

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

14x08 - "99 Problems"

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 19x08 - "SEARCH AND RESCUE"

Enterprise is infusing the rings of Azeban V with metaphasic radiation to duplicate the effects of the Baku planet (TNG "Insurrection"). Picard can't help but feel it is not the best use of *Enterprise's* abilities. Aneta Smrhová has been promoted to security chief; Worf struggles to treat her fairly after Lt Choudhury's death. Crusher worries about how being the ship's captain's son affects René. The Breen's Domo Brex believes the Romulans' peace overtures to the Federation have weakened them in the eyes of the other Typhon Pact races, which presents the Breen with an opportunity. At a Breen base, the crew receive unexpected orders to activate a half-ready tactical project. On Orion, Data asks the local Starfleet Intelligence operative for help in tracking down an individual known as Flint, Vaslovik, Akharin... or Data's grandfather. *Enterprise* is diverted from Azeban to track a missing patrol shuttle in the Tirana system - as a Breen vessel observes from under cloak...

VOY 12x08 - "THE SOURCE"

Full Circle is back together, as Janeway handles first contact with the Confederacy of the Worlds of the First Quadrant. The fleet's senior officers attend a welcoming ceremony with Presider Cin, market consortium Consul Dreeg, and military leader General Mattings. Chakotay learns the Confederacy uses the subspace tunnels to connect their worlds - they call them the Streams, an aspect of the "Source", a force which they worship. The Vaadwaur and their friends have been trying to access the Streams for years, but their attacks have increased lately. B'Elanna finds that Confederacy women do not work while pregnant, as motherhood is considered the most important work of all. O'Donnell bites his tongue at the agriculture minister and his short-sighted policies. Farkas hears that if a member world can't look after themselves, the Confederacy won't do it for them - they have to learn. Despite the Federation's best hopes here, alliance is looking less than likely...

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE NINE

Close on the habitat ring...

2 INT. DS9 - RO'S QUARTERS - BEDROOM

The station's captain, RO LAREN, is in bed and fast asleep. The room is darkened for night time. The comm CHIMES...

ALECO (comm)
Ops to Captain Ro.

Ro grunts in her sleep, half aware of the sound. Again...

ALECO (comm)
Ops to Captain Ro.

Ro is roused - reluctantly and unhappily. Half-conscious...

RO
Unhhh... Aleco? Wha... what time
is it?

ALECO (comm)
It's zero-one-twenty-seven, sir.
I'm sorry to wake you, but -

A GRUNT of a snore interrupts them.

ALECO (comm)
Captain...?

Ro turns over in bed, and we reveal QUARK in bed beside her. He is also just rousing from sleep. She pokes him...

QUARK
Wh...what's going on?

RO
Nothing, go back to sleep.

Quark SNORTS and turns away, almost instantly back asleep.

Ro hauls herself upright, sits sideways on the bed, rubs her eyes, tries to force herself awake.

RO
Go ahead, Lieutenant.

ALECO (comm)
I'm sorry to wake you, sir, but I thought you should know, someone's made an unscheduled entry into the station's power core.

Aleco's choice of words penetrates Ro's sleep fog...

RO
Unscheduled? Not unauthorised?

ALECO (comm)
That's correct, sir. That means it's one of the crew.

RO
Then what's the big deal? I've been encouraging the crew to take initiative. Maybe someone spotted a problem and went to solve it.

ALECO (comm)
That's not it, sir. The computer registered her credentials, and she's not there to fix the core.

RO
So who is it?

As Ro waits for the answer to her question...

CUT TO:

3 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR

Ro half-runs into an open TURBOLIFT carriage, just throwing her uniform jacket over the hastily donned undershirt. As the door closes, she turns and stares out - she is *pissed*.

4 **INT. DS9 - CORE CORRIDOR**

The turbolift doors open again, onto another corridor in the depths of the station, where only engineers go.

Ro strides out of the turbolift, sees two armed SECURITY already waiting for her - NARAN and BLACKMER. The latter holds a tricorder towards another large door, from behind which comes the THROBBING of the station's power core. The former hands a PHASER to Ro. As she checks its settings...

 RO
She's still in there?

 BLACKMER
Yes, sir. But... what's she done?

 RO
Maybe nothing. Probably nothing worse than neglecting to record her movements properly. But we're going to have Romulans and Breen and Gorn breathing down our necks in another week, so we can't take any chances with proper procedure. Understood, Mister Blackmer?

 BLACKMER
Yes, sir.

 RO
Naran?

 NARAN
Understood, Captain.

 RO
Good. Let's go then.

Ro steadies her phaser in one hand, types a complex code into the security panel beside the larger door.

The door opens, letting the SOUND and HEAT of the power core out into the corridor. Ro leads the two security into the highly sensitive chamber...

5 **INT. DS9 - POWER CORE**

Last seen 12x04 "Entanglement". A cavernous space, a giant tower of blue-white THROBBING energy suspended through it, ringed by metal-grill platforms at deck-height spacing.

Ro, Naran and Blackmer have to shield their eyes from the sheer power of the core. No sign of an intruder. Ro directs the others with hand gestures - spread out, be watchful, keep your phaser ready. They nod and do as they're told.

Ro proceeds cautiously around the curve of the platform. She squints at the core itself, glances over the machinery that supports it. Everything *seems* to be in place...

...until finally she finds what she was looking for. Sadly unsurprised, jaw set, she raises her phaser and points it.

 RO
 (over the noise)
 Stop what you're doing, put your
 hands in the air, and turn around.

ANGLE to reveal...

Inspector RWOGO. The Ferengi woman slowly turns from the engineering panel she was working on, raising her hands as ordered, looking halfway between confused and caught out.

 RWOGO
 Captain, I -

 RO
 Quiet. You're under arrest...
 (sneer)
 ...Inspector.

