

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

**8x07 - "Rogue."**

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the novel

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine: Abyss*

by David Weddle & Jeffrey Lang

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

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

A nice normal, happy shot of the station, looking all pretty with its new power core.

**2     INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING**

JULIAN BASHIR walks jovially down the corridor, a spring in his step, wearing Lt Cmdr's pips. He comes to the door of a set of quarters, which opens for him. He steps inside.

**3     INT. DS9 - DAX'S QUARTERS**

BASHIR

Ezri?

He sees a travelling bag, but it's not packed. He steps further inside, towards the bedroom. The jacket of Ezri's uniform is thrown haphazardly over a chair. Stepping into the bedroom, he sees EZRI DAX sitting on the floor working a blob of clay. Her red uniform shirt is caked in residue, and there are streaks all over her face.

BASHIR

I don't think I'll ever get used to you in that colour.

DAX

Oh. Hi. What time is it?

BASHIR

Almost thirteen-hundred hours. Our transport leaves in forty minutes.

DAX

Wow, later than I thought. Clay isn't as easy as I thought.

BASHIR

What made you decide to take up sculpture? Especially now?

DAX

Well, I was off duty today and I figured since all I had to do was pack, this would be a good time to work on some of the exercises the Symbiosis Commission recommended.

She stands up, stretching and leaving messy handprints on her rear. Bashir smiles at that. He looks around and sees a series of small busts she had already finished, the last recognisably JADZIA. Ezri begins cleaning up at the sink.

BASHIR

Your previous hosts?

DAX

The idea is not to be too representational. It's more about impression and emotional response. I think about each host, and the feelings guide my fingers.

BASHIR

Interesting. But is it the sort of project you want to undertake just before we leave for a vacation?

DAX

Don't counsel the counsellor, Doctor. Former counsellor. I know my timing is off and I know myself well enough to understand why. I admit, I'm a little nervous about this trip. Our first vacation together - it's a big step. But I really do want to see where you grew up. I'm sure I'll come away with all sorts of insights.

BASHIR

Oh lord. Maybe it's not too late to cancel...

DAX

Ha! No way! Now we have to go. And as long as we're doing some short-

term analysis, what's with you not saying anything about your recent promotion, Lieutenant Commander?

BASHIR

(shrug)

Didn't seem appropriate, somehow. I'm not like Nog. He still needs the recognition, the ego boost.

DAX

Nog needs ego boost?

BASHIR

My dear ex-counsellor, I'll have you know that inside that narrow chest beats the heart of a very sensitive young Ferengi.

DAX

Are we talking about the same Nog? The one who watches me every time I walk past?

BASHIR

He's just appreciating some of your finer qualities. The mark of a sensitive soul.

DAX

Hey! How did we get off the subject of your promotion?

BASHIR

How did we get off the subject of you not being sure you wanted to go on vacation?

DAX

I'm packing, I'm packing!

She strips off her shirt. grabs a clean one, puts it on. Then she grabs a variety of clothes from all over, rolls it all into a big ball, and throws it haphazardly across the room into the bag. Bashir is horrified.

DAX

Where's your suitcase, anyway? I don't see anything perfect and hermetically sealed around here.

BASHIR

Back in my quarters.

DAX

Well, you'd better go and get it if you want to make that flight.

BASHIR

Yes, ma'am. And may I say, you've obviously taken well to command.

He leaves, just missing another missile of clothes, which smacks into the door as it closes behind him.

**4 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING**

Bashir struts cheerfully down the corridor again.

**5 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS**

Bashir enters, and sees there is a man sitting beneath his window. For a moment he is confused, until he recognises the all black clothes. Even though it's a new face - COLE - the arrogance and attitude clearly say Section 31.

COLE

Doctor Bashir. It's a pleasure to finally meet you.

BASHIR

Bashir to Ops. Intruder alert.

FADE OUT:

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**6 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS**

Bashir still stands by the door, Cole in the chair under the window. Cole is perfectly calm, not smug, but secure and relaxed in his control.

BASHIR

Bashir to Ops. Ops respond.

COLE

I'm sorry, Doctor, your colleagues aren't receiving you. Lieutenant Dax is still in her quarters and will remain so for around another twelve minutes or so. She's having trouble finding a padd she wanted to bring with her.

(smile)

Allow me to introduce myself. Please call me Cole. As you've no doubt already guessed, I'm affiliated with the organisation you call Section 31.

BASHIR

You don't call it that?

COLE

I don't call it anything, Doctor. I've found I rarely need to identify it to anyone who doesn't already know what it is.

BASHIR

I assume this isn't a social call.

COLE

Courteous but direct. Sloan noted that in his profile.

BASHIR

If Sloan told you that, then he must also have mentioned that I'm not interested in working with Section 31.

COLE

In fact he did. But you might change your mind when you've heard me out.

Angered, Bashir begins to close on Cole, who doesn't react.

COLE

Sit down, Doctor. You will do me the courtesy of hearing me out.

Bashir stops in his tracks, and as if not in complete control of his own actions, he takes a seat opposite Cole.

COLE

Good. You know, of course, that you are not the only genetically enhanced human in the Federation. There are others, far more than Starfleet Command knows about... or wants to know about. One in particular is Doctor Ethan Locken. Name mean any thing to you?

Bashir shakes his head silently.

COLE (cont)

He doesn't travel in the same rarefied circles as you, Doctor. A paediatrician. Very well liked, I'm told. Had a practice on New Beijing. That you have heard of.

BASHIR

Of course I have. Everyone has heard of New Beijing. It was a massacre, probably one of the worst of the war. Especially as it had no strategic value -

COLE

Terror always has strategic value,  
Doctor. Remember that.

(pause)

As you might expect, surviving an  
ordeal like that, Locken was more  
receptive to our invitation than  
you were. He understood the need  
for an organisation like ours.

BASHIR

Wait. I have a question.

Cole nods, allowing the question.

BASHIR (cont)

Did Section 31 know about the  
attack on New Beijing in advance?

Cole pauses, seeming to genuinely consider the question.

