

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

14x07 - "The Summit"

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 19x07 - "THE STUFF OF DREAMS"**

Picard is inside the Nexus, pursuing his scientist friend Kolb. He first finds himself at his son René's wedding, then at the Christmas scene (TNG "Generations"), then finally on El-Auria, with Tolian Soran and his family. Outside the Nexus, the Kinshaya attack *Enterprise*, but Worf uses the captured Orion spy's intel to make them back off. Soran helps Picard to find Kolb, and Picard realises why his friend did this - Kolb also wants to go back to his family, who were killed by the Borg on Deneva. Picard convinces Kolb it is all an illusion, so Kolb makes the Nexus send him back to Deneva to die with his family. Picard appears on *Enterprise* with the necessary data to complete Kolb's equations. The Kinshaya attack again, but *Enterprise* uses Kolb's data to seal the Nexus inside an energy shield so that the Kinshaya can't use it. Picard returns to his own wife and child, understanding why Soran and Kolb both did what they did.

### **VOY 12x07 - "RING OF FIRE"**

The waveforms implant images of the plundering of their space into the *Voyager* crew's minds. Chakotay is disgusted but before he can do anything, a subspace tunnel opens, and Vaadwaur and Turei ships emerge (VOY "Dragon's Teeth"). In thanks for their help, waveforms try to get the Starfleet ships to safety, but more ships lie in wait, including Devore (VOY "Counterpoint"). *Voyager* draws the attackers away to give *Demeter* chance to flee into another subspace tunnel. *Voyager* is near destruction when the tunnel opens again and a new imposing fleet arrives. This is the Confederacy of the Worlds of the First Quadrant, and Cmdr O'Donnell plus the waveforms' actions convinced them to come save *Voyager*. Emerging from the other end of the tunnel, *Voyager* finds *Demeter* safe among a thriving multi-planetary civilisation much like the Federation. They seem friendly, but what about what they did to the waveforms...?

## TEASER

FADE IN:

### **1**    EXT. SPACE - TYPHON ONE

A flat disc of grey metal, several decks thick. Around its diameter, six long thick arms spread out, equally spaced and curving gracefully away from the central disc.

FOLLOW one of these arms as it tapers to a point...

And at the point is docked a ROMULAN SHIP - a small *Tiercel*-class as seen in DS9 6x19 "In the Pale Moonlight".

FOLLOW over the hull of the Romulan ship until we see the next ship docked at the point of the next curved arm...

A BREEN SHIP, similar size, angular and asymmetrical. Pass over this, following the curve of the circle, to...

A TZENKETHI HARRIER, smooth shining silver in a teardrop shape, docked at the next arm. Keep going and curving...

A GORN shuttle, a small and green *Vishap*-class as seen in TTN 2x17 "The Black Crest". And on to the next...

A THOLIAN web spinner, arrowhead-shaped and glowing orange as seen in ENT "In a Mirror Darkly". And finally...

A KINSHAYA globe, a perfect sphere of black metal with two nacelles, as seen in TNG 18x10 "Spirit of Vengeance."

Beyond the Kinshaya ship we see that we have looped back around to the Romulan shuttle. But now we RISE UP...

Gradually PULLING BACK to take in the entire arrangement - a space station, designed as a representation of a galaxy, with its central hub and six sweeping curved spiral arms.

This is TYPHON ONE, a meeting place for all six Typhon Pact races to come together in peace.

From this lofty view, we zoom back down to the central disc, PASS THROUGH its metal skin, and into...

2 **INT. TYPHON ONE - MEETING ROOM**

The inside of the station makes the same political point as the outside. A central table, six seats spaced equally.

A door behind each seat leads to each race's "segment", and each door is decorated with that nation's symbol. Smaller signs of each nation's culture flank their respective doors - a Tholian crystal lattice here, a Romulan sword there.

Representatives of the six Typhon members talk over each other animatedly. Only the Romulan speaks in "standard" English. The other races speak in their own non-humanoid voices, TRANSLATION overlaid by the systems in the table.

Loudest of all is the Gorn, a towering male saurian named SKORN. Impatient, he GROWLS and HISSES over the rest.

SKORN

It does not matter! We are here now, let us begin.

The remaining delegates settle in and calm down.

SKORN

Thank you. I regret to inform the Pact of yet another recent battle between a Gorn Hegemony warship and a Klingon vessel. Lives were lost on both sides.

The female Tholian, CORSKENE - a crystalline scorpion in a silk environment suit that billows with that species' toxic atmosphere - utters a piercing feedback-like SCREECH-HOWL.

CORSKENE

Regret, Ambassador Skorn? Do you mourn Federation lives as well?

SKORN

I mourn any event that may raise tensions between the Pact and the Accords and lead to war.

The Romulan representative is VENTEL, the diplomatic one of Praetor Kamemor's three advisors (seen 14x02 "Poker Face").

VENTEL

The Romulan Empire agrees. Praetor Kamemor's goal remains to promote peace and stability for all our peoples, Pact or Accords. This Pact was not formed to wage war.

The Kinshaya delegate, RADRIGI - a rough-faced male griffin whose four haunches squat on a low stool - flaps his wings in frustration. His language merges CAWS, HOOTS and PURRS.

RADRIGI

Ay'ah! The Holy Order of the Kinshaya welcomes any battle with the demon Klingons.

The Breen delegate, THOT GREN (last seen 14x03 "Behind the Mask") utters that race's usual grating electronic BUZZ.

THOT GREN

Your people have been battling the Klingons for centuries, Radrigi. You have made little progress.

RADRIGI

You will make respect and call me Patriarch Radrigi, Thot Gren.

SKORN

Enough! If we are not here to make war on the Accords, then we are certainly not here to make war on each other. Who else has news?

Tzenkethi speaker ALIZOME (seen TNG 18x22 "Reconciled") speaks up - a beautiful twinkling sound like wind chimes.

ALIZOME

Korzenten Rej Tov-AA, exalted and beloved Autarch of the Tzenkethi -  
(heart head sky)  
- has authorised harassment of those worlds near our borders to which the Federation relocated citizens displaced by the Borg.

VENTEL

Speaker Alizome, that is exactly the opposite of what we have just been discussing.

ALIZOME

The Federation must know it cannot encroach on our territory without fear of reprisal, Proconsul.

RADRIGI

My people are engaged in research of a curious spatial anomaly that may prove very useful to the Pact. Even now, Starfleet works to keep it from us. They will not succeed.

CORSKENE

The Tholian Assembly is working closely with our new allies, the Andorians, on their own dilemma.

Ventel sighs - they are all determined to cause trouble.

SKORN

And what of the Breen Confederacy? You have said little, Thot Gren.

ALIZOME

Indeed. After so many promises, have you nothing to tell us now?

The Breen turns his helmeted head to look at each of his compatriots, glad that the mask hides his embarrassment.

THOT GREN

I do. Our attempt to construct a starship with a functioning slipstream drive... has failed.

Uproar around the table from all but Ventel. Gren attempts to "shout" over them and defend himself...

THOT GREN

A vessel was constructed. But two human agents - of Starfleet, we assume - were able to sabotage it. The engine, the vessel and the shipyard were all destroyed.

ALIZOME

Surely that could not have been your only attempt to deliver this technology to the Pact.

THOT GREN

For the sake of security, our engineers limited the scope of the project to one facility.

SKORN

Which would have been effective, if you had actually been able to keep that facility secure.

ALIZOME

Instead you allowed the Federation to maintain their capacity to launch a first strike against us.

Ventel breaks in with the voice of reason...

VENTEL

Pardon me, but if the Federation intended to attack pre-emptively, wouldn't they have done so by now?

CORSKENE

Starfleet is still recovering from the Borg. They are hardly equipped for war. But that does not belie their technological superiority, or the Pact's need to counter it.

THOT GREN

The Breen Confederacy agrees. That is why I am pleased to inform you that the Domo already has another operation to acquire slipstream drive underway as we speak.

As the other delegates react much more positively, and start bombarding Gren with questions...

...Ventel sits and worries about his supposed allies.

**CUT TO:**

**3     EXT. GOVENTU FIVE - SURFACE - DAY**

Blinding white and perishing cold, as a full-force BLIZZARD batters the mountainside. Visibility is practically zero, but through the snow we can just about pick out...

TROK, another Breen male, planted firmly on the icy surface with his snout lifted and gazing up the mountain. He is an engineer, a man trying to do his job, much like Thot Keer.

From behind, we hear the TRUDGE of boots through the snow as another Breen approaches. This is SAR. While stinging ice pelts their suits, they talk to each other in the usual Breen BUZZ, with translation by way of ON-SCREEN SUBTITLES.

TROP SAR

The materials to construct the redoubt have arrived, Thot Trok.

THOT TROK

Good. I will be glad when we can do our work in a more comfortable environment.

TROP SAR

Why the Special Research Division did not send Amoniri to perform this task, I do not understand. They would have loved it here.

THOT TROK

It is improper to say such things aloud, Trop Sar. Which is not to say I disagree. Walk with me.

The two Breen trudge up the mountain, the systems built into their suits allowing them to keep a steady footing.



THOT TROK

Perhaps you did not know I worked under Keer, on Salavat. I was his expert in matters of deflectors and structural integrity fields.

TROP SAR

On Salavat? But I thought all the personnel there were killed.

THOT TROK

I had been dispatched to the core worlds to report directly to Thot Naaz. So I am the only surviving member of the original slipstream project. That is why I was sent here, and not some random Amoniri. But if the Division had not sent me, I would have requested it... because Thot Keer was a good man.

Trok stops walking and points up the mountain.

THOT TROK

And this... is what will help me deliver slipstream to the Typhon Pact in his honour.

We FOLLOW the direction of Trok's pointing, PUSH through the snow, finding cold grey metal out of place against the mountainside. We RISE UP, above the peak of the mountain...

...until we see that the metal is a JEM'HADAR FIGHTER half-buried in the mountainside. It crashed here, the heat of its re-entry melting it into the icy surface. And two Breen figures gazing upon it from a safe distance...

BLACK OUT

**END OF TEASER**

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

### **4**     EXT. GOVENTU FIVE - SURFACE - DAY

A day or so later, and a temporary shelter has been built around the crashed Jem'Hadar ship. It has been constructed securely on the precarious mountainside, standing on sturdy stilts with no concern for environmental preservation. The Breen's need is more pressing than such irrelevancies.

### **5**     INT. GOVENTU FIVE LABORATORY

A HATCH in the floor retracts sideways, revealing Thot Trok climbing up a ladder into the main body of the laboratory.

The moment he has emerged, automated WEAPONS emplacements target him. He is not concerned - this is just the standard procedure. A SCANNER casts a beam over his suit, reading his ident chip, then a positive BEEP and the weapons relax.

Trok moves on, looking up at the interior of the hastily built shelter. The dead Jem'Hadar ship is still stuck in the side of the mountain, the shelter built around it to provide cover for the dozens of suited BREEN EXTRAS who work to excavate it. Trok nods with satisfaction.

At one side of the shelter is the actual laboratory part, with temporary computers set up in the Breen style as seen on Salavat. The various screens show SCHEMATICS - of the Jem'Hadar ship itself, of the prototype that was built at Salavat, of more Jem'Hadar ships in flight and the fields that protect them. Trok's deputy Sar turns at his approach.

TROP SAR

Thot Trok. Welcome back.

THOT TROK

Thank you, Trop Sar. Though I must say that I am not yet accustomed to being referred to as Thot. The promotion felt... premature. But here I am, and I will solve this puzzle. Progress has been made?

TROP SAR

The excavation is proceeding. But I can report right now that this ship will never fly again.

THOT TROK

It doesn't need to, Sar. But it is a trove of research opportunities.

TROP SAR

I don't understand. How could a Jem'Hadar fighter be of use to us?

THOT TROK

It occurred to me during my work on Salavat that I knew of two space-faring nations whose ships seemed unusually agile in flight. That suggested they possess some formidable structural integrity technology. Those nations were the Dominion and the Tzenkethi.

TROP SAR

Of the two, surely the Tzenkethi would be the more accessible. We are already partners in the Pact, we could have simply installed slipstream on their vessels.

THOT TROK

The contours of Tzenkethi harriers are incompatible with slipstream. It would never work. That leaves the Dominion. But with all contact forbidden, and the Federation in control of the only path to their space, my ideas remained theory... until a Breen military patrol discovered this vessel right here on Goventu Five. Presumably it crashed during our brief alliance with them during the war. So now, at last, I have a chance to study their deflector technology up close, and adapt it...

TROP SAR  
(getting it now)  
...allowing us to build our own  
slipstream vessels without need of  
the Federation's stolen plans.

THOT TROK  
Exactly. And that day is coming  
soon, Sar. Soon, you and I... all  
these men here on this mountain  
top... we will ensure the rise of  
the Breen Confederacy.

Trok and Sar gaze over the half-excavated ship, excited by  
the possibilities it represents.

**6 EXT. ROMULUS - CAPITAL CITY - DAY**

The cityscape of Romulus's capital city. CLOSE IN on the  
grand senate building...

**7 INT. PRAETOR'S CHAMBER**

Praetor KAMEMOR, the mature woman leader of the Romulan  
Star Empire, stands gazing out of the window, at the view  
of the city beyond. Once again her throne goes unused.

KAMEMOR  
I suspect not all of our allies  
will support this proposal. Indeed  
some will protest quite loudly.

Her advisor Ventel, back from Typhon 1, stands elsewhere in  
the room, watching his Praetor with concern.

VENTEL  
The Tholian Assembly may consider  
it an attempt to undermine their  
own accomplishments.

KAMEMOR  
Oh, no doubt. But it is necessary.  
Something must be done to restore  
balance in the region before our  
allies throw it off altogether.

VENTEL

I'm just concerned that this plan, rather than calming tensions, will only enflame them all the more.

Kamemor turns to look across the room at Ventel. She trusts him, in fact he is one of the few she does trust. And he means no harm. But she is in a difficult position here.

KAMEMOR

Then what do you propose instead, Ventel? The Empire seceding from the Typhon Pact altogether?

VENTEL

That is one option. Without the Star Empire, the remaining nations likely wouldn't have the firepower to win in any conflict against the Federation and its allies... and the peace would be preserved.

KAMEMOR

If I thought that would work, I'd take it to the Senate today. But just because a weakened Pact might not attack the Accords, doesn't mean they wouldn't turn on us.

VENTEL

(nodding along)

And we would likely not survive any attack by five against one.

Kamemor approaches her friend, willing to admit to him what she could never admit out loud to anyone else.

KAMEMOR

Our allies scare me, Ventel. The Breen infiltrating that shipyard. The Tholians fomenting Andorian secession. And now the Tzenkethi harrying colonies filled with already terrorised survivors?

VENTEL

(devil's advocate)

Both sides are culpable to some degree. The Federation's creation of superior propulsion technology only fuelled our fears of a first strike. Their use of it against the Breen's prototype at Salavat, however justified, hardly helped.

KAMEMOR

So the galaxy remains a seething cauldron of fear and paranoia? Something must be done, Ventel.

VENTEL

I agree, Madam Praetor. But are you sure this is it?

KAMEMOR

Sure? No... I am not sure. But it is the only thing I can think of that has a chance of working. Go ahead, Ventel... find Ambassador Spock, and bring him here to me.

Ventel half-bows in deference, and leaves the room. Kamemor goes back to staring out of the window at her world...

**8     EXT. SPACE - BOSLIC HOMEWORLD**

A beautiful blue-green world, with some traffic in orbit...

**9     EXT. BOSLIC HOMEWORLD - SURFACE - DAY**

A stunning vista, beautiful hills and trees and rivers. An imposing structure, made of gleaming marble and transparent glass, stands overlooking the valley, almost like a Greek temple, yet perfectly at harmony with its surroundings.

**10    INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - CORRIDOR - DAY**

President BACCO stands looking out from between two giant marble columns at the view of the valley beyond. She is simply stunned and enchanted by the natural beauty of it.

BACCO

Well, I'll tell you one thing for sure. If this is a trap, then at least we're going out in style. God but this place is beautiful.

PIÑIERO (o.s.)

It's not a trap, Madam President.

Bacco turns from the view to look at her chief of staff, old friend and closest confidante, PIÑIERO. They stand in a wide marble passageway open to the valley on one side.

BACCO

(shrug)

Doesn't matter anyway. If we've been duped, if this is all a ruse to assassinate me, then it's too late to turn back now.

PIÑIERO

Ma'am... please don't joke about that. Besides, I very much doubt Ambassador Spock would come all the way from Romulus, where he's spent the last decade and a half, just to give you a message if he didn't believe it was genuine.

BACCO

For what it's worth I agree with you. Kamemor practically pleaded for this summit. She wouldn't do that just to start a war. Anyway, can't be dawdling about here all day - they'll be waiting for us.

Bacco strides off down the corridor like a president, and Piñiero follows with a long-suffering sigh. Two of the black-clad special security tail at a discreet distance.

PIÑIERO

Maybe it is too late for us to avoid a trap... but at least I won't be the target.

BACCO

Nonsense. You play an absolutely pivotal role in our government, Esperanza. I'll make sure the Typhon Pact knows that.

PIÑIERO

Thank you, Madam President. You're too kind.

As they approach the end of the corridor, a large marble slab SLIDES aside with a smooth RUMBLE. Bacco and Piñiero step through it into...

**11 INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - GRAND ASSEMBLY CHAMBER - DAY**

As the marble slab slides closed again, separating Bacco from her security detail, both her and Piñiero's jaws drop.

PIÑIERO

Wow...

BACCO

Wow is right. Maybe we ought to take a field trip next time the Federation Council is in session.

Bacco and Piñiero have emerged onto the upper level of a magnificent AMPHITHEATRE, marble steps leading down to a lower level where a large round TABLE rests. Half the room is built much like the corridor, with imposing columns.

But the other half is transparent, revealing the incredible view, making it look as if the room is open to the elements even while being perfectly safe from attack. To one side a sparkling WATERFALL creates a haze of vapour as the water tumbles down into the valley below. It's just spectacular.

As Bacco and Piñiero gawp at this, five faces look back up at them from the table. Sat on one side are Castellan GARAN of Cardassia - iron-haired and iron-willed, the Cardassian version of Bacco herself - and Grand Nagus ROM of the Ferengi, looking a little lost in his full nagal regalia.

ROM

Uh... hi.



Sitting opposite them are two other figures - Domo BREX of the Breen in his uniquely designed suit (last seen 14x04 "Zero Sum Game"), and Emperor SOZZEROZS of the Gorn, a reptilian king with an actual crown on his scaly head.

And the fifth stands beside the table, a regal BOSLIC woman with long and flowing cherry-red hair. Her name is KORTAJ.

BACCO

*(sotto)*

Wish me luck.

PIÑIERO

I wish us all luck.

While Piñiero takes a seat on the upper level, beside what we can assume are her alien counterparts, Bacco descends the steps to the table. Kortaj smiles warmly to greet her.

KORTAJ

President Bacco, I am Triumvir Kortaj. On behalf of the Boslic people, I welcome you to our world, to our capital, and to our Grand Assembly Chamber.

BACCO

Thank you, Triumvir Kortaj. On behalf of the government and the people of the Federation, I must thank you for your generosity in agreeing to host this summit for us all in neutral territory.

Kortaj gestures to the others at the table...

KORTAJ

I'm sure you will recognise your fellow premiers - Castellan Garan, Grand Nagus Rom, Domo Brex and Emperor Sozzerozs.

Bacco nods greetings to each in turn as Kortaj gestures to them - they nod their own acknowledgements back.

KORTAJ

I thought I'd wait until all of  
you are present before I -

But Kortaj interrupts herself as she sees that Bacco's eyes have already been drawn elsewhere - up to the higher level opposite the one she herself entered. Kortaj turns...

...and KAMEMOR stands there, in austere Romulan robes, with her own adjutant behind her - not Ventel but TOMALAK, well known from TNG but last seen DS9 14x02 "Poker Face". It's unclear how long they have been there, silently observing.

KORTAJ

Praetor Kamemor, we welcome you  
to Boslic.

BANG - a sharp retort like a gun going off, sound echoing around the marble chamber. Everyone turns the other way...

...and Chancellor MARTOK is there, having just entered the same door Bacco did and slammed his thick, gnarly wooden walking staff on the marble floor to get attention. He bares his sharpened teeth, sneering across at Kamemor...

MARTOK

Peace... or war. Let's make up our  
minds, shall we?

Martok grins through his fangs. Kamemor stares back coolly, giving nothing away. And Bacco is caught between them, wary but determined. This could be their only chance...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

### 12 EXT. BOSLIC HOMEWORLD - SURFACE - DAY

The marble and glass temple, with the waterfall beside it, tumbling down into the valley below...

### 13 INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - GRAND ASSEMBLY CHAMBER - DAY

Where we left it, with Martok on one side, Kamemor on the other, and Bacco in between, with the others watching on. Triumvir Kortaj elegantly tries to rescue the moment.

KORTAJ

Chancellor Martok. Welcome.

Martok stomps down the steps, cane echoing on the marble with each one. To Kortaj, he speaks more respectfully...

MARTOK

Triumvir Kortaj. I thank you for your welcome. Your people are honourable and generous.

(walks on, glares at  
Brex and Sozzerozs)

But as for these *petaQ-pu'*, I'm not so sure.

Brex's helmet SNAPS around to stare at Martok. Sozzerozs SHOOTs to his feet, enormous reptile muscles tense. Bacco holds her breath - she knows this is just Martok's sense of humour, but they don't. Before she can say anything, a hand comes down on Martok's staff, and he looks up surprised...

KORTAJ

Chancellor, a condition of our hosting this summit is that no weapons of any kind are permitted.

MARTOK

Weapon?! I am an old man - this is simply the price I have paid for a lifetime of glorious battles.

KORTAJ

Nevertheless, I must impound this.

Martok bares his teeth. Kortaj does not back down. Martok respects that, and grudgingly lets the staff go. With a nod of thanks, she hands it off to a Boslic security guard.

Bacco and Martok take their seats. They look up to Kamemor, who watched it all. Kamemor nods subtly to Tomalak - he walks sideways to the adjutants' seats while Kamemor lifts the hem of her robe to delicately pick her way down.

Martok sits at one side of the table, glaring at Kamemor, who sits opposite gazing back at him, holding it all tight.

Bacco looks up to Piñiero for moral support. Kamemor looks up to Tomalak similarly. Tension on all sides as they wait to see who will speak first. Finally, their host steps up.

KORTAJ

Thank you all. The Triumvirate of Boslic are honoured to host this historic summit. We are privileged to assist in such vital efforts to bring peace and stability to both the Alpha and Beta Quadrants.

(beat)

Now, as I'm sure you've noticed, several of your fellow heads of state are not present. I will ask Praetor Kamemor to speak to this.

Kortaj steps back and allows Kamemor to stand and talk.

KAMEMOR

I thank all of you here for your willingness to participate. It is my firm belief that opening this dialogue is not just a reasonable way to ensure the safety of all our peoples, but the only way.

GARAN

And how are we to do that, if not all parties agree to be here?

MARTOK

(sneer)

It is... unfortunate... that you did not inform us of this before we made our long journeys here.

KAMEMOR

(hands up)

Please, please. The other Typhon Pact members may have chosen not to attend the summit, but they've consented to abide by whatever agreements we can make here.

Rom the Ferengi is on familiar ground, with talk of deals to be made. He is starting to grow into his role as Nagus.

ROM

You have their proxies, then?

KAMEMOR

I do. With regard to the Kinshaya, the Pontifex Maxima did initially agree to attend, but the moment it became clear that the Klingons would also be here, the Episcopate began pressuring her to withdraw from such an "unholy" assembly.

Martok chuckle-growls - he is not surprised to hear this.

KAMEMOR

The Tholian ruling enclave told me that they believed their presence here would be counter-productive, given their inadvertent role in Andor's leaving the Federation.

Bacco almost chokes on the word "inadvertent". By the look on Kamemor's face, she knows what a lie it is.

KAMEMOR

And the Tzenkethi Autarch refuses to speak to the Federation while it holds his citizens prisoner.

Her piece said, Kamemor takes her seat, looking vaguely ashamed. Bacco glances to Martok, who does not seem ready to speak just yet. So she takes a deep breath and stands.

BACCO

Praetor Kamemor. In the spirit of goodwill, and to foster positive relationships between the nations of the Khitomer Accords and the Typhon Pact, I will release all members of the Tzenkethi military currently in Starfleet custody. I take this action unilaterally and without condition.

(turns to Piñiero)

Esperanza, would you see to that at once, please?

PIÑIERO

Yes, Madam President.

BACCO

(back to the rest)

I do this despite clear evidence of Tzenkethi harriers attacking unarmed transports bringing vital supplies to refugees in need, because I recognise that one of us must take the first step if we are ever to reach our destination.

(beat)

Praetor Kamemor has opened this important door, and I have just stepped through it. I invite all of you to join me.

Bacco sits down again. A moment's silence, then Sozzerozs issues hisses and growls, TRANSLATION overlaid as before.

SOZZEROZS

Most impressive, Madam President. I cannot speak for the Tzenkethi, but for my people, I thank you.

Bacco nods acknowledgment, pleased. Kortaj steps up...

KORTAJ

Now, let us begin as planned, with  
opening statements. Castellan  
Garan, would you please start?

Kortaj steps back again, and Garan stands from the table.  
As Garan begins to speak MOS, Bacco begins to relax a bit.  
That was a good start. She looks across the table to...

Kamemor, who offers the tiniest smile of relief and thanks  
back. At least someone here is willing to work with her.

And finally to Tomalak, looking down on the rest, keeping  
his counsel but giving us no doubt he is up to something...

**14    EXT. SPACE - ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

Like the small *Tiercel*-class shuttle that brought Ventel to  
the Typhon One station, but the colouring makes it seem  
more suspicious and threatening. We turn with it to see  
that it is heading towards a planet in the distance...

**15    INT. ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

The aft cabin is darkened for space travel. SELA, the half-  
human chairwoman of the Tal Shiar, sits at the far rear of  
the cabin, reading reports on a padd. An armed GUARD sits  
opposite, in clear view but far enough away to give her her  
privacy. And beyond him, a hatch to the flight deck.

She turns and looks out of the window, at the approaching  
planet. Her ship has made orbit, over the northern pole.

PILOT (comm)

Chairwoman Sela, we have reached  
the specified coordinates.

SELA

So I see. Hold position here for  
fifteen *lh'rhiseh*. If you have not  
heard from me by then, return to  
*En'Vahj* and report these events to  
the lead Tal Shiar officer there.

PILOT (comm)

Understood, Chairwoman.

As she stands, the guard stands too, ready to go wherever she goes. But she shakes her head - she will do this alone.

Sela types some entries into the padd in her hand, and vanishes in the green sparkles of a Romulan TRANSPORTER.

Now alone, the guard goes to the window and looks out. He looks from side to side, confused...

**16**    **EXT. SPACE - ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

...because the Romulan shuttle is the only ship hanging over the pole of this planet. Where did Sela transport to?

**17**    **INT. BREEN SHUTTLE**

The Romulan transporter effect deposits Sela into another dark room. Once the beam lets her go, she looks up...

...at two BREEN awaiting her. The first steps forward, and speaks in the usual Breen BUZZ, with TRANSLATION overlaid. This is NAAZ, last seen in Thot Keer's holo-communications.

THOT NAAZ

Chairwoman Sela. I am Thot Naaz,  
Director of the Breen Militia's  
Special Research Division.

SELA

Director. It is good to see that  
you've been able to integrate the  
cloaking devices we provided into  
your own ships. And may I ask who  
your colleague is?

Sela turns to the other Breen expectantly. Naaz gestures...

THOT NAAZ

This is Thot Trok, leader of our  
newest project to develop quantum  
slipstream for the Typhon Pact.

SELA

And you have something to report?



Trok hesitates - such high-level meetings are above his usual pay grade - but he forces himself to step up.

THOT TROK

I do. I believe I've found exactly what we need to make this work.

SELA

And what is it that you need?

THOT TROK

A Jem'Hadar vessel crashed within Confederacy territory during the war. We repaired its deflector and structural integrity systems in an effort to test them. We learned that we can adapt those systems to provide the Pact a sustainable, cross-platform slipstream drive.

Even the normally dry Sela can't help but smile at that.

SELA

That is welcome news. So, you need a fully functioning Jem'Hadar ship to make your cross-platform drive?

THOT NAAZ

No.

Sela is surprised by Naaz's short sharp declaration...

THOT TROK

While we confirmed that Jem'Hadar deflectors will allow us to build our own drive, we have been unable to replicate that technology for ourselves. We have no expectation of being able to do so in future.

SELA

Are you saying that for every ship you want to fit with slipstream, you'll need a new Jem'Hadar ship from which to take its deflectors?

THOT NAAZ

Of course not. Such a plan would be unworkable in the extreme.

SELA

I'm glad you agree. Because short of declaring war on the Federation to secure access to the Bajoran wormhole, and then declaring war on the Dominion as well, I don't see how we could accomplish that.

THOT TROK

We don't need Jem'Hadar ships. We need the equipment the Dominion use to build those ships, so that we can build them for ourselves.

Sela takes a moment to think it over. Eventually...

SELA

It might just be possible.

THOT NAAZ

Indeed? As always, Chairwoman, I am impressed by your ingenuity. Not to mention your confidence.

SELA

And I'm impressed by the progress you've made. I must admit, after the fiasco at Salavat, I didn't expect such perseverance. But it's good to see - especially while our own Praetor is prostrating herself before the Federation as we speak.

THOT NAAZ

You speak of the summit at Boslic? Domo Brex is there even now.

Naaz looms aggressively. Has Sela made a mistake?

SELA

But from what you've told me, Domo Brex wisely sponsored this project

himself. Whereas Praetor Kamemor  
is actively working against it.

Naaz settles back, somewhat mollified. Trok is staying out  
of such politics. Sela shakes her head in exasperation...

SELA

Tal'Aura would never have allowed  
the Federation's technological  
advantage to stand. But if Kamemor  
is unwilling to take action, the  
duty falls to the Tal Shiar. And  
you gentlemen will help me. Thank  
you. We'll speak again soon.

Sela works her padd again, and disappears in another green-  
glitter TRANSPORTER beam...

**18    INT. ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

...reappearing in her own shuttle. The guard stands sharp,  
visibly relieved that his charge is back safe and sound.  
Sela nods dispassionate acknowledgment, letting nothing  
slip of her satisfaction with recent developments.

SELA

Pilot, I have returned. Make best  
possible speed back to *En'Vahj*.  
There are plans to be made.

PILOT (comm)

Acknowledged, Chairwoman.

As the shuttle begins to pull away from the planet, Sela  
sits back where she began, working on her padd again...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

### ACT THREE

FADE IN:

#### **18 INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - GRAND ASSEMBLY CHAMBER - DAY**

The Gorn imperator Sozzerozs ROARING, huge reptilian mouth full of sharp teeth on display - is he about to attack?

Martok likewise, ROARING back at him...

...then the roar turns into a LAUGH, and we realise that Sozzerozs was only laughing as well, in his way.

As the laughs die out, the Gorn SLAPS Martok on the back companionably - even the burly Klingon is knocked over.

SOZZEROZS

It was brave to begin by calling me a *petaQ*, Chancellor. Luckily for you, I can take a joke. But it does not change the fact that Gorn lives were lost at Klingon hands.

MARTOK

The reverse, Imperator, is also true. But it would be a pitiful excuse for a battle if one did not kill one's enemies. The question is - why are we your enemies?

Martok and Sozzerozs stand to one side, near the view of the waterfall. Their counterparts are likewise paired up. This is another day, the second day of negotiations.

ROM and BREX sit at one smaller table, gesturing animatedly and comparing notes on padds. BACCO and GARAN sit elsewhere chatting over tea. The Gorn gestures around the room...

SOZZEROZS

See them, Martok. The Ferengi, the Cardassians. We joined the Typhon Pact because together, you and the humans outweighed any of the rest of us. With them in your Accords, the imbalance is even greater.

MARTOK

So we each keep adding more allies until some triviality finally fans the spark into flames? We Klingons may embrace battle, but we cannot afford more war. The Borg, not to mention the Jem'Hadar, already took too many warriors from us.

SOZZEROZS

The Gorn were wounded by the Borg as well, do not forget. But I also believe my people are tired of war. I came here hoping to speak with Bacco on that very subject.

Sozzerozs' eyes drift over to Bacco again. Martok sees it.

MARTOK

You and Bacco know each other from Cestus, don't you? Your people and hers have been largely friendly, in spite of your choice in allies. If the humans can be friends with us and with you... why can we not be friends with each other?

SOZZEROSZ

(pondering it)

And end these costly and dangerous border skirmishes between us...

Martok peers at Sozzerozs pointedly - well? What about it?

**ACROSS THE ROOM,** Bacco places her teacup down gently and broaches a delicate subject with Cardassian leader Garan.

BACCO

Rakena, I was sorry to hear about what happened in Lakat. At least they caught the man responsible. Is there anything I can do?

Garan places her own cup down and considers her response.

GARAN

You know of course... I was always hesitant to get too close to you and your Federation. The shadow of my predecessor looms long.

BACCO

(gently)

As far as I know, it was only ever rumour that Ghemor was killed for his support of the Federation.

GARAN

(weak smile)

When one's empire has made some regrettable alliances in the past, one errs on the side of caution.

BACCO

I do sympathise. That's why I was also hesitant - to offer you any more help with your slipstream project. I've no desire to make things any worse for you at home.

GARAN

I appreciate that. But I suppose we are already allied with you. Seems a little late now for -

BACCO

- for more pride and prejudice? I would have to agree.

GARAN

(deep breath)

So yes, I will gladly accept any support you can offer to get our work on slipstream restarted. And damn anyone who can't handle it.

BACCO

Excellent. I'll get Esperanza to make the arrangements immediately. And Rakena - I'm happy to help.

Garan nods - she knows that, even if takes swallowing her own pride to accept that help.

**ACROSS THE ROOM,** Domo Brex BUZZES at Grand Nagus Rom, with the English translation overlaid.

DOMO BREX

It is good, Grand Nagus, to speak with someone who understands the value of things for once. None of the other Typhon races understand commerce like yours and mine do.

ROM

Huh... My brother always said I didn't have the lobes for business either. He almost convinced me.

DOMO BREX

On the contrary, I have found our conversation most stimulating.

ROM

I was reading up on the history between the Ferengi and the Breen on the way here. Did you know it was a Breen who sold the Ferengi their first warp drive? That was almost four-hundred years ago.

DOMO BREX

Even then our peoples understood each other, it would seem. I hope we will be able to find similar convergences here today.

ROM

(dopey smile)  
That would be nice.

DOMO BREX

Then if I may, I would return to the matter of the border between us, through the Arbazan sector? Perhaps we could make a deal...

As Rom and Brex get back to comparing padds...

**ACROSS THE ROOM,** Bacco is catching up with Piñiero...

PIÑIERO

Understood, Madam President. I'll see to it straight away.

BACCO

Thanks, Esperanza.

(looks around)

Any idea where Kamemor has gotten to? This whole thing was her idea.

PIÑIERO

I'm sure she's just conferring with her advisors, ma'am.

Bacco nods absently - maybe so, maybe not.

**19    INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - KAMEMOR'S QUARTERS**

The room set aside by the Boslic for the Romulan delegates and their staff to rest, sleep and prepare. Kamemor sits at a desk, talking via a computer screen to SELA.

SELA (screen)

It's confirmed, Madam Praetor. I've learned from my agents within the Federation that the Tzenkethi prisoners have been set free, as promised. They are on their way back to Coalition space already.

Kamemor's reaction is mixed. She glances behind her, where Tomalak stands at the ready. She doesn't trust him.

KAMEMOR

Putting aside for the moment my discomfort with the fact that you have spies in the Federation, it seems they have their uses. Thank you, Chairwoman Sela. You may go.

SELA (screen)

My honour as always, Madam Praetor.



(looks past her)  
Proconsul Tomalak.

TOMALAK  
(acknowledging)  
Chairwoman.

After a significant look between the two advisors, the signal drops. Kamemor turns to the ever-slimy Tomalak...

KAMEMOR  
Well, Proconsul - it seems things  
are going well.

TOMALAK  
How so, Madam Praetor?

KAMEMOR  
Bacco has proven to be a woman of  
her word. It's good to know there  
is at least one person in that  
room I can trust.

Tomalak just smiles unctuously...

**20 EXT. BOSLIC HOMEWORLD - SURFACE - EVENING**

Another angle on the temple in its stunning landscape...

**21 INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - GRAND ASSEMBLY CHAMBER - EVENING**

Bacco sits alone at one of the smaller tables close to the transparent wall, gazing out as the day nears its end. She is alone, the other delegates and their staff having gone to dinner or whatever. After a moment of silence...

KAMEMOR (o.s.)  
May I join you?

Bacco turns to see Kamemor hovering hopefully...

BACCO  
Please do, Madam Praetor.

Kamemor nods her thanks and sits delicately at the table.

KAMEMOR

We are alone. My name is Gell.

BACCO

(smile)

Nanietta. Nan for short.

They sit in companionable silence, just enjoying the view.

BACCO

It's a beautiful world, isn't it?

KAMEMOR

Quite stunning. I don't know if you know, but my people occupied the Boslic homeworld for a decade or so in the last century, before they successfully drove us away.

BACCO

I'm aware. It makes the Boslic government's willingness to host this summit even more impressive.

KAMEMOR

It's also one of many acts in our history I hope never to repeat. Too many lives were sacrificed over the years at the altar of Romulan so-called exceptionalism.

BACCO

What about Tholian xenophobia? Or Tzenkethi paranoia? Can you stop them too?

KAMEMOR

I can only try. Your help would be invaluable in that endeavour, Nan. I've had several dealings with the Federation in my past life as a diplomat, and unlike most of my people, I came away from them with the sense that your people are honourable, and willing to do the hard work to maintain peace.

BACCO

Nice to know we're capable of making a good impression from time to time. You know I have to admit, Gell, that when you first rose to power, I assumed you would be like all the rest. Especially after what happened at Utopia Planitia.

KAMEMOR

Since we're being honest, Nan, I wouldn't blame you in the least.

BACCO

But I appreciated you confessing the way you did. Not many premiers would have the guts to do that.

KAMEMOR

I've had reason to develop my guts, as you put it. My wife and son both died some years ago - he quickly in an industrial accident, she slowly of Tuvan Syndrome.

BACCO

I'm sorry.

KAMEMOR

Proconsul Ventel is my only living relative - my sister's grandson.

BACCO

Chancellor Martok lost his wife and daughters in an uprising just after the war. And as for me... well let's just say I didn't have the best taste in husbands. We're not so different, any of us.

KAMEMOR

I don't know if Brex or Sozzerozs have families. Haven't a clue. I never thought to ask.

BACCO

Me either. But I'd like to find out. I'd like to get to know all of you better. Familiarity is the path to peace.

KAMEMOR

I know what you did on Salavat.

Bacco tenses at the sudden change in subject. Kamemor just smiles at her wistfully.

KAMEMOR

(continuing)

Don't worry, I don't expect you to actually admit to it. And I don't blame you for it either. Quite frankly, I can't say I wouldn't have done the same in your place.

BACCO

Where are you going with this, Gell Kamemor?

KAMEMOR

I'm simply saying that I believe in doing the best for my people. In keeping them safe. And if that means peace with the Federation, then that's what I'll fight for. And I assure you, Nan Bacco... I am capable of fighting.

As Bacco and Kamemor take the measure of each other...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**22    INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - BACCO'S QUARTERS**

Effectively the same room as Kamemor's but set up for the Federation delegates' use. BACCO stands at her bathroom vanity, brushing her hair and preparing for the day ahead.

PIÑIERO is already perfectly coifed, visible in the mirror and reading the morning's reports for her boss and friend.

PIÑIERO

Admiral Akaar reports Picard and his crew have stopped the Kinshaya from gaining access to the Nexus.

BACCO

Good. The last thing we need is a Typhon Pact member with a time machine. Anything else?

PIÑIERO

He also officially re-assigned Admiral Janeway as commander of the Full Circle fleet. She's on her way out to the Delta Quadrant.

BACCO

Well... I'm sure Leonard knows what he's doing.

PIÑIERO

I'll take your word for that.

Bacco *faux* glares at Piñiero through the mirror, while the younger woman smothers a smirk.

PIÑIERO

By the way, not that you need my approval, but... I do approve. You make a very... suitable couple.

Bacco places her hairbrush down, takes a deep breath.

BACCO

Thank you, Esperanza. But I don't really want to dig into all of that right now. I need to focus on business, not pleasure.

PIÑIERO

Of course. And please trust me, Madam President - I would never breathe a word to anyone else.

BACCO

Crying out loud, Esperanza - we've known each other your entire life. You don't have to call me Madam President every damn time.

PIÑIERO

(smile, shakes head)

I like reminding everyone we meet that my old Auntie Nan is the most important person in the galaxy.

BACCO

For now. Who knows how long this crazy ride'll last.

PIÑIERO

Unfortunately, ma'am, your approval ratings are through the roof. You're not going anywhere.

Bacco turns to Piñiero, pulls herself up straight.

BACCO

What do you think of her, Esperanza?

PIÑIERO

Of Kamemor? She seems... genuine.

BACCO

You sure? I mean, we can all tell what Rom and Martok are thinking. None of us can tell what Brex is thinking, that's the whole point. We have to take him at his word.

PIÑIERO

But Kamemor... it's like we should be able to read her, but she's too good. I think we can trust her.

A CHIME rings through the entire building, seeming to ring through the very marble walls. Piñiero looks up...

PIÑIERO

Speaking of which - shall we?

Piñiero after-you's for Bacco out of their quarters...

**23 EXT. BOSLIC HOMEWORLD - SURFACE - DAY**

Later that day...

**24 INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - GRAND ASSEMBLY CHAMBER - DAY**

DOMO BREX holds up a padd and BUZZES, translation overlaid, to the other heads of state arrayed around the large table.

DOMO BREX

The cordial relationship between the Breen and the Ferengi has borne fruit once again today.

MARTOK

Has it, indeed?

ROM

Yep. We've agreed - in principle anyway - to redraw our borders through the Arbazan sector. It'll open up new opportunities for us both - financial and political.

BACCO

Sounds like a good deal to me.

ROM

Could you tell everyone else that as well, please?

Chuckles around the table. Martok puffs out his chest.

MARTOK

The Ferengi are not alone in being able to strike bargains. Emperor Sozzerozs and I have agreed to put an end to the pointless conflict along our borders, and replace it with several new trade agreements.

SOZZEROZS

The Gorn are not mindless brutes. And it would seem that neither are the Klingons, despite appearances.

They both LAUGH. Martok and Sozzerozs have reached detente, just of a kind that involves insulting each other for fun.

Kamemor takes a deep breath - this seems like a good time to bring up some points she has been hoping to make.

KAMEMOR

In the same spirit of cooperation, I would like to suggest not just a redrawing of our borders, but an opening of them, at least to trade.

Really? The Romulan praetor now has everyone's attention.

BACCO

Surely you can't be suggesting Klingon vessels in Kinshaya space? Federation ships in Tholian space?

KAMEMOR

Actually I am. Not everywhere, and not all at once. But we will never put aside our differences if we don't get to know each other. Familiarity is the path to peace.

Bacco recognises her own words thrown back at her...

ROM

Ferenginar welcomes all vessels of commerce.



KAMEMOR

That would certainly be a start,  
Grand Nagus, thank you. But I was  
thinking of a region with greater  
diversity, to maximise exposure.  
Somewhere like the Rigel Corridor.

BACCO

(shakes head)

That's the heaviest trade route in  
the Federation. The way things are  
right now, I'm not sure a load of  
Tholian or Tzenkethi ships rolling  
up there would be the best idea.

Kamemor accepts that calmly - she expected as much.

KAMEMOR

Perhaps a less crowded route then,  
at least to start. Somewhere like  
the Bajoran sector.

Bacco starts considering it. It's not the stupidest idea  
she's ever heard. Martok breaks in with a pointed sneer...

MARTOK

And what about you, Praetor? What  
region of Romulan space would you  
open up to Klingon traders?

KAMEMOR

Not Romulan space, Chancellor.  
Typhon Pact space.

Brex reacts and BUZZES angrily. Translation overlaid...

DOMO BREX

What does that mean?

KAMEMOR

It means, Domo, that while I may  
be willing to take the lead here,  
I don't intend to be the only one  
making use of this opportunity.

Kamemor looks between Sozzerozs and Brex. They say nothing.

ROM

Why not the Typhon Expanse itself?  
Before you built your new starbase  
there, the Ferengi had established  
several trade routes through it.

(bashful grin)

I did my homework.

Sozzeros glances at Brex, as if for guidance - still no  
reaction from the Breen. Kamemor takes silence as assent.

KAMEMOR

The Typhon Expanse would be  
acceptable to us.

GARAN

We'd need to work out the details,  
of course. Limits on defences,  
random inspections, a timeframe.

MARTOK

We would need a way of reviewing  
the success of the programme.

SOZZEROZS

And a mutually acceptable means of  
mediating any disputes that arise.

Everyone starts throwing out ideas, talking over each other  
not in anger but in excitement. Kamemor is thrilled to see  
it. But she has one last suggestion. She stands...

KAMEMOR

If you'll indulge me, I have one  
more proposal. It cannot be only  
our civilians who get to know each  
other. Our respective militaries  
are the ones at the forefront of  
any conflicts between us. They  
especially need to learn to accept  
those who they have called enemy.

MARTOK

Now you suggest warships in each  
other's space? This is madness!

Bacco looks at Kamemor, disappointed. Maybe she was wrong.

BACCO

Haven't we already seen the damage  
that can cause, Madam Praetor?

KAMEMOR

And I have no desire for more.  
What I am proposing is something  
much smaller, something that would  
not endanger any of our peoples.

The various Khitomer representatives begin to catch on...

GARAN

If we open up the Bajor sector...

ROM

Then all our trade vessels could  
enter the Gamma Quadrant in search  
of new opportunities.

KAMEMOR

And if they can do that, perhaps  
one Federation starship and one  
Romulan warbird could join them?

BACCO

On a joint mission of exploration,  
beyond the borders of the Typhon  
Pact or the Khitomer Accords.

Usual grumbling aside, Martok's good angels force through.

MARTOK

It could work.

As the others return to bantering back and forth, Bacco and  
Kamemor smile at each other, relieved...

**25 INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - KAMEMOR'S QUARTERS - EVENING**

The end of the day. Kamemor stands looking into her mirror,  
half-amazed at her success, with Tomalak visible behind.

KAMEMOR

Well, I think we can call this an unqualified success, don't you?

TOMALAK

Unquestionably, Madam Praetor.

She turns to look at Tomalak, takes the measure of him.

KAMEMOR

Truly, Proconsul - I'm grateful. You predicted Bacco wouldn't go for the Rigel Corridor, and you were right. The Bajor sector was the perfect alternative. I'm just wondering what's in it for you.

TOMALAK

Ma'am, I assure you, my only wish is to serve the Empire -

KAMEMOR

Don't lie to me, Tomalak. You gave me this idea for a reason. I want to know what it is.

Tomalak pauses, backed into a corner. Forced to admit...

TOMALAK

I do have an ulterior motive, Madam Praetor. It's regarding the mission into the Gamma Quadrant... I would like to be a part of it.

KAMEMOR

What? Why?

TOMALAK

As you know, I served for years in the military. Although it has been my honour to be your Proconsul... it seems I miss a life in space.

KAMEMOR

You want a demotion?

TOMALAK

(sly smile)

I was hoping to avoid that. Rather I thought I might act as liaison between our warbird and whichever Starfleet vessel is assigned. My many interactions with them over the years should help me to ensure that everything runs smoothly.

Kamemor absorbs this. It *sounds* real... Maybe it is?

KAMEMOR

You do have a lot of experience in the military, Tomalak. That's why I need you where you are, as one of my advisors. I'm sorry but I can't do without you for so long.

TOMALAK

I'm flattered, Madam Praetor. But I'm afraid I must insist. If I am not permitted to join the mission as an official representative of your government... then I must respectfully resign my post and join the mission as a civilian.

KAMEMOR

A bold statement, Proconsul. I didn't know you felt so strongly.

(sigh)

I suppose it would send a message about how seriously we take this collaboration. Very well. I guess I can manage with just Ventel and Sela for three months.

TOMALAK

My deepest thanks, Madam Praetor. And at the risk of endangering our relationship further, I do have one more request...?

KAMEMOR

I'm listening.

TOMALAK

Regarding the ship to be assigned,  
I suggest the *Eletrix*, under the  
leadership of Commander T'Jul.

KAMEMOR

(appalled)

T'Jul? Marius's former first?

TOMALAK

She is a promising officer, and I  
would hate her career to be ruined  
thanks to the simple misfortune of  
having been assigned under Marius.

KAMEMOR

Don't you think Bacco would have  
something to say about the sub-  
commander of the very ship that  
invaded her space being rewarded  
with such a high-profile mission?

TOMALAK

With respect, ma'am, that is what  
makes it ideal. T'Jul regains the  
Federation's trust, but she does  
so far from the Federation itself.  
After all, what trouble can she  
cause in the Gamma Quadrant?

As Kamemor considers it, and Tomalak smiles sweetly...

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**26    INT. ROBINSON - READY ROOM**

SISKO

New orders, Commander.

Captain SISKO, sat behind his desk, hands a padd to his first officer Cmdr ROGEIRO, who stands in front of him. Rogeiro takes the padd, reads it... and breaks into a grin.

ROGEIRO

An exploration mission?

SISKO

Somebody at Starfleet Command finally noticed the *Robinson* is a Galaxy-class, not a patrol ship.

ROGEIRO

But what about the Romulans?

SISKO

They'll assign someone to replace us here. Our unique abilities are needed elsewhere.

ROGEIRO

And I should think so. There can't be many captains in the fleet with more experience of exploring the Gamma Quadrant than you. Plus it means you'll be closer to Bajor.

Sisko cools a little, but the excitement at being able to see Rebecca again is fighting to break through the stern.

SISKO

Call a senior staff meeting. Tell the crew they'll be working with a Romulan warbird and a whole armada of Breen and Gorn trading vessels.

**CUT TO:**

27 INT. DS9 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

RO

And of course they'll all be  
coming through Deep Space Nine.

Captain RO, sat behind her desk with lips pursed in grumpy disapproval, hands a padd to her first officer Major CENN, who stands before of her. He takes it, reads... and sighs.

CENN

Romulans, Breen, Gorn... and lots  
more Starfleet to keep an eye on  
them. I guess I'll talk to Slaine  
and Rwego and come up with a plan.

RO

Not just them. Get everyone in the  
ward room, Major - fast. We need  
this to go right from the start.

CENN

You know, Captain, we could try  
and see this as an opportunity.  
The entire galaxy is about to come  
to our front door - I say let's  
show them what Bajor is made of.

RO

When did you get so optimistic?

CENN

One of us needs to be.

Ro takes that on board...

28 INT. BOSLIC TEMPLE - BACCO'S QUARTERS

Bacco moving around the room, packing her own things for  
the trip back to Earth. Piñiero enters from off-screen...

PIÑIERO

Akaar says the orders have gone  
out. The mission's a go.



BACCO

Good. Thanks, Esperanza.

PIÑIERO

(re the packing)

You know the servants can do this for you. You are the president.

BACCO

President or not, I'm not having anyone else fluffing my underwear.

PIÑIERO

Anyway, you'll never guess who just stopped me in the corridor - the Gorn Emperor's adjutant.

BACCO

What did he want?

PIÑIERO

To set up a private meeting, just you and Sozzeros. I don't know what it's about, but he was very nervous. I don't think even Brex or Kamemor know about this.

Bacco finally pays attention, ponders the implications. Piñiero is already there, excited by the possibilities...

BACCO

My old friend Sozz wants to see me... behind his allies' backs?

PIÑIERO

I think the Gorn want to leave the Typhon Pact, and come over to us.

BACCO

If that's true, it could be huge.

PIÑIERO

Or it could be disastrous.

Off Bacco and Piñiero thinking about this development...

29 **EXT. GOVENTU FIVE - SURFACE - DAY**

The mountain peak, and the temporary structure built around the crashed Jem'Hadar ship, all lashed by frozen rain...

30 **INT. GOVENTU FIVE LABORATORY**

In the office area, THOT TROK and TROP SAR stand facing the holograms of two other Breen - THOT NAAZ and DOMO BREX himself (much like in 14x03 "Behind the Mask"). They all speak in Breen BUZZ, translated by on-screen SUBTITLES.

DOMO BREX

The Gorn Imperator has made his secret request, as I instructed. Bacco will not be able to resist such a tantalising opportunity.

THOT NAAZ

Our plans to acquire the necessary materials from the Gamma Quadrant are also underway. You will be told when we are ready to begin.

THOT TROK

(nods to both)

Thank you Thot Naaz, my lord Domo. I am glad that your attending the summit has proven worthwhile.

DOMO BREX

In fact I enjoyed myself. Ferengi understand Breen better than any of our so-called allies. But they also served their purpose. All it took was simple flattery, and the Nagus gave me everything I wanted.

THOT NAAZ

The Domo was able to renegotiate our borders in the Arbazan sector.

THOT TROK

(nods, gets it)

Allowing us easier access to the Tirana system when the time comes.

Most impressive. Then even if our work here at Goventu should fail, we have other options.

THOT NAAZ

Your work must not fail, Trok. The Domo's investment in your project was substantial, especially given how your predecessor Keer allowed Salavat to fail so spectacularly.

Trok tenses at the insult to his friend and hero, but Naaz doesn't care, and Brex allows him to speak for him...

THOT NAAZ

Just because the Domo and I have many plans does not mean we will accept failure in any of them.

THOT TROK

Understood, Director.

DOMO BREX

The Confederacy's future depends on you, That Trok. Brex out.

The two holograms fizzle out, leaving Trok and Sar alone.

TROP SAR

Secret requests, multiple plans... what is the Domo doing, That Trok?

THOT TROK

I know little and can reveal less. Best for your own sake that you concentrate on your work, Sar.

Sar nods his assent, and turns away back to his schematics. Trok turns to look further up the mountain at the remains of the Jem'Hadar ship still peeking out of its side...

**31**    **EXT. SPACE - ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

The small, menacing Romulan shuttle flies at impulse, towards a much larger Romulan warbird holding position.

32     **INT. ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

Chairwoman SELA sits where she did, holding her padd again.  
But this time the padd's screen shows TOMALAK.

SELA

And you used my precise words?

TOMALAK (screen)

I did. Although I am quite capable  
of persuading the Praetor myself.

SELA

If that were true, I wouldn't have  
had to write it all out for you.  
But we'll get what we need?

TOMALAK (screen)

And I will be there to see that we  
do. By the end, Kamemor actually  
thought it was her own idea.

SELA

Optimists are so very... useful.

TOMALAK (screen)

If only optimism were her worst  
crime. To think that we have ended  
up with a... populist as Praetor.

SELA

It won't matter for long. You and  
I will deliver the Romulan people  
the superiority they deserve...  
with Bacco's unwitting help.

The pilot's voice breaks in, and Sela looks up...

PILOT (comm)

Now docking with the *En'Vahj*,  
Chairwoman.

SELA

Thank you, pilot. Proceed.

Sela turns back to Tomalak on the screen...

SELA  
I will see you in the capital.

Tomalak nods acknowledgement, and the line drops.

Sela looks out of the window, sees the warbird swallowing up her little shuttle. She types new entries into her padd. Then she approaches the GUARD and hands the padd to him.

SELA  
After I'm gone, please hand this to the pilot. There are some additional post-flight protocols I'd like him to complete.

The shuttle KERTHUNKS into place in the warbird's docking bay. The outer hatch opens with a HISS - Sela strides out.

The guard turns to open the hatch to the flight deck...

**33    EXT. ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

As Sela walks away across the larger ship's shuttle bay...

...a FLASH of bright scorching light momentarily whites out all the windows of the shuttle from the inside.

**34    INT. ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

The PADD falls onto the empty pilot's seat, screen full of static, SCORCH MARKS all over the leather, SMOKE rising...

**35    EXT. ROMULAN SHUTTLE**

Sela strides on, quite content...

BLACK OUT

**END OF SHOW**