

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

12x02 - "Read All About It."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine

and on the *Star Trek* tie-in novels
by Pocket Books

incorporating elements from

Star Trek: Articles of the Federation

by Keith RA DeCandido

TNG 17x02 "SONNETS"

Sela has been sent to take control of the struggling Kevratas colony, and as part of that she has kidnapped Beverly Crusher, knowing that Picard will come after her. With the help of local rebels against the Romulan administration, Dr Carter Greyhorse works on curing the plague that brought Crusher there while Picard and Pug Joseph track her down. On the *Enterprise*, LaForge and Worf wonder why they were not told of Picard's whereabouts. Picard's former *Stargazer* crewmates can see that this is personal for him. Crusher realises that she does not miss her husband Jack anymore - it is Jean-Luc she is most upset about never seeing again. While the rebels distribute the cure, Picard and pals find and rescue Crusher, and he blurts out his true feelings for her. At first she needs space to process, but soon she returns to the *Enterprise*, both as CMO and Picard's lover.

TTN 1x02 - "SIX OF ONE"

After Shinzon's failed coup (TNG "Nemesis"), tensions on Romulus are boiling over. Six factions vie for power - Tal'Aura has taken the Senate, [Tomalak](#) has half the military, Donatra has the other half, Rehaek has the Tal Shiar, Xiomek has the Remans, and Spock has the Unificationists. The *Titan* leads an aid convoy, escorted by a trio of Klingon warships. While Admiral Akaar, Riker and Troi mediate complex power-sharing talks, Vale and Keru lead the *Titan*'s secondary mission - to rescue Cmdr Tuvok from a Romulan prison. In the prison, Tuvok has bonded with a grizzled [Reman](#), Mekrikuk. They instigate an uprising, allowing Keru to rescue Mekrikuk, but Tuvok is snatched again by other Remans - led by Xiomek, who it turns out was allied with Spock. Keru manages to beam Tuvok and Spock both on board *Titan* - to Spock's displeasure. Meanwhile, Donatra's fleet, which had been hiding in the Bassen Rift, has mysteriously disappeared...

VOY 10x02 - "SELFISH"

Inside the Yaris Nebula, *Voyager* finds some interesting spatial phenomena that have the science departments excited. Troubled by the ongoing symbiont crisis ([DS9 "Unjoined"](#)), *Voyager*'s CMO

Dr Jarem Kaz, a joined Trill, wonders if he ought to resign his commission and go home to help. His former host Gradak was a Maquis who nearly went insane from his experiences in the Dominion War and killed himself to escape. If Jarem went home, it would be doing the same - giving up his own life to let the symbiont live. He doesn't want to do it, he worked hard to get where he is. But which is the less selfish option? When the spatial phenomena have worrying physical effects on *Voyager's* crew, only Kaz's experiences surviving in the Badlands can save them. Chakotay assures Kaz it is his decision, but he thinks it is selfish to give up his life when he has so much to offer. Kaz agrees... for now.

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SSKO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant is open, and customers sit happily at half a dozen tables spread evenly throughout both the shady inside area and the sunny outside patio area.

The family patriarch JOSEPH SSKO moves from table to table, making sure that all his customers are happy. He is in top form, in full command of his domain.

JOSEPH

How those calas dumplings treating
you? Good, right? You eat em up.

(next table)

Aren't those oysters a thing of
beauty? A feast for the eye as
well as the stomach.

A small BELL rings, shaken by the main door opening. Joseph looks towards the entrance, and there stands JAKE SSKO, and slightly behind him, RENA. They both have small carrying bags which they put down out of the way.

Elated to see them, Joseph throws his arms wide and bellows his greetings.

JOSEPH

Jake-o!

JAKE

Hey, Grampa.

Joseph throws an arm around both Jake and Rena's shoulders, leading them deeper into the restaurant.

JOSEPH

Get in the shade, it's hot enough
to boil shrimp out there. Now who
is this magnificent creature
you've brought to my door?

JAKE

Grampa, this is Rena. My wife.
Rena, this is Grampa Joe.

Joseph knows full well who she is. Jake grins wide anyway. Joseph immediately grabs Rena into a full bear hug. She squeaks a little in surprise, but is still delighted.

JOSEPH
Welcome to the family, young lady!
Well, let me get a good look at
you...
(nods approvingly)
The Sisko men always did have
impeccable taste.

RENA
It's good to finally meet you,
Mister Sisko.

JOSEPH
Ah-ah-ah, Grampa. Or Joe.

RENA
Okay... 'Grampa'.

Joseph turns back to the restaurant, presenting Jake and Rena to his customers.

JOSEPH
My friends! The prodigal grandson
has returned! And I'd also like to
introduce a new member of the
Sisko family.
(playfully pointed)
Well, new to me anyway - they got
married three damn years ago and I
only just met her. Everyone, this
is Rena, the Mrs Jake Sisko.

The customers raise their glasses or coffee cups in a congratulatory 'cheers'. Rena is bashfully delighted at the whole affair. The celebration over, Joseph leads Jake and Rena towards a free table, where they all sit.

JOSEPH

Now come on, take a seat. You want anything to eat?

JAKE

We're fine, thanks, Grampa.

RENA

Although it does smell wonderful.

JOSEPH

Now, I understand from Kasidy's letters that you have some culinary expertise yourself.

JAKE

(proud)

She runs her own bakery shop.

RENA

I help run a bakery shop. It's my Aunt Marja's bakery, I just work there.

JOSEPH

Still sounds better than some of the folks come sniffing around here. At least you actually work with honest-to-God ingredients, not those heathen machines.

JAKE

Grampa Joe is not a fan of the modern replicator.

RENA

Mostly though I've been in art school. In fact I just finished my course from Dakhur university.

JOSEPH

An artist and a chef! Didn't I say the Sisko men had great taste?

JAKE

They certainly do.

Jake gives a side hug to Rena sat beside him, and pecks her cheek. It is clear the pair are very much in love, and Joseph is thrilled to see it. But then the mood dampens.

JOSEPH

I heard about what happened to Rebecca. Poor little mite. They got the guy who did it, right?

(Jake nods)

Good. And how is she now?

RENA

She seems to be fine. She just shook it off. That's the benefit of being young, I suppose. It's Jake's father I'm worried about.

JOSEPH

What's wrong with Ben? Jake...?

JAKE

The guy who did it... Dad knew him. They were friends. Or so he thought.