COLE

You know, Doctor, I'm not sure.  
None of us knows everything  
everyone else in the organisation  
knows. Security measure, you  
understand. But it certainly  
sounds like the kind of thing we  
would have heard about. Let's  
assume we did. What difference  
would it have made?

BASHIR

You could have told someone! You  
could have told me...

COLE

And you would have done what,  
exactly? At the height of the  
Dominion war, would you have  
convinced Captain Sisko or Admiral  
Ross to reassign forces to New  
Beijing? The planet was attacked  
by two regiments. Those starships  
would have been destroyed, the  
troops killed, and all those  
civilians would still have died.

(pause)

And consider this. Maybe those forces were needed someplace they might have done some actual good, something crucial. Maybe what happened to New Beijing was the best outcome we could have hoped for under the circumstances.

BASHIR

That is the most specious, fatuous sort of sociopathic double-talk I've ever heard! It's insanity, Mister Cole. People died -

Cole stands, infuriated. In response, Bashir instantly silences, as if programmed.

COLE

First, Doctor, never use that word unless you know precisely what you are talking about. It's imprecise. Second, and I wouldn't think you'd need me to tell you this, but people die all the time. It's simply a question of how many, who they are, and how they died. My colleagues and I keep the numbers as small as possible, and make sure the right ones don't die. You yourself have benefited from our efforts, so please be very careful about who you're condemning today.

Cole sits back down and takes a moment to collect himself.

COLE

Locken underwent training as an agent. Or rather, he indulged us as we went through our program. Considering his background, he already knew how to go unnoticed when so desired. And then, in the final days of the war, we found a Jem'Hadar factory on a planet called Sindorin. Heard of it?

BASHIR

No.

COLE

A Class-M world in the Badlands. Very unusual for that region. We have no idea when the hatchery was established. The evidence suggests the Dominion couldn't bring it fully online. If they had, that last offensive on Cardassia might have gone a little differently. Something to think about late at night, isn't it Doctor? How the war might have ended?

BASHIR

Odo ended the war. He convinced the Founder that the Federation wasn't a threat. He gave them the cure to your virus and stopped the genocide you were hoping for.

COLE

(small smile)

That's certainly an interesting interpretation of events.

BASHIR

You have another?

COLE

We're off topic again, Doctor. The hatchery was abandoned and undefended. Locken's mission was to tell us if the DNA sequencers could be adjusted so that the Jem'Hadar would be loyal to us.

BASHIR

You bloody fools. We just ended a war against a totalitarian regime who used genetically engineered slaves as cannon fodder. How could you think for a moment that anyone

in the Federation - in the  
quadrant - would tolerate you  
employing the same methods?

Cole claps his hands indulgently.

COLE

Bravo, Doctor. You do have a flair  
for oratory. Now step down off  
your soapbox for a moment and  
consider some possibilities. The  
question should not be, how dare  
we use the same methods as our  
enemies, but rather, what can we  
learn from our enemies that we  
might turn to our advantage? How  
much more equitable and humane  
would it be if the Federation  
could mass-produce its own army,  
happy to sacrifice their lives for  
their leaders? With that kind of  
army, who could ever pose a threat  
to the Federation again?

BASHIR

Federation history is filled with  
people who defeated more advanced,  
better armed enemies, because the  
citizen-soldier is always going to  
be more resourceful and creative.

COLE

Regardless, as you might have  
surmised by my telling you this,  
things didn't quite go to plan.

BASHIR

What happened?

COLE

He left for Sindorin about ten  
weeks ago with a small team of  
specialists. For the first few  
weeks, he kept in regular contact.  
His associates confirmed he was  
doing what we asked.

BASHIR

Associates? You mean spies.

COLE

We had to protect our investment.  
But then we stopped hearing from  
his... associates.

BASHIR

Then they're dead, all of them.  
What do you think happened next?

COLE

We know he managed to bring some  
of the incubators back online. We  
can only assume he was able to  
reprogram the Jem'Hadar to be  
loyal to him. He can't get them  
all off-planet right now, because  
he only had one ship. But he's  
keeping them busy. A number of  
ships have gone missing in the  
area, and two former Cardassian  
holdings have been attacked -

BASHIR

(interrupting)

They're not former Cardassian  
holdings, they're protectorates.

COLE

Semantic nitpicking will be  
irrelevant if you don't stop him  
quickly and quietly.

BASHIR

If I don't stop him?

COLE

Of course, Doctor. Who better?  
Locken can rationalise his actions  
because he believes he's better  
than everyone else. It doesn't  
matter what he does because it's  
all for their own good.

BASHIR

But what's he actually planning?

COLE

If I had to guess, I'd say he wants to make the galaxy safe for children and other small things by any means necessary. If you want to know, ask him.

BASHIR

(chuckle)

You've managed to mire yourself in this quicksand of back-stabbing and lies, and you expect me to liberate you? Give me one reason why I should.

COLE

Because while there may be many enhanced persons out there, very few are as well socialised as you. But what do you think would happen to all of them if it became known that a genetically enhanced person had started a war? What would happen to your friend Jack, or perhaps to Sarina?

Bashir sits and glares at Cole for a long time. He really has no choice here.

BASHIR

Damn you to hell.

Cole sighs, genuinely relieved.

COLE

Thank you, Doctor. When can you leave?

BASHIR

I don't know. I'll have to make some arrangements.

COLE

Of course. I understand.

Cole gets up to leave, drops a padd into Bashir's lap.

COLE

Please extend my apologies to Lieutenant Dax for making her miss her vacation. Just out of curiosity... did you really want her to go back to Earth with you and visit the old homestead?

BASHIR

Yes, I did. Very much.

COLE

Really. Well then, it must be love.

He turns and leaves. Bashir sits for a moment, regaining control of his body. Eventually, he taps his combadge.

BASHIR

Bashir to Kira.

KIRA (comm)

Go ahead.

BASHIR

Nerys... we need to talk.

On Bashir's worried face...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**7     INT. DS9 - KIRA'S OFFICE**

KIRA NERYS, Julian, Ezri and RO LAREN are all gathered in the lounge area. They all look stressed. ELIAS VAUGHN calmly enters the room, carrying his usual mug of tea.

