

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

# 10x19 - "Reset."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*

and from the post-finale novels  
by Pocket Books

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**1     INT. PRISON CELL**

Dark stone walls, bare of any identifying marks. A single high window, out of reach of human hands, but still barred. It lets in weak and watery light, the only light in the room. PAN DOWN from this window, until we find...

VAUGHN and RO. Both are dressed in the rough and dirty civilian clothes they wore in 10x16 "I Will Survive," and both look like they've been through a fight. They sit on the ground, backs against opposite walls of the cell.

RO  
(amazed)  
Ross?!

VAUGHN  
Yup.

RO  
(still not sure)  
Ross?

VAUGHN  
Just goes to show, doesn't it? You never can tell. Although, to be fair to the admiral, "working with" isn't strictly accurate. He doesn't consider himself a member. Doesn't believe in their policies. He just recognises that they have certain resources and techniques that can be useful in extreme circumstances. He likes to think he's using them, rather than the other way around. They're happy to let him have his illusions.

Ro shakes her head, having trouble accepting what Vaughn is teaching her.

RO

I always thought, if there was any admiral up to their neck in Section 31, it wouldn't be Ross. It would be Akaar if anyone.

VAUGHN

(sympathetic)

I know you have your past with LJ. But I really do think you judge him unfairly.

RO

He ruined my life.

VAUGHN

He thought you betrayed him. Capellans take that kind of thing very seriously.

RO

It wasn't my fault.

VAUGHN

He doesn't know that. He has no idea Section 31 even exists.

RO

But he's, like, seven hundred years old. One of the highest ranking admirals there is.

VAUGHN

Yes. He's also a true believer in the virtue and honesty of the Federation. And I've worked very hard to make sure he stays that way. Someone has to have that confidence in the system, in the values the Federation is based on. I'd hate for everyone to be as cynical as me.

RO

What about people like Nechayev? You said she was pushing for a more aggressive stance towards the

Dominion. Section 31 want to keep us as enemies as well.

VAUGHN

True. Nechayev often has to think like them, make similar decisions. But even the head of Starfleet Intelligence has to answer to a panel of other admirals, to the C-in-C, and through them to the President and Federation charter. Thirty-One claims to get their authority from the charter, but in reality, they answer to no-one but themselves.

RO

So you and Batanides decided to give them their answer.

VAUGHN

Marta's only been one of us for about six years. I've been in it for almost three decades.

RO

But she's in charge.

VAUGHN

She is the admiral. I suppose in effect it's more like Marta and I work together, what with my greater experience. But she has final say. Conversely, since she's higher profile, she's more vulnerable. Hence why I'm taking point on this mission, not her. Besides... it's my fault we're in this mess in the first place.

RO

What do you mean?

VAUGHN

L'Haan. I'm the one who called her in. I practically handed

Taran'atar right over to them. I had my suspicions. I didn't do anything about them. Not until it was too late.

RO  
(gently)  
Why didn't you?

VAUGHN  
Because I didn't want to think I was right. I wanted to believe that I was out of that life for good. I'd started this whole new life on DS-Nine. Exploration, family... peace. I liked that.

RO  
Well, now you've got Bashir. You've got me. You can be out of it, if you want.

VAUGHN  
(shakes head)  
Nice thought. But it doesn't work like that.

RO  
Bashir wants to help, you know. You haven't forced him to do anything he doesn't want to.

VAUGHN  
What I've learned about Bashir is that he loves an adventure. A daring mission with little chance of success... he could never resist. I knew he'd agree to it. He made it easy for me.

RO  
Are you going to use my issues to get to me?

VAUGHN  
(enigmatic)

Do I need to?

There's a clanking noise, a jangling and clunking of heavy metal. Vaughn looks towards the prison cell's cold steel door. The small eye-level hatch slides open.

VAUGHN  
(cheerful)  
Ah. Here we are.

The worried face of BASHIR appears at the hatch, peering in. Vaughn and Ro get to their feet, brush themselves down. The heavy metal door swings open, and Bashir stands there.

BASHIR  
Commander? Lieutenant? You both  
alright?

VAUGHN  
Fine, Doctor. All part of the  
plan. We've been expecting you.

RO  
Part of the plan?

VAUGHN  
Well, yes. The easiest way to get  
into the heart of Section 31 was  
to get them to bring us in.

RO  
(outraged)  
Getting beaten up was part of the  
plan?!

VAUGHN  
Look, it worked, didn't it?  
(to Bashir)  
Aren't you risking your cover  
letting us out?

BASHIR  
I don't think it's a problem.  
Mister Cole is nowhere around.

RO

He's not? Where is he?

BASHIR

No idea. I haven't seen him in days. He left me going over some intelligence files. That's why it took me so long to find you and get you out. Sorry.

Vaughn stops to ponder. Why isn't Cole around?

RO

Is that bad?

VAUGHN

I don't know. Have you managed to track L'Haan down yet?

BASHIR

I'm afraid not. I tried everything short of asking Cole "Hey, where's L'Haan?" I'm probably hampered by having to look like I'm on his side, but still, it's frustrating. All this time and we're no closer to our goal.

VAUGHN

We don't have much more time left, Doctor. The Ascendants are coming.

RO

For all we know, they might have already hit while we've been in here. Deep Space Nine and Bajor could be rubble right now.

BASHIR

Don't say that. Don't tempt fate.

VAUGHN

L'Haan... where is she?

As Vaughn creases up his lined, old face with worry...

The Vulcan woman L'HAAN rests calmly, her eyes closed in peaceful meditation. The light of a candle flickers on her face, but we don't yet see her surroundings.

There's a small, rhythmic beep - a computer indicator. She slowly opens her eyes, brings herself out of meditation. She turns to her side, and we see a comm panel beside her.

The comm panel is of Cardassian design. L'Haan works its controls, receives a message in Vulcan script. She reads what it says with restraint and composure. Turns back to her meditation lamp, looking just the tiniest bit eager.

PULL BACK slowly. We see where L'Haan is sitting - a bare, disused industrial area, with rusty machines and pulleys and pistons and trolleys. She's alone here.

PULL BACK further, as we recede through the body of the construct, seeing more and more industrial machinery in our way. Finally we PULL BACK through a grimy porthole...

### **3     EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

...and find ourselves pulling away from the outer skin of Deep Space Nine. The porthole was in one of the engineering sections in the lower core area. We continue to PULL BACK, gradually seeing the entire station, with the *Defiant* on the docking ring and freighters moving elsewhere...

FADE OUT:

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**4     INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

Morning on the Promenade, as officers and civilians and random aliens head to work. Morning services are letting out at the Shrine, and the jumja kiosk is just opening, but Quark's Bar is already bustling with the breakfast crowd.

ETANA KOL and KRISTEN RICHTER walk together out of Quark's after breakfast, hand-in-hand and perfectly content.

RICHTER

Ah, good old bacon and eggs for breakfast. Nothing like it. Even if it is replicated.

ETANA

(dubious)

If you say so. I still think it's foul stuff.

RICHTER

That's because you're a heathen who wouldn't know good food if it slapped her about the face.

It's all just cute couple-y banter. They pause outside the Infirmary, and lean in for a quick kiss.

RICHTER

See you later, yeah?

ETANA

Yep. Gotta get that paperwork finished, but then the joy of mid-shift is mine to possess.

Another quick peck, and Etana heads off. Richter watches her go with a smile, then turns to enter the Infirmary.

**5     INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

Richter enters to find SIMON TARSES working, scanning and cataloguing the contents of the pharmacy alcove.

RICHTER  
Morning, Doctor Tarses.

TARSES  
Oh, hi Kristen. Sleep well?

RICHTER  
Like a *temeseen*.

TARSES  
I have no idea what that is, but  
I'll assume it's good.

With an amused pout, Richter heads off to start her work.

**6 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR**

TARAN'ATAR walks along the corridor, alone. The civilians and officers he passes on the way are getting used to his being around, but they still keep a wary eye, just in case.

He reaches his quarters and the door opens...

**7 INT. DS9 - TARAN'ATAR'S QUARTERS**

...and he enters. The instant he does, he knows something is wrong. The door closes, and he drops into a fighting stance, his senses reaching out to detect the problem.

Then Admiral BATANIDES emerges from the bedroom. Small and gentle, nothing to a Jem'Hadar. But she smiles confidently.

BATANIDES  
Ambassador. A pleasure to meet you  
at last.

TARAN'ATAR  
Who are you? And why are you in my  
quarters?

BATANIDES  
My name is Marta. And... it's  
about time we had a talk.

Taran'atar is wary, but he doesn't attack. He finds himself intrigued as to what this strange woman might say.

**8     INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR**

Busy with breakfast eaters and pleasant chatter. QUARK himself stands behind the bar. He's watching across the other side of the room, where Major CENN is eating at a table. TREIR strolls up to check if he needs anything else, and by the look on Cenn's face, all he needs is Treir. Quark rolls his eyes and chuckles. Not a chance.

There's the beep of an incoming communication, and Quark turns away to his comm panel. He presses a few keys.

QUARK

Welcome to Quark's Bar, Grill,  
Embassy, Gaming Hall and Holosuite  
Arcade. Ambassador Quark at your  
service. Please state the nature  
of the catering emergency.

NOG (comm)

Uncle, it's me... Nog. I'm up in  
Holosuite Three. Could you come up  
here a minute?

QUARK

I'm busy, Nog. Can it wait?

NOG (comm)

Taran'atar tore a hole in the wall  
again. I need your thumb print to  
authorise the repairs. It'll take  
five seconds.

QUARK

(grumble)

Fine. Treir can handle things for  
five seconds, I guess.

He stabs the comm to close, and mutters under his breath.

QUARK

That damn Jem'Hadar. Who'd have  
thought I'd ever miss Worf?

With a humph, he heads out from the bar and up the spiral  
staircase to the holosuites.

**9     INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR, HOLOSUITE CORRIDOR**

Quark stomps along, reaches the holosuite, enters...

**10    INT. DS9 - HOLOSUITE**

...and finds a bare holosuite grid. He walks in a few  
steps, turns with an exasperated sigh. Nog is not here.

QUARK

Nog! Stop screwing around! I told  
you I'm busy. ...Nog!

The door opens again, and EZRI DAX enters.

DAX

Hey, Quark. What's up?

QUARK

What's "up" ? What's up is that my  
nephew has decided to waste my  
time with stupid games...

(out loud)

...that do not benefit the dignity  
of a Starfleet officer!

There's no response. Dax looks at him, mystified.

DAX

No, I mean, what did you want to  
see me about?

QUARK

I didn't want to see you about  
anything. I'm here to see Nog.

The door opens again, and PRYNN TENMEI rushes in.

PRYNN

Okay, I'm here! Nobody panic,  
everything's under control. What's  
the big crisis?

Dax looks at her, confused. Back to Quark. Back to Prynn.

DAX

There is no crisis. Is there?

PRYNN

Well, there was two minutes ago,  
when you called me up over the  
comm and said, "Come to Holosuite  
Three, we have a crisis."

DAX

I never called you, Prynn.

PRYNN

Uh, yeah, you did. Two minutes  
ago. "Crisis."

DAX

No, I didn't. Quark called me up  
here to meet me in private and  
talk about something. Wouldn't  
tell me what.

QUARK

And I got a call from Nog, he  
needed me to authorise repairs.

PRYNN

Nog's in Ops.

They all look between themselves, baffled and increasingly  
worried. What is going on here?

PRYNN

Okay, forget this. Somebody's  
playing games with us.

Just as she turns to leave again, the holosuite door slams  
shut. The lights go out. It's almost completely dark.

QUARK

What the -

DAX

Dax to Kira. What's going on?

Three Cardassian transporter signals suddenly light up the room. Dax, Quark and Prynn look to each other in alarm, scared and surprised, as all three dissolve in the golden swirling beams. Holosuite Three is left empty.

**11 EXT. SPACE - EARTH ORBIT**

Bright and gleaming blue, Earth's surface looks peaceful and harmless. The mushroom Space Station is in orbit, and various Starfleet ships and freighters move back and forth.

**12 INT. COLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM**

The wood-panelled, leather sofa'd lounge, as seen in 10x16 "I Will Survive." The room is unoccupied, the fire unlit.

The large double door creaks open, and Bashir pokes his head in. Scans the room visually, just to make sure. He nods and opens the door further, letting Vaughn and Ro in with him. Ro carefully closes the door behind them.

VAUGHN

I still don't like this. Cole is the director of Section 31. Or one of the directors at least. He wouldn't disappear like this unless he was on a mission.

RO

Might be nothing to do with us.

VAUGHN

It might... But do you really think we're that lucky?

BASHIR

Let's just take the chance we've been given. Even if it's a trick, we'll never get a better one.

RO

What are we looking for?

BASHIR

I don't know. Sloan already told me there's no central store of records or paper trail of what Section 31 gets up to. It would leave them open to exactly what we're trying to do. But we have to try anyway. Check that book shelf over there.

Ro does as Bashir says. Vaughn stands, pondering, thinking it all through. Bashir goes to the big painting over the fireplace, begins feeling along its edge. Maybe there's a safe or something behind it.

Bashir finds a catch of some kind, and presses it. The painting seems to dissolve into thin air, via some kind of subtle transport beam. Behind it is a comm screen.

BASHIR

Commander... Lieutenant...

At the bottom of the screen is a flashing icon. Vaughn and Ro approach, curious. With a nod from Vaughn, Bashir pulls his sleeve over his hand and reaches with his cloth-covered finger to touch the icon. The screen comes to life...

...with a close-up image of Quark. The Ferengi is staring into the screen, eyes wide in panic, shaking, breathing in shallow gasps. He's plainly terrified.

RO

Quark? What the hell are -

Quark reacts in desperate hope to the familiar voice.

QUARK (screen)

(gasping breaths)

Laren... help...

The image on the screen moves sideways, away from Quark. The next face in line is Dax. Just as scared as Quark, but controlling it better, and with a touch of righteous anger. Ro, Bashir and Vaughn share worried glances...

On screen, the image shifts sideways again, revealing the next face in line - Prynn. Vaughn's eyes flare in fury. This is the worst possible thing someone could do to him.

The image shifts again, pulling back a little until we see all three side by side. They are standing ram-rod straight in a dark room, with no clear sign of what it is that has them so scared. But then a new figure steps into frame - L'Haan, wearing the all-black uniform of Section 31. She looks into the camera with infuriating calmness.

VAUGHN

What have you done to them?

L'HAAN (screen)

I have done nothing. Yet. Once I leave this room it will flood with radiation. The forcefields that currently surround your... friends... are strong enough to protect them from the radiation. They are not, however, strong enough to protect them from themselves.

Vaughn, Bashir and Ro frown in confusion...

L'HAAN (screen)

If your companions move more than a matter of centimetres, they will contact the fields. This will cause the fields to collapse... and expose them to the radiation. The result will be quite remarkably painful, and in mere moments, fatal. I believe I've made myself clear.

The signal drops, and the screen goes blank. Bashir and Ro both look to Vaughn for what to do next.

Vaughn tenses with renewed anger...

Sitting at rest, seemingly peaceful...

**14 INT. DS9 - QUARTERS**

Mister COLE sits calmly, with legs crossed, at a table. Quite relaxed and chummy.

COLE

Thank you for meeting with me. I realise your time is valuable right now, so I'll try not to take up too much of it.

(beat)

Let me start by saying how very helpful it's been having you here, keeping an eye on things for me. I especially value the reports you've submitted to me. They've helped me more than you know. And I know how difficult it must have been to stay... "invisible," so to speak.

(beat)

But there's something more I need you to do for me, if you wouldn't mind. You know I like my agents to remain hands-off whenever possible. But this is something I'm afraid I can't do through my normal channels. It's a tiny thing, barely noticeable. But you are in the perfect position to help me.

**REVERSE ANGLE**

... to reveal at last that he is talking to Etana Kol.

ETANA

That's alright, Mister Cole. I'm happy to help however I can. What do you need me to do?

Off Etana's open, helpful face...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

### **15    INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

The door opens, and Etana strolls in from the Promenade. Relaxed, happy, no problems. She's carrying a small satchel over her shoulder.

Looking in through the partition to the surgical suite, she sees Tarses examining a civilian patient - nothing serious, maybe a rash or something - and Richter in support. Etana smiles at the sight of her girlfriend.