JOSEPH

Well, Ben always did take things very deeply to heart. But he comes out of it in the end. Usually.

(brightens)

So! If you're not going to eat, why don't you explain to me what this visit is all about.

Jake hesitates, dissembles. Joseph isn't fooled for a second, but he lets Jake get to it in his own time.

JAKE

(half truth)

I haven't been home to Earth in five years. Plus, I've been living in Rena's home town on Bajor since we got married, and she's never even seen mine.

RENA

Jake and his father talk about New Orleans all the time.

JOSEPH

Ain't no place else I'd rather be.

(to the point)

But you have your meeting too, right? The one you told me about?

JAKE

(nods)

Day after tomorrow.

JOSEPH

Mmm-hmm. And what does your father know about this? Or Kasidy?

JAKE

They know I'm bringing Rena for a visit. They don't know the rest, not yet.

JOSEPH

Jake, you know I try never to keep secrets from family. Not since the business with Sarah, anyway.

JAKE

I know, Grampa. But just... a little longer. Rena and I have some decisions to make. And once we do, we'll tell him. I promise.

Joseph takes a deep breath and reluctantly agrees. But he's still not convinced...

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

2 EST. NEW ZEALAND

The distinctive shape of the two islands of New Zealand, but mostly focusing on the north island.

3 INT. PENNINGTON SCHOOL - LOBBY

A nice open and airy entrance hall to a large university. The style is modern Federation technological advancement mixed with artistic displays and sculptures.

People of all ages, genders and species stroll through this hall on their way to various parts of the university.

Into this gentle throng strides Jake, now dressed in a smart business suit. He pauses for a moment to admire the POSTERS that adorn walls or hang freely from the ceiling, featuring the faces of famous alumni of the school.

He approaches a large main reception desk, staffed by a good half dozen people. A TELLARITE man glares across the counter at him, as if Jake's mere presence annoys him. Jake plays along, knowing this is just how Tellarites operate.

TELLARITE

What do you want? I'm busy.

JAKE

I have an appointment with the dean of admissions, as if it's any business of yours.

TELLARITE

You think you're good enough to be a student here, do you? You think you deserve to be up on those walls with the best?

JAKE

Well, that's up to people who don't just work at a reception desk to decide, don't you think?

The Tellarite chuckles and nods approvingly. He appreciates when somebody gets it.

TELLARITE

What's your name, human?

JAKE

Jake Sisko.

TELLARITE

Sisko, huh? Maybe you're smart enough to figure out where to wait until the dean is ready, then.

JAKE

I'll just stand wherever the smell doesn't reach me.

The Tellarite chuckles again and starts typing into his computer. Jake moves away to find the waiting area.

As he finds a seating area and sits down - carefully, so as not to wrinkle his suit too much - he breathes deeply with relief. At least he made a good first impression.

PULL BACK to reveal a SIGN over Jake's head, which reads...

**WELCOME TO PENNINGTON
SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM**

4 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - JACKSON PARK - DAY

RENA (o.s.)

Reminds me a lot of parts of Bajor actually. I always kind of assumed Earth would be all built up, all super-advanced.

A wide panning shot of the park on a beautiful sunny day. Birds tweeting, people strolling and picnicking, kids playing. In the centre of the park is a public TRANSPORTER PLATFORM, which people periodically beam into or out of.

Eventually we land upon Jake and Rena sat on a park bench, in light summer outfits, eating ice cream cones, leaning on each other as they relax in the sun and enjoy the day.

JAKE

Parts of it. But we try to keep green spaces too. I don't think it's healthy to spend your life surrounded by concrete and metal.

RENA

Says the boy who grew up on a space station.

JAKE

And who now lives in a beautiful waterfront village.

RENA

You're discovering a love of nature in your old age?

JAKE

Well, like you say, I grew up on DS-Nine. Spent most of my life before that on this starship or that space station. Then Bajor.

(pause)

To be honest, I don't really know New Orleans all that well. But I'd like to get to know it better.

RENA

Your grandfather certainly seems very attached to the place.

JAKE

Oh, he's lived here all his life. He'll never leave. But the people here have a lot of pride in it.

RENA

(genuinely)

Why?

Jake ponders for a moment as he enjoys his ice cream.

JAKE

I suppose it's a lot like Bajor. This city had a difficult history. Slavery, poverty, rebellions, natural disasters... But then so much beauty and passion too. The culture, the food, the music... such a *joie de vivre*, because of what they'd been through.

RENA

But all that was centuries ago, surely.

JAKE

But it's part of the identity of the place. The Sisko blood runs deep here, I guess. No matter how far we go, we always come back here sooner or later.

RENA

Speaking of which, don't you need to get back to the restaurant and change? Your meeting's in an hour.

They have both finished their ice creams by now, so Rena rises, takes Jake's paper napkin off him and throws them into a public bin. Jake rises too. He's a bit nervous.

JAKE

You think I've got time for a bit of Dutch courage?

RENA

Of what?

JAKE

Dutch courage. It just means a quick drink to steel my nerves.

RENA

Oh, I see. We call that a spring wine spine.

JAKE
(chuckle)
I love that!

RENA
Come on. Get moving.

She takes his arm and drags him out of the park.

5 INT. PENNINGTON SCHOOL - CORRIDOR

Jake strolls along a wide boulevard corridor in the company of the university's dean, a pleasant middle-aged human male called GRANT. Doors lead to classrooms along one side, and open windows out onto a sunny garden on the other.

JAKE
It's certainly a beautiful campus.
How do you go about accommodating
so many different species with
different needs?

GRANT
That's always a challenge, of
course, but one we gladly meet.
All it takes is a little patience
and ingenuity - something our
students have in spades.

JAKE
But those various species will
have different journalistic
methodologies, presumably.

GRANT
Naturally. But graduates of
Pennington have gone on to major
assignments all around the
Federation, working everywhere
from the palaces of governments to
the trenches of war zones. As you
well know.

The pair turn a corner and find themselves in...

6 INT. PENNINGTON SCHOOL - OFFICE FOYER

...an ante-room to the dean's office, featuring a secretary at a desk and a small waiting area. Unjoined TRILL woman OZLA GRANIV (30s) stands patiently gazing at paintings and informational posters on the walls while she waits.

Grant is only half-surprised to see her - Ozla's appearance now is inconvenient but not entirely unexpected. She turns at Grant and Jake's arrival.

GRANT

...And here we have one of our most illustrious alumni. Ms Graniv - did we have an appointment?