KIRA  
Anything on internal scanners?

VAUGHN  
Nothing.

KIRA  
No surprise there, I suppose. I'd have been more shocked if we had picked something up.

VAUGHN  
So would I. But then we'd have to wonder about why he let us catch him. No, it's better this way.

RO  
Sindorin - I know it. The Maquis considered using it for a base. It would have made a good place to retreat to... if we'd had chance. There's a mineral in the water that plays havoc with sensors.

KIRA  
Can we narrow down a likely location on the planet?

RO  
It depends. What's required for a Jem'Hadar hatchery?

BASHIR  
Genetic material, which the Vorta would have brought with them. But water too. Preferably fresh water.

Ro calls up a display on a padd, and shows it to them.

RO

Here then, this lake. We'll narrow it further when we get closer.

BASHIR

But not too close.

RO

Well, that's the trick, isn't it?

BASHIR

Yes it is, and thank you for volunteering, Lieutenant. It'll be good to have someone who knows the territory. Which brings me to my next request... Colonel, I'd like to have Taran'atar accompany us.

KIRA

You realise there's likely to be quite a few Jem'Hadar there.

BASHIR

Exactly why I want one who's on our side. He'll be able to offer valuable insights about how they think, their likely responses.

KIRA

This is getting crazier by the minute. You're talking about going into the Badlands with only one or two other people -

DAX

Or three.

KIRA (cont)

- One of them a Jem'Hadar, to confront someone who's set himself up as the local deity, all just to save Starfleet some trouble?

BASHIR

I don't like this any more than you, but it's the lesser evil.

KIRA

(forced to admit)

Alright. I'll speak to Taran'atar and see how he feels about this. He might not be able to do this, you know. Odo told him to obey me.

BASHIR

And if you tell him to listen to me, then he will.

VAUGHN

I'll have Bowers assign you a runabout. Any preference?

RO

The *Euphrates*. She handles well in turbulent atmospheres.

VAUGHN

Good choice. Six hours?

Ro nods, and she and Vaughn leave. Bashir hovers - he has something else he's a little afraid to bring up.

KIRA

What is it?

BASHIR

The commander didn't seem terribly shocked to discover that there's a secret covert operations group within Starfleet.

DAX

Neither did Ro. What's your point?

BASHIR

Vaughn's service record isn't exactly full of details, is it? For someone with his length of service, you'd expect more than

the few meaningless details I found. And he didn't contribute much to our discussion just now.

KIRA

Julian, Commander Vaughn has proven himself to me, and to this station. If you want to bring his trustworthiness into question...

BASHIR

No, I'm sorry. This Section 31 business is making me paranoid.  
(to Ezri)  
See you later?

She nods and smiles, and he leaves. Kira continues to sit there, mulling something over.

KIRA

I don't like what I just heard.

DAX

Neither do I, but he has a point. Vaughn always played it close to the vest. But Starfleet Command has complete confidence in him.

KIRA

Can Julian do this?

DAX

No question, but he needs back-up he can count on. Ro and Taran'atar are a start, but I want to go too.

KIRA

Is that a good idea? You remember the mission to Soukara?

DAX

Of course. But these are entirely different circumstances.

KIRA

Really? Different how?

DAX

You and Odo went to join Damar's resistance as a couple.

KIRA

Odo and I aren't you and Worf.

DAX

Exactly. And Ezri and Julian aren't Jadzia and Worf either.

KIRA

What if you're wrong, Ezri?

DAX

I'm not. We'll do this the right way if only to prove we can.

Kira relents, and Dax leaves. Kira follows her to the door of her office, spots Taran'atar in his usual place in Ops.

KIRA

Taran'atar, can I speak to you?

He leaves his space and enters her office, everyone eyeing him carefully as he goes. He stands at attention.

KIRA

I'd like to make a request.

TARAN'ATAR

A request?

KIRA

There's something I'd like you to do, but I don't want you to feel compelled to do it. It is our way to ask our guests for assistance, and let them make the choice.

TARAN'ATAR

I am not your guest, Colonel. I am a Jem'Hadar, on a mission to obey, observe and learn. The Founder -

KIRA

Odo.

TARAN'ATAR

Odo ordered me to serve your will as I would his. He said nothing about making choices. Just tell me what you want me to do.

KIRA

I want you to consider going with Doctor Bashir on a mission to a planet where a human has taken control of a Jem'Hadar hatchery.

TARAN'ATAR

It will be as you say. You may consider the Jem'Hadar serving this human already dead.

KIRA

I'm afraid you're not getting it. I'm not asking you to kill them -

TARAN'ATAR

Either I kill them, or they kill the doctor and anyone with him.

KIRA

Let's get something straight. I realise you have a predisposition towards killing your enemies, and lethal force may in fact become necessary, but it isn't to be your first option. Is that understood?

Taran'atar considers how to best explain himself.

TARAN'ATAR

You wonder at my willingness to kill my own kind. You think that because you have fought us, you understand us. That we are defined solely by the genetics used to create us. Do you feel the same way about Doctor Bashir?

Kira is surprised at the question, not sure how to answer. Taran'atar pushes his advantage.

TARAN'ATAR

You have accepted that he is genetically predisposed to act differently, to think differently than you do, even though this disposition was devised by beings no more divine than yourself.

KIRA

Yes.

TARAN'ATAR

Then please extend the same courtesy to me.

KIRA

You make some very valid points. But we're still going to do things my way. So I'll ask you one more time. Am I understood?

TARAN'ATAR

No. But it will be as you say.

He turns and leaves the office. Kira lets out a relieved breath, and thinks about what he has said.

**8 INT. DS9 - DOCKING RING CORRIDOR**

Ro, Bashir and Ezri have gathered by an airlock to board the runabout. Taran'atar approaches with a large soft case.

RO

Let me guess. Weapons?

Without speaking, Taran'atar lays the case on the ground, undoes some clips and rolls it out flat. It contains a Bajoran phaser, several extra power packs, a dozen hand-grenades, and his *kar'takin* blade.

RO

What, no throwing knives?

He points to a smaller bag within the larger one.

RO

Oh good. Wouldn't want to forget those.

He rolls up the package again without comment. Commander Vaughn emerges from inside the runabout and approaches.

BASHIR

Sir? We didn't expect to find you here.

VAUGHN

Thought I'd save you some time and run through the pre-flight checks. She's ready, but do try bringing her back in one piece, please. I recently found out what a dreadful record this station has when it comes to runabouts. Are you going direct to Sindorin?

BASHIR

No, we're going to take a very indirect route. Try to make us look like a survey ship. We will be skirting the edge of the Romulan protectorate though, so we're expecting cloaked ships.

VAUGHN

Alright. Check in periodically before you hit the Badlands. It'll help keep up the survey pretence. Well, safe journey.

The gang steps into the airlock and on board. Bashir is last, feeling a bit suspicious of Vaughn's presence. Then Vaughn stops him before he can board, making sure no-one else is around to overhear.

VAUGHN

Doctor, a moment please.

BASHIR

(wary)

Yes, Commander?

VAUGHN

A word of advice. Don't try to be a hero. Don't think for a moment you'll be able to find evidence you can use against Thirty-One. Just go in, do the job, and come home. Understood?

BASHIR

I understand what you're saying, but not why.

VAUGHN

Because I'd like to see all of you come home alive. Cole needs you to do his dirty work for him, but that's all he's going to allow. Try to go beyond that, and I can guarantee there will be unpleasant repercussions.

Vaughn turns and walks away. As Bashir watches him go, looking at him suspiciously...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**9 INT. RUNABOUT - REAR CABIN**

The ship is flying at warp through open space. Bashir gets two bowls out of the replicator - one of soup and one of rice. He places them on the table opposite Taran'atar, who is sat very uncomfortably. Bashir sits too.

BASHIR

I thought you might like something other than that concentrated pond water the Vorta gave you to eat. Do you want to try some of this?

TARAN'ATAR

I don't know. What is it?

BASHIR

Rice. Grain, spices and beans. And this is vegetable broth.

TARAN'ATAR

Humans are omnivores. You do not eat meat?

BASHIR

Call it a lifestyle choice.

TARAN'ATAR

Klingons eat a great deal of meat.

BASHIR

Klingons get diseases of the colon a lot, too. Try it.

Taran'atar takes the bowl of soup, sniffs it.

TARAN'ATAR

It has an unpleasant odour.

BASHIR

Try it anyway. No, wait.

Bashir takes out his tricorder and scans Taran'atar.

BASHIR

Okay, go ahead. No allergies.

He takes a tentative sip. Rolls it around, considers it. Forces it down. Takes another sip. And keeps going.

TARAN'ATAR

Thank you. How do you know so much about our biology?

BASHIR

You aren't the first Jem'Hadar I've examined. Some I've studied quite carefully in fact.

TARAN'ATAR

Dissections?

BASHIR

What? No! Of course not.

TARAN'ATAR

Vivisection?

BASHIR

(appalled)

No!

TARAN'ATAR

Then I do not understand. How could you know so much about my species?

BASHIR

I found a Jem'Hadar child several years ago. I was able to observe much of its maturation process. And... well, perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, but I once tried to cure some Jem'Hadar soldiers of their ketracel-white dependency.

TARAN'ATAR

Did you succeed?

BASHIR

The situation actually turned out to be not unlike your own. A rare and random mutation.

TARAN'ATAR

How rare?

BASHIR

You tell me. Didn't you say the Vorta searched for Jem'Hadar like you specifically at Odo's request?

TARAN'ATAR

Yes, and they found only four of us. Or so they said.

BASHIR

You sound sceptical.

Taran'atar stops to think about what to say.

TARAN'ATAR

Jem'Hadar understand Vorta better than they understand us. We obey them because it is the will of the Founders. Most Jem'Hadar go their entire lives without ever seeing a Founder, but the Vorta are always there. Watching, prying, sneering. Humans, Klingons, Romulans, Bajorans... you all look like Vorta to us. Some Jem'Hadar who fought in the war said it made killing you more satisfying.

BASHIR

Charming.

TARAN'ATAR

The Founder told me to obey the colonel as I would obey him. The colonel has told me to obey you. So that makes you my Vorta.

BASHIR

Oh no. Not me. I'm just the man  
who gives you soup and rice.

TARAN'ATAR

As the Vorta gave me the white.

BASHIR

Bad comparison. I want you to be  
well -

TARAN'ATAR

So I can fight for you. So I can  
kill other Jem'Hadar.

BASHIR

That's not true! I want you to  
help me find a way to avoid more  
deaths. I'm a doctor.

TARAN'ATAR

And I am a soldier. My role is to  
defend and, if necessary, to kill.  
Do you think that makes you  
superior to me?

BASHIR

Better? No. More tolerant, maybe.  
The Federation -

TARAN'ATAR

Not the Federation. You. There is  
something about the way you carry  
yourself. Again, it reminds me of  
the Vorta.

BASHIR

There were times in the past when  
I felt the need to hide who I was.  
It's been a hard habit to break.

TARAN'ATAR

(considers)

When you think about what you are  
going to say, you are not nearly  
so much like a Vorta.

(holds out bowl)  
May I have some more?

BASHIR  
Yes, of course. Wipe your chin.

DAX (comm)  
Dax to Bashir.

BASHIR  
Go ahead.

DAX (comm)  
We've found something. Better come  
up here. And bring Taran'atar.

**10**    **EXT. SPACE**

The runabout has come to a halt, near a small scout ship of Romulan design.

**11**    **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

Bashir enters the cockpit, followed by Taran'atar. Ro and Dax are looking through the windows at the Romulan ship.

TARAN'ATAR  
Romulan *N'Renix*-class vessel. Crew of forty-five. Medium shielding, medium weapons. Maximum speed warp nine-point-eight. Used primarily to transport high-level military personnel and secret technology.

BASHIR  
I've never heard of this class. Has one ever been to the station?

TARAN'ATAR  
No *N'Renix*-class ship ever left Romulan space during the war.

RO  
Then how do you know about it?

