

*Starship Excelsior*  
**"The Unpardonable Sin"**  
(Season 6, Episode 5)  
by James Heaney

Transcribed by Peter Stine

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Note: Lines in brackets were recorded but interrupted. The complete line is left here for fuller context:

**SCENE 6E-98 (Recap)**

NARRATOR: *Previously, on Starship Excelsior.*

**LOCATION: THE ARRAY – CONTROL ROOM (FROM 6A-20)**

BRAHMS: You're Zero. Wearing a... Kinjali host body.

JANATH: I am *Tesserarius* Janath. [splice] what are you?

BRAHMS: Come on. Let me save your life.

**LOCATION: VALANDRIAN CATACOMBS – LOWEST LEVEL (FROM 104-08)**

DOVAN: The only thing I've learned from years of winning medals is that winning medals doesn't mean a damn thing. The only thing that matters is that your people stop dying. And the only way to do that... is to kill the Jem'Hadar.

**LOCATION: THE MINDHOME (FROM 6B-02)**

TRASSA: But Janath, for your sake, my greatest gift I shall bestow. Forgive me this.

JANATH: A gift?

TRASSA: *My blessing: In darkness now, where'er you sleep, to see  
The face of Fairiel for all the night.*

**LOCATION: THE HAPPY LANDINGS BAR (FROM 6A-21)**

**ELBRUN: Hey, bartender!**

**LRAAC: Sorry, Sol's out 'til tomorrow. I'm the substitute. Name's Lraac Ovdan.**

**NARRATOR: *And now, the continuation.***

## **SCENE 6E-01 (Climactic Explosions)**

**LOCATION: WEIRD SCIENCE LAB**

(The lab is on fire, alarms are going off, and a glowing tech thing sounds like it's about to overload. Isaac is at a console, desperately trying to input commands on a physical keyboard, while Janath is distance away.)

**JANATH: Isaac, we have to go!**

**ISAAC: I don't have the last code word! I can't divert the explosion!**

(She runs over to him.)

**JANATH: What?! I thought you had all four!**

**ISAAC: The computer's saying there's a fifth! Timely, commitee, fury, honeybee... and one more word!**

**PSEUDO: That starkiller's going to explode in less than a minute!**

**ISAAC: Thirty-six seconds, Pseudo!**

**PSEUDO: Great, even better!**

**JANATH: "Pointy"!**

**ISAAC: What? Janath...**

JANATH: "Pointy"! That's the fifth word! That's what the quantum physicist was trying to tell us!  
Type it in!

(Isaac types it in and -- the ancient computer accepts it! A forcefield goes.)

ISAAC: It worked! The beam is diverting! The sun is safe!

PSEUDO: Uhhhh... But it's still going to blow up this warehouse, right?

ISAAC: In sixteen seconds. Run, Janath!

(Isaac and Janath run like heck down a catwalk as we hear an overload start to build.)

(Isaac slams a button on his wristband.)

ISAAC: Beta-Five, close the portal behind us!

BETA FIVE: *Aff-ir-ma-tive.*

(They both leap through. Isaac with a grunt, Janath with a yelp.)

(The portal whisks them through to Agent Isaac's control center just as the lab explodes behind them.)

**SCENE 6E-02 (Isaac and Janath Talk)****LOCATION: AGENT ISAAC'S CONTROL ROOM**

(Isaac and Janath both emerge from the blue haze with their inertia still fully propelling them, and they both tumble to the floor of the control room.)

ISSAC: (grunts)

JANATH: "Ow!"

(Pause.)

JANATH: (quietly chuckles)

BRAHMS: (chuckles fully, ending with a contented sigh)

JANATH: (chuckles fully, ending with a contented sigh)

BRAHMS: That was amazing, Janath. Where did you get that last code word?

JANATH: I told you: It's what the quantum physicist was trying to tell us!

BRAHMS: Yes, but he died before he finished talking!

JANATH: The first four code words -- it was a line from that poem they read to us on the first night!

BRAHMS: You remembered the next word was "pointy"?

JANATH: Well... no... but it scanned really nicely, so I figured, gonna die, worth a shot.

BRAHMS: (chuckling) You are getting very good at this, Janath.

JANATH: Just don't wanna die, Isaac!

(Brahms and Janath finally stand up.)

BRAHMS: (standing with a light groan) Beta Five, once again you've saved our lives.

BETA FIVE: Affirmative.

BRAHMS: I'm grateful, old girl.

BETA FIVE: This installation's chronological date of construction postdates your own.

BRAHMS: Point taken, Beta. Janath, before Virren sends us our next mission, I have a message for you. From Triassa. Pseudo, would you mind going dormant for a couple minutes while we, uh, talk?

PSUEDO: (groaning) After what you put our body through the past four days, I could use more than a few minutes, Isaac. Good night, Janath.

JANATH: Good night, Pseudo. (pause) (deep breath) So what's the big news? Are we waiting for Our Reverence, the Scion of the Stars?

BRAHMS: No, I asked to tell you this myself. I want you to hear it from me, not from someone who turns my eyes silver and only talks in my passive voice.

JANATH: Okay, (pause) shoot.

ISAAC: Well over a year ago, when I first pulled you out of that escape pod on Parudon, you asked me to release you to a primitive planet where you wouldn't be able to tell your Zero cousins about the Scions. The Scion Council denied that request, because you were too great a risk.

JANATH: Technically, I've been your prisoner ever since. Not the best way to start a friendship.

ISAAC: I've been speaking to the Council about you whenever I get the chance.

JANATH: When's that?

ISAAC: Well, mostly when you're asleep. They're aware of how much you've helped me with my penance -- how many lives you've saved in the past year. And they've... well... changed their minds.

JANATH: (scoff) The headjobs? Changed their minds? Wow, you must have worked them. What do they say now?

ISAAC: They are prepared to parole you to an out-of-the-way humanoid world in the Gamma Quadrant.

JANATH: Tech level?

ISAAC: Early industrial. They look like you, like your host, that is, and you could live out a normal humanoid life there. Even get married, have kids.

JANATH: They'd be my host body's kids, Fariel's. Genetically, anyway.

ISAAC: The point is, you would be free. The Scions trust you to be free. If that's... still... um... what you want, of course.

JANATH: Did... Triassa mention anything about... my dream?

ISAAC: Your what?

JANATH: I dream the same dream every night. Every single night. Will that... go away... if I take parole?

ISAAC: He didn't mention it. What kind of dream?

JANATH: A dream of... disobedience. It doesn't matter. What do you want me to do, Isaac?

ISAAC: It's not my decision, Janath.

JANATH: Can I think about it?

BRAHMS: For as long as you need.

JANATH: Then what's our next mission, Supervisor One?

BRAHMS: Actually, there's a special one for you today. Your first solo mission.

JANATH: They really do trust me.

BRAHMS: Well, it's not a very exciting mission. In fact, you'll be visiting some of my old stomping grounds in the United Federation of Planets...

**(They walk over to the control console as Brahms is talking, he starts to pull some of the very mechanical, very 1960s, levers and doohickeys, and we fade out.)**

**OPENING THEME**

**SCENE 6E-03 (Heya Skipper)**

**LOCATION: STARSHIP EXCELSIOR - THE DELTA LOUNGE**

SYLVESTE: Hey, barkeep! Can I get a Samarian Sunset?

LRAAC OVDAN: Welcome to the Delta Lounge, Sylveste! Comin' right up!

(Lraac begins working on Sylveste's drink.)

SYLVESTE: By the way, L, I, I took your advice.

LRAAC OVDAN: Always smart. What about?

SYLVESTE: New friends. Lieutenant Elbrun's doing *Something for Breakfast*. I auditioned.

LRAAC OVDAN: Good. (pause) Good?

SYLVESTE: Well, better than another date with some poor girl who's [not ready for all my issues.]

(The bosun's wail kicks in.)

LORHROK: *All hands, this is your captain speaking. Starfleet has diverted us from our scheduled stop at Pacifica for a short mission.*

DELTA LOUNGE CROWD: Awww....

**LORHROK:** *I know, but I can tell you Starfleet promised me a milk run, and we should still get to Pacifica tomorrow. Those of you with shore leave on the Nobellian Sea don't have to cancel. Transporter Room prepare for passengers, Senior Staff to the Conference Room. Lorhrok out.*

**SYLVESTE:** Well, I gotta go.

(He starts to leave)

**LRAAC OVDAN:** Sly!

**SYLVESTE:** Huh?

**LRAAC OVDAN:** Your drink!

**SYLVESTE:** I'm on duty! (chuckle) You heard the Captain!

**LRAAC OVDAN:** It's synthehol, and it's already on your tab.

**SYLVESTE:** We don't use money in this century!

**LRAAC OVDAN:** Try telling that to my boss!

**SYLVESTE:** Fine. (he takes the glass) And bless you, L. I actually needed this.

(Sylveste runs out.)

**LRAAC OVDAN:** Just remember to bring the glass back!

(The door on the other side of the room opens up and Skipper Sam Cox walks in.)

SAM COX: That man ran out holding something that looked suspiciously like a Samarian Sunset. One for me and a tab for my guest, please.

(She sits.)

LRAAC OVDAN: Skipper Samantha Cox!

SAM COX: Jesus H Christ!

LRAAC OVDAN: Better: Lraac Ovdan, barkeep's assistant! Please, grab a seat!

SAM COX: (big exhale) I knew you were going to be here, and I still didn't have a clue it was you. Not until you spoke. Wow.

LRAAC OVDAN: Stafleet's plastic surgeons do pretty amazing work. (quietly) They'd have to, for Admiral Parker to insert me back on my old ship.

SAM COX: (quietly) You didn't give him much of a choice. Not after you burned down that monastery. Twice.

LRAAC OVDAN: Hey, the second time was an accident!

SAM COX: And what am I supposed to call you?

LRAAC OVDAN: My name's Lraac Ovdan, but, Skipper, when you call me, you can call me L. Now what brings you here? And what's your guest drinking?

JANATH: Hi.

SAM COX: Jan, this is L. We can't trust subspace, so L runs messages between Parker, Underwood, and the others on our little committee.

LRAAC OVDAN: And what's your pleasure?

JANATH: Uh... Sam?

SAM COX: They should have root beer.

JANATH: Oh, I liked root beer.

LRAAC OVDAN: One root beer coming up! And I didn't catch your name.

SAM COX: L, meet Janath.

LRAAC OVDAN: Ah. (pause) I've heard of you.

SAM COX: She's on loan to us from Isaac and his, ah, friends.

LRAAC: What for?

JANATH: Medical research. Something to do with my body -- I mean, my original body -- and they kept talking about something called "The Wasting"? This woman on Earth named Melissa...

LRAAC: Say no more. I know Melissa.

JANATH: I thought it was a common name?

LRAAC: But she's not a common woman. She didn't go easy on you.

JANATH: She was... very kind. She also stabbed me a lot of times. Very kind. But very stabby. For science, right?

LRAAC: Huh. You coming with us to Pacifica, Skip?

SAM COX: Actually, we, uh, couldn't tell you on subspace, L; Jan here is top secret. But we need you to do [us a favor.]

LRAAC: (Interrupting) Admiral Parker wants me to come with you, doesn't he? The Sword of Damocles is falling and Parker wants to risk my life to stop it. Never his, you'll notice! Yours. And now mine.

SAM COX: Well, actually, there is a threat...

LRAAC: I'll pack my bags. Oh wait I'm undercover I don't have bags--you can brief me on the shuttle and I'll fix your Sunset to-go.

SAM COX: ...Buuuut... Commander Masterson and I have it handled. We're heading out now. But Janath might be recognized, so she can't come.

JANATH: And Isaac's not scheduled to pick me up 'til tomorrow, so...

SAM COX: We need you to stay on the *Excelsior*, with her.

LRAAC: Hang on! You're asking me to babysit that thing?!

JANATH: Excuse me! I'm not a larva! I can look after myself!

SAM COX: Damn straight you can, Jan. But you do tend to say things like, "I'm not a larva!"

JANATH: What's wrong... ? Oh, "child." I'm not a child. Whatever...

SAM COX: That sort of thing attracts attention. Attention attracts questions. And questions attract rumors. (quietly) And you're a bug-parasite controlling the body of a dead teenager killed in a secret war whose exposure would trigger the apocalypse. So: we're playing it safe. (normally) L?

LRAAC: (Sigh) Okay, Skip. I'll keep an eye on "Jan." But next time you have shore leave...

SAM COX: Fine. I'll let you take me to that cricket game you've always wanted to show me.

LRAAC: A match. It's called a test match. After everything Bolians did for the galaxy in the Krikkit Wars you'd think at le[ast they'd be grateful enough to remember the basics!]

SAM COX: (Interrupting) You can spare me the speech; I've heard it four times.

LRAAC: Yeah, but only from some guy named Alcar Dovan. And who's he? I'm Lraac Ovdan. And after everything Bolians did for the galaxy in the Krikkit Wars...

SAM COX: (Interrupting) (chuckles) I'm leaving. I'll see you on Pacifica!

(She starts walking.)

JANATH: Well, L, it looks like I'm in your hands.

(Cox exits.)

LRAAC: The Skipper. She tell you anything about me?

JANATH: Nothing. That you're blue. That you're friends.

LRAAC: Let's keep it that way. I've got something I've gotta get done by tomorrow. Important.

JANATH: How can I help?

LRAAC: Not really sure you can. One, it's secret. Two, it matters to a whole lotta people. It's gotta be right.

JANATH: That's every day with Isaac. I can do it.

(Pause.)

LRAAC: Fine. I gotta close up here. Grab a spanner and a modulator.

**SCENE 6E-04 (Argument)**

**LOCATION: DELTA LOUNGE - LATE NIGHT - CLOSED**

**NARRATOR: *Several hours later.***

**(We hear PADD buttons being pressed.)**

**JANATH: These are holo-emitters.**

**LRAAC: I see you're as open as a fly trap.**

**JANATH: Why in the Scions would you need to wire holo-emitters into a dabo table?**

**LRAAC: I told you, it's a secret. So, stop guessing at it. You could blow up the galaxy asking questions like that.**

**JANATH: Oh, come on, whatever this is, it isn't the Sword of Damocles.**

**LRAAC: Gimme the phase coupler.**

**JANATH: Here. (she hands him the phase coupler) You've got us rewiring the entire Delta Lounge into half a dozen other ship systems -- but nothing essential. No command systems. So, I think you're just trying to save this ship. Not even a whole planet. But from what?**

**(L stops working and looks at her.)**

**LRAAC: That's not good enough for you?**

**JANATH: What?**

LRAAC: Saving one ship. Not a planet, not even a small town. One measly little ship, just a thousand or so people. Not big enough stakes for Janath the Bugger?

JANATH: I was just curious! What is your problem?

LRAAC: Uh-huh.

(Pause. L turns back to his work.)

JANATH: You know, Melissa and I talked a lot in San Francisco.

LRAAC: Uh-huh.

JANATH: She told me some counseling terms.

LRAAC: Uh-huh.

JANATH: Have you ever heard of "projection"?

LRAAC: What's that supposed to mean?

JANATH: You know exactly what I mean, "Captain." A little resentful of all the adventures the rest of us still get to go on, are we?

LRAAC: You said she didn't tell you about me!

JANATH: The Skipper didn't. Melissa, though... Melissa's an earful, Alcar.

LRAAC: My name is L.

JANATH: It sure is now. Trapped in this dull little bar that looks like every other dull little bar, while everyone else gets to do the important work?

LRAAC: We're doing important work! Right now!

JANATH: Isaac and I saved a stellar cluster last week. Government science experiment gone very wrong. Just us, five inhabited systems, and twenty-three billion civilians.

LRAAC: Kobol, nobody's keeping score!

JANATH: Aren't you? Because you've been taking it out on me all night!

LRAAC: You think I hate you because you get cooler adventures than me?!

JANATH: Oh, so you're just this rude to everybody?

LRAAC: No! I hate you because you're a murderer!

(Stunned silence.)

(Lraac turns back to his work.)

LRAAC: Now, do you want to help me with these holo-emitters or not?

JANATH: (Scoff) You're lecturing me about murder.

LRAAC: Not really lecturing, just stating a fact.

JANATH: You hypocrite!

LRAAC: Really? For telling you the truth. I guess I wouldn't expect Brahms to be honest about murder.

JANATH: Isaac has laid down his life in penance for his actions. What have you done?

LRAAC: I've never murdered anybody, so...

JANATH: There were three billion of my people on Gevinon.

LRAAC: Stomping on monsters isn't murder, Janath. Is that your excuse for Faeriel? Was she a teenage serial killer or something?

JANATH: Look, I can't undo what happened to Faeriel. I have tried my best for more than a year to move on from her!

LRAAC: You're wearing her corpse! You can't "move on" from that!

JANATH: I've been helping people ever since! What have you done?!

LRAAC: "Helping people?" The only reason you aren't out there murdering more people is because Brahms -- in order to soothe his own bloodied conscience -- made you his pet, complete with very short leash! You don't get points for helping people when your alternative is death.

JANATH: What do we get points for, then, Your Reverence? Slaughtering planets? Smuggling weapons? Starting wars? Or is it the lying to yourself about it that really tips the karmic scales? D'you still tell yourself there were no children on Gevinon?

(Pause.)

LRAAC: I'm not accountable to you.

JANATH: Thank you! Neither am I, you afterbirth.

(Pause.)

(Janeth turns back to her work)

JANATH: Need that phase coupler back.

(Pause.)

LRAAC: I know you're lying.

JANATH: What are you talking about?

LRAAC: Gevinon was a garrison world. There were no civilians.

JANATH: (sarcastic laugh) So the answer is "yes," you are still telling yourself that. Seriously, though, gimme the phase coupler if you want this done.

LRAAC: Melissa told you about me in good faith, and you figured out a way to twist it against me. Because you're literally a parasite.

JANATH: L, how many bluegills have you met before today?

LRAAC: I thought you called yourselves the Zero.

JANATH: We do. And I'll bet you don't even know why. Because, before today, you'd never sat and talked to a Zero. You'd only massacred us.

LRAAC: Was Faeriel trying to kill you? Wipe out your homeworld, enslave your family? Was she any threat to you at all?

JANATH: I worked my entire life to earn a body, to get out of the nutrient pits. And I did it, because I was the best. What do you think would have happened if I'd said "no"? Do you think Fae would be walking around free and easy today?

LRAAC: "Fae"? Was that her nickname? Did her friends call her that, or just her mom?

JANATH: She would have been given to the next applicant, a worse applicant, someone who would have wasted Fae's sacrifice!

LRAAC: Everything I know about her, I learned from the corpse I'm staring at. Did she like music? Sports? Eggs?

JANATH: And I never would have been offered another body. Or I might have ended up in a dog, barking at strangers until my mind collapsed!

LRAAC: But you wouldn't be a murderer. ...Murderess? How do you gender a bug, actually?

JANATH: Fine. Let the ship blow up, then. (she stands up) Keep your damn phase coupler. I'm going to bed.

LRAAC: Saving one little ship isn't enough for you after all?

JANATH: I don't know what... all this... is? But you can do it yourself, L.

(She's walking away,)

LRAAC: It's not about the numbers, Jan!

JANATH: (muttering to herself) Then what is it about?

(She exits the Delta Lounge)

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR CORRIDOR

(Janeth walks down the corridor as the Delta Lounge doors hiss close behind her.)

**SCENE 6E-05 (Hair of the Dog)****LOCATION: DELTA LOUNGE – DAY**

NEEVA: And get the Orion cinnamon right this time, L? You're supposed to be a bartender.

LRAAC OVDAN: Sure, sure. It's just, was that Aldebaran or Saurian brandy?

NEEVA: Mister Ovdan. The reason the rest of this ship doesn't know exactly who and what you are is because Admiral Parker assigned me to prevent them from finding out -- and I am a very good First Officer. But if you can't be bothered to learn the basics of the job that is keeping you out of that jail cell where you belong, then so help me [I will tell Admiral Parker I'm taking you back to the stockade myself.]

LRAAC OVDAN: (Interrupting) Saurian, right! Got it. Uh, your drink, Neev — I mean, Commander.

NEEVA: (she sips) Hmm. Too much cinnamon. (sighing) I'll live. I have to go check the preparations. Mister Ovdan.

(She heads back into the crowd.)

LRAAC: Now, Skipper, since you're back [let me try and fix you that Samarian Sunset.]

COX: What was that?

LRAAC: Oh nothing. Neeva and I... look. You're back. Let me try and fix you that Samarian Sunset from yesterday.

(He gets started fixing her a drink.)

COX: Properly, this time?

LRAAC: Hey, you were the one who walked out before I finished stirring.

COX: If I hadn't left, I would have spent the whole drink listening to both of you whine at me. I loved my kids, L, but two toddlers was enough.

LRAAC: (short, small chuckle)

COX: Look, I'm sorry about last night.

LRAAC: Oh. So you heard.

COX: In gory detail.

LRAAC: Look, you can stop right there, because I'm not apologizing for anything I said.

COX: ...okay. What'd you say?

LRAAC: Wait, what exactly did she tell you?

COX: In between long groans bent over the toilet... well, wait, what did you say to her? And did you say it before or after you started drinking?

LRAAC: Drinking?

COX: Don't play innocent with me, barkeep. Janath was still blind drunk when I found her, and hungover. I'm supposed to give her back to Isaac in a few hours. What am I gonna tell him?

LRAAC: Skipper, we were working.

COX: Until you realized she didn't have the mechanical know-how to fix whatever you were fixing, and called a break. That's when the drinks came out. Like I said, (pause) she told me everything.

LRAAC: She did, huh?

COX: I can still smell it on *your* breath, too. How heavily are you medicating that headache right now?

LRAAC: ...Quite a bit.

COX: If you ever want Parker to let you off your leash... (sigh) If he hears about this, you'll be busing tables until you're older than I am!

LRAAC: How old do you think I...? (sigh) And that's not what... [really happened] Never mind. You're right.

COX: Damn straight. What were you working on, anyway?

LRAAC: Wait until Alecz gets here and you'll find out.

COX: The ship's not in any danger, is it?

LRAAC: I mean, in a broad sense, isn't it always?

COX: That's not how Jan understood you.

(Lorhrok enters.)

LRAAC: (hissing) Hush, he's here!

NEEVA: (shouting) Kestra, hit it!

J'NAYA: Computer, lights down!

(The computer complies)

LORHROK: Kestra? Neeva? I was called down here by [an automated security alert!].

CHORUS: (Interrupting.) (Singing) Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Captain. Happy birthday to you.

(The crew applauds and cheers.)

LORHROK: I, uh, thank you, everyone, but, um, this -- this isn't how Trills celebrate their natal day!

NEEVA: No, this is! Computer, run holo-program L-One!

(The computer beeps and a hologram materializes.)

J'NAYA: Come see, sir!

ADOW: Trill tradition is to remember your dreams. So we built yours.

NEEVA: As a holographic model.

LORHROK: I... this is... is this my colony? The one I always wanted to build?

J'NAYA: You can take a captain out of engineering, but you can't take the engineering out of the captain!

LORHROK: And what's this button here do?

NEEVA: I, uh... Kestra?

J'NAYA: Uh, that's not our button.

LORHROK: Well, one thing I've learned as captain: never leave a mystery button un-pressed.

(He presses it.)

(More projectors turn on and the whole room transforms into a holo-projection.)

LOCATION: HOLO-COLONY

LORHROK: Whoa!

COX: Where are we?

NEEVA: I think we're inside the model! This is Ah'Sumopolis Square!

LORHROK: How did you get this whole thing projected into the Delta Lounge?

NEEVA: Well, with the Dalatrass Ambassadors aboard...

LORHROK: (smacks his head) Of course! You couldn't use the regular holodecks. But the Delta Lounge can't handle an immersive projection. Did you wire this up yourselves?

J'NAYA: Kinash?

ADOW: Wasn't me.

NEEVA: We... had help. Um... it was... a volunteer.

LORHROK: Well, I can tell you're keeping the name to yourself for some reason, but thank her for me, will you? Whoever she is? This is incredible. And Kestra, Adow... Neevs: I appreciate this from all of you. I really do.

LRAAC: There's my cue to slip into the stockroom. Come on.

(They slip through a door together.)

(Cox stands.)

J'NAYA: (background) I've always wanted to explore this place.

COX: Can I?

LORHROK: (background) Then this is the perfect day for a subcrew tour!

LRAAC: Lio won't mind.

NEEVA: (background) (Inaudible)

### LOCATION: STOCKROOM

COX: That's what kept you up all night? A birthday party?

LRAAC: For a friend. (pause) And for the captain. The ship needs him. If he doesn't get a little... maintenance, you know what you end up with?

COX: What?

LRAAC: Cranky nacelles. (pause) It sounded better when he said it.

COX: Yeah, sure, every skipper needs this from time to time.

LRAAC: Doesn't hurt to remind Neeva I'm on her side every now and again, either. Heading down to Pacifica, then? Gonna try surfing? What will this be, attempt number five?

COX: You want to find out, you'll have to see for yourself.

LRAAC: Aw, nuts.

COX: Aren't you coming shoreside?

LRAAC: Ahh, well, you know... Lio asked me to help out on the layover...

COX: Yeah, I understand.

LRAAC: What? What are you looking for up on the ceiling?

COX: Oh, just making sure there's enough sprinklers in here.

LRAAC: For what?

COX: For when you set it on fire. Like that monastery.

LRAAC: Hey, the second time was an accident!

COX: Yep, and I'll bet that's what you'll tell yourself when you light this place up, too. (pause)  
See you around, L.

(She exits.)

FIN.