

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

11x06 - "Two Steps Forward."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine

and from the post-finale novels
by Pocket Books

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING

The usual establishing shot, tight on the Promenade.

2 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

The bar, middling-busy as usual. Major CENN perches on a stool, watching the crowd go about their business.

QUARK returns to his place behind the bar, bringing a tray of empty glasses and plates. As he puts them into the dishwasher, he watches Cenn watching the others.

QUARK

That takes me back.

CENN

I beg your pardon?

QUARK

You just remind me of a former security officer who used to sit there, in his beige uniform, sternly watching my customers.

Cenn turns away, unimpressed. Quark follows his eyeline. He's gazing at TREIR, working the dabo table as usual.

QUARK

He also used to pine for a woman he was never going to get too.

CENN

If you're referring to Odo and Captain Kira, it was my understanding that they did eventually begin a relationship. Not that it's any of your business.

QUARK

You're right, they did. But only
with my help.

Cenn takes the hint. He asks, scared to hear the answer...

CENN

(re Treir)

Is she still with...

He nods towards upstairs, to where the holosuites are.

QUARK

Like you said, none of my business.
I don't pry into my employees'
personal lives. I prefer to think
they don't have any. And I would
certainly would never set up the
holosuites to record everything
that goes on and send a live feed
to my quarters, late at night. That
would be wrong.

Cenn looks at him askance, not sure whether to take him
seriously or not. Quark settles in and gazes curiously.

QUARK

I don't know quite what to make of
you, Major.

CENN

I'm sorry to be an inconvenience.

QUARK

You see, I always knew what to
expect from Odo. And from Ro.
You... you blow hot and cold. But
I'm starting to think it may be
simpler than I ever realised. I
think your moods are tied to one
very basic, straight-forward
variable - whether Treir has paid
any attention to you.

Cenn spins on him, incensed and fighting not to rise to the bait. He decides the best thing he can do is go.

CENN

(icy)

Thank you for your hospitality,
Ambassador.

QUARK

(breezy)

Does that mean you don't want to
hear about the Cardassians?

Cenn spins back again, astonished and curious.

CENN

What?

QUARK

You didn't see the ship that's
parked outside right now?

CENN

Of course I saw it. How do you
know about it?

QUARK

Eyes and ears, Major. That's how.
But to know why they're here...
ah, that takes focus. Not futile
obsession with the unobtainable.

Cenn's expression makes it clear he doesn't know why the Cardassians are here. And he hates that.

QUARK

You should stick by me, Major. I
can make you a better detective.

CENN

(derisive)

You?

QUARK

I've stood here for more than a decade watching two of the best. Odo got half his intel from me, you know. Although of course he'd rather die than admit it.

CENN

And you'll teach me... for some concession in return, no doubt.

QUARK

Everything's worth something.

CENN

Tell me what you know, Quark.

QUARK

In return for what?

Quark is completely relaxed, knowing he has the upper hand here. Cenn struggles to think of what he can offer...

3 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING

Now a wider shot, so that we can see a Cardassian Galor-class ship docked at an upper pylon.

4 INT. DS9 - WARD ROOM

The door opens and Cenn enters, to find a senior staff meeting just starting to coalesce - others arriving, milling about. Cenn goes straight to Captain VAUGHN, who is at the head of the room chatting amiably with Cmdr RO.

CENN

Captain... I've just received some very interesting intel I thought you should know about... regarding the Cardassians.

VAUGHN

Really. Well, I must congratulate you on your intelligence network, Major. In fact, that's the very reason I've called this meeting.

Cenn is a bit caught off guard. Vaughn turns to the room.

VAUGHN

Take a seat, everyone, please.
Let's get this thing started.

The room gradually comes to order. Vaughn remains standing at the head, but Ro sits at his right, BOWERS at his left, and BASHIR, NOG, CANDLEWOOD and Cenn along both sides.

VAUGHN

Now, as anyone who has looked out of a window can see, we have some visitors. The Cardassians have sent a delegation, who will be joining us momentarily.

CANDLEWOOD

I thought the Cardassians had sealed their borders, after the last Castellan was assassinated.

NOG

And because of that plague.

VAUGHN

That's rather the point, gentlemen. The plague is under control, and a new Castellan was recently appointed via democratic election. The new government has opted to return to normalised diplomatic relations with the Federation.

BOWERS

That's good news, then.

VAUGHN

Potentially. The *Trager* has been dispatched to ferry Cardassia's new ambassador to the Federation. He will sign formal documents here as the closest Federation outpost

to Cardassia, before continuing on
to his permanent post on Earth.

BASHIR

And who have they sent?

A familiar voice comes from the newly opened door...

GARAK

Really, Doctor...

They all turn to see GARAK standing in the doorway, flanked
by one Starfleet and one Cardassian guard.

GARAK (cont)

You're slipping. You couldn't have
figured that out for yourself?

As they all react, and Garak stands there with that
irritating know-it-all smirk on his face...

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. DS9 - WARD ROOM

Garak has now entered the room, with the two security officers taking up position out in the corridor. Garak takes the seat at the other end of the table. He shares a warm and welcoming smile with Bashir.

GARAK

It's good to see you again,
Doctor.

(to Nog)

And you, Lieutenant. But I'm
afraid the majority of you are
rather new faces.

RO

Which of course doesn't mean you
don't know all about us.

GARAK

(broad smile)

A good ambassador must always be
prepared, Commander Ro. I must say
I'm rather looking forward to
strolling around my old haunts.
I'm sure the place has quite
fallen apart without me.

VAUGHN

This is an informal meeting, a
chance to explain the situation.
The formal ceremony will take
place tomorrow, after you've had a
chance to rest.

GARAK

(pursing)

Entirely unnecessary, I assure
you. I've never been one for the
limelight. I'd much rather get on
with the job at hand.