TARAN'ATAR

The Dominion's intelligence on the Alpha and Beta Quadrant militaries is quite extensive.

BASHIR

What happened to it?

DAX

The hull is breached in a dozen places. No life signs. No energy signature. The engines are gone.

BASHIR

Core failure?

DAX

No, I mean they're gone. Removed. Took the main disruptor bank too. Ripped it right out of the hull.

TARAN'ATAR

This is not a Jem'Hadar attack pattern, but it is well placed.

RO

You guys have patterns for weapons-fire attacks?

TARAN'ATAR

For every class of enemy craft. They each have their weaknesses.

RO

What about Starfleet runabouts?

TARAN'ATAR

Aft shield generator.

RO

I'll remember that.

BASHIR

That's enough. Can we board? Is it holding atmosphere?

DAX

Engineering and the bridge are intact, and I think I could reactivate life support from here. No gravity though.

RO

Ugh. I hate zero-gee.

BASHIR

You can stay here and mind the sensors. Taran'atar and I will gather our gear.

RO

Just a minute. There are no bodies. The crew quarters have been blown open, so you'd expect to see bodies nearby. But there aren't any.

BASHIR

Right. And that means someone dragged the ship here from wherever it was actually attacked. But why? A scarecrow?

TARAN'ATAR

If I understand the term correctly, then yes, it was meant to incite fear.

RO

Terror is an effective weapon.

BASHIR

I keep hearing that today, so I guess it must be true. All right then, we don't have much time to do this. Let's go see what Commander Vaughn packed for us.

Bashir and Taran'atar leave.

DAX

He's trying not to show it, but he's enjoying this.

RO  
Yeah, I got that too.

DAX  
He used to play spy games on the holodeck with Garak.

RO  
Really? Never go spying with someone who thinks it's a game.

DAX  
He hasn't played since he learned about Section 31. I think it lost its innocence.

RO  
Or maybe he lost his.

**12    EXT. SPACE**

Focusing on the Romulan ship now.

**13    INT. ROMULAN SHIP - CORRIDOR**

Taran'atar materialises about a meter off the deck. He is not wearing a pressure suit, just an oxygen mask and goggles. After a moment, Dax and Bashir beam in too, also floating in zero-g, wearing pressure suits.

DAX  
No shroud?

TARAN'ATAR  
No need. There's no-one here.

BASHIR  
All right, let's not waste time.  
The bridge is that way. Would you mind taking point, Taran'atar?

Taran'atar pushes away and guides himself down the corridor. Dax and Bashir follow, trying to move in zero-g.

They magnetise their boots as they reach a closed door.

BASHIR  
Is there anyone in there?

DAX  
(checking tricorder)  
If we assume the ship was carrying  
its usual complement, and that  
between a third and a half of the  
crew was lost when it breached,  
then everyone is in there.

TARAN'ATAR  
I will stay out here and watch. I  
dislike being in a room with no  
escape route.

BASHIR  
Ro can transport us out.

TARAN'ATAR  
Assuming she's still there.

He turns and floats away, shrouding as he does. Bashir  
fiddles some controls, the doors open. He and Dax enter.

**14    INT. ROMULAN SHIP - BRIDGE**

Romulan bodies litter the room, draped over chairs and  
consoles. They have all been killed cleanly, a disruptor to  
the head. Except for two - the Captain and a Tal Shiar  
officer - who have been deliberately rematerialised halfway  
through the walls of the bridge, so that they died slowly.

Bashir and Ezri enter, looking around horrified.

DAX  
Every time I think I've seen  
everything...

Bashir approaches one of the half-materialised figures and  
sees a green-bloody shape carved into the forehead. It's a  
circle superimposed with a crescent.

DAX  
What does it mean?

BASHIR

It's an ancient symbol, almost four-hundred years old. The sun and the moon together, suggesting totality, everything in the world. The symbol of Khan Noonien Singh.

DAX

Locken has appropriated his icon. It'll send Earth into a frenzy.

BASHIR

And frenzied people make rash decisions. Maybe that's what he wants.

Dax turns away and starts pushing buttons. A pre-recorded message begins to play on most of the screens. It shows ETHAN LOCKEN, a pleasant older gentleman in his 60s, very average and ordinary looking. His clothes carry the same icon as carved on the Romulan's forehead.

LOCKEN (screen)

My name is Locken, and you are trespassing. If you have not come to pay tribute, then leave or be destroyed. There will be no other warning.

(pause)

Don't imagine for a moment that you're a match for me. You're not.

Off Bashir and Dax's horror...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**15 EXT. SPACE**

The *Euphrates* and the Romulan ship, looking all deserted.

**16 INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

Dax and Bashir appear on the pad. Ro turns to greet them.

RO

What's going on?

BASHIR

I've asked Taran'atar to initiate a warp core breach on my command.

DAX

Do we have the authority to do that? Shouldn't we contact Starfleet or the Romulans?

BASHIR

The Romulans would come here and see that a human was responsible for this massacre. Probably even decide Starfleet was involved. Better to destroy it.

DAX

You realise, don't you, that this is exactly the sort of thing Section 31 would do? Erase the evidence. Those people all had friends and families who deserve to know something.

BASHIR

The irony is not lost on me.

TARAN'ATAR (comm)

Taran'atar to Bashir. I am ready.

Ro hits the controls - Taran'atar rematerialises.

TARAN'ATAR

The task is complete. The overload should occur in six minutes.

RO

Then let's get out of here. Anyone want to say anything?

Dax and Bashir have no words. Taran'atar doesn't understand. So Ro just sets the ship back to warp.

**17 EXT. SPACE - THE BADLANDS**

The *Euphrates* weaves among the plasma storms. Gradually the storms part until we see a small blue-green M-class planet.

**18 INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

Everyone looks a little ruffled, except for Taran'atar. Ro is hanging tight onto the controls, Dax is looking sickly and injecting her arm with a hypospray.

BASHIR

What's our approach vector?

RO

I'm going to go in fast over the icecap, approach near sea level. Everyone okay with that?

BASHIR

You're the pilot.

RO

That's right.

DAX

Something decloaking on the port side. Oh hell.

