



STAR TREK COURAGEOUS

1x03 "SURVIVORS"

Written By Alex Matthews

Based on 'Star Trek'
created by Gene Roddenberry

"Star Trek and all related marks, logos and characters are solely owned by CBS Studios Inc. This fan fiction is not endorsed by, sponsored by, nor affiliated with CBS, Paramount Pictures, or any other Star Trek franchise, and is a non-commercial fan-made film intended for recreational use. No commercial exhibition or distribution is permitted. No alleged independent rights will be asserted against CBS or Paramount Pictures."

Copyright (c) 2019

Executive Producer: Alex Matthews

Produced by XaleCorp Productions

STAR TREK COURAGEOUS

1x03 "Survivors"

CAST

CAPTAIN T'SARA FROST	Lena Headey
LT. CMNDR DAMIEN ERICKSON	Tyler Hoechlin
LT. CMNDR R'NARA KELLINNIN	Diane Guerrero
COMMANDER LEONARDO DA COSTA	Peter Davison
DR. NYIA LANJAR	Aisha Hinds
LT. CMNDR HROVIIN BHRASH	Paul McGillion
LT. ALEXIS MATTHIAS	Karen Gillan
LT, J.G, JHISINSHER CH'LENE	Sam Witwer
LT, J.G, ASEEMA SINGH	Anjali Mohindra

GUEST STARRING

VARRAK-SAR	Ryan Guzman
SAREN	Rachel Skarsten
ADMINISTRATOR JAICYN NORVEN	Enrico Colantoni
LT. CMNDR RAVIN ULYN	Manu Bennett
LT. CMNDR LAILA NAZIR	Nikohl Boosheri
LT. ELYSE KARRIN	Madeleine Mantock
LT, J.G, AVERY FISCHER	Hugo Johnstone-Burt
GRAEVEN	Brian Thompson
RE'KAN	Nonso Anozie
VEVOZK	
THERESA TRENT	Rena Owen
RAYNEEL LORVAK	Eddie McClintock

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, ASTRAEUS SECTOR

It's a busy time at the former trading outpost. A half-dozen vessels are currently docked.

The *Courageous* idles in its assigned berth, as do the *Lucky Shot*, and two *Miranda*-class frigates. Two smaller CIVILIAN FREIGHTERS pull away before setting a course that will take them out of the system.

T'SARA (V.O.)

Captain's Personal Log 53700.2: After an uneventful escort duty, we've back at *Star Station Charlie* for some down time, much needed.

INT. EMBARCEDERO, STAR STATION CHARLIE - DAY SHIFT

The EMBARCEDERO, the station's commercial district. It's a snug affair, only a handful of shops and places to visit in operation. Plenty of Starfleet officers and civilians - many of recognizable races, some not - wander about.

The biggest draw is "*Charlie's*", the station's main mess area. Open-plan, taking up two levels of the plaza. An oval bar with waiting staff dead center on the lower floor, set around a central support column.

T'SARA (V.O.)

I can't say I blame the crew for taking advantage of it. It's only been a week or so since we left Starbase 19, but plenty has happened in that time to remind us that this sector is not as safe as it once was.

Carousing loudly and copiously are RE'KAN and SALAZAAR, both making enough noise to wake the dead, from the looks they're getting (and ignoring). Two CONSTABULARY OFFICERS, in burnt-red uniforms (one human, the other Zaldan) watch warily.

Sitting at a nearby table is SAREN, ignoring VEVOSK as he prattles on about something. She only has eyes for VARRAK-SAR and R'NARA KELLINNIN, as they laugh and talk intimately a few tables away. The Romulan's gaze could melt neutronium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA (V.O.) (cont'd)
Charlie may be small, but it has a few places we can let our hair down.

LAUGHTER draws us to another table where T'SARA FROST sits, with LEONARDO DA COSTA and NYIA LANJAR. With them is a man, whose colorful attire could give Neelix a run for his money.

This is JAICYN NORVEN (El-Aurian, gregarious but modest, a lover of life), Chief Administrator of *Star Station Charlie*.

NORVEN
 (chuckling)
 And this point, Soval finally turned to Archer and says...
 (mock-serious)
 "That does not seem very logical."

The laughter of his dinner companions only increases as he delivers the punchline.

T'SARA
 You definitely have some stories in your repertoire, Mr. Norven.

NORVEN
 (shrugs)
 You live as long as I have, you tend to amass more than a few tall tales.
 (beat, coyly)
 Remind me to tell you about the time I ran into Christopher Pike on K-7. And, please, call me Jaicyn.

DA COSTA
 So, what brought you to *Charlie*?

NORVEN
 Ah, that's a interesting story in itself, Leo. It started when--

BA-BEEP! With a look of apology, Norven fishes out an old-style flip-up communicator.

NORVEN (cont'd)
 This is Norven. What's up, C&C?

C&C OFFICER (OVER INTERCOM)
 Sorry to bother you, Administrator, but we have a situation.

Norvin's good humor fades, focusing on 'station business'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NORVEN

What kind of 'situation'?

C&C OFFICER (OVER INTERCOM)

Our perimeter sensor net has been tripped by something. A ship, but we can't identify it, interference of some kind.

(beat)

They're not responding to our hails.

The smiles and jovial mood of Norven's table companions is subdued by what they're hearing.

NORVEN

(all business)

Keep attempting to make contact, Mr. Kerral. We shouldn't--

C&C OFFICER

(interrupts, alarmed)

Sir! The net was just tripped again. We have two new contacts. Reading as Orion Interceptors, weapons hot.

Norven BOLTS to his feet, alarmed but doing his best to maintain a calm facade.

NORVEN

Sound general quarters. All hands to duty stations.

C&C OFFICER

Yes, Administrator.

The ALERT KLAXON blares, silencing everyone in "Charlie's" as they collectively realize this is not a drill. T'Sara stands, tapping her communicator, a picture of serene calm.

T'SARA

Frost to *Courageous*. Recall all our people immediately, go to Red Alert. Prepare for rapid departure and close combat maneuvers.

OFF T'Sara, Da Costa, Lanjar and Norven heading out for the nearest turbo-lift, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, ASTRAEUS SECTOR

The *COURAGEOUS* pulls away from its docking berth, impulse engines glowing red as she banks to port, taking a defensive position in front of *Star Station Charlie*. Soon joined by the *Lucky Shot* and the two *Miranda*-class starships.

With a FLASH OF ENERGY, the station's shield are raised...

INT. EMBARCEDERO, STAR STATION CHARLIE - DAY SHIFT

CONSTABULARY OFFICERS keep scared civilian and non-essential personnel moving, ushering them into safe-spaces. The air is charged with fear and underlying panic.

C&C OFFICER (OVER INTERCOM)

All residents, please make your way
to designated shelters. This is not a
drill. Repeat, this is not a drill.

As WEAPONS are passed among the constabulary, preparing for what might coming...

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL, STAR STATION CHARLIE - CONTINUOUS

NORVEN leads T'SARA into *Star Station Charlie*'s small and utilitarian command suite. It's outdated, with 23rd century stations and LCARS readouts.

A CENTRAL SITUATION TABLE acts as both briefing and command area, in a slightly recessed lower level. Norven and T'Sara take position at it. Dotted around are free-standing CONTROL CONSOLES manned by station personnel.

Instead of a main viewscreen, there is a series of OVERHEAD MONITORS above the central table. T'Sara quickly takes stock of what she has to work with.

NORVEN

Any luck with communications?

The C&C OFFICER (Bajoran, 24, wet behind the ears, this is not what he signed on for) shakes his head. Agitated and scared. Sweat beading his brow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C&C OFFICER

No, sir. Nothing. I've been trying since they all showed up on sensors.

NORVEN

(nods, clears throat)

Okay, everyone, listen up.

He looks around at the nervous faces of his command crew.

NORVEN (cont'd)

At my request, Captain Frost is here to coordinate any possible battle plan we implement. Whatever orders she gives, I want you to follow them without question.

T'SARA

(calm)

I'm hoping it won't come to any real battle. The Syndicate has no reason to attack *Charlie*, and two of their interceptors are no match for four starships.

(beat)

But we have to be ready. Open up a channel to our ships.

Norven works the controls in front of him. Nods.

T'SARA (cont'd)

Star Station Charlie to all ships. This is Frost. *Courageous*, take the lead.

INT. BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS - CONTINUOUS

DAMIEN ERICKSON has the center seat. Behind him at Tactical is ALEXIS MATTHIAS. ASEEMA SINGH at Conn. JHISINSHER CH'LENE at Ops. DA COSTA mans his Science station. Everyone focuses on their assigned tasks.

T'SARA (OVER COMM CHANNEL)

Lucky Shot, have her back. Keep the pressure of *Nimitz* and *Fitzgerald* as they act as defense for *Charlie*.

(beat)

Good luck to us all. *Charlie* out.

ERICKSON

All stations, report.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTHIAS
Weapons ready. Shields at 100 percent strength, Commander.

CH'LENE
All decks report combat ready, sir.

DA COSTA
I'm getting clearer readings on the lead ship. It's *Janitza*-class. Huh.

ERICKSON
A Bajoran ship?

DA COSTA
A freighter, an old one at that, I'd say, from the readings I have. It's taken a beating and low on power.

MATTHIAS
Commander, *Charlie* is sending out a transmission to the Interceptors.

Off his nod, Matthias activates the overhead speakers.

T'SARA (OVER COMM CHANNEL)
Syndicate vessels, discontinue your approach and stand down weapons.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL, STAR STATION CHARLIE - CONTINUOUS

T'SARA
We will not tolerate attacks like this in Federation space.

She looks to the young Bajoran officer. He shakes his head. No response. Norven squints at his own readings.

NORVEN
The ship is sending out a signal, but the Orions are jamming it.

C&C OFFICER
There's an energy build-up on the freighter.

EXT. SPACE

The FREIGHTER weaves with grace that belies it's boxy, squat form. Its shields are long gone. SCORCHED HULL PLATES from where disruptors continue to make impacts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Over-taxed impulse engines glow BRIGHT RED, super-heated plasma trailing from their exhaust manifolds.

An ENERGY BLAST lances out from the freighter's aft. Strikes with surprising strength against the closest Interceptor's shields.

INT. BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS - AS BEFORE

Erickson leaves forward, stunned.

ERICKSON
What the hell was that?

MATTHIAS
It reads as a pulse compression wave,
Commander.

DA COSTA
(whistles in awe)
The ship's had a fair amount of work
done on it. The engines are operating
so far over specs, I'm surprised they
haven't exploded.

ERICKSON
How's its hull integrity? How much
longer will it last?

DA COSTA
(shakes head)
Not long enough.

ERICKSON
Lt. Singh, put us between the Orions
and their target.

SINGH
Yes, sir. The *Lucky Shot* is also
trying to take some of the heat off.

EXT. SPACE

The *Courageous* and *Lucky Shot* move in tandem. The Klingon ship firing at the Orions. Keeping them off-balance.

Courageous interposes itself between the small freighter and its closest antagonist--

--but not fast enough! A disruptor blast TEARS THROUGH the unprotected port-side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A massive HULL BREACH forms, as hull plates tumble through the void. The ship is tossed spinning from the impact...

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL, STAR STATION CHARLIE - CONTINUOUS

The command crew REACT to what they've just seen play out.

T'SARA

Report!

NORVEN

They've lost propulsion and the warp core suffered a feedback surge, it's going into overload!

T'SARA

Are we still having trouble scanning the ship?

C&C OFFICER

No, the interference is clearing.

The Bajoran works their console, squinting. Jumps back in horrified shock.

C&C OFFICER (cont'd)

I'm picking up over two dozen life-signs, Captain!

T'SARA

Can you get a transporter lock?

C&C OFFICER

(surprised)

Uh, I think so, but we'll have to lower the shields to transport them.

T'SARA

Just be ready, officer.

T'Sara quickly stabs a control on the situation table.

T'SARA (cont'd)

All ships, keep the Orions away from *Charlie*, we're dropping our shields to transport the ship's crew.

(to the Bajoran)

Notify all decks to brace for weapons fire.

With a nervous swallow, the Bajoran nods, fumbling with his console. Norven leans in close to T'Sara. *Concerned.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORVEN
(lowered voice)
Our hull wont take much of a beating.

T'SARA
(firm, defiant)
Damien will do everything he can to
keep us shielded. I will not sit by
and allow those people to die, not if
I can--

C&C OFFICER
Their core is about to breach!

EXT. SPACE

The valiant little ship, its external and internal lights
flickering as power fails, lists lazily on its side--

--then EXPLODES in a blinding flash of matter/antimatter
mutual annihilation.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL, STAR STATION CHARLIE - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara turns to Norven. Hoping. Ne nods. Lets out a ragged
breath.

NORVEN
We got them all. They're in Cargo Bay
Seven.

T'Sara sags in relief. Leaning heavily on the table.

INT. BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS - CONTINUOUS

Da Costa frowns at his console readouts.

DA COSTA
Commander, both of the Interceptors
are breaking off, heading away.

ERICKSON
Conn, set course to follow--

DA COSTA
The *Lucky Shot's* moving off!

Ch'Lene turns to look at Erickson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CH'LENE

The *Lucky Shot* is now hailing us,
Commander.

Erickson nods. The screen image shifts to show VARRAK-SAR. The bird-of-prey's bridge bathed blood red from alert lighting.

VARRAK-SAR (ON SCREEN)

Wish us good hunting, *Courageous*. You watch the fort, just in case those bastards come back.

With a playful wink, Varrak-Sar cuts the channel. The image reverts to a view of the now-cloaking *Lucky Shot*.

OFF Erickson, shaking his head, irked at being beaten to the punch on giving chase...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARGO BAY SEVEN, STAR STATION CHARLIE

Scared, shell-shocked and disheveled civilians cower as small groups in the cavernous hold. Sitting down among the crates and barrels stored there.

T'SARA (V.O.)

Ship's Log, supplemental: Dr. Lanjar and the medical staff are lending what help they can to the rescued passengers. We've identified them as residents of the Songhaven colony in the Zephyrus system.

LANJAR moves from group to group with several members of her medical staff. Treating minor injuries, offering comfort and care with her usual grace.

STARFLEET SECURITY GUARDS bolster the station's own police force, keeping an eye out for potential problems...

INT. SICKBAY, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

On the CENTRAL BIO-BED, the surgical support frame closed over them, lies an unconscious BAJORAN MAN (49).

T'SARA (V.O.)

The ship's pilot, though, is a bit more of a mystery.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA (V.O.) (cont'd)
 He is currently comatose in Sickbay
 as he recovers from second-degree
 burns sustained when his console
 exploded.

As we PUSH IN on his closed eyes...

ERICKSON (PRE-LAP)
 His name is Ravin Ulyn.

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

CLOSE ON a Starfleet PERSONNEL FILE for LT. COMMANDER RAVIN
 ULYN. Stoic-faced, brown eyes burning with intelligence and
 many a dangerous mission under his belt.

ERICKSON (O.C.)
 Formally a lieutenant commander with
 Starfleet Intelligence, with a stint
 as an instructor at Advanced Tactical
 Training School.

Erickson, standing in front of the LCARS console, leads the
 briefing for the rest of the SENIOR STAFF (T'Sara, Da Costa,
 Matthias, R'NARA and HROVIIN BHRASH).

T'SARA
 (leaning forward)
 'Formally'?

ERICKSON
 (nods, sighs)
 He resigned his commission in 2372,
 and joined the Maquis, just before
 the Klingon invasion of Cardassian
 space.
 (beat)
 He was believed dead after the Maquis
 were practically wiped out.

DA COSTA
 Obviously, that wasn't the case.

R'NARA
 (realizing)
 You know him, don't you, Commander?

Erickson squirms a little, not liking how easily she reads
 him. Nods, uncomfortable with the sudden attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON

I was at A.T.T. School during his time there. We kept in touch over the years, more colleagues than friends, until he left Starfleet.

MATTHIAS

So, how did he end up on Songhaven? Has he been hiding out there since the War?

T'SARA

I've already sent word to Admiral Sawyer at Starbase 19.

The INTERCOM CHIRP gets everyone's attention.

LANJAR (OVER INTERCOM)

Lanjar to Frost. Captain, could you come to Sickbay? I have something you might want to see.

OFF T'Sara's growing curiosity...

INT. LANJAR'S OFFICE, MAIN SICKBAY - MINUTES LATER

Lanjar holds a thin semi-transparent cylinder. A DATA ROD.

LANJAR

I found this in our guest's arm while I was treating him.

She hands it to T'Sara, seated across from her, Erickson standing behind her. She scrutinizes it carefully.

T'SARA

A data rod? *Inside* him?

LANJAR

(nods)

Surgically hidden under his skin. I found it when I physically examined him. It's treated with something that masked it, hid it, from scans.

(beat)

It's bio-neural. Starfleet design.

ERICKSON

(stunned)

You're sure?