VAUGHN

Very well. Our understanding is that your people have a new leader.

GARAK

Correct. May I?

Garak holds up a computer chip. At Vaughn's permission, he enters the chip into a slot in the table and presses a few buttons. The wall screen changes to show the image of a middle-aged Cardassian woman, iron-haired and dignified.

GARAK

Her name is Rakena Garan. A former member of the Cardassian Judiciary, she rose to prominence last year.

RO

Which party does she represent?

GARAK

The Reunion Project.

The room relaxes - they're the good guys.

GARAK (cont)

Contrary to some expectations, the Cardassian people chose not to embrace fear and fingerpointing... this time. However, despite her party's general favourability towards the Federation, Castellan Garan has sensibly learned from the lessons of her predecessor.

BASHIR

Meaning what?

GARAK

There are many who believe that Castellan Ghemor was killed as a direct result of his pro-

Federation leanings. Garan has no intention of making the same mistake. Matters will proceed much more slowly this time.

RO

But she sent you.

GARAK

And only me. Garan is willing to be close to the Federation... but not too close. An office will be established on Earth, but I will be the sole Cardassian to inhabit it. A situation I am quite familiar with.

They wince in sympathy - Garak just smiles back.

6 EXT. BAJOR - ESTABLISHING

The Ashalla monastery, where the sunny day is broken by the distant sound of angrily shouting voices.

7 INT. ASHALLA MONASTERY - ATRIUM

The room is repaired now, after the Ascendant attack. KIRA and RAIQ are both sat by the open-air windows, gazing out onto the countryside. Kira is troubled - she can hear the shouts and cries of angry people out there.

Raiq just sighs dramatically.

RAIQ

Is this more of your people's supposed religious freedom?

KIRA

Don't the Ascendants ever have disagreements?

RAIQ

If we do, the Cardinal issues a decree and we all accept it. We do

not shout and gnash our teeth like
sub-civilised savages.

KIRA

They're expressing their views.
It's what democracy is all about.

RAIQ

Democracy?! Everything I learn
about you Bajorans makes you more
of a stranger to me. You follow
the law of your gods. Anything
else and you die.

KIRA

We don't work that way. Bajorans
are a passionate people. If we
killed someone every time they
disagreed, we'd have no-one left.

RAIQ

What are they even arguing about?

KIRA

You. They know you're here. And
they don't like it.

RAIQ

Let them try to hurt me.

KIRA

It's not just that. They also know
the Cardassians are back.

RAIQ

Who?

KIRA

They come from another world near
here. They invaded and enslaved us
for decades before we drove them
off. If we're the Eav'oq, the
Cardassians are our... you.

RAIQ

Do they also shame the True?

KIRA

In a manner of speaking. It turns out they had an ancient religion of their own. And yes, it was based around the Prophets. They called them the Fates.

RAIQ

So many names. It is despicable.

KIRA

What do you mean?

RAIQ

The True are Unnameable. They are beyond names. Anyone who tries to name them must be burned out.

KIRA

(sigh)

You sure do love killing people.

RAIQ

The True demand it.

KIRA

We don't think so.

RAIQ

Then what of those out there? Are they not fighting?

KIRA

Of course. But think about it. How did you feel when you found out about us? That someone else followed the same gods as you?

RAIQ

Repulsed. Disgusted.

KIRA

So imagine how they must feel. Not only is there another race, it's a race they already hated. A race

who brutally killed and raped their families and friends. The Occupation has only been over for a decade. The wound is still fresh for a lot of us. So it's no surprise they'd be upset. They'd see it as a perversion of everything they love.

RAIQ

As I said. And so they fight.

KIRA

Yes, but that's my point. They may fight, but they don't kill.

YEVIR (o.s.)

I only hope it stays that way.

Kira turns in surprise, and sees Vedek YEVIR standing in the room. He presumably heard all of that. Kira is not especially pleased, but tries to remain diplomatic.

RAIQ

Who is this?

KIRA

Raiq, meet Vedek Yevir. Former candidate for Kai, current leader of the Oralian Way... the very religion we were just discussing.

RAIQ

But you are Bajoran. A Bajoran leads a Cardassian religion?

YEVIR

Simply another way of seeing the glory of the Prophets. A pleasure to meet you, Raiq.

KIRA

Why are you here, Vedek?

YEVIR

Those protests are becoming ever more rancorous. I fear they may erupt into violence. They have already disrupted the monastery.

(re Raiq)

Since you and I are the common focus of their rage, we have a common goal. Come back with me to the Oralian Temple at Janir. I can protect you there.

KIRA

You? "Protect" me?

RAIQ

(re outside)

If it gets us away from that idiocy, I am happy to leave.

KIRA

Even though it's yet another group who shame the True?

RAIQ

One heretic is as damned as any other in my eyes. Let us be gone, woman.

Kira looks back at Yevir, unsure if she can trust him...

8 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR

A door opens and the senior staff file out of the wardroom, the meeting being over. Bashir and Garak stroll together, two old friends catching up. The Cardassian and Starfleet security trail them at a polite distance.

GARAK

I'm afraid your confidence in me might be misplaced, Doctor. I am not at all certain this is the job for me.

BASHIR

You'll be the perfect ambassador, Garak. Who else on Cardassia could possibly be more used to dealing with the Federation than you?

GARAK

The castellan made much the same case. "The Union requires a service only you can provide." Or perhaps she simply wanted to get rid of me.

BASHIR

Why would she want that?

GARAK

My disagreement with her policies has been plain. And in my day, disagreements were solved at the point of a knife. Not with discussion and compromise.

Garak stops, looks both ways to make sure he's not being overheard. Then he leans in to Bashir...

GARAK

What if I just started murdering people again? It would be so much more efficient.

BASHIR

(indulgent smile)

You never needed to kill to make your point before.

