

*Starship: Excelsior*  
**"Golden Things"**  
(Season 2, Episode 5)

Transcribed by Peter Stine

**OPENING CREDITS**

**NARRATOR:** *Tonight's episode: Murder in the Blue Morgue, Part Five: "Golden Things".*

**SCENE 205-01****LOCATION: RENEGADE CORRIDOR**

(The *Excelsior* away team beams in.)

LORHROK: Full scan of the area, Mister Rol. Marines... do what you do.

(Rol pulls out his Tricorder.)

YUBARI: There's no one here.

LORHROK: Eerie. How many people on this ship, Rol?

ROL: I don't know; I've never been on a *Kindred* before. But, judging from these scans... not many. (He closes the tricorder) Come on. We're going to the bridge.

(He starts to walk.)

LORHROK: (to the marines) Phasers on stun. Move out.

(They begin to move.)

LORHROK: Lieutenant Yubari, where are you going?

YUBARI: I know the way. I won't be far behind you.

LORHROK: That doesn't--

ROL: Come on, sir. We don't have much time.

**SCENE 205-02****LOCATION: EXCELSIOR BRIDGE**

**NAMELESS ENSIGN #1: Sir, the *Renegade*.**

**DOVAN: What is it, Ensign?**

**NAMELESS ENSIGN #1: Sir, it's powering up engines. She's moving off!**

**DOVAN: Well, we can't allow that to happen, can we?**

**(Pause.)**

**NAMELESS ENSIGN #1: Sir! What are your orders?**

**DOVAN: How long would it take us to undock from starbase and lay in a pursuit course?**

**(The ensign runs some input.)**

**NAMELESS ENSIGN #1: (not calm) Our systems are still heavily tied into the repair placenta, sir--Starbase is still providing us with life support, shuttlebay operations, and a few other critical systems while we finish fixing up. To energize the emergency batteries, switch to internal power, and undock? Twenty, maybe thirty minutes.**

**DOVAN: Damn. (pause) No shuttles. But this ship has a captain's yacht, doesn't it?**

**NAMELESS ENSIGN #1: Yes, sir. The *McKinley*.**

**DOVAN: Dovan to Adow!**

**ADOW: *Adow here, sir.***

**DOVAN: Meet me aboard the captain's yacht in five minutes. We're going for a cruise.**

**SCENE 205-03****LOCATION: RENEGADE CORRIDOR**

(The away team stops.)

ROL: The bridge is behind this door.

LORHROK: Good. How many lifesigns?

ROL: I couldn't get a reading. The bridge is hardened against my scans.

LORHROK: Terrific.

ROL: What's the strategy? How do we take this bridge?

LORHROK: I was thinking we blow open the door, charge in with guns blazing, and shoot everyone we see.

ROL: Ah, the Leeroy. A classic.

LORHROK: You have a better idea?

ROL: No, that was pretty much my plan, too.

LORHROK: Okay, then. Let's do this.

(His phaser rifle activates.)

ROL: Actually, sir, the door's unlocked.

(Rol presses the entry key. At the same time, all six marines hoist their guns, not quite in unison.)

LORHROK: Fire!

**(Shooting commences.)**

**SCENE 205-04****LOCAITON: STARBASE 911 – OPERATIONS CENTER**

MASTERSON: Sir, the anomaly-- it's moving.

PARKER: You mean the cloaked ship that's been hiding in my starbase for two days. What's it doing?

MASTERSON: It's exiting spacedock. Maneuvering thrusters only.

PARKER: They must have gotten whatever they came for. Can we stop her?

MASTERSON: No, sir. She'll be through spacedoors well before we can get them closed.

PARKER: Has the scanner desk finished their analysis yet?

MASTERSON: Yes, sir. But I don't think you're going to like it, sir.

PARKER: Let's see it.

(Masterson hands him a padd. Parker scrolls through.)

PARKER: You're right. That's a classified Starfleet Intelligence ship design. And, supposedly, none of them have been built yet.

MASTERSON: It's worse. We picked up traces of triphosphorous-solinium on board.

PARKER: That was the key component in the bomb that killed Lieutenant Robins.

MASTERSON: Yes, sir. I know what I'm suggesting, and I don't like it.