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS

RO watches as security guards Naran and Blackmer leave the cells area back to the Security Office. With them gone, she folds her arms and turns to look smugly at...

...RWOGO, standing inside one of the cells behind a force field, the security chief in her own stockade. The Ferengi woman stares back, calm and curious but not backing down.

RO

Alright, Inspector. Now that we're alone, we can have that private conversation you wanted.

RWOGO

Thank you, Captain.

The polite reply momentarily throws her. It is clear Rwogo will not easily be intimidated. Ro regathers herself...

RO

I will ask you again - what were you doing in the power core in the middle of the night?

RWOGO

The same as you, I'd imagine.

RO

I doubt that, since I was there looking for you.

RWOGO

What? Why were you looking for me?

Rwogo is genuinely confused by this, which again throws Ro - she expects Rwogo to act guilty. Ro answers reflexively.

RO

Lieutenant Aleco called me, he said you'd tripped an alert.

(realises)
And I'm asking the questions. Why
were you in the power core?

RWOGO
I was conducting a security sweep.

RO
By yourself? At night?

RWOGO
I didn't know who I could trust.

Again, Ro is thrown off - Rwogo doesn't trust her?

RO
Trust with what?

RWOGO
The investigation.

RO
The investigation into what?

RWOGO
Into the credible threat against
this station I was told about.

Ro blanches. Any grudge against Rwogo pales in comparison
with a threat to the station. She rubs her eyes, sighs...

RO
Why don't we take it from the top?

RWOGO
As you wish, captain.

Off Rwogo's toothy if insincere smile...

6 **INT. DS9 - OPS**

...to RWOGO standing at the central Ops table, tall and
dignified, with the other Ops crew around her. SLAINE, the
new and eager Cardassian exchange officer, busily works the
docking controls. She reacts to the readings coming in...

SLAINE

The wormhole is opening.

Major CENN looks up to Ensign TH'SHANT at engineering...

CENN

On screen, Ensign th'Shant.

th'Shant nods and works his controls without responding - he is too nervous to say much. They all turn to look at...

7 **VIEWSCREEN**

...the WORMHOLE bursting into life, plus the small tachyon buoys that are laid out in a circle around it creating a GRID of intersecting beams across the entrance...

...then the *Defiant* flies out and through the tachyon grid.

8 **BACK TO SCENE**

Slaine reads her panels diligently.

SLAINE

Confirming *Defiant's* transponder.

TH'SHANT

And no-one else's. Incoming hail.

Rwogo's big ears perk up, but Cenn just continues...

CENN

Thank you, Ensign. Put it through.

The viewscreen changes again, to reveal...

9 **VIEWSCREEN**

...RO in the *Defiant's* centre chair.

RO (screen)

Nothing to report, Major. The Idran system is clean. But why is there an Andorian ship docked at my station all of a sudden?

10 **BACK TO SCENE**

Cenn looks up to th'Shant, who looks awkward. Back to Ro...

CENN

The *Shantherin* arrived while you were in the Gamma Quadrant, sir. Commander Zhrar is eager to speak with you as soon as possible.

RO (screen)

He can wait his turn. Slaine, clear the *Defiant* for docking.

SLAINE

Aye, Captain. Your usual berth at docking bay six is ready for you.

RO (screen)

Thanks. See you in a few minutes.

(beat, frown)

Rwogo? What are you doing in Ops?

Rwogo is surprised at the question - but not by much. She is sadly already used to Ro questioning her every move.

RWOGO

The *Defiant* was securing the Idran system for our upcoming guests. Since I am the security chief...

RO (screen)

Your main responsibility is the Promenade, Inspector. Just leave the rest to me, yeah? *Defiant* out.

The signal drops. The continuing tension between Ro and Rwogo is clear to everyone, but they don't comment. In order to cover the awkwardness, Slaine pipes up...

SLAINE

Major, I noticed Ensign th'Shant said he only registered the one transponder signal coming through the wormhole. What did he mean?

Rwogo had wondered that as well. She listens in...

CENN

That tachyon grid across the mouth of the wormhole? The beams will bounce off any cloaked ships that are trying to sneak through. We had an incident last year.

Rwogo nods, impressed. It's a good security precaution.

RWOGO (v.o.)

So having learned something no-one had bothered to tell me before...

11 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS

Back to Rwogo gazing with quiet pointedness at Ro...

RWOGO

(continuing)

...I returned to the Promenade...
As you ordered.

Ro takes on board the implied accusation - why didn't Rwogo know about the tachyon grid? She has no good answer.

RO

You would have been told about it when it became necessary.

Rwogo smiles, and lets that pass. She has her own question.

RWOGO

Upon my return to the security office, I noticed a significant time differential in between the *Defiant* having docked and yourself registering as having returned to the station. It struck me as... unusual, given that a foreign dignitary was waiting for you.

RO

I had to do a full after-mission inspection of the ship.

RWOGO
Of course.

At Rwogo's knowing look, Ro grits her teeth in annoyance...

12 INT. DEFIANT - CORRIDOR

Ro strolls alone, eyes peeled for anything out of place. She pauses at the porthole, looks out of it...

...to the next bay along the docking ring. Parked at that spot is the *Shantherin*, an Andorian warship like the ones that defended their homeworld in 12x21 "Friendly Fire".

Ro gazes at this, disquieted by the ship's presence.

TENMEI (o.s.)
Captain!

Ro turns to see TENMEI and CANDLEWOOD strolling together, doing their own inspection. They approach...

TENMEI
What are you doing here?

RO
(sharp)
I beg your pardon, Lieutenant?

TENMEI
(ulp)
I just mean... the captain doesn't do the after-mission, she leaves it to the senior staff. Usually.

RO
(softening)
I picked up the habit from your father when he was the captain.

TENMEI
Doesn't surprise me. I think he kind of thought of you like a surrogate daughter, you know.

RO

He what?!

TENMEI

At least while his real daughter was refusing to speak to him, anyway. He needed somebody upon whom to bestow his great wisdom.

CANDLEWOOD

Probably why you both ended up hating him.

Meant as a joke, but as usual for Candlewood, it backfires. He quickly changes the subject, pointing out the porthole.

CANDLEWOOD

So! Andorians, huh? What do you think they're doing here?

RO

I have no idea.

TENMEI

They already took Shar from us. They better not take th'Shant too.

Candlewood side-eyes Tenmei - he knows that his friend is developing a pointless crush on the Andorian engineering ensign. He deliberately changes the subject once again...

CANDLEWOOD

One thing I can tell you for sure - for some reason, they've got a sensor shielded area on the ship. I did a quick scan before shutting down my station - big black spot.

RO

What? Why didn't you tell me?

CANDLEWOOD

(shrug)

You'd left the bridge already. I would have put it in my report.

TENMEI

Could be nothing. They're allowed
to keep their secrets, I guess.
They don't owe us anything.

RO

Yeah... I guess...

Off Ro's continuing ambivalence...

13 INT. DS9 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

...to Ro greeting her guest with formality. Cmdr ZHRAR is
an Andorian *chan* in a black uniform, a 24th-century version
of those from *Enterprise*. He half-bows in greeting, his
antennae pointing stiffly. Ro performs the gesture back.

ZHRAR

Captain Ro. I am Krasizhrar
ch'Harnen, commander of the
imperial warship *Shantherin*.

RO

Commander ch'Harnen. Welcome to
Deep Space Nine.

ZHRAR

Thank you, Captain. And you may
call me Zhrar.

RO

That's very generous, Commander -
to allow someone you've only just
met to use your familiar name.

ZHRAR

Andor may no longer be a part of
your Federation, Captain, but I
have no wish to make enemies here.

RO

Glad to hear it.

ZHRAR

I do, however, come on a matter of
some delicacy.

Oh, here it comes. Ro works to keep her calm exterior in place. She knew the friendly act was too good to be true.

RO

Go on.

ZHRAR

I understand you have nineteen Andorian citizens aboard your station at this moment, correct?

RO

(wary)

They're members of my crew, yes.

ZHRAR

In accordance with the Andorian Repatriation Act recently ratified by the ch'Foruta administration, my government demands that those citizens be handed over to me.

RO

(stunned)

I'm sorry?

ZHRAR

Our people are being held hostage by Starfleet, Captain. And I am here to ensure they are released at once - by force if necessary.

Off Ro's utter amazement...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. DS9 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Ro straight up laughs in Commander Zhrar's face.

RO

This has got to be a joke, right?

ZHRAR

Not at all. My government finds it hard to believe any Andorian would abandon their homeworld in its time of need. The only explanation for those nineteen staying here is that you are forcing them to stay.

RO

That's one of the stupidest things I've ever heard. Those Andorians are Starfleet officers, Commander. Nobody's forcing them to do anything - they swore an oath.

ZHRAR

To an alliance of which they are no longer part. They are now free from the shackles of that oath.

RO

Starfleet isn't a prison! They're all here by choice.

ZHRAR

(hands up)

As I said, Captain, I am not the enemy here. I am simply obeying the wishes of my government.

RO

Yeah, you keep saying that. "My government", like you've got no control over your own actions. Do you really think this is right?

ZHRAR

(pause, confused)

You are a Starfleet officer. Are you not accustomed to following the orders of your government?

Ro chuckles at her own private joke - oh bless his heart. He has no idea who she is or what she's done.

RO

Not when that government takes away the free will of its own people, no. In fact we fought several wars on the subject.

ZHRAR

Andor is not Cardassia, Captain.

Ro shuts down hard. Zhrar realises he went too far.

ZHRAR

I apologise. That was out of line. I only meant to say that Presider ch'Foruta was popularly elected by my people precisely to free them.

RO

Free them how? By dictating their lives? Shar was forced to resign thanks to your Presider ch'Foruta.

ZHRAR

Former Lieutenant ch'Thane made his own choice. Shouldn't all my people be given the same choice?

RO

Doesn't seem like much of a choice when it's at the end of a phaser.

ZHRAR

There are no phasers, Captain. The *Shantherin* is a warship in name only, we offer you no threat.

RO
No? What about that sensor blind spot? What are you hiding?

ZHRAR
Forgive me, Captain, but that is no longer your privilege to know.

Ro grinds her jaw. Zhrar spreads his arms in helplessness.

ZHRAR
The simple fact is this. I am here as the emissary of a sovereign government that formally requested all its citizens within Federation space return home immediately. You really have no grounds to object.

Ah-ha - Ro's got him.

RO
Sorry, Commander. The fact those nineteen Andorians swore an oath to Starfleet makes them Federation citizens regardless of any stupid decision your government makes. And that means they're not going anywhere if they don't want to.

ZHRAR
Do you know they don't want to?

Ro is forced to accept - no, she doesn't know that.

15 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS

Rwogo nods with understanding from within her prison cell.

RWOGO
Ah - that would be why you called for my expertise in the ward room.

RO
(defensive)
I needed a neutral observer.

RWOGO

Not to mention someone with legal
experience. Lucky I was around.

Ro stews again - it feels like Rwego has taken control of
this interrogation, when she was supposed to be the one
being interrogated. Ro attempts to seize back the power...

RO

This isn't about the Andorians.
Stop trying to distract me and
just tell me what you were doing
in the power core.

RWOGO

As it happens, this is the perfect
place to return to my little tale.

Off Rwego's smile, remaining unperturbed by Ro...

16 INT. DS9 - WARD ROOM

...to Rwego observing the discussion between Ro, Zhrar, and
a female Andorian in security yellow whom we may have seen
in the background before, Ensign ZH'VESK.

