point. The Breen can't make a fuss about a ship they deny even exists, right?

HELKARA

We can use the shields. Extend them in front of us, full power, and push the prototype back inside the shipyard. Only problem is -

BOWERS

- we'll be right on top of it when the shipyard explodes.

DAX
Make it happen - right now.

BOWERS
(taps control)
This is the XO. All hands - brace
for impact!

102 EXT. SPACE

The *Aventine* SURGES forwards, angling to face the *Marjat* head-on...

...and its forward SHIELDS impact the Breen ship, stopping its forward motion, both ships' engines WHINING as they battle against each other...

103 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR

While chaos breeds around him - Breen engineers running, consoles exploding, power building - THOT KEER stands firm on his catwalk and looks up through the open bay doors - at the *Aventine* trying to push the *Marjat* back into the bay.

THOT KEER
Of course Starfleet sends a Vesta-class ship. The parent comes to smother its bastard in the cradle.

His baby's engines WHINE deafeningly in the finite space...

THOT KEER
Jath - engage full impulse drive.
Push that ship out of the way!

TROP JATH (comm)
The impulse coils are already on overdrive, sir!

THOT KEER
Patch the main reactor into the coils and disengage safeties. The Starfleet ship has greater mass but it cannot risk dropping its shields to increase engine power.

TROP JATH

What if they fire on us? We have no defences or shields.

THOT KEER

If they were going to fire, they would have done it. No, they need to destroy us completely to hide their crime. You must break free!

TROP JATH

Aye, sir. Charging warp coils...

He hears the *Marjat's* engines SURGE in power...

THOT KEER

I let this job consume me. After I lost my family, I threw myself into this. Now it is all I have left. If it must end this way, then at least I can take these Starfleet murderers with me.

104 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE

Counting down...

MIRREN

Sixty seconds till the base blows.

HELKARA

Calculations complete. Leishman is making the hardware adjustments now. Awaiting final confirmation.

DAX

And Spon is standing by?

BOWERS

This is where having a Triexian transporter chief comes in handy.

KEDAIR

The prototype is back inside the hangar.

MIRREN
Thirty seconds to core breach.

DAX
Do it! Now!

FAST CUTS, no more than a second each...

-- Kedair's security console - she lowers the shields
-- The shield bubble drops, right on top of the shipyard
-- SPON's transporter console - all three hands flying
-- Bashir still in space, disappears in a transporter beam
-- Sarina flying towards the asteroids, also transported
-- Bashir and Sarina appear on the transporter platform
-- THARP's helm console - he activates his pre-programme

105 EXT. SPACE - BREEN SHIPYARD

Small explosions start to pepper the asteroid's surface...
The *Aventine's* warp nacelles GLOW bright...
...and the entire ship JUMPS to warp in REVERSE.

106 INT. BREEN SHIPYARD - HANGAR

Thot Keer sees this through the open bay doors - and ROARS.
Even through the Breen BUZZ, his furious anguish is clear.

Marjat is back in the hangar. His records are corrupted or lost. His shipyard is exploding around him. And his crew are losing their minds to blind panic right now.

THOT KEER
(buzz w/ subs)
It no longer matters. I've failed.
The enemy escaped, my life's work
has been destroyed, and I am about
to die. I'm sorry, *Marjat*.

He falls to his knees, CLANGING against the metal catwalk.

THOT KEER
(buzz w/ subs)
I have given everything to the
Breen. I have lived as a Breen...

He reaches up, twists off his helmet in public against all Breen law, and reveals his true face - the four-lobed skull of a PACLU (as seen briefly in 13x03 "Behind the Mask"). He looks up at his ship, and speaks in his real voice.

THOT KEER
...but I will die as a Paclu.

And everything explodes around him.

107 INT. AVENTINE - TRANSPORTER ROOM

Bashir and Sarina, still in their suits but with helmets now off, THROW themselves into a hug of desperate relief.

BASHIR
You're alive... We're alive...

108 INT. AVENTINE - BRIDGE

The ship is flying BACKWARDS at warp. Bowers grins...

BOWERS
Damn, I love this job.

109 EXT. SPACE - BREEN SHIPYARD

...while the asteroid base is being consumed in fire.

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

110 EXT. PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - DAY

The centre of Federation government in Paris...

111 INT. PALAIS - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

The doors from the waiting area open, and Tholian envoy TEZRENE skitters in, escorted by two black-clad security agents. The crystalline scorpion SCREECHES, translated into angry speech by the device on her environment suit.

TEZRENE

Madam President, I hold you personally responsible for delaying this meeting.

President BACCO smiles sweetly. She holds all the cards.

BACCO

My apologies, Madam Ambassador. Matters of state demanded my full attention, I know you understand.

TEZRENE

What I understand is that your Starfleet committed unprovoked acts of aggression against the Typhon Pact.

BACCO

That's simply not true. Captain Dax and the *Aventine* crossed into Breen space for purely altruistic reasons, in response to a distress call from the Salavat system. As soon as they determined there was no emergency, they withdrew.

TEZRENE

Only after they sabotaged and destroyed the Salavat shipyard!

BACCO

Shipyard, Madam Ambassador? What shipyard is that? Whatever could be going on at Salavat that might require sending a Starfleet vessel to such a barely inhabited system? What possible strategic value could an action like that have?

Tezrene stews, unable to answer that question.

BACCO

Now, if there were some kind of important work going on - like at Utopia Planitia when that Romulan ship went there as Praetor Kamemor already openly admitted to - then maybe I could see a reason. But surely there was nothing of that nature at Salavat... was there?

TEZRENE

You and your Federation will pay for your hubris, Madam President.

BACCO

So you keep telling us.

Furious, Tezrene turns and stalks out of the room again, the security guards going with her. As soon as they are gone, AKAAR and PIÑIERO enter by the side door.

PIÑIERO

So how'd it go?

BACCO

As well as expected. Admiral, you went to DS-Nine, you've met Doctor Bashir and Captain Dax. Have you ever known them to embellish their accounts of events?

AKAAR

Dax, perhaps in previous lives. Bashir, never. Why do you ask?

BACCO

Oh, nothing. Just that some of the reports coming out of Intelligence are a little... outlandish. I know he's some kind of genetic superman or something, but still...

PIÑIERO

Look on the bright side, ma'am.
At least we're not at war.

BACCO

Aren't we?

As Bacco slumps into her chair, exhausted by it all...

112 EXT. SPACE - ROBINSON

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

113 INT. ROBINSON - BRIDGE

Everyone in their places. UTELN at tactical speaks up...

UTELN

Captain, a message coming in from Starfleet Command. We're being relieved of patrol on the Romulan border and sent to Starbase Sierra for debriefing and shore leave.

In his command chair, SISKO absorbs this silently. But first officer ROGEIRO speaks up, unhappy...

ROGEIRO

But we haven't finished the task.

SISKO

Starfleet knows that, Commander. They've been receiving my reports.

ROGEIRO

Well... I'm sure they know what they're doing. But it's a shame to leave without knowing if our new phase-cloak detector works.

SISKO

You'll grow accustomed to failure,
Mister Rogeiro. Mister Uteln, send
back that we acknowledge and we're
on our way. Sivadeki, abandon the
search and set course for Starbase
Sierra at warp two. Engage.

SIVADEKI

Warp two, aye sir.

As we feel the ship ramp up to warp, Rogeiro looks to Sisko
- the captain is obviously taking this failure personally.

113 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE

And finally bringing us back home. The *Defiant* docked at
its usual place and the *Aventine* now on an upper pylon...

114 INT. DS9 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Captain RO reaches out to shake Captain DAX's hand.

RO

Good to see you safe and sound,
Captain. I assume the mission...
(smirk)
...whatever it was, went according
to plan?

DAX

Near enough. And congrats on the
promotion, by the way. About time.

RO

Thanks. Bowers sent me your repair
and restock requests - I've got
Cenn and Chao working on it now.

DAX

I appreciate it, Ro. Starfleet
gave us a little slack, and I
intend for the *Aventine* and its
crew to make full use of it.

RO
Even Sam?

DAX
(exasperated
roll-eyes)
Oh well, he's using the downtime
to finish up personnel reports.

RO
(smile, then
more sombre)
And Doctor Bashir? And Lieutenant
Douglas?

DAX
Some bumps and bruises, especially
on Sarina. But Simon says they'll
be fine in a day or two.

RO
They seemed pretty... solid.

Dax knows what Ro is hinting at.

DAX
I'm happy for them, Ro. Really.

Ro nods silently, not entirely believing that...

115 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS - BEDROOM

Bashir and Sarina, now finally out of the Breen suits and back in their human skin, lie together in bed. He is fast asleep, relaxed and smiling. Finally, a good night's rest.

But Sarina is awake, thinking and watching him sleep. She slips quietly out of the bed, grabs a robe, throws it on. Bashir stirs, and mutters half-awake...

BASHIR
Where are you going?

SARINA
To have some tea and check my
messages. Go back to sleep.

Bashir makes a semi-conscious noise of assent and slips back into sleep, already snoring lightly. Sarina smiles and pads quietly out of the bedroom...

116 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS - LIVING ROOM

...and across to the replicator set into the wall.

SARINA

Betazoid herbal tea, hot.

The replicator fulfils the request, Sarina reaches in and picks it up, then turns around.

And sat in the armchair is a Vulcan woman, clad in black, legs calmly crossed. Sarina is not especially surprised.

SARINA

Hello again, L'Haan. I've been expecting you.

L'HAAN (last seen 10x19 "Reset") cocks a sardonic eyebrow.

L'HAAN

Naturally. I did tell you I would return. Section Thirty-One is very impressed with your performance.

SARINA

Happy to hear it.
(nod to bedroom)
Aren't you afraid we'll wake him?

L'HAAN

An acoustic damping field protects our conversation, and Doctor Bashir's dinner was laced with a mild sedative to help him relax.

SARINA

Well, that certainly explains his somewhat diminished performance this evening. Glad to know it wasn't me. Why are you here?

L'HAAN

To commend you. Your mission was a success, and more importantly, Doctor Bashir was forced to get his hands dirty. This was a major step for him.

SARINA

I understand. So what's next?

L'HAAN

Let your relationship develop on its current path. Remain enmeshed in his life, as intimately and intensely as possible. When the time comes to further his development as an asset, your access to him will be invaluable.

SARINA

Won't be a problem. He adores me.

L'HAAN

Excellent. It is regrettable that my predecessors lacked my insight into Doctor Bashir's psychology. He has no ambition to exploit his abilities for personal gain. The flaw in his character is not ego or pride. It is romanticism.

L'Haan stands, approaches, lifts Sarina's eyes to hers.

L'HAAN

Make him love you. Then we will have him.

BLACK OUT

END OF SHOW