Etana moves on past towards the pharmacy area. With a quick check to make sure the others are busy, she opens up her satchel and pulls out a metal canister.

She goes to the shelf where we've seen Ro take canisters from before, and removes the first one. She replaces it with the one from her bag. Then she pulls another device from her bag, and points it at the label on the original canister. She activates the device...

### **INSERT - THE CANISTER**

...and the device's beam rewrites the canister's label.

### **BACK TO SCENE**

She then puts the device back in her bag.

RICHTER

Oh, hey babe. You just get in?

With the changed canister still in her hand, Etana turns to see that Richter has wandered up.

ETANA

Yeah, just a second ago. Thought I'd get a start on checking the pharmacy stores. Don't want to get yelled at again.

She nonchalantly places the changed canister somewhere else on the shelves, and nods at a job well done.

**16**    **EXT. SPACE**

A small, fast Starfleet ship zooms through space at highest possible warp. A runabout would do, but I'd rather it was something like Picard's supershuttle from "Insurrection."

**17**    **INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT**

Vaughn is at the helm, driving the shuttle forwards as fast as it will go, safety limits be damned. Bashir nervously hovers behind him, and further back, at the rear of the cabin, is Ro. Vibrating, twitching, ready to snap.

BASHIR

How did they know?

VAUGHN

I don't know, Doctor.

BASHIR

Do you think she's been there all along?

VAUGHN

I don't know, Doctor.

Bashir steps away, realising Vaughn isn't in the mood right now. They're all on edge. This is a desperate rush, and no-one has time for niceties. He goes to Ro instead.

RO

How much longer?

BASHIR

It's a few days' trip from Earth to Bajor at best. Just be glad Vaughn was able to commandeer this shuttle on short notice.

Bashir notices Ro's agitated state. They're all feeling it, but Ro seems to have it worse.

BASHIR

Are you feeling alright?

RO  
Not really, no.

BASHIR  
Can I do anything to help?

RO  
(sharp)  
I don't need your help.

Bashir looks stung at her tone. Embarrassed at herself, Ro turns and heads into the rear cabin. Bashir watches her go. He suspects there's more going on than she's saying.

**18    INT. SHUTTLE - REAR CABIN**

Ro stomps through the rear cabin, towards the bunks along the walls. She gingerly lowers herself down onto one of the bunks, wary of her back. She reaches into her boot.

She brings out the hypospray that always sits inside. Jams it against her neck and presses the button. Nothing. Empty. She takes out the cartridge, shakes it hard, stuffs it back in and tries again. Nothing. Again. Again. Again. Nothing.

RO  
Come on!

She hurls the hypospray across the room with a frustrated scream. As it SMASHes against the far wall...

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**19    INT. CAVES**

Greyed out images, memory flashes. Vaughn and Ro are being attacked by black-clad figures, masked and anonymous. This is the fight that landed them in the jail cell. Ro doesn't know it's part of the plan, and she's fighting like mad.

As she kicks one attacker's legs out from under him, she tries to simultaneously reach for her backpack. Distracted for the tiniest moment, another attacker punches her hard.

Dazed, she can't stop the attacker grabbing her backpack, throwing it aside, and VAPORISING it with a phaser. Ro's eyes flare as she realises - her painkillers were in there.

**CUT TO:**

**20 INT. SHUTTLE - REAR CABIN**

Ro RIPS a panel open on the cabin's replicator and shoves her hands into the internal circuitry. Thrumming with nervous vibration, hands shaking as they break and remake connections. She's panting with desperation...

RO  
Come on, dammit...

She works some more...

COMPUTER  
Unable to comply.

Ro keeps working. The computer's voice is choppy, garbled.

COMPUTER  
Unable to comply. Unnn... aaay...  
bullll... tooo...

Ro screams again in frustration. She yanks her hands out from the circuits and PUNCHES the replicator's panel in fury. The screen shatters, but she PUNCHES again. PUNCH. And PUNCH. And PUNCH again, screaming more with every one.

The door opens and Bashir rushes in, alerted by the noise. Ro is PUNCHing and PUNCHing. He grabs her, pulls her away from the wall. She struggles against him, but he holds her.

BASHIR  
Laren! Laren! What's wrong? What  
are you doing?

RO  
(shriek)  
Get off me!

But Bashir holds her tight. After a moment, she calms. Her head sags. Once he's sure she's okay, he lets her go.

BASHIR  
What was that all about?

RO  
I'm okay. I'm okay. Just...  
letting off a little steam.

BASHIR  
We're all worried, Laren. What I  
suggest is that you take that  
frustration and channel it into  
figuring out what to do next.

RO  
Yeah. I guess.  
(sudden thought)  
Don't tell Vaughn.

BASHIR  
I think he's too busy driving the  
shuttle into the red zone to  
notice anything else.

**21    INT. SHUTTLE - COCKPIT**

Close on Vaughn, as he pushes the shuttle onwards. His mind  
is working over all the possibilities, good and bad...

**22    INT. DS9 - KIRA'S OFFICE**

KIRA and VANNIS sit across the desk from each other, in the  
midst of another meeting.

VANNIS  
The situation in the Dominion  
continues to deteriorate. Not a  
day passes without at least one  
report of Jem'Hadar vessels  
fighting each other over some  
trivial slight or disagreement.

KIRA  
Can't the Vorta control them?

VANNIS

The Vorta are as confused as the  
Jem'Hadar. They try to follow the  
wishes of the Founder, but...

Vannis fades off, ashamed of what she was about to say.

KIRA

It's alright. Go on.

VANNIS

I cannot criticise a Founder. But  
Odo, because of his unique  
upbringing... his desire is to  
find consensus wherever possible.  
By trying to please everyone...

KIRA

...He ends up pleasing no-one.

VANNIS

And what of the Ascendants?

KIRA

We got a new dispatch from our  
source this morning. They said  
things seem to have gone quiet. It  
only makes me more worried.

VANNIS

You suspect they are preparing for  
a major offensive.

KIRA

I don't know what else to think.  
Aren't you taking a risk too,  
talking to me like this?

VANNIS

The Ambassador authorised this  
meeting himself. I believe after  
our last "confrontation," he is  
attempting to soften his stance.

KIRA

Well, that's one good thing, at least. Thank you for coming, Vannis. Keep in touch.

Vannis nods, gets up from the chair and leaves. Alone again, Kira sighs and tries to settle back to work.

All the doors suddenly THUNK with the closing of locks. The BLUE LIGHTS in the corners burst into life, bathing the room in an eerie glow. Kira looks up in alarm - she didn't do this.

The air is suddenly pierced with a sharp, painful SQUEAL. Kira is forced to cover her ears and wince from the brain-hurting intensity of it. A transporter signal forms in the lounge area - the new type seen in 10x01 "Emancipation."

The transporter deposits Vaughn, standing grim and hard. The whining sound dies out, but the blue lights remain. Astonished, Kira rushes over towards him.

KIRA

Commander!

VAUGHN

I don't have time to explain, Captain. Section 31 is moving against us, here and now.

KIRA

(re blue lights)

But I thought these things were supposed to block transporters.

Vaughn brings up his arm, and he's wearing a metallic wrist strap - like Major Cenn wore in 10x08 "Property Values."

VAUGHN

Ro's transport inhibitors. Easy enough to retune them to pass through. And nobody not wearing one can follow. Now listen. L'Haan is here, on the station. She's kidnapped Quark, Dax...

(grits teeth)

...and Prynn. She's probably got a scattering field like this one, so they'll be tough to find.

KIRA

Do you have any clues at all?

VAUGHN

She threatened them with deadly radiation. She might have been lying about that, but we can't risk it, and it might be a clue.

KIRA

I'll have Tarses break out the hyronalin.

VAUGHN

This is my daughter, Captain. I'm trusting you to save her.

KIRA

I will, I promise. What about L'Haan? And Cole?

VAUGHN

You leave them to me.

Vaughn presses the controls on his wrist strap. The SQUEAL returns, the transporter forms, and Vaughn disappears.

Kira is instantly in action. She goes to her desk, flips up the secret panel and presses the control. The blue lights die and the doors unlock. She heads out onto Ops...

**23    INT. DS9 - INDUSTRIAL ROOM**

Dark, almost featureless, but definitely somewhere on Deep Space Nine. Quark, Dax and Prynn all stand side by side in their force field cocoons. They're all scared and sweaty, wavering on their feet, fighting to stay awake.

