

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

9x07 - "Saturn's Children."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the novella

"Saturn's Children"
by Sarah Shaw

appearing in

*Star Trek: Mirror Universe:
Obsidian Alliances*

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

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. REGENT MARTOK'S BEDCHAMBER

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

As she tentatively reaches for her clothes, which are in a rough pile, a deep voice CHUCKLES unpleasantly.

MARTOK (o.s.)

Leave those where they are. Fetch me a *warnog*.

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

MARTOK (o.s.)

I didn't tell you to stand. Pick up my stein and fetch my drink.

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

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

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

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

KIRA

My lord.

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

MARTOK

You've always been a strong woman...

(derisive contempt)

...Intendant.

He reaches out and grabs her face, turning it sideways, inspecting the bruises on her cheeks with satisfaction.

MARTOK

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

(a sip of drink)

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

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

MARTOK

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

(another leer)

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

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

MARTOK

You can't go to the new Intendant like that. You stink like a whore.

(loud shout)

Guards!

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

MARTOK

(to guards)

Take her to her new mistress.

(to Kira)

You've impressed me, my dear. Let us see if you can impress Ro.

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

2 EXT. SPACE

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

3 INT. DEFIANT - MAIN BRIDGE

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

O'Brien sits in the command chair. Sat at operations is ENRIQUE MUNIZ (5x02 - "The Ship"), at tactical is LEETA. EZRI TIGAN stands between them - the ship's first officer - and at helm is SITO JAXA (TNG 7x15 - "Lower Decks"). Other EXTRAS as needed. All are dressed in non-uniform resistance garb - whatever was available at the time.

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

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

EZRI

(sotto)

What are you waiting for?

O'BRIEN

(sotto, frustrated)

I'll give the order when I'm damn good and ready.

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

EZRI

You win. He's lost his nerve.

O'BRIEN

The hell I have!

EZRI

(mock surprise)

Oh really? Then why haven't we fired yet?

O'BRIEN

(sharp)

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

EZRI

(dramatic sigh)

Whatever you say.

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

O'BRIEN

Ezri...

(she turns to him)

Destroy that ship.

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

EZRI

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

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

EZRI

Drop the cloak!

(lights brighten)

Fire!

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

EZRI

Again!

More torpedoes fly out - the ship is hit again.

EZRI

Stand by phasers.

LEETA

Target locked.

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

EZRI

Fire.

Leeta presses buttons, and phasers streak out to hit the Cardassian ship. It explodes once and for all, destroyed. The rest of the bridge crew celebrates, smiling and high-fiving each other. Leeta and Ezri embrace and kiss - they are lovers. O'Brien does not join the celebration.

EZRI
Orders, Captain?

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

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

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

The lights dim again and the ship surges into action.

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. TEROK NOR - ESTABLISHING

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

5 INT. TEROK NOR - PROMENADE

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

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

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

BASHIR

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

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

BASHIR

I suppose it's possible you've been a double agent the entire time. It would certainly explain why you let the cloaking device

from the other universe slip
through your fingers.

O'BRIEN

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

BASHIR

Thanks to Zek. No thanks to you.

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

O'BRIEN

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

BASHIR

(insincere concern)

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

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

BASHIR

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

O'BRIEN

Bugger off.

The doors close in Bashir's face.

6 **EXT. SPACE - ESTABLISHING**

The Klingon flagship - a truly massive *Negh'Var*-class
behemoth. Not the exact same one seen in 4x20 "Shattered

Mirror" and 7x12 "The Emperor's New Cloak," because that one was captured. But it is comparable in size, power and menace. The ship is travelling at warp speed.

7 **INT. RO'S STATEROOM**

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

The door chime sounds. Ro composes herself in anticipation.

RO

Enter.

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

Kira knows that her usual seductive methods will not work on Ro, so she is playing this different. She is pretending to have been broken, defeated. But her mind is constantly working, keeping an eye out for any advantage.

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

RO

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

KIRA

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

RO

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

(slaves)

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

KIRA

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

RO

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

KIRA

(figuring it out)

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

RO

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

KIRA

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

RO

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

KIRA

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

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

RO

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

KIRA

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

RO

(enjoying this)
Why do you say that?

KIRA

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

RO

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

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

KIRA

I understand, Intendant.