GARAK

Ah, but how comforting to have it as an option.

They enter a turbolift, prepared by security...

9 **INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

A turbolift door opens and Garak and Bashir walk out again. Garak looks around wistfully at the familiar surroundings.

GARAK

On the other hand, I did pledge
loyalty to her government. So here
I am.

A bit of a crowd has gathered, drawn by gossip about the
Cardassians opening their borders. The atmosphere is mostly
curious, only a tiny hint of hostile. Garak and Bashir head
towards his old shop, preceded and tailed by security.

GARAK

I think I preferred when no-one
knew who I was. All of this
celebrity, it makes me uneasy.
It's... vulnerable.

BASHIR

It's only for a day or so. Once
you get to Earth, you'll be the
mysterious lone Cardassian again.

GARAK

Thank you, Doctor. That's most
reassuring.

Just as they pass the shrine, a PHASER shot screams past
Bashir's ear and barely misses Garak, burning into a wall.
Bashir LEAPS onto Garak, pushing him down.

BASHIR

Get down!

The security officers are instantly in action, Starfleet
and Cardassian alike, placing themselves in front of Garak
and Bashir, weapons out. But they do not fire back - too
many civilians in the way.

As the crowd reacts, panicking, running, more PHASER shots
fire from somewhere on the upper level. The shots miss
again - this is not a particularly talented assassin.

A figure can be seen dashing away, losing himself in the
crowd. The security can't see where he went.

BASHIR
Catch them! Go!

The two Starfleet officers give chase, phasers out. The two Cardassian soldiers stay with Garak and Bashir.

On Garak, as he looks seriously pissed about this...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS

Garak is hustled into the room, security on all sides. Bashir and Vaughn are with him, trying to placate him.

GARAK

Captain Vaughn, I must protest.

VAUGHN

It's for your own protection,
Ambassador.

GARAK

I hardly need your protection,
Captain. I assure you I am very
capable of handling this matter
myself. And I intend to.

BASHIR

Major Cenn and his officers are
handling it, Garak. You need to
stay safe in here.

GARAK

Do you really expect me to sit
quietly and do nothing while
someone wants me dead? Doctor, I
think you forget who I am.

VAUGHN

You're a government dignitary.
It's our job to ensure your safety
while you're here. And we will do
it, whether you want us to or not.

(to security)

Lock the door behind us.

Vaughn leaves with a determined scowl, and Bashir with a sympathetic wince. One Starfleet and one Cardassian officer stay inside the room, by the door. Garak watches them go, frustrated and angry.

11 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE

Vaughn SLAMS his hands down on the security desk, furious.

VAUGHN

What the hell happened?

Cenn is behind the desk, nervous, blaming himself. Ro is also with them.

CENN

I'm sorry, Captain. It was a failure of security. I take responsibility.

VAUGHN

I hope you're not saying it was a mistake to put a Bajoran in charge of a Cardassian's safety.

RO

(shocked)

Captain!

Ro's angry, accusing expression and Cenn's abject horror at the very idea let Vaughn know he's gone too far. He steps back, gets himself under control.

VAUGHN

I apologise, Major. That was out of line.

(beat)

Do you have any suspects?

CENN

Actually, I know exactly who it is. The security cameras outside Quark's caught him right away.

Cenn works his panels, and an image comes up on the screens on the back wall. It shows a still of the scene outside the bar, on the upper level, as the crowd begins to scatter and panic after the shooting.

The image ZOOMS in closer, revealing one figure in civilian clothes, holding the phaser, just beginning to run. He is a Bajoran male, mid-40s, ordinary looks, name of LUKA.

RO

So how did you identify him?

CENN

Because he's been here before.
This is from before my time...

Cenn works the panels again, bringing up a second image - a mugshot of the same man, clearly taken in DS9 security.

CENN

His name is Luka Tirem, and you
arrested him about two-and-a-half
years ago.

Ro leans in to inspect the record alongside the mugshot, her own report, and realises...

RO

The Ohalu protest in the shrine...

FLASHBACK - 8x20 "TWIST OF FAITH"

Vedek Capril is trying to hold a service, but more and more people in the crowd are standing up, dramatically dropping their earrings, and chanting aloud. Among them is Mika, the former *pagh*-Wraith cultist, now Vedek Yevir's assistant.

CROWD

For Kira Nerys, the Truthgiver.
For Kira Nerys, the Truthgiver.

Ro appears, wearing her Bajoran uniform as in season 8.

RO

Those of you who are disturbing
this shrine must leave now. If you
do not leave voluntarily, we will

take you into custody. This is
your final warning.

In NEW MATERIAL, we also see that one of the protesters is
Luka, the same guy on Cenn's screens now. He seems angrier
than the others, less willing to stand down.

BACK TO SCENE

That same face is now on Cenn's security screens...

RO

I remember him now. He was one of
the ones who didn't want to go
quietly. I had to arrest him.

VAUGHN

So he's an Ohalavar.

CENN

According to his record, rather an
extreme one. He's been spotted at
several of the more violent pro-
Ohalu demonstrations over the past
few years. Arrested at more than
one of them.

VAUGHN

If he's such a threat, why is he
walking free?

CENN

He's hardly a hardened criminal,
Captain. He's never gone further
than minor affray or disruption.

VAUGHN

Until now. So what does he have
against Garak?

RO

He's seriously hardcore Ohalu.
Maybe he heard this news about his
religion and the Oralian Way

religion coming from the same source - the Eav'oq.

VAUGHN

So it's not Garak himself that Luka's mad at, it's the Oralian Way. And Garak's just a symbol.

RO

A conveniently accessible one.

VAUGHN

Not anymore. He's locked down tight. But there are several other issues to address. Such as, why were we not alerted as soon as this man came aboard the station, and how did he get a weapon aboard?

CENN

(cowed)

I take responsibility for those lapses, Captain.

RO

To be fair, sir, I did warn you that Major Cenn was acting as both security chief and liaison officer. Something along these lines was probably inevitable.

Cenn is grateful for Ro's support, especially as he worries that Quark was right - it was Treir distracting him.

VAUGHN

(sigh)

And of course it just happened to come at the worst possible time.

RO

Always the way.

VAUGHN

Have your deputies managed to locate him yet?

CENN

No, sir. He lost himself in the crowd before they could catch up.

VAUGHN

Alright. Lock down the station, no ships dock or undock, all civilians in their quarters. I want every inch of this place scoured until we find him.

RO

That may not be the best idea.

VAUGHN

And why not?

RO

I think we can be sure this is an isolated event. If we disrupt the civilian population of the station, it'll become a bigger mess than it already is.

VAUGHN

They'll be locked down and safe, and more importantly, out of our way. We already missed a solid opportunity to take him out because there were too many civilians around.

RO

Captain, you can't turn this into a police state. Cenn and I will catch him, don't worry about that. But martial law won't help anyone. You'll only create a panic.

Vaughn grumbles for a moment, but reluctantly agrees.

VAUGHN

Fine. On your watch, Commander.
Keep me informed.

He turns and exits to the Promenade. Cenn turns to Ro.

CENN

He likes to say "locked down",
doesn't he?

RO

(smirk)

It's his tactical background. He
dislikes loose ends. So what's the
progress on finding this guy? He
can't have gone far.

CENN

No, he can't. I've got all my
deputies out on foot, and Nog and
Candlewood going through security
footage for me. So far nothing,
but we're only just getting
started. We'll find him.

CUT TO:

12 INT. DS9 - CARGO BAY

Dark and abandoned. Luka crouches on the deck, back against
a bulkhead, cradling himself, angry and scared and tearful.
He BANGS his head against the wall behind him as he talks.

LUKA

Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid,
stupid, stupid... you had your
chance and you screwed it up.
Should have picked somewhere else,
more isolated... but then he might
have seen me. Now he's gonna track
me down... Should have got it
right first time. Stupid, stupid,
stupid...

He flinches, terrified, at some imagined sound across the cargo bay, in the dark. His eyes dart about, panicked.

LUKA

Gotta get outta here. Gotta go,
gotta go, he's after me now...

He jumps to his feet, snuffles away his tears, and looks around for a way out. He spots a grill high up the wall.

He clammers on boxes and crates, wobbles precariously, finally yanks open the grill and clammers into the hole beyond, mumbling to himself all the way.

LUKA

Gotta go gotta go gotta go...

13 INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS

Garak, sat alone on the couch of his empty guest quarters. Outwardly calm and composed, but inside, full of thoughts.

Silently, with no outward sign, he makes a plan. He gets up from the sofa, turns to the two guards at the door.

GARAK

Forgive me, I'm being a dreadful
host. Can I get you gentlemen
anything to drink?

They stare back at him, unsure how to take him.

GARAK

(sigh)

Very well. I can see my hopes for
some witty conversation to fill
the time were unjustified.

He walks to the replicator and begins to press the buttons, that knowing smile on his face. He's up to something.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14 INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS

Bashir has just entered the room, a bit harried and rushed.

BASHIR

What do you need, Garak?

GARAK

I need, Doctor, to know what's going on. I need details.

BASHIR

What makes you think I have any details?

GARAK

I hope I haven't overestimated you, Doctor. I presume the station's security forces are occupied. So I come to you.

BASHIR

(sigh)

They haven't found Luka yet.

GARAK

How difficult can it be to find one man who fired a weapon in public? Track his life-signs.

BASHIR

One Bajoran man among thousands of them? Impossible. But there's nothing you can do about it.

GARAK

Oh, I'm well aware of that. I'm paralysed. Powerless. These two charming fellows will attest I've gone nowhere and done nothing. So

I don't believe a little
information is too much to ask.

BASHIR

No, you're right. I'll make sure
Commander Ro keeps you up to date
on any developments.

GARAK

Thank you, Doctor.

Bashir nods resignedly, and leaves. Garak sighs.

GARAK

Well. I may as well catch up on my
official correspondence.

He goes to the computer desk, sits, and with a glance over
the rim of the console at the guards, he begins to work.

We close in on the screen over his shoulder, see the
various entries Garak makes. Clearly in one corner it says
SILENT MODE.

A flashing icon asks CROSS-REFERENCE SEARCH - ENTER TERMS.

Garak enters - BAJORAN MALE. NAME: LUKA. CARDASSIAN TARGET.
VIOLENCE AT BAJORAN SHRINE.

Garak presses ENTER. The computer replies with WORKING.
Then Garak sits back, reading what the computer tells him.

15 **EXT. BAJOR - ESTABLISHING**

A different monastery, hidden in a valley along the path of
a winding river. Isolated and ignored.

16 **INT. JANIR MONASTERY**

A smaller, less elaborate place than in the capital. Kira
and Yevir enter, throwing off their travelling cloaks. Raiq
is behind them, without any extra cloak, quietly disdainful
of everything around her.

YEVIR

Novice Kira, Raiq, welcome to the
Oralian Temple at Janir.

KIRA

Thanks, I guess.

YEVIR

As you'd expect, the facilities
are somewhat less grand than in
Ashalla. But I think we can make
you comfortable. And you'll be
safe here.

KIRA

How many followers do you have?

YEVIR

(self-deprecating)

A few searching souls. We are
hardly a large congregation, but
occasionally people will come to
me looking for answers they
haven't been able to find
elsewhere, and I try my best to
help them on their path.

Kira grunts non-committally, unsure she believes this
humble act from Yevir.

From the other direction, MIKA enters, happy to see them.

MIKA

Vedek! I'm glad you're back. I was
worried.

KIRA

(surprised)

Mika?

MIKA

Nerys, you came. That's wonderful.
Welcome to Janir.

(hesitant)

And this must be Raiq.

Raiq doesn't really respond, just looks at her warily.

RAIQ

You also know this woman, Kira?

KIRA

We've met. She used to be with the *pagh-wraith* cult. Last I heard she'd joined the Ohalavaru. Are you an Oralian now, Mika?

MIKA

You wouldn't begrudge a woman exploring her faith, would you, Nerys? In fact, I still follow Ohalu. But Vedek Yevir asked for my help, and I saw no reason why we couldn't work together, no matter our differences.

Mika gives Kira a meaningful look on this, challenging her to argue. With Yevir there, Kira is tempted. Yevir is not unaware of the tension.

YEVIR

Come along, Mika. Let's find our guests somewhere to rest.

Yevir and Mika lead into the depths of the monastery. Kira waits for Raiq, then they follow together.

RAIQ

(sotto)

So for all your fine talk, you do despise other religions, just as we do.

KIRA

It's not that simple.

Ro now stands in Garak's quarters. He relaxing on the sofa, she tense by the door. The two guards also remain.

RO

Ambassador, it's under control. Captain Vaughn, Major Cenn and myself have more than a century of tactical and investigative experience between us, so -

GARAK

And yet my would-be murderer is still at large. I understand the assassin's mind better than you ever will, Commander. You would be wise to take my advice.

RO

We're doing everything we can -

GARAK

Clearly not. Take these two.
(re guards)
Fine officers I'm sure, wasting their time baby-sitting me when they could be joining the search.

RO

(sardonic)

A Cardassian soldier hunting a Bajoran civilian? Great idea.

GARAK

Are we not allies, Commander?

RO

You tell me.

GARAK

Listen to me. The assassin will attempt to blend in, to appear harmless and non-threatening. An unquestioned part of everyday life on the station.

RO

You think I don't know that? We're scanning every crowd and every corridor for his face.

GARAK

Then your efforts are less than satisfactory, if you'll forgive me for saying so, Commander. Come back when you have something constructive to tell me.

RO

(tense jaw)

Yes, Ambassador.

Reining in her sharp tongue, Ro half-bows politely and turns to leave. Garak seethes on the sofa.

18 INT. DS9 - PROMENADE

Outside Quark's on the upper level, Major Cenn stands guard. Watching every face that goes past him into the bar, looking for Luka.

He glances through the door, across to the other side of the bar, where we can see another officer also standing and scanning the crowd. As another civilian approaches, Cenn turns his attention back.

Quark emerges from the bar's upper door, pretending to work but really there for Cenn.

QUARK

I brought you a drink.

(re empty tray)

But then I gave it to Morn.

Quickest way to shut him up.

CENN

How are they handling it?

QUARK

Handling what - the shooting? Oh please, these people have seen a

lot worse. Besides, I know how to distract them.

CENN

Yeah... about that... I'm afraid you might have been right.

QUARK

Of course I was. About what?

CENN

Treir. I'm afraid I let her distract me, and...

QUARK

Let me tell you something, Major. Some of that wisdom I promised you earlier. It doesn't matter how prepared you are, or how much attention you pay. Some crazy guy will always find a way, if he's determined enough.

CENN

That hardly excuses it.

QUARK

No. But it does help to stop you blaming everything on yourself.

It takes a moment, but then Cenn smiles, grateful for Quark's forgiveness. Quark moves on.

19 INT. DS9 - CORRIDOR

Some grimy unused space in the depths of the station. No-one has any reason to go here anymore. Luka creeps along the corridor, weapon out in front of him in terror, even though he's totally alone down here.

He's twitchy, on edge. He lurches from one bulkhead to the next, sure that some monster lurks behind every corner.

LUKA'S POV

Luka sees the Cardassian architecture and angles looming over him threateningly. Everything looks dark and ominous. Then Garak appears from around the corner, dangerous and maddeningly calm. He smile-sneers right into camera.

GARAK

There you are, Luka. I've been looking for you everywhere.

The POV staggers backwards, pulse pounding, breath rasping.

BACK TO SCENE

Terrified, Luka raises his weapon and fires wildly. But he's firing into an empty corridor. There's no-one else.

20 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE

CLOSE on a panel in the security office as it begins to beep and flash in red, registering the weapons fire.

WIDEN to show that there's no-one there to see it. Cenn and all his officers are out looking for Luka.

21 INT. DS9 - CORRIDOR

Luka fires blindly, this way and that, the shots sparking uselessly against empty bulkheads. Finally he sees that there's no-one there, and he lets the phaser fall.

He looks around in confusion. Where did Garak go? Is he still out there somewhere?

Luka backs away, until he's up against the wall again. Then he crouches back down to the floor, fetal, curling in on himself. He begins banging his head against the wall again.

LUKA

Stupid, stupid, stupid...

Then he stops. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

LUKA

Ohalu, blessed student of the
Teacher Prophets. I pray for your
guidance. Your path is true, free
of confusion, free of all doubt. I
rely on your wisdom and your
clarity.

(to self)

What does it say, what does it
say, what does it say...

(remembers)

"The true path to serenity lies
not in darkness but in light. Yet
do not fear the darkness, for even
in the darkest times, you will
find the light to guide your
path."

This recital serves to calm Luka's nerves. He centres,
relaxes his screaming pulse, un-tenses his muscles. After a
few more moments to breathe, he stands.

Now calm and under control, he smiles and gazes up towards
the ceiling.

LUKA

Thank you, blessed Ohalu. I will
seek the light.

He bends down to pick up the dropped phaser, and carrying
it confidently, walks on through the corridors.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

22 EXT. JANIR MONASTERY - ESTABLISHING

Taking us back to Bajor.

23 INT. JANIR MONASTERY - KIRA'S ROOM

Kira is slowly unpacking her personal effects in the basic bed chamber, featuring little more than a bed, small table and window.

There a KNOCK at the door, and Yevir pokes his head in.

YEVIR

You have everything you need?

KIRA

(cold)

I think so.

YEVIR

And Raiq?

KIRA

She's settling in next door.

YEVIR

Good. Good.

Yevir hovers awkwardly. Kira has had enough of it.

KIRA

What? What do you want to say?

YEVIR

Oh... too many things. It was me,
you know.

KIRA

What was you?

YEVIR

Me who released the information to the public... about the Ohalu and Oralian religions coming from the same source. The fights, the protests... they are my doing.

KIRA

You. You let the public know. Isn't that interesting.

YEVIR

I truly believed it was a good thing. That it would help the people to explore their *paghs* in new and enlightening ways.

KIRA

(pointed)

But instead, it caused a rift in the religious community.

YEVIR

I am very aware of the irony, Nerys. May I call you Nerys?

KIRA

(snaps)

I don't want you calling me anything. You hurt me. And I have not forgiven you. Three years, and not a single word of apology. And now you go and do the same thing? What's your punishment going to be, Vedek?

YEVIR

You have every right to be angry -

KIRA

Right?! You're giving me your permission to be mad at you? You are such an arrogant...

(calms herself)

What do you expect from me, Yevir?

YEVIR

Nothing. You owe me nothing. But I
owe you... reverence.

That takes Kira aback. Yevir looks up at her, genuine for
perhaps the first time Kira has ever seen.

YEVIR

You were the Hand of the Prophets.
You were their chosen, not me. I
asked you here so that I could
learn from you. I believe you have
much to teach me, Novice Kira.

On Kira's confused, uncertain reaction to that...

24 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING

As before, with the Cardassian Galor-class ship docked.

25 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE

The door from the Promenade opens, and Vaughn strides in.
He is not happy to find Ro standing at the rear panels.

VAUGHN

Where's Cenn?

RO

Covering Quark's.

VAUGHN

He's the security chief. He should
be here, coordinating his
officers.

RO

I think he wants to be out there.
He feels guilty. You breathing
fire down his neck doesn't help.

VAUGHN

My first foreign dignitary as captain, and somebody nearly assassinates him. You're damn right I'm breathing fire.

RO

Garak feels the same way, believe me. He kept talking about how he knows the assassin's mind, how he thinks, how to find him. Nothing I didn't already know.

Ro drifts off as something occurs to her...

RO

But then Luka isn't an assassin, is he? There's nothing in his files about being a cold-blooded killer. He's just a passionate man who got in over his head.

VAUGHN

Not exactly the phrase I'd use. But go on.

RO

We've been going about this wrong. He won't be hiding in plain sight. He's terrified, overwhelmed. He'll be hiding for real. We need to be looking in the dark holes of the station, not the bright lights.

Vaughn and Ro consider this new idea...

26 **INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR**

Under the bright lights of the bar, Treir slinks sexily up one of the spiral staircases. She goes past the second level and up to the third, to the quietest and most secret tables. She approaches a customer sat at a table...

TREIR

Hi, handsome. What are you looking for tonight?

Of course, it's Luka sitting there. He looks up at her...

LUKA

I'm looking for the light. And I think I've found it.

Luka springs up from the table, GRABS Treir tight and JAMS the phaser in his hand against her throat.

LUKA

Scream and I'll kill you.

She doesn't have to. On the lowest level of the bar, Quark turns instantly, his huge ears helping him zoom in on what he overheard. He sees Luka holding Treir hostage.

QUARK

Security! He's here!

Panic erupts as customers look around in fear. Cenn and several Starfleet security pour into the bar from various entrances. Quark points them where to go.

On the top level, Luka panics as he sees the security coming for him. But he's gone too far, can't back out now. He backs away, terrified, dragging Treir with him.

Cenn appears at the top level, pointing his phaser calmly at Luka, who is still pointing his own shakily at Treir. She seems more annoyed than scared.

CENN

Treir... you alright?

TREIR

Had better days.

LUKA

I don't want to kill anyone. I'm not a killer. I'm not! I just need a hostage to help me get out of here. And you won't hurt her.

CENN

You're right, I won't. But if I were you, I'd be more worried about her hurting you.

On cue, Treir twists her way out of Luka's grip, gets the jump on him, and ELBOWS him hard in the face. He drops the phaser, turns to try to escape...

...and finds Ro pointing her own phaser in his face. He sags, defeated and terrified. He's going nowhere.

As Cenn and Ro close in on him and take him into custody, he whimpers in a tiny terrified voice...

LUKA

Don't let him get me, please don't let him get me...

Ro and Cenn exchange worried, confused looks.

27 INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS

Garak sits on his sofa, calm and smiling. Ro has returned with good news.

GARAK

That's excellent news, Commander. Thank you for bringing it to me.

RO

You're welcome, Ambassador. You should also know that no-one else was harmed in his capture.

GARAK

A great relief to Captain Vaughn, no doubt. However, I would like your personal assurances, Commander, that this man will be held in your most secure cell, at least until I depart the station. Just in case.

RO

I promise. Cenn is putting him in a cell right now. Alone.

GARAK

Excellent. Well, I won't take any more of your time. Thank you again.

Ro nods her acknowledgements, and leaves the room. Garak stands, turns to the two security officers still holding position by the door.

GARAK

It seems your services are no longer required, gentlemen. But I must insist that you join me in a drink in celebration. I won't take no for an answer.

Smiling, he heads to the replicator...

28 INT. DS9 - SECURITY OFFICE

On the screens, we can see Luka sat dejected and withdrawn in one of the cells, behind a forcefield.

In foreground, Cenn, Ro and Vaughn stand.

VAUGHN

Well done, Major. Good work.

CENN

Thank you, Captain.

VAUGHN

I think under the circumstances, we'll dispense with the pomp and finery, and just get this damn treaty signed before anything else goes wrong.

RO

That's exactly what Garak wanted all along.

VAUGHN

Perhaps we should have listened to his advice.

With a wry smile, Ro and Vaughn exit the security office back out the Promenade. Cenn hovers at the door, but then decides to head back to Quark's. He leaves too, and the door closes behind him.

Give it a moment...

The lights on the security panels all go dead. All the screens wink out. Power is gone all around the room.

29 INT. DS9 - SECURITY CELLS

Luka sits in his cell. He sees the screens go dead, the lights dim. He's wary, unsure what's going on.

Then the forcefield in front of him fritzes and dies as well. Scared now, he jerks to his feet.

Then a TRANSPORTER field forms over him. He dissolves, more scared with every moment...

30 INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS

...and rematerialises in a set of quarters, with no idea what he's doing there.

He looks to one side, and sees the two security guards sprawled out, unconscious or dead on the floor. He freaks.

To the other side is the window, and a dark figure silhouetted against the stars. The figure steps forward into the light, and obviously it's Garak.

GARAK

Hello, Luka. I don't believe we've been properly introduced.

As Garak smiles with calm menace at Luka, the Bajoran man is on the edge of utter terror...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

31 INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS

Picking up where we left it. Luka is pinned to the spot, shaking in fear. Garak advances with a cold smile. He gestures to a single chair, prepared for Luka.

GARAK

Please, take a seat.

Luka does not. He looks in terror back at the guards, lying unconscious on the floor by the door.

GARAK

Oh, they'll be fine. A simple sedative in their drinks. I don't need to hurt anyone to get what I want. Least of all you. I can achieve everything I need to with mere words.

(no arguments)

Sit. Now.

Too scared to do otherwise, Luka sits. Garak takes his place back on the sofa, opposite Luka.

GARAK

Thanks to this station's crew, I know exactly who you are, Luka. I can even make an educated guess as to why you might wish me harm. What I don't know is what you ever imagined you would accomplish by trying to kill me.

LUKA

Didn't you just answer that for yourself?

GARAK

Not at all. You're no assassin, Luka. I only told them you were to make it easier to find you. But if you know who I am, enough to want to kill me, then surely you must also know that such an effort would be very unlikely to succeed. So why try?

LUKA
(defiant)
The Prophets demanded it.

Garak looks back at him indulgently. That's not true.

32 **INT. DS9 - PROMENADE**

Just outside the door to Quark's, Cenn is talking to Treir as life returns to normal inside the bar.

CENN
Are you sure you're okay?

TREIR
Just fine. I've handled worse in my time. And if I may say so, I appreciate you letting me handle it this time too.

CENN
You're hardly helpless, Treir. I know that as well as anyone. But I'm glad I could help.

Treir looks over Cenn's shoulder, across the Promenade, and into the security office. She frowns.

TREIR
Is it meant to be dark like that?

Cenn turns and looks, and sees the darkened security office beyond the windowed doors.

CENN

No. It's not. Excuse me.

Worried, he hurries back across the Promenade, towards the security office. When he gets there, the doors do not open.

33 **INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Vaughn stands at the central Ops table with Ro and Bashir.

CENN (comm)

Cenn to Captain Vaughn. We have a problem, sir.

VAUGHN

What now, Major?

CENN (comm)

I'm outside security. I can't get in, my codes are ignored, and all the panels and screens are dead.

VAUGHN

Computer, unlock the doors to the security office. Authorisation Elias Vaughn, captain, lambda-five-oh-three-purple.

COMPUTER

Unable to comply. Security lockout in place.

VAUGHN

By whose authority?

COMPUTER

Unknown.

Incensed, Vaughn looks up towards Nog, already working his engineering panels.

NOG

I can see a security lockout, but I can't trace it. It's almost as if the computer did it itself.

RO
(fears the worst)
Any strange sensor readings?

NOG
(oh no)
A transporter signature.

VAUGHN
Trace it!

NOG
Working on it.

BASHIR
Captain, I think we all know who
on the station right now has the
ability to do this.

RO
And the motive. Crap... he kept on
about assassins. I guess he was
talking about himself.

VAUGHN
Damn it. Captain Vaughn to
Ambassador Garak.

34 INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS

...where Garak sits exactly where he was, opposite Luka.

GARAK
You can talk honestly, Luka. I've
made sure we won't be interrupted.

LUKA
Please don't kill me, please don't
kill me, please don't...

GARAK
I'm not going to kill you. That's
the whole point.

LUKA

You're a Cardassian. Killing Bajorans is what you do.

GARAK

A long time ago, perhaps. But we move forward. I'm here to sign a treaty of peace and cooperation with the Federation. So what would killing you get me?

LUKA

You're a perversion. You and your Oralian Way. You're... wrong.

GARAK

Correction - I do not follow the Oralian Way. I am a man of cold rationality, Luka. I will grant that my mind has been opened to many possibilities of late. It's been quite the experience. But religious faith... no.

LUKA

Ohalu is the only way! Whether you're blasphemous or just godless, you're a Cardassian. You deserve to die. You took all that was beautiful, everything that comforted me...

GARAK

(curious, gentle)

What did you need comfort from, Luka?

LUKA

(sniffly)

Everything! All of it, all of it... Parents murdered, all my family gone... nothing left. But then I read Ohalu's book. It showed me the light. But even then it didn't stop. Now it was Bajorans beating me instead of Cardassians... all I wanted to do

was seek the Prophets. Broken bones, panic attacks... Did you know they gave me brain damage?

GARAK
I know. And I'm sorry.

LUKA
Ohalu was all I had. And then you ruined it.

35 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR

The corridor outside Garak's quarters. Cenn and several other security are already there, armed. Also Candlewood, wrist deep in panels. Vaughn, Ro, Bashir and Nog arrive.

VAUGHN
Report, Major.

CENN
No luck getting these doors open either, or getting any response from inside. If he's in there, he's locked down tight.

Ro covers a smirk at Cenn's unconscious choice of words.

BASHIR
God only knows what Garak's doing to him in there.

CENN
I'm starting to think we'll have to break out the plasma torches.

CANDLEWOOD
(still working)
No, we won't. I can get it. I could do with extra pair of hands though...

NOG
On it.

Nog opens another panel, starts futzing with the innards.

VAUGHN
Come on, damn it.

They all wait, worried, as Nog and Candlewood work...

36 **INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS**

Garak and Luka still sitting where they were. But the feel is now not so much interrogator and victim, and more like a therapist and his patient.

GARAK
Nothing has been ruined, Luka.
(gestures to
computers)
I read the news myself. I see no reason to call it blasphemy. If you accept Ohalu as a variation on mainstream Bajoran religion, why not simply accept the Oralian Way as another variation?

Because he's a Cardassian of course, but Luka is starting to soften. Garak presses his point, gently but firmly.

GARAK
If Ohalu and Oralius are indeed the same, as Yevir says, then you must know that he never asks anyone to kill for your Prophets. Certainly Oralius does not.

LUKA
(quoting)
"Ten thousand must die. It is destined, but should not be looked on with despair."

GARAK
(counter-quote)

"Because most choose to die."
Sacrifice, Luka. Voluntary death
for a cause. Not murder.

(beat)

Look at Cardassia. We have also
suffered. War. Death on a scale
beyond comprehension. Then disease
and famine and internal hatred
beating us down all the more.

(emphatic)

It has to end, Luka. We have to
move forwards, not back. Believe
me, I know full well how easy it
is to fall back on the old ways of
death and recrimination. I find
myself tempted by it every day.
But it solves nothing.

LUKA

(thoughtful)

The path to the light is hidden in
darkness...

GARAK

Exactly. Each time we retaliate
against some slight, we continue
the cycle. Either of us killing
the other would only deepen the
darkness, not help us find the
light we need.

Luka sits there, pondering what Garak is saying.

37 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING CORRIDOR

Candlewood and Nog are still rummaging in their panels.

CANDLEWOOD

Ready, sir.

VAUGHN

Major...?

Cenn, Ro and all the deputies draw their weapons.

On either side of the door, Nog and Candlewood share a look - "Ready?" "Ready." They work their controls...

The door opens, and Cenn and his deputies fill the space with pointed weapons...

38 INT. DS9 - GUEST QUARTERS (CONTINUOUS)

...but find only Garak and Luka peacefully sitting there. Vaughn strides through the open door.

GARAK

Good evening, Captain. I don't believe those weapons are going to be necessary.

(pointed)

Are they, Luka?

Luka looks quietly up to Vaughn from his seat. He takes a deep breath, then slowly stands up straight.

LUKA

No, they're not. Captain, I surrender to your authority.

(glance to Garak)

With my apologies.

Garak silently smiles his acceptance. Cenn comes forwards and gently takes Luka by the arm, leading him out.

VAUGHN

Doctor...

Bashir enters, sees the two unconscious guards, rushes to check on them.

BASHIR

What did you do to them, Garak?

GARAK

I simply gave them a moment to rest. They'd been on their feet all day, poor things.

While Bashir takes out a hypospray and presses it to the guards' necks, Vaughn looks over to Garak. He would love to snap Garak's neck right now, but he has to play diplomat.

VAUGHN

I'm glad to see you're alright, Ambassador. If you wouldn't mind submitting a report on recent events to Commander Ro, I'll meet you in my office later and we'll formalise our... treaty.

GARAK

(smile)

Delighted to, Captain.

Covering an angry mutter, Vaughn turns and leaves. Bashir leads the now-awake guards out of the room. Garak is left alone to ponder.

39 INT. DS9 - PROMENADE

Cenn and several of his deputies usher Luka back in through the security office doors and towards the cells (the lights are all now back on).

At the threshold, Cenn glances over his shoulder, looks across the Promenade towards Quark's bar. He can see Treir working, flirting her way happily through the crowd. She doesn't see him.

Thinking it's finally time to let it go, Cenn turns his back and goes into the office, letting the door close.

40 INT. JANIR MONASTERY

In an area set aside for prayer, Raiq has built herself a small fire. She kneels before it, gazing into the flames, praying as we saw Cardinal Essk do before.

She looks up, and Kira has approached. Kira looks troubled, confused, unsure about things. After a moment's hesitation,

Kira kneels opposite Raiq, gazes into the flames with her, and starts to pray. They finally have something in common.

41 INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE

The door to Vaughn's office opens, and Garak strides out. Bashir is waiting for him - Garak smiles in greeting. As they stroll together to the turbolift...

GARAK

Doctor.

BASHIR

That was one hell of a risk you took, Garak.

GARAK

I don't believe so. In fact, I think this entire experience has put many of my doubts to rest.

BASHIR

How so?

GARAK

I was worried that I wasn't ready to be an ambassador. That I was the wrong man for the job.

BASHIR

And now?

GARAK

I confronted a man determined to kill me, and using nothing but words, convinced him to choose peace instead.

They step onto the turbolift together...

GARAK

If I can accomplish that with one Bajoran man, an entire planet full of humans should be child's play.

As the turbolift begins to lower, Bashir grins in amusement at his old friend.

42 **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Closing shot, featuring the *Defiant* on the docking ring and the Cardassian Galor-class ship on the upper pylon.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW