

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

9x15 - "Wounds."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the short story

Star Trek: Corps of Engineers: Wounds

Written by Ilsa J Bick

and on elements from the short story

Star Trek: Corps of Engineers: Security

Written by Keith RA DeCandido

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Contemporary, modern-day styling, typical of any hospital, except that this is an alien world we haven't seen before.

A door at one end of the corridor SLAMS open as a woman barges through. KAHAYN is the hospital's chief surgeon. She wears blood-stained scrubs, and strips off rubber gloves, pushing other people out of her way. She has been called urgently, and is not happy to have been interrupted.

Kahayn and all the other people in the hospital are humanoid but with some extra facial embellishments and purplish, plum-coloured skin. One man among them, ARIN, has been waiting for her and joins her as she walks now. He is older, tall and thin, wears glasses and walks with a limp.

ARIN

You took long enough.

KAHAYN

Bleeder. Lung rot, the usual.
What's all the fuss about?

ARIN

All kinds of craziness. Some
casualty who slipped past the
guards at the perimeter.

KAHAYN

That takes some doing. How?

ARIN

They don't know. One look, though,
and they brought it here. This...
is something different, Kahayn.

She looks at him, intrigued.

2 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM

Another door SLAMS open as Kahayn and Arin push into the room. It is insanely busy with patients and doctors, rushing about trying their best to help. MOANS and SCREAMS echo, and Kahayn wrinkles her nose at the smell of death.

Then she notices four uniformed figures - three with weapons and the fourth who is clearly in charge. This is Colonel BLATE, a military commander who expects obedience.

KAHAYN

(*sotto*)

Hell - how'd he get here so fast?

ARIN

He showed up just as I was getting started. Been making all sorts of noise about taking the patient over to detention. I threatened to call Nerrit, then he backed down. It was all I could think of.

KAHAYN

No, you did right, Arin.

She confronts Blate, in no mood to be messed with.

KAHAYN

Colonel Blate - I understand you've kept Doctor Arin from examining his patient. Why?

BLATE

This is not so simple, Kahayn.

CLOSE UP on Blate - we can see that his eyes are metallic and artificial. The left WHIRRS as it focuses in on Kahayn; the right glitches, drifting to the side before correcting.

KAHAYN

I hate to point this out, Colonel, but we're doctors. Yeah, sure, we're all military, but this is a hospital. And since we're on my turf, I have command authority, not you. So get out of my way?

Blate raises a hand to stall Kahayn - the hand is also artificial, CLICKing as the fingers move.

BLATE

It's not that simple, doctor -

KAHAYN

Anyone says something's not that simple one more time, I'll rip out his tonsils.

She barges past him and rips open a curtain to find a FIGURE prone on a plain metallic gurney. It is burned and sooty, but clearly a Starfleet environment suit. Kahayn has never seen anything like it. The lights flicker - more red than yellow - and the figure's legs writhe as he struggles.

BLATE

As I said, doctor.

KAHAYN

(to nurses, urgent)

Give me a hand here. I need a crash cart, stat, and get me an E-T tube. Call anaesthesia - we're probably going to intubate.

BLATE

Stand down, doctor!

KAHAYN

You don't outrank me, Blate.

(to nurses)

Go!

They rush to business. Meanwhile, Kahayn wipes the oily soot off the suit's faceplate, and we finally see that it is JULIAN BASHIR. His face is bloody and bruised, and he is gasping for air, his eyes unfocused and panicked.

KAHAYN

What do the scanners say?

BLATE

Doctor...

ARIN

Non-starter. The suit's
impervious, maybe lead-lined.
Can't see a thing.

KAHAYN

We've got to get this suit off.

ARIN

But those lights going to red on
his wrist - they bug me.

KAHAYN

You're thinking countdown?

ARIN

Only way to know is to crack it
open and hope we don't go boom.

BLATE

And that is precisely why you must
release this intruder to me!

KAHAYN

Forget it, Blate. Write me up.
Better, arrest me. I haven't had a
decent night's sleep in a week.

BLATE

This isn't funny, doctor.

KAHAYN

Blate, you idiot! You think the
Jabari have the technical know-how
for a suit like this? Forget it -
I need hands here!

She begins feeling around the neckline of the suit, looking
for the catch. Bashir is still thrashing, gasping for air.

KAHAYN

It's the suit. He's obviously been
in a fire, this is a protective
suit, so that means he's had air.
But he's running out if it -
that's what the red lights mean.

The nurses come back with the requested equipment. Gulping back his nerves, Arin comes forward to help Kahayn with the suit. Gradually they find the right points and the helmet detaches with a SQUELCH and a HISS.

KAHAYN

My God, there's blood everywhere.
Arin, get a tube down him and
bring up the tomographics.
(to nurses)
Get this suit off him - I need
access. Move!

There is a distinctive metallic CLICKing sound, and Kahayn pauses. She turns around, knowing what she is going to see - three rifles pointed at her chest, under Blate's order. The room goes quiet as they wait to see what will happen.

BLATE

Stand down, doctor. Now.

KAHAYN

Damn you, Blate, I don't have time
for this. He doesn't have time!
This man is drowning in his own
fluids, and he's going to die if
we don't help him! So either shoot
me or get the hell out!
(to the others)
Let's go, people, get to it!

ARIN

You heard the lady!

They all get to work on the suit and equipment, ignoring Blate, who seethes petulantly to himself.

BLATE

I want the suit. And his clothes.

KAHAYN

Yeah yeah, when we're done. Get
the portable x-ray up here fast,
I want pictures of that skull -

ARIN

Pressure's dropping! Heart-rate
one-thirty-five, significant
pulmonary tension -
(confused)
no periatrial waves at all!

KAHAYN

Pull up a three-dee of the heart,
I want to see what I'm dealing
with here.

She pulls out a simple stethoscope and puts it to his
chest. But she moves it around, confused.

KAHAYN

What the... where's...

ARIN

V-fib! No pulse!

KAHAYN

Start compressions! Charge up the
defibrillator - two-hundred!

NURSE

What? No, doctor, that's wrong!

ARIN

Do what she says.

Arin does compressions on Bashir's chest while Kahayn grabs
the defib pads from the nurse.

KAHAYN

Ready? Clear!

There is the THUMP of a discharge, but no big spasm of
movement from Bashir. Kahayn pauses, thinking.

KAHAYN

Arin, you said no periatrial
waves, right?

ARIN

That's what I said.

NURSE

But that's not possible. You must
be reading it wrong.

ARIN

I'm reading it right.

KAHAYN

Charge it to three hundred.

NURSE

(horrified)

Doctor! That's not -

KAHAYN

Are you deaf? Three hundred!

Still sure Kahayn is mad, the nurse does what she is told. Kahayn presses the pads to Bashir's chest, thinks a moment, then moves them to slightly different positions - the correct ones for a human. The nurse is about to protest.

KAHAYN

Shut up. Everyone clear?

(quieter)

Please, God, let me be right.

She takes a deep breath, and presses the go switch. On the thump of the discharge, we...

BLACK OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. SPACE - ESTABLISHING

A Starfleet runabout flies at warp through open space.

4 INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT

Bashir - fully intact and healthy - takes a drink out of the replicator at the rear of the cabin, and brings it back to the front, chatting all the way.