RO

Thank you, Ensign zh'Vesk. You can
go now.

ZH'VESK

Thank you, Captain.
(acknowledgments)
Commander. Inspector.

With a lot to think about, zh'Vesk gets up from the table
and exits the room. Once she is gone, Ro turns to Zhrar...

RO

Convinced yet?

ZHRAR

Convinced that she will see sense
and return home, yes. Her decision
has not yet been made.

RWOGO

I've seen nothing to suggest that Ensign zh'Vesk is anything but a dedicated, hard-working officer.

Ro tries too late to cover the rolling of her eyes.

RO

Let's just call the last one in and get this nonsense over with.

RWOGO

As you wish, Captain.
(taps control)
Ensign th'Shant, please come in.

The other door opens, and Ensign TH'SHANT enters.

RO

Thank you, Ensign. Take a seat.

He does, perching nervously. Ro makes the introductions.

RO

First of all, Ensign, you're not in any trouble. This is Commander Krasizhrar ch'Harnen, of the *Shantherin*. Commander, this is Ensign Rahendervakell th'Shant, one of my engineering staff.

TH'SHANT

(bows head)

Commander.

RO

Your government has asked all of your people to return to Andor.

TH'SHANT

The Repatriation Act, yes.

ZHRAR

I'm glad you're familiar with it, Ensign. I am here to transport all of you who remain here back home.

th'Shant knew this was coming. He looks hesitantly to Ro...

TH'SHANT

Captain... am I being forced out
of Starfleet?

RO

Not on my watch.

th'Shant nods, grateful, and turns back to Zhrar...

TH'SHANT

I understood the terms of Andor's
secession from the Federation to
include the freedom to remain in
Starfleet if one so chose.

ZHRAR

That's true, Ensign - but at the
cost of your Andorian citizenship.

TH'SHANT

Are you saying I'd be exiled if I
don't agree to come home?

ZHRAR

You would always be welcome. We
live for the Whole, now as ever.
We're simply trying to emphasise
the importance we place on this.

RWOGO

Why? If Andorians could serve in
Starfleet without issues before,
why do they need to come home now?
It can't just be because of your
fertility problems, or you'd never
float the idea of exiling anyone -
you'd need every body you can get.

Grudgingly, Ro is impressed by that observation.

Zhrar not so much - he glares at Rwego, then softer back to
th'Shant, deliberately altering his approach.

ZHRAR

You are young, *tha*. Perhaps too young to have bonded yet...?

th'Shant tenses. Andorian personal lives are out of bounds.

TH'SHANT

I no longer have a bond, *cha*. My *ch'te* and my *zh'yi* were both... killed by the Borg.

ZHRAR

I'm sorry to hear that. But it need not mean your chance to bond is gone. We can find you some new bondmates. It's been done before. And with the new therapies, your chances are greater than ever.

th'Shant is growing in confidence now. If he is going to make his point properly, he will have to break through his own barriers. He turns to Ro...

TH'SHANT

Captain, may I speak freely?

RO

That's the whole point of this meeting, Ensign - I want to hear what you want. Go ahead.

TH'SHANT

I was born a Federation citizen. It's how I always defined myself. And then overnight, my own people threw up some arbitrary political wall and told me that my self-definition was meaningless.

ZHRAR

You can find meaning at home, *tha*. You are an engineer - bring your skills to help rebuild Andor, and be with your own kind. Here you would be alone, an outsider from a non-Federation world.

TH'SHANT

Starfleet welcomes such people,
cha. Commander Nog, Admiral Akaar,
Captain Ro herself. She has given
me responsibility and trust, even
promoted me to team leader.

RO

You earned it, Vakell. And I'd be
happy to have you stay here. But
I don't want you to stay out of
loyalty to me, if you'd rather go
home. It has to be your choice.

RWOGO

And you don't have to make that
choice now. Take your time.

TH'SHANT

That's okay.

(to Zhrar)

I'm sorry, Commander, but I can't
come home. Perhaps in the future,
but not now.

ZHRAR

The future may be too late, *tha*.

RO

He's made his decision, Commander.
Thank you, Ensign. You can go.

th'Shant nods, gets up and leaves the room, satisfied with
his choice. Zhrar shakes his head in exasperation.

ZHRAR

Why so many continue to cling to
the very people who chose their
secrets over our survival...

(to business)

The *Shantherin* will remain at the
station until tomorrow, Captain.
To give them all time to make the
right decision.

RWOGO

I find it interesting, Commander, how you continually refer to the Federation and Andor as entirely separate entities, when the truth is you were there from the start. You helped make those choices.

Glowering again at Rwego, Zhrar gets up from the table and leaves. Rwego smiles knowingly, having scored her point...

17 **INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS**

Rwego's smug smile is really getting on Ro's nerves...

RO

Yes, I know all this. I was there. What in fire does it have to do with your supposed investigation?

RWOGO

Well, see, another thing I find interesting is Ensign th'Shant.

RO

What about him? He did great in the meeting - calm, collected and very loyal. I was proud of him.

RWOGO

Oh I agree. Interesting then, isn't it, that only hours later, I should hear that he threatened to blow up the entire station.

Off Ro's amazement...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS

Ro's world has been shaken. Again, the feud has to be put on the back burner for a moment...

RO
th'Shant - blow up the station?

RWOGO
That's what I was told.

RO
Told? By who?

RWOGO
By Lieutenant Douglas.

RO
Sarina?!

RWOGO
A Starfleet Intelligence agent,
the very model of integrity,
one assumes. Why would she lie?

RO
Why would th'Shant want to blow
up the station?

RWOGO
Exactly. Hence why I questioned
her thoroughly on her story.

CUT TO:

19 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE

RWOGO sits in the security chair, wanting to be clear...

RWOGO
Go through it again, Lieutenant.

SARINA, the deputy security chief, sits in the guest chair. She takes a deep breath, and prepares to tell her story.