Lanjar nods, resolute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA

When will he wake up? My list of questions for him is growing.

LANJAR

(shakes head)

I can't say for sure. We're treating his injuries, but he took a severe blow to the head, so he's going to be unconscious for a while. I'd rather not rush his healing process. I'll keep you posted.

T'Sara nods, accepting her CMO's judgment...

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, ASTRAEUS SECTOR

Space distorts and shivers as the *LUCKY SHOT* appears, its cloaking device deactivating. Her formally pristine hull now sporting several new scorch marks.

As the *B'rel*-class scout slips into a docking berth...

VARRAK-SAR (PRE-LAP)

I'm fine, Nara, really.

INT. MED-BAY, *LUCKY SHOT* - LATER

A shirtless Varrak-Sar sits on the single bio-bed that the tiny medical facility is equipped with (think the *Serenity* from "*Firefly*"). His smile falters under R'Nara's pissed-off glare.

R'NARA

You could have been killed. *Again.*

VARRAK-SAR

(shakes head)

Saren would never let that happen.

He grins to SAREN, as she runs an antique-looking medical tool over his arm, slowly healing the burned skin.

SAREN

(scoffs)

Don't bring me into this. Besides, I agree with her.

Turning off the device, Saren slaps at the now-healed arm. Varrak winces in pain, carefully scratching the pale-green skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VARRAK-SAR

(sighs)

Fine, okay. I get it. I'll try and rein in my impulse to chase down and destroy every Syndicate ship I see.

He slides off the bio-bed, pulling his shirt back on.

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

It would have been nice to have this old girl looking so shiny and new for a bit longer than a week. I'll have to play nice with Norven, he wont be happy we're already needing repairs.

R'NARA

He's busy dealing with all the people from the passenger ship. I'm about to go see him to set up a space to offer counseling sessions.

VARRAK-SAR

I'll walk with you.

(looks to Saren)

Wanna come, Saren? We can grab a late snack at "Charlie's"?

Saren shakes her head. Plasters a smile on.

SAREN

I've got a few more cuts and scrapes to sort out, and then I'm restocking med supplies. Go, I'll see you later.

With a shrug, Varrak leads a frowning R'Nara out. The doors close behind them, as Saren's smile vanishes, replaced with a look of annoyance...

R'NARA (PRE-LAP)

I don't think Saren likes me.

INT. EMBARCEDERO, STAR STATION CHARLIE - LATER

Stepping out onto the Embarcedero main deck, R'Nara shakes her head, as Varrak-Sar looks at her quizzically.

R'NARA

I mean, I just get this feeling, like she doesn't trust me.

VARRAK-SAR

Give her time, Nara.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

(sighs)

My crew are a bunch of misfits, I know, but they're loyal to a fault to each other. To me. She doesn't know you well enough to trust you.

(smiles)

But she will. I promise.

R'Nara nods slowly. She's not as convinced as her brother is by his words.

Varrak looks around, taking in the sight of a few dozen or so civilians wandering around aimlessly. Loitering. Looking lost and bewildered.

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

Are these those people from the ship?

R'NARA

(nods, sadly)

Yeah, colonists from Songhaven.

Varrak-Sar REACTS. His good mood gone in an instant. In its place is a cold dread.

VARRAK-SAR

(anxious)

S--Songhaven? In the Zephyrus system?

R'Nara nods. Notices his sudden edginess. Opens her mouth to ask what's wrong--

BOLIAN (O.C.)

(furious)

You! It's you!

Both Orions snap around to see a BOLIAN man (middle-aged, stout, blazing with anger) storming towards them. Pointing straight at them. Trembling with rage.

BOLIAN

You bastard! You sold us out! You're the reason we've had to run away and leave everything - **everyone** - we love behind!

VARRAK-SAR

(shocked)

What? No, I didn't, I swear we--

BOLIAN

(spits)

Don't you dare deny it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He LUNGES for Varrak, but two CONSTABULARY OFFICERS run over and pull him back before he can lay a hand on him.

BOLIAN (cont'd)

We know what you did, traitor! You'll pay for it, you hear me, you'll pay!!

The Bolian fights them tooth and nail all the way, as they struggle to keep a grip on his squirming form.

R'Nara watches in horrified amazement, uncomprehending. *What the hell just happened?*

She looks to Varrak for answers, but is rendered silent by his sees his face. Downtrodden. Almost ashamed.

OFF the haunted look in Varrak's eyes, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, ASTRAEUS SECTOR

Small MAINTENANCE CRAFT carefully clear up the scattered field of debris - the remains of the passenger ship...

VARRAK-SAR (PRE-LAP)
It's not how it sounded.

INT. NORVEN'S OFFICE, STAR STATION CHARLIE

VARRAK-SAR sits, arms crossed, on the defensive, as NORVEN, T'SARA and ERICKSON wait for him to explain.

VARRAK-SAR
(guarded)
We didn't sell them out, it wasn't like that at all.

T'SARA
(calmly)
Maybe you should start from the beginning, Mr. Kellinnin.

With a heavy sigh, Varrak nods, his eyes staring off into the distance as he *remembers*.

VARRAK-SAR
(heavily)
It was the last weeks of the war. The Governor of Songhaven hired us for a job. They knew we'd helped a few of the close-by colonies keep Syndicate enforcers at bay.
(shrugs)
We did our job. We helped improve and fortify the existing defense network, enough to make Syndicate officials think twice. Like standing up to the playground bully.

T'SARA
But something went wrong?

VARRAK-SAR
(nods, guiltily)
But we have no idea what.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He abruptly stands, moving over to the room's viewport, staring out into space.

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

The Syndicate turned up earlier than expected. And it wasn't just one of their Marauders. It was a flotilla of ships, including a War-Barge.

ERICKSON

(curious)

The defense network you set up didn't hold up under the attack?

VARRAK-SAR

(shakes head)

No, we designed it to take a good hammering, but something went wrong. As soon as the Syndicate entered orbit, it just went offline.

(frustrated)

To this day, we still don't know why it did that.

NORVEN

(appalled)

So, you just turned tail and ran?!

Varrak spins around, eyes bright with indignation.

VARRAK-SAR

(explodes)

Of course we didn't! I wasn't going to leave people unprotected for the Syndicate to have their way with.

(takes a breath)

We fought for as long as we could, but we took so much damage, lost a good portion of the crew, we--

(swallows, ashamed)

We had to warp out of the system when we had the chance. We'd be no use to the other colonies we looked after if we ended up as so much space junk.

He sees the three of them staring at him. His chin raised in defiance at their unspoken doubt and accusation...

INT. CONSTABULARY STATION-HOUSE, STAR STATION CHARLIE

R'NARA watches a security monitor as the Bolian man sputters in rage, tossing out his accusations to whoever will listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLIAN (ON SCREEN)
He's a monster! He's a swindling,
back-stabbing monster!

Flinching at the hatred behind his words, R'Nara turns away from the screen, unable to look any longer.

R'NARA
Turn it off!

Standing at the main console, a KOBLIAD MALE (34, well-built, muscular, calmly confident, skilled and smart enough to back it up) presses a control stud. The screen goes dark.

This is KY VARANJA, the Chief Constabulary Officer of *Star Station Charlie*.

VARANJA
(dubious)
So, what do you think?

R'NARA
(reluctant)
He's not lying. He believes in what he's saying.
(beat)
But that doesn't mean the crew of the *Lucky Shot* abandoned the colony. They wouldn't betray anyone to it, no matter what they may have offered.

VARANJA
(scoffs)
If you say so. I never trusted them, personally. They're mercenaries, they can be bought easily enough.

R'NARA
(tearful, upset)
I need some air. I'm sorry.

Barely waiting for the station-house doors to open before she runs through, R'Nara disappears from sight.

A clueless Ky watches, frowning in confusion. He looks over at the wall of SECURITY SCREENS on the far side of the room. Squints at one of them. Grimaces.

VARANJA
Oh, *grozit*.

OFF his concern...

INT. OBSERVATORY DOME, STAR STATION CHARLIE

A spacious and cavernous bubble of transparent aluminum on the very top of *Star Station Charlie*. Allowing a clear 360 degree view of the stars and ships outside.

Benches are placed in a broken semi-circular pattern around, with a few tables, chairs and couches for extra measure. A wall-bank of replicators provides refreshments.

R'Nara sits alone, staring out into the darkness of space. Lost in thoughts she wishes she wasn't thinking.

DA COSTA (O.C.)

(concerned)

Does the counselor need counseling?

R'Nara JOLTS, surprised to find DA COSTA behind her.

DA COSTA

Sorry, sorry! I seem to keep doing that to people. I didn't mean to make you jump like that.

R'NARA

It-- it's fine, Commander. Sorry, I was light-years away. I didn't hear you come in.

DA COSTA

Yeah, just conducting 'research', as it were, for a last-minute project.

(beat)

Is, uh, everything alright?

She indicates for him to sit. He obliges. Studying her with worry.

R'NARA

I assume you've heard about..?

DA COSTA

(nods)

The accusations against your brother.

Yeah, I have.

(beat)

Are you okay?

R'NARA

(struggling)

I-- I honestly don't know. I mean, I was so happy to find out Varrak was alive after so long.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

R'NARA (cont'd)

(beat)

But I wonder if I even know who he is
these days.

QUICK CUT: Varrak leans in close, whispering into Graeven's ear. The Nausicaan's stoic face barely moves, but something in his eyes changes - is that genuine fear?

R'NARA (cont'd)

There's a side to him I don't know.
That I don't think I want to know.

DA COSTA

(realizing)

You're worried that it's true, aren't
you?

Off R'Nara's guilt-ridden expression...

RE'KAN (PRE-LAP)

(fuming)

This is intolerable!

INT. MESS HALL, LUCKY SHOT

RE'KAN slams his hand down on the table he shares with SAREN and VEVOZK. The rickety old table rings from the impact.

RE'KAN

We helped defend this place from the
Syndicate scum that tried to attack
it, but now we are forced to hide out
on our own ship?!

(beat, bellows)

We did nothing wrong!

VEVOSK

Tell that to everyone out there on
the Embarcedero. I went to sort some
supplies, and I almost got attacked!

SAREN

(scoffs)

They're frightened colonists on the
run. You're a mercenary. I think
you'd come out on top.

VEVOSK

I'm an engineer, 's mate! I'm not a
fighter!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAREN

Look, what pisses me off is that Varrak's over there alone.

(sighs)

Besides, I can't blame the colonists for being angry with us, but what they've said, it's utter nonsense.

RE'KAN

We did nothing wrong! That system I set up was a thing of beauty! The idea that we slaved hours installing a 'dud'? It is offensive!

The dull BEEP of her communicator gets Saren's attention. She pulls it from her belt, activates it with a touch.

SAREN

What is it, Graeven?

GRAEVEN (OVER INTERCOM)

We have a problem.

INT. BRIDGE, LUCKY SHOT - CONTINUOUS

GRAEVEN looms over the tactical station. Staring in disgust at the VIEWSCREEN.

ON IT: Live footage plays of the DOCKING PORT connecting the *Lucky Shot* with *Star Station Charlie*. A MOB OF COLONISTS has formed, bashing away viciously at the closed airlock. The arrival of several CONSTABULARY OFFICERS barely fazes them.

GRAEVEN

Some former clients are attempting to break through the air-lock.

SAREN (OVER INTERCOM)

(exasperated)

Oh wonderful. Just let the station's security deal with it, it's not like they'll actually manage it.

GRAEVEN

(disgruntled)

Very well.

He stabs a control. Closes the channel. Glares hatefully at the viewscreen as the officers work to pull the angry mob back into the station proper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEVEN (cont'd)
I should just open the airlock and
blown them all out in space.

OFF his continued glaring, as he considers implementing his
own solution for their current problem...

INT. NORVEN'S OFFICE, COMMAND AND CONTROL

Whatever discussion the group is in the middle of is cut
short when MATTHIAS walks in. With her is a junior grade
lieutenant - AVERY FISCHER (30, Australian, a crack shot,
steadfast, a wicked sense of humor), Matthias's deputy chief
of security.

T'SARA
Mr. Kellinnin, Lieutenant Fischer is
going to escort you to your quarters
on Charlie.

VARRAK-SAR
(shakes head)
I can take care of myself, Captain.

T'SARA
I don't doubt it, but I insist.

Varrak pushes himself out of his chair, storming out without
waiting for his 'escort'. With a nod to Matthias, Fischer
swiftly follows after him.

ERICKSON
Matthias, station security could use
any assistance you can offer.

MATTHIAS
Happy to help, Commander. I'll get
the rest of Alpha Squad to join up
with Beta at the station-house.

NORVEN
Thank you, Lieutenant. Mr. Varanja
will appreciate the help.

The meeting comes to an end, everyone heading out...

INT. MAIN ENGINEERING, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

With the utmost care, almost reverential, BHRASH gently puts
the DATA ROD into a port on the master systems table. Lets
out a whistle of awe and appreciation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BHRASH
This is a thing of beauty.

T'Sara watches him with amusement, as he works the console.

T'SARA
When you're done gushing, can you
access its contents?

BHRASH
(embarrassed)
Right, sorry.

He checks the readouts. Bite his lip, disappointed.

BHRASH (cont'd)
It's got a high level of encryption,
it could take a while to crack. But
I'll get on it.
(beat)
I had no idea they'd gotten this far
with this technology.

T'SARA
(curious)
What do you mean, Mr. Bhrash?

BHRASH
The rod, I've read about it in a few
technical journals, but as a purely
theoretical idea, though. How the
hell did one end up in a former
Starfleet officer everyone though was
dead until a few hours ago?

As T'Sara considers that very question, her eyes narrowing
in suspicion...

INT. RESIDENTIAL CORRIDOR, STAR STATION CHARLIE

With Fischer following behind, Varrak stalks his way down
the corridor, silently fuming--

--until he turns the corner and finds R'Nara standing at the
entrance to his quarters. He stops short. Anger replaced
with anxious worry.

VARRAK-SAR
R'Nara. Hi.

R'NARA
We need to talk, Varrak.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

R'NARA (cont'd)
 (to Fischer)
 Could you please give us a minute,
 Lieutenant?

Fischer hesitates. But the steely look the superior officer gives him convinces him quickly.

FISCHER
 (nods)
 Yes, Counselor.

He backs away, further down the corridor. Giving them some space. Varrak shifts uncomfortably as R'Nara formulates what she wants to say.

VARRAK-SAR
 It's not true. What they're saying.
 But you don't believe me, do you?

R'NARA
 I want to. Desperately.

VARRAK-SAR
 (nods, understanding)
 But you have doubts. I can't fault
 you that. Given the life I've lead,
 the reputation my crew and I have.

R'NARA
 Please, just do whatever it takes to
 show us that it's not true, cooperate
 in any way you can.

Varrak nods slowly. Understanding the wisdom in her words. He takes her hand. Squeezes it.

VARRAK-SAR
 I prom--

BOLIAN (O.C.)
 There he is!

R'Nara and Varrak look around to see a group of Songhaven refugees approaching fast. Angry. Looking for their pound of flesh. A LYNCH MOB. Fischer swiftly places himself in their path, cutting off their approach.

FISCHER
 (carefully)
 Is there a problem here?

BOLIAN
 Damn right there's a problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FISCHER

I am escorting Mr. Kellinnin back to his quarters.

(forceful)

Move along, please.

BOLIAN

(disgusted)

How can either of you protect him? He's scum! He betrayed us!

VARRAK-SAR

(shouting)

I did no such thing!

He pushes past Fischer, staring down at the smaller Bolian.

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

My crew and I, we almost died trying to help you!

He takes a ragged breath, composing himself. Calming down.

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

But-- but we were just one ship! We were no match for the forces that the Syndicate sent.

He looks to each of the angry refugees, almost pleading as he tries to make them see things from his perspective. Turning his back on the Bolian ringleader.

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

(beat, full of sorrow)

We promised to protect you. In the way, yes, we failed you. But we did not betray you. I swear it.

R'Nara, moved to tears from Varrak's words, holds her hand to her mouth, seeing how much anguish this has caused him.

His words are heard by the refugees. The anger in many of them subsiding... except the Bolian.

BOLIAN

You should have died along with all the others!

A GLINT OF METAL flashes in his hand. Fischer spots it.

FISCHER

Watch out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He lunges forward. Pushing a stunned Varrak out of the way as the Bolian thrusts his arm forward--

SHNK! Fischer's eyes go wide in pain and shock as the LONG-BLADED KNIFE slips into his abdomen!

R'Nara and Varrak REACT in horror at what they've just seen.

The Bolian's face falls. Backs away. Drops the knife.

BOLIAN

I-- I didn't mean--

THWACK! A savage backhand from Fischer send the Bolian to the deck. Unconscious before his head hits the plating. The ringleader out for the count, the rest of the mob scatters.

Fischer slumps against the wall. Breathing heavily, holding tightly the knife still lodged inside him.

As Varrak rushes to his aid, easing him to the deck slowly, R'Nara slaps her communicator.

R'NARA

Medical emergency, Section 47,
Residential Section Gamma.

OFF her kneeling at Fischer's side, as Varrak applies pressure, his green fingers already soaked in red blood...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAIN SICKBAY, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

Fischer, eyes closed in slumber, lays on the central bio-bed as the surgical frame retracts into its off-line position.

T'SARA (V.O.)

Captain's Log, supplemental: Lt.
Fischer is being treated for his
injury. He is expected to make a full
recovery.

LANJAR checks his vital signs on the WALL DISPLAY, relieved to see him doing well...

INT. HOLDING CELL AREA, STAR STATION CHARLIE

Morosely staring down at his feet, the Bolian sits in one of the cells. The SECURITY FIELD flickers with static, but he ignores it. Lost in his own regrets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA (V.O.)

The colonist responsible was taken into custody. Whether or not charges will be pressed is to be discussed.

Varanja warily stands watch at the control station...

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, ASTRAEUS SECTOR

Avoiding the work-bees clearing up what little remains of the destroyed passenger ship, a SABRE-CLASS STARSHIP moves into a docking berth...

T'SARA (V.O.)

Meanwhile, I have received word that Lt. Commander Nazir from Starfleet Intelligence is due to arrive to discuss this growing situation.

INT. DOCKING PORT, STAR STATION CHARLIE - CONTINUOUS

T'Sara and Erickson come through the opening internal door, as the external port cycles open.

From it steps LT. COMMANDER LAILA NAZIR (37, strong-willed, confident, reserved), in command red. What draws attention is the Islamic *hijab* she wears in matching color.

T'SARA

Commander Nazir, welcome aboard *Star Station Charlie*.

Nazir steps forward with a brusque nod. All business.

NAZIR

Captain, Commander, I'd prefer if we skip the pleasantries and get to the matter at hand.

T'SARA

(calmly)

Of course. I assume you'll want to see Mr. Ravin straight away.

Erickson looks at T'Sara in surprise. Why is she mentioning Ravin? But T'Sara simply cocks an expectant eyebrow at the caught-off-guard Nazir.

NAZIR

(cool facade cracks)

Excuse me? Why would you think that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA

Because...

('dramatic pause')

He works for you, does he not?

Erickson's eyes widen even further. Nazir's distanced manner crumbles, as she realizes - she's been rumbled.

As she sets her shoulders, undaunted but understanding she has some explaining to do, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

NAZIR sits with T'SARA, ERICKSON, MATTHIAS, LANJAR and DA COSTA. The mood is serious, as the intelligence officer explains her side of things.

NAZIR

Starfleet Intelligence became very concerned with the situation that was developing here, as you can imagine.

ERICKSON

The Orion Syndicate in our backyard, you mean? No surprise there.

NAZIR

(nods)

But with the focus on the war, this didn't get the priority it deserved.

(beat, bitter)

That didn't sit well with me.

T'SARA

That's where Mr. Ravin comes in?

NAZIR

I debriefed him when he turned himself in just the Maquis Massacre. He declined the offer of an active commission, so we set him up on a colony in this sector, for him to get on with his life.

(beat)

But when we first started seeing the rumblings of the Syndicate moving in, I recruited him.

T'SARA

(realizing)

An off-the-books assignment. With an unofficial asset in your employ.

Nazir balks a little. Nods wearily.

NAZIR

That was the way it had to be. To give us plausible deniability.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CH'LENE

Hello? Is anyone around? I've been sent over by Lieutenant Matthias.

VARANJA (O.C.)

(muffled)

I'm over here! Behind the console!

A FOOT sticks straight up from behind the central control table. Wiggles frantically.

Ch'Lene, blinking in confusion, steps around as VARANJA pulls himself out of the access panel on the underside of the console.

CH'LENE

Chief Varanja?

VARANJA

That's me.

He pushes himself upright, brushing himself down, before looking at ch'Lene. The Kobliad's face lights up, a bright and charming smile forming instantly. He's *smitten*.

VARANJA (cont'd)

Well, hello there, Blue.

CH'LENE

(sputters, baffled)

Uh, Lieutenant ch'Lene, sir. I've been sent to help address concerns you have about your security systems?

VARANJA

Right! Yes, of course, I did mention that to your Security Chief. Didn't realize she'd be sending anyone over so quickly.

CH'LENE

She mentioned it in passing, and I offered to take a look. I had some free time.

VARANJA

(grins, flirty)

Well, feel free to take a good *long* look around, Mr. ch'Lene.

Unsure how to take that, ch'Lene simply nods. He puts his tool-kit down, opening it and pulling out his tricorder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As he kneels down, bending forward to scan the open access panel, Varanja takes the opportunity to take an appreciative lengthy look of the handsome, trim Andorian.

OFF him very much enjoying the view...

INT. PATIENT WARD, MAIN SICKBAY, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

RAVIN ULYN lies on his bed, idly reading a PADD, bored out of his skull. With a roll of his eyes, he tosses it onto the counter next to him.

ERICKSON (O.C.)
Nothing to read?

Ravin looks around in astonishment, to see Erickson leaning against the doorway, grinning widely.

RAVIN
(disbelieving)
Prophets. Damien Erickson?

He slowly eases himself off the bed, rather self-conscious in his one-piece loose-fitting patient garb.

RAVIN (cont'd)
(laughs)
Of all the starships I could end up
on, it's on yours?!

He winces, clutching his side gingerly. Erickson quickly waves him back, coming over to ease him back onto the bed.

ERICKSON
Hey, hey, take it easy! You've had
minor surgery and almost got blown
up. Let yourself rest.

RAVIN
(shakes head)
No time. I need to talk to your
captain, right now.

OFF his urgency...

TRENT (PRE-LAP, ON SCREEN)
My name is Theresa Trent, and I am
the Governor of Songhaven Colony on
Zephyrus IV.

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS - LATER

ON SCREEN: A mature woman, THERESA TRENT (62, wears every line and wrinkle with pride, formidable, but beaten down by recent experiences) addresses the camera recording her.

TRENT (ON SCREEN)
This video is to record and document Songhaven Governing Council's desire to forge a business relationship with the Orion Syndicate.

The video FREEZES. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Ravin, now dressed in casual civilian attire, standing by the LCARS station. The SENIOR STAFF, with Nazir, sit around the conference table, astounded by what they've seen.

ERICKSON
(scoffs, disgusted)
'Business relationship'? I don't buy it for a second!

T'SARA
This is what was on the data rod?

RAVIN
This is what the Syndicate intends to transmit to the Federation Department of Colony Affairs.
(beat, smug)
What they don't know is that we got a hold of the unedited footage.

He presses a control. The video RESUMES. Trent's calm facade gives way as she shoots a scornful look at someone out of the camera's view.

TRENT (ON SCREEN)
(icily)
Is that what you want?

VOICE (ON SCREEN, UNSEEN)
(suave, cocky)
You've done very well, my dear.

TRENT (ON SCREEN)
(resentful)
You promise you won't hurt my family now I've done what you asked?

The VIEW suddenly blurs, as the camera shifts focus. Falls on a FARIAN MALE (50s, smarmy, a charmer, lies easily with every breath). This is RAYNEEL LORVAK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORVAK (ON SCREEN)
(obsequious)
You have my word, *Governor*.

Ravin FREEZES the video again.

RAVIN
Meet Rayneel Lorvak. Farian, the Boss calling the shots on Zephyrus IV. It was his forces that chased us all the way here.

NAZIR
I've been keeping track of Lorvak for a while now. He's a big up-and-comer in the post-War Syndicate. He's third in command of the *Trey'shin* Cartel.

R'NARA
(whistles in awe)
That's one of the most powerful factions within the Syndicate.

MATTHIAS
I don't get it. Why is the Syndicate so interested in Songhaven?

RAVIN
Songhaven formed after the original mining settlement shut down once the dilithium re-crystallization process became perfected. But every few years they do a standard geological survey. The last one, conducted just as the war was coming to an end, discovered several deep-buried veins of pergium and topaline.

DA COSTA
(whistles in awe)
Well, that would be a good reason as any for the Syndicate to invade.
(curious)
So, where do the people from the passenger ship fit into all this?

RAVIN
(sighs)
My mission was to report on Syndicate activity on Songhaven, but when it came down to it, I couldn't just sit back and watch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAVIN (cont'd)

They were holding most of the families of government officials as hostages for leverage. I decided to do something about that.

