

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

9x07 - "Saturn's Children."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the novella

"Saturn's Children"
by Sarah Shaw

appearing in

*Star Trek: Mirror Universe:
Obsidian Alliances*

NOTE: This entire episode takes place within the so-called MIRROR UNIVERSE (as seen in eps 2x23, 3x19, 4x20 & 7x12), with no crossover to our "normal" universe.

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. REGENT MARTOK'S BEDCHAMBER

KIRA is thrown roughly across the room, and she lands in a heap on the cold floor. She is naked, bruised and battered. The room is messy and dishevelled, after a particularly energetic round of non-consensual sex. She has been raped.

As she tentatively reaches for her clothes from their rough pile, a deep voice CHUCKLES unpleasantly...

MARTOK (o.s.)
Leave those where they are. Fetch
me a *warnog*.

Cringing back, she tries to stand with difficulty, trying without much success to cover herself with her arms...

MARTOK (o.s.)
I didn't tell you to stand. Pick
up my stein and fetch my drink.

Careful not to show the hatred and humiliation she feels, she scuttles on all fours and fetches a stein. She reaches for a bottle, barely able to reach it without standing.

Finally she grabs it and fills the stein, hands trembling as she does so. That done, she crawls back with the stein, careful not to spill it while she crawls on three limbs.

On the way, she looks out of a WINDOW, sees late afternoon in the First City of the Klingon homeworld.

Reaching the edge of the large, imposing bed, she bows her head and holds up the stein to her rapist and slave-master, REGENT MARTOK...

KIRA
My lord.

Martok lies in the bed, shirtless and sweaty, having just exerted himself. He takes the stein with a swipe, guzzles most in one go, dribbling some onto his chest...

MARTOK

You've always been a strong
woman...

(derisive contempt)

...Intendant.

He reaches out, grabs her face, turns it sideways, inspects the bruises on her cheeks with satisfaction...

MARTOK

I've had Bajoran women before, but
you're the first who didn't weep.
You remind me of someone. Another
powerful woman. No-one's ever seen
her cry, either.

(a sip of drink)

The one who took your place as
Intendant. I see the same hardness
in both of you. But it's not
exactly the same. Your edge was
forged in fire. Hers, I think,
must have been tempered in ice.

He strokes her hair with an unpleasant leer. She struggles to keep the revulsion out of her eyes. It wouldn't be good for her if he saw it...

MARTOK

I've always preferred fire. You're
impressive. And you might yet be
useful to me...

(another leer)

...in other ways. At the request
of the Bajoran parliament, I'm
releasing you to their custody. To
be more specific, I'm turning you
over... to Intendant Ro Laren.

The name gives Kira a shiver. This change would barely be any better for her than where she is right now. Martok leans closer, makes a big show of sniffing her...

MARTOK
You can't go to the new Intendant
like that. You stink like a whore.
(loud shout)
Guards!

Behind her, a large double door opens and two Klingon warriors stand in silhouette in the doorway.

MARTOK
(to guards)
Take her to her new mistress.
(to Kira)
You've impressed me, my dear. Let
us see if you can impress Ro.

The guards come forward and grab her, drag her to the door. Martok chuckles again, watching the fear in her face...

2 EXT. SPACE

A Cardassian *Hideki*-class patrol vessel travels alone, mostly minding its own business. Pull back to reveal...

3 INT. DEFIANT - MAIN BRIDGE

...that MILES "SMILEY" O'BRIEN is watching this on the screen of the mirror-*Defiant* - a similar ship to ours but without any Starfleet emblems or indicators. They are in low-lighting, stealth mode, under cloak.

O'Brien sits in the command chair. MUNIZ (5x02 "The Ship") is at operations, LEETA at tactical, SHAR at helm. EZRI stands as the ship's XO. All are dressed in non-uniform resistance garb - whatever was available at the time.

O'Brien watches the Cardassian ship solemnly. He doesn't want to have to fire on the ship, but he knows his crew expects him to. There is tension while he considers it.

Ezri leans over Muniz's shoulder, reads a display, then comes over to O'Brien, speaks confidentially to him...

EZRI
(sotto)
What are you waiting for?

O'BRIEN
(sotto, frustrated)
I'll give the order when I'm damn
good and ready.

Standing up with attitude, she returns to Muniz and speaks
loud enough for the room to hear...

EZRI
You win. He's lost his nerve.

O'BRIEN
The hell I have!

EZRI
(mock surprise)
Oh really? Then why haven't we
fired yet?

O'BRIEN
(sharp)
Because I haven't given the order
yet. And before you say another
bloody word, I don't have to
explain myself to you, or anyone
else. I'm captain of this ship and
the leader of the rebellion, and I
won't be second-guessed. Do you
have a problem with that?

EZRI
(dramatic sigh)
Whatever you say.

O'Brien grits his teeth against her disrespectful tone. He
turns back to view the screen again. He stares at the
Cardassian ship, considering. If he doesn't fire, he will
lose all respect from his crew. He accepts the inevitable.

O'BRIEN
Ezri...
(she turns to him)
Destroy that ship.

Ezri becomes a good soldier, speaking to the crew in turn.

EZRI

Quique, get ready to drop the cloak. Leeta, stand by on the torpedoes for a snap shot. Shar, take us to zee-plus eighty metres, nudge our nose down to give Leeta a better shot at their engines.

In turn, they all call back "Ready." Ezri turns smartly to watch the main screen...

EZRI

Drop the cloak!
(lights brighten)
Fire!

On the screen, they all see a volley of photon torpedoes streak out and hit the Cardassian ship dead-on. It's rocked by explosions, but not totally destroyed yet.

EZRI

Again!

More torpedoes fly out - the ship is hit again.

EZRI

Stand by phasers.

LEETA

Target locked.

A panel by the side of O'Brien's chair lights up. It's telling him MESSAGE RECEIVED, flashing for his attention. He sees it but ignores it for the moment, turning back with sadness to watch the main screen...

EZRI

Fire.

Leeta presses buttons, and phasers streak out to hit the Cardassian ship. It explodes once and for all, destroyed.

The rest of the bridge crew celebrates, smiling and high-fiving each other. Leeta and Ezri embrace and kiss - they are lovers. O'Brien does not join the celebration.

EZRI
Orders, Captain?

O'BRIEN
(blank)
Back to Terok Nor. Warp eight.

Ezri nods and turns back to the crew, issuing orders...

EZRI (o.s.)
Raise cloak, set course and
engage.

The lights dim again and the ship surges into action.

O'Brien turns to receive the waiting message. He taps a panel, and the screen changes to show a panicked Cardassian face, screaming (at low volume) through a haze of static...

CARDASSIAN (screen)
We surrender! We're unarmed!
Please, don't --

The message ends in static. The rest of the crew haven't heard it, only O'Brien. As the crew celebrates, he hangs his head in resignation and disgust...

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. TEROK NOR - ESTABLISHING

The mirror version of Deep Space Nine, in orbit of Bajor, with the *Defiant* just settling into place...

5 INT. TEROK NOR - PROMENADE

The pressure door rolls open and O'Brien steps through to a CHEERING hero's welcome from the gathered crowd of rebel fighters, mostly human but a few other races thrown in.

He waves half-heartedly back at them, as he tries to make a path for himself through the crowd. He really doesn't feel like being congratulated. He is relieved to finally make it to a more open area where he can walk on his way.

He is joined by mirror BASHIR, the arrogant and violent resistance fighter, who is spoiling to gloat. O'Brien keeps walking, hoping Bashir will leave him alone. No such luck.

BASHIR

Well well, if it isn't General Miles Edward O'Brien, architect of the rebellion. As usual, news of your latest triumph precedes you. Though I hear you nearly had a change of heart. I certainly hope you're not reconsidering your allegiance.

O'Brien reaches a turbolift, hoping to escape from Bashir. He is foiled by a basic paper sign that says OUT OF SERVICE. He grunts and turns to find another lift. Bashir sticks with him, having great fun pressing his buttons...

BASHIR

I suppose it's possible you've been a double agent the entire time. It would certainly explain why you let the cloaking device from the other universe slip through your fingers.

O'BRIEN

It didn't slip through my fingers.
I gave it back to those Ferengi so
they wouldn't be shot for treason
when they went home. Besides,
we've got a new cloaking device.

BASHIR

Thanks to Zek. No thanks to you.

They reach another turbolift. O'Brien jabs the button,
letting Bashir get under his skin despite himself...

O'BRIEN

Just because the Romulans were
willing to sell us a cloaking
device doesn't mean we should
trust them.

BASHIR

(insincere concern)

What bothers you more, Smiley?
That you were wrong about the
Romulans? Or that Zek was right?

The turbolift arrives, the doors open, and O'Brien steps
in. But Bashir has one shot left...

BASHIR

Maybe the real reason you
hesitated to fire... is that
love's made you soft.

O'BRIEN

Piss off.

The doors close in Bashir's face.

6 **EXT. SPACE - ESTABLISHING**

The Klingon flagship - a truly massive *Negh'Var*-class
behemoth. Not the exact same one seen in 4x20 "Shattered
Mirror" and 7x12 "The Emperor's New Cloak," because that
one was captured. But it is comparable in size, power and
menace. The ship is travelling at warp speed.

INT. RO'S STATEROOM

Bajoran Intendant RO LAREN stands with her back to a wide panoramic window in her large and well-appointed stateroom. She is a businesswoman - just as ruthless as Kira but cold and practical, not mercurial or sadistic. Nevertheless, she is greatly looking forward to the upcoming meeting.

RO

Enter.

The door opens and in comes General DURAS (TNG 3x17 "Sins of the Father"). Kira follows at a respectful distance, her chin lowered. She is dressed in her old black bodysuit, but dulled and ripped. She does not have her silver headdress.

Ro simply loves having this woman at her mercy, and does not buy Kira's humble act for a second.

RO

Qo'noS doesn't seem to have agreed with you, Nerys. Regent Martok can be a demanding taskmaster, I hear. Fortunately for you, the only services that I require from you are professional in nature.

KIRA

I'm just happy to be of service, Intendant. Anything I can do for the good of Bajor --

RO

Spare me. After the fiasco that led to Regent Worf's capture, the only reason you're still alive is that Martok finds you appealing, Prophets know why. He strong-armed the Chamber of Ministers into making you one of my...

(slaves)

...adjutants. And before you send him a 'thank you' note scented with your perfume, you ought to know he didn't do it as a favour to you. He did it to undermine me.

KIRA

I see you've remained true to yourself, Intendant. You never did care for games.

RO

And you never tire of them. Did you expect to flatter your way into my graces?

KIRA

(figuring it out)

You think Martok is looking to take revenge on you for censuring him over the Bynaus affair?

RO

Of course. The blood-thirsty moron practically obliterated the entire Bynar population over a minor civilian uprising. It nearly cost him command of the Ninth Fleet. If I'd had my way, it would have.

KIRA

I tried to keep Bajor insulated from the excesses of Alliance politics.

RO

No, you tried to keep the Klingons happy because they were your chief political sponsors. You have so much in common, after all.

KIRA

As you have much in common with Cardassians... Intendant.

That was not a compliment. Ro realises Kira has cleverly led her off track, and comes back to topic...

RO

Have you been made aware of the nature of your duties, Nerys?

KIRA

I was briefed by General Duras.
Though there seems to have been
some mistake...

RO

(enjoying this)
Why do you say that?

KIRA

My responsibilities seem unequal
to my abilities, Intendant.
Someone with my experience could
serve you in a more --

RO

Your responsibilities are exactly
as I desire them to be, Nerys. I
may have been coerced into placing
you on my staff, but now that
you're here, you'll serve as I
dictate. Is that clear?

Kira is torn between rage, despair, and having to control
them both. Ro's revenge is sweet - she grins coldly.

KIRA

I understand, Intendant.

RO

We understand each other, Nerys.
General, take Nerys to her new
work station and get her started
on today's assignments.

Duras roughly grabs Kira's arm and leads her back to the
door. But Ro has one parting shot before they go...

RO

And General? Find her some attire
of a more appropriate nature. Her
new life is going to be horribly
mundane. She should look the part.

Off Ro's smile...

8 INT. TEROK NOR - O'BRIEN'S QUARTERS

Mirror KEIKO's hands are kneading gently on O'Brien's shoulders, massaging the tension out as they sit together on the couch of their shared quarters on the station.

After a few peaceful moments of happiness in the midst of trouble, they settle down into a cuddle on the couch. Keiko places her head against Miles' chest, hearing his heart...

O'BRIEN
Is it still beating?

KEIKO
Mm-hmm. Still there.

O'BRIEN
Thank God for that. Something's finally gone right today.

KEIKO
Bashir again?

O'BRIEN
Who else? He frightens me, y'know? It's all one big revenge fantasy to him. Like the only thing that matters is how many kills we make, how many ships we destroy. I don't think he cares what we're fighting for, as long as he gets to fight. But the real problem isn't Bashir. It's him and Zek together.

KEIKO
Miles, listen to me. You have to find some way to keep the two of them in check, or they're going to push you aside.

O'BRIEN
I'm not sure I can, Keiko. If they start leading in a different direction, and everybody else wants to follow, who am I to tell them any different?

KEIKO

Who are you? You're Miles O'Brien.
You're the man who started this
rebellion.

O'BRIEN

That doesn't make it my property.
I mean, it's not like I was
elected leader. After we lost Ben
Sisko, everyone started looking to
me for answers. So I did my best
not to get 'em killed. But if
they'd rather follow Bashir...

KEIKO

People follow you because you're a
good man, Miles. They know you'd
lead them forward to something
better. Men like Zek and Bashir
will take them backwards, to how
the Terrans used to be.

O'BRIEN

(sad sigh)

You're right. They'll destroy it
all. But there's nothing I can do
to stop them short of betraying
them, and I won't do that.

KEIKO

I know.

They cuddle into the couch, finding solace in each other...

9

INT. KIRA'S WORK AREA

A small blank room, barely three metres square. There is a
desk and a chair, and a computer set up, and that's it. It
is an office cubicle. Kira is being forced to play the role
of the lowest administrative functionary in the fleet.

She sits in her chair, wearing a drab grey coverall, going
through Alliance reports on her screen, each more boring
and bureaucratic than the last. Piles of padds fill the
table - she shuffles through them with quiet despair...

KIRA
Urgent...
 (casts it aside)
Urgent...
 (next one)
Urgent...

Casting them all aside with a growl, she stares at the wall, scarcely able to believe what she is reduced to.

After a moment, she returns to the computer screen with a discouraged sigh...

KIRA
Alliance criminal reports. That
might be marginally interesting.
Hmm... let's see...
 (reading reports)
Request for clemency from captured
Terran rebels. Ha!
 (next one)
Klingon ship hijacked by rebels
leaving Bajor...
 (reads further)
...Cardassians destroy the entire
ship. Geniuses.

She taps into the next report, and we go into...

10 **MONTAGE - SERIES OF SCENES**

-- Kira tapping through more reports, still bored
-- Kira stands thumping the wall in frustration
-- Looking at reports, something starts to intrigue her
-- Pacing around the room, thinking about what she's read

11 **BACK TO SCENE**

Kira now sits at her desk, paying closer attention. Her screen is split into four, each quarter showing a different report. She views them with concern...

KIRA

(first report)

Ninety-one days ago, two industrial-sized loads of kelbonite stolen from a supply depot on Bardeezi Prime.

(second report)

Sixty-three days ago, a fully loaded dilithium freighter vanishes en route to Ajilon.

(third report)

Fifty-nine days ago, a freighter of anti-matter suffers a fatal accident en route to Goralis.

(fourth report)

Eighteen days ago, the Cardassian garrison on Amleth Four's small arms inventory comes up short of nearly two-hundred heavy combat rifles.

She sits back, putting the pieces together with a sigh.

KIRA

Fuel for an anti-matter reactor,
combat weapons, enough shielding
material to hide something huge.
What are the rebels up to?

She worries for a moment about that. But then a much nicer thought occurs, and she grins...

KIRA

And how can I use it to my
advantage?

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. NEGH'VAR - BRIDGE

The bridge of the Alliance's flagship. General DURAS sits in the chair, furious with KIRA, holding and reading the padd she gave him...

DURAS

You bothered me for this? Trivia and old news? Get off my bridge, you ignorant trollop.

KIRA

Please, General. There's a clear pattern. If I'm right, the rebels are assembling a new stronghold, and possibly more. We have to --

DURAS

Stop wasting my time, woman!

He throws the padd away, turns to other business, ignoring her. Kira's temper almost flares for a second, before she gets herself under control. Keeping her eyes down, feigning obedience, she walks out without another word...

13 EXT. EMPOK NOR - ESTABLISHING

The mirror version of Deep Space Nine's twin station. Begin at its usual canted angle so as to identify it...

...then the camera angle shifts slowly back to normal as we ZOOM in, revealing twelve ship-building scaffolds around the station - six on the docking ring, one on each pylon.

Inside each frame (except one) is a *Defiant*-class ship nearing completion. The lower fusion core has been covered in a blank tube made of thick, black metallic material...

ZEK (v.o.)

Ladies, gentlemen, I give you...
the future of the rebellion!

14 **INT. EMPOK NOR - PROMENADE (UPPER LEVEL)**

With his elaborate walking stick, the mirror ZEK is as old and wizened as his double. But he is totally sharp of mind, a rebel general who has not led our Zek's pampered life.

He, O'Brien and Bashir lead a group of rebels, standing at a window, so they can look at the ship scaffolds outside...

O'BRIEN

How are you building them all so fast?

ZEK

Each frame has its own industrial replicator. Complete with all the templates for the ship... and its new Romulan cloaking device.

O'BRIEN

You're insane. Running them that hot, you'll light up the sensors of any ship in two light-years. You might as well send the Alliance a bloody invitation.

BASHIR

We've shielded the entire core with refined kelbonite.

O'BRIEN

And where'd you get the kelbonite? You stole it, right? A material with no other tactical application than to hide things from sensors. You don't think the Alliance will notice that sooner or later?

ZEK

And what if they did? What are they gonna do about it?

O'BRIEN

They'll follow the evidence right here! Where you have no defence screens and no weapons arrays.

BASHIR
(to crowd)
What did I tell you, everyone?
Isn't it just what I said he'd do?
Take our greatest achievement yet
and make it sound like a failure.

O'BRIEN
I see twelve frames, but only
eleven ships. Something go wrong
with the other one?

BASHIR
(smug)
Far from it.

15 EXT. EMPOK NOR (INTERCUT)

Inside the one seemingly-empty frame, space RIPPLES - and another *Defiant*-class ship uncloaks. Same design as usual, but personalised with black panels and red markings...

16. INT. EMPOK NOR - PROMENADE (UPPER LEVEL) (INTERCUT)

Much OOH-ing and AAH-ing as the rebels all look out of the window at the ship, quite impressed. Except for O'Brien...

ZEK
The first one off our new assembly
line. My ship. The *Capital Gain*.
In less than a week, the rebellion
will have more than a dozen of
these battleships, each one with a
Romulan cloaking device. When all
thirteen are operational, we'll
start building twelve more. Then
we'll show the Alliance what a
real war looks like.

O'Brien is not pleased with this naked aggression. Another human, CALVIN HUDSON (2x20/2x21 "The Maquis") steps up...

HUDSON
If we're going to escalate this
war, do we need to talk about the
security on Terok Nor?

O'BRIEN

And what the hell is that supposed to mean?

HUDSON

You haven't exactly been careful about screening your top people. An infiltrator could just walk in - how would you know?

O'BRIEN

I'd know. Don't tell me I don't know my own people.

The rebels at large seem unconvinced, especially Bashir and Hudson, who share a worried look. Zek jumps on him too, happy to have another reason to beat him down...

ZEK

I've been warning him about this for months. He made some woman he barely knows his X.O., just so he could get her in his bunk.

O'Brien lunges forward in a fury, ready to throttle Zek. Bashir and Hudson hold him back, with some difficulty...

O'BRIEN

You shut your mouth!

HUDSON

Calm down.

O'BRIEN

The hell I will! I won't let him stand here and call Keiko a whore!

ZEK

Actually, I was insulting you. I don't know her well enough to call her a whore... yet.

HUDSON

Zek, shut the hell up. Miles, we all know Zek's over the line here, but there is a point to this...

BASHIR

I talked to some of the people
whom Keiko allegedly 'liberated'
from the Korvat mining colony.
They say the Cardassians made her
a supervisor because she was an
Alliance collaborator.

O'BRIEN

That's a bloody lie.

HUDSON

I hope so, Miles, truly I do. But
if it's not, then you've made an
enemy agent the first officer of
our greatest stronghold. Is that a
chance you're willing to take?

O'BRIEN

Yes it is. I know my crew. They're
not spies. Certainly not Keiko.

ZEK

This is ridiculous! Why won't you
listen to the facts? Why do you
trust her?

O'BRIEN

Because I love her!

As O'Brien catches his breath from the admission, the
rebels groan, and Zek rolls his eyes in disgust...

ZEK

Love! The greatest of all natural
disasters. The fastest way I know
to get a man killed! No wonder
you've gone soft.

O'BRIEN

Don't worry about me. I've never
run from a fight in my life.

He growls this last as a threat to Zek and Bashir, as much
as to defend himself...

17 **INT. RO'S STATEROOM**

Ship's night. An insistent ALARM sounds gently, indicating an incoming communication. Intendant Ro approaches the screen, distinctly unhappy to have been woken at this hour.

She taps the screen to receive, and mirror-DUKAT appears. Ro puts on the barest minimum of politeness...

 DUKAT (screen)
Did I wake you, Intendant? My
apologies.

 RO
That almost sounded sincere,
Dukat. You're improving. What do
you want?

 DUKAT (screen)
Still not a fan of small talk, I
see. Very well. It's been brought
to my attention that Intendant
Kira has been entrusted to your
loving care aboard the *Negh'Var*.

 RO
 (bored sigh)
Do you have a question to ask?

 DUKAT (screen)
I was just curious how the two of
you are getting along.

 RO
 (deadpan)
Swimmingly. Like giddy sisters.
She completes me.

 DUKAT (screen)
That badly, eh?

 RO
Having her here complicates
things. It might be only a minor
annoyance to you, but it's not
your back she's looking to stab.

DUKAT (screen)

True enough. You have taken steps to marginalise her, haven't you?

RO

Of course I have. I've known her longer than you, Dukat. We've spent most of our careers making each other miserable.

DUKAT (screen)

Good. It's a pleasure to know that someone holds her in the same kind of contempt I do.

RO

Oh, I don't know about that. My problem with Kira is political. She's a violent narcissist who put her own pleasure ahead of Bajor or the good of the Alliance.

(cold smile)

But you? I think your problem with Kira is personal. I know all about your dalliance with her mother, and that you've had what can be politely described as an indecent obsession with Kira since she was a little girl.

DUKAT (screen)

That's enough. The only reason you are Intendant of Bajor is because I expended a lot of effort to put you there. We're finally ready to shift control of the Alliance away from Qo'nos. But if there's one person who can bring all our plans to ruin, it's Kira. She has to be kept in check until a believable 'accident' can be arranged.

RO

Oh, dry your uniform. She's not going anywhere.

18 **EXT. SPACE - IKS YA'VANG**

A smaller *Vor'cha*-class Klingon cruiser hangs in space...

19 **INT. YA'VANG - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE**

The *Ya'Vang's* Captain KURN speaks into his private comm system. Its screen shows Kira's face, looking about herself nervously while murmuring conspiratorially to Kurn...

KIRA (screen)
If I'm right, then the rebels are
gathering assets to build more
ships like the *Defiant*.

KURN
You'll need to do better than
that. All you've shown me is that
you know how to spin a good story.

20 **INT. KIRA'S BUNK (INTERCUT)**

A tiny bunk area, barely bigger than her body. Background SOUNDS imply it is one of many crammed into a tight space - people walking by, arguing, being thumped, occasional sobs and screams. Kira curls up with a stolen padd held close...

KIRA
What are you looking for, Captain
Kurn? The connection? The missing
piece to the puzzle?

KURN (screen)
Perhaps I'm looking for a woman
who doesn't speak in riddles.

In response, Kira keys entries into the padd. A corner of the image is taken up with a tactical space chart...

KIRA
Look at the map. The attacks were
in the Bajor, Cardassia, Almatha
and Algira sectors. Tell me what a
keen tactician such as yourself is
able to glean from that.

21 **INT. YA'VANG - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE**

The map is also on Kurn's screen. Kurn presses controls so that the map switches with Kira's face - she is now the inset image and the map is the larger one...

KURN

I see how close they are. You think the rebels are targeting that area specifically?

KIRA (screen)

I know they are. And I know why. The old Empok Nor station is in the Trivas system. The Cardassians decommissioned it years ago. The rebels could have taken it over and turned it into a shipyard.

Kurn starts to feel the thrill of battle approaching...

KURN

The stolen kelbonite. They'd use it to shield the station's fusion core. I admit it sounds plausible. But why are you telling me?

KIRA (screen)

Because telling Intendant Ro would do me no good. If I'm right, she'd take the credit. If I'm wrong, I'd take the blame. Martok won't help me, and as for General Duras... he's too afraid of Ro to make a judgement without her approval.

KURN

(provoked)

That's because Duras is a *petaQ*! And Martok is an opportunist. My brother's throne was not yet cold when that *yIntagh* stole it for himself. None of which tells me why I need you at all. I could go to Trivas on my own. The honour would be all mine...

22 **INT. KIRA'S BUNK**

As before. Kira is schmoozing Kurn as hard as she can...

KIRA

And what will that gain you, Kurn?
A few extra years of watching your
back until Martok puts a knife in
it? Imagine how much stronger your
position would be, backed by a
grateful Intendant of Bajor - one
who you helped restore to her
rightful place.

Kurn growls to himself. He hates to admit, but she's right.

KURN (screen)

If I agree to a partnership, how
will I convince General Duras to
release the *Ya'Vang* for this
mission? And secure Intendant Ro's
permission for you to accompany
me? I assume you have a plan that
covers both those needs?

KIRA

Of course I do, Captain. Of course
I do.

Off Kira's wicked grin...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 EXT SPACE - ESTABLISHING

The giant *Negh'Var*, with the smaller *Ya'Vang* alongside...

24 INT. NEGH'VAR - BRIDGE

DURAS sits in his command chair, dumbfounded. RO stands beside and slightly behind him, cold as ice. KURN stands before them on the bridge, making his case...

DURAS
You want what?

KURN
Permission to kill my brother -
former regent Worf, son of Mogh.

RO
I say let him. He'd be doing the
Alliance a favour.

DURAS
It's not that simple.

RO
(couldn't care less)
Of course not. It's one of those
complicated honour things that
keeps you people awake at night.

KURN
(to Ro)
What I am asking for is to perform
the *Mauk-to'Vor* ritual. One who has
been dishonoured has his honour
restored by the one responsible for
that dishonour... and his dagger.

RO
So... by killing Worf, you'd be
restoring his honour?

KURN

Not me. The High Council blames Kira Nerys for my brother's fall. Kira must strike the fatal blow herself. Only then will my house's honour be restored. I need Kira transferred to my command.

RO

Absolutely not!

DURAS

(dangerous growl)

Mind your place, Intendant.

(to Kurn)

Why can't you bring Worf here?

KURN

When Worf was captured, the rebels took him to Terok Nor. The latest intelligence suggests he is still there. To reach him and perform *Mauk-to'Vor* will require stealth and subtlety... not to mention the help of one who knows the secrets of the station better than anyone - its former mistress.

Ro shakes her head quietly, knowing this is a bad idea from the start. But Duras is happy to ride over her concerns...

DURAS

As you can see, Intendant Ro cares deeply about her predecessor's safety. What kind of risk will your mission pose to Kira?

KURN

(shares his grin)

High. A covert operation in enemy territory, employing no personnel other than Kira and myself...?

DURAS

(get it over with)

Permission granted. Now --

RO
You can't be serious! All this
prattling about honour - have you
forgotten that Kira belongs to --

Duras stands up and bellows into Ro's face...

DURAS
She is a slave on my ship! That
makes her life mine - to give, to
take, or cast away! And you would
be wise to remember, Intendant,
that this ship serves Bajor only
as a courtesy. It remains a
Klingon warship under my command.

The glaring stand-off lasts for several seconds, until an
icy-cold Ro turns and marches off the bridge...

DURAS
Is there anything else you want?

KURN
No, General.

DURAS
Then take Kira and get off my ship.

Duras sits back down and turns his back on Kurn...

25 INT. TEROK NOR - BAR

What was once Quark's bar is now filled with angry, raised
voices. A strategy session for all the rebel leaders has
degenerated into an angry free-for-all - Cal Hudson, ELIAS
VAUGHN, KASIDY YATES, LUTHER SLOAN, about a dozen extras.

O'Brien stands at one end of a long table, Zek and Bashir
at the other...

ZEK
(points at O'Brien)
He refused a direct order to fire
on the enemy! Then he threatened
to fire on my ship if we attacked
an enemy target!

O'BRIEN

It wasn't an enemy target. It was an unarmed civilian colony! Is that the kind of tactic we want to start using? Attacks on unarmed people?

HUDSON

(genuinely)

It's an effective tactic, Miles. It undermines the enemy civilians' confidence in their leaders, which undermines their leaders' control over them.

BASHIR

If it was good enough for the Terrans of a hundred years ago, why shouldn't we --

O'BRIEN

Except that it wasn't good enough, you stupid sod! Learn some bloody history. I'm trying to wipe out an interstellar tyranny. You two just want to set up one of your own.

BASHIR

This is war, Smiley! Would you rather kill or be killed?

KASIDY

They have a point, Miles. The Alliance wouldn't hesitate to wipe out an unarmed colony of free Terrans. They torture any slave who tries to escape, or anyone who's helping them. This is no time to pull our punches.

VAUGHN

Are you advocating we use torture?

BASHIR

Why not? A little fear might be good for them. Teach them we're not weak.

O'BRIEN

Bollocks. If you need to torture someone, it's because you are weak. You don't have the strength to negotiate, so you bully instead. Unless, of course, you just want to torture people because you like it.

BASHIR

I do it because they deserve it.

O'BRIEN

Is that all this is to you? Payback? Is revenge a good enough reason to fight a war? I don't think so. Today it's revenge on the Alliance. Who's your target tomorrow? Where does it end?

O'Brien is preaching now to the others, trying desperately to convince them. Bashir remains stony-faced...

O'BRIEN

That's not what I'm fighting for. I met a man who showed me a better way of life. Proof that Terrans don't have to be barbarians. We can't just fight to bring back an empire that fell a hundred years ago. We have to fight to become something better than we were.

Alas, most of the crowd don't seem to be convinced. Bashir steps up, fighting back with arrogance and bravado...

BASHIR

Well, that was very moving. I'm sorry you don't approve of how Zek and I built the rebellion's fleet, Miles. But what's done is done and whining that we didn't do it your way frankly just sounds like envy. So unless you've got anything else productive to add, we need to get to our ships and begin planning our assault on Cardassia Prime.

Assuming the approval of the crowd, Bashir turns and walks out of the bar. Zek follows, then Hudson and many of the others. Kasidy hesitates, looks guiltily between the two camps, then with an apologetic glance, she follows Bashir.

Eventually, only Vaughn is left with O'Brien. Frustrated and scared, O'Brien can only shake his head in dismay...

26 EXT. SPACE

Seemingly empty, the stars at warp. Pull back to reveal...

27 INT. YA'VANG - BRIDGE

...that KURN is watching the view on the screen, patient and deadly. His bridge is not as grand as the *Negh'Var's*.

Out of the shadows at the rear... steps KIRA. In a Klingon uniform, just as figure-hugging as her Intendant's outfit, plus a generous helping of cleavage. Strutting as if she owns the place - she knows she is on her way back to the top, and that (and her outfit) have renewed her confidence.

She saunters up behind Kurn, drapes herself sinuously over the back of his command chair, whispers into his ear...

KIRA
We're close now...

KURN
Helm! Take us out of warp on the
edge of the Trivas system.

HELM
Aye, Captain.

The screen shows the stars returning to normal...

KURN
Set course for Empok Nor. Full
impulse for ten seconds, then cut
all engines. Silent running - let
inertia take us in.

Against Kurn's side, Kira smiles, approving his strategy. One of his officers, KRONA, speaks up from a console...

KRONA

Passive sensors have detected energy readings from inside the Empok Nor station, Captain. We've confirmed the readings are from industrial replicators.

KURN

Are you reading any power spikes from the station's fusion core?

KRONA

No, sir. No power generation at all. Perhaps the core has been wrapped in kelbonite.

Feigning ignorance, Kurn shares a knowing smirk with Kira.

KURN

Kelbonite? Very clever. It seems we've found the rebels' new base.

KRONA

There's more, sir. Much more.

KURN

Tell me.

Krona presses buttons - a wire-frame display of EMPOK NOR and its twelve ship scaffolds appears on the screen...

KRONA

It looks like they've turned the station into a shipyard. We count eleven finished starships. Perhaps we should summon reinforcements, Captain...

Kira is instantly whispering close in Kurn's ear again...

KIRA

If you do, no-one will sing songs in your honour. Martok will rob you of glory. Think about what the rebels would have had to do to make that place work...

He stares at the image of Empok Nor, considers her words...

KURN

Maintain radio silence. We don't need the fleet's help. We can destroy the rebels ourselves.

KRONA

Sir... we are outnumbered eleven to one. Any one of those ships could match us in both speed and firepower. They might also have working cloaking devices like the *Defiant's*.

It was risky to question the captain... but to Krona's relief, Kurn only chuckles. He gets up from his chair, walks up to the screen, gestures dramatically to the display there for the benefit of the bridge crew...

KURN

It won't help them. Because it won't be the ships we're fighting. It'll be the station. Look how quickly they're building those ships. Think about how much power that must take, how overtaxed the station's power systems must be. One good torpedo salvo in its fusion core is all we'll need to destroy the station and the rebels' shiny new fleet!

ROARS of approval greet that, as the Klingons give in to their battle lust. Kurn returns to his command chair, where Kira greets him with a sweet smile...

KURN

Stations! Prepare to attack, on my order. Tell engineering to power up in thirty seconds. As soon as we have warp speed, attack!

KRONA

Aye, sir! Thirty seconds.

The bridge fills with anticipation as the computer counts down thirty seconds in Klingon language. As the countdown reaches ten seconds, a female officer, BEQAR, speaks up...

BEQAR
Captain! We are intercepting a
transmission to the station!

KURN
Hold the countdown. What's the
message's point of origin?

BEQAR
(checking panels)
A ship *en route*. It identifies
itself as the *Capital Gain*, under
the command of General Zek. He
says his ETA is nine hours, and he
wants the ships at Empok Nor ready
to deploy as soon as he arrives...
(grin of
bloodlust)
... with their new commanders.

Momentarily surprised, Kurn looks to Kira, then bursts out
in huge BELLY LAUGHS. Gradually, he regains some control...

KURN
Stand down, return ship to silent
running. We do nothing until the
Capital Gain arrives. But when it
does... we'll kill them all.

As the bridge crew join Kurn's glee for battle, and Kira
smiles proudly at Kurn's plan...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. NEGH'VAR - BRIDGE

RO enters, moves to intercept DURAS as he confers with his crew. He only half pays attention to her questions...

RO
Have we received any updates from
Captain Kurn or the *Ya'Vang*?

DURAS
No, Intendant.

RO
Doesn't that strike you as cause
for alarm, General?

DURAS
Not really, no. When a ship is on
a mission like this, sometimes
comm silence is needed.

RO
So there's no protocol for when a
covert ship misses a check-in?

DURAS
(harassed sigh)
Shall I transmit a subspace hail
towards Terok Nor, requesting an
update on the *Ya'Vang's* status?
The rebels might wonder why we're
sending such a message towards
their best stronghold, but --

RO
Fine. Notify me the moment they
check in.

DURAS
As you command, Intendant.

With a steely glare, Ro turns and leaves the bridge...

29 **INT. RO'S STATEROOM**

...and stalks into her elaborate chambers, worried about what Kira might be planning. A VULCAN HANDMAIDEN is just tidying away clothes silently in a corner - she immediately scurries out without a sound the moment Ro arrives. Ro continues to pace the room, thinking out loud...

RO

Kurn's not clever enough for this.
If he was, he'd have risen higher
in the ranks by now. Especially
when his brother was Regent.

(horrible realisation)

No... it must have been Kira. She
coached him to tell me and Duras
everything we wanted to hear. And
yet... he actually did what she
told him. So what's in it for him?

Still pacing, their plan coming together in her mind...

RO

Regaining his family's honour. But
that still wouldn't be enough to
raise him up to where he could do
Kira any good. So why is she going
along with this plan to kill Worf?

(another realisation)

Unless she's not planning to kill
Worf at all. What if she kills
Kurn... and rescues Worf instead?

Her face drops - this would be a horrible development...

RO

So Kira puts Worf back on the
throne... Worf is very grateful.
And with such a powerful friend,
Kira... comes after me.

(furious snarl)

Over my dead body.

(amused smile)

Or hers.

Coming to a decision, she walks over to the comm system...

O'Brien lumbers off the turbolift into Ops. Night clothes, unshaven, only half-awake. He walks over to Vaughn at the science console, looks over his shoulder at his screen...

O'BRIEN
Strangest bloody thing I ever
heard. Must be some kind of
Klingon nonsense.

VAUGHN
The message is very clear - Worf's
younger brother and Intendant Kira
are coming aboard to kill him.

O'BRIEN
But Worf isn't even here! We moved
him to the Badlands months ago...

VAUGHN
Maybe they don't know that. This
wasn't sent by one of our people
- there are none of the usual
challenge-and-response phrases.

O'BRIEN
Then who, the Alliance? That would
imply they've got a traitor. We're
not that lucky. So what other
scenarios does that leave us?

VAUGHN
...Deliberate disinformation?

O'BRIEN
It's possible. But then what are
they hoping we'll do?

VAUGHN
Panic? Abandon the station? Maybe
rally all our forces here to
defend it? Which...

(realises)
...would mean leaving our other
assets undefended.

O'BRIEN
Bloody hell. Empok Nor. Get me a
secure channel to Zek and Bashir
on the *Capital Gain*!

Vaughn begins urgently pressing buttons, as O'Brien kicks
himself over being right after all...

31 **INT. CAPITAL GAIN - BRIDGE**

Defiant's bridge, but redressed in a hideous and flamboyant
Ferengi style. Lights are low. Bashir, Hudson, Kasidy etc
take various stations. ZEK sits in his throne-like command
chair, talking angrily to O'Brien and Vaughn on screen...

ZEK
Are you kidding? Someone threatens
you, and you think that means
they're out to ambush me? Have you
two been drinking?

VAUGHN (screen)
We've already scanned the Bajor
system. There is no attack on
Terok Nor. It has to be you.

O'BRIEN (screen)
This is exactly why I didn't want
everything in one place. You're
sitting ducks out there.

ZEK
This is so like you, O'Brien. On
the eve of victory, you find a way
to hand us defeat. Everything's
doom and gloom with you --

HUDSON
(off panels)
I have something. On the edge of
the system. Looks pretty big.
Could be a Klingon warship...

ZEK
It could be anything. A derelict
ship, a sensor malfunction --

O'BRIEN (screen)
Get out of there, now! Arm the
self-destruct on all the ships in
port, then beam as many people off
the station as you --

Zek cuts them off with a vicious STAB at the panel at his side. The screen changes to show Empok Nor growing closer. Zek becomes a sharp soldier, and the crew follows his lead.

ZEK
Zek to Empok Nor! Tell the ships
to get ready to receive their
captains. Helm, put the station
between us and that Klingon ship.
Tactical, get ready to arm all
weapons. Ops, stand by to drop the
cloak. Now I'll show O'Brien what
leadership really means.

32 EXT. EMPOK NOR

The station hangs in space with its twelve ship scaffolds. On the far side, Zek's black-and-red *Capital Gain* shimmers into view as it drops its cloak...

33 INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE v1

Hudson strides onto the bridge of his ship, already staffed with a bridge crew of mostly humans but maybe one non-human for colour. He takes his centre seat, throws out orders...

HUDSON
Fire up the warp core. Get ready
for one-quarter impulse.

His crew go to work...

34 INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE v2

Kasidy steps onto another bridge with another crew, taking her command seat...

KASIDY
Take us out, Mister Tahna. On the
double.

35 **INT. YA'VANG - BRIDGE**

Kurn sits calmly in his command chair, with Kira draped across the back of it. As the *Capital Gain* appears on his viewscreen, walking right into his trap, he smiles...

KURN
(calm, confident)
Attack.

36 **EXT. EMPOK NOR**

Ya'Vang uncloaks on the opposite side from *Capital Gain*...
...and immediately SURGES forwards towards the station...

37 **INT. CAPITAL GAIN - BRIDGE**

Zek and Bashir with a skeleton crew of extras. The lights are up as the cloak has dropped...

BASHIR
All transports complete, the
captains are aboard -- Incoming!
The Klingons --

ZEK
Shields!

38 **INT. YA'VANG - BRIDGE**

KURN
Fire!

39 **EXT. EMPOK NOR**

Ya'Vang launches a fierce volley of photon torpedoes...
...and hits Empok Nor's kelbonite-covered lower fusion core with a direct shot. Limited explosions at first...
...then the core finally ERUPTS into a massive fireball. The explosion quickly ENGULFS the centre of the station, blowing apart the rings and connecting struts...
...until it reaches the new ships in their scaffolds.

40 **INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE v1**

EXPLOSIONS rip through the bridge, incinerating Hudson and his crew before they have a chance...

41 **INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE v2**

Likewise with Kasidy's bridge and crew. All dead.

42 **EXT. EMPOK NOR**

Each ship's warp core OVERLOADS, adds to the conflagration.

A huge SHOCKWAVE hits the *Capital Gain*, sends it reeling...

43 **INT. CAPITAL GAIN - BRIDGE**

The ship ROCKS roughly, panels sparking all over. Zek and Bashir are thrown off their feet - Zek lands badly, his old body having a harder time. Bashir grabs his chance...

BASHIR

Damage report!

OPS

Warp core offline. Cloak offline.
Comms are jammed. Port shields
buckling.

BASHIR

Helm, evasive, keep the Klingons
to starboard. Tactical, fire at
will. Engineering, we need warp!

The static-laced screen shows...

...the *Ya'Vang* looming into view and sending another volley of photon torpedoes directly at the *Capital Gain*.

The ship ROCKS and more panels EXPLODE...

OPS

Starboard shields weakening --

Then another EXPLOSION throws the Ops officer backwards in a burning pile of flesh - he's dead.

TACTICAL

Shields are gone. Phaser couplings
are blown. Torpedo room's offline.

Zek finally manages to get to his feet, looking around at
the state of the bridge with horror...

ZEK

Bashir, you idiot! What have you
done to my ship?!

KURN (comm)

Attention, officers and crew of
the *Capital Gain*. This is Captain
Kurn of the IKS *Ya'Vang*. Surrender
and prepare to be boarded.

Bashir grits his teeth, hoping it will be quick...

44 INT. CAPITAL GAIN - CORRIDOR

Heavy Klingon boots STOMP down the corridor with a purpose.
Smaller, elegant feet SLINK along behind, like a cat on the
prowl. They step over a door-jamb and into...

45 INT. CAPITAL GAIN - BRIDGE

...the damaged *Capital Gain* bridge. Klingon warriors
already have the surviving bridge crew on their knees,
hands tied and weapons at their heads.

Kira steps gracefully out from behind Kurn and begins to
circle the bridge, inspecting it with a pitying eye...

KRONA

All enemy personnel accounted for
and disarmed. There is severe
damage to propulsion and tactical
systems, and the computer core has
been wiped. The cloaking device is
damaged, but Hervog says we have
enough to reverse engineer it
within a few months.

KURN

Good work, men. Very good work.

By now Kira has reached Zek and Bashir, kneeling by the screen, both bold and defiant. Kira grazes her nails across Bashir's neck. Kurn looks on with amusement...

KURN

Found a new plaything already,
Intendant?

KIRA

Better. Allow me to present Julian Subatoi Bashir, and Zek - heroes of the rebellion. General Bashir is one of the rebellion's premier inflictors of pain and suffering.

(leans down to Zek)

And you... I've been waiting a long time to meet you.

ZEK

The feeling's not mutual.

KIRA

Do you know who your counterpart is in the other universe? Would you like to know?

ZEK

Not especially.

KIRA

Grand Nagus of Ferenginar. Leader of the Ferengi people, the chief executive of an economic empire, the richest Ferengi in the galaxy.

(sneering)

And what are you in charge of? A band of criminals. Pathetic. We decoded the message you received from Terok Nor. We know O'Brien warned you to retreat. Instead, you walked right into a trap, one you'd already seen with your own eyes! And this is the greatest tactical thinker of the rebellion? This is the vaunted Zek, the strategic genius of --

ZEK

Oh, shut up already! We both know
how this'll end. Just get it over
with, you whore!

Like lightning, Kira has a KNIFE in her hand and has THRUST
it deep into Zek's jowly neck. Rusty-coloured blood GUSHES
out over her hand.

Krona rushes forward to disarm and restrain her as quickly
as possible, but too late.

Zek chokes and splutters, then collapses dead at Kira's
feet. Kurn advances on her, furious...

KURN

Why did you do that?! He could
have had valuable intelligence!

KIRA

Anything you could have learned
from Zek you'll get more easily
from him -

(re Bashir)

- without all the whining. And if
you let me question him, I promise
not to kill him... not for years.

Off Kira's nasty grin...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

46 INT. NEGH'VAR - CORRIDOR

Ro paces quickly down the corridor. She has been summoned to the bridge. She does not like the ignominy of being "summoned," and also does not like the boisterous good humour being displayed by the various Klingon warriors she passes on her way. Such happiness is never a good thing.

She reaches the doors to the bridge, and even before she enters, she can hear loud VOICES raised in celebratory Klingon song. The doors open...

47 INT. NEGH'VAR - BRIDGE

...and Ro pushes her way into a throng of half-drunken Klingons singing and making merry. They fill the bridge, punching and head-butting each other in congratulations.

All of this is very confusing to Ro. She pushes some out of the way to find General Duras at the centre, leading the song with a stein of bloodwine...

RO
(shouting to
be heard)
Explain yourself, General! Why did
you send for me?

DURAS
It's a celebration, Intendant! A
glorious victory worthy of song!

RO
Whose victory?

DURAS
(laughing)
Kurn's! Kurn, son of Mogh, kin of
my enemy... but today I honour his
name as a hero of the Empire!

Another raucous cheer and round of drinks fills the bridge.

RO

Why? Because he killed Worf?

Duras looks down at Ro like she is the stupidest thing he ever saw, and LAUGHS again - at her, not with her.

DURAS

It was never about Worf. Kurn and Kira found a rebel shipyard at Empok Nor. They faced more than a dozen *Defiant*-class ships! All but one was destroyed. And guess what they captured on that last ship? A Romulan cloaking device, like the one on the *Defiant*.

(to his crew)

To the crew of the *Ya'Vang*, who broke the rebellion and put us back in the arms race! *Qapla'*!

Another loud cheer and replies of *Qapla'*! Ro scowls...

RO

Is that why you called me to the bridge? To tell me this?

DURAS

(calmer)

No, Intendant. I called you here to place you under arrest.

All of a sudden the singing stops, and Ro finds herself surrounded by Klingons staring down at her menacingly. She tries her best to remain stern, but a touch scared too...

RO

On what charge?

DURAS

Treason. A crime that Captain Kurn warned me you would attempt, out of spite against your predecessor.

He presses a control on the arm of his chair - and the main screen fills with the text message she sent to Terok Nor. Ro begins to really worry behind her façade...

DURAS

You provided the enemy with detailed classified information about a military mission. You put the lives of Klingon warriors in peril for your own political gain.

(beat)

As an official of the Bajoran government, your conduct falls under their jurisdiction. And by order of First Minister Lenaris Holem, you are hereby removed from office, stripped of title, and remanded to Alliance custody aboard the *Negh'Var*.

RO

It's a setup! I have the right to present a defence!

DURAS

Regent Martok has expressed his personal recommendation that Kira Nerys be re-appointed to her former office... in recognition of the great service she has rendered to the Alliance today.

(to his crew)

Take that *taHqeq* to the brig.

Two Klingons grab her arms and begin to drag her back to the door. She grunts and writhes against them...

RO

Duras, stop! We can make a deal!
You don't have to do this!

But she is ignored, and her ROARS of protest fall on deaf ears. The doors close behind her...

...and Duras leads the room back into song and celebration.

48 EXT. TEROK NOR - ESTABLISHING

Re-establishing the station. A melancholy feeling, but with a note of hope for the future...

49 INT. TEROK NOR - PROMENADE (UPPER LEVEL)

Every rebel left alive packs out the upper and lower levels of the Promenade. An upstairs door from the bar opens --

-- and O'Brien walks out. The crowd are sombre, but greet O'Brien with quiet dignity and fellowship. Followed by Vaughn and Keiko, he walks to a cross-over bridge...

...and stops to give a speech to the collected throng...

O'BRIEN

You all listened to the comm nets.
So you all know what's happened. I
won't tell you it's not a disaster
because it is. We lost a major
base of operations. We lost a lot
of good people. And there's a good
chance the Alliance has one of our
cloaking devices.

Worry starts to flutter through the crowd, so O'Brien moves to stamp it out as quickly as possible. He moves around, trying to connect with as many people as possible...

O'BRIEN

But this war is not over! The
rebellion is more than just one
station. More than a handful of
ships. We're on dozens of worlds,
and new cells are forming all the
time on dozens more.

(proudly)

We still hold this station. And as
long as we hold Bajor hostage, the
Alliance won't move against us.
This station, every one of us on
it... we're the thing that gives
other slaves hope. They look to us
to show them the way. And as long
as I draw breath, I plan to go on
fighting, until we're all free!

Cautious applause starts in the crowd, picking up steam slowly. It emboldens O'Brien to keep going...

O'BRIEN

Because that's what we're fighting for. Freedom. It's not enough to stand against something. We have to stand for something better. Vaughn and I have a plan, and when it's ready, the next phase of this war begins. A rebellion's not enough anymore. Starting today, this is... a revolution!

That gets them all ROARING his name, CLAPPING like thunder.

O'Brien steps back, catches a breath after his performance. With a loving look from Keiko, he walks back towards the door to the bar, followed again by Keiko and Vaughn...

50 **INT. TEROK NOR - BAR**

As the door closes behind them, the muted roar of the crowd can still be heard. O'Brien leads them down to the bar, grabs a bottle and pours three drinks. He empties his first shot right down, and pours himself another...

VAUGHN

So... I guess we should hammer out the final touches on that master plan for the revolution, then.

O'BRIEN

Guess so.

KEIKO

You don't have a plan, do you?

VAUGHN

Nope.

O'BRIEN

No bloody idea.

KEIKO

Well, I think you could start by not making the same mistakes Zek and Bashir made.

VAUGHN

(nods)

They let it get personal. For them,
it was all about being heroes. You
were right. It has to be about
something bigger. Something better.

Taking the small comfort, O'Brien raises his glass to
Keiko's and Vaughn's...

O'BRIEN

Here's to that.

(clinks glasses)

To something better... May we all
live to see it.

51 **EXT. SPACE - IKS YA'VANG**

The *Vor'cha*-class cruiser flies at warp...

52 **INT. YA'VANG - DUNGEON**

Doors grind open and release a blinding sliver of LIGHT in
a dim room. Wincing against the brightness, Bashir hangs by
his wrists, naked and chained, swollen and bruised.

A silhouette saunters into the room, high heels clacking on
the metal floor. It is Kira, back in her best skin-tight
Intendant's outfit with headdress - and back in power.

Kurn emerges from behind her. They stay in shadow for the
moment, circling Bashir. Taking their time, playing with
their prey. They talk about him, not to him. Bashir is so
beaten that he can barely raise his head.

Through the door, deliberately left open, they can all hear
Ro's anguished SCREAMS echoing through the ship...

KURN

Remember your promise...

KIRA

(girlish giggle)

I guarantee you, Kurn, he won't
die. At least, not today. Look at
him. He used to be so handsome...

KURN

What do you think he can tell you?

KIRA

He's going to tell me everything.
Where the rebel bases are located.
How they're defended. The number
of people in each one. What their
objectives are. And so much more.

KURN

What about the other prisoners
from the *Capital Gain*?

KIRA

Worthless. Execute them. How long
until we rendezvous with the
Negh'Var?

KURN

Sixteen hours. The Regent has
agreed to designate the *Negh'Var*
as your flagship the moment you
step aboard.

KIRA

Excellent. My first official order
will be to promote you to general,
and name you as that worm Duras's
replacement on the *Negh'Var*.

KURN

I will be in your debt, Intendant.

KIRA

It'll be my pleasure, Kurn.

(seductive)

You and I are going to be close,
General. Very close indeed. But
for now, if you'll excuse me...

The silhouette of the Klingon clomps out of the room,
through the bright light, closing the door behind him.

This leaves Kira alone in the dim dungeon, with Bashir. She
comes closer, lifts his head with her finger...

KIRA

Hello, Julian. It's been quite a while since we've been alone together, hasn't it? I can't tell you how much I've been looking forward to this.

She lets his head sag back to his chest, and reaches into the darkness --

-- to bring forth a metal trolley, loaded with various unpleasant-looking instruments.

KIRA

I seem to recall you favoured a brute-force approach to our encounters. Electric shock?
(tut-tut)
So crude. No style at all.

She makes a show of choosing which torture instrument to use first, finally plumping for a saw-toothed thing. She waves it in front of Bashir's barely recognisable face...

KIRA

Tell me, Julian. Do you remember what I used to say about violence being a precision instrument?

She leans in close, whispers directly into his ear...

KIRA

So is revenge.

BLACK OUT:

THE END