OZLA

I was hoping I could rely on our years of professional comradeship to skip that part, Grant.

GRANT

This is not the best time, Ozla. I'm in the middle of a tour. This is Jake Sisko. Mister Sisko, this is Ozla Graniv, Palais reporter for the *Seeker*.

JAKE

(shakes hands)

A pleasure to meet you, Ms Graniv. I read your exposé on the Orion Syndicate. Very impressive work.

OZLA

Thank you very much. Actually I've read your work as well - your reports for FNS during the war were surprisingly insightful... if a little naive.

She smiles to soften the insult. Jake takes it in the spirit - Ozla is a nice person if a little forthright.

JAKE

Well, I was only eighteen.

OZLA

And of course we've all heard of your father. A real-life war hero. Are you back on Earth now?

JAKE

Not permanently, I'm just visiting family for now. So you work at the Palais? That's one press room I'd love to see some day.

OZLA

Well, give me your contact data, I'll see what I can arrange while you're here.

GRANT

(breaking in)

As I said, Ozla, I'm in the midst of giving Mister Sisko a tour. Did you need something?

She glances over towards Jake, who gets the message.

JAKE

Oh please, take your time. I'm in no rush.

He removes himself over to the waiting area, taking a seat. It's only the illusion of privacy - he can still hear what they're saying, but he pretends he can't.

Ozla smiles gratefully, then turns sternly back to Grant. They attempt to keep their voices low in front of company.

OZLA

Tezwa.

GRANT

Ozla, we've been over this. You're a correspondent at the Palais, a prestigious position which you've earned. Not to mention a safe and comfortable one. Why do you want to go digging around in the dirt?

OZLA

Because nobody else is. After the whole Romulan disaster, nobody's talking about Tezwa anymore. It's unfair to them. Unfair to Vara.

Grant flinches at the mention of that name. Jake watches their exchange with quiet interest from afar, intrigued.

GRANT

I don't know what you expect me to do. I have no influence over where Farik assigns you.

OZLA

Your voice carries a lot of weight in this business, Grant. If you tell Farik it's a good story, and you can't think of anyone better to cover it, he'll listen.

GRANT

Vara died on Tezwa. Whatever Gral saw there was enough to make him retire after two-hundred-and-fifty years as a reporter - and three different host bodies.

OZLA

Which means there's nobody left to report on this but me. Come on, Grant - thousands of Klingons killed. Starfleet invades the planet, for crying out loud.

Jake's ears perk up at that strange factoid. What could cause Starfleet to do such a thing?

OZLA (cont)

A space-faring culture reduced to the stone age. You can't tell me that's not an important story.

Grant sighs - it's clear that Ozla will not be swayed.

GRANT

Fine. I'll talk to Farik. But I still think this is a stupid idea.

OZLA

Maybe so. But I have to do it anyway. Thanks, Grant. I owe you.

They step apart. Ozla pulls herself back together, turns to Jake, who stands at the signal that the discussion is over.

OZLA

Sorry for interrupting your tour, Mister Sisko.

JAKE

That's alright.

OZLA

Tell you what - the *Seeker's* Earth office is in Chartres. Give them a call, I'll arrange a day pass to a Palais press conference for you.

JAKE

That would be amazing, thank you. And good luck with your story.

She nods her thanks and leaves the room. Grant takes a deep breath and tries to get his schedule back on track.

GRANT

Right! Shall we?

He opens the door to his office, expecting Jake to follow. But before Jake does so, he looks back the way Ozla went. Their conversation has piqued his interest...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

7 EST. PARIS - THE PALAIS - DAY

The grand edifice houses the seat of Federation government. The cylindrical, 15-storey building sits on the Place de la Concorde in the heart of Paris, straddling the Champs Elysées via four giant pillars, with the Seine flowing by.

On the 15th floor, we see the huge semi-circular picture window which is the president's office. But then we PAN DOWN to the lower levels, where we see figures entering the building via doors set into the pillars at ground level.

8 INT. PALAIS - ENTRY HALL

Inside one pillar (and presumably inside the others too) is a security operation for any persons entering the Palais. Scanning booths, weapons emplacements and a LOT of security staff within an attempt to still seem open and welcoming.

Jake and Rena each stand within one of the cylindrical booths, which closes on them as a SCANNING DEVICE loops 360 degrees around before beeping affirmatively. The other side opens up, and they step out, wearing SECURITY BADGES.

Admiral ROSS is there waiting, and shakes each's hand.

ROSS

Mister and Missus Sisko. Welcome to the Palais de la Concorde.

JAKE

Admiral! I didn't realise we were getting an official escort.

ROSS

Well, I like to consider myself a family friend...

JAKE

Admiral Ross was my dad's boss during the war, and he married my dad and Kasidy.

ROSS
And now I serve as the Starfleet
liaison to the President.

RENA
Ah - a powerful friend to have.

ROSS
Shall we? Plenty to see - and the
press briefing starts in an hour.

Ross leads the pair deeper towards some elevators.

9 INT. PALAIS - PRESS ROOM

Seats are laid out for dozens of correspondents, all facing a PODIUM on a small raised stage. The FEDERATION SEAL sits on the wall behind the podium. None of the seats are occupied as yet, but technicians buzz about, tending to DEVICES spaced evenly on the walls all around the room.

Ross, Jake and Rena enter this room via a door at the back. Ross leads them to seats on the back row.

JAKE
Umm... isn't it supposed to be
starting soon? Where is everybody?

ROSS
Don't worry, they'll be here.

A man enters on the stage - older, male, Bajoran, balding. This is JOREL, the presidential press liaison, the kind of man who would enjoy his job if it didn't involve having to deal with other people. People are the worst.

RENA
(quiet)
Oh, I recognise him - that's
Kant Jorel. He used to be First
Minister Asarem's press liaison.

Jorel notices Jake and Rena, glowers at them from the other side of the room. But since Ross is with them, presumably they must be okay. Instead he gestures at the technicians.

JOREL

Are you ready? Not like you've had
all morning, or anything.

The technicians scuttle out of the room as Jorel grumbles his way to the podium. He checks a chrono, waits until just the right second, then presses one particular button.

Over the next ten seconds, HOLOGRAMS buzz into life all around the room, filling every seat with journalists from every planet in the Federation, every race and gender. Jake and Rena watch all this happen with delight. While the reporters settle in, Ross leans across and explains.

ROSS

After the Breen attack, the Palais
was locked down tight. But they
couldn't justify cutting out the
press altogether, so they used
some recent advances in holo-tech.