ERICKSON

(smiles, realizing)

You formed a resistance group.

RAVIN

(nods, sadly)

But it was a doomed effort. We launched a rescue for the hostages. A lot of good people were killed. We managed to mask the launch of a ship I'd hidden away. None of the others knew how to fly it, so I was the only choice.

(beat, ashamed)

I shouldn't have got them involved in something so fruitless.

T'SARA

Hope is never fruitless, Mr. Ravin.

NAZIR

Songhaven is the oldest Federation colony in this region. If it falls to them, the Syndicate gets what they want.

OFF the sour mood of the meeting at that thought...

T'SARA (PRE-LAP)

It's a powder-keg, Gregory.

INT. READY ROOM, DECK TWO, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

T'Sara sits at her desk, talking with ADMIRAL GREGORY SAWYER via her computer terminal.

Sawyer sits forward, resting his hands on his desk in the far-away Starbase 19. Considers what he's just heard.

SAWYER (ON SCREEN)

I'll say. Does the Syndicate really think we'd let them stake a claim to Zephyrus IV?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T'SARA

(shrugs)

Maybe? Maybe not. We've not exactly done the best job in driving them out of the sector, have we?

SAWYER (ON SCREEN)

(grunts in annoyance)

Do we have any idea when they intend to release it?

T'SARA

According to Mr. Ravin, within the next week. On the anniversary of the colony's founding.

(derisive)

For poetic effect, apparently.

SAWYER (ON SCREEN)

I think you know what I'm going to ask you to do.

T'Sara nods, reluctant, but understanding.

T'SARA

I understand, Admiral. I'll start putting together a mission outline as soon as possible.

SAWYER (ON SCREEN)

(distorted, fades out)

What was that, T'Sara?

The images sparks with STATIC, on the fritz.

T'SARA

(concerned)

Gregory, can you hear me?

SAWYER (ON SCREEN)

(static overpowers)

Your signal's breaking up. I'm loos--

The screen goes DARK. T'Sara sits back, unnerved...

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, USS COURAGEOUS - CONTINUOUS

Erickson hovers behind ch'Lene as he works the Ops console.

CH'LENE

There is a massive increase in anti-leptons in the local subspace area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON
Can you identify the source?

CH'LENE
Attempting to do so know, Commander.

As he presses controls, T'Sara steps out of the port-side egress.

T'SARA
Report, Commander Erickson.

ERICKSON
Someone's jamming our long-range communications. We still have short-range, though, thankfully.

Matthias silences a sudden ALERT from her console.

MATTHIAS
Mr. Norven is hailing us, Captain.

On her nod, the main viewscreen BLINKS, a concerned Norven appearing on it.

NORVEN (ON SCREEN)
Captain, our sentry alert buoys have just gone off-line. But just before they did, they registered *something*, but we didn't get clear readings.

T'Sara looks over at Da Costa, already bringing up sensor feeds on his displays.

DA COSTA
On it.

As he reads through the myriad of data...

INT. VARRAK'S QUARTERS, LUCKY SHOT

VARRAK-SAR stares at his reflection in the mirror long and hard. Not sure he likes what's staring back at him. With a wave of his hands, the faucet activates. He splashes his face with the cool water. Closes his eyes.

He opens them, looks down at his hands. RED WITH BLOOD--

He recoils, but in the blink of an eye, they're NORMAL. Taking a deep breath, Varrak tries to get a grip on himself. His efforts are interrupted by the DOOR CHIME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VARRAK-SAR

(sighs)

Come in, Nara.

The doors open, R'Nara walking in, quizzical. *How did he know it was her?*

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

(shrugs)

My crew knows to leave me alone when I'm in one of my moods.

R'NARA

Even Saren?

VARRAK-SAR

Especially her.

(beat)

How's your security guy?

R'NARA

Mr. Fischer is going to be fine.

Varrak nods slowly. R'Nara gently puts her hand on his.

VARRAK-SAR

He shouldn't have gotten in the way. Those people have every right to hate me and my crew, even if we didn't do what they think we did.

(beat)

We still abandoned them.

Whatever comforting words R'Nara has to say are interrupted by the INTERCOM.

SAREN (OVER INTERCOM)

Varrak, you better get down here, we've got a big problem.

The siblings share a concerned look, before heading out...

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

Da Costa continues working the Science station console, but he's not making much headway. Shaking his head, muttering under his breath in annoyance.

The rest of the bridge crew go about their duties, as the turbo-lift doors open to allow Ravin and Nazir out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, in sheer frustration, Da Costa SLAMS his hand down on the console, *hard*. Wincing in pain. Too angry to care.

DA COSTA
(explodes)
God dammit!

T'SARA
No luck?

DA COSTA
(shakes head)
It's some kind of scattering field, I
can't pierce it.

RAVIN
I might be able to help..?

All eyes fall on Ravin. On T'Sara's nod, he joins Da Costa at his station. Studies the readouts. Nods with confidence.

RAVIN (cont'd)
It's a sensor screen. As part of our
escape plan, I stole one, hooked it
into our ship. The tech wasn't that
compatible, so it didn't work as well
as I'd hoped.

DA COSTA
Do you know a way to see through it?

Ravin nods. Da Costa moves, allowing him to take the seat. He begins inputting data.

RAVIN
Re-configuring sensors. You should
get clear readings now.

The Ops console BEEPS. Ch'Lene silences it.

CH'LENE
We have visual contact, Captain.

He nods. The view-screen blinks to life O.S.

T'SARA
(alarmed)
Dear God.

ON SCREEN: A FLOTILLA of Orion ships advance towards them. Four INTERCEPTORS and two MARAUDERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATTHIAS

They're all coming in weapons hot,
Captain.

T'SARA

(flatly)
Red Alert.

OFF the crew brace for battle, red-alert lights flashing...

INT. BRIDGE, LUCKY SHOT

Varrak and SAREN standing at one of the rear consoles, the rest of the bridge crew staying out of their way. R'Nara is stood near the open doorway, feeling useless.

SAREN

(irritated)
The impulse engines are still only at
40% power. We'll be a sitting duck if
we try to engage those ships.

VARRAK-SAR

Just do what you can to divert power
from non-essentials. As long as we
can shot and move, I'm happy.

He looks over at R'Nara.

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

Gotta hand it to your captain, she's
smart. Having all the non-combat
ships with the civilians to try and
get a message out is a good idea

R'NARA

Even if they can't, at least the
civilians have a chance to get clear
before the fighting starts.

VARRAK-SAR

(almost growls)
Oh, believe me, it'll start.
(beat)
Speaking of, you should get clear.

R'NARA

(shakes her head)
I'm not going anywhere.

Varrak looks at her like she's crazy. She glares back, firm in her decision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

R'NARA (cont'd)

I'm no use to anyone during battle stuck on the *Courageous*.

(beat)

Here, at least I can help Saren in the med-bay if things get bad.

Saren appraises her with surprise. *Impressed*. Whatever argument Varrak is about to counter with is interrupted when GRAEVEN turns from his free-standing console.

GRAEVEN

The lead Syndicate ship is opening a channel.

SAREN

(unnerved)

They're giving away the element of surprise? That can't be a good sign.

Varrak gives Graeven a nod. The viewscreen flares to life. A middle-aged FARIAN man appears. He offers a smile, as greasy as his long hair.

FARIAN (ON SCREEN)

Attention occupants of *Star Station Charlie* and nearby vessels. As you can see, we vastly outnumber you.

(beat, snide)

But we have no real desire to destroy any of you. All we want is one thing. The so-called 'captain' of the Bird of Prey docked at your complex.

He leans forward, leering.

FARIAN (ON SCREEN) (cont'd)

Give us Varrak-Sar, and you all can live a little bit longer. If not, well, it's your lives at risk.

Varrak glares at the screen, his eyes burning with hatred, as we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, ASTRAEUS SECTOR

The ORION FLOTILLA slowly approaches. From the station's docking ring, the smaller civilian ships all un-dock, moving off as fast as they can.

The *Courageous* moves to take point. She is flanked by the *Nimitz* and the *Fitzgerald*, as well as the *Sabre*-class ship.

ERICKSON (PRE-LAP)
All ships in position, Captain.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

T'SARA, in her command chair, nods in acknowledgment. All hands are at their duty stations. ERICKSON, checking one of the rear tactical status displays, moves to join MATTHIAS at the Tactical station.

T'SARA
How long till they're in weapons range?

MATTHIAS
Six minutes, Captain.

T'SARA
Commander, I want you to take a team over to *Charlie*, to help them with combat protocols.