QUARK

I'm exhausted... I'm hungry... I feel like I've been standing here for days.

PRYNN  
That's because you have been.

QUARK  
I need to sleep...

DAX  
Stay awake, Quark. If you fall  
asleep, we all die.

QUARK  
You don't know that.

DAX  
Try it and I'll kill you myself.

PRYNN  
Guys... it'll be okay. My dad's  
gonna get us out of this. You know  
he is. Who was that woman anyway?  
And where did she go?

None of them know, but they all fear the worst.

**25    INT. DS9 - CORRIDOR**

Some similarly deserted area of the station. Ro stalks  
carefully along the corridor, phaser out. She's still  
shaking, on edge, but channelling it like Bashir said.

She reaches a corner, creeps up to it. Pokes her head round  
quickly to check. Nobody there. She steps out to turn the  
corner, but as she does...

**REVERSE ANGLE**

...we see L'Haan standing behind her, tall and black and  
expressionless. Ro senses her presence, spins to her...

...but L'Haan effortlessly lifts a leg and KICKS the phaser  
out of her hand. It smashes to the wall, destroyed. L'Haan  
looks at Ro, smugly superior.

L'HAAN

It is agreeable to see you again,  
Lieutenant.

RO

I could'a done without it.

L'HAAN

But I must thank you. You made my  
mission so much easier. You took  
me straight to him -

PUNCH in the face. Ro is in no mood to talk - she just  
launches straight into it. L'Haan goes with the momentum,  
spins with it and SLAMS Ro right back. And they go to it -  
a flurry of HITS and dodges and KICKS and evades.

L'Haan's moves are smooth, fluid, economical. Ro is loose  
and sloppy. Ro is a street-fighter. L'Haan is an assassin.

Finally L'Haan SWEEPS Ro's legs out from under her, like in  
the caves. Ro goes down with a clumsy THUD, a yell of pain  
as her back jars. L'Haan moves in for the kill.

Just as L'Haan reaches her, Ro TWISTS and slaps something  
around the Vulcan's wrist - another transporter band. The  
transporter pattern begins to form over L'Haan. Ro grins  
victoriously at the confused Vulcan through bloodied teeth.

RO

All part of the plan.

And then L'Haan disappears, beamed away. Ro collapses back  
to the ground with a tearful scream-moan of agony.

**26**    **INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

Another unidentified space somewhere in the depths of the  
station, dark and anonymous. The transporter beam forms...

...and deposits L'Haan into the room. She looks up in mild  
perplexity... and sees Vaughn holding a phaser. He FIRES.

**27**    **INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

The door opens, and Ro staggers into the doorway, bloody and beaten. People out on the Promenade are staring, wondering what's going on. Tarses is nearby, and sees her.

TARSESES

Ro! What the -

Ro stumbles on past him, heading straight for the pharmacy. She's breathing hard, in blistering pain, no thought in her head but getting to her painkillers.

Tarses tries to reach for her and help her - she pushes him out of the way. She gets to the pharmacy, goes straight to the top shelf, opens the canister...

TARSESES

Ro, stop! You can't just -

She yanks out a drug cartridge, slips it into the hypo she already has in her hand. Tarses tries to grab the hypo off her - she PUNCHES him out of the way. Tarses goes down with an OOF of shock.

Etana rushes in from the other room at the commotion, just in time to see Ro jam the hypo at her neck, and inject. And inject again. And again. And keeps going.

ETANA

Laren, stop, that's too much -

RO

Shut up! I need it!

Ro props herself up against the wall as she feels the drug flowing into her system. Peace and bliss in numbness.

RO

There - that's better.

Her breath catches. She starts shaking. Tries to walk. Her knees buckle beneath her. Hits the floor with a sickening THUD, uncontrollably shaking. She spasms, legs drumming on the floor, foaming at the mouth, eyes rolled up to white.

Tarses rushes to Ro, tries to hold her down. Etana runs to the pharmacy, checks the canister Ro used. It's the one she

swapped earlier. She stares at it, stunned. Looks back at Ro, in the midst of a seizure on the Infirmary floor.

TARSES

Nurse! Help me! Nurse!

But Etana stares at Ro. Prophets, what has she done?

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**28 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

Ro is on the biobed in the surgical suite, shuddering and grunting in the depths of her seizure. Tarses and Richter are both trying their best to control her. Etana stands to one side, gripping the drug canister in horror.

TARSES

Nurse! I need to know what was in that canister!

Etana can't respond. Richter looks at her, confused...

TARSES

(sharp, commanding)  
Sergeant Etana! You will help me with the patient or I will relieve you of duty.

Coming back to herself a little, Etana shoves the canister at Richter. The human woman takes it, looks at the label.

RICHTER

(shocked)  
Maraji...

TARSES

What?! We don't even carry that!  
And why the hell did Ro go for it?  
What is she even doing here? I thought she was on Kel-Artis.

ETANA

He said it was a test, to check if anyone noticed...

RICHTER

Kol, what are you talking about?

Etana can't answer. She runs out of the room.

RICHTER

Kol!

TARSES

Let her go. She's useless to me right now. Concentrate! Maraji alone doesn't have this effect, not even in the dose she took. Something else is going on.

Tarses and Richter get to work saving Ro...

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

Bashir stands in his quarters...

BASHIR

This is getting out of hand. I'm asking you to stop it now before it goes any further. Please.

REVEAL that he's talking to Cole, who stands opposite him, arms folded, unimpressed and dismissive.

COLE

I hope you're not planning on begging me. It would just make the whole thing comical.

BASHIR

I'm serious, Cole! I tried to trick you before. I admit it. Obviously it didn't work. But I'm not trying to trick you now.

COLE

And that's why you asked me to meet you in your own quarters, where you have the home turf. Honestly, Doctor, I'm insulted that you think so little of me.

BASHIR

Look, I just want to find a way out of this that doesn't end up with me and all my friends dead.

COLE

Might be a little late for that.

BASHIR

(oh no)

What have you done?

COLE

I'm guessing you haven't popped into the Infirmary since you got back. Lieutenant Ro's flopping about on a biobed like a dying fish as we speak.

Cole smiles evilly, trying to deliberately provoke Bashir. Bashir is on the verge of taking the bait...

COLE

There's nothing you can pull on me, Doctor. I've taken antidotes to every airborne sedative. I'm carrying every kind of transport blocker known to man. Whatever you really asked me here for... you're not going to get it.

THUMP. Cole slumps to the ground, the victim of a double-fisted punch to the back of the neck by Vaughn. He and Bashir look down at the agent's unconscious body.

VAUGHN

Every technological trick in the book... and you forget to look behind you. Idiot.

BASHIR

Is it true about Ro?

VAUGHN

I don't know. She got L'Haan, but I haven't seen her since.

BASHIR

I've got to get to the Infirmary.

Bashir heads to the door. Vaughn blocks his way.

VAUGHN  
You're not going anywhere.

BASHIR  
Ro could be dying!

VAUGHN  
And there are other doctors to  
treat her! Unless you're really so  
arrogant as to think nobody else  
in Starfleet is capable of saving  
a woman's life but you?

(accusing)  
You promised to help me with  
Mister Cole, Doctor. You joined  
this mission voluntarily. Now you  
will follow through with it.

BASHIR  
But Ro...

VAUGHN  
Well then, I guess you have to  
decide what's more important to  
you right now. Helping a woman  
who's already in safe hands... or  
finishing what you started.

Bashir seethes with indecision...

30 **INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

NOG and BOWERS are at their stations on the upper level,  
feverishly working their panels. SHAR buzzes back and forth  
between them and his own station, comparing and contrasting  
readings and information with grim determination.

Kira trots up the staircase from the central table, leans  
over the console to at least attempt some confidentiality.

KIRA  
Anything?

NOG

Captain, all due respect... but you've basically asked us to find something that is meant to be impossible to find, by design. We need more to go on.

KIRA

I've given you everything I've got, Nog. A field that scatters all transporters, sensors and weapons, somewhere near a major radiation source. There are three people inside it, and we need to find them - now.

SHAR

Perhaps if we knew exactly what life signs to search for...

Kira looks unsure. She didn't want to have to tell them that... but maybe it will help.

KIRA

Alright, fine. You're looking for Trill, Ferengi and human.

Horrified realisations as they figure out who it must be.

BOWERS

There's only one Trill on board.

NOG

There's only one Ferengi anyone would bother taking hostage.

SHAR

But who's the human?

Kira hesitates again - she knows this will be difficult.

KIRA

The human is Lieutenant Tenmei.

Shar blanches. Prynne. Nog looks over to him, sympathetic for his friend. With renewed resolve, Shar gets back to work on his consoles. Nog nods too.

NOG  
We'll find them, Captain.

The three junior officers get back to work, hard.

**31 INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

Cole JERKS awake in Vaughn's dark room. He tries to move, but finds himself unable to. He's tied by basic, low-tech means to a pillar of some kind, hands and feet bound but held upright.

He looks to the right, and L'Haan is there too, likewise. She looks as embarrassed as a Vulcan can. Vaughn watches them both. Cole tries not to show how annoyed he is.

VAUGHN  
Mister Cole. I wish I could say  
it's good to meet you in person at  
last.

COLE  
Elias Vaughn. Born 2274 on  
Berengaria Seven, to farmers  
Malcolm and Sandra Vaughn.  
Starfleet rank - commander.  
Veteran of the Tomed incident, the  
Betreka Nebula, Arvada Three and a  
hundred others.

Vaughn tries to control his reaction at this. Cole chuckles and shakes his head, and again tries to purposely provoke.

COLE  
After we killed T'Prynn, did you  
really think we wouldn't keep an  
eye on you too?

VAUGHN  
(tense, tight)  
It doesn't matter. I've got you  
where I want you now.

COLE  
(mocking)

Oh yes, I'm completely at your mercy. Please... let me go. I promise to never do it again.

(roll eyes)

So where's Doctor Bashir?

Bashir's voice comes from somewhere in the darkness.

BASHIR (o.s.)

I'm here.

COLE

Really? Well I must say I misjudged you then. I would have sworn that with Ro in such dire medical straits, you'd have insisted on being the one to look after her, leaving me alone with the Commander here. I guess you're just not as high-principled as I thought.

Bashir surges forwards out of the darkness right at Cole and PUNCHES him in the face. Cole just laughs it off.

COLE

Oh, come on. Bashir the tough guy now? What happened to your Hippocratic Oath?

BASHIR

What did you do to Ro?

COLE

Took advantage of her addiction, of course. What else?

Vaughn and Bashir look between each other, confused. Seeing this, Cole really bursts out laughing.

COLE

Oh my god! Are you telling me you brought a drug addict with you and didn't even know it? That's brilliant!

Bashir punches him again in fury. Cole keeps laughing.

COLE

Check your own medical records if you don't believe me. You'll find missing canisters of asinolyathin, morphenolog... whatever she could get her hands on.

VAUGHN

How could you possibly know what's in our medical records?

Cole looks at him like, "Come on." Vaughn gets the answer - he looks over to L'Haan, who has been silently observing.

COLE

Nope. Didn't need L'Haan for that. I've had an agent here for more than two years now.

Bashir and Vaughn's eyes flare in worry...

**32 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

Ro is now unconscious on the biobed, lying still, but a mess from what she's been through. Tarses places a device on her forehead and stands back, watching in concern.

TARSES

Alright. I've induced a coma so she at least can't make it any worse on herself while I clean out her bloodstream.

As he moves off to get more medical devices...

BASHIR (v.o.)

Who is it?

COLE (v.o.)

You're the genetically enhanced genius - you figure it out.

Tarses hands one device to Richter, keeps one for himself.

RICHTER  
Isn't Maraji a hallucinogenic?

TARSES  
Yes, it's a narcotic made from rare Cardassian crystals. It's highly addictive to Bajorans - the few who could afford it got themselves into quite a mess.

They continue to operate on Ro...

COLE (v.o.)  
Who could tell me everything that goes on in the Infirmary, like when you handed in your resignation, Doctor? And also has a very close relationship with the Security department, the chief of which is also DS-Nine's new second officer?

Looking around with worry, Richter calls out loud...

RICHTER  
Kol? Babe? Are you there?

But there's no answer...

**33 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE**

Major Cenn is working behind the desk. The door opens and he looks up - Etana stands there, tears in her eyes.

CENN  
Sergeant? What's wrong?

ETANA  
Place me under arrest, Major.

CENN  
...Why, exactly?

ETANA  
Because I think I've made a horrible, horrible mistake.

Off Cenn's confusion and worry...

**34**    **INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

On Ro, as she lies unconscious, Tarses and Richter working around her...

**CUT TO:**

**35**    **INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR**

Ro looks around herself in surprise - how did she get into the corridor? She's back in uniform, and alone for now.

RO

What... how did I get here?

She looks up the long, empty corridor - it seems to stretch on forever. And then in the middle of the deck...

...Taran'atar unshrouds. Ro tenses, shaking, takes a couple of steps back, looks around for anything she can use as a weapon. Taran'atar sneers at her threateningly.

RO

Taran'atar...

TARAN'ATAR

Shall we finish it, Lieutenant?  
Once and for all?

Taran'atar begins to slowly stalk down the corridor towards her. Ro shudders in terror as her nightmare approaches...

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**36 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR**

Where we left it. Taran'atar slowly advances down the empty corridor towards Ro, who backs away, but doesn't run.

TARAN'ATAR

This is all your own fault, you know. You did this to yourself.

RO

I don't know what you're talking about.

TARAN'ATAR

Stop lying to yourself, Laren. You're dying on the floor of the Infirmary right now, because you left yourself wide open to it.

RO

It wasn't me! It was Section 31!

TARAN'ATAR

It was you. If you hadn't been a pathetic drug addict, they'd never have had the opening.

RO

I'm not an addict!

TARAN'ATAR

Then what do you call someone who steals, lies to her friends, thinks of nothing but her own pain and when she can take her next injection?

RO

You broke my back!

TARAN'ATAR

That healed months ago. Bashir  
told you so. Did he lie?

Ro takes a few more stumbling steps back... but he is still  
coming. And she hasn't answered his question.

TARAN'ATAR

You knew what would happen from  
the first moment you took that  
hypospray out of the trash. It's  
pointless to pretend you didn't.  
You'd weaned yourself off them  
once. So why? Why deliberately  
choose to use them again?

RO

(shriek)

Because of you!

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**37 INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

Bashir paces back and forth before the restrained Cole and  
L'Haan. They're tied up, and yet Bashir is the one who  
feels helpless. Vaughn stands back and observes.

BASHIR

You already had me. You had Ro and  
Vaughn. You didn't need to take  
Dax and the others too. They're  
not a part of this.

VAUGHN

No, they're not. But they're not  
the point either. They're just a  
distraction, something to throw us  
off our game and keep the rest of  
the crew occupied trying to save  
them. They probably don't even  
especially want them dead. They're  
just expendable extras.

COLE

(shrug)

If your crew is as good as you think, then you have nothing to worry about, do you?

**38**    **INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

On Shar, as he works his console with pin-point focus and determination...

SHAR

(victorious shout)

Got it! There's a point-seven-three lag in the bounce-back from my tachyon scan around the central core, level nine. That means a sensor-shielded zone of about fifty square metres. They're there.

KIRA

(into action)

Bowers. Send your security team to the central core, level nine. All of you get down there too - we may have found them, but we need to get them out safely.

Shar, Nog and Bowers grab tricorders and phasers, and head over towards the transporter platform.

KIRA

Ops to Tarses, possible medical emergency in the central core, level nine. Take a shipload of hyronalin with you - there may be radiation injuries.

The three of them stand on the transporter platform and dissolve away. Kira bites her lip in worry...

**39**    **INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

Tarses dashes around the room, grabbing triage kits for his shoulder bag.

TARSES

Acknowledged, Captain. Tarses out.  
Kris, keep an eye on Ro.

He runs to the pharmacy store, grabs three canisters and shoves them into his bag. He's about to run out...

RICHTER  
Doctor!

TARSESES  
What?

RICHTER  
Check the canisters. If someone's been swapping the labels you should make sure you're actually taking hyronalin.

TARSESES  
Right. Good idea. Thanks.

As Tarses takes the canisters back out again to check them, Richter turns back to Ro. She's peacefully resting, tubes attached to both wrists and eyes fluttering in REM.

**40    INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR**

Ro backs away. She can stagger a few inches, but seems incapable of running. Taran'atar continues to advance.

TARAN'ATAR  
Me? I made you deliberately give yourself an addiction?

RO  
Yes! Just by being here!

TARAN'ATAR  
You told me you forgave me. That you understood that my hurting you wasn't my fault.

RO  
Well... no... it wasn't, but...

TARAN'ATAR

Then why keep blaming me?

RO

Who else have I got to blame?

In answer, Taran'atar sneers at her. She has herself.

**41**    **INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

Cole sneers at Vaughn, refusing to play the victim.

COLE

You brought this on yourselves,  
you know. If you'd just minded  
your own business...

VAUGHN

You sent L'Haan before we ever got  
involved with the Eav'oq.

COLE

We could see where things were  
going. So determined to be best  
friends with the Dominion. All you  
did was bring the Ascendants down  
on us. You screwed up.

BASHIR

We're trying to stop a peaceful,  
innocent people from being wiped  
out. How in your twisted version  
of morality is that a bad thing?

COLE

See, this is where you're going  
wrong. Morality doesn't enter into  
it. It's about what's best for  
citizens of the Federation. What  
keeps them sleeping sound in their  
beds at night. Always has been.  
And whatever has to be done to  
achieve that... we do.

BASHIR

My God... you're as bad as the Tal  
Shiar or the Obsidian Order.

COLE

(laughing)

No we're not! We're much better than them! Romulans, Cardassians, they lived in constant fear of what the secret police might do if they spoke out of turn. Us... the average Federation citizen doesn't even know we exist. We don't want to control them. We do what we do to protect their rights to do whatever they want.

BASHIR

That's what Starfleet is for.

COLE

Bingo. We all work towards the same ends, Doctor. We just have slightly different methods.

VAUGHN

And yours include assassination, torture, genocide...

COLE

Oh, blah blah blah. We do what no-one else will, so they don't have to. You should be grateful.

BASHIR

(to a child)

You. Murder. People.

COLE

(shrug)

Needs of the many.

(nod to L'Haan)

A little something our Vulcan friends taught us years ago.

Bashir just can't get his head around how anybody could possibly think that way. Vaughn observes coldly...

Dax, Quark and Prynn still stand where they've been. They look worse for wear but trying their best to hold on.

QUARK

I can't stand up any longer... my back hurts, my legs hurt...

DAX

I tell you what - I used to be a gymnast, and I know a lot of techniques for holding your posture as straight and smooth as possible with minimum effort.

QUARK

I don't know. I was never very good at... exercise.

DAX

Just start with the breathing. Take long, slow breaths. Roll your shoulders back.

All three of them follow her instructions.

DAX

Okay, good. Now - straighten the spine, switch on your core stomach muscles to protect the back. Imagine there's a string through the top of your head, and it's pulling you up tight.

Prynn closes her eyes and breathes deeply, tries to do as she's told. Pause, deep breath. But she frowns, distracted.

PRYNN

I need to pee.

Dax snorts with involuntary laughter.

DAX

Stop it - don't make me laugh.

PRYNN

But I do! I can practically feel  
it running down my leg.

Now Quark laughs too. Dax tries to stay firm, but...

DAX

Seriously, stop it. If you make me  
laugh, I'll wet myself too.

QUARK

You think if we do wet ourselves,  
it'll stay inside the forcefield  
and just keep building up?

PRYNN

I hope not. I had dinner at the  
Bolian restaurant. I think I'd be  
better off taking my chances with  
the radiation.

Dax howls with laughter. They're all laughing now. Then...

QUARK

Quiet! Somebody's out there.

DAX

I didn't hear anything.

QUARK

Perhaps you noticed the ears?

Dax accepts his reasoning. They take deep breaths...

ALL

Help! We're in here! Help!

**43 INT. DS9 - LOWER ENGINEERING CORE**

Nog, Shar and Bowers are working with machines against a  
large bulkhead of grimy metal, down near the central core.  
The THROB of the main fusion core rises and falls nearby.

With them are Tarses and some of our regular security faces  
- SEVAK, ALECO, SHUL and others - all armed just in case.  
Nog reacts to something only he can hear...

NOG

I heard something. I think they're shouting.

BOWERS

At least that means they're alive.  
Keep going.

Shar and Nog focus on their machines...

**44**    **INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR**

Taran'atar is almost on top of the near-paralysed Ro...

TARAN'ATAR

You know in your mind that I am not to blame for your problems. You've been a mess all your life. But your heart, your... *pagh*... they cannot forgive me. And so you escape from it all.

RO

(tearful, angry)

No...

TARAN'ATAR

Only it doesn't work, does it? Because you're still a mess deep down. You take the drugs so you won't feel your pain... but all you do is feel your pain.

RO

No! It's you! It's you!

And with those words she launches into a furious flurry of PUNCHES, hitting Taran'atar as hard as she can with everything she's got. Taran'atar takes it without protest.

**45**    **INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

On Ro, as she lies on the bio-bed, eyes flickering in her unconsciousness. Richter hovers somewhere out of sight.

**46**    **INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

Cole is still acting like he's the one in control. Vaughn and Bashir glare at them from the darkness.

VAUGHN

I don't care how you justify it.  
Me, Ro, Bashir... we're going to  
put a stop to it. All of it. Here  
and now. With you.

He turns to L'Haan, who blinks in feigned surprise.

L'HAAN

My apologies, Commander - my mind  
drifted. Something was boring me  
to sleep... but I promise it was  
not your banal and pointless  
platitudes. It was something else  
entirely.

Cole smirks. Vaughn is not so impressed.

VAUGHN

So... you've both got smart  
mouths. You know what that tells  
me? That you're worried.

COLE

Or maybe we're just smart.

BASHIR

Then you must have guessed what we  
want. We want you to fix what you  
did to Taran'atar. Take out your  
subconscious control and let him  
make his own decisions.

L'HAAN

And if I refuse? Which I assure  
you I do? How do you propose to  
persuade me?

COLE

You can't torture us, Elias. For  
one thing, it would make you as  
"bad" as us. And for another... do

you really imagine we haven't been trained to resist pain? Especially a Vulcan? Come on!

VAUGHN

Answer me this. Have you been trained to resist a seriously pissed off Jem'Hadar?

Vaughn lifts his arm, taps a control on the transporter wrist-strap. The darkness lights up with another advanced Starfleet transporter signal... which reveals Taran'atar.

The Jem'Hadar soldier looks around, briefly disoriented. But as he spots Vaughn and Bashir, he understands. He looks at Cole and L'Haan, and growls menacingly.

TARAN'ATAR

You. Vulcan.

VAUGHN

You see, Mister Cole... you thought you were tricking me by sending L'Haan. I figured it out. Then I thought I was tricking you by sending Doctor Bashir. You figured that out.

Taran'atar begins to advance towards L'Haan.

VAUGHN (cont)

You tricked me by having Etana here as your spy all along. So now it's my turn again. You thought Taran'atar would be your perfect mark. Bred to do what he's told, no questions. Had it been any other Jem'Hadar, you might have been right. But this man is stronger than that.

(nasty grin)

And now, he knows exactly what you did to him.

Ro PUMMELS Taran'atar as hard as she can, all the fear and rage and hatred and pain coming out. She shrieks at him...

RO

I hate you! I hate you!

And she PUNCHES and PUNCHES. He takes it.

**ANGLE**

Ro is punching herself, beating herself up...

**48 INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

Taran'atar is almost on top of L'Haan. Even through her Vulcan calm and control, she's worried.

TARAN'ATAR

I have been used, controlled, twisted. By the Founders, the Ghemor woman, the slave... and now you. It is enough. I will not allow any more.

VAUGHN

Doctor, please release L'Haan's hands. She's going to need them.

BASHIR

(unsure)

Commander...

VAUGHN

Now. Doctor.

Reluctantly, Bashir unties L'Haan's hands. She instantly whips them forward in an attack, but Taran'atar is too fast for her. He grabs her wrists, and begins to bend them towards his own head. She resists - he's too strong.

**49 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR**

Ro beats the living daylights out of Taran'atar. But then she's beating herself again. And then it's Taran'atar. And then it's herself...

50 **INT. DS9 - INDUSTRIAL ROOM**

Prynn, Dax and Quark shouting at the top of their lungs...

ALL  
Help! Help! We're in here!

Prynn shouts just a bit too enthusiastically - and she touches the forcefield around her. It flickers, sputters. And then falls around all three of them.

They all look at each other in horror as the radiation begins to seep in...

51 **INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

L'Haan and Taran'atar struggle against each other - he dragging her hands to his head, she trying to keep away.

Bashir - uneasy. Vaughn - grim and determined. Taran'atar - furious. L'Haan - scared. Cole - worried but firm.

COLE  
L'Haan, don't give in. You're a  
Vulcan. He can't force you to do  
anything.

**ANGLE**

Behind L'Haan... is MU-L'HAAN, the Intendant's handmaiden.

MU-L'HAAN  
No... but I can.

MU-L'Haan reaches round and adds her weight to her double's arms, pushing them closer to Taran'atar's head. It catches S31-L'Haan by surprise, she can't resist...

...and the fingers connect. Mind-meld.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**52    EXT. FOUNDERS' WORLD**

The surface of the Founders' world, but with no Founders. It's the empty, deserted stone stretching out into the distance, as seen in 10x02 "Brave New World."

Together on the small rising islet, Taran'atar, RU-L'Haan and MU-L'Haan stand all facing each other.

MU-L'HAAN

So. Here the three of us are  
again.

RU-L'HAAN

How did you do this? You are  
nothing. An echo. Powerless.

MU-L'HAAN

Do you believe I hid in plain  
sight of the Alliance and the  
Intendant for so many years  
without knowing how to appear  
powerless when required?

**53    INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

Cole watches, worried as L'Haan and Taran'atar stand, joined in their mind-meld.

COLE

What just happened?

VAUGHN

If I had to guess, I'd say your  
agent was tripped up by her own  
arrogance. She kept the other  
L'Haan's *katra* inside her head  
instead of getting rid like a  
sensible person. And once it's got  
a foothold, a *katra* can be very  
difficult to get rid of.

He's talking about T'Prynn. He smiles smugly.

**54**    **EXT. FOUNDERS' WORLD**

Taran'atar and the two L'Haans...

MU-L'HAAN

You believed you had me under control. You thought you could use me for your own purposes. But I stayed quiet, I learned my way around your mind... and I waited for my moment.

RU-L'HAAN

You have exhausted the last of your energy on a futile errand, L'Haan. I will not remove my suggestion. Any attempt to force me will be unsuccessful.

MU-L'HAAN

You spoke of a human phrase - "evil twins." Of how those from my universe are twisted, amoral versions of those from yours. But you are the evil one here.

RU-L'HAAN

Moral lectures are irrelevant. You are powerless against me.

MU-L'HAAN

Then it is fortunate that you are not my target.

Lightning quick, MU-L'Haan turns to Taran'atar and grabs him in the double mind-meld hold, fingers to both sides of his face. Taran'atar allows it - in fact grins with victory as he and MU-L'Haan vibrate against each other.

RU-L'HAAN

(alarmed)

Stop! What are you doing?!

MU-L'Haan and Taran'atar are in their mind-meld, ignoring her. RU-L'Haan grimaces, physically hurt by what the other two are doing. She gasps, trying to control the pain and fear and violation. Taran'atar sneer-grins...

**55**    **INT. DS9 - LOWER ENGINEERING CORE**

Nog's ears prick up...

NOG

They stopped shouting...

Shar's antennae reach around, feeling...

SHAR

The forcefield is down.

BOWERS

Crap. Move move move!

The security team scatter to try to find entrances past the bulkhead blocking their way. All except for Sevak, who covers the corridor behind them, just in case. Nog and Shar get their machines ready, Tarses prepares his hypospray...

**56**    **EXT. FOUNDERS' WORLD**

MU-L'Haan grips Taran'atar's head tightly. They stare into each other's eyes, intense and focused. RU-L'Haan grips her own head in pain, trying to fight it...

MU-L'Haan draws something out of Taran'atar - a ghostly IMAGE of another L'Haan, superimposed. MU-L'Haan struggles to drag it out of him. RU-L'Haan groans in pain...

**57**    **INT. DS9 - INDUSTRIAL ROOM**

Against the wall, Quark is trying to trace some kind of exit, but his strength is sapping. He falls to his knees.

QUARK

(weakly)

Help... somebody...

Then a figure approaches - Shar holds a small emitter which casts a new field around him, extending behind them like a

clear corridor. Nog, Bowers and Tarses are with him. Nog grabs Quark and pulls him into the force field bubble.

QUARK

Nog... I always said... you were a good boy...

NOG

Doctor, take him. Get him out of here.

QUARK

Wait... Laren. Where's Laren?

Tarses gets an awkward look, and avoids the question. He leads Quark back down the force field corridor.

Bowers crouches down and scoops Dax's limp, half-conscious body into his arms, as gently but quickly as he can. Once she's secure he speeds back to safety. Shar and Nog remain.

SHAR

Prynn! Are you here?

A faint, half-heard groan. Nog hears it.

NOG

Over there!

Shar runs, pushing the force field in front of him. Prynn is curled up on the ground, her skin visibly burned and fizzing. Shar hands his emitter to Nog and scoops Prynn off the ground. As he runs her to safety, she croaks out...

PRYNN

Shar... I guess this... makes us even now...

Shar is only interested in getting her to safety.

**58**    **EXT. FOUNDERS' WORLD**

MU-L'Haan is desperately holding on to the ghostly image between her hands - it wavers and tries to get free, but she won't let it. RU-L'Haan is screaming with the strain of mentally pushing back against what MU-L'Haan is doing.

But it's not enough. MU-L'Haan takes the image, THROWS it at her opposite number. It hits her, blends with her. RU-L'Haan SCREAMS, her own image wavering.

MU-L'Haan and Taran'atar watch RU-L'Haan as she writhes and fights... with a final wail, the Vulcan woman fades away.

**59**    **INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

In Vaughn's hiding place, the real Taran'atar and the real RU-L'Haan slump back from each other, their mind-meld over. Vaughn catches Taran'atar, supports him. Bashir runs to check on L'Haan. He feels for a pulse...

BASHIR

She's alive.

Vaughn doesn't seem overly impressed with that.

**60**    **EXT. FOUNDERS' WORLD**

MU-L'Haan and Taran'atar are now alone. She turns to him...

MU-L'HAAN

It is over, Taran'atar. I have removed her influence. You are at last truly free. I hope you are finally able to accept it.

TARAN'ATAR

I believe I am. Thank you.

MU-L'HAAN

You are welcome. It is time for me to accept my fate likewise. I wish you well, Taran'atar.

And MU-L'Haan fades away to nothing, leaving him alone.

**61**    **INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

Taran'atar comes back to consciousness, finding himself in Vaughn's arms. Vaughn attempts to stand him up. Once he's steady on his feet, he reaches down to touch a control on

the transporter strap around the Jem'Hadar's wrist.  
Taran'atar transports away...

**62    INT. DS9 - TARAN'ATAR'S QUARTERS**

... and reappears in his own quarters. Admiral Batanides helps to steady him.

BATANIDES  
I've got you. You're safe now.

**63    INT. DS9 - DARK ROOM**

With Taran'atar gone, Vaughn reaches for his phaser.

VAUGHN  
Step aside, Doctor.

With alarm, Bashir realises Vaughn means to kill L'Haan and Cole. He specifically steps between them. L'Haan lolls semi-conscious in her bonds, while Cole has gone quiet.

BASHIR  
I'm not going to let you do that,  
Commander.

VAUGHN  
You think we can just let them  
walk out of here? Step aside.

COLE  
Let him, Doctor. There's plenty  
more where we came from. Do  
whatever you want to us, it won't  
stop them.

VAUGHN  
I'll worry about them later. All I  
need to worry about right now...  
is you two.

BASHIR  
Commander - no. It's not going to  
happen. Put down the phaser.

VAUGHN

You promised me you would see this through, Doctor.

BASHIR

And you promised me you weren't like Section 31. I'm starting to wonder.

VAUGHN

How can you possibly let them live after what they've done? To us, to Pryn, to Dax...

BASHIR

Because Cole was right about me earlier. Saving lives is more important to me than your great crusade. And I certainly won't kill two people in cold blood.

A moment of indecision, then with a roar of frustration, Vaughn casts the phaser aside. Bashir goes to untie L'Haan and then Cole. Cole helps the still groggy L'Haan.

BASHIR

Now get the hell off my station, both of you. If I see either of your faces ever again, it might force me to rethink my decision.

Without a word, Cole helps L'Haan out of the room, off into the darkness of the depths of the station.

VAUGHN

If this comes back to bite us, Doctor... it's all on you.

**64**    **INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR**

Ro is beating ten shades of bloody hell out of Taran'atar, roaring and crying and screaming cathartically all at once.

She grabs him by the front of his uniform, hoists him up into the air, and THROWS him against the corridor wall. He lands against it with such force that we hear the CRACK of his back. He slumps down to the deck, eyes wide and glassy.

Ro stands, glaring down at the unmoving body, panting...

And now it's Ro herself on the ground, in the same state.

**65**    **INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

With a shuddering gasp, Ro comes back to consciousness on the biobed. Looking to the side, she sees Quark sitting by her bedside, looking burned and sore. He jumps to her side.

QUARK

Doctor! She's awake!

RO

Quark...? What happened?

QUARK

I don't know and I don't care. But we're both alive.

TARSES

You had a bad reaction to all the medication you took. And I think I know why. Are you sure you want to talk about it now?

Tarses is referring to Quark, who clearly has no idea what the doctor is on about. Ro sees that Tarses knows about the painkillers. She sighs to herself - time to face up to it.

RO

Go ahead. He may as well hear the whole truth.

(takes Quark's hand)

If that's okay with you.

QUARK

Hey, don't worry about me. We Ferengi are made of tougher stuff than people think.

RO

Where's Etana?

Awkward look from Tarses...

Etana's image is on the screens on the back wall, sitting quiet and withdrawn in one of the security cells. Kira, Cenn and Richter stand watching the screens.

CENN

She swears she never meant to hurt anyone. She was told it was a test, to see if we were keeping a close enough eye on our pharmacy stocks. She had no idea what it would do to Ro.

KIRA

(cold)

How long has she been working for them?

CENN

Captain, I don't even know who "them" are. And I don't think she does either. She said he told her he was with Starfleet Intelligence when he recruited her two years ago.

RICHTER

Two years? That's the whole time she's been on the station. The whole time I've known her. Ever since the Iconian mission.

KIRA

Right after Cole's last visit to the station. He must have found someone in the Militia who'd applied to work here, and got in there first. Did she say what she did for him?

CENN

Nothing direct. Just gave him access to her regular reports. But as the second in security, who

then transferred to work directly under Bashir...

KIRA

Those reports would have been pretty interesting stuff.

RICHTER

So... what are you going to do with her now?

KIRA

What do you want us to do?

Richter isn't sure what to think anymore...

**67 INT. DS9 - LOWER ENGINEERING CORE**

Cole and L'Haan move through the deserted areas of the station, trying to get to their escape vessel. L'Haan is still a bit weak, but burying her pain and embarrassment under Vulcan control.

L'HAAN

What do we do now?

COLE

We? There is no "we", L'Haan. After today, you're finished with the organisation.

L'Haan stops, looks at Cole with confusion.

L'HAAN

For what reason?

COLE

What reason?! You failed the mission! And not only that, you put everything back the way it was before. You're weak. We have thoroughly lost this one, and it's completely thanks to you. So yes, you're done.

That means death. L'Haan absorbs this calmly.

L'HAAN  
I understand.

Cole turns to keep walking, and L'Haan ATTACKS. A sharp stab with her fingers to the back of the neck - not enough to kill Cole, but enough to knock him down and daze him.

He tumbles to the ground. She is on him. Pins him to the deck with her own weight, grabs his face in a double meld. Grimacing in fury, she forces herself on him. He SCREAMS as she scrambles his brains, feet kicking, eyes rolling back.

L'Haan lets all her Vulcan rage and fire out on him. Cole's skin actually SMOKES at the points of contact. Finally he goes limp - she's burned out his brain. She gets her breath back, pulls herself under control, and walks away.

**68 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY**

The door opens and Bashir and Vaughn enter together from the Promenade. Prynn and Dax both run to hug them...

PRYNN  
Dad!

VAUGHN  
Oh my beautiful baby girl. I'm so glad you're safe.

Dax hugs Bashir tight. Then she pulls back and SLAPS him hard across the face. Then she grabs him back into the hug.

DAX  
Never! ...do that again.

BASHIR  
Don't worry, Ezri. I won't be. This is where I belong.

He exchanges a look with Vaughn - he's out. No more.

PRYNN  
You too. I'm not ready to lose you yet, Dad. Not after we only just found each other again.

VAUGHN

I promise, baby. I'm not going  
anywhere.

Three couples happily reunited - Dax and Bashir, Vaughn and  
Prynn, and Quark and Ro.

**69    INT. DS9 - TARAN'ATAR'S QUARTERS**

Taran'atar stands by his window, looking out at the stars.  
Reflected in the window, we see Kira quietly approach.

KIRA

Looks like it's over. Bowers went  
back down to clear up. He found  
Cole's body. And there's no sign  
of L'Haan anywhere on the station.

(beat)

It wasn't your fault, you know.  
They used you.

TARAN'ATAR

Yes - again. How many times now?  
For twenty-five years, I thought I  
was strong. The oldest Jem'Hadar  
alive - surely I must have been  
strong. But I was never strong. I  
let others use me, time and again.

KIRA

You can change that if you want.

TARAN'ATAR

Can I? Is this how it is - to have  
free will? To be constantly pulled  
back and forth by forces outside  
your control?

KIRA

Not always as dramatically as  
you've suffered it, but basically  
yes. This is how it is.

TARAN'ATAR

Then this freedom that you all prize so strongly - surely it is an illusion. If your circumstances dictate your choices, what value do those choices have? They are no more your own than if I were following the orders of a Founder. None of us controls our own fate.

KIRA

But that's what makes the decisions that you do make all the more important. To have even that little bit of control over your own life - to say, "This is how it's going to be, because I say so" - that's the real victory, Taran'atar. That's reclaiming your life.

TARAN'ATAR

Then I make this one decision for myself, here and now. In my position as Ambassador, I agree to the alliance.

KIRA

Are you sure?

TARAN'ATAR

Yes. The Ascendants may not be responsible for my confusion, but they are responsible for the chaos of the Jem'Hadar. I will solve both problems at once. Contact the Vorta. Tell her - the Dominion will fight alongside Bajor, and we will destroy the Ascendants.

Kira takes a deep breath. This is it. We're going to war.

70 **INT. DS9 - VAUGHN'S QUARTERS**

Vaughn plods into his quarters, exhausted after a long few days. He slumps onto the sofa, drained. He looks to his

guitar on its stand. Pictures of Prynne and Ruriko on a side table. A spare uniform, hanging on a hook against the wall.

VAUGHN

I put them all in danger. Played on their loyalties, insecurities, to get them to do what I wanted. Forced Bashir to compromise his ethics. Nearly killed Ro. Prynne, Dax, Quark... all terrified for their lives for days on end. All for my great crusade.

Batanides emerges from off screen, calm and sympathetic.

BATANIDES

It was all necessary, Elias. Hard, I know... but necessary.

Vaughn stares off into the distance. Was it, really?

**73    INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS**

Etana, alone in her cell. She looks up, into the eyes of...

Ro, sat in a metal chair opposite her, outside the cell. She doesn't look angry, or upset. She's calm, pensive. Prepared to hear Etana out.

Etana looks back at her, desperate to explain or apologise or make it right somehow. They have a lot to talk about. But neither has any idea how to begin.

**74    EXT. SPACE**

Vaughn's supershuttle zooms back through space at high warp, heading in the other direction.

**75    INT. SHUTTLE - REAR CABIN**

L'Haan sits cross-legged on the bunk. The lights are low, and her meditation lamp burns on the windowsill. Her eyes are closed, and she's having trouble ordering her thoughts. She's trying, but her Vulcan control has been hurt.

L'HAAN

I control my emotions. They do not  
control me.

It's not working. L'Haan opens her eyes, stares into the  
flame. Works to control her thoughts. Repeats her mantra.

L'HAAN

I control my emotions. They do not  
control me.

(beat)

That is the order of things.

BLACK OUT:

**END OF SHOW**