RO

Good. I'm glad we understand each other, Nerys. General, take Nerys to her new work station and get her started on today's assignments.

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

RO

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

Off Ro's smile...

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

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

KEIKO

...And that was how Spock deposed Hoshi Sato the Third to become the first Vulcan Emperor of the Terran Empire.

O'BRIEN

(incredulous)

He just looked at her and she vanished? You're kidding, right?

KEIKO

(laughing)

No, I've seen holovids of it. It really happened. Anyway, that was when the Terran Empire started changing for the better.

O'BRIEN

Too bad it didn't last. Nothing good ever does.

KEIKO

Not true.

In demonstration, she stops massaging his shoulders and drapes herself around his neck, kissing him seductively. He responds by swinging her into his lap and kissing her hard.

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

O'BRIEN

Is it still beating?

KEIKO

Mm-hmm. Still there.

O'BRIEN

Well, thank God for that.
Something's finally gone right
today.

KEIKO

Bashir again?

O'BRIEN

Who else? He frightens me, y'know?
It's all just one big revenge
fantasy to him. Like the only
thing that matters is how many
kills we make, how many of their
ships we destroy. I don't think he
cares what we're fighting for, as
long as he gets to fight.

KEIKO

The more things change...

O'BRIEN

The real problem isn't Bashir.
It's him and Zek together.

KEIKO

I know. Zek's shrewd and knows how
to get things. Bashir knows how to
rile people up. Zek gets them

guns, Bashir tells them who to shoot. It's a dangerous combination.

O'BRIEN
You're telling me.

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

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

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

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

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

O'BRIEN
(sad sigh)
You're right. They'll destroy everything. But there's nothing I

can do to stop them short of
betraying them, and I won't do
that.

KEIKO

I know.

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

9 INT. KIRA'S WORK AREA

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

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

KIRA

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

Casting them all aside with a growl, she stares at the wall, scarcely able to believe what she is reduced to. She returns to the computer screen with a discouraged sigh.

KIRA

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

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

10 **MONTAGE - SERIES OF SCENES**

-- Kira tapping through more reports, still bored.

-- Kira stands thumping the wall in frustration.

-- Looking at reports, something starts to intrigue her.

-- Pacing around the room, thinking about what she's read.

11 **BACK TO SCENE**

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

KIRA

(first report)

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

(second report)

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

(third report)

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

(fourth report)

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

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

KIRA

Fuel for an anti-matter reactor, combat weapons, enough shielding

material to hide something huge.
What are the rebels up to?

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

KIRA

And how can I use it to my
advantage?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. NEGH'VAR - BRIDGE

The bridge of the Alliance's flagship should be suitably impressive. General Duras sits in the command chair, furious with Kira, who stands before him in her overall. He is holding and reading a padd she gave to him.

DURAS

You bothered me for this? For a jumble of trivia and old news? Get off my bridge, you ignorant trollop.

KIRA

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

DURAS

Stop wasting my time, woman!

He throws the padd violently across the room, then turns away to other business, ignoring her. Her temper almost flares for a second, before she gets herself under control. Keeping her eyes downcast, feigning obedience while really fuming with anger, she walks out without another word.

13 EXT. EMPOK NOR - ESTABLISHING

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

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

Inside each frame (except one) is a *Defiant*-class ship nearing completion. The lower fusion core has been covered

over in a blank tube made of thick, black metallic material.

O'BRIEN (v.o.)

(angry)

This is exactly what I said not to do.

14 INT. EMPOK NOR - PROMENADE (UPPER LEVEL)

The mirror version of the former Ferengi Grand Nagus ZEK is as old and wizened as his counterpart, with his elaborate walking stick. But he is completely sharp of mind, a rebel general who has not led his counterpart's pampered life.

Wheezing and struggling, he emerges from the spiral staircase onto the upper level, followed by O'Brien and Bashir. They lead a group of other rebel leaders along the darkened promenade to a window, so they can look out at the ship scaffolds along the docking ring. As they walk:

ZEK

(dismissing him)

It's been months, O'Brien! If the Alliance was going to notice anything, they would have done it by now. You'd be afraid of your own shadow if the lights in this place worked.

O'BRIEN

You still should have consulted me first.