BASHIR

I admit, I am a little bit more excited about this trip than I let on. I played it down to Ezri, but she was right about one thing - it's a big deal to be up for a Bentman. And for establishing the root cause of Flegteen Syndrome as well - I never expected that.

(beat)

Well, not that I ever expect an award. The work itself is what's important, obviously. I'm sure you feel the same way about your work with the Shmoam-ag plague.

As he takes his seat at the front, we see he is talking to Doctor LENSE. She is facing front, grinding her teeth. She would rather be anywhere other than here, spending time with Bashir. She grunts at his question, refusing to give him any other response. Bashir carries on regardless.

BASHIR

It has been kind of nice to have something good happen, though. It's been a tough time for me lately. Ezri and I broke up after that horrible business on Trill. Then lots of awkward conversations with my parents back on Earth about why it didn't work out - among other things.

Still no response from Lense. Bashir is aware there is tension - he's not stupid - but he valiantly tries to lighten the mood. He keeps chatting.

BASHIR

It's weird though - I've been getting mixed signals from Ezri lately. I mean, when we broke up, it seemed like a mutual decision at the time. Well, no, that's not quite right - more like accepting the inevitable.

(beat)

But then she didn't want me to go to Earth. And she keeps mentioning Jadzia, as if she's trying to test my reactions. And this one time, a couple of weeks ago, I could swear she was flirting with me. But then... she did insist on me coming on this trip, which would mean another two weeks away from the station... Mixed signals.

(beat)

I don't know. Maybe I'm reading too much into it. She was probably just proud of me for getting the nomination. It is a big deal -

LENSE

Oh, will you just shut up!

Bashir is caught off guard. But Lense can't hold her tongue any longer. All the bile is going to come out now.

BASHIR

I beg your pardon?

LENSE

I have spent the last seven hours listening to you prattle on about your pathetic little problems, and I am sick of it. God! I thought you were supposed to have got less obnoxious over time, not more.

BASHIR

Well, forgive me for trying to make conversation. As you haven't said a word for the whole trip, somebody had to fill the silence.

LENSE

I haven't said a word because I am not interested in talking to you. So your girlfriend dumped you because you were an ass to her. Well, boo frickin' hoo. Get used to it.

BASHIR

Elizabeth...

LENSE

Don't call me that! We are not friends, Julian. You think you've got problems? You have no idea the hell I've had to live through because of you.

BASHIR

Because of me? Doctor Lense, I don't know what you think -

LENSE

I think you ruined my life, you arrogant gasbag.

BASHIR

Well, since I clearly have no idea, why don't you enlighten me as to how I apparently made your life hell despite not speaking to you in four years and living clear across the other side of the Federation.

LENSE

Oh, don't play dumb. Nobody's keeping score, nobody's watching. Don't play dumb.

BASHIR

(genuinely puzzled)

Dumb? What are you talking about?

LENSE

You. You're such a fake. You were a fake back in medical school, and you're a fake now.

BASHIR

Medical school? You're still thinking about that?

LENSE

Yes I'm still thinking about that. I always wondered how you could possibly miss something a blind first-year couldn't miss with a cane. Come on - a pre-ganglionic fibre and a post-ganglionic nerve? Who're you kidding?

(scoffs)

Thing is, I felt sorry for you when I heard about that. Thought, "God, just leave the poor guy alone. Not his fault his parents broke the law." But then Commander Selden came after me, and now? I don't feel sorry for you at all.

BASHIR

Came for you? Elizabeth, I don't know who Commander -

LENSE

Shut up. My turn to talk now. Julian Bashir got scrutinised by Starfleet Internal Investigations for being genetically enhanced. But guess who's the one person who ever beat him in an exam?

BASHIR

(realising, with horror)

You are.

LENSE

You got one! And so what happens? Commander Philip Selden, saviour of all Starfleet from genetically engineered horrors, throws me in a nice comfortable little prison cell until they can figure out if I'm an illegal upgrade too.

BASHIR

Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so sorry...

LENSE

They kept me there for two months, Julian. While they poked and prodded and questioned and sampled and scanned. That paranoid bastard even brought my mother in and put her through hell. And in the meantime? Oh, just a little thing called the Dominion War. So the *Lexington* ships out without me, while I'm sat there being accused of everything from cheating on my exams to spying for the enemy. By the time they finally accepted that I hadn't had a single base-pair tweaked and I really was just a sharp cookie, half my crewmates were dead. Because - oh, here's another fun fact - guess where the *Lexington* was assigned? The Seventh Fleet, in the Tyra system. You remember that?

BASHIR

(quietly)

I remember.

LENSE

Fourteen ships, out of a hundred and twelve.

BASHIR

Elizabeth, I can't -

LENSE
(hysterical)
Stop calling me that!

Bashir takes a deep breath. He has had just about enough of being blamed, and he is ready to fight back.

BASHIR
Fine. Now you listen to me. I was six bloody years old, Doctor Lense. Everything that happened when I was a child was utterly out of my control, and enhanced or not, I still have to work damn hard. And I fail, I make mistakes, I bollocks things up more than you can imagine. I'm just a person. If I'm theoretically better, what's the difference? What matters is what we do with what we've got.

LENSE
Yeah, right. Except we're going for the same prize. I'd like to see a level playing field, myself. Gee, what's it like to succeed all the time? Must be nice.

BASHIR
Oh, completely. But, you know, people are so very uncooperative. So fallible. They insist on dying before you can do a damn thing, or their feelings for you change and then they -
(breaks off,
gathers himself)
Would you like me to withdraw? Oh, wait, no - I can't, can I? What was I thinking? Because then you'll blame me for making it all too easy. No-win scenario.

Lense knows he is right, but she is at the point where she won't back down or admit she is wrong for anything.

LENSE

Let's just stay on topic, okay?

BASHIR

No, let's not. What, did you think I'm your personal punching bag? Not on your life. You may be narcissistic and more than a little grandiose -

LENSE

And you're not? Fancy that, the great Julian Bashir, Frontier Doctor -

BASHIR

(ignoring her)

- But you're not a stupid woman, so don't act like one. You want to hang all your problems on me, go ahead. But don't pretend this is about me. This is about you.

LENSE

Don't you -

She is interrupted by shrieking ALARMS from all over the runabout, and as they both turn in surprise, the runabout SLAMS into something hard, like a brick wall.

Lense is thrown violently against a side bulkhead, and Bashir catapults out of his seat, SMASHing face-first into the forward viewing port before being thrown back into his seat, dazed, his nose gushing with blood. He looks up...

BASHIR

Oh my God...

5 **EXT. SPACE**

The runabout is caught in a spatial anomaly, blue and wavy. It grinds against it as if trying to force its way through.

Then the runabout seems to TWIST, bending and stretching as it squeezes through the anomaly... and disappears.

6 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

The cockpit is a wreck. Bashir and Lense have been thrown around again, dazed and battered. Bashir's face is covered in blood from his nose and a big gash in his head, but he struggles back to a console and tries to make some sense.

LENSE

What is it? What the hell is it?

BASHIR

Some kind of distortion wave...

(sniffs, looks up)

Oh, dear God. Elizabeth, fire -
there's a fire. The transporter...

Forcing herself to concentrate through the fog, she makes her way to a fire extinguisher. She reaches it, turns it towards the fire. But then the ship JERKS again, and it is thrown from her grasp as she slams against the wall again.

Landing hard, she looks up and out of the window, blanches. There is a planet's surface rushing towards the ship.

LENSE

Bashir! We're in a gravity well!
You've got to pull up!

BASHIR

I can't! The integrity field's
gone, we're breaking up...

On cue, there is a horrible GROANing, WRENCHing sound, and part of the runabout's hull peels away, spinning off into the air as the ship continues to tumble to earth.

BASHIR

Suits...

LENSE

I'm on it!

She makes her way steadily to the back, squeezing past the flames in the transporter, to the equipment lockers. She drags two clumsy enviro-suits from the locker, fights her way into one of them. Bashir is still at the consoles.

LENSE

Bashir - you've got exactly three seconds to get your ass back here and into a suit or I'm dragging you out by your thumbs!

He struggles up from the console, takes the suit, struggles his way into it. He is dizzy, fighting to stay in control. Once he is into the suit, he heads back to the consoles.

LENSE

Julian!

BASHIR

No, stay where you are, Elizabeth!
I've got to try -

Another huge WRENCHING sound, and the runabout breaks. Below Bashir, the entire front nose of the cockpit breaks away, falling faster to the ground. Bashir desperately tries to cling onto the edge of the body of the runabout.

He turns, meets eyes with Lense, who urgently holds her hand out to him.

LENSE

Julian! For God's sake, Julian -
give me your hand!

But it's too late. He loses his grip, and falls away.

Lense screams, watching Bashir free-fall towards the rapidly approaching surface. He is lost in grey, churning clouds. Lense barely has time to react before more of the runabout explodes around her, flames everywhere, and we...

BLACK OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 EXT. PLANET SURFACE

Lense GASPS awake, inside her enviro-suit. ALARMS shriek, telling her that her air is running out. She is stuck in liquid - something thick and oily that grasps at her limbs. She fights against it, trying hard to breath clearly.

Finally she reaches ground, pulls herself up till she finds herself on the edge of a lake - polluted, disgusting. She crack the seal on her helmet and twists it off. She GASPS for air, coughs and retches on the polluted atmosphere.

Once she has her breath, she sits and looks around. It is a blasted wilderness of stunted trees and burned ground. A piece of the runabout sinks into the depths of the sludgy water. This is a ruined, post-apocalyptic nightmare world.

8 EXT. PLANET SURFACE - LATER

Lense drags a pile of broken branches and blasted brush over the enviro-suit, trying to hide it as best she can. That done, she looks around herself, spots some smoke in the air a long way away, on the horizon.

Taking deep breaths and coughing again on the filthy air, she sets off to follow the meagre signs of civilisation. She trudges, making her way through the burned landscape. It's hard to breath, and she is getting tired and thirsty.

LENSE

Well, doctor, what you've got to think about now is what you're going to eat and drink. Because you're going to be here for a very long time, and you're all alone -

She looks up - there are three figures pointing weapons at her. The same race as in the hospital, but not military. The aliens are in straggly, rough, torn clothes. A woman - MARA - with one side of her face seemingly withered away and her nose all but missing, steps forward.

MARA

You were saying? About being alone?

Lense sighs and sags - 'oh crap.'

CUT TO:

9 **INT. JABARI CAVES**

Lense is thrown into a rough, makeshift seat against a stone wall. The three aliens stand before her.

A male - SAAD - is their leader, a man who can handle himself and is well acquainted with the practicalities of survival, but is not unnecessarily brutal or cruel. Mara stands observing, still armed, while the third man stashes the rest of their guns with his one working arm.

SAAD

So that's your story? You were out "hiking"... and you got lost.

LENSE

Look, I don't know what it is about 'no' you don't understand, but I'll say it again for the record - my name is Elizabeth Lense, and I am not a spy. I was with friends. We got separated. I am confident my friends will be looking for me - are looking for me right now. They'll be worried sick. Period - end of story.

Saad thinks about it for a moment.

SAAD

I see two options. Believe you, or kill you. Either way, you can't expect me to let you walk away.

LENSE

Why not? Did I come looking for you? No - you came looking for me.

MARA

Saad, this is a waste of time! Her family's obviously rich - just look at her. There's not a scratch on her, no visible prosthetics. I bet if we stripped her down, there wouldn't even be any scars.

SAAD

But look at her skin, Mara - see how pale she is? And the blood - it's too red. If she's some kind of mutant, nobody's going to pay to get her back.

LENSE

Excuse me, but I'm not a piece of furniture. How about including me in the decision, alright?

A fourth man - WIR - rushes into the cave urgently. He has a big scar, and the eye on that side is dead and useless.

WIR

Kornaks. At least fifteen that we saw. We killed nine, but the others kept up a suppressing fire and we had to retreat.

SAAD

What about our losses?

WIR

Five dead. Two others wounded, badly. I don't think either of them will make it. You want them executed now, or -

LENSE

Executed?! What are you talking about? Where's your medic?

Mara pushes her rifle back into Lense's face.

MARA

Shut up. Seriously.

SAAD

You object. Why?

LENSE

Of course I object. Your people get hurt, you fix them - you don't just decide they're worthless. You don't have that right.

SAAD

Convince me there's a better way.

LENSE

What do you mean, better? If you don't even try you'll never know if you could have saved him. My God - you're out here running around with those -

(re rifle)

- and you don't have a medic?

MARA

Our medic was killed...

(accusing)

... by Kornaks.

LENSE

Then for God's sake, let me help them. What can it cost you?

SAAD

You have trauma experience?

Lense swallows - oh yes, she's had trauma experience.

LENSE

Yes - I'm a trained medic. But even if I weren't, you don't just throw people away like garbage. At least let me try.

Saad stands and thinks, then nods economically. Not happy but resigned, Mara gestures with her rifle, and Lense stands up and follows Wir and Saad back out of the cave.

10 **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING**

A quiet day at home. The *Defiant* is on the docking ring.

11 **INT. DS9 - OPS CENTRE**

A mostly normal day. EZRI DAX is at the centre table, NOG at the engineering console, SAM BOWERS at tactical, extras elsewhere. An alert comes in on Nog's console - he reacts with surprise and taps the comm.

NOG

Captain, there's an incoming signal - it's Captain Gold on the *Da Vinci*.

KIRA (comm)

I'll be right out.

The office door opens, and KIRA and VAUGHN enter, standing at the top of the stairs. She nods to Nog, who taps his console. The viewer changes to show a grave CAPTAIN GOLD.

KIRA

(warm)

David - this is getting to be a habit.

GOLD (screen)

Not a good one, I'm afraid. It seems we've got us a problem.

KIRA

Don't tell me - Bashir won, and Doctor Lense killed him.

GOLD (screen)

No jokes, Nerys. Doctor Chimelis from the *Musashi* gave me a call. He says that neither Bashir nor Lense showed up at Kel-Artis Station. No sign of them at all.

Kira's face drops. The room all around her tenses. From the central table, Dax blanches at the news.

KIRA
You're searching?

GOLD (screen)
We're backtracking from Kel-Artis
right now.