SARINA

I was working security at the bay where the *Shantherin* is docked.

RWOGO

Of course.

SARINA

Ensign th'Shant came to say his goodbyes to Ensign zh'Vesk before she boarded to go back to Andor.

Rwogo is disappointed at zh'Vesk's decision, but pushes on.

RWOGO

I didn't realise they knew each other.

SARINA

In passing, I think. There are only so many Andorians on the station, after all. I gave them their space, let them talk.

RWOGO

And what did they say?

SARINA

It was difficult to hear. They were whispering. But it got quite heated, and then I heard one of them say they were going to get their revenge on the Federation.

CUT TO:

20 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS

Rwogo in the security cell, Ro outside, unimpressed...

RO

Sounds like angry hyperbole to me.

RWOGO

Possibly. But Lieutenant Douglas thought it was menacing enough to bring to my attention anyway. She believes it was Ensign th'Shant who made the threat.

RO

She believes? If you're going to make an accusation against a fellow Starfleet officer -

RWOGO

(firmly)

I'm not making any accusations, Captain. I'm investigating them.

Ro is briefly cowed - fair enough - but soon refocuses...

RO

Did you talk to th'Shant?

CUT TO:

21 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE

TH'SHANT now in the guest chair, horrified...

TH'SHANT

No! Of course I didn't!

RWOGO

You're sure?

TH'SHANT

Sure I didn't promise revenge on the Federation? Revenge for what?

RWOGO

Perhaps you blame the Federation for not protecting your home from the Borg. Or for not doing more to help with your fertility problems. You certainly wouldn't be the first Andorian to feel that way.

TH' SHANT

(offended)

No-one has ever had a reason to question my loyalty, Inspector. I never threatened the station, and neither did zh'Vesk.

RWOGO

Then why would Lieutenant Douglas say you did?

TH' SHANT

You'd have to ask her. I don't even know her.

(realises)

She wasn't the only one there - Crewman Kovacs was working on the docking controls. Ask him.

RWOGO

I did. He doesn't remember hearing any such conversation between you and Ensign zh'Vesk.

TH' SHANT

There you are then.

CUT TO:

22 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS

Rwogo continuing the tale from inside the security cell...

RWOGO

Nevertheless, Lieutenant Douglas maintained her story.

RO

They can't both be telling the truth.

RWOGO

It could always be a simple misunderstanding - misheard words in the heat of argument.

RO

But you don't believe that.

RWOGO

The Ninety-Ninth Rule clearly states - "Trust is the biggest liability of all".

RO

Ninety-Ninth, huh?

RWOGO

So I placed Douglas and th'Shant both under house arrest, just to be safe. And I began looking into their recent movements.

RO

What did you find?

RWOGO

As it happens, both of them ended up in the main power core only yesterday. Douglas as part of a security exercise, th'Shant on a maintenance detail.

Ro finally puts the pieces together...

RO

And that's why you went to the power core yourself.

RWOGO

I had to make sure. Especially with all those Typhon Pact ships due to arrive at the station soon.

Ro realises with horror what Rwego is getting at...

RO

You're afraid Douglas or th'Shant might sympathise with the Pact, and are looking to help them take action against the Federation.

RWOGO

Or that they could pass sensitive information to the Pact. Or they could take action against the Pact themselves, in a way that would implicate the Federation. I have to consider all possibilities.

Ro considers this, takes it on board. After a moment...

RO

There's one other possibility we haven't covered yet.

RWOGO

What's that?

RO

That you're the one who's lying.

Rwogo chuckles sadly, disappointed. It only spurs Ro on...

RO

For all I know, you're the one who wants to blow up the station.

RWOGO

Really, Captain...

RO

Why were you in the power core?

RWOGO

(sigh; this again?)
To further my investigation.

RO

If you had suspicions, why didn't you bring them to me?

RWOGO

Because I'm not interested in making unfounded accusations.

RO

How do you know they're unfounded?

RWOGO

I don't. That's why I was investigating.

RO

Behind my back? At night?

RWOGO

You were busy with the Andorians. And you'd only just returned from an extended patrol of the Idran system. You deserved your rest.

RO

Or maybe it was the perfect chance for you to sabotage the power core and come up with this elaborate story in case you got caught.

Rwogo blows out her breath, shakes her head, massages her temples. Why is this such hard work?

RWOGO

Think it through, Captain. If I was going to sabotage the station, why would I wait for you to get back from a mission to do it? Why would I even want to sabotage the place I worked so hard to reach?

Ro begins to prowl back and forth, Rwogo in her cage...

RO

It's not so implausible. Look at the Andorians, they're working with the Typhon Pact now. There are obviously Cardassians who don't want to be in the Khitomer Accords. Maybe there's a Ferengi faction against the alliance too.

RWOGO

And you think I'm a member of such a faction?

RO

(shrug)

I was a Maquis. I know all about people opposing the actions of their own government and feeling the need to do something about it.

RWOGO

What would you rather I had done?

RO

Brought it to me! Trusted me!

RWOGO

Why should I?

The short, sharp declaration stops Ro cold. This is the centre of it now, the core of their disagreement.

RWOGO

(continuing)

How can I possibly trust you, when you so clearly don't trust me?

RO

Are you saying you suspect me?

RWOGO

(shrug)

You assigned Douglas to me. You promoted th'Shant to team leader.

RO

I thought you weren't interested in making unfounded accusations?

RWOGO

But you are?

RO

Some accusations are justified.

RWOGO

(pointed)

And some are groundless.

Ro stops again - has she been accusing Rwogo unfairly?

RWOGO

(softer)

What have I done to make you so suspicious of me? It can't just be the Rom thing. That was years ago.

Ro cannot answer that. Luckily she is saved by the comm:

ALECO (comm)

Ops to Captain Ro.

Without taking her eyes off Rwogo, Ro taps to answer.

RO

Go ahead, Lieutenant.

ALECO (comm)

Sir, we've just been hailed by a Starfleet ship, the *Canterbury*. They've just entered the sector, they'll be here in two hours, and the captain wants to speak to you.

RO

What about?

ALECO (comm)

About the Andorians, sir.

Rwogo cocks an eyebrow - interesting. Off Ro's wariness...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23 EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE NINE

A grand Galaxy-class now sits at an upper docking pylon - the *Canterbury*. The Andorian warship *Shantherin* is still present on the docking ring, with the *Defiant* nearby.

24 INT. DS9 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

The next morning. Ro has barely slept, but now she has to greet EULER, mature human male captain of the *Canterbury*.

EULER

Hans Euler at your service, ma'am.

RO

Welcome to DS-Nine, Captain. Why the unexpected visit?

EULER

I'm afraid it's a matter of some delicacy, Captain.

RO

(bites tongue)

I'm hearing that a lot today.

EULER

I assume you're familiar with the Andorian Repatriation Act?

RO

More so than I ever wanted to be. Don't tell me Starfleet actually plans to help Andor enforce it?

EULER

(evasive)

Not exactly. I am here to transfer all of your Andorian officers away from Deep Space Nine... as part of a routine crew rotation.

RO

Excuse me?

EULER

A euphemism, undoubtedly. It's part of the new security measures, post Utopia Planitia. The sad truth is that any Andorians still in Starfleet are being redeployed to less sensitive posts.

RO

And with those Typhon Pact ships on the way...

EULER

(finishing the thought)

There are few posts more sensitive at this time than DS-Nine.

RO

Has Command levelled any specific accusations against the Andorians?

EULER

Not that I'm aware of. But they are a wild card, Captain - one we can't gamble on, not now.

RO

So it's just guilt by association.

EULER

A precautionary measure only.

RO

They swore an oath!

EULER

They're no longer Federation, so their loyalty is... uncertain.

RO

What about me? Bajor wasn't in the Federation when I signed up. Did that make me suspect?

EULER
(bashful smile)
Forgive me, Captain, but I've read
your file. Your race didn't make
you suspect, your actions did.

RO
Okay fine. By the same reasoning,
these Andorians' actions give me
no reason to suspect them.

EULER
Wasn't an Andorian junior engineer
of yours just placed under house
arrest as a possible terrorist?

Ro fumes - how does he even know about that?

RO
I've found nothing to corroborate
that accusation.

EULER
What are you doing to investigate
it?

Throwing her security chief in the brig, that's what she's
doing. Ro fumes again, trapped and embarrassed...

RO
None of your business, Captain.
But what I will tell you is that
I am willing to personally vouch
for every single officer under my
command. I trust them all.

CUT TO:

25 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS

SARINA, sitting on the sofa of their newly shared quarters
and staring out of the window. She is pensive, unreadable.

BASHIR emerges from the bedroom, throwing his uniform
jacket on. He sees Sarina, feels bad for her.

BASHIR

You know I'd stay if I could. But I have to go to work.

SARINA

(sad smile)

Of course I know, Julian. I'm not upset. Just a little... bored.

BASHIR

I'm sure this will all be sorted out and you'll be back on security detail before you know it. No-one could really think you fabricated that charge against th'Shant.

SARINA

I didn't make it up, Julian. I just reported what I heard.

BASHIR

I believe you. Although I couldn't help wonder one thing...

Bashir looks ashamed to even be asking the question. Sarina tries not to be offended...

SARINA

What?

BASHIR

You said you couldn't tell who was speaking - th'Shant or zh'Vesk.

SARINA

I told you, they were whispering.

BASHIR

Yes, but... My hearing is as good as a Ferengi's. I assumed...

SARINA

Our enhancements aren't identical, Julian. My hearing is no better than any normal human's.

BASHIR
Of course. Sorry. Forget I asked.
(beat)
You sure you're going to be okay?

SARINA
Fine. Just go to work.

Bashir knows a playful get-out-of-my-hair when he hears it, so he kisses Sarina goodbye and heads for the door.

26 DOORWAY / CORRIDOR

The door opens, and BLACKMER (from sc 4) is standing guard outside. Bashir awkwardly acknowledges the man keeping his girlfriend prisoner, and then moves on down the corridor.

The door closes again, followed by the BEEPS of a security code being entered and a heavy THUNK of locks.

27 SARINA

Turns and sits upright on the sofa, her languidness gone. She may be sealed in, unable to go anywhere, but she still has things she needs to think about. Off her intensity...

28 INT. DS9 - TH' SHANT'S QUARTERS

th'Shant paces back and forth, exhausted but too emotional to rest. He is stunned by what's happened to him.

CHIME of the door - he replies with annoyed exasperation.

TH'SHANT
Come on in, why not.

The BEEPS of a security code, then the door opens. TENMEI is there, with NARAN standing guard. Tenmei steps over the threshold, glances over her shoulder to Naran, who works the controls to close the door behind her. They are alone.

TENMEI
Hi, Vakell. Jeanette told me what happened. How are you feeling?

TH' SHANT

Feeling? I - I don't know how to answer that. Someone I barely know accuses me of a crime, and now my entire career might be dead, and why? Nobody will tell me anything!

Tenmei hates seeing him like this, wants to comfort him.

TENMEI

I probably shouldn't tell you this either, but the *Canterbury* turned up last night. Starfleet wants to... reassign all Andorians.

TH' SHANT

"Reassign"?

TENMEI

Desk jobs, mostly. Far away from anything potentially interesting.

th'Shant collapses into his sofa, more defeated than ever.

TH' SHANT

I'd always dreamed of serving in Starfleet. I'd lie there and think of all the adventures I'd enjoy. Sure, reality turned out different but that wasn't Starfleet's fault. They've been nothing but warm and welcoming. I guess that's over.

Tenmei sits gently on the sofa with him, takes his hand.

TENMEI

Starfleet's on edge right now. All this Typhon Pact business has got them paranoid. It'll pass.

TH' SHANT

In the meantime, I either go home and help strangers make babies, I go with the *Canterbury* and spend my career filling out forms, or I stay here and get imprisoned.

TENMEI

That's not going to happen.

TH'SHANT

Doesn't matter. My life's ruined either way.

TENMEI

No it's not. After Jeanette and before you, I went to see Ro.

TH'SHANT

So? She's got her orders. You'll never persuade her to defy them.

TENMEI

Didn't need to. Trust her, Vakell. She's on the warpath already.

TH'SHANT

Why would she go out of her way for me? I'm nobody.

TENMEI

Ro gives people a chance. It's kind of her thing.

CUT TO:

29 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS

RWOGO looking at herself in the mirror of the small vanity. Water runs in the sink - she splashes her face with it. She has not slept either, and she is trying to freshen herself.

The SOUND of the door opening, and boots on the deck. Rwogo pulls herself together, turns off the tap, dries her hands. Turns to face her jailer, determined not to show weakness.

Ro is standing there, as if trying to decide what to do. After a moment, she approaches the security cell...

...and turns off the forcefield. Rwogo does not move. So Ro walks into the cell herself, and sits on the cot.

RO
(grudgingly)
I'm sorry. You were only doing
your job.

RWOGO
I'm sorry too.

RO
For what?

RWOGO
That I'm not Commander Evik. I'm
sorry your friend died. But taking
over his job is not a crime.

RO
No. I know.

Rwogo sits beside Ro on the cot, talking as equals.

RWOGO
I'd like to clarify that I don't
actually suspect you of anything,
Captain. I was just trying to
point out the danger of lobbing
around unfounded accusations.

RO
What about the Ninety-Ninth Rule?

RWOGO
Trust can be a liability, yes. But
there's a human phrase that might
be more apt in this situation.
"Trust... but verify."

RO
So now what?

RWOGO
We let Douglas and th'Shant out of
their quarters. Put them back to
work. There's no evidence against
either of them. Just rumours.

By the look on Rwogo's face, it's clear she doesn't really mean this. Ro plays along...

RO

You mean there's no evidence yet.
I interrupted you. You should
launch a full investigation.

RWOGO

It might just drive any potential
saboteurs to show more caution.

RO

But it will also make their task
more difficult to accomplish.

RWOGO

You're right, of course.

Detente appears to have been reached. Rwogo stands up from the cot, straightens herself out.

RWOGO

Well! Shall we get back to work?

RO

You go ahead. I'll be along soon.

RWOGO

As you wish, Captain.

Sharing a broad toothy smile, Rwogo steps over the lip of the cell and heads back towards her office.

But the moment Rwogo's back is turned, Ro's face drops. Not so trusting and friendly after all...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

30 INT. DS9 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Commander ZHRAR of the *Shantherin* and Captain EULER of the *Canterbury* now stand awkwardly side by side, facing...

...RO and RWOGO, who are presenting a united front.

ZHRAR

You have no right to do this,
Captain.

RO

We've already established that I
do. All members of Starfleet are
Federation citizens regardless of
their nationality, which means we
get to say where they go, not you.

EULER

Then I can expect all nineteen
aboard the *Canterbury* shortly?

RO

Nope. As their commanding officer,
I gave them all the freedom to
decide for themselves.

ZHRAR

(grits teeth)

And what have they decided?

Ro looks to Rwego. Rwego hands one PADD to Zhrar, and one
PADD to Euler. They read them...

RWOGO

Eleven have chosen to resign their
commissions, accept repatriation,
and return home to Andor.

RO

They're giving up their careers to
follow their government's decrees.

Zhrar accepts that - not what he wanted, but it will do.

RWOGO

Another seven have chosen to stay in Starfleet, and will submit to the transfer orders.

RO

They're still prepared to fight for the Federation, even when the Federation won't fight for them.

EULER

Captain...

RO

Don't pretend this doesn't make your life easier, Captain. Fewer people in Starfleet who you don't trust is a good thing, right?

Euler takes a deep breath, remains steady...

EULER

I was going to say, that only adds up to eighteen.

RO

Ensign th'Shant. He specifically asked to stay with us here, on DS-Nine. Where he has friends and a career. People who trust him.

EULER

I sympathise with your dilemma, Captain. But these orders aren't up for debate. They come from the highest office.

RO

Ah well, I have my own key to the highest office. Admiral Akaar is from a non-Federation world. I can get him to consider a dispute on the grounds of discrimination.

EULER

A dispute of that nature is very unlikely to be upheld. What will it accomplish?

RO

It'll give Starfleet time. To make the right decision.

RWOGO

And according to my reading of Starfleet regulations, during that time, the officer at the centre of the dispute is entitled to remain at the assignment of his choice.

RO

Which is here.

(beat)

Now, you've both got what you came for, so I invite you both to find the shortest route to the airlocks and prepare for departure.

With a poison smile, she taps the control to open the door.

31 INT. DS9 - OPS

Zhrar and Euler exit the office and head for the turbolift. Ro and Rwogo hover at the doorway, watching. The usual crew are in Ops - Cenn, Slaine, Candlewood, ALECO and th'Shant at the engineering station. On a whim, he turns to Ro...

TH'SHANT

Captain - permission to escort Commander Zhrar to the docking ring? Could be the last time I see a fellow Andorian for a while...

RO

Granted, Ensign. Take your time.

TH'SHANT

Thank you, sir.

th'Shant quickly locks out his station and dashes to the turbolift, jumping on board it with Zhrar and Euler.

TH'SHANT
Canterbury, then Shantherin.

The computer BEEPS, then the turbolift takes them away.

Once they are gone, Ro strides to Candlewood at sciences...

RO
Any luck breaking through that
sensor black spot yet?

CANDLEWOOD
Sorry, Captain. But I can tell you
they're directing a lot of power
into that section. Whatever's in
there, it's hungry.

Ro shares a wary glance with Rwogo...

32 EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE NINE

Viewing the *Shantherin* on the docking ring from below, looking up towards the *Canterbury* on the upper pylon.

33 INT. DS9 - DOCKING RING CORRIDOR

The turbolift door opens, and Zhrar and th'Shant emerge. A few steps away is the airlock to the *Shantherin*, where we see a handful of Andorian extras in civvies - all former Starfleet officers - boarding the ship. Standing security are SARINA and BLACKMER. As Zhrar and th'Shant approach...

ZHRAR
I still wish you were coming with
us, *tha*. And I suspect you will
wish it too before very long.

TH'SHANT
That may be so. But I am of more
use to us all here.

They reach the airlock. Zhrar pauses...

ZHRAR
Perhaps. Be Whole, Ensign.

TH'SHANT
If I can, Commander.

They politely half-bow to each other, then Zhrar turns and enters the airlock. th'Shant turns and sees...

...SARINA, who has been watching them both closely. They remain wary of each other - which one is lying and which is telling the truth? Neither knows.

SARINA
Ensign.

TH'SHANT
Lieutenant.

th'Shant walks away. Sarina watches him go, then turns to stare back through the airlock at the departing Andorians.

34 INT. DS9 - RO'S QUARTERS

The door opens and RO enters...

...to find QUARK preparing dinner for her. The table is laid out, the lights are low, and Ro is amazed.

RO
Quark? What's going on?

QUARK
What does it look like? You come back from the Gamma Quadrant, immediately get caught up in the usual political nonsense, and you don't even get a full night's sleep. You deserve some pampering. Dinner is served, milady.

Ro chuckles, shucks off her jacket and slumps gratefully to the table.

As she takes her seat, Quark moves behind her and starts massaging her tense neck and shoulders.

QUARK

You don't have to tell me about it
if you don't want.

RO

I'm sure you'll find a way to hear
about it anyway.

QUARK

But it all worked out in the end?

RO

Oh yeah, it all worked out just
great. Now instead of having one
person on my crew I can't trust...
I have three.

Quark doesn't like the sound of that, but keeps massaging.
With a sigh, Ro digs in to her dinner...

35 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS

The door opens and BASHIR enters...

...to find SARINA perched on the sofa, waiting for him.

Bashir launches right into his happy greeting, pecking her
on the cheek, moving into the bedroom, stripping off his
jacket, not even noticing the tense look on her face...

BASHIR

Hi! I heard from Etana, she said
you were cleared and returned to
duty. I told you it would all be
sorted out soon enough. We should
go out and celebrate! How does a
night at Vic's sound? Or there's
always the Klingon restaurant...

Finally he notices her sitting there and not responding.

BASHIR

What's wrong? I thought you'd be
happy. The charges were dismissed,
you're innocent.

SARINA
Could you sit down for a moment,
Julian? We need to talk.

He sits down opposite, worried but joking to cover it...

BASHIR
We need to talk? You're not about
to break up with me, are you?

SARINA
No, I'm not... but I am about to
tell you something.

BASHIR
Something I need to sit down for?

SARINA
Something... about why I'm really
here. And who I really work for.

Bashir is stunned - she's not here for him? As Sarina gazes
at him, Bashir begins to realise this is serious...

36 EXT. SPACE - SHANTHERIN

The Andorian warship flies at warp...

37 INT. SHANTHERIN - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

An Andorian ready room, as seen in ENT "Proving Ground".
Commander ZHRAR sits at his desk, padds in front of him,
writing his reports. Not entirely happy, but resigned.

VOICE (comm)
Commander - we have passed out of
the Bajoran sector. Now entering
neutral space.

ZHRAR
Can you confirm that we are out of
Federation sensor range?

VOICE (comm)
Confirmed, Commander.

ZHRAR

Thank you, Lieutenant. Zhrar out.

Zhrar hangs his head a moment, then raises it again.

ZHRAR

Computer, seal main doors.

A heavy THUNK of locks as the main door is sealed. Zhrar enters a complex series of codes on his desk panel...

A wall of the office begins to SLIDE BACK into itself. GAS leaks out from the hidden space beyond, hot and hissing.

Zhrar reaches into his desk for a breather mask to put over his nose and mouth. A deafening SCREECH of feedback makes Zhrar wince, antennae shuddering. It's very uncomfortable for him, but he stands tall and dignified to face...

...a THOLIAN emerging from the secret compartment, wearing a silk environment suit filled with Venus-like atmosphere, waving its foreclaws threateningly. It's screeching voice is translated by a computerised vocoder into English.

THOLIAN

Report!

Zhrar hates having to report to this creature, but it is what his government ordered him to do, so do it he must.

ZHRAR

The mission was partly successful.
Eleven Andorians chose to accept repatriation. They are onboard.

THOLIAN

You were instructed to acquire them all. You have failed.

ZHRAR

I tried. I did everything I could to persuade them. But as I warned you, we have neither legal grounds nor the firepower to force them.

A SCREECH of frustration. Zhrar winces again...

THOLIAN

Excuses! We need as many of your people as possible for our experiments.

Zhrar gulps in fear. Experiments...

ZHRAR

I realise that. But I might have actually got something better.

THOLIAN

What have you acquired?

Zhrar fights back his troubled conscience in order to follow his orders...

ZHRAR

A friend. We have acquired... a friend... on Deep Space Nine.

Off Zhrar's guilt as the Tholian SCREECHes in victory...

38 EXT. SPACE - SHANTHERIN

The Andorian warship flies on at warp...

FADE OUT

END OF SHOW