ERICKSON
(nods)
Understood, Captain.

He stands, moving to the turbo-lift.

ERICKSON (cont'd)
Mr. ch'Lene, with me.
(taps comm-badge)
Erickson to Engineering. Bhrash, can you spare any of your engineers to join a combat team for *Charlie*?

BHRASH (OVER INTERCOM)
I'll send Lieutenant Karrin, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Matthias REACTS at the mention of her girlfriend's name.
Swallows it down. Focuses on her duty.

ERICKSON

Have her meet me in Transporter Room
3. Erickson out.

NAZIR, out of the way by the Communications station,
intercepts Erickson. Wanting to contribute.

NAZIR

Commander, request permission to join
your team. I have starbase combat
experience. I can help.

Erickson and T'Sara share a brief look. An agreement passes
between them. Erickson waves Nazir to join them, as the lift
arrives.

As the lift doors close on the away team, T'Sara notes the
antsy pacing of RAVIN behind the Tactical station. A glimmer
of an idea appears in her eyes.

T'SARA

Mr. Ravin, care to take over on Ops?
(off his surprise)
I've read your service record, I know
you've trained in that position.

The barest hint of hesitation. Then a resolute nod as he
makes his way down to the console. As he slips into place...

INT. BRIDGE, LUCKY SHOT

SAREN plants herself in front of the open rear hatchway.
Glaring fiercely at VARRAK-SAR as he stands in front of her.

SAREN

No way in Erebus am I letting you
hand yourself over.

VARRAK-SAR

Get out of my way.

SAREN

So you can surrender to them?!

VARRAK-SAR

(explodes)
I have to!

Saren stares at him in shock. R'Nara softly approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VARRAK-SAR (cont'd)

I failed those colonists. I won't do the same with all the people here. I can't have that on my conscience. Not if I can help it.

R'NARA

They'll kill you, Varrak.
(beat, realizing)
Is that what you want?

VARRAK-SAR

(shrugs)
Maybe. If that's what it takes to save everyone else, I'll do it.

SAREN

(softly, anger gone)
This is the Syndicate. How do we know they'll keep their word?

She strokes his face affectionately. Love in her eyes.

SAREN (cont'd)

I know you feel guilty about what happened, but no-one was at fault. Not you. Not any of us. You can't throw it all away for nothing. I won't let you.

R'NARA

Neither will I.

She stands with Saren. United in purpose to protect Varrak.

THUNK! The emergency hatch slams down hard. Locks in place. Varrak turns to look at Graeven. He stands, arms crossed, defiant. Stubborn.

GRAEVEN

None of us will.

VARRAK-SAR

So what do we do? Any ideas? Because I'm all out!

A tense silence, broken only by console chirps and beeps, holds for a few seconds. Until one loud CHIRP.

VEVOSK

Uh, in case anyone's interested, the *Courageous* is talking to the Orions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Saren nods at Vevosk. He presses a control.

T'SARA (OVER COMM CHANNEL)
Orion ships. This is Captain Frost of
the *Starship Courageous*.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

T'Sara stands tall, hands interlocked behind her back, stoic and calm. Ready to face the enemy.

T'SARA
This is Federation space and you have
no jurisdiction here. Leave at once.

The screen image of the advancing Orion attack force is soon replaced by the FARIAN.

FARIAN (ON SCREEN)
Captain Frost, we have no wish to
antagonize you, but you are harboring
a wanted fugitive. One who is not
even a Federation citizen.

T'SARA
Wanted by whom, sir? As for not being
a Federation citizen, that point is
moot since he *is* in our space, and is
entitled to our protection.

FARIAN (ON SCREEN)
But does he deserve it? Do you know
who you are defending, Captain? I am
here to claim Varrak-Sar for crimes
against the state.

T'SARA
What state? The Syndicate is not the
recognized government of the Orions.

FARIAN (ON SCREEN)
(smug)
I am an envoy of Songhaven. I have
been hired to bring in a fugitive,
and I intend to deliver him to their
government.

T'SARA
(smiles, coy)
You mean the government you're
currently blackmailing? To make a
business arrangement with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Farian's smugness is gone in a second. Replaced with a hint of panic. *How does she know that?* He fixes an angry glare at T'Sara.

FARIAN (ON SCREEN)

Do not push us, Captain. We all know that your old ship cannot stand up to all of the ships I have here.

T'Sara steps closer, going in for the kill. A wolfish grin making her look almost devil-like.

T'SARA

Maybe. Maybe not. But you can be damn sure we're going to try.

(beat)

End transmission.

The Farian's unnerved expression vanishes as the viewscreen blinks back to the nearing hostiles.

DA COSTA looks at his wife. Beaming with pride. The rest of the bridge crew taking strength from her words. Resolved to do their utmost to win the coming fight...

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL, STAR STATION CHARLIE

Erickson stands with NORVEN at the situation table. Ch'Lene, Nazir and LIEUTENANT ELYSE KARRIN each man a free-standing station around the sunken command pit's perimeter.

CH'LENE

All civilian ships have cleared the area, Commander. All docking hatches are now sealed.

KARRIN

Shields are at full strength, and I have auxiliary generators on standby to reinforce any weaknesses.

ERICKSON

(nods)

Understood. What about our armaments, Mr. Norven?

NORVEN

(resigned)

This is a free-port, Commander. We have a couple of low-power phaser arrays and a very small stockpile of photon torpedoes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORVEN (cont'd)
Enough to clear any dangerous space debris, not enough to put up a decent fight.

ERICKSON
(sighs)
So much for that whole 'best defense' adage, I guess.

One of the unmanned stations sounds an ALERT. Ch'Lene moves to it, checks the readings. Looks to Erickson in alarm.

CH'LENE
Sir, the *Lucky Shot* is detaching from its airlock.

Nazir checks her displays. Frowns in confusion.

NAZIR
She's gone to full impulse. Straight on course for the Syndicate forces.

ERICKSON
(stunned)
What? They're in no condition to put up a fight. What are they doing?

As he frowns in confusion...

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, ASTRAEUS SECTOR

The *LUCKY SHOT* shoots past the *Courageous* and her squadron, the impulse engines glowing brightly, soon placing itself between them and the Syndicate flotilla...

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

T'Sara takes a step forward, scrutinizing the screen as she watches whatever is happening play out. All eyes are on it.

RAVIN
What are they up to?

MATTHIAS
Captain, the *Lucky Shot* is launching an escape pod. One occupant. Orion.

T'SARA
(aghast)
My God. He's doing it. He's doing it to save us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DA COSTA
I'm picking up a transporter signal.
The lead ship is beaming it aboard.

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, SECTOR 023

The squat, boxy ESCAPE POD vanishes in a green haze of a TRANSPORTER EFFECT. All is calm and still for a moment--

--until the mid-section of the leading Orion Marauder EXPLODES in a blazing detonation! The hull buckles and tears as its inner atmosphere is sucked into the vacuum...

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

The bridge crew REACT with astonishment.

T'SARA
Report!

MATTHIAS
Some kind of explosion inside the ship, Captain. They've lost main power. Shields and weapons gone.

SINGH
The *Lucky Shot*'s going in for the kill!

SINGH points to the viewscreen, where the Bird-of-Prey kicks in its thrusters and maneuvers in fast and close.

DISRUPTOR FIRE rakes the hull plating of the wounded, dying Marauder. Cracks form, gases pouring out. It won't take much more of this pounding--

--until the WARP CORE erupts in a dazzlingly bright light! Reducing it to dust.

MATTHIAS
(impressed)
One target destroyed. She's already targeting the closest Interceptor.

EXT. STAR STATION CHARLIE, SECTOR 023

The shields of the Orion INTERCEPTOR spark harshly under the barrage being laid down by the *Lucky Shot*, vainly holding back what they can--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--before they fail with a flash. With nothing to stop them, two TORPEDOES find their target. The end comes quickly...

INT. MAIN BRIDGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

CLOSE ON SCREEN: The remaining Syndicate vessels reverse course, turning tail as fast as they can.

DA COSTA
The Syndicate ships are warping out!

MATTHIAS
The *Lucky Shot* is hailing us.

T'SARA
On screen!

T'Sara's eyes go wide in amazement at the sight in front of her. It's VARRAK!

VARRAK-SAR (ON SCREEN)
What? Where you expecting someone else?

OFF his delighted, almost cheeky, grin...

VARRAK-SAR (PRE-LAP)
It was all R'Nara's idea!

INT. EMBARCEDERO, STAR STATION CHARLIE

Varrak, Erickson, R'Nara, Matthias and Saren sit together at one of the tables in "*Charlie's*".