She nods to Vaughn, who understands. He gestures for Bowers and Nog to follow him, and they head over to the turbolift.

KIRA
I'm sending the *Defiant* to join
you. You can give Commander Vaughn
the details en route.

GOLD (screen)
Understood. I'm sorry to be the
bearer of bad news, Nerys. Best of
luck to both of us. Gold out.

The signal ends. Distraught, Dax turns and watches Vaughn disappear as the turbolift descends out of Ops.

12 INT. DS9 - DOCKING RING CORRIDOR

The airlock to the *Defiant*. Crew are filing through, ready for the mission. Vaughn is the last one through, but just as he is about to step inside, Dax jogs up behind, about to follow him. He stops and blocks her way.

VAUGHN
Lieutenant? What are you doing
here?

DAX
What do you mean? I'm coming with
you.

VAUGHN
Says who?

DAX
(isn't it obvious?)
I'm the first officer of the
Defiant. You need me.

VAUGHN
(not unkindly)
Not today I don't. Lieutenant
Bowers can do the job just as
well. You're staying here.

DAX
Sir -

VAUGHN
Return to Ops, Lieutenant. That's
an order.

Vaughn turns and walks on into the airlock. The door rolls closed behind him, leaving Dax absolutely stunned.

13 INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM

Bashir slowly, painfully comes to consciousness. He finds himself in a hospital bed, tubes going into both arms, IV units by the side, and bandages all over his chest and head. There is a breather tube down his throat. He tries to move, and finds his arms restrained. He begins to panic.

KAHAYN (o.s.)
Easy, easy... relax.

He focuses on Kahayn, who sits beside him, touching him gently on the shoulder to soothe him. He FLINCHES at her eyes - they are artificial, whirring as they focus.

KAHAYN
My name is Doctor Kahayn. You're
in hospital. You were badly hurt.
We had to put in the tube to help
you breathe. I kept you sedated
because you kept trying to pull
the tube out. You're in restraints
because I didn't want you to panic
and start yanking before I could
explain. Your lungs are better,
which is why I let the sedative
wear off. Nod if you understand.

Bashir nods as much as he is able. Kahayn reaches over and begins tugging off the tape holding down the breather tube.

KAHAYN

Good. Now, this is going to be unpleasant, but I'm right here. So just relax and it'll be over.

Bashir nods, nervous. Kahayn slowly drags the tube out of his throat. Bashir shudders with revulsion as it slithers out. He GASPS, and Kahayn turns off the ventilator.

KAHAYN

Slow and deep. Your throat must be sore - you want some ice chips?

He nods. She unfastens the restraints over his wrists, then reaches for a cup and passes it to him. He stretches and tests his arms, takes the cup and sips at it gently.

KAHAYN

What's your name?

BASHIR

(croaky, painful)

Bashir... Julian... Bashir. How... how long... have...

KAHAYN

Three weeks.

BASHIR

Tube... how bad...?

KAHAYN

Parenchymal damage and pulmonary congestion from breathing in smoke and superheated gases; concussion; broken nose. And that cut on your forehead was pretty thorough.

Bashir reaches up slowly and feels his head - his scalp has been shaved and there is a big scar with heavy stitches.

KAHAYN

You lost a lot of blood. What happened? Do you remember?

BASHIR

I... accident. My vehicle crashed.
A fire. I don't remember much. Did
you... I was with... a woman. A
friend. Did you...

KAHAYN

You were the only one brought in.

Bashir sighs sadly - that means Lense must be dead.

KAHAYN

You're different. For a Kornak, I
mean. You're not from around here.

BASHIR

No, you're right. I'm from... very
far away. North.... the northern
continent. This is the first time
I've been here.

KAHAYN

That's not true, and it's not what
I meant. You know that. Now, I
know that you're not Kornak, or
Jabari, or any of the other
tribes. You're... different. Then
there's the matter of your suit.

BASHIR

My suit...

KAHAYN

Now at first I thought, "mutant."
But I discarded that. See, by
definition, most mutants don't
work well. Like a machine where
the blueprints are all messed up,
so what you build doesn't work
properly. But your body's healing.
Your organs, your chemistry - it
all works efficiently. And your
brain's even better. So you work.

Bashir still dare not say anything. Silence gives consent.

KAHAYN

And then there's the not-so-little matter of your anatomy. And your blood - like you're used to a lot more oxygen than usual. More carbon dioxide as a respiratory trigger, too. That threw me. You were having trouble one day and I hyper-ventilated you, took down your carbon dioxide level and you flat-out quit breathing. That gave me another big scare.

BASHIR

Another...?

KAHAYN

You tried dying in my emergency room - very actively, I might add. Then I realised that without a periatrium, you'd have a lot more resistance to the de-fib charge. So I jacked it up. Any time I tried going for what's normal - normal for me and everyone else here - your body tried to die. So you... are very different.

Bashir says nothing. He knows he is at their mercy here.

KAHAYN

That's right. Not one of us. So I think we need to talk about this, Julian Bashir. Don't we?

On Bashir's worried, terrified expression...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14 INT. DS9 - KIRA'S OFFICE

Dax paces angrily back and forth across the room, ranting. Kira sits calmly behind her desk, humouring Dax.

DAX

After everything I've done for him, how dare he refuse to let me on the *Defiant*. Just because he's old for a human, he thinks he's got all the answers -

KIRA

He usually does. And I happen to think he made the right decision.

DAX

What?! Nerys, how can you say that? Vaughn ordered me -

KIRA

You're not upset about Vaughn and you know it. This is all about Julian.

DAX

Well of course it's about Julian. I need to be on that mission - it's my fault he's out there. He wasn't even planning on going until I practically forced him into it.

KIRA

(exasperated sigh)

It's a good thing you transferred to command, because if this is you as a counsellor... you suck at it.

Dax's jaw drops. How could Kira say such a thing to her, especially now of all times? Kira is not going to indulge her hysterics - she will confront it with calm rationality.

KIRA

If you were dealing with a patient in this same situation, what would you say to them?

DAX

(grudging)

That of course it's not my fault, these things happen out there in the big bad galaxy, and I should stop trying to take responsibility for every little thing. But it's a very different matter when it's somebody you care about -

KIRA

Which is exactly why you have to be extremely careful having personal relationships with people you work with. You took the chance on having that relationship. Now you have to accept the consequences - which include worrying when they're in danger.

Kira gets up and walks around her desk towards Dax. She takes Dax by the shoulders and leads her over to the couches, sits her down and then takes a seat opposite.

KIRA

Listen, Dax... I know we haven't been as close as we used to be. Maybe that's my fault - I have been a little distracted for the last couple of years. And you... well, you died, and that tends to put a crimp in a relationship.

Dax smirks a little. Kira takes it as an encouraging sign.

KIRA

But I understand how you feel. During the war, when Odo and I were separated, it was killing me to think of him dying of that

disease while I was on Cardassia. I want to be here for you. But you have to meet me half way, and that includes being rational about what's your fault and what's not, and what you can do about it and what you can't. The *Da Vinci* is a ship of scientists and problem solvers. And the *Defiant* is a battleship. So whatever happened to Julian - and Doctor Lense - between the two of them they've got it covered.

Dax considers her words, pulls herself back under control.

DAX

You're right. Vaughn and Gold have got it all under control.