**19 EXT. SPACE - THE BADLANDS**

A Cardassian ORBITAL WEAPONS PLATFORM (from 6x22 "Tears of the Prophets") decloaks and FIRES before the runabout can react. It scores a direct hit on the rear shields.

20 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

Sparking consoles, smoke billowing, the works.

DAX

Direct hit to aft power coupling!  
We've lost deflectors, tractors,  
environmental... everything!  
Somebody find some power!

Bashir works some rear consoles, and Ro's panel comes back to life. She immediately gets the ship moving. Another HIT.

RO

Where did they get a Cardassian  
weapons platform? Do we abort?

BASHIR

Not an option.

21 **EXT. SPACE - THE BADLANDS**

The weapons platform FIRES again - a direct hit. The runabout's shields fizzle to nothing, and it begins to plummet towards the planet's surface.

22 **INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

The cockpit is in chaos, fires and smoke. Ro makes a last few entries, grabs her bag and heads to the transporter.

RO

Everybody out!

She grabs a medkit, and Taran'atar joins her. But Bashir is still at the consoles, working furiously. Dax stays too.

RO

Doctor!

BASHIR

Go! The presets are dead, and I  
need to stabilise or you'll be two  
big smears across the landscape.

DAX  
We're closing on the shoreline.  
Almost in range. Get on the pads!

With a curse, Ro does. She and Taran'atar BEAM out.

DAX  
They're down.  
(another attack)  
Sensors are gone.

BASHIR  
So's the transporter. Get in the  
pilot seat - controlled re-entry.

She does so grimly. He is still working at a back console.

BASHIR  
Do you see what I'm going to do?

DAX  
I think so.

BASHIR  
The only way the system will cool  
off enough. Can you handle it?

DAX  
(really not)  
Yes.

BASHIR  
Okay... now.

He presses some buttons - everything goes dark and silent.

**23 EXT. SINDORIN - ATMOSPHERE**

The *Euphrates*, completely powerless, drops like a stone,  
totally free-falling.

**24 INT. RUNABOUT - COCKPIT**

BASHIR  
Seven... eight... nine... ten.  
Now! Activate the anti-gravs!

The power comes back on, and Dax begins hitting buttons. The runabout's descent slows with a sudden JERK upwards. Things are looking up - but then the power dies again.

BASHIR

That one wasn't me.

25 **EXT. SINDORIN - ATMOSPHERE**

The runabout makes its last powerless plummet towards the tree-tops of the surface.

**BLACKOUT.**

26 **EXT. SINDORIN - SURFACE - NIGHT**

Ro and Taran'atar trudge miserably through the night-time forest, where it has also started to rain very hard.

RO

Have I mentioned how very much I hate being wet?

TARAN'ATAR

Yes, several times. Please don't do it again.

RO

Can you see anything?

TARAN'ATAR

I see rain.

RO

Anything else?

TARAN'ATAR

Trees. Many trees. Also undergrowth. More importantly, I see no Jem'Hadar. Otherwise, if you mean, 'can you see anything useful,' the answer is no.

A sour look from Ro.

TARAN'ATAR

They may be Jem'Hadar by birth,  
but they have not received proper  
training. Did you see how they  
pursued us before the rain began?

RO

No. I mean, I might have seen a  
few blades of grass waving about -

TARAN'ATAR

Precisely. They are pathetic.  
(suddenly stiffens)  
I'll return.

He suddenly shrouds and runs off again. Ro stands alone.

RO

(whisper)

Taran'atar! Where are you, dammit?

The shroud shape is suddenly beside her - she jumps.

TARAN'ATAR (o.s.)

Someone is out there.

RO

Jem'Hadar?

TARAN'ATAR (o.s.)

No. They move more swiftly and  
make better use of the cover. They  
know this forest. If you draw  
their attention, I'm certain I  
could kill them all.

RO

No! They might not be enemies.

He un-shrouds right in front of her, almost nose to nose.

TARAN'ATAR

I thought everyone on this planet  
was an enemy. What has the doctor  
not told me?

RO

Nothing. But there's something I never told him. Don't get too close. And try to stay upwind - their sense of smell is amazing.

She leads, Taran'atar still distrustful. They trudge for a while, until they come to an opening, a space where the underbrush has been cut away and the trees scorched.

TARAN'ATAR

Who did this? The ones we follow?

RO

They have no energy weapons. Who do you think?

Taran'atar approaches the scorched trees, studies them.

TARAN'ATAR

Romulan disruptors. Starfleet phasers. Breen. If we assume that the human has pirated much of his equipment, then he would arm his Jem'Hadar similarly.

(sniffs the air)

Someone has stopped here recently. They stopped for several minutes, though I cannot say why.

RO

I can. To pay homage.

Suddenly, the foliage around them rustles, and Taran'atar raises his weapon. A small figure steps out, pigmy-sized and ape-like. It looks solemnly at Ro.

Then more of them, and more, until Ro and Taran'atar are surrounded by a dozen or more of the slim figures on all sides. They are called the INGA VI.

RO

Lower your weapon.

Taran'atar will do no such thing.

RO (cont)

Look, you and I both know you could wipe them all out with your bare hands. It won't make a difference if you lower your phaser for a few seconds.

He still doesn't. Ro reaches out and forcibly pushes Taran'atar's weapon down.

RO

Put it down.

The first Ingavi, KEL, speaks to Ro.

KEL

Why are you here? Why is he here?

RO

He's my companion. He won't hurt you. Do you remember me? Is there anyone here who knows me?

KEL

I remember you. That is why I was told to speak to you. You may not remember me - I was young when you were here, and now I am old.

RO

We'll leave if you wish. We didn't come to bring you more trouble -

KEL

You already have. The Jem'Hadar are looking for something. It's not us. They think we're all dead. Again, why are you here? And why did you bring him?

RO

He isn't like the others, I swear it. I'll be glad to tell you the whole story, but not here. Is there somewhere safe we can go?

KEL

Safe? No place is safe anymore.  
But perhaps we can find a place a  
little more sheltered. And there  
are others who will want to hear  
you. Wait here.

He melts back into the trees, followed by the other Ingavi.

RO

Listen, I want to thank you for  
your trust in me. I realise it  
can't be easy for you.

TARAN'ATAR

You live dangerously, but not  
recklessly. I will not challenge  
you. But if you wish to avoid any  
further misunderstandings, you  
should brief me now on everything  
you know about this planet.

RO

The Ingavi were native to a world  
that fell under Cardassian control  
about seventy-five years ago. A  
group of about two-thousand fled.  
Sindorin was similar enough to  
their own world that they could  
start over.

(pause)

I promised I would never reveal to  
anyone that I knew they were here.  
Of course, the Dominion came  
anyway. Then Section 31. I kept my  
silence, but it didn't matter.

TARAN'ATAR

I don't understand. They were  
weaker than the Maquis, surely.  
What did it matter what they want?

RO

What are you saying? We should  
have killed them, conquered them?

TARAN'ATAR

You were at war. You had need of this place.

RO

That's not good enough! I wasn't going to do to them what the Cardassians did to Ingav, or to Bajor. They've suffered enough.

Suddenly, Kel is back in the opening.

KEL

Yes, we have. My name is Kel. I will be your guide. We remember Ro Laren with honour and affection.

(to Taran'atar)

They all wanted to kill you. But I told them you heeded Ro Laren and lowered your weapon. This means I have spoken for you, so if this is a trick, and you intend to kill us all, then kill me first.

(Taran'atar nods)

Some of my friends are attempting to distract the other Jem'Hadar who are searching for you. Hurry.

Kel walks into the forest, and Ro and Taran'atar follow.

**27 EXT. LOCKEN'S BASE - ESTABLISHING**

A military compound in the trees, fences and barbed wire.

**28 INT. LOCKEN'S BASE - PRISON CELL**

Quite a nice cell as cells go. Observation device in the ceiling. Dax and Bashir sit on separate bunks, both a mess.

DAX

This is how many crash landings for you now?

BASHIR

Four.

DAX

Only four? I would have thought it was more than that.

BASHIR

Actual contact between a ship and a planet's surface? No, only four. The *Yangtzee Kiang*, the *Rubicon*, the stolen Jem'Hadar ship and now this. How's your collarbone?

DAX

A little stiff. How are you?

BASHIR

Annoyed. Angry. Fearful for -  
(no names)  
- the future. Did you ever find your combadge?

DAX

No, it must have fallen off during the crash.

BASHIR

Did you get a chance to look out the viewports before the Jem'Hadar beamed in? Any idea about the crash site?

LOCKEN (o.s.)

You were extraordinarily lucky.

Dax and Bashir jump in surprise. They turn and see that Locken himself is standing in the doorway.

LOCKEN

Julian Bashir. I can't tell you how delighted I am to meet you. Never in my wildest dreams did I think Section 31 would be stupid enough to send you after me.

BASHIR

Why stupid?

LOCKEN

Because you're probably the one person who will truly understand what I'm trying to do here. You're quite the celebrity, Julian. Someday we must discuss your little obsession with the Alamo. I have a similar fascination with the Battle of Thermopylae.

BASHIR

Three-hundred Spartans against the army of the Persian Empire.

LOCKEN

It's always a pleasure to meet a fellow scholar. This is already better than I hoped. I feel like I know you, that we are *simpatico*.

DAX

Except, of course, that we're in a cell and you aren't.

Locken totally ignores Dax, as if she is simply not there. He steps back, and the forcefield at the door drops.

LOCKEN

Would you like to accompany me to my chambers? I've prepared supper, then we'll take the tour. What's the point of having a secret base if you can't show it off?

Bashir grins - he and Locken are starting to hit it off. Dax looks on with growing worry.

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**29 EXT. SINDORIN - RAINFOREST**

Focusing on a particularly enormous and ancient tree.

**30 INT. INGAVI CAVES**

Actually, the hollowed out roots of the enormous tree. Kel, Ro and Taran'atar crouch before an old and frail Ingavi, wrapped in cloth, his eyes blind with cataracts. This is their leader, TAN MULLA.

TAN MULLA

Hello, Ro. I hope the years have been kind to you.

RO

And you, Tan Mulla. I'm sorry we meet again in such circumstances.

TAN MULLA

You'll forgive us if we are suspicious. Not long after you left, the first Jem'Hadar came. They and the pale ones who speak so well but smell so bad.

TARAN'ATAR

Vorta.

TAN MULLA

Yes, them. We didn't like them, but they assured us they meant us no harm, and we believed them... for a time. We try to stay hidden, but there are many among us who would prefer to fight, even if it means we die, because our lives have become unbearable.

RO

I understand. As I told you when we met, I myself was fighting the same invaders who conquered Ingav.

TAN MULLA

Did you win?

RO

No. I lost. And in the end, the Cardassians lost too. The ones who are doing this, we're here to stop them. I'm just so sorry that you found yourself trapped between all these forces. It's not right...

Suddenly, Taran'atar gives an infuriated grunt, turns and stalks away. The Ingavi flinch. Ro looks confused, follows him. He is standing by the exit, checking his weapons bag.

RO

What's wrong? Taran'atar?

TARAN'ATAR

Nothing is wrong. And everything is wrong. The Founder... how can I say this? He must be ill, perhaps deranged from living among solids so long. Why am I here? Why should I care about these...

(in Ro's face)

Why do you care about them? They are weak. If they die now, what does it matter?

RO

They want to live.

TARAN'ATAR

As do all living things. What does that have to do with our task? I do not regret giving my life for my duty, but I still do not understand what my duty here is.

RO

We're here to stop Locken.

TARAN'ATAR

Then let us be about it!

RO

Alright, answer me this. What can we do in our present situation?

Taran'atar stops to consider.

TARAN'ATAR

If I am to wage a campaign, I will need supplies and troops.

RO

I think I can get you troops.

TARAN'ATAR

(re Ingavi)

These creatures are no match for Jem'Hadar. Even these Jem'Hadar.

RO

That's what you thought about humans and Vulcans, isn't it?

TARAN'ATAR

What about your ship? Locken will not have destroyed it. He wants to salvage ships for his use. Perhaps he has not yet recovered yours.

**31    INT. LOCKEN'S BASE - CORRIDOR**

Bashir and Locken walk companionably down the corridor, lined with many paintings and sculptures. Dax hangs back a bit, but keeping a close eye. Locken is ignoring her.

BASHIR

You've always been interested in the arts?

LOCKEN

I suppose, though I've only recently put my hand to anything. Always afraid of drawing too much attention to myself. If I'd received some encouragement from my parents, it might have been

different. But they were so concerned about keeping their secret, they never seemed to think very much about what I might be going through. But I decided to make the best of things.

He looks around at his base, proud and admiring.

LOCKEN

No matter what else I accomplish here, I think I'm most proud of the work I did back on New Beijing. We helped mothers bring new life into the world...

Dax scoffs and rolls her eyes - Locken sees.

LOCKEN

Mock if you will, Lieutenant. But many settlers came to New Beijing precisely because of the work we did at the centre.

BASHIR

Do you know why the Dominion invaded? Starfleet could never figure it out.

LOCKEN

Apparently it was all a mistake. They'd been misinformed. Have you ever seen Jem'Hadar in combat? I don't mean against Starfleet or Klingons. Have you ever seen them tear into a civilian population?

BASHIR

No. And I never want to.

LOCKEN

And if I have my way, you never will. But Jem'Hadar are mortal. One of the things I learned on New Beijing is that I can deal death quite efficiently when I must.

DAX

Didn't you help any of the others?  
Your colleagues, your patients?

LOCKEN

You know, Lieutenant, it strikes me that you've been attempting to sow some sort of discord all evening. I wish you'd stop. It's really rather annoying and stands no chance of succeeding.

He turns back to Bashir, ignoring Dax.

LOCKEN

Would you like to see the rest of the facility?

BASHIR

Alright. And I'd like to hear about how Section 31 approached you. I'm surprised you cooperated with them as long as you did.

LOCKEN

I cooperated as long as it suited me.

BASHIR

Where are the other agents?

LOCKEN

They are now my guests. I'm not a murderer, Julian.

DAX

Not a murderer?! What do you call what you did on that Romulan ship?

LOCKEN

That was war. The first volley in a new war that will bring about a permanent peace.

DAX

That wasn't war. That was a total disregard for any universally recognised rules and conventions. That was sadism.

LOCKEN

Your rules and conventions. Your limited concept of right and wrong. Being the limited creature you are, you couldn't understand. Julian does. Don't you, Julian?

Locken looks at Bashir, expecting him to agree. Dax stares at him, expecting him to refute. Not sure which way to jump, he tries to be diplomatic, much to Dax's displeasure.

BASHIR

I think I'd like to see the rest of the facility.

LOCKEN

Then take a look. I think you'll enjoy this.

They come to a large window which looks out onto a large indoor training area. A group of teenage-looking Jem'Hadar are being trained with swords by three adult Jem'Hadar.

DAX

A forcefield on the doors. You don't trust in your own godhood?

LOCKEN

I'm a very cautious individual. Come and see the next chamber. This is where it gets interesting!

Another window shows a Jem'Hadar factory, a production line of incubators, tubes and conveyor belts. Dax is appalled.

LOCKEN

Look over there. There's a pupa coming through now.

A small white squelching thing about the size of a football appears out of a tube. Bashir is fascinated.

DAX

You mean it's a baby.

LOCKEN

Never lose that sense of humour,  
Lieutenant. But be sure not to  
confuse it with sentimentality.  
The Jem'Hadar don't care.

BASHIR

So you have, what, two-hundred  
adult Jem'Hadar now?

LOCKEN

And soon there'll be more than I  
know what to do with. Except that,  
of course, I know exactly what I'm  
going to do with them.

(re Dax)

She doesn't understand. She thinks  
genetic engineering is unnatural.  
But everything changes, everything  
evolves. The Federation needs us,  
Julian, needs enlightened people  
who will rule wisely, unafraid to  
do what needs to be done.

DAX

Like Khan, you mean? Right, there  
was an enlightened man. I've read  
the histories - the cleansings,  
the camps...

LOCKEN

Winners write history, Lieutenant.  
Yes, Khan made some mistakes. But  
think about what he would have  
accomplished if he'd had chance.

DAX

Like what? Precisely what would be  
different?

At this, Locken shows his first real emotion.

LOCKEN

How about all the lives that would have been saved if Julian and I were the norm? If Khan had won, the Federation would be much more powerful today, the Dominion would never have stood a chance, and New Beijing would never have happened.

Locken realises he has let a little too much out, and is a touch embarrassed. He pauses to pull himself together.

LOCKEN

It isn't too late though. That's my point. We can't change the past, but we can learn from it to shape the future. We could do it together, Julian. You and I could recreate humanity in our image.

BASHIR

(chuckling)

You can't be serious. Why would I ever consider helping you in this insane scheme? What could you possibly have to offer humanity that would make them follow you?

LOCKEN

How about this?

Lights come on at the final window, and Julian faces a duplicate Locken hanging in a tank. He looks further and the room is full of them, all duplicate Lockens.

BASHIR

Clones? Who cares? Cloning tech has been around for hundreds of years, but it's useless if you can't transfer the intelligence, and that kind of technology is...

(realises, amazed)

You've figured it out.

LOCKEN

Almost. Some Vorta equipment was left behind. Their brains are very different, but I'm on the right track. So tell me, Julian, what wouldn't humanity agree to in exchange for immortality?

DAX

He'll never help you! He'd never set himself apart like you have and try to tell humanity he knows what's best for it. You don't know anything about him.

Dax looks at Bashir and instead of agreement, she sees uncertainty. Locken claims victory.

LOCKEN

Obviously, Lieutenant, you don't know him as well as you thought.

DAX

Oh gods...

She turns and runs away back down the corridor.

LOCKEN

Don't worry, she won't get far.

BASHIR

I wasn't worried. I'm sure everything will be fine in the morning.

He turns back to the clone tanks, watching with fascination.

FADE OUT:

**THE END**