A quiet commotion catches their attention, and they turn to see Admiral BATANIDES clumsily making her way between the seats, buzzing through people's holographic bodies and generally making a complete meal of it.

BATANIDES

Could I...? Excuse me... Oh sorry,
was that your face? Don't mind me,
coming through...

She finally plops down into a spare seat next to Ross with an OOF of effort. Ross purses and holds his tongue - Batanides is a lovely woman but a exasperating klutz.

BATANIDES

Did I miss anything exciting?

ROSS

We're just beginning. Jake, Rena,
this is Admiral Marta Batanides.
Marta, Jake and Rena Sisko.

(they nod greetings)

I didn't realise you were planning
to attend...

BATANIDES

Best way to find out what's going on. I never get to hear anything fun in personnel.

Jorel shouts over the hubbub, bringing the room to order. Jake listens intently, fascinated by the entire procedure.

JOREL

Okay, everyone shut up and let's get on with this!

(they hush down)

First of all, President Bacco has said that she's looking forward to the negotiators on both sides of the current dispute between Delta and Carrea coming to Earth to resolve their differences here in the Palais.

Many hands shoot up, but a human male, EDMUND, is the first to speak out loud and grab Jorel's attention.

EDMUND

So you're saying that they've agreed to come?

JOREL

I'm saying that they are coming, Edmund. Please listen to what I say. Maria?

A human woman speaks up - MARIA.

MARIA

Has there been any word from ex-President Zife since he resigned?

JOREL

I'm not sure what you mean.

MARIA

Has he had anything to say about President Bacco's election?

JOREL

We haven't heard from President Zife since his resignation. I'm sure he's enjoying retirement.

MARIA

C'mon, Jorel - you expect us to believe that Zife doesn't have an opinion about Bacco?

JOREL

I long ago gave up expecting you people to believe anything I say. T'Nira?

Jake listens intently. Jorel seems oddly evasive, and it's suspicious. Meanwhile a VULCAN woman, T'NIRA, speaks.

T'NIRA

Could you comment on the elevation of Councillor Krim Aldos to the security council?

JOREL

What is there to say? The president fully supports Krim, she was the one who nominated him.

T'NIRA

Even though he was a rebel on Bajor, has only been a council member for three years, and is on record as being against Bajor's membership in the Federation?

JOREL

(stern)

Anyone who's anyone on Bajor was a rebel. The only alternative is a collaborator, and I assume you wouldn't support someone like that on the security council?

T'NIRA

That would be illogical.

JOREL

Damn right it would. And whatever his personal feelings might be, Krim is here to represent the people of Bajor, who clearly do want to be in the Federation. And he's done a damn good job I say.

At the back of the room, Rena whispers smirkingly to Jake.

RENA

Plus he's First Minister Asarem's ex-husband.

JAKE

(mutter)

Asarem's press liaison, Asarem's ex-husband... seems a little incestuous.

Rena looks askance at Jake - that's an odd comment. Jorel has been continuing to rant at T'Nira...

JOREL (cont)

Look, Bajor has been at the centre of Federation security concerns for the past decade. The wormhole, Cardassia, the Tzenkethi, the Badlands... They deserve a voice equal to that importance. Ozla?

To Jake's slight surprise, Ozla Graniv is among the crowd. She speaks up at Jorel's invitation.

OZLA

We've heard that the Federation is sending aid to Romulus. Won't that mean cutting aid going to Tezwa?

Jake's ears perk up - Ozla is back on the Tezwa train.

JOREL

Do you expect the president to just let Romulus fall apart? Who does that help?

OZLA

Some might say Romulus brought its problems on itself. Whereas the Federation claimed *batyay'a* over Tezwa. Doesn't that mean we're responsible for them now?

JOREL

Klingon rites of conquest are not really my area. But nobody said a thing about stopping aid to Tezwa. We're big enough to handle both.

OZLA

Well, we'll soon see - I'm planning a trip there myself.

This seems to finally throw Jorel off his game - a fact which Jake also notices from his seat at the back.

JOREL

Why would you want to do that?

OZLA

Because there's a story there, Jorel. Why else?

Frowning as he reorients, Jorel continues the briefing in BACKGROUND DIALOGUE, with more reporters asking questions and he continuing to berate and insult them.

Meanwhile Jake turns and whispers to Ross beside him...

JAKE

Admiral... what do you know about Tezwa?

ROSS

What do you mean?

JAKE

I met Ozla earlier - she's the one who got me access here. She said that Starfleet invaded the planet. That can't be right, can it?

ROSS

I'm afraid she was being poetic. Starfleet took control of the planet to stop the Klingons doing it first. It was the only way to stop them from invading.

JAKE

Then how did thousands of Klingons end up being killed?

Sitting silently next to them, Batanides' eyes flicker subtly across to Jake - she has noticed his interest.

ROSS

(awkward, evasive)

Mister Sisko... it's a very long story, most of which I'm not at liberty to tell you. And this is neither the time nor the place.

RENA

Jake, what are you doing? You're in the very seat of Federation government. And in their press room. You said it was an amazing opportunity, so stop worrying about some Klingon planet and pay attention.

Unhappily, Jake does what he's told and turns his attention back to the ongoing press briefing.

But Admiral Ross is still looking very uncomfortable...

And Admiral Batanides is paying attention to everything...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

10 EST. PARIS - THE PALAIS - NIGHT

The Champs Elysées and the Paris cityscape glitters in the darkness. The great building of the Palais rests elegantly along the Seine. This time we focus on the large curved picture window on the 15th floor.

CLOSE IN on the window until we PASS THROUGH it and into...

11 INT. FEDERATION PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The large room as in "[The Undiscovered Country](#)" (not the smaller room seen in DS9 4x11 "Homefront"). President NAN BACCO (a human woman in her 90s but still vital and iron-willed) sits at the large desk, centred in the curve, as a meeting of her most senior advisors goes on before her.

ESPERANZA PIÑIERO, Bacco's chief of staff and long-time friend, a human woman of Spanish descent, in her 50s.

PIÑIERO

The travel office confirmed that the Delta and Carreon ambassadors will be here day after tomorrow.

ASHANTÉ PHIRI, one of Piñiero's deputies, a human woman of African descent in her 40s.

PHIRI

I'm still not sure what it'll accomplish. They've been yelling at each other over subspace for months - now they'll just yell at each other here instead.