(chuckle)

He's only been missing for a day. Even Julian can't get into much trouble in that amount of time.

15 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - KAHAYN'S OFFICE**

Kahayn sits, exhausted and fed up, at her disheveled desk in a room filled with chaos and disorganized papers and medical gadgets. Blate is on her video-comm screen.

BLATE (screen)

You've had this creature for over a month now, Kahayn. Stalling my inquiry does not change the fact that your patient is my prisoner.

KAHAYN

I can't help it if the poor man's got amnesia. People with head injuries can have huge gaps -

BLATE (screen)

Your own records clearly document that this... "Bashir"... suffered minimal trauma. And didn't your studies reveal several anomalies?

KAHAYN

Anomalies happen, Blate. We call them mutations. For all I know this is something that's already been described but the data was lost after the Cataclysm.

BLATE (screen)

Bashir is lying. You know he is. And I have eyes, Doctor.

KAHAYN

I know - I installed them. You really should let me fix that right one. It's downright creepy.

BLATE (screen)

(getting angry now)

You have had time to study this creature, and you and Doctor Arin have deliberately withheld -

KAHAYN

Hold on - Arin only ever acted under my orders. You have any quarrels, you have them with me.

BLATE (screen)

No, I don't think so, and do you know why? Loyalty - it's the glue that holds us Kornaks together and makes us strong. Loyalty allows us to function as one, with one goal, one mind, one purpose.

KAHAYN

There's still individuals, Blate. You can't control the individual.

BLATE (screen)

(nasty grin)

But we're well on the way, aren't we, Doctor?

Kahayn's face falls - that is a definite threat.

BLATE (screen)
You have one more week. Then I
will ask the questions.

KAHAYN
Why the rush?

BLATE (screen)
Because General Nerrit is very
interested in the possibilities
this man represents.

KAHAYN
(worried)
No. He's too different - the
process will never work on him.

BLATE (screen)
A problem I'm sure you'll solve.
One week, Kahayn.

Blate signs off, leaving Kahayn worried. She slumps back,
sighs. We PAN around to see that Arin sits at his own desk,
hidden in the darkness. He speaks quietly but passionately.

ARIN
You don't have to do this.

KAHAYN
I don't have a choice. I'm doing
my job. You wouldn't understand.

ARIN
So, what - we go through all this
trouble to save the guy, protect
him from Blate, just so you can
cave and hand him over to them?

KAHAYN
This is a war, Arin - if not with
the Jabari or the other tribes,
then with our own bodies and this
dustbin of a planet. You saw his
suit - the tech is for living in
space. We could get away.

ARIN

That doesn't justify killing him.

KAHAYN

He won't die - I promise.

ARIN

Why should he be any different
from all the others?

KAHAYN

Have you ever seen a brain like
his? I'm not talking structure, I
mean function. He's not just
intelligent - he's brilliant. And
he's antigenically neutral. So
maybe he really is the one who
could finally make this work.

ARIN

Who are you trying to convince?
Maybe there were good intentions
once, a way to get us all to stop
fighting and maybe help these
bodies stretch out a bit longer.
But do you honestly believe Blate
won't take those good intentions
and turn them into a nightmare?

KAHAYN

I still have to try.

Arin realises there is no persuading her. He sags.

ARIN

I'm your friend, Kahayn. I always
have been. And I will be, even
when this is over. Because if you
go through with this, you'll hate
yourself. And you'll need me to
remind you that you were on the
side of the angels once.

He gets up from his desk, defeated, and leaves the room.
Kahayn can only sit and think about her tough situation.

16 EXT. JABARI CAVES - DAY

Elizabeth Lense stands just outside the entrance to the caves, looking out over the blasted landscape. She is wearing local clothes now, and they are stained with blood. She is just staring out, trying to calm her troubled mind.

Saad gently steps out of the cave's mouth, looking for her. The two are comfortable, even friendly with each other now.

SAAD

Elizabeth?

LENSE

Saad - just taking a break. I should get back inside. I need -

SAAD

You need rest. I came to apologise for getting angry. I know you're doing the best you can.

LENSE

Huh - best isn't good enough. I thought I could pull this off. Back in my... country, there are stories about wars from very long ago. People getting all blasted to hell, doctors operating with saws and cleavers. I used to think that was heroic - frontier medicine, you know? I'd do better if I had some proper tools and supplies.

SAAD

(indulgent)

Such as they have in this country of yours, to the north?

His tone makes clear he does not believe her cover story, but he is not angry. She looks at him, guilty for lying.

SAAD

Elizabeth, you've been here more than a month. I have eyes - my

own, fortunately - and I'm satisfied you're not a Kornak spy. But you have been lying to me. And if that's so, then you don't understand me or my people, so I will explain. We Jabari fight the Kornaks because they are machines.

LENSE

What do you mean, machines?

SAAD

They add prosthetics when their limbs wither; replace their organs with those they've harvested from others or a mechanical equivalent.

(beat)

Mara and I - the rest of us - we don't want to be machines. We don't think the Kornaks should force their will on the planet or its people. So we fight them.

She gazes at him. They are starting to bond, grow closer. She is sympathetic to him, even finds him attractive.

LENSE

That means rejecting technology altogether? That seems awfully simplistic, Saad. What if the planet throws a plague at you? Won't you want medicine?

SAAD

Maybe that's just the planet's way of thinning the herd. Our world hasn't exactly been kind to us - or maybe it's the other way around.

LENSE

So why not work with the Kornaks, instead of against them?

He takes too long of a pause. This is obviously personal.

SAAD

We tried that. Elizabeth...

LENSE

Yes?

SAAD

If things were easier for you here, do you think you'd stop hating this place so much?

LENSE

Easier how?

SAAD

Supplies. Equipment.

LENSE

That would make my job easier. But I don't know about the rest.

SAAD

Staying here... with us.

A quiet entreaty. She gazes into his eyes, surprised.

LENSE

Are you giving me a choice? Am I free to go?

SAAD

If you want. I won't stop you.

LENSE

Do you want me to go?

He reaches out and gently, tenderly takes her hands. She is a little taken aback, but also quite pleased.

SAAD

No. I can't promise I can make things better. I'd like to try.

They gaze into each other's eyes - Saad nervous but hopeful, Lense surprised but excited.

17 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM**

Bashir's room. He is up, healed, hair starting to grow back. But just standing at the barred window, looking out. Kahayn stands across the room, the pristine hospital bed separating them.

BASHIR

More interrogation? You weren't thorough enough?

KAHAYN

Not for Blate. And this time, it won't be just talk. You'll be hooked up to an MRI. You know the theory?

BASHIR

I understand the principle. A lie detector test, right?

KAHAYN

Virtually foolproof. Our world is dying, Julian.

(re her eyes)

We compensate, but we can't change things back. Not in time to save ourselves.

BASHIR

What about your children?

KAHAYN

(shrug)

Can't have any. Most of us can't. So we switch out parts, rebuild ourselves. Keep staving off the inevitable as long as possible.

BASHIR

And then I show up.

KAHAYN

And then you show up. You with your amazing brain and lack of

anaphylactic shock. You see what I'm driving at?

BASHIR

You think I'm your universal donor. Your key to fixing your problems.

