

Starship: Excelsior
"The Manchurian Officer"
(Season 2, Episode 4)

Transcribed by Peter Stine

SCENE 204-01**LOCATION: STARBASE 911 – BERTH NINE**

DOVAN: First Officer's Log, final entry. *Character*, you said. (pause) *People* who were ready who were ready to grow into something *great*. (pause) I wish the *Excelsior's* new commander were more like you. (pause) Goodbye, Captain. Goodbye... Rachel.

(long pause)

Begin Captain's Log. Today's stardate.

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR INTERROGATION ROOM

(Dovan enters.)

BRAHMS: Ah, Commander Dovan.

DOVAN: General Brahms. We meet at last.

BRAHMS: Actually, Commander, we meet *again*.

DOVAN: Again--? (pause) You're that *dsokdpach* I spoke to on subspace!

BRAHMS: Guilty as charged. (pause) Though that is the *only* charge on which you'll find me guilty. On that subject: *have* any charges been filed against me, or are you holding me illegally?

YUBARI: We're following all the same procedures you followed when you detained me, General. Does that answer your question?

BRAHMS: Touché.

(Pause.)

DOVAN: (calmly, but vaguely threatening) Lieutenant Yubari, if you'll wait outside, please? I'd like to speak with the General... directly, for a few minutes. Alone.

YUBARI: Sir, regulations--

DOVAN: (Interrupting) I'm not asking, Lieutenant.

(Pause.)

YUBARI: So even you aren't above indulging in a few... shades of gray?

DOVAN: (Calmly) Ms. Yubari, you are a damned impertinent officer -- and that means something, coming from me. But of all the things you do that would drive a more uptight officer mad, the only one that really bothers me is that smirk of yours. Work on it. Now, get out.

YUBARI: Sir.

(She exits.)

(Silence.)

DOVAN: General, we can do this the easy way or the easy way. Turns out some short-sighted bureaucrat who worked on the Federation Charter gave rights to people like you, so the hard way is out.

BRAHMS: I believe those rights included having a witness present at all interrogations, to prevent abuse.

DOVAN: Yes, well, I've never really been one for following the exact letter of the law.

BRAHMS: This goes a bit beyond violating some arcane bylaw, Commander.

DOVAN: Well, the spirit of the law's flexible, too.

BRAHMS: "Flexible?" Interesting. I'm afraid you won't get very much out of me without bending the law a lot further than that, Mister Dovan. I'll say no more than what honor requires of me as a Starfleet officer.

DOVAN: Ha. Honor, from you. That is supposed to be funny, right?

BRAHMS: Commander, I graduated from the same Academy and swore the same oath you did.

DOVAN: Then you broke it.

BRAHMS: That depends on how you interpret the oath.

DOVAN: No doubt. In fact, I'm thinking of using the same interpretation of the Dominion War Detainee Treatment Act to hit you in your face right now.

BRAHMS: Physical violence is unlikely to produce any results. You'll only feel guilty about it later.

DOVAN: I'm not sure whether that means you don't know me at all or you know me too well.

BRAHMS: Perhaps both. (impatient) Is this an interrogation or afternoon tea?

DOVAN: (serious again; abrupt) The first. General Brahms, what's going on?

BRAHMS: (dry) A surprisingly insightful question from you, Commander.

DOVAN: And?

BRAHMS: And, as a matter of national security, I'm not at liberty to discuss it with you.

DOVAN: Excellent!

BRAHMS: Really? How so?

DOVAN: I already have very good evidence implicating you in the murders of Leo Amara and David Robins, General. I'm meeting with my chief engineer after this. He says he has enough evidence to close the case, and he did not suggest that I release you in the meantime. I don't like you, General. You kidnapped my chief of security, and that's a terrible way to make a first impression with me. If you don't breath one word about what's going on, then that's your one chance at exoneration right out the window. (He stands) Now, if you'll excuse me--

BRAHMS: (Interrupting) You make a very compelling argument, Mister Dovan.

(Pause. Dovan sits back down.)

BRAHMS: Well played. I can't tell you very much, Commander. But I can tell you this: If your people are the least bit competent, you'll have everything you need to know--with or without my help--in the next forty-five minutes. Perhaps sooner. Once your senior staff has put all the pieces together--if they haven't already--someone is going to come to you and tell you a story. It's a good story, full of brave men and hard times and dark deeds. Deeds... ..deeds worthy of song. (pause) The story also happens to be true. But when you're listening to it, I want you to consider a couple of points. Consider them very carefully. First: it does not explain why we cracked down so hard when our officer, Asuka Yubari, defected to your ship.

DOVAN: I'd hardly call a simple division transfer a defection.

BRAHMS: Call it what you will, Commander; our reaction to it did not fit the crime. Not in the incomplete framework in which you're considering it. Second... the story will probably explain how Leo Amara was killed, and who killed him. But it will not explain why Amara was murdered. You cannot understand this week's killings without understanding the Sword of Damocles.

DOVAN: The Sword of Damocles... I've heard that code name before.

BRAHMS: (skeptical) Really?

DOVAN: Yeah. In a report somewhere. I can't remember where. Or why. I don't know what it is.

BRAHMS: I'm only asking you to remember exactly that: you don't know all the pieces that are in play.

DOVAN: You could explain it to me. You do seem to be the key to all this.

BRAHMS: (dry, ironic chuckle) Oh, but what good is the right key in the wrong door, Commander?

(Short pause)

DOVAN: (abruptly) What's on heading one-one-four mark three-eight-eight mark eight?

BRAHMS: (stunned; almost a whisper) How do you know that course?

DOVAN: Captain Cortez gave it to me. Right before she died, she said that I needed to go there. That you'd try to stop me, but that you were wrong.

BRAHMS: That does not make sense, Commander.

DOVAN: Seems pretty clear to me.

BRAHMS: A few hours before she was first injured on Valandria, Captain Cortez gave me very specific instructions: there'd been a breach. Take drastic measures. Prevent catastrophe. That's exactly what I--what we--did.

DOVAN: You can't possibly expect me to believe that Captain Cortez ordered these killings.

BRAHMS: Captain Cortez was a... "tough cookie," Commander. When it came down to it, she never shrank from her duty. A few months ago, she shot her own captain dead in front of the entire bridge crew and assumed command.

DOVAN: (numbly) Sharvah Siresh.

BRAHMS: (sighing a little) It seems the security of that operation was not nearly as airtight as my division asked it to be.

DOVAN: (angry) I'm not just going to take your word for this, General.

BRAHMS: (angry) So instead you're going to take the word of the drug-addled woman you watched die less than an hour ago? Her veins were filled to bursting with Yonarum. She *probably* had no *idea* what's out there!

DOVAN: (angry) What makes you so sure?

BRAHMS: (intense) Because I know what's out there!

(Pause.)

BRAHMS: Don't follow that course heading until we've spoken again, Commander. Too much depends on it.

DOVAN: I'll do anything I think I have to. However... we *will* speak again about this. And soon.

BRAHMS: I look forward to it.

DOVAN: You shouldn't.

(Dovan stands.)

BRAHMS: (reflective) Do you know what the great conceit of fiction is, Dovan?

DOVAN: (unhesitating) Sesquipedalianity. (Pause.) Latin for "lots of big words."

BRAHMS: The conceit of fiction is that it presumes to have an ending. I keep learning that the real world doesn't work that way.

DOVAN: You're wrong. Your story does have an ending, Brahms. You're an accessory to murder, and a damned liar to boot. One way or another, whether you help me or not, you're going to prison. You'll die there.

BRAHMS: Do not presume to judge me, Commander. You don't know what you're dealing with.

DOVAN: Is that a threat?

BRAHMS: That depends on you.

(Pause.)

DOVAN: Sleep poorly, General. May your dreams disturb you.

BRAHMS: Always.

(Dovan exits.)

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR BRIG AREA

(Dovan stops after the door closes again.)

YUBARI: Sir?

DOVAN: Well, the arm is a lost cause, but he might be able to keep the eye if you get him to sickbay quickly.

YUBARI: What?

DOVAN: Kidding, Yubari. I didn't lay a hand on him. Get him back to his cell.

YUBARI: Hm. He's lucky you're in command and not me.

DOVAN: Why, Lieutenant! That's the closest thing to a compliment I've ever heard from you.

YUBARI: I only meant--

DOVAN: I know what you meant. Now, get to it.

(Dovan walks out into the corridor)

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR CORRIDOR

(A team of engineers is doing repair work of some kind. Dovan stops to inspect their handiwork)

DOVAN: Ho, there! What seems to be the trouble with this bulkhead?

(An officer turns off his plasma torch.)

RENEGADE OPERATIONS OFFICER: Ensign Shinnalen ch'Dunn, Commander. I am in charge of this repair team from the *Sizemore*.

DOVAN: Oh, another group of Sizemores. Pass my compliments on to your captain. Er--Admiral.

OPERATIONS: Noted, sir. We are... "chasing a bug" through the *Excelsior's* bio-neural relay system. We have isolated it at this time, and expect full systems restoration within the hour. There may be a brief power interruption on this deck during the purge.

DOVAN: Understood. Thank you, Ensign; carry on.

OPERATIONS: Sir.

(He salutes and crouches down to resume his work.)

(Dovan turns away and heads down the corridor, humming a song called "Nothing Gold Can Stay".)

OPENING CREDITS

DOVAN: *Space. The final frontier. These are the voyages of the-- Oh, who am I kidding? This is the Starship Excelsior. We use an ancient Gateway to explore the farthest reaches of the galaxy. Our assignment is to find out what we can and come back alive. The rest is rhetoric.*

NARRATOR: *Tonight's episode: Murder in the Blue Morgue, Part Four: "The Manchurian Officer".*

SCENE 204-02**LOCATION: SPACE**

(The *Excelsior* flies by.)

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR SICKBAY

(Yubari enters and strides straight over to Sharp.)

YUBARI: Doctor.

SHARP: Lieutenant Yubari! Welcome to my humble sickbay.

YUBARI: I want something for a headache.

SHARP: Why? Do you have a headache?

YUBARI: (Loudly) Yes!

SHARP: Hm. How long have you had these symptoms?

YUBARI: Forty-seven minutes.

SHARP: Exactly forty-seven minutes? Mmm-hm.

(Sharp loads a hypospray)

SHARP: Want to talk about it?

YUBARI: Oh, at last, my childhood dream comes true! Someone close to me wants to talk about my feelings!

SHARP: (sarcastic) Sarcasm's a new trick for you, Lieutenant.

YUBARI: I don't see how.

SHARP: I was being... never mind. Is it Brahms?

YUBARI: If you already knew why I had a headache, why did you ask?

(Sharp finishes preparing the hypo and walks over to Yubari.)

SHARP: I'll bet you'd really like to punch him through a wall right now. Let me see your neck.

(Sharp administers the analgesic injection.)

YUBARI: No! That's the problem: I don't want to hit him! And that just makes me want to hit him even more!

SHARP: That's... Yes, I can see where that would be trying.

YUBARI: I don't understand. The General saved my life. I was unconscious and bleeding to death, and he dragged me out of the middle of a firefight. And that's not the only way he saved me--he saved me from myself more ways than I can count. Yes, I failed as a spy. But I've done a lot worse. Nobody died this time. So why did he react so differently this time? What did I do wrong?

SHARP: (sincerely; empathetic) I'm sure it's not your fault, Lieutenant.

YUBARI: You don't know that. You have no idea what my life has been, what his life is. And what's more, I didn't ask you.

(Yubari spins away and exits quickly. Pause.)

SHARP: (thoughtful) There should be a personality section on the Academy Entrance Exam.

SCENE 203-03

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR BRIG

BRAHMS: I wouldn't worry, Lieutenant. We've broken out of worse prisons than this before.

ROL: Correction. I've broken out of worse prisons than this before. You weren't exactly yourself by the time we finally got out of Z'ydd.

BRAHMS: Perhaps not. (smiling) But at least I didn't have that ridiculous beard.

(They both chuckle. Rol sighs)

BRAHMS: (Seriously) Something's wrong, isn't it?

ROL: I've always loved that about you, Isaac. I never have to tell you anything. You already know.

BRAHMS: (wry) Knowing things is my business. (pause) (gravely) Has there been another breach?

ROL: Not... not as such. (pause) I met someone, Isaac. Someone special.

BRAHMS: This wouldn't have anything to do with why you couldn't stand up when they dragged you in here, would it?

ROL: Ah, Doctor Sharp's famous twelve cee-cee instant paralysis cocktail. Yes, it does. I guess that's an odd way for me to introduce Alec Lohrok.

BRAHMS: Lieutenant Junior Grade Alec Lohrok. Chief Engineer.

ROL: Full Lieutenant. Promoted today. I'd say he's on track to be the new First Officer.

BRAHMS: (Surprised) Really? That's... This Dovan is becoming a very interesting adversary.

ROL: An adversary? Has it come to that?

BRAHMS: I hear a note of reluctance in your question. A sentimental attachment? At this stage?

ROL: I hardly know the man. He's a good commander, although he doesn't want to admit it – but no, I don't have personal feelings for him.

BRAHMS: What about Mister Lorchrok?

ROL: Lieutenant Lorchrok is a naïve, self-righteous, moralizing child who parades about under the delusion that he has any idea what he's talking about.

BRAHMS: Then I'm afraid I don't quite understand your problem.

ROL: The problem is... he believes it, Isaac. Alec Lorchrok is an idealist.

BRAHMS: What do you mean?

ROL: I mean – an actual, honest-to-God idealist! Here! At this hour of the day! That changes everything!

BRAHMS: (confused): I don't... Has he learned anything?

ROL: Of course not. You know my genetic controls prevent me from divulging anything about my genetic controls.

BRAHMS: You mean he injected you with a paralyzing agent and arrested you on pure suspicion?

ROL: Well, not quite. I did vaporize an incriminating computer chip right in front of him.

BRAHMS: I can see where he would find that suspicious. You're sure he learned nothing from the chip?

ROL: I'm sure. He injected me as soon as I fired, then left without another word between us. The next people I saw were the brig guards he'd sent to pick me up.

BRAHMS: Good. There was quite a bit of detail about the Sword of Damocles on that chip. That information already killed Mister Amara. I don't want to see the same happen to anyone else. I still don't understand your problem.

ROL: Don't you see, Isaac? Alecz believes in the Federation. It's not just a pleasant veneer he plasters over his real choices, his real beliefs. He won't throw it all away if times get desperate enough. Alecz Lorhrok will follow the highest ideals of the Federation, even if it leads him and all the rest of us into the pits of Hell.

BRAHMS: He sounds like the most dangerous sort of man. What are you going to do about him?

ROL: No! No, Isaac! Don't you see? Alecz Lorhrok is me, ten years ago. Before--

(Silence.)

BRAHMS: Before the Loyal mission. Before--

ROL: (finishing) Before Faith. (pause) I changed that day, Isaac.

BRAHMS: You changed for the better. You toughened. You learned. You grew. It hurt, but you grew.

ROL: No, I didn't. And you know I've never thought so. That was the day I learned what the world was really like. It was the day I learned that the person I was was too big for the world, so I shrank in order to fit myself into reality.

BRAHMS: Yes, that's it. *Reality*. You accepted the world that existed and stopped living in one that didn't. That's growth.

ROL: Maybe someday I can be forgiven for thinking so. But Alec Lorhrok proves I was wrong. If there's just one person out there who believes as I once did--that you just do what's right and let the chips fall where they may--one person who isn't, deep down, a traitor to the Federation--then maybe *I'm* not the crazy one. Maybe it's the rest of the world that's lost touch with reality!

(Pause.)

BRAHMS: How long have we been friends, Lieutenant? Twenty years?

ROL: Depends whether you count Z'ydd or not.

BRAHMS: A long time, by any standard. In all those years, you've never stopped surprising me.

ROL: What, with my naïveté?

BRAHMS: (fondly) Yes. But not to worry. There will be many chances for us to talk after this is over. For now--do you have the time?

ROL: Yes. (consults a timepiece) Uh, oh-five-fifty-five hours.

BRAHMS: Then, for now... stand back.

ROL: What's happening?

BRAHMS: (confidently) The usual.

SCENE 204-04

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR READY ROOM

(Dovan is clicking through a padd at his desk.)

DOVAN: Lords of Kobol. This is crazy.

(He sets the padd down and stands up. The doorbell chimes.)

DOVAN: Is that you, Number One?

(The door slides open.)

LORHROK: You've never called me that before, sir.

DOVAN: Time to start. Come in. I wonder if the Captain ever looked out this window and saw what I see.

LORHROK: Saw what, sir?

DOVAN: Spacedock. It's... incredible.

DOVAN: You're early, Mister Lorhrok. Have a-- You look like hell, Lieutenant. Trouble sleeping?

LORHROK: (smiling grimly) You could say that. With all due respect, sir, you don't look so good yourself.

DOVAN: (smiling back) I plead the Seventh Guarantee. (grimly) You heard?

LORHROK: (equally grim) I did. Have the services been scheduled yet?

DOVAN: Her will stipulates that the body be buried on the world where she died. Admiral Parker is making the arrangements. I'll be scheduling the onboard memorial service as soon as this... this thing plays itself out.

LORHROK: Did she... did she tell you anything about Captain Siresh?

DOVAN: The drugs were affecting her memory. She either couldn't or wouldn't say anything about him, except that she knew he was dead.

LORHROK: (reluctantly) That seems like a convenient failure of her memory.

DOVAN: (curtly) If Captain Cortez killed anyone--a Starfleet officer or anybody else--she had a good reason.

(Awkward silence.)

LORHROK: You know, a few days ago, the very idea of Starfleet officers killing one another would have appalled you.

DOVAN: It still does. But it's been that kind of week. (sighs quietly)

LORHROK: Speaking of Starfleet officers killing one another... have you read my report?

DOVAN: Just finished it. Alex Bevoney Rol, genetically engineered hypno-killer and super-spy. I was standing at the window musing about the insanity of it right before you came in. (breath) Do you believe him?

LORHROK: (firmly) I do, sir. I saw the evidence myself: whatever nanomechs are in his cell nuclei could compromise his free will in exactly the way he describes. (hesitant pause) What's more, Alex Rol is a Starfleet officer and a shipmate. I owe him my trust, as far as I can give it to him, for those reasons alone. (long pause) Do you believe him?

(Silence.)

DOVAN: No. (Pause) No, I don't believe a word of it. (pause) But I believe you, Lieutenant. Captain Cortez chose you to be a member of this crew. Whatever else I know about her, I know that she was a good judge of... of character.

LORHROK: (half-smiling) I think I've heard this speech before.

DOVAN: (smiling back) I think you have. Then let me just skip to the end: I trust you, Lieutenant, and I trust your instincts. I'll give you the leeway to work with Alex Rol as you see fit. Just be careful. I don't know what side he is working for, but I suspect the answer is going to surprise us all.

LORHROK: Aye, aye, Captain.

DOVAN: (casually but seriously) Don't call me that. Oh, and, when you leave, Lieutenant, be sure to thank the *Sizemore* for sending over another repair team. I know they've been almost overwhelmed with their own repairs after the bombing.

LORHROK: Sir? There's no *Sizemore* repair team aboard right now. We haven't put in a work order for an external repair team in days.

DOVAN: Well, tell that to the team I just ran into working on the power conduits on Deck Seventeen.

LORHROK: (horrified) Deck Seventeen?

DOVAN: Yes, Deck Seventeen. Wh-- The brig.

(Lorhrok slaps his combadge.)

LORHROK: Lorhrok to the brig!

(The power in the room fluctuates.)

DOVAN: Engineering! This is Dovan! Report!

ADOW: *We just lost the bio-neural relays on decks sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, Cap. Looks like the base monkeys screwed it up again.*

LORHROK: (quietly) She was a base monkey not six weeks ago!

DOVAN: (quietly) Never mind that now. (to Adow) Crewman Adow, confirm power failure, Deck Seventeen!

(Pause.)

ADOW: *Confirmed! Somethin' wrong?*

DOVAN: Get security down there! **NOW!**

SCENE 204-05**LOCATION: USS EXCELSIOR – DECK 17 – CORRIDOR NEAR BRIG**

(The spy from the *Renegade*, “Operations,” finishes using an engineering tool and taps his commbadge.)

RENEGADE OPERATIONS: Tactical: this is Operations.

RENEGADE TACTICAL: *Tactical reads you five-by-five, Operations. Your status?*

OPERATIONS: Code four: secondary objective complete. Awaiting orders.

TACTICAL: *I know. We’ve witnessed the power failures from here in the Jefferies Tubes. How long until their response teams arrive?*

OPERATIONS: Estimate two-point-five minutes before *Excelsior* crew becomes aware of illicit act —

(A turbolift stops. Yubari leaps out.)

YUBARI: (Shouting) On the floor, traitors!

(She fires, striking one of the faux “engineers” who falls. The computer, detecting weapons fire, engages red alert.)

OPERATIONS: *Excelsior* security response in progress. Proceed immediately. Operations out. (addressing his men; loudly) Get down! Fan out and return fire!

(Phaser fire fills the corridor.)

LOCATION: USS EXCELSIOR – DECK 17 - JEFFERIES TUBES

(A confused “Tactical” presses his commbadge.)

TACTICAL: Operations?

(Nothing. He presses again.)

TACTICAL: Operations!

(Silence)

TACTICAL: Gentlemen, it seems our job just became rather more difficult. However, as you all know, this is nothing to one of the General's training exercises.

(The men chuckle--quietly.)

TACTICAL: Move out.

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR BRIG

(Phaser fire can be heard dimly through the walls; the red alert klaxon is quietly continuing.)

ROL: What's going on? (to Brahms) Isaac? What about Dovan? How are you going to stop the Sword of Damocles if you don't even talk to him?

BRAHMS: As a great man once said, "I'm a soldier, not a diplomat." (pause) But I will speak with Mister Dovan. I want you to tell him that. Everything that I said, I meant. I simply cannot allow something so important to be negotiated on his terms. Not with so much at stake. You understand.

ROL: I-- I don't think you should do this. It's only going to make convincing him more difficult.

BRAHMS: (surprised) You're not one to make excuses for your moral qualms, old friend. I don't have time to discuss it now. They'll be here —

(A power conduit in the far wall of the brig explodes.)

TACTICAL: (distantly relieved) General. Your status?

BRAHMS: I'm well. My stay here has been rather more productive than anticipated. What took you?

TACTICAL: Your lieutenant, Yubari, caused some... difficulties. She must have been a good agent.

BRAHMS: (gently) She still is. Just on the wrong side. We should go.

TACTICAL: Of course, sir. Will Mister Rol be accompanying us?

BRAHMS: No. He's going to deliver a message for me.

TACTICAL: I understand. Follow me, sir.

(Tactical disappears back into the tube, crawling away. Brahms walks over to the tube.)

ROL: Isaac--

BRAHMS: I'll see you soon, Lieutenant.

(Brahms disappears into the hatch.)

LOCATION: EXCELSIOR – DECK 17 – CORRIDOR NEAR BRIG

(Heavy phaser fire exchange.)

TACTICAL: *Tactical to Operations; come in, Operations.*

(Operations taps his badge to acknowledge.)

OPERATIONS: Speak.

[YUBARI: (in background while Tactical and Operations discuss) Keep firing! Yubari to team seven! I need you in position on their rear flank *now*, Mister Karash! Yes, that's an order! Yubari out! Utok! Keep working on those containment systems! And where are those hand-lights? I can't see a damn thing in here with the power going on and off!]

TACTCAL: *We've almost reached the beamout site, but we can't get out. The Excelsior has raised shields. Can you fight your way to Engineering without inflicting too many casualties on these people?*

OPERATIONS: That won't be necessary. One moment.

(He taps a control on the wall.)

(There is an explosion! The whole deck rocks. Several of the *Excelsior* security officers yell or scream in fear and surprise.)

YUBARI: Hold your ground! Keep firing! What was that?

OPERATIONS: (calmly) Operations to *Renegade*. Code eight: objective complete. *Excelsior* aft shield generator has been compromised; energize when ready.

(A moment later, the entire infiltration team beams away.)

(Eerie silence.)

DOVAN: *Yubari! What's happened? What was that explosion?*

YUBARI: They... they're gone.

DOVAN: *What? How?*

YUBARI: We made a mistake.

DOVAN: *We did?*

YUBARI: We designed our security to keep one man in. We needed to keep a dozen men out. Brahms isn't a soldier, sir. He's a leader. We can't forget that again.

SCENE 204-06**LOCATION: *EXCELSIOR* BRIDGE**

(The secondary red alert alarm is still pulsing away quietly in the background.)

DOVAN: (tense) How're those coordinates coming, Lorhrok?

LORHROK: (just as tense) Doing our best, sir. Simon, shift sensor resolution to twenty-four.

(Simon looks for and presses the appropriate buttons.)

SIMON WESTLAKE: Uh... Got it, sir.

(The turbolift doors open. Rol and Yubari step onto the bridge.)

DOVAN: Lieutenants. Yubari, report.

ROL: Sir--

DOVAN: A moment, Mister Rol. I need to find out what the damage is.

YUBARI: Nobody under my command was seriously wounded, sir. Brahms's people were using stun, same as we were.

DOVAN: I guess that makes them *civilized* barbarians, doesn't it?

ROL: Captain--

DOVAN: Don't call me that. You have something for me?

ROL: A message. From Isaa-- I mean, from the General.

(Pause.)

DOVAN: Let's hear it.

ROL: He still wants--still needs--to speak with you about the... (pause) ...about the Sword of Damocles.

(Pause.)

DOVAN: Does he? Odd way of showing affection for me.

ROL: I really don't think his concern is born of affection, sir.

DOVAN: (dry) I think you're probably right. Do you believe he's telling the truth?

ROL: I do, sir.

DOVAN: Mister Lorhrok. What do you--?

LORHROK: (interrupting curtly) Yes.

DOVAN: Then it's decided. (pause) Of course, that doesn't change anything right now. We're still bringing him in on two counts of murder.

ROL: (confused) But, sir, Brahms didn't kill Amara and Robins. I--

DOVAN: You were the murder weapon, Mister Rol, not the murderer. As far as I'm concerned, you have about as much complicity in this case as a candlestick. Right, Number One?

(Short pause.)

LORHROK: (meaningfully, but trying to appear casual) Right.

WESTLAKE: Alec, I have something! Coordinates!

LORHROK: Let me... Yes. Yes, this is good, Simon. Real good.

DOVAN: (intent) Do we have them? Where did they beam to?

(Lorhrok checks over the coordinates on screen.)

LORHROK: (confused) It looks like... it looks like they beamed into open space.

DOVAN: Well, that can't be right. Check the sensor logs. Were any ships in that spot when they beamed out? Shuttlecraft, worker bees, surprisingly conspicuous Romulan Warbird?

(Simon does so.)

WESTLAKE: ...No. No, there's nothing.

LORHROK: How about... Rol. You wouldn't happen to know anything about detecting *cloaked* starships, would you?

ROL: As a matter of fact, yes, I do. (tongue-in-cheek) An extension class at the Academy, of course.

LORHROK: Of course. Give me a hand.

(Rol commences modifying the sensor grid.)

ROL: (distractedly) There are a few basic tricks that will allow standard sensors to penetrate a weak cloak...

LORHROK: (looking on) That's "basic," is it?

ROL: There. Give it a try.

(Lorhrok activates the modified sensors, which execute a quick sensor sweep.)

LORHROK: (satisfied) There we are. (pause) Spast! Nothing!

DOVAN: It's alright, Lieutenant. We couldn't seriously expect a Starfleet vessel to be using a cloaking device. Helm, begin scanning for a warp trail we can follow. Science station--

LORHROK: Hold on a minute, sir. Simon, what's the range on our sensors?

WESTLAKE: They're configured to scan for one light year, I think.

LORHROK: No, I meant the *minimum* range.

WESTLAKE: Uh... Fifty meters?

LORHROK: That sounds right. And it would be *just* enough...

(He begins reconfiguring the sensor array again.)

DOVAN: Lieutenant?

(The computer beeps in affirmation.)

LORHROK: Yes! I've got one cloaked ship holding position right above our engineering hull. It's a tiny little thing, less than half the size of the *Defiant*. They'd be brushing our shields if they got any closer. Clever place to hide.

DOVAN: We have them! Mr. Rol, Ms. Yubari, meet me in transporter room--

LORHROK: Sir, I'm afraid it is my duty as first officer to remind you that your place is on the bridge.

DOVAN: I-- (disappointed) Oh. (reluctant) Alright. Take an away team. Get over there. Bring back Brahms.

LORHROK: Will do, sir. He has a lot to answer for. A lot to answer for. Mister Rol? Miz Yubari? With me. And--this ship has a marine detachment, doesn't it? Time to use it. Yubari, have them meet us in transporter room one. Let's move.