Z4 BLUE, a [Nasat](#) and Piñiero's other deputy, squats in a chair specially built to fit his rounded insectile body.

Z4 BLUE

There's a big difference between arguing on some moon in the Delta system, and arguing in the Palais.

PIÑIERO

What do you think?

Piñiero addressed this to Bacco. Bacco takes a moment to look around her advisors, which also include Admiral Ross.

BACCO

I think I said a month ago that we should bring the Delta and Carreon ambassadors here and lock them in a room until they starve to death. You told me to give them a chance to hash it out first. I gave them that chance. Delta's water supply is getting worse, the Carreon are no closer to letting us use their water reclamation systems, and we're all a month older. I think we've all learned something from this. I'm right, you're wrong.

(polite laughter)

I think the next four years will go a lot smoother if everyone gets that through their heads now.

PIÑIERO

Absolutely, Madam President.

BACCO

What's next? Anything Starfleet-related I ought to know about?

ROSS

The USS *Io* reports first contact with a world called Trinniek, Starbase Ten reports indications of Borg remains along the Romulan border, and the *Hood* found some ancient machinery on Gorak Nine.

PIÑIERO

What kind of machinery?

ROSS

The report wasn't specific.

PIÑIERO

Well, find out. It's been my experience that ancient machinery tends to activate and turn everyone on your ship into newts.

BACCO

I'm less concerned about a ship of newts than I am about the Borg.

ROSS

The report was of remains, Madam President. No more than Starfleet ships have uncovered all over the galaxy. I don't believe they pose an imminent threat.

BACCO

Yeah, well, keep an eye on it anyhow, just for my peace of mind. The Borg have attacked this solar system twice already. I don't want the third time to be the charm.

ROSS

Yes, ma'am.

BACCO

Okay, I think we're done. Everyone try and get some damn sleep.

Phiri, Z4 Blue and Ross all stand, offer the standard "Thank you, Madam President" mutterings, and then leave.

Bacco stands from her desk and looks out of the window at the Paris night view. Piñiero moves to stand with her.

BACCO

You know, until the seventeenth century, it was just fields. Then Marie de Medici made a tree-lined path. Named it after the Elysian Fields. Marie Antoinette used to stroll down it all the time.

PIÑIERO

Before or after she ate all the
cake and got her head cut off?

BACCO

Hush. Anyway, the point is -

PIÑIERO

There's a point? Trying something
new are we, ma'am?

BACCO

The point is, the Champs Elysées
has been Paris's main thoroughfare
for seven hundred years. The Arc
de Triomphe, the Louvre, the Tour
de France... It's on this very
spot that the Traité d'Unification
was signed two-hundred-and-fifty
years ago. And all because some
rich woman who lived in a monarchy
wanted a place to walk. From
that... came this.

PIÑIERO

It is my hope, ma'am, that we'll
do a little better than the
Medicis. Or Marie Antoinette.

BACCO

Oh, I think we can learn a lot
from Marie Antoinette. For one
thing, I'm giving serious thought
to the idea of bringing beheadings
back. Think I can get the council
to sign off on that?

PIÑIERO

Probably not, ma'am.

BACCO

Shame. It'd make the meetings go
so much faster.

Piñiero chuckles.

12 **EST. SSKO'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

Establishing the familiar front of the famous restaurant.

13 **INT. SSKO'S RESTAURANT - DAY**

Day, but the restaurant is not yet open. Joseph works in the kitchen, preparing the day's meals. In the background, two other young EXTRAS help out, doing various tasks.

Rena is beside Joseph at the counter. They are both busy chopping vegetables of various kinds. Joseph turns to Rena, checks on her progress, nods approvingly.

JOSEPH

Nice work. But maybe just a little thicker slices. Give 'em something to get their teeth into.

RENA

(keeps chopping)

Like this?

JOSEPH

Perfect. We'll make a N'Orleans chef out of you yet.

RENA

This is fun! At the bakery, Marja is always barking at me to stop trying to be creative and just get the bread baked.

JOSEPH

Cooking is creative, same as painting. Don't matter what it is, you put your heart and soul into something you believe in, people are gonna respond to it. No better feeling in the world than knowing you've sent someone away happy.

RENA

(genuinely)

Thanks for this, Mister Sisko.

Joseph stops and gestures *faux*-accusingly with his knife.

JOSEPH

Didn't I say for you to call me
Grampa? Or at least Joe.

RENA

(shy smile)

Sorry. I guess I just feel weird
that you would even want me to.
You only just met me.

JOSEPH

Now you listen here. I have raised
three sons and one daughter. And
they have given me nine beautiful
grandchildren. And whenever any
one of them has brought someone
into this house, that someone has
been a part of the family from the
moment they crossed that doorstep.

Joseph goes back to work, conversation over. Rena smiles,
touched by this declaration, but is still curious.

RENA

I hoped you'd accept me of course.
I just expected it to take time. I
know how close your family is.

JOSEPH

(shrug)

I raised my kids right. And they
did the same. Whoever they think
is important enough to introduce
to me must be worth it. And that's
all I need to know.

Touched again at the compliment, Rena steps up to Joseph
and gives him a quick peck on the cheek in thanks.

RENA

Thanks... Grampa.

They go back to chopping, but Rena has something else on
her mind. She looks towards the stairs...

RENA

How long has he been up there? He went upstairs the moment we got back and I haven't seen him since.

JOSEPH

Well, didn't he tell you? You're his wife.

RENA

He said he had some research to do. But it can't be for his interview, that's all over and done with.

She places down her knife, ponders on it.

RENA (cont)

I think it's this Tezwa thing. Prophets only know what the big deal is, I've never even heard of the place.

JOSEPH

It was in the news for a while. Then it was all this Romulan business. Always some damn thing. I just concentrate on meat, fish, vegetables and spices.

RENA

Is he often like this?

JOSEPH

Oh, his father's the same way. Always getting a bee in their bonnet about one thing or another. They come out of it eventually.

RENA

Do you mind if I...?

Joseph grunts his approval. Rena wipes her hands clean, leaves the kitchen and heads towards the stairs.

14 **INT. SSKO'S RESTAURANT - BEDROOM**

One of the rooms above the restaurant, where the family lives. Wood paneling, creaky floorboards, old-fashioned flock wallpaper. A double bed, and Jake's travelling bags.

Jake sits at a DESK, with a computer terminal working in front of him, several reports partitioned on the screen. He selects one sub-screen, which becomes the main image - a VIDEO CLIP of former president MIN ZIFE's resignation.

In the clip, the Bolian male sits at his presidential desk in the same office Bacco now occupies.

ZIFE (screen)

While my chief of staff and I were able to serve our nation well in war, we were, it seems, less suited for peace. As the war grows more distant in our past, it has become increasingly obvious that Koll and I need to step down for the good of the Federation.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Rena pokes her head in.

RENA

You okay in here? Haven't heard from you in ages.

JAKE

Yeah, I'm fine.

He sits back in his chair, pondering what he has read. She steps further into the room, seeing that he is troubled.

JAKE

Zife resigned immediately after whatever happened on Tezwa. The first resignation of a sitting president ever, in the two-hundred-year-plus history of the Federation. And he took his chief of staff and secretary of military intelligence with him.

RENA

Okay. And...?

JAKE

And after an emergency election to find a replacement, a woman who wasn't even a member of the Federation Council is voted in.

RENA

If Bacco wasn't a council member, what was she?

JAKE

A planetary governor - of Cestus Three, near Gorn space.

RENA

That's where Kasidy's from, isn't it? So what's wrong with that?

JAKE

Nothing, I guess. Just seems weird to me. She came out of nowhere. And no-one's heard a peep out of Zife since he stepped down.

RENA

Jake, it's only been three months. And he was the president of the Federation. It's no surprise he'd want to be out of the public eye for a while.

JAKE

(not listening)

And then she steals Asarem's press liaison, assigns Asarem's ex-husband to a crucial sub-council with oversight over Federation security despite several valid complaints, hires a Starfleet admiral who was originally one of her competitors in the election to serve as her Starfleet liaison...

Rena comes close, takes Jake's hands in hers, and turns him away from the computer screen to look at her.

RENA

Jake, I say this with all the love in the world... you're losing it. You're about to try and sell me on a conspiracy between the governors of two worlds on opposite sides of the galaxy to steal a presidency. I think you're worried about your interview and looking for some way to distract yourself, but you're taking it too far. Which I've been reliably informed is a family trait. You need to come downstairs with me now and get some fresh air and good food. Okay?

Jake looks back at the screen, then back at Rena.

JAKE

Okay, you're right. I'm sorry.

Rena takes him by the hand - he stands, kisses her, lets her lead him from the room. But before he passes through the door, he looks back over his shoulder at the computer. He has no intention of giving this up - he can't.

Then he leaves, and the door closes behind them. A moment after they're gone, a BEEP comes from the computer, and a TEXT MESSAGE comes up on the screen.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Hi Mister Sisko - I'm pretty busy, but if it's as urgent as you say, then I can meet you in New Orleans tomorrow. Regards - Ozla.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

15 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - JACKSON PARK - DAY

Jake stands at the counter of an open air cafeteria. He orders two coffees, carries them back to one of the picnic benches that sit out on the grass nearby. He sits and passes the other coffee to Ozla Graniv, who sits opposite.

OZLA

What's this about, Mister Sisko?
If you just wanted to thank me for the trip to the Palais, you didn't need to do it in person.

JAKE

That's not it. I realise this is probably rude and inappropriate. But I overheard you talking about Tezwa when we were at the school in New Zealand. And then you talked about it again in Paris.

OZLA

...Yeah? It's an important story.

JAKE

I think it may be more important than you realise. I've been doing some research of my own. But there's a lot I don't know about what happened on Tezwa.

OZLA

Don't you watch the news?

JAKE

It was the Time of Cleansing on Bajor - they forgo all worldly pleasures for a month. News about a Klingon border world wouldn't really make it through. Then there was the thing with Rebecca...

OZLA

Look, Mister Sisko -

JAKE

Please, call me Jake.

OZLA

Fine. But I'm not looking for an intern right now, Jake. And I'm in no position to help with your application to Pennington either, if that's what you're after...

JAKE

It's not. I really think there's something here. I want to help. I'm an experienced reporter. Not as experienced as you obviously, but I have Starfleet connections.

Ozla takes a moment to sip her coffee. Maybe she could use those connections... Alright, fine.

OZLA

What do you want to know?

JAKE

What happened on Tezwa?

OZLA

Prime Minister Kinchawn was your classic dictator. He claimed sovereignty over a nearby Klingon colony. Martok sent a fleet to... persuade him otherwise. Zife sent the *Enterprise* to keep the peace.

JAKE

Okay. Then what?

OZLA

Kinchawn shot the Klingons out of the sky. That's when Starfleet took control, stopped the Klingons from retaliating, and started providing aid and support.

JAKE

What about this Kinchawn guy?

OZLA

He was overthrown by his deputy and went into hiding. Terrorist attacks. Death and destruction. But they caught him eventually.

JAKE

How does that lead to President Zife resigning?

OZLA

Who says it did?

JAKE

According to the news I did see, he resigned right after Tezwa. And he hasn't been heard from since. Your friend in the press briefing said so. Don't you think there might be a connection?

Ozla thinks it through, connections forming in her mind. But then she shakes her head.

OZLA

No. Even if there is something going on, I can't justify pulling you into it. You're a civilian -

JAKE

So are you. And you're not pulling me in, I'm offering my help.

(pushes his advantage)

I'm not saying I'm coming to Tezwa with you. But I can find things out. Just let me talk to my dad. Captain Vaughn. Admiral Ross - he's a family friend.

OZLA

If this is so important to you, why are you hiding it?

JAKE

What do you mean?

OZLA

I mean, I find it interesting that you insisted on meeting here, in public. Not at your grandfather's restaurant, where he and your wife might have seen us together.

(off Jake's reaction)

I did my research too.

JAKE

It's not their problem.

OZLA

Not yours either. So why?

JAKE

It's a family trait, I guess. When we Sisko men get our teeth into something, we don't let it go. We follow it through. You may as well make use of it.

Ozla knocks back the last of her coffee and slams the empty cup back down on the table.

OZLA

Alright, fine. You have my contact details. I can always use another source. But don't put yourself in danger over this. I already lost one friend to Tezwa.

JAKE

(sigh of relief)

Thanks, Ozla. I'll be in touch. You won't regret this, I promise.

OZLA

We'll see.

She gets up, shakes his hand, and walks away. He sits there finishing his own coffee, wondering what to do now.

16 EST. SISKO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Re-establishing...

17 INT. SISKO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Jake re-enters, finding the restaurant busy with customers. Joseph is occupied in the kitchen, while Rena schmoozes and chats with the customers. Jake stands and watches her for a moment, a warm smile on his face - she's a natural.

Finally she notices him and comes over.

RENA

How was your walk?

JAKE

Good. Cleared my head. You were right, as usual.

RENA

Perfectly timed to miss the lunch-time rush, I can't help notice.

JAKE

Sorry. You're better at dealing with people than me anyway.

RENA

Oh, I don't know. You can be quite the charmer when you put those deep brown eyes to work. There's a message waiting for you upstairs by the way.

JAKE

Really? From who?

RENA

Who am I, your secretary?

A quick peck on the cheek, then she gets back to work with the customers. Curious, Jake heads to the stairs.

18 INT. SISKO'S RESTAURANT - BEDROOM

Jake enters, makes sure the door is closed behind him, and then goes straight to the computer. He sits and calls up his messages. Seeing what is on the screen, he pauses, confused for a moment, then works the computer.

That done, Jake gets up and paces the room, waiting for the connection to go through. A few moments later, there's a BEEP from the computer. Jake rushes back to the seat, but pauses to compose himself before HITting the button.

SCREEN

The FEDERATION SEAL flashes up, followed soon by the image of Captain ELIAS VAUGHN, sat in his private ready room on the *James T Kirk* (seen briefly in 11x22 "Penitence").

VAUGHN (screen)

Mister Sisko. Thanks for returning my call.

JAKE

No problem, Captain. Actually, it's perfect timing.

VAUGHN (screen)

Really? Why's that?

JAKE

I was hoping to talk to you. I'm working on an article and I hoped you could help me with it.

VAUGHN (screen)

An article on Tezwa, perhaps?

Jake is taken aback - how the hell does Vaughn know that? Vaughn sees the shock on Jake's face, and smiles.

VAUGHN (screen)

I hear things, Mister Sisko. But I'm afraid I must disappoint you. There's nothing I can tell you about Tezwa. The *Kirk* was nowhere near that particular situation.

Vaughn actually seems subtly annoyed about that last. Jake has found his voice, but is still confused and thrown...

JAKE

I realise you weren't personally involved. But starship captains have access to reports, and since neither Kira nor my dad -

VAUGHN (screen)

Those reports are classified, Mister Sisko. I'm hardly about to share them with a civilian.

Realising he is getting nowhere, Jake tries turning on the charm that Rena assures him he has.

JAKE

C'mon, Captain. It's only me. What harm can it do?

VAUGHN (screen)

Plenty, to my career alone.

JAKE

Nobody needs to know you've told me anything. I can keep a secret.

VAUGHN (screen)

I'm sorry, Mister Sisko. But I must decline.

Vaughn seems immovable. Jake tries another tack...

JAKE

I never did get the chance to thank you for your help with saving Rebecca, by the way. That was very good of you, coming back to Bajor right when we needed it. I know my dad is very grateful.

Vaughn sees what Jake is trying to do. He smiles, almost impressed. But he has a lot more experience with this.

VAUGHN (screen)

I'm also sure that your father, having only just recovered one child from a dangerous situation, would not want his other child heading into another.

JAKE

You think Tezwa is dangerous?

VAUGHN (screen)

The planet was bombarded by a Klingon fleet, and that's before months of terrorist attacks. It's hardly the place a loving father would want his son to be.

JAKE

If that's where the story is -

VAUGHN (screen)

Mister Sisko - drop it. I strongly advise you to forget all about Tezwa. There must be other topics you can write your article about.

JAKE

(realising)

You already knew about this, didn't you? You called me... to warn me off. What do you know?

Vaughn ponders a moment, wondering how to deal with this.

VAUGHN (screen)

Jake... please. Let this go. It might not be safe.

JAKE

Then you might need my help.

VAUGHN (screen)

No. I'm handling it.

JAKE

Then you do -

VAUGHN (screen)

Jake. I'm begging you. For the sake of your father. For the sake of your wife. For the sake of your baby sister. Stay out of this. Don't ask any more questions, don't talk to Bill Ross, don't talk to Ozla Graniv. Promise me you'll forget all about Tezwa.

JAKE

But, Captain -

VAUGHN (screen)

Promise me.

It's obvious that Vaughn feels strongly about this. And honestly, who would know best?

JAKE

Alright. I promise.

VAUGHN (screen)

(relieved sigh)

Good. I trust we'll never have to speak of this matter again - yes?

JAKE

(reluctant)

Yes. Fine. I'll drop it.

With one last nod of agreement, Vaughn unceremoniously drops the signal. That's it, it's over.

Jake sits back, stunned at this turn of events...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN

19 INT. OZLA GRANIV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A standard Earth-built one-person apartment, but decorated with some Trill touches here and there. A Bolian male, SOVAN, appears on the viewscreen that sits on the wall. Ozla Graniv chats to him while moving around the space, picking up bits and pieces and generally tidying up.

OZLA

Sovan, he's under no obligation to call on you when you raise your hand. On the other hand, you're under no obligation to stay quiet on the matter, either.

SOVAN (screen)

If I write about him snubbing me, it'll just annoy him. I don't want to get on Jorel's bad side.

OZLA

Come on, Sovan - you've been doing this longer than I have, you know he doesn't have a good side. Why are you worried about this stuff?

SOVAN (screen)

I'm not really. I just wanted an excuse to talk to you before you went off to that disaster area. Ozla - be careful, alright? We already lost Vara.

OZLA

I know. That's why I'm going.

(pause)

Sovan, listen - Zife. Did he retire to Bolarus?

SOVAN (screen)

Nope.

OZLA

You're sure? He didn't maybe come in discreetly? Under the sensors?

SOVAN (screen)

Zife doesn't know how to be discreet. He never could hide his movements, not when he was a regional governor, not when he was president. Trust me, he's nowhere near Bolarus. Someone would have found him by now.

OZLA

Alright. Thanks, Sovan - and thanks for the well wishes. I'll see you in a few months.

SOVAN (screen)

I hope so. Good luck, Ozla.

Sovan signs off, leaving Ozla to ponder on the strange web of clues she is putting together.

She returns to her tidying. After a moment, the screen BEEPS again with another incoming message. Ozla sighs...

OZLA

Computer, accept. Look, Sovan -

But it is VAUGHN on the screen, still in his ready room.

VAUGHN (screen)

Ms Graniv. I'm Captain Elias Vaughn, of the USS *James T Kirk*.

OZLA

(wary)

I don't know you.

VAUGHN (screen)

Indeed not, we've never met. But I was hoping to speak with you regarding your interest in the situation on Tezwa.

OZLA

(pauses, intrigued)

I'm getting an awful lot of people wanting to talk to me about Tezwa lately. I wonder why.

VAUGHN (screen)

I'm simply concerned that it may be too dangerous for a reporter of your calibre to risk herself over. I understand that one of your colleagues already died there...

Ozla hardens. She doesn't like this complete stranger talking about Vara like he knew her.

OZLA

Captain, I'm not sure why you think Starfleet has any place interfering in a legitimate investigation by a civilian media agency. But I assure you your concerns for my safety are quite unnecessary... and unwelcome.

VAUGHN (screen)

Merely some friendly advice. As a Starfleet officer, I don't think Tezwa is any place for a civilian right now. You should let us secure the planet first. Make it safe. Then you can visit and investigate as much as you want.

OZLA

What about the civilians who are already there - the Tezwans? The ones surviving in the aftermath. Don't they deserve a voice?

She stops as a new thought occurs. She peers at Vaughn.

OZLA (cont)

Or is there something you're trying to hide? What doesn't Starfleet want the media to see?

VAUGHN (screen)

(stern)

Believe it or not, Ms Graniv, I'm trying to help. Your place is in the Palais, reporting in safety.

OZLA

Well, that's very gracious of you, Captain. But as a reporter - a Gavlin award-winning reporter, in fact - I go wherever the story is, regardless of personal safety. And unless you plan on coming to Earth and arresting a civilian who is simply trying to do her job, then I don't really think there's much you can do about that.

Vaughn is getting frustrated. He can't manipulate Ozla as easily as he could Jake. She pushes her advantage.

OZLA

To be honest, Captain, I should think you'd want to work with the media rather than risk a story about how you're trying to block my investigation. A free press is one of the cornerstones of a democratic society, isn't it? I can't imagine Starfleet trying to undermine that would go down well.

Vaughn grinds his teeth. She has the upper hand here, and they both know it. He has no choice but to relent.

VAUGHN (screen)

What do you want?

OZLA

(shrug)

Well, since it sounds to me like you know a lot more about all this than you're letting on, I think you telling me some of what you know would be a good start.

VAUGHN (screen)
On one condition.

OZLA
And what's that?

VAUGHN (screen)
That you leave Jake Sisko out of it. I'll work with you, for the sake of that same democracy. But you must have no more contact with Mister Sisko. Don't answer his calls, don't get him involved in any way. That's my condition. Are we agreed?

OZLA
(shrug)
If I have you, I don't need him. Agreed.

VAUGHN (screen)
I'll be in touch.

Unhappy at how this has gone, Vaughn signs off. Ozla takes a deep breath. What has this story just become?

20 INT. FEDERATION PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

President Bacco stands at her window, the lights lowered, staring out at the night skyline of Paris. In the window, the reflection of Esperanza Piñero approaches quietly.

PIÑERO
Jorel says somebody asked about Tezwa again this afternoon. About the aid we're sending, and whether they really deserve it.

BACCO
They're people, Esperanza. Victims of the Klingons, victims of their own insane leader, victims of...
(pause)
They deserve it. We owe it.

PIÑIERO

I'm not arguing that, Madam President. Just that any time someone mentions that place, I worry...

BACCO

That someone knows? That someone will learn what you and I know?

PIÑIERO

Well, yes.

BACCO

Every time I look out of this window, at those people down there... I worry too. So we'll just have to make sure no-one finds out, won't we?

PIÑIERO

Yes, Madam President.

After a quiet moment together, Piñiero turns and leaves.

Bacco continues to stand in the darkness, looking out of the window...

21 INT. SSKO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

While the business of the restaurant goes on around him, Jake sits alone on a stool at the counter. Just thinking through what has been a strange couple of days.

Rena emerges from the kitchen, bouncing with excitement.

RENA

Jake! There's another message for you. This one's definitely from Pennington, it's gotta be.

JAKE

You sure? Because the last one was basically a junk call.

RENA

Jake, take the damn call - now.
You're driving me crazy.

Jake smiles a little. She's just excited for him. He calls across to Joseph, who is busy preparing food.

JAKE

Grampa - can I?

JOSEPH

(points)

Screen's right there.

Jake gets off his stool and comes around the counter into the kitchen, goes to the screen, receives the message. Dean GRANT comes on screen...

GRANT (screen)

Mister Sisko, I'm glad I caught you. It's about your application.

JAKE

(deep breath)

Hello, Dean Grant. Please, go on.

GRANT (screen)

I'm happy to say you've been accepted to Pennington.

Rena, who had been listening nearby, SQUEALS with delight and immediately grabs Jake into a hug. He bashfully tries to push her off him, if only to maintain dignity in front of his future university's dean.

JAKE

That's great news, thank you, Dean.

GRANT (screen)

I'll have my office send you the details. Term starts in the spring, so you have a few months to make whatever arrangements you need to. And congratulations.

JAKE

Thanks again. I'll be in touch.

Grant signs off. Rena will not be denied any longer - she jumps onto Jake and forcibly hugs him, bouncing with glee. Jake is happy too, just a bit embarrassed about the fuss.

Joseph approaches as well, and hugs him more gently.

JOSEPH

Congratulations, Jake. You happy?

JAKE

Yeah... yeah, I'm happy. Just... it all suddenly became so real. I guess we're actually doing this.

RENA

Yes we are.

(to Joseph)

If it's alright with you...

JOSEPH

Hey, at least when I finally do retire, I know I'll be handing the place over to family.

Joseph reaches out and hugs both of them together.

JAKE

So that's it. We're moving back to Earth. While I go to school, you work in the restaurant and learn the business from Grampa Joe.

(beat; daunted)

Now I just have to tell dad and Kas.

JOSEPH

If you're happy, they'll be happy.

Joseph wanders back to his work, letting them have their space together.

RENA

And that whole Tezwa thing -

JAKE
You were right. As usual. I was
just nervous and trying to
distract myself. It's over. Don't
worry about it.

RENA
You're sure?

Jake remembers...

FLASHBACK - SCENE 1

Earlier, when they first arrived at the restaurant...

JOSEPH
Jake, you know I try never to keep
secrets from family.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake smiles at Rena.

JAKE
I'm sure. I promise I will never
mention Tezwa again.

She smiles back at him, and together they walk off to join
Joseph working in the kitchen...

BLACK OUT

END OF SHOW