PARKER: Unfortunately, Commander, it doesn't surprise me as much as I wish it did. Do we have anything that can follow that ship?

MASTERSON: The anomaly has cleared spacedoors and is now heading for the edge of the system. It's at low impulse, probably trying to stay off sensors. They must not know we're tracking them. (She presses some buttons on her board.) But the nearest patrol ship is the *Starfire*, and she's three light-years away in the Bulkward Asteroid Field. Way out of range. (pause) However, I'm picking up a small captain's yacht. *Cousteau*-class. (pause) It's Commander Dovan! He's in pursuit!

PARKER: Really? It seems I didn't give their investigation team enough credit.

MASTERSON: They're headed for the Poseidon shipyards, but the threat vessel is maintaining a sizable lead. If they make it out to warp range--

PARKER: We'll lose them. Commander, what's docked at Poseidon right now?

MASTERSON: Two ships under construction and the U.S.S. *Tornado*, in for a scheduled baryon sweep.

PARKER: Get me Admiral Tenson on the *Tornado*. Secure channel.

**SCENE 205-05****LOCATION: *RENEGADE BRIDGE*****(Fighting continues.)****MARINE:** I think we have them pinned down!**ROL:** Don't. Get. Cocky.**MARINE:** We have six marines to their three intelligence officers.**ROL:** My point exactly.**TACTICAL:** General, I think you should retreat.**BRAHMS:** (sarcastic) Do you?**OPERATIONS:** (surprised) Indeed?**TACTICAL:** Sir, there are three of us and eight of them. We are better shots, but they outnumber us. And, do my eyes deceive me, or has Mister Rol been genetically enhanced?**MARINE 2:** (in background) Hey! What are you implying?**ROL:** (in background) I'm implying that I can take down two targets before your marines can hit one!**BRAHMS:** Good eye. Yes, he was one of the first to undergo the procedure. And he was already a very good shot beforehand.**TACTICAL:** His presence tips an even fight in their favor. Our chances of success are... negligible.

*MARINE 2: (in background) Two days of K.P. says you're wrong!*

*ROL: (in background) You're on!*

*MARINE: (in background) Ah, testosterone.*

OPERATIONS: Noted... (reluctant) ...and agreed.

BRAHMS: Well, I see no reason to question the judgment of my two finest officers. How do you propose to escape?

TACTICAL: You will use the emergency turbolift in your quarters.

OPERATIONS: We... will not.

(Pause. At about this moment, the viewscreen is hit by phaser fire the wrong way and explodes/shatters.)

BRAHMS: I'll be back for you, as soon as I can.

OPERATIONS: We know.

TACTICAL: Get out of here, General. We'll cover you.

(Brahms runs, Tactical and Operations cover him.)

OPERATIONS & TACTICAL: (Battlecry) Yaaaah!

(The ready room door opens. Brahms slips into the soundproofed room, and, when the door closes behind him.)

LOCATION: RENEGADE READY ROOM

BRAHMS:(breaths a sigh of relief) Computer, delete all log files. Commence wipe of main library computer.

(The computer beeps its acknowledgement.)

BRAHMS: Is the escape catapult ready?

(The computer beeps affirmatively.)

BRAHMS: Excellent. Computer, open emergency escape hatch Brahms One.

(The hatch opens. A phaser charges from the inside.)

YUBARI: Hello, General.

BRAHMS: Asuka. Your ambushes are becoming repetitive.

YUBARI: I knew you'd try to escape, in the end.

BRAHMS: Do you expect me to compliment you on your keen powers of deduction?

YUBARI: No. But I do expect an explanation.

BRAHMS: For which particular part of it? I can't tell you anything I didn't tell Commander Dovan.

YUBARI: Not that. None of that. I want to know why you're doing this to me. Why now?

BRAHMS: Oh, Asuka...

(Asuka charges her phaser up to a higher frequency.)

YUBARI: Don't you dare call me by my name. Not after what you've just put me through.

BRAHMS: Asuka... (pause) Believe me when I say that I never wanted you to be drawn into this. But also believe me when I tell you that the gravity of your failure and the ease with which you abandoned your division shocked even me. This wasn't something I did. It was you: you who vindicated every single doubt our colleagues ever had about you. You who threw away everything I've tried to bring to you, all to save one Federation starship and one backwater world. I'm the only reason you weren't killed the day we received the Valandria report.

YUBARI: (trying to keep it together) It was – just an observation mission. Low priority, you told me.

BRAHMS: No, Asuka. It was much more. You knew the orders; you knew not to question them; you knew to maintain cover, no matter what you thought you knew about the mission! I'm sorry it ended like this.

(Pause.)

YUBARI: Yes. I hope you are. (She turns him around, and shoves him forward.) We're going to the bridge.

(They walk to the door. Yubari presses the door button and it opens. They walk out.)

LOCATION: RENEGADE BRIDGE

(The fighting has just stopped.)

ROL: Sir!

LORHROK: At ease, Rol. Lieutenant Yubari. I take back my reservations about you. Nicely done.

YUBARI: (annoyed) What 'reservations'?

LORHROK: ...never mind. You must be General Brahms.

**BRAHMS:** I am he.

(Silence.)

**LORHROK:** I don't think there's anything that needs to be said. Your ship is on autopilot, Brahms. Preparing to warp out of the system. I need you to deactivate it before that happens.

**BRAHMS:** Will that benefit me at my trial?

**LORHROK:** (coldly) I'll be sure to note it in my report.

(Pause.)

**BRAHMS:** Alright. (sounding bored) Computer, prepare procedure flash-bulb one.

(The computer beeps its acknowledgement.)

**ROL:** Flash... Isaac, no! Alec! Cover your--!

**BRAHMS:** (triumphant) Execute.

(Suddenly, ambient light on the darkly-lit bridge increases for three seconds... by ten thousand percent! As they react, Brahms runs for the bridge door and escapes into the corridor. Rol follows in hot pursuit.)

<b>LORHROK:</b>	(Simultaneous yelps	<b>YUBARI:</b>	<b>ROL:</b>
My eyes!	and mild cries of	I can't see!	General!
It's... so bright!	pain from the six		
	marines.)		

(The door closes after Brahms and Rol have passed through.)

**SCENE 205-06****LOCATION: SPACE**

(The *Renegade*, followed seconds later by the much smaller *McKinley*, swoop past us.)

**LOCAITON: MCKINLEY COCKPIT**

DOVAN: Adow, one of those engineering miracles right now would really hit the spot!

ADOW: If you wanted engineering miracles, maybe you should have made me chief engineer!

DOVAN: They're still moving faster than us! They're going to escape!

ADOW: Then we'll follow them at warp, sir! It's not that hard!

DOVAN: Have you ever followed a cloaked ship at warp, Crewman?

ADOW: No. Have you?

DOVAN: Well... no, but it's not easy!

ADOW: I never said it was.

DOVAN: You-- But--

ADOW: Fly the ship, Captain!

DOVAN: Don't call me that!

(Console alert.)

ADOW: Incoming message from the Starbase.

DOVAN: What?

ADOW: It's Admiral Parker!

DOVAN: Last person I need to talk to right now. Ignore it!

ADOW: I can't! He's forcing himself on-screen!

(On one of the computer panels, Admiral Parker's face appears.)

PARKER: *Commander Dovan, I believe we've discussed, on at least two separate occasions, the importance of Starfleet crews helping one another out.*

DOVAN: Admiral, we're in the middle of a very important — (confused pause) What?

ADOW:  
Sir, the *Tornado* is undocking. It's coming to a position just in front of us... Forming a diamond between us, them, and the Hermes and Poseidon docks!

PARKER: (in background)  
*Commander Masterson, are those coordinates ready?*

MASTERSON: (in background)  
*Right here, sir*

DOVAN: I don't understand.

PAKER: *You will.* (to someone off-screen) *Admiral Tenson, energize the tachyon emitters.*

(Sensor alert.)

ADOW: We're being bombarded by tachyons, sir! *Tornado* and both shipyards are firing! Forming some kind of tachyon field!

DOVAN: Admiral!

PARKER: (firm) *Commander, come about to course three-one-four mark two-six and fire one quantum torpedo at... well, you know what at.*

DOVAN: You-- You know?

PARKER: *Fire, Mister Dovan. Parker out.*

(The screen terminates.)

ADOW: Well? What are you going to do?

DOVAN: Follow orders. For once. Targeting the *Renegade*...

(He fires the torpedo.)

ADOW: Torpedo away. It's not going to hit; even if the *Renegade* were on autopilot, they'd easily evade. They're banking hard to starboard... Torpedo missed, sir.

DOVAN: Well, that was--

(Half a dozen alarms suddenly go off all over the cockpit.)

COMPUTER: *Tachyon alert. Anomaly detected. Tachyon alert. Anomaly detected.*

DOVAN: (surprised; then pleased) He evaded the torpedo... and evaded himself right into Admiral Parker's tachyon field! Lit himself up like a firework on Federation Day!

ADOW: Incoming transmission from Starbase Nine-One-One. It's on the public announcement channel, sir.

DOVAN: Let's see it.

(The screen activates.)

**PARKER:** *This is Vice Admiral Athos Roark-Parker. An unusually high tachyon surge just erupted near the Hermes and Poseidon Shipyards. The phenomenon is natural but dangerous. All vessels are to veer off The Drydocks while Starfleet investigates and secures the area. Repeat: The Drydocks are off-limits to all unauthorized vessels until further notice. Parker out.*

(Dovan opens a channel.)

**DOVAN:** Yacht *McKinley* to Starbase Nine-One-One. Thanks a bundle, Admiral.

**PARKER:** *Morning, McKinley. I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about. As far as the official record is concerned, I was enjoying this perfectly normal morning with a perfectly normal cup of topaline tea when all of a sudden my sensor boards were flooded with tachyon alerts that had been picked up--luckily--by a group of Starfleet vessels and facilities that just happened to be conducting anti-cloaking battle drills this morning and just happened to be in exactly the right position to notice the disruption. And I happen to think that such a strange anomaly as the one you've found is a mystery worth solving... wouldn't you say?*

**DOVAN:** I... couldn't say it better myself, Admiral. *McKinley* out.

(The viewer deactivates.)

**DOVAN:** Well... that wraps up our job. The rest is up to Lorhrok.

**ADOW:** (bitter) So you didn't need me after all. Figures.

**SCENE 205-07****LOCATION: RENEGADE BRIDGE**

LORHROK: Yubari. Are you alright?

YUBARI: I-- I think so. I think my head's going to hurt for a few days, too.

LORHROK: I know. At least we weren't permanently blinded.

YUBARI: (sarcastic) Yes. How very lucky that we were only completely disabled for a few minutes.

LORHROK: Come on. We have to catch up with Brahms. I don't want Rol facing him alone.

YUBARI: Do we know where they went?

LORHROK: Internal sensors show them heading for the transporter room.

YUBARI: Then why are we still here? Get the marines and let's go.

**SCENE 205-08****LOCATION: RENEGADE JEFFERIES TUBE**

(Brahms is climbing down a ladder, Rol close behind him.)

ROL: This is a very strange place to put your transporter room, Isaac.

BRAHMS: It's a small ship. There isn't a lot of room for large corridors.

(He reaches the bottom of the shaft and presses a button. A hatch slides open beneath him. He climbs down.)

**LOCATION: RENEGADE TRANSPORTER ROOM**

BRAHMS: There also isn't very much room for a transporter chamber.

(Rol is right behind him, and jumps the last meter or so.)

ROL: I can see that.

BRAHMS: Now, would you kindly help me configure this transporter. We're going to beam back to the surface of Union and disappear.

ROL: And that's it? We just walk away from this?

(Brahms turns to the tiny transporter console and begins inputting coordinates.)

BRAHMS: Yes, then this will finally be over. Lieutenant, you gave a *masterful* performance up there. I think Lohrok thought you were on his side. You never stop surprising me.

ROL: You mean, with my naïveté?

BRAHMS: No: I mean with your genius. And your... your grace. Something I lack.

ROL: No... you mean with my naïveté.

(Rol raises and charges his phaser. Brahms stops working.)

BRAHMS: Lieuten-- Alex?

ROL: On the bridge, Isaac? That wasn't a performance.

BRAHMS: I... I see. Then your performance was masterful indeed.

ROL: You know my motto: wheels within wheels.

BRAHMS: Within wheels, as I recall. So this is how our partnership ends? How our enmity begins?

ROL: I hope we're never enemies, Isaac. I've just realized that justice is a meaningful term in this universe. It's a term we have to answer to.

BRAHMS: This is really the worst possible time for your childish moral sense from ten years ago to suddenly reassert itself, Colonel. I mean, Lieut —

ROL: Is it? Is this any worse than last year? Or the year before that? It seems like the last five years, we've just been running from one Sword of Damocles crisis to another. We've left an awful lot of wreckage behind us, haven't we? Remember the *Yorktown*? I felt so guilty after that, you installed genetic controls in me. You wanted to relieve some of the burden of free will. You thought I was going to fall apart under the strain.

BRAHMS: Apparently, I had a point.

ROL: I'm not falling apart, Isaac. For the first time in ten years, I'm putting myself back together.

(Pause.)

BRAHMS: Odd that you should mention the genetic controls. You know that I can make you drop that gun right now.

ROL: Are you pulling rank on me?

BRAHMS: I wish that were all I had to do to secure your loyalty, Lieutenant. Drop the gun. That's an order. (pause) (surprised) I said, drop it. Help me with this transporter. It's not working.

ROL: Of course it isn't, Isaac. I would never let you shoulder the weight of my freedom like that. I disabled every genetic control in my body years ago.

BRAHMS: Then—

ROL: Yes, Isaac. I murdered Amara and Robins. And I did it of my own free will.

(Stunned silence.)

BRAHMS: Pretty cheeky of you to turn me in and not yourself, then, isn't it?

ROL: I'm going to turn myself in as soon as this is over. But you were my accomplice.

BRAHMS: Alex... I can't let you do this. The Sword--

ROL: Oh, for God's sake, Isaac! The Sword's been hanging over our heads for twenty years; it'll hold for a few more weeks.

BRAHMS: The Sword has held for this long because of you and me, Alex. (sad) And now it seems as if it will be just me. I can't persuade you to join me? To renew your oath?

ROL: No. We weren't upholding the oath, Isaac. We degraded it. There is a line, after all. And we crossed the hell out of it.

BRAHMS: Don't do this.

ROL: I have to.

BRAHMS: (sadly) I can almost respect that, Alex. (hard) But, tell me. When you disabled the genetic controls, did you also disable the Kill Phrase?

ROL: The what?

BRAHMS: I thought not. I'm sorry, Alex. But you know the poem: nothing gold can stay.

ROL: I — What... have you done? (He falls to his knees) It hurts.

BRAHMS: (pained) "Nothing Gold Can Stay." Robert Frost. That is your favorite poem, isn't it?

So leaf subsides to leaf/  
So Eden sank to grief/  
So dawn goes down to day...

ROL: (whispered) Nothing gold can stay. You killed me.

BRAHMS: You killed yourself. I'm just sorry I had to watch. You'll be unconscious in a few moments. It is painless, at least, after the first spasms. Good-bye.

(He goes back to setting the transporter coordinates.)

But Rol, in agony, rises to his feet.

ROL: (rasping through the pain) Isaac.

BRAHMS: You always were more resilient than the others. But there's no use now. It's over.

ROL: (rasping) You have... no hold... over me.

(He raises his phaser.)

**BRAHMS:** Colonel, no! If you hit the transporter, you'll flood the compartment with radiation!

(Pause.)

**ROL:** I know.

(He fires. The transporter explodes.)

**BRAHMS:** No!

(The concussion from the explosion hits them both; they are blown heavily back against the wall, unconscious.)

**SCENE 205-09**

**LOCATION:** *RENEGADE* JEFFERIES TUBES

(Lorhrok, Masterson, a security team from the Starbase, and the marine team are climbing down the access ladder. All are wearing EV suits.)

**LORHROK:** Keep moving, people. The compartment's positively bubbling with Tetric radiation. Nobody can survive in there for long.

**MASTERSON:** We can have the pattern enhancers set up fifteen seconds after we get in there, Lieutenant.

**LORHROK:** Good. We're here.

(He presses the button; opens the hatch; climbs down into the transporter room.)

**LORHROK:** Oh, Maker. Rol! *Rol!*

**MASTERSON:** What's your status, Lieutenant?

**LORHROK:** Brahms and Rol are both here, as expected. But Rol... he's going *gray*. That's not Tetric Radiation poisoning at work.

(Masterson gets off the ladder.)

**MASTERSON:** You're right. I'm surprised he's still alive. He shouldn't be. Get those pattern enhancers up on the double! We're need a medical beamout here!

**LORHROK:** Do you know what this is? Can you help him?

**MASTERSON:** I... I think we can. We have... some experience with this kind of injury.

**LORHROK:** Do I want to know?

MASTERSON: No, Lieutenant, you don't. Here's your General. He's just got radiation poisoning. He'll live. You might even be able to wake him up right now.

LORHROK: With all that radiation in his body? I don't think he'd enjoy that at all.

MASTERSON: I know. David Robins was my friend.

LORHROK: Oh. (pause) Oh!

MASTERSON: (to security) Those pattern enhancers are ready, aren't they? Masterson to Starbase. Two to beam directly to sickbay!

LORHROK: Don't let him die, Commander. He wasn't responsible for any of this.

PARKER: *We're ready for you, Commander.*

MASTERSON: Good-bye, Lieutenant. Energize!

(She and Rol beam out.)

(Lorhrok reaches into his medkit and grabs a hypospray. He injects it into Brahm's neck.)

BRAHMS: (regaining consciousness) Uh... Oh.

LORHROK: General Isaac Brahm, are you conscious and aware of your surroundings?

BRAHMS: Lieutenant Lorhrok.

LORHROK: I'll take that as a yes. General Brahm, your ship has been impounded, your mission foiled...

BRAHMS: Lieutenant Lorhrok, you have no idea what you've cost me.

(Pause.)

**LORHROK:** (Suppressing anger) You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney, and to have an attorney present during questioning. You may decide at any time from this moment on to terminate this interview and exercise those rights. Do you understand the rights which I have just read to you?

**BRAHMS:** I do.

**LORHROK:** (slower, firmer) Then, General Brahms, you are hereby charged with murder in the first degree and placed under arrest.

(Pause.)

**LORHROK:** Lorhrok to *Excelsior*. Bring us home.

(Everyone left beams out.)

**SCENE 205-10****LOCATION: EXCELSIOR TRANSPORTER ROOM**

(The away team rematerializes on the transporter pad.)

DOVAN: Welcome back, Lieutenant. It seems you had a productive trip.

BRAHMS: (cough)

DOVAN: Oh, he's awake. Lieutenant Yubari, if you would return General Brahms to our brig pending transfer to the penal facility on Union?

YUBARI: With pleasure, sir. General, if you'll place your hands in these cuffs?

BRAHMS: (weakly but firmly) No.

YUBARI: Commander Dovan, requesting permission to stun the prisoner if he refuses another order.

DOVAN: (casually) Denied. However, the use of Klingon opera as an enhanced interrogation technique is hereby authorized.

YUBARI: I'll make do. This way, General.

(She snaps force-cuffs on his wrist and they exit.)

DOVAN: Marines, you're free to go as well. Thank you for some excellent work over there.

(The marines exit.)

DOVAN: ...Don't talk much, do they?

(Lorhrok takes off his EV helmet with a snap and a pressurized hiss.)

LORHROK: No, they don't.

DOVAN: Some of the marines are getting together in the Delta Lounge for a "small celebration" of this quiet little victory. You and I are, of course, invited. But, in my experience, marines never do anything small.

LORHROK: The Delta Lounge? It's been repaired?

DOVAN: Grand re-opening is tonight. Can't believe I almost missed it.

LORHROK: We were pretty busy, sir. Will you join me?

DOVAN: I'll catch up with you, Lieutenant. I have one more thing I have to do. And it's time for me to begin building my command mystique, anyhow.

LORHROK: Yes, sir.

DOVAN: I'll be there later. I promise. Now go have some fun, Lieutenant. You've earned it.

(Lorhrok exits.)

DOVAN: Now, how am I going to start this letter? Dear Leonardo. Dear Leo. Lee. L. To whom it may concern, this stardate. No. No, Leonardo it is. (somber)

Dear Leonardo:

It is my great sadness to inform you that your sister, Rachel Cortez, died this morning of wounds sustained in the line of--

(quietly) No, dammit. No.

**SCENE 205-11****LOCATION: EXCELSIOR DELTA LOUNGE**

(There is a party going on. Big, loud, boisterous music. Lots of noise. Huge crowd. Ten-Forward never looked like this, and, frankly? Neither did Quark's. The marines really do know how to party.)

(Dr. Sharp steps over to the bar.)

SHARP: Lio! Another synthehol!

YUBARI: You know, Lio has some of the real stuff behind the counter. You're senior staff; I'm sure he'd give some to you.

SHARP: Nah. Save it for the marines. They're the ones who really enjoy it.

(She picks up her freshly-replicated drink.)

SHARP: Thanks, Lio. (She takes a swig.) Ah, that's good.

YUBARI: Suit yourself.

(Yubari takes a drink herself.)

SHARP: Having fun, Lieutenant?

YUBARI: Not particularly.

SHARP: Are you just ornery, or are you physically incapable of it?

YUBARI: Of what?

SHARP: Of fun.

YUBARI: Strange question, Doctor.

SHARP: You're a strange woman.

YUBARI: I have fun. I like winning.

SHARP: Do you?

YUBARI: I won today. It felt good. It feels good.

(Pause.)

YUBARI: Did Commander Dovan ever make it down here? I haven't seen him.

SHARP: Oh, he was here for a short time. Made the rounds. Pretended to be drinking along with everyone else, but I'm pretty sure he was nursing a root beer.

YUBARI:(amused) Hmpf. That sounds like our captain.

SHARP: He doesn't want you to call him that.

YUBARI: Well that's just too bad for him. He's the captain, whether he likes it or not.

SHARP: You won't get any argument from me. He left after a few minutes, though. Said he wanted to see whether Lorhrok was going to live up to his new job title as first officer. Said he had "big boots to fill in the partying department."

YUBARI: Huh. Is that Lieutenant Lorhrok there?

SHARP: On that table? Dancing?

YUBARI: Yes.

SHARP: Yep. That's him. And that woman dancing practically on top of him? Crewman Adow.

YUBARI: Crewman Adow? She's the angry one, right?

SHARP: Please take it in the kindest possible sense when I say that Kinash Adow's temper rivals yours, Asuka Yubari.

(Pause. Yubari sips her drink.)

YUBARI: I don't think Commander Dovan has anything to worry about.

(Pause.)

SHARP: So, what do you think's going to happen next?

YUBARI: You mean when we follow that course heading the captain told us about?

SHARP: Yeah.

YUBARI: I don't know. My guess is we'll learn soon enough anyway.

SHARP: I suppose you're right.

YUBARI: What I'm wondering about is Alex Rol.

SHARP: I'll bet. You think he'll live?

YUBARI: He has so far. But that's not what has me wondering.

(Yubari drinks the last of her drink and sets it down on the bar. Pause.)

(The band in the background finishes playing "The Dance" and switch to a slow, beautiful string piece, "Love.")

**NARRATOR:** (in background) Thank you, thank you. A big round of applause for Ensign Figrin Dan and the Modal Nodes! Next up is a very special tune we learned on the tragic plains of Shadow Four. Dan?

**YUBARI:** That's it. I'm heading home for the night.

**SHARP:** Need the sleep?

**YUBARI:** Only if tomorrow's going to be as exciting as today.

**SHARP:** You think it will be?

**YUBARI:** Oh, yes.

(Scene fades out.)

**LOCATION: ROL'S QUARTERS (FLASHBACK)**

**ROL:** Rol, Entry Five-Thirteen. As a result of a recent conversation, I have adopted a new mission objective. I don't know whether I can take down General Brahms. I don't know whether I can take down myself. I don't know whether I should. I don't know whether two complete conversions can be held in the span of a single lifetime. I don't know whether history will judge me a saint or a devil for what I am about to do. I don't know whether I will save the Federation or destroy it. All I know is that, if the Federation stands for anything, then I must act, and let history worry about the consequences. For the first time in many years, I do think the Federation stands for something. In fact, I think it stands for everything. May the Great Bird of the Galaxy be my witness and my guide.