ZEK

Why? So you could tell me a hundred reasons why it wouldn't work? Well, it did work.

The entire group has now emerged onto the upper level, where Zek gestures out of the window to the new ships.

ZEK

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

O'BRIEN

How are you building them all so fast?

ZEK

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

O'BRIEN

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

BASHIR

We've shielded the entire core with refined kelbonite.

O'BRIEN

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

ZEK

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

O'BRIEN

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

BASHIR

(to crowd)

What did I tell you, everyone? Isn't it just what I said he'd do? Take our greatest achievement yet

and make it sound like a failure.
I think he prefers being a victim.

O'BRIEN

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

BASHIR

(smug)
Far from it.

15 **EXT. EMPOK NOR**

Inside the one seemingly-empty frame, space ripples and another *Defiant*-class ship decloaks. It is the same design as the others, but personalised with black panels and red markings, making it look much more menacing.

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

As before. Much OOH-ing and AAH-ing as the rebels all look out of the window at the new ship, quite impressed. Except for O'Brien, who is not encouraged.

ZEK

(proud)

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

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

HUDSON

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

O'BRIEN

Just what the hell is that supposed to mean?

HUDSON

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

O'BRIEN

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

The rebels at large seem unconvinced, especially Bashir and Hudson, who share a worried look.

HUDSON

In the last two months, four of our camps in the Badlands have been hit by the Alliance. The *Defiant* set up all those camps. You and your crew are the only common denominator.

At O'Brien's momentary hesitation, Zek jumps on him too, happy to have another reason to beat him down.

ZEK

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

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

O'BRIEN

You shut your mouth!

HUDSON

Calm down.

O'BRIEN

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

ZEK

(grinning)

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

HUDSON

Zek, do us all a favour and shut the hell up. Miles, stand down. We all know Zek's over the line here, but there is a point to what he's saying.

BASHIR

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

O'BRIEN

That's a bloody lie.

HUDSON

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

O'BRIEN

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

ZEK

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

O'BRIEN
Because I love her!

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

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

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

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

17 INT. RO'S STATEROOM

It is ship's night. An insistent ALARM sounds gently, indicating an incoming communication on Intendant Ro's private line. She approaches the screen, distinctly unhappy to have been woken at this hour.

She taps the screen to receive, and mirror-DUKAT appears. The Cardassian legate is slimy, smarmy and artificial. Ro puts on the barest minimum of politeness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

DUKAT (screen)
That badly, eh?

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

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

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

DUKAT (screen)
Good. It's a pleasure to meet
someone who holds her in the same
kind of contempt I do.

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

(cold smile)

But you? I think your problem with Kira is personal. I know all about your dalliance with her mother, and that you've had what can politely be described as an unwholesome obsession with Kira since she was a little girl. And even though she's been notoriously liberal with her sexual favours... she has pointedly neglected to bestow any upon you.

DUKAT (screen)

(coldly enraged)

That's enough. Don't forget, the only reason you are Intendant of Bajor is because I've expended a lot of effort to put you there. Bajor has been a puppet of the Klingons for too long. We're finally on the verge of shifting control of the Alliance to Cardassia. But if there's one person who can bring all our plans to ruin, it's Kira. She has to be kept in check until a believable 'accident' can be arranged. Do you think you can handle that?

RO

Oh, don't worry. She's not going anywhere.

Off Dukat's grudging satisfaction...

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

It is station's night here too. O'Brien sits alone on the couch, staring at the personal computer screen. Zek has put a bug in his ear now about his crew, and he has to check. To satisfy them, and to satisfy himself.

He looks back over his shoulder towards the bedroom, making sure Keiko isn't stirring. Deeply ashamed of what he is about to do, he moves to the screen and taps it.

O'BRIEN
Computer, this is Miles O'Brien.
(affirmative bleep)
Find all unauthorised
transmissions off Terok Nor or the
Defiant...
(hangs head)
...made by agent Keiko Ishikawa.

COMPUTER
Working.

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

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

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

The *Ya'Vang's* Captain KURN (mirror-version) sits in his private space, speaking into his private comm system. Its screen shows Kira's face, looking about herself nervously while murmuring conspiratorially to Kurn.

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

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

21 **INT. KIRA'S BUNK (INTERCUT w/ sc 20)**

Inside what counts as Kira's bedchamber - a tiny bunk area, barely bigger than her body. Background SOUNDS should imply it is one of many such crammed into a tight space - people walking by, arguing, being thumped or hit, clanking and squeaking metal, occasional screams and sobs.

Kira sits curled up with a stolen padd against her chest, shielding it from prying eyes and speaking to Kurn, who appears on its small screen.

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

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

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

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

22 INT. YA'VANG - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

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

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

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

Kurn is starting to feel the thrill of battle approaching.

KURN
The stolen kelbonite. They'd use
it to shield the station's fusion

core. I admit it sounds plausible.
But why are you telling me?

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

KURN
That's because Duras is a *petaQ*. And Martok is an opportunist. My brother's throne was still warm when that *yIntagh* stole it for himself. Neither of which tells me why I should help you.

23 INT. KIRA'S BUNK

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

KIRA
Because we both stand to gain from a partnership.

KURN (screen)
I don't see why I need you at all. I could go to Trivas on my own. The honour would be all mine.

KIRA
And what will that gain you, Kurn? A few extra years of watching your back until Martok puts a knife in it?

(seductive smile)
Imagine how much stronger your position would be, backed by a grateful Intendant of Bajor - one you helped restore to her rightful office.

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

KURN (screen)

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

KIRA

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

Off Kira's wicked grin...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 EXT SPACE - ESTABLISHING

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

25 INT. NEGH'VAR - BRIDGE

Duras sits in his command chair, dumbfounded. Intendant Ro stands beside and slightly behind him, cold as ice. Kurn stands before them on the bridge, making his case.

DURAS
(confused, furious)
You want what?

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

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

DURAS
It's not that simple.

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

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

RO

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

KURN

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

RO

Absolutely not! Kira belongs to me, and she's not going anywhere!

DURAS

(dangerous growl)

Mind your place on my ship, Intendant.

(to Kurn)

Why can't you bring Worf here, to Kira?

KURN

When Worf was captured, the rebels took him to Terok Nor. Intelligence suggests he is still there. To reach him and perform the *Mauk-to'Vor* will require stealth and subtlety... and the help of one who knows the station's secrets better than anyone - its former mistress.

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

DURAS

(insincere)

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

KURN

(shares his grin)
High. A covert operation in enemy territory, employing no personnel other than Kira and myself.

DURAS
(get it over with)
Permission granted. Now -

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

Ro's outrage has brought surprised looks from the Klingon crew. Duras stands up and bellows into Ro's face.

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

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

DURAS
Is there anything else you want?

KURN
No, General.

DURAS
Then take Kira and get off my ship.

Duras sits back down and turns his back on Kurn.

26 **INT. TEROK NOR - BAR**

What was once Quark's bar is now filled with angry, raised voices. A strategy session for all the rebel leaders has

degenerated into an angry free-for-all. O'Brien stands at one end of a long table, Zek and Bashir at the other.

Also here are Cal Hudson, ELIAS VAUGHN, KASIDY YATES and LUTHER SLOAN, plus about a dozen extras.

O'BRIEN

(furious)

You acted without orders, making tactical judgements without -

BASHIR

Without getting your permission?

O'BRIEN

Damn right without my permission, which in case you've forgotten, is called insubordination.

Hudson and Kasidy step in, trying to calm everyone down.

HUDSON

Let's take it easy.

KASIDY

We're supposed to work together!

ZEK

(points at O'Brien)

He refused a direct order to fire on the enemy! Then he threatened to fire on my ship if we attacked an enemy target!

O'BRIEN

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

HUDSON

(genuinely)

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

undermines their leaders' control over them.

BASHIR

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

O'BRIEN

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

BASHIR

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

HUDSON

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

VAUGHN

Are you advocating we take up torture?

BASHIR

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

O'BRIEN

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

BASHIR

I do it because they deserve it.

O'BRIEN

(disappointed)

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

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

O'BRIEN

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

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

BASHIR

Well, that was a very moving
speech. Unfortunately, it doesn't
change the fact that we're at war,
and the only way we're going to
win it is by hitting the Alliance
harder than they hit us. I'm sorry
you don't approve of how Zek and I
built the rebellion's fleet, but
what's done is done, and
complaining that we didn't do it
your way frankly just sounds like
envy. So, unless you've got
something productive to add, we
need to get to our ships and begin

planning our assault on Cardassia
Prime.

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

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

27 EXT. SPACE

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

28 INT. YA'VANG - BRIDGE

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

Out of the shadows at the rear steps Kira. She is dressed in a Klingon woman's uniform, and it is just as figure-hugging as her former Intendant's outfit, plus a generous helping of cleavage.

She struts as if she owns the place, relishing the admiring looks of the Klingon bridge crew. She knows she is on her way back to the top, and that and her outfit have returned her confidence.

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

KIRA
We're close now...

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

HELM
Aye, Captain.

The screen shows the stars returning to normal.

KURN

Set course for Empok Nor. Full impulse for ten seconds, then cut all engines. We'll let inertia take us in. Rig the ship for silent running.

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

KRONA

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

KURN

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

KRONA

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

Feigning ignorance, Kurn shares a knowing smirk with Kira.

KURN

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

KRONA

There's more, sir. Much more.

KURN

Tell me.

Krona presses buttons, and a wire-frame display of Empok Nor and its twelve ship scaffolds appears on the screen.

KRONA

It looks like they've turned the station into a shipyard. We count eleven finished starships, and a twelfth just beginning

construction. Perhaps we should
summon reinforcements, Captain.

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

KIRA

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

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

KURN

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

KRONA

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

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

KURN

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

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

KURN

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

KRONA

Aye, sir! Thirty seconds.

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

BEQAR

Captain! We are intercepting a transmission to the station!

KURN

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

BEQAR

(checking panels)

A ship *en route*. It identifies itself as the *Capital Gain*, under the command of General Zek. He says his ETA is nine hours, and he wants the ships at Empok Nor ready to deploy as soon as he arrives...

(grin of bloodlust)

... with their new commanders.

Momentarily surprised, Kurn looks to Kira, then bursts out in huge belly-laughs. Gradually, he regains some control.

KURN

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

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

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. NEGH'VAR - BRIDGE

The bridge doors open and admit Intendant Ro. She moves to intercept General Duras, who is conferring with his crew. He only half pays attention to her and her questions. She is still nervous about having Kira out from under her control.

RO

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

DURAS

No, Intendant.

RO

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

DURAS

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

RO

So there's no protocol for following up when a ship on a covert mission misses a check-in?

DURAS

(harassed sigh)

What do you want me to do, Intendant? Transmit an encrypted subspace hail towards Terok Nor, requesting an update on the *Ya'Vang's* status? The rebels might wonder why we're sending such a message towards their best stronghold, but I suppose that's of no concern to -

RO
Fine. Let them maintain silence.
Notify me the moment they check
in.

DURAS
(sneering)
As you command, Intendant.

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

30 **INT. RO'S STATEROOM**

Ro stalks into her elaborate chambers, angry and worried about what Kira might be planning. A Vulcan handmaiden is just tidying away some clothes silently in a corner.

RO
Out.

Bowing her head, the Vulcan scurries out without a sound. Ro continues to pace the room, thinking out loud.

RO
Kurn's clever, for a Klingon. He boxed Duras in like a pro. But if he's so smart, why hasn't he risen higher in the ranks by now, especially when his brother was Regent for years?

(horrible realisation)
Because he's not the smart one. It was Kira. She must have coached him to tell me and Duras everything we wanted to hear. And yet... he actually did what she told him. So what's in it for him?

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

RO
Regaining his family's honour. But that still wouldn't be enough to raise him to a level where he could do Kira any good. So why is

she going along with this plan to
kill Worf?

(another realisation)

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

Her face drops - this would be a horrible development.

RO

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

(furious snarl)

Over my dead body.

(amused smile)

Or hers.

Coming to a decision, she straightens her back and walks
over to the comm system. As she presses buttons...

RO

One Klingon battle cruiser from a
fleet of thousands. And one
disgraced Bajoran ex-politician.
Negligible losses by any standard.

A small smile creeps over her face, and she types a message
into her comm unit.

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

A plate of food materialises in the replicator.

O'BRIEN (o.s.)

So I was spying on my own people,
distrusting them for no reason.

Keiko reaches in and picks up the plate, bringing it back
to Miles, who sits on the couch. Her food is already on the
low table, and she sits and picks it up. They talk and eat.

O'BRIEN (cont)

And all because Zek and Bashir had
the gall to call you a traitor.
I'm such an idiot.

KEIKO

You did what you thought was best
for the rebellion.

O'BRIEN

(unconvinced)

You know, one of the most decent
men I ever met was the Bashir from
the other universe. And the
biggest jackass I've ever met is
the Bashir from this one.

KEIKO

Well, aren't the people from the
other side supposed to be our
opposites, or something?

O'BRIEN

I asked the other Sisko about
that. He didn't think we were
opposites so much as just...
different possibilities. Take me,
for example. In both universes I'm
a good mechanic. There it made me
someone important. Here I was just
a slave. Or look at Bashir. On the
other side he was a doctor, and
here he's...

KEIKO

A jackass?

O'BRIEN

(chuckles)

You can say that again. But...
thinking about that other Bashir
made me remember something he told
me. He said I was married, a
family man.

O'Brien puts aside his food for the moment, placing his
plate on the table. Seeing he has something to say, Keiko

follows his lead. He pulls her closer, and they snuggle up together on the couch.

O'BRIEN

I never asked who the other O'Brien's wife was. Didn't think it was my business. And I didn't want to jinx it, in case I ever met her over here, you know? I don't know if the other O'Brien is married to another you... but I'd like to think he is.

KEIKO

Me too.

She reaches up and kisses him firmly, their food forgotten.

KEIKO

I've heard Alliance scientists say that there are actually an infinite number of parallel universes out there. If that's so... I hope we find each other in all of them.

O'BRIEN

So do I, love.

32 EXT. TEROK NOR

Just a moment to indicate time passing, into night.

33 INT. TEROK NOR - OPS CENTRE

O'Brien lumbers off the turbolift into Ops. He is in night clothes, unshaven, only half-awake, and unhappy to have been woken. He walks over to Vaughn, who is sat at the science console.

O'BRIEN

What's the problem now?

VAUGHN

Have a look at this. Just came in fifteen minutes ago.

Vaughn calls up a text file on the screen. O'Brien leans in to read it (we don't need to see it), and his eyes widen in surprise, alarm and confusion.

O'BRIEN

What is this, a joke? We moved Worf to the Badlands months ago.

VAUGHN

Maybe the Alliance doesn't know that. I raised shields and ran a long-range sensor sweep to find any ships hiding nearby.

O'BRIEN

Good work. So what are we talking about? A Klingon strike team or a direct assault?

VAUGHN

Neither. The message is very specific. Worf's younger brother and Intendant Kira are the only ones coming aboard to kill him. Didn't say why.

O'BRIEN

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

(checks message
again)

No sender ident. Maybe we should pass it along to our people in the Badlands. Might have been meant for them.

VAUGHN

It specifically identified Terok Nor as the target. And it has none of the usual challenge-and-response phrases. This wasn't sent by one of our people.

O'BRIEN

Then who, the Alliance? Assuming the threat is genuine, that would imply they've got a traitor. We're not that lucky. So what other scenarios does that leave us?

VAUGHN
(guessing)
Deliberate disinformation?

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

VAUGHN
Panic? Abandon the station? Maybe rally all our forces here to defend it? Which...
(realizes)
...would mean leaving our other assets undefended.

O'BRIEN
Bloody hell. Empok Nor.
(into action)
Get me a secure channel to Zek and Bashir on the *Capital Gain*!
(mutter)
Assuming the ego twins haven't already gotten themselves blown to bits.

VAUGHN
You already said - we're not that lucky.

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

34 INT. CAPITAL GAIN - BRIDGE

Like the *Defiant's* bridge, but redressed in a hideous and flamboyant Ferengi style. Zek sits in his throne-like command chair, with Bashir standing nearby, and Hudson and Kasidy elsewhere on the bridge.

The lights are low, as the ship is travelling under cloak. The main screen shows O'Brien and Vaughn at Terok Nor's central ops table. Zek is growing angrier with disbelief as he argues with them.

ZEK

Are you kidding me? Someone threatens you, and you think that means they're out to ambush me? Have you two been drinking? Or are you just too proud to call for reinforcements?

VAUGHN (screen)

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

O'BRIEN (screen)

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

ZEK

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

HUDSON

(checking panels)

I have something. On the edge of the system. Looks pretty big. Could be a Klingon warship.

ZEK

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

O'BRIEN (screen)

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

With a vicious stab at the panel at his side, Zek cuts off the communication. The screen changes to show Empok Nor growing closer. Zek becomes the sharp soldier in action, and the crew follows his lead.

ZEK

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

35 **EXT. EMPOK NOR**

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

36 **INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE v1**

Calvin Hudson strides onto the bridge of one of the new *Defiant*-class ships, already staffed with a bridge crew of mostly humans but maybe one non-human for colour. He takes his centre seat, already throwing out orders.

HUDSON

Fire up the warp core. Get ready for one-quarter impulse. We need to break free of this scaffold as quickly as it's safe to do so.

His crew go to work...

37 **INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE v2**

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

KASIDY

Take us out, Mister Tahna. On the double.

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

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

KURN
(calm, confident)
Attack.

37 **EXT. EMPOK NOR**

The *Ya'Vang* decloaks on the opposite side from the *Capital Gain*, and immediately surges forwards towards the station, taking up an aggressive attack position.

40 **INT. CAPITAL GAIN - BRIDGE**

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

OPS
All transports complete, the
captains are aboard -

TACTICAL
Incoming! The Klingons -

ZEK
Shields!

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

As before:

KURN
Fire!

42 **EXT. EMPOK NOR**

The *Ya'Vang* launches a fierce volley of photon torpedoes directly towards Empok Nor's covered lower fusion core. Limited explosions at first, until the core finally catches and ERUPTS into a massive fireball.

The explosion quickly engulfs the centre of the station, blowing apart the rings and connecting struts, until it reaches the new ships in the scaffolds.

43 INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE v1

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

44 INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE v2

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

42 EXT. EMPOK NOR

The explosion swallows the entire station, taking all eleven ships with it, as each of their warp cores overloads and adds to the conflagration. The huge shockwave hits the *Capital Gain*, and sends it reeling out of control.

43 INT. CAPITAL GAIN - BRIDGE

The ship ROCKS roughly, throwing Zek and Bashir off their feet and leaving panels sparking all over. Zek lands badly, his old body having a harder time coping. But Bashir is okay - he grabs his chance to take command.

BASHIR

Damage report!

OPS

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

BASHIR

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

The static-laced screen shows the Klingon ship looming into view and sending another volley of photon torpedoes directly at the *Capital Gain*. The ship ROCKS and more panels EXPLODE as the torpedoes hit their target.

OPS
Starboard shields weakening -

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

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

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

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

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

Bashir grits his teeth, hoping it will be quick.

44 INT. CAPITAL GAIN - CORRIDOR

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

45 INT. CAPITAL GAIN - BRIDGE

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

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

KURN
Report.

KRONA

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

KURN

(broad grin)

Good work, men. Very good work.

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

KURN

Found a new plaything already,
Intendant?

KIRA

Better. Heroes of the rebellion.
My lord, allow me to present
Julian Subatoi Bashir, and Zek -
two of the leading generals of the
rebellion. General Bashir is also
one of the rebellion's premier
inflictors of pain and suffering.

(leaning down to Zek)

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

ZEK

The feeling's not mutual.

KIRA

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

ZEK

Not especially.

KIRA

The Grand Nagus of Ferenginar. He was the leader of the Ferengi people, the chief executive of an economic empire, the richest Ferengi in the galaxy.

(sneering)

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

ZEK

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

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

One of the Klingons rushes forward to disarm and restrain her as quickly as possible, but too late. Zek chokes and splutters, then collapses dead at Kira's feet. Kurn advances on her, furious.

KURN

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

KIRA

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

(points to Bashir)

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

Off Kira's nasty grin...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

46 INT. NEGH'VAR - CORRIDOR

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

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

47 INT. NEGH'VAR - BRIDGE

...and Ro pushes her way into a throng of half-drunk Klingons singing and making merry. They fill the bridge, all clapping each other on the back and head-butting each other in congratulations.

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

RO

(shouting to be heard)

Explain yourself, General! Why did you send for me?

DURAS

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

RO

Whose victory?

DURAS

(laughing)

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

Another raucous cheer and round of drinks fills the bridge.

RO

Why? Because he killed Worf?

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

DURAS

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

(snarling grin)

A Romulan cloaking device, like the one on the *Defiant*.

(to his crew)

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

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

RO

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

DURAS

(calmer)

No, Intendant, of course not. I called you here to place you under arrest.

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

RO

On what charge?

DURAS

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

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

DURAS

You provided the enemy with detailed and classified information about a military mission. You put the lives of Klingon warriors in peril for your own political gain. As an official of the Bajoran government, your conduct falls under their jurisdiction. And by order of First Minister Lenaris Holem, you are hereby removed from office, stripped of title and remanded to Alliance custody aboard the *Negh'Var*.

RO

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

DURAS

(ignoring her)

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

(to his crew)

Take that *taHqeq* to the brig.

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

RO

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

But she is ignored, and her roars of protest fall on deaf ears. The doors close behind her, and Duras leads the room back into song and celebration.

48 **EXT. TEROK NOR - ESTABLISHING**

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

49 **INT. TEROK NOR - PROMENADE (UPPER LEVEL)**

Every rebel left alive packs out the upper and lower levels of the Promenade. An upstairs door from the bar opens, and O'Brien walks out. He walks into the crowd, who are sombre, but greeting O'Brien with quiet dignity and fellowship.

Followed by Vaughn and Keiko, he walks to a cross-over bridge and stops, ready to give a speech to the collected throng. They are all waiting on his every word, on a way out of this mess. He is not sure what he can possibly say to them. His voice shakes with the burden of it.

O'BRIEN

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

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

O'BRIEN

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

(proudly)

We still hold this station. And as long as we hold Bajor hostage, the Alliance won't move against us here. This station, every one of us on it... we're the thing that gives other slaves hope. They look

to us to show them the way. And as long as I draw breath, I plan to go on fighting, until we're all free!

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

O'BRIEN

Because that's what we're really fighting for. Freedom. Not revenge. Not power. For what's right. Yes, we fight to destroy the Alliance. But it's not enough just to stand against something. We have to stand for something better. General Vaughn and I have a plan, and when it's ready, the next phase of this war begins. A rebellion's not enough anymore. Starting today, this is... a revolution!

That gets the crowd roaring with approval, shouting his name, CLAPPING like thunder.

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

50 **INT. TEROK NOR - BAR**

Emerging through the door, letting it close behind them, O'Brien sags against a railing with exhaustion. The muted roar of the crowd can still be heard.

Rallying himself, he leads them down to the bar, heads behind it, grabs a bottle and pours three drinks. He empties his first shot right down, and pours himself another.

VAUGHN

So... I guess we should start hammering out the final touches on

that master plan for the
revolution.

O'BRIEN

Guess so.

KEIKO

You don't have a plan, do you?

VAUGHN

Nope.

O'BRIEN

No bloody idea.

KEIKO

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

VAUGHN

(agreeing)

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

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

O'BRIEN

Here's to that.

(clinks glasses)

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

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

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

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

Doors grind open and release a blinding sliver of light in
a dim room. Wincing against the brightness, Julian Bashir

hangs by his wrists, chained to the ceiling. He is naked and has been beaten bloody and raw, swollen and bruised.

Through the light, a silhouette saunters into the room, high heels clacking on the metal floor. It is Kira Nerys, back in her best flattering Intendant's outfit, wearing her silver headdress, and back in power.

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

Through the open door, they can all hear Ro's anguished screams.

KURN

Remember your promise. Don't kill him.

KIRA

(girlish giggle)

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

KURN

What do you think he can tell you?

KIRA

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

KURN

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

KIRA

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

KURN

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

KIRA

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

KURN

I will be in your debt, Intendant.

KIRA

It'll be my pleasure, Kurn.
(seductive)
You and I are going to be close, General. Very close indeed. But for now, if you'll excuse me...

The silhouette of the Klingon clomps out of the room, passing through the bright light, and closing the door behind him. This leaves Kira alone in the dim dungeon, with Bashir. She comes closer, lifting his head with her finger.

KIRA

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

She lets his head sag back to his chest, and reaches into the darkness to bring forth a metal trolley, loaded with various unpleasant-looking instruments.

KIRA

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

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

KIRA

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

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

KIRA

So is revenge.

FADE OUT:

THE END