VARRAK-SAR
(laughs)
My sister is a genius!

R'NARA
(modest, shakes head)
We got lucky. If Re'Kan hadn't been tinkering with one of those Syndicate bio-monitor units, we couldn't have faked the Orion life-signs in the escape pod.

SAREN
We've recovered a few of them from traps the Syndicate has laid through the whole sector. They've been his pet project.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERICKSON

That's brilliant. Very nice work,
Counselor.

R'Nara, with an 'aww shucks' look, humbled at the attention,
looks away, avoiding Erickson's gaze.

As the group toast to serendipitous victories...

INT. GUEST QUARTERS, STAR STATION CHARLIE

Ravin is having a moment of peace, reading a PADD as he
absently reaches for a drink next to him.

He looks up in surprise when his DOOR CHIME sounds.

RAVIN

It's open.

He quickly jumps to his feet when T'Sara walks in.

T'SARA

As you were, Mr. Ravin. You're not in
Starfleet anymore, remember.

RAVIN

(chuckles)

Old habits, I guess. What can I do
for you, Captain?

T'SARA

Actually, that was going to be my
question to you.

(off his confusion)

I was wondering what your plans are
now your mission is over?

RAVIN

(shrugs)

Still thinking about my options,
ma'am. I mean, I appreciate this
chance to have some down time. But
I'm not really one of those people
who relaxes easily. Or gives up when
a job isn't completely finished.

He holds up the PADD.

RAVIN (cont'd)

I'm just reading some of the latest
intelligence reports for this sector.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAVIN (cont'd)
 Commander Nazir was good enough to
 download them for me.

T'SARA
 Nazir speaks very highly of you. It's
 well deserved, too. As I said, I've
 read your service record.

RAVIN
 (sadly)
 A life I gave up when I resigned.

T'SARA
 To join the Maquis, to fight the
 Cardassians. May I ask why?

RAVIN
 (sincere)
 I'm Bajoran, Captain. I grew up under
 the heel of oppressors. Saw a lot of
 people I care about die. I understood
 why Starfleet and the Federation
 could not get involved in it, but I
 didn't like it. I made a choice I
 stand by, even today.
 (beat)
 It's for the same reason I took up
 Commander Nazir's offer.

T'Sara steps forward. Offering him a PADD she holds.

T'SARA
 How would you like to keep helping,
 in a more official capacity?

Ravin takes the PADD, cautiously curiosity. His eyes widen
 as he marvels at what he reads.

As T'Sara smiles confidently...

T'SARA (PRE-LAP)
 The situation on Songhaven needs
 action to be taken.

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE, U.S.S. COURAGEOUS

T'Sara considers the two offers sitting at the table with
 her. Nazir and Erickson look back expectantly.

T'SARA
 We cannot let the Syndicate succeed
 in this plan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAZIR
Starfleet Command agrees with you.

ERICKSON
So, what's the plan?

T'SARA
Before we begin, we're just waiting
on a few more people.

She looks up as the doors open. Smiles.

T'SARA (cont'd)
Ah, here they are now.

Varrak and RE'KAN walk in, nodding in greeting. Following
behind them is Ravin - decked out in uniform. The rank-pips
of a lieutenant commander, on a red command division collar.

T'SARA (cont'd)
Mr. Kellinnin, Mr. Re'Kan, thank you
for joining us. Mr. Erickson, I think
you already know our new Strategic
Operations Officer?

Erickson stands, offering Ravin a hearty handshake. A happy
grin splitting his face.

ERICKSON
Good to see you back in uniform.

RAVIN
Feels good to be back in one, if I'm
honest, Damien.
(catches himself)
Sorry, I mean *Commander*.

Erickson waves it off as they all take seats.

NAZIR
Let's get to it. Intelligence shows
the Syndicate forces at Songhaven are
strained.

VARRAK-SAR
We took out two of them today. That
must have helped.

NAZIR
Indeed. But there's also been some
kind of ruckus between the *Trey'shiin*
Cartel and the Rolixi Cartel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RE'KAN

Not a surprise. They have been in competition for decades.

T'SARA

But it provides us an opportunity.

ERICKSON

We're going to Songhaven, aren't we?

T'SARA

(nods)

We'll be there in four days. Mr. Ravin, we are going to have to come up with an actionable plan by then.

RAVIN

Not much time, but I think we can come up with something.

VARRAK-SAR

Re'Kan and I have already offered to join you. The *Lucky Shot* is too badly banged up to be any good in a fight, but I don't think that's what will be called for with this mission.

T'SARA

Indeed. I want to thank you both for your help.

RE'KAN

We have much to make up for with the people of Songhaven. Whatever it was that went wrong, I want to find out.

OFF this team coming together, a plan of action forming...

INT. MED-BAY, LUCKY SHOT

Saren is tidying up, replacing supplies.

R'NARA (O.S.)

I think we need to have a talk.

Stiffening, her defenses going up, the Romulan woman turns to face R'Nara as she closes the door. Giving some privacy.

SAREN

What can I do for you, R'Nara?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

R'NARA
 (brazen)
 You can start by explaining why you
 have this attitude towards me.

Saren can't help but smile a little - she's most *definitely*
 Varrak's sister.

SAREN
 (playing innocent)
 What attitude? I don't--

R'Nara holds up a hand. She's not in the mood.

R'NARA
 Spare me any denials. I spend every
 day reading people. I know when I'm
 being lied to.

Softening just a little, she approaches Saren.

R'NARA (cont'd)
 We both care about Varrak. He's
 family. To both of us. To this crew.
 I saw how you were all willing to do
 what was necessary to protect him.

SAREN
 (sighs)
 We are a family. A crazy, mismatched,
 drives-you-insane family.

R'NARA
 And I'm not welcome in it?

SAREN
 (shakes head)
 No! No, that's not it. I mean...
 (sighs)
 Okay, I admit, I was a little jealous
 of all the attention he was paying
 you, but you're his sister, I can get
 used to that.

R'NARA
 (gently)
 Then what?

SAREN
 (quietly)
 I'm worried that his love for you is
 going to make him too soft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

R'Nara pulls back, stunned.

SAREN (cont'd)
He's a risk-taker. Always has been.
You can't get where he is without it.
In this line of work, you have to
make tough, sometimes bad, choices,
because it's all you can do. But what
happened with Songhaven, it nearly
destroyed Varrak.

Saren looks up, her eyes filled with tears.

SAREN (cont'd)
I'm worried that he's going to take
too many unnecessary risks in some
kind of effort to show you that he's
a good person.
(beat)
And those risks will get him killed.

R'NARA
(understanding)
Like today.

Saren nods slowly. Wipes away an errant tear. Embarrassed at the sign of weakness.

SAREN
I don't want to loose him. I love
him.

R'Nara takes her hand. Squeezes it.

R'NARA
I love him too, and I just got him
back. I won't loose him again. Deal?

OFF Saren's nod, an understanding between them reached...

INT. OBSERVATORY DOME, STAR STATION CHARLIE

The lighting has been subdued. Only natural starlight and a few well-placed hidden lights illuminate the room.

The turbo-lift arrives, and T'Sara steps out, in a stunning dress. An IDIC choker around her throat. She looks around, curious.

T'SARA
(calling out)
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORVEN (O.S.)

Ah, you're here!

Norven, dressed smartly, a bottle of wine in hand, pops up from behind the centrally-placed turbo-lift column T'Sara just emerged from. He waves her around. Confused, she follows--

--to find Da Costa, dressed in a tuxedo, grinning like the cat who got the cream, standing besides a table that holds a magnificent spread of food.

DA COSTA

(blown away)

Wow. You look amazing, wife.

T'SARA

(stunned)

As do you, husband. You did all this?

DA COSTA

Norven helped.

NORVEN

Happy to oblige. You two have the Observatory all to yourselves for the rest of the night. My treat.

He hands the wine to Da Costa. Offers a small bow, before making himself scarce.

Pouring out the wine into two ready glasses, Da Costa offers one to T'Sara.

DA COSTA

A special treat for a special lady on a special night. Happy anniversary.

T'SARA

(touched)

You remembered?

DA COSTA

(mock-affronted)

The anniversary of when we first met? You'd think I'd forget?

(scoffs)

Not likely. Best day of my life.

T'SARA

Mine too.

(tenderly)

I love you, Leonardo Da Costa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DA COSTA
I love *you*, T'Sara Frost.

Raising glasses, they toast to their enduring relationship,
before taking a sip.

As they touch lips, a chaste, loving kiss, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE