

THE WRIGHT STUFF



Vol XVII ♦ No 6

The Official Newsletter of the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk ♦ NCC-1659

Nov / Dec 2006





THE WRIGHT STUFF

Volume 17 - Number 6

is a publication of the *U.S.S. Kitty Hawk*, the Raleigh, N.C., chapter of STARFLEET, an international *STAR TREK* fan organization. This publication is provided free of charge to all chapter members in good standing. Subscriptions for non-members are \$12.00 per year (six issues). Please address all correspondence to CATBIRD Publications, 5017 Glen Forest Dr., Raleigh, N.C. 27612. This publication is a non-profit enterprise and is not meant to infringe upon any copyright or trademark held by Paramount Pictures, Gulf & Western, or any other holder of *STAR TREK* copyrights or trademarks. Unless otherwise noted, ENTIRE CONTENTS ARE COPYRIGHT © 2006 CATBIRD Publications, THE WRIGHT STUFF. Nothing in whole or in part may be used without the written permission of the publisher. *THE WRIGHT STUFF* assumes all material submitted for publication is gratis. The publisher and editors reserve the right to edit all submissions.

Publisher J.R. Fisher
Editors Jane Fisher
John Troan



CONTENTS

A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT	3
J.R. Fisher	
DEEP SPACE NINE - <i>AN OLD FRIEND</i>	3
Brad McDonald	
FRONT PAGE PHOTO CREDIT	7
UPCOMING EVENTS	8



TOOL BOX: Pentium IV-3.0GHz; HP LaserJet 1200 & DeskJet 722C; Lotus WordPro; Adobe Acrobat.

IMAGES - Title Banner

Wright Flyer from NASA/Ames PAO photo archive; *U.S.S. Kitty Hawk* (USN CV-63) from navicp.navy.mil; *Constitution* class cruiser from gwu.edu/~rljones/khawk.

IMAGE - Featured Front Page

Shuttle *Discovery* liftoff from KSC Pad 39B on mission STS-116. This mission was for the delivery of Truss P5 and changing the power hookups to the permanent setup, readying the station for the additional reserach labs and solar panels.

A View From the Catbird Seat

By J.R. Fisher



We want to wish everyone the very best and happiest of holidays with the added wish for safe travel for those of you who will be in transit

this holiday season!

We have contacted Duke Radio-thon about working their phones on the 14th of February from 6:30 until 9 p.m. They have room for 6 people. They requested additional help in the 4 to 7 p.m. shift that day, if any of you can spare the time.

Also, have called PBS (UNC-TV) regards working two Saturday night shifts during festival and hopefully they will give us a couple of dates at the first of the year. We will be needing 20 plus crew for each occasion.

Perhaps most importantly, we have tentatively asked for Sunday evening, 7 p.m., January 21st, 2007,

as our annual holiday/anniversary dinner at the Kanki restaurant. This is a request at this point; we will keep you posted as plans are firmed up. Please reserve your seats.

At the last meeting, those present voted to send the Lewis family in Charleston a check in the amount of five hundred dollars to assist them in their current difficulties. We talked with Carl recently, and he and Rita very much appreciate our help. His disability has been approved but as usual with government programs, they will not get a check until May, 2007. Thus, our assistance may be required again between now and then. If you wish to make a personal donation above what we have given or may give from the treasury, please contact me as to the best way to do so.

Again, I ask that all members check their membership status in Starfleet and get your renewals in. While we are safe at the moment, a

number of you are not current. When you receive your renewal packets, please send or bring me your assignment card.

As we start a new year, I hope everyone will consider becoming more active on the ship and increase your participation, particularly in regards to articles for the newsletter. Department heads in particular need to meet the requirements of your position and submit reports at meeting and to the newsletter.

This coming year has a great deal of potential for us as a crew. The prospect of being involved with a local convention is the kind of thing that we should all be excited about as we work together towards common goals.

We know that the talent is there. You are the crew of the *U.S.S. Kitty Hawk*, a proud ship, with a proud name. Show us that you have the Wright Stuff.

Esse Quam Videri

DEEP SPACE NINE - "An Old Friend"

By Brad McDonald

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PROMENADE - UPPER LEVEL
- WIDE ANGLE

Sisko approaches Odo, who is watching Torm Breeka, below. Odo is partially concealed by a support beam, but Torm seems oblivious to his presence anyway.

SISKO

You wanted to see me Odo?

ODO

(indicating Torm)

He's been a busy boy.

(beat, then:)

So far, he's sent three messages and had two drinks at Quark's; been there ever since.

Sisko studies the Nausicaan a moment, then looks back at Odo.

SISKO

(confused)

He's not doing anything.

ON ODO

ODO

Precisely. Right now, there are two arms merchants and three less - than - reputable importers in Quark's bar. He should be doing a bit of business.

SISKO (V.O.)

(o.c.; realizing)

He's just killing time.

ODO

Correct. I'd say he's keeping an eye on Sarek and the station.

TWO SHOT

SISKO

(to Odo)

For whom?

ODO

Maybe this will help.

Odo produces a data padd from inside his tunic and hands it to Sisko.

ODO

It's a copy of the last two signals I missed the first one, but I was ready for the others.

SISKO

(reading)

I'll have Dax give them a look

--

ODO

I've done it already. Look at the last section.

ON SISKO

Sisko tabs a few controls and studies the readout.

SISKO

(reading)

Subspace, scrambled and relayed.

ODO (V.O.)

(o.c.)

Precisely. Look at the band analysis.

SISKO

(wide-eyed)

Cardassian or Romulan!

TWO SHOT - CLOSEUP

There's a moment of silence between the two, then Odo speaks.

ODO

Complicates things just a bit, doesn't it?

The look on Sisko's face says it all.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - DEEP SPACE NINE - AURORA BOREALIS IN DOCK (OPTICAL)

INT. SISKO'S OFFICE - ON SISKO

Present are Sisko, Dax and Odo. Sisko sits behind his desk with Dax opposite. Odo is pacing, restlessly.

SISKO

I've got a decision to make and I want your input. Using the evidence we have before us now, our v.i.p. is an impostor. Question is, what do we do now? I'm open to suggestions, but my first instinct is to simplify our situation. Arrest our 'guests' and turn them over to Starfleet Command.

WIDE ANGLE

DAX

I'm not so sure. We still don't have a very clear picture as to why all of this is happening.

ODO

(moving)

I'm inclined to agree. Too many questions, especially Torm Breeka.

SISKO

(thoughtfully)

All right. What is the next step?

There's an uncomfortable silence for a long moment, then Dax offers a suggestion.

DAX

Let me pilot the Orinoco, just as planned.

TWO SHOT - SISKO AND DAX

SISKO

(uncertain)

I'm not to sure about that. You'd be too far away to help if something does go wrong.

DAX

(hopeful)

What about the Defiant? Cloaked, it could follow me all the way into Cardassian Space, if necessary.

SISKO

Not possible. Every available person on this station is working with the refugees. O'Brien is even officially relieved of duty by Bashir's orders. How can I crew the Defiant?

WIDE ANGLE

The office becomes quiet again. Each officer is trying to come up with a viable solution. In a few beats, Odo stops pacing and offers a suggestion.

ODD

I could go...

Sisko stares at the changeling.

SISKO

I can't afford to loose you any more than I can afford to loose Dax.

(beat, then; smiling)

Besides, she's a better pilot.

ODO

She can still be the pilot. I'll just go along for the ride. I can blend in with the woodwork, so to speak. If our 'guest' tries anything...

Sisko thinks about the idea. It's obvious that he doesn't want to relinquish his authority to someone else, especially Command.

SISKO

Not a bad idea, Odo. What do you think. Dax?

DAX

I like it, Benjamin.

(beat, then:)

One suggestion, it might help us to know who we're dealing with. Let Bashir give the 'ambassador' a quick scan on the way to the Orinoco.

ODO

(enthusiastic)

I'll get, an extra security uniform for the doctor, he'll blend in with the rest of the security detail.

SISKO

(smiling)

You know something, you're really devious people.

QUARK'S BAR - WIDE ANGLE

The bar and casino are bedlam, mostly due to Bingham and his crew. Quark is obviously dismayed. Rom is very busy trying to keep up with bar orders, with the help of several n.d. workers.

ROM

(to Quark)

We need more clean glasses.

QUARK

(distracted)

Huh? Oh. yes. Get Nog working on it.

Rom nods and hurries off with a tray full of dirty dishes. Quark watches him

and notices Bingham coming his way. He's trapped and can't avoid another confrontation.

BINGHAM
(loud and drunk)

Quark! You little worm! You let someone else in one of my holosuites!

QUARK
(nervous)

Well, actually, he had a reservation...

BINGHAM
(laughing loudly)

No problem! I already threw him out on his ear!

(beat, then; loudly)

Have a good day!

Bingham turns and leaves.

ON QUARK - CLOSEUP

QUARK
(depressed)

I've got to get him out of here, somehow, before he ruins me.

ODO'S OFFICE

Odo is waiting for Bashir to finish dressing. Sisko and Dax are checking out a tricorder on Odo's desk. Quark comes storming in interrupting the work and the silence. His timing is very bad.

QUARK
(agitated)

Odo! You have to do something about Captain Bingham!

ODO
Not now, Quark!

QUARK
(adamant)

I must get him out. before he ruins my business. Commander!?

SISKO
(unsympathetic)

You seemed glad to have his business yesterday.

QUARK
But he's going to ruin me.

ODO
(sarcastic)

What a shame.

Sisko gives Odo a stare. then turns to Quark.

SISKO

Quark. Bingham and his crew will be able to leave in a day or two. Until then, he's doing me a favor by staying.

(beat, then:)

Now, if you have nothing else...

Sisko returns to his work, turning his back on Quark.

STATION CORRIDOR

A security team is escorting Sarek to the Orinoco. Sisko is walking next to the ambassador, while two security people lead the way. Four more security people, plus Bashir and Dax, trail behind. Bashir is taking his readings surreptitiously. The whole group is in motion, camera follows action.

SISKO
(walking)

You'll be on your way in fifteen minutes, Ambassador, just a little ahead of schedule.

SAREK
(walking)

Your efforts are greatly appreciated, Commander. Should my attempt to rectify the current difficulties prove worthy, you should feel a sense of accomplishment as well.

SISKO
(walking)

Thank you. Ambassador.

AIRLOCK ENTRY - WIDE ANGLE

The group arrives at the airlock. The security team spreads out, facing away from the airlock, at the ready. Julian stands to one side, with Sarek, Dax and Sisko at the airlock door.

SISKO

Ambassador, a successful journey. Long live and prosper.

Sisko gives the traditional hand salute.

SAREK
(returning salute)

Long live and prosper. You honor me by the correct, ancient phrasing of the traditional greeting.

Sarek then heads through the airlock door. When he's out of view. Sisko turns to Bashir.

BASHIR

What was that all about?

SISKO

Something I read about Vulcan history. I was hoping to trip him up. So what did you find out?

BASHIR
(simply)

He's a Romulan.

Sisko moves closer to Dax and speaks quietly. His worry is apparent, as is his concern for a dear, old friend.

SISKO
(quietly)

Watch your back, Dax.

DAX
(smiling)

That's Odo's job. He boarded the runabout ten minutes ago.

(beat, then:)

I'll be careful, Benjamin, don't worry. As soon as we figure out what he's up to, we'll put him in the 'brig' and head home.

Dax turns and heads off to board the Orinoco. Sisko watches as the airlock hatch rolls to a close.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - THE ORINOCO
(OPTICAL)

The Orinoco is coming out of warp speed and slowing to sub-light. The surrounding space is devoid of any planets or other bodies.

INT. ORINOCO - COMMAND AREA

Dax is in the pilot's seat, Sarek is occupying the copilot's seat, although he is doing little other than observing

the passage of space and time. He seems to be preoccupied and remains quiet until Dax addresses him directly.

DAX
(working)

We are at the rendezvous point, Ambassador. Shouldn't we be receiving a signal?

SAREK

Patience. They are no doubt checking to see if we were followed. Do not be concerned. Lieutenant.

Dax works her sensor controls in hopes of locating the Maquis ship. After a few moments, she turns to Sarek and comments on her findings.

DAX

That should be obvious! There's not another ship in this sector.

Sarek stands as if to ease a weary body.

SAREK
(rising)

Perhaps, perhaps not. I suppose one could be following, if it were cloaked.

DAX
(busy)

Not much of a chance of that. Klingons and Romulans don't visit this sector very often.

Sarek moves to the rear of the command area. He is now behind Dax, out of her view and ours.

SAREK (V.O.)
(o.c.)

I agree, but, then there is the Defiant.

Dax turns to face the ambassador. His last statement sounded more like an accusation than a statement of fact.

DAX
(turning)

But why would you worry about --

TWO SHOT - DAX AND SAREK

She now notices that Sarek is holding a weapon on her, and reacts accordingly.

SAREK

I am not worried. Since my associate has not signaled a warning, I must assume that the Defiant remains docked at Deep Space Nine.

DAX
{motionless}

What now, wait for the Maquis to rescue you?

SAREK
(sly smile)

Hardly. Those fools are a mere tool in a much larger plan.

(beat, then:)

Once it is proved that the Federation was working a deal to supply arms to the Maquis --

DAX
(controlled anger)

No one will believe it.

SAREK

They will be forced to when they find this runabout with you and the Maquis arms dealer, Silsbee, together.

DAX
(tentative)

And my testimony?

SAREK

Won't be available.

(beat, then:)

Neither will you.

Sarek refocuses the weapon and begins to 'go for the kill'.

DAX
(tense)

Wait! Can I at least know why I must die?

ON SAREK

SAREK
(shrugging)

Why not? We have a little time to 'kill'.

(beat, then:)

I represent Romulan interests. We are currently working on an alliance with Cardassia. This little scenario will enable the Cardassians to act against the Maquis without interference from

Starfleet. They will be too busy trying to explain this incident... and others.

DAX (V.O.)
(o.c.; realizing)

Others? You mean you plan on conducting more acts like this?

SAREK
(smiling)

My dear young lady, by the time my special team is finished, there will be open hostilities between the Federation and Cardassia.

(beat, then:)

The Romulan Empire should make a considerable difference this time, don't you agree?

TWO SHOT - DAX AND SAREK

DAX

I think I've heard enough. How about you, Odo?

SAREK
(shaking head)

An old, tired trick, Lieutenant. Before you boarded this ship, I checked it out thoroughly. And there has been no transporter activity either.

ODO (V.O.)
(o.c.)

Maybe not so thoroughly. Please put down your weapon. sir.

TWO SHOT - ODO AND SAREK (OPTICAL)

Sarek reacts instinctively and turns to fire, but Odo drops him quickly, with a phaser stun. Dax moves in closer.

TWO SHOT - ODO AND DAX - WIDE ANGLE

The pair checks the stunned alien for further weapons and other items.

DAX
(smiling; searching)

I love your entrances .

ODO
(searching)

I wonder what's supposed to happen now?

Odo pulls a small device from a hidden pocket and examines it.

ODO
(examining object)

It appears to be a receiver. No doubt what he was referring to earlier, about not getting his warning from Torm.

Dax stands up and surveys the cabin area.

DAX
(standing)
So, what do we do?

Odo also stands, and studies the impostor with contempt.

ODO
(standing)
First, we secure him in the aft compartment. then... we wait.

EXT. SPACE - THE ORINOCO

DAX
(exasperated)
Odo, it's been over an hour. How much longer should we wait before we give up?

ODO
(bored)
Not much longer. I get the feeling our friend must have got the directions wrong. Perhaps the Maquis aren't as stupid as the Romulans think.

DAX
Maybe there was a recognition signal that we don't know about.

The control board chirps a warning signal and Dax turns her attention to the problem. In a moment, she turns to face Odo.

DAX
(smiling)
It's the Maquis, heading for us.

ODO
Should be interesting. I'll go check on our 'friend', before we get busy.

Odo stands and goes to perform his task.

EXT. SPACE - THE ORINOCO AND MAQUIS SHIP (OPTICAL)

The Orinoco is still as the Maquis ship approaches, slowly.

INT. ORINOCO - COMMAND AREA

As before, Dax is in the pilot's seat, Odo returns with something in his hand and sits in the copilot's seat.

DAX
(curious; pointing)
What's that?

ODO
A Vulcan IDIC medallion, but there's more to it than that.

He turns the medallion over to reveal a hidden compartment and a collection of pills inside.

DAX
(pointing)
What are those?

ODO
He was trying to take one. Probably a poison to prevent capture, typically Romulan.

DAX
We should analyze it --

The comm board chirps, distracting Dax once again. She taps a few controls, then turns to face Odo.

DAX
The Maquis are hailing us. I'd better respond.

ODO
Here we go.

DAX
(working)
Orinoco to Maquis ship. This is Lieutenant Dax, pilot of the runabout Orinoco...

ORINOCO - NEW ANGLE ON THE VIEWER (OPTICAL)

The face of Silsbee appears on the screen. He is very suspicious.

SILSBEE
(frowning)
Where is the ambassador?

DAX
Resting in the aft compartment. The journey

was more of a strain than he had planned on.

Out of view, Odo barely suppresses a laugh.

SILSBEE
I must speak to him before --

Silsbee's attention is diverted by something out of view.

EXT. SPACE - ORINOCO, MAQUIS SHIP AND ROMULAN SHIP (OPTICAL)

The warbird finishes decloaking between the two smaller craft and to one side. These positions form an equilateral triangle.

INT. ORINOCO - COMMAND - ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

Both Dax and Odo react visibly to the scene outside, as seen through the viewports. On the viewer, Silsbee is also reacting to the appearance of the Romulan ship.

Off their reactions...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

Front Page Photo Credit
From NASA.gov

Against a black night sky, the Space Shuttle Discovery and its seven-member crew head toward Earth-orbit and a scheduled link-up with the International Space Station. Liftoff from the Kennedy Space Center's launch pad 39B occurred at 8:47 p.m. (EST) on Dec. 9, 2006 in what was the first evening shuttle launch since 2002. The STS-116 crew will link up with the station on Monday, Dec. 11, to begin a complex, week-long stay that will rewire the outpost and increase its power supply. During three spacewalks and intricate choreography with ground controllers, the astronauts will bring electrical power on line generated by a giant solar array wing delivered to the station in September.

Upcoming Events

Jan	6	4 p.m. Ship Meeting, Fisher Home
	21	<i>Tentative</i> date for anniversary dinner, Crabtree Kanki
Feb	3	4 p.m. Ship Meeting, Fisher Home
	14	Duke Radio-thon
	TBD	UNC-TV night(s)

DON'T FORGET TO CHECK YOUR STARFLEET STATUS

THE WRIGHT STUFF
U.S.S. KITTY HAWK
P.O. BOX 52112
RALEIGH NC 27612-2112