KAHAYN

(evasive)

Something like that.

He turns and looks at her. She is not trying to be cruel, but she is in an untenable situation.

BASHIR

So what are my options?

KAHAYN

I'll show you. And take a good hard look, Julian. And once you understand, then, you choose.

BASHIR

What if I still choose my way?

KAHAYN

Then heaven help you. Because I won't be able to.

As they stand staring at each other, digesting...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

18 INT. JABARI CAVES

Saad, Mara, Lense, Wir and other various Jabari extras stand around, discussing something heatedly.

MARA

It would be suicide, Saad. I can't believe you're even thinking about going anywhere near Nerrit again.

LENSE

Who's Nerrit?

SAAD

Supreme Commander for the Kornak Armed Forces. His command centre is about six days away. But he's on his way here, and my source says it's for a very bad reason.

MARA

I don't care! That you'd even think of going back there -

LENSE

Saad, what does she mean, going back? Going back to what?

MARA

You need to tell her, Saad. She needs to know. You need to ask.

Saad throws Mara a furious look to shut her up, then hunkers down in the sand, beckoning Lense down with him. He draws rough patterns in the sand with his fingertip.

SAAD

This is the layout. Perimeter security, checkpoints - here, here and here. The main hospital is here, at the heart.

LENSE

That's a lot of ground to cover,
and even if you get in... how are
you going to do that, anyway?

SAAD

(wry smile)

Nerrit may have new parts, but
he's an old man with old habits.
We can get in. But the beauty is
that Nerrit isn't going to the
main facility. He's going here -
(points again)
- a specialised research wing, cut
off from the main complex.

LENSE

That amount of isolation usually
means a bio-hazard.

MARA

(pointedly)

Exactly. What the lady said. Bio-
hazard. Right, Saad?

SAAD

Well, no. I don't think bio-hazard
really does it justice.

19 INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - LABORATORY

Kahayn leads Bashir into the laboratory. Cages along one
side contain three APE-type creatures, each with wires
attached to its head. Bashir walks slowly among them, and
the apes follow his progress, inspecting him as much as he
is them. He finds the whole thing rather creepy.

KAHAYN

You can get closer. They don't
initiate. What's it remind you of?

BASHIR

(considers)

A bar. Too many people in a small
space all talking at once.

KAHAYN

What would you say if I told you
there was a conversation going on?

He looks at her, intrigued.

20 INT. JABARI CAVES

Saad - sad but resigned - is explaining things to Lense.

SAAD

Neural regeneration - that's the
key. The Kornaks have gotten good
at developing prosthetic hands and
eyes and ears and a whole host of
other appliances. But that only
works up to a certain point.

LENSE

The brain is the limiting factor.
You can rebuild a lot of the body,
but if you're senile, what does it
matter? We're pretty much wired
for obsolescence.

SAAD

Well... not all of us.

21 INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - LABORATORY

Kahayn pulls open a small drawer, and it is a MORGUE TRAY.
On it lays a dead APE, the back of its skull practically
blown wide open, wires and congealed brains all mixed up.
Disgusted but fascinated despite himself, Bashir leans in.

BASHIR

Dear God - the tissue's ravaged.

KAHAYN

The problem is that with all the
damage done to our environment,
and the weird bugs that developed,
our immune system is reactive to
just about anything. So the trick
is to make our prosthetics as
antigenically neutral as possible.

BASHIR

Hard to do.

KAHAYN

Which is why I tried something
different. Have a look.

She gestures towards an old-fashioned microscope, set up
with a slide. Intrigued, Bashir leans in to have a look.

BASHIR

That microglia's much too dense,
and - my god, is that metal?

KAHAYN

It's a variation on nanotechnology
first developed for computers. My
thought was to replicate that
function within a brain.

BASHIR

You tried to stop the neurones
dying out by armouring them in a
substance that couldn't be
rejected. Quite elegant, Doctor.

She shrugs. The compliment no longer matters.

KAHAYN

Everything went fine. Except...

BASHIR

Except what?

Kahayn pauses. This is difficult for her to admit to.

KAHAYN

Things I couldn't explain. Didn't
see coming. The tech began to
rewrite portions of healthy brain.
It interpreted normal brain as
damaged. And then they... linked.
To my scanners. The computers.
Other systems linked to those, in
a cascade. I couldn't stop them.

BASHIR

And when you tried to disconnect them?

Kahayn gestures over to the morgue tray, with its exploded ape. Bashir gulps. Then he walks to over to the caged apes.

BASHIR

Then what about these guys? Are they networked to a computer?

KAHAYN

No. We're isolated here. No computers, no connections to anywhere else.

BASHIR

Then, what?
(realises)
They connected to each other?

Kahayn gives a sad smile. Bashir is increasingly worried.

KAHAYN

So you see where my next step took me, yes?

BASHIR

(tightening)
Yes, I think so.

KAHAYN

You have to understand, Julian - it was all so exciting.

BASHIR

I understand that, Doctor. But just because some doors can be opened, doesn't mean they should be. You could have said no.

KAHAYN

Oh, I could. In a perfect world, I even might. But the thing is, Julian... I didn't.

22 INT. JABARI CAVES

The awkward conversation continues.

SAAD

You can see why the military would love the idea, of course. With all their soldiers connected, sharing information instantly, they could finally bring this whole ruined world under their control. No Jabari resisting them, everyone working together in common cause.

LENSE

But then who gets to call the shots? What happens to free will?

SAAD

(sad smile)

Do I really need to answer that?

Lense listens with growing horror at where this is going.

SAAD

Only one problem - the rejection. When they tried it on people instead of animals, the effects were even more... spectacular.

LENSE

So what did they do?

SAAD

They found a universal donor. Someone uniquely compatible with everyone else.

LENSE

I take it that's rare?

SAAD

Rare... yes. A mutation, likely. But a very convenient one.

LENSE

So they incorporated this person's DNA into the process. Used him as an immuno-suppressant. And then it worked? What happened to him?

SAAD

He... escaped.

Saad's intense look at Lense helps her to finally realise. He pulls back his hair - we see a deep scar in his head.

LENSE

My God... you?

SAAD

I made sure to destroy any samples they had on my way out. Without me, the implants can't work. But now, you see... Nerrit's coming.

LENSE

(realising w/ horror)

You think he's found someone else with the same mutation. Okay, I get why that's bad. But why are you telling me all this? What's it got to do with me?

SAAD

I need to ask you a very important question, Elizabeth. And I need you to be honest with me. No more lies. You said when we found you that you were with friends.

LENSE

Yes.

SAAD

And that you got separated.

LENSE

That's right. Why?

Saad stares her down. Gradually it dawns - Bashir.

23 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - LABORATORY**

Bashir has realised this too. He backs away from Kahayn. Horrified, appalled, terrified. She is sad but resigned.

KAHAYN

Try to calm down, Julian.

BASHIR

Calm?! Why did you show me this?

KAHAYN

Because you needed facts. Truth for truth. Where do you come from, Julian? Who are you? What are you? If you don't give me something tangible, I can't help you.

BASHIR

But Blate would never let me go anyway, would he? He wants me for this... project... whatever you say. So what's the point?

KAHAYN

(passionate)

Because I need to know. If you're from out there, elsewhere, then it gives me hope! Something I can look forward to! Without that, if this is all there is...

(almost tearful)

...then nothing matters. So before I risk everything, I need to know, and I need to know right now, Julian - before it's too late.

BASHIR

Too late?! It's always too late for Julian, isn't it? Too late with Jadzia and then with Ezri. But no, Julian has to be calm and polite, can't make a scene or he might draw too much attention. Don't you understand - I can't!

Bashir begins laughing, crying, flailing - he grabs the microscope and HURLS it at the wall. Kahayn advances and GRABS his wrists, PINS them to the wall. He struggles to free himself, but Kahayn's mechanical hands grip him tight.

KAHAYN

Forgive me, Julian. I actually envy you - your integrity, your heart. I lost mine long ago. But you need to understand. I am a doctor, but I'm also a soldier. I have to be seen to be following orders. Do you understand me?

She holds him tight, willing him to look her in the eye.

24 **INT. JABARI CAVES**

Lense's discussion with Saad and Mara is getting personal.

LENSE

I'm not going to let you kill him, Saad.

SAAD

If we can't get him out, we'll have to. Otherwise the Kornaks will still have him.

MARA

We got you out, didn't we?

SAAD

Yes, and I've never forgotten it. Your bravery, or your sacrifice.

Mara touches her withered face instinctively. Saad gives her a tender look, and Lense is irrationally jealous.

MARA

But that doesn't mean I think it's a good idea to go back in. You go back into that hell hole, I'm not sure you'll ever get out again.

SAAD

(pursing)

I'm the leader here. It's my decision, and I say we go.

LENSE

Saad, listen to me - I realise this is like a personal grudge for you. But if you try to kill Julian, you will have to kill me too. We clear on that?

SAAD

(quietly)

Are you and he...

LENSE

No, we're not. But that doesn't matter. I told you before, you don't just throw people away when they're inconvenient. He might be hurt, and I'm the only one who can help him.

SAAD

You're not going, Elizabeth. I won't allow it.

LENSE

Try and stop me. You said I have a choice, and I choose Julian.

(beat)

He's my friend.

Lense stares Saad down, resolute and stubborn as ever.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

25 INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE

Bashir lies on green clinical sheets on a simple metallic gurney, a heavy blanket draped over him. He is unconscious. His head has been shaved again. Arin and the nurses are preparing for surgery - laying out instruments, checking monitors, scrubbing hands, pulling on medical smocks.

Kahayn steps up to the gurney, looks down at Bashir. She gulps nervously - this is it. Then she turns and looks up.

The top level of the room is ringed with a viewing gallery, separated from the theatre by glass. In it, Blate and an older general, NERRIT, sit with various guards and aides, watching every move the doctors make. Arin follows her eye-line, sees them staring back down at him. He looks away.

ARIN

(confidential)

Filthy weather out there. I'm surprised Nerrit made it at all.

KAHAYN

Nerrit wouldn't miss this.

(beat)

I'm sorry you got dragged into this whole mess, Arin.

ARIN

Luck of the draw, I suppose. Nothing to be done about it.

KAHAYN

Promise me one thing - no matter what happens, Arin, do exactly what I tell you. Nothing more, nothing less. You understand?

ARIN

(eyes narrow)

Alright. Kahayn, if you -

KAHAYN

Don't say any more, Arin. Don't ask questions. Just do what I say and everything will be fine. By the way... nice glasses.

An odd comment, but Arin smiles.

26 INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - VIEWING GALLERY

In the quiet hush of anticipation, waiting for whatever will happen down below, Blate has a radio to his ear.

BLATE

Describe her again.

(pause)

Just a moment.

He turns to General Nerrit, sat beside him.

BLATE

One of your men seems to have apprehended another one of those -
(gestures down)
- like Bashir there. She was caught outside the complex by your rear guard.

NERRIT

Do they know how she got here?

BLATE

No. Your sergeant wants to secure her down here. We could question her together after Kahayn's done.

NERRIT

Excellent idea.

BLATE

I'll have one of the guards escort her to the holding room.

Blate returns to his radio, while Nerrit returns his attention to the room below. That's what he is here to see.

27 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR**

A guard lowers the radio from his ear, having just finished speaking with Blate. As he turns back, a knife is THRUST into his chest, right into his heart. He looks down in simple shock at the knife, then crumples to the floor.

Saad, dressed in a soldier's uniform, wipes the knife on his sleeve. "Prisoner" Lense catches her breath at the violence, but holds her tongue. Then she turns to the side and sees another guard lying against the wall, his throat slit and gurgling, while Mara also wipes her knife clean.

LENSE

God's sake, bad enough you slit
his throat. Don't make him suffer.

With a look of annoyance, Mara reaches down and twists the man's neck. A loud CRUNCH and he stops gurgling.

MARA

There - you happy?

SAAD

The important thing is the door's
open and not a shot fired. How's
the signal?

Mara checks a hand-held device.

MARA

Still there. Damn lucky Arin still
had the transponder.

28 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE**

Monitoring readings, Arin looks nervously up at the gallery. He's waiting for Saad and Mara to arrive.

KAHAYN

How's he doing?

ARIN

Pulse and blood pressure are good.
A little cardiac irritability.
That'll be the cooling blanket.

KAHAYN

Push in the contrast dye, will
you? I'll bring in the MRI.

Arin is confused by Kahayn's order, but does as he is told. As he injects Bashir's IV, Kahayn rumbles over a large device - two round magnets to fit either side of his head.

Arin looks around, getting more and more nervous. A nurse passes Kahayn a scalpel - but then the nurse reacts badly. Arin GASPS - the heart monitor's beeps are speeding up.

NURSE

Hold on... we've got a problem!
Cardiac instability - all of a
sudden. I don't understand! His
pressure's falling, looks like
heart block - and now there's a
PVC! And another! I'm picking up
fibrillations...

(starts fumbling
at syringes)

He's crashing - he's gonna crash!

KAHAYN

Break out the crash cart! Go, go!
I want an amp of dompenephrine,
IV push now! Start cardiac
compressions!

Arin quickly climbs up onto the gurney and begins chest compressions on Bashir, while the nurse injects his I-V.

ARIN

Kahayn, what about the cooling
blanket?

NURSE

(re injection)

I don't get it - it's having no
effect at all. If anything, it's
having the opposite -

(shock)

Doctor Kahayn, his pressure's
gone! We're flatline!

KAHAYN

Are you sure you gave him the
right drug?

ARIN

Kahayn - the blanket!

KAHAYN

(whirls on him)

Quiet, Arin. Do exactly what I say
and not a scrap more, do you
understand me?

(back to nurse)

Give him another shot.

NURSE

But it only had the opposite -

KAHAYN

Damn you! Do what I say!

She grabs the syringe off the nurse and injects Bashir's IV
herself. Arin is beginning to understand. Kahayn sees it in
his face, and shares a significant look with him.

KAHAYN

Don't stop those compressions,
Arin, you hear me? Do exactly what
I say!

29 INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - VIEWING GALLERY

Furious and embarrassed, Blate stabs the intercom.

BLATE

Don't you lose this man, Doctor
Kahayn - don't you dare! Or I'll -

The door to the viewing gallery bursts in with a CRASH and
machine-gun fire fills the room. Blate ducks behind a chair
as bodies fall and glass shatters.

MARA

Nobody move!

30 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE**

At the same time, the door downstairs crashes open and Saad bursts in, rifle at the ready, with Lense behind.

SAAD

Kahayn! I'm here to send you to
hell!

Kahayn is so surprised that she just stands there, holding the defib pads. Saad aims his rifle...

LENSE

No, Saad - no!

ARIN

Don't shoot! You don't understand!

Arin leaps off Bashir's chest and towards Kahayn. But too late: Saad FIRES his rifle three times in quick succession.

One shot hits Kahayn right in the chest, blood blooming over her medical smock.

The second shot hits Arin as he tackles her to the ground, too late.

The third goes over their heads and explodes a piece of machinery. The nurses are hiding behind other machines, terrified.

31 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - VIEWING GALLERY**

Everyone else in the room is dead - Nerrit, the guards, the aides. Blate slowly stands from his cover and stares calmly at Mara. She holds her weapon on him, but he is not scared.

BLATE

You.

MARA

You remember me, then, Colonel?

BLATE

I have eyes, Mara.

32 INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE

Shocked and horrified by the bloodshed, Lense spots Bashir on the gurney, and rushes to him. She spots the nurse cowering in a corner.

LENSE

You - what's going on?

NURSE

He's in arrest. Looked like heart block, followed by v-fib. Kahayn was just going to defibrillate.

ARIN (o.s.)

No!

They turn with surprise to realise that Arin is alive, only wounded in the shoulder. He struggles to get up.

ARIN

She put something in the dye and then she switched out the drugs!

SAAD / NURSE

What?

ARIN

On purpose, she did it on purpose! Mislabeled the syringes. That's why she put him on the cooling blanket - to protect his brain while she stopped his heart.

SAAD

Oh no... what have I...

Lense looks over the primitive equipment, desperate.

LENSE

You have to help me. I'm a doctor, but I'm out of my element here. What do I do?

ARIN

Just do exactly what I say.

33 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - VIEWING GALLERY**

Mara stands with her weapon on Blate, listening to the room below. Her eyes dart nervously back and forth between Blate and the developing chaos. Blate watches her calmly.

ARIN (o.s.)
My God! She's still alive!

Mara makes the fatal mistake of shifting her attention more fully to the theatre below.

EXTREME CLOSE UP on Blate - his mechanical eyes whirr as they focus in on Mara. No glitch in the right eye now. In a split second, he raises his own gun and aims it at Mara.

34 **INT. KORNAK HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE**

Saad hears the GUNFIRE and spins to look up at the gallery.

SAAD
Mara!

He sees Mara go down in a cloud of blood, and sees Blate beginning to turn his weapon towards the theatre. Saad fires over and over in a rage, but Blate is too fast - he ducks and rolls quickly towards the viewing gallery's exit.

LENSE
Saad - he's getting away!

ARIN
You can't catch him - no time!
Saad, you've got to clear out,
you've got to go!

SAAD
Elizabeth, can you move Bashir?

LENSE
You'd have to carry him.

SAAD
(to nurses)
Get out. I don't ask twice.

(to Arin)
You too.

ARIN
Kahayn's still alive. I can't
leave her.

The nurses scabble out of the room. In the background we can hear an ALARM being raised. Lense leans in to Bashir.

LENSE
I'm here, Julian - it's Elizabeth.
Don't worry, it's going to be
alright. I'll get you out of here.

SAAD
I can hold them off for a little
while. Elizabeth, can you help
Kahayn?

She rushes over to Kahayn's wheezing, bloody body, and desperately starts assessing injuries.

LENSE
Bullet can't be in the heart.
Okay, I need suture for -

GUNFIRE sounds in the corridor outside. Saad tenses, raising his rifle. Then a ringing, twinkling sound in the air - and a TRANSPORTER EFFECT appears over Lense and Bashir. She looks up to Saad, who looks back at her, shocked and confused. As she begins to dematerialise...

LENSE
No! No, I can save her! Please -

35 INT. DEFIANT - TRANSPORTER ROOM

Bashir and Lense MATERIALISE, Lense shouting urgently.

LENSE (cont)
- Please, let me finish!

Nog is behind the control, with Bowers and TARSES standing by. Tarses rushes to check on the still unconscious Bashir while Lense shouts tearfully up at them.

LENSE

No! You've got to send me back!

NOG

We can't, Doctor - the anomaly is crushing the transporter relay we sent in. There's no more time.

She pants in shock and pain - but only for a moment. She has lost Saad and Kahayn and Arin. They're gone. So she turns and focuses on the one person she can save.

LENSE

We have to get Bashir to sickbay. His heart's stopped - he needs defib as soon as possible.

Tarses and Bowers move to pick up Bashir's body.

NOG

Nog to bridge - we've got them, Captain. Doctor Lense is fine but Bashir's being taken to sickbay.

VAUGHN (comm)

Good work, Lieutenant. Blow the relay and let's get home.

As they carry Bashir between them out of the room, Lense stands and stares back into the transporter, tearful.

36 EXT. SPACE

Close on the blue anomaly - a Starfleet probe is holding position right in its mouth. The probe buckles and **IMPLODES**, sucking the anomaly in on itself until it disappears altogether, leaving empty space.

At a safe distance, the *Defiant* loops around and jumps to warp.

37 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING

Bringing us back home. The *Defiant* is on the docking ring.

Bashir lies, still unconscious, on a nice technologically advanced bio-bed in the isolation room. Dax stands by his side, gazing down at him, all business and control.

She observes his shaved head and the healing scars. Vaughn stands on the other side of the bed, cautious of Dax's emotions, explaining in a gentle voice.

VAUGHN

Doctor Lense told us that this Kahayn tried to save Bashir's life - ironically, by killing him. She stopped his heart so that he would appear to be dead, and thus useless to the military. But in such a way that he could be revived later.

(beat)

At least that was their plan, before the attack. Lense and Tarses both tell me he should recover just fine, given enough bed rest. Of course, we both know how likely that is.

A small joke. He checks for a response. There is none.

VAUGHN

Lieutenant Nog also told me that the anomaly that caused all this in the first place was probably a leftover from all that mess on Empok Nor. We detonated the transporter relay before we left - that should seal it so nobody else falls in.

(still no response)

Nog also said that there was some kind of time dilation effect. Apparently from his perspective, Bashir was trapped there for more than a month, even though it's only a day since he went missing.

DAX

Thank you, Commander. I'll make
sure to note that in my report.
If there's nothing else...?

Vaughn nods once, and Dax turns and walks out of the room.

39 INT. DS9 - PROMENADE (CONTINUOUS)

Dax exits the Infirmary and heads directly across the Promenade, dry-eyed and in control. Nothing wrong. She steps into a turbolift alone, and the doors close.

40 INT. DS9 - TURBOLIFT (CONTINUOUS)

DAX

Habitat ring, section forty-seven
delta.

As the turbolift begins to move, Dax backs against the wall of the lift. The tears start to come - she can't control them any longer. She stumbles backwards, her chest hitching and tears forcing their way out. Slowly, she crumples to the ground, curling up into a ball, crying her heart out.

FADE OUT:

THE END