

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

10x17 - "Reservoir Ferengi."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the short story

"Reservoir Ferengi"
by David A McIntee

appearing in
Star Trek: Seven Deadly Sins

and on characters from the series
Star Trek: Deep Space Nine

and from the post-finale novels
by Pocket Books

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE

NOTE: All of Sc 1 takes place in one long, unbroken cut.

We begin on the starfield, glittering peacefully, a vast and deep sea of stars. Move gradually forward through it, turning slightly...

And a star system comes into view. A bright main-sequence star at its centre, burning away.

An EXPLOSION happens just off-screen - no noise in the vacuum, but a bright flare of fuel and oxygen burning up and snuffing out quickly. The blast sends debris tumbling across the screen - identifiably a section of a starship, although belonging to whom we can't tell.

Move on past the debris. We see another ship - small and winged, a fighter. It glides across the screen, just as a missile zooms into view, and hits the fighter. Both go up in another explosion.

Turning slightly again in the direction of the missile's point of origin, a planet can now be seen. Another missile launches from its surface, arcing out of orbit into space.

We follow the missile, and as we do, we travel past more ships, more missiles criss-crossing each other's paths, unmanned orbital defence platforms firing phaser beams at everything that moves.

Still following the missile, we now see its target - another planet within the system. Ships and missiles and phasers all around us as we dive down towards the surface.

The planet grows and grows in our vision as we near the surface, and finally we hit the atmosphere.

The tip of the missile glows with heat and friction as we push through the air, never slowing. With atmosphere to carry it, we now hear the sounds of battle. Phasers SCREAM, explosions ROAR, vessels CRUNCH.

We follow the missile through the cloud cover, and we see the planet's surface at last. Green expanses, white-tipped mountains, gleaming rivers, technologically advanced but environmentally respectful architecture, all marred by the signs of war and conflict. Buildings ruined, gouges in the ground, crashed ships burning in piles of rubble.

The missile plummets towards one of the larger buildings, an official government structure, and hits. The building is obliterated in a massive conflagration. Nearby fighters swerve out of the way to avoid the flames.

We travel on past the explosion, to another building a little further away. This is a large pyramid, glass surface shining in the sun, truncated on the top to make a flat landing area. More fighters launch from hatches in the sides of the buildings, zooming out to join the battle.

As we come closer to the building, we see figures fleeing in panic on the ground. Crowds of people - alien but humanoid. They run towards the shuttle port, desperately hoping to catch a ride out of here.

But on the flat top of the building, a large non-combat vehicle is lifting off - an escape shuttle. As it roars up into the sky, the people stop and gaze up at it in dismay. They missed their ride.

We keep going towards the shuttle port, closer towards the glassy surface. We go in THROUGH one of the jagged, smashed windows into the inside of the building.

This was once a comfortable, classy departure lounge, plush and well-appointed for well-heeled travellers. Now there are fires burning, furniture thrown, information screens smashed and sparking with cut wires.

And there are more figures inside - a squadron of soldiers, clad in hard black armour, face-obscuring helmets, roaming through the room weapons drawn, on the lookout for enemies.

2 **INT. SHUTTLE DEPARTURE LOUNGE**

The soldiers creep into another room, and the front-most soldier is instantly SHOT down with a phaser blast to the chest. His comrades return fire...

...At another group of soldiers - similar black armour but with a coloured slash of paint to tell them apart. The first group dive for cover behind some nearby furniture, exchanging fire. Phaser blasts shoot back and forth.

CLOSE on the first group. The dead soldier has been dragged to safety by one of his comrades. The comrade shakes with fear, his terror and confusion clear even in this faceless blank armour. This is the first time he's ever seen a dead body, and the whole situation is really hitting home.

In a burst of panic, he pushes backwards, retreating on his backside to a wall behind cover, where he curls up and hugs himself, paralysed with fear. Meanwhile, we hear the sounds of more shots fired, more pieces of furniture and machinery exploding in shards, more bodies hitting the floor.

There's a collective gasp from the soldiers, the terrified man looks up to see why...

Another figure enters the room, running from phaser shots that follow him. Much larger than the others, a comparative giant. In fact, as we stay at the level of the soldiers, we can't even see this new figure's face, only the chest down. His outfit was probably nice before he got in a fire-fight.

The soldiers have now stopped shooting at each other out of simple shock. The surviving ones on both sides are watching this new figure, amazed and confused.

Having escaped the first barrage of phaser fire from his pursuer, the figure turns and fires back the way he came. And there, following him into the room, is a second giant.

The two giant figures shoot and dodge, shoot and dodge, all above the soldiers' level of vision, only their chests and running legs visible. After a few moments, the sounds of the phasers sputter and die - out of power.

In roar of rage, one of the giants throws his empty weapon right at his enemy, where it BONKS him on the head.

VOICE

Oww!

In revenge, the second charges directly for the first, engaging him physically. But as it happens, the first is stood right in front of one of the smashed, broken windows. Too furious to stop the momentum, the two battling giants tumble out of the window and disappear from sight.

We can still hear them though, as they shriek in surprise and fear, and pain from the continuing bonks and punches.

As the sounds fade, the two groups of soldiers finally poke their heads out from cover. Shooting at each other seems to have slipped their minds now - they're too surprised by what just happened.

SOLDIER 1

Wasn't that -

SOLDIER 2

Yeah, I think it was.

SOLDIER 1

They're not with you?

SOLDIER 2

We thought they were with you!

Clearly, they weren't with either group. Confused, the leaders of each group creep together towards the window. They peer over the edge, looking down...

...and the two giants are tumbling over and over down the slant of the pyramid, still caught up in their fight.

3 EXT. SHUTTLE PORT - DAY

Outside the building, the two giants are an unidentifiable flurry of punches and scratches and yells and yelps. They roll over each other on their way down the slanted surface towards the ground.

They bonk off chunks of rubble and other bodies of soldiers half-hanging out of windows. Finally they tumble all the way to the bottom, landing in a pile on the ground.

Around them are half a dozen more dead bodies, black-clad soldiers in twisted poses, weapons abandoned beside them. With a grunt of effort, one giant throws the second off. Both scramble away, reaching in desperation for the guns.

They both grab a weapon each, spinning on the spot to point them at each other's face. And we finally see who they are.

BRUNT, formerly of the Ferengi Commerce Authority, is bloodied and bruised, and seething with righteous fury. He pants from exhaustion, holding the weapon steady on...

GAILA, wily and amoral cousin of Quark, just as battered and torn as Brunt, and holding his weapon just as fiercely.

BRUNT

(smug)

Gaila. If only you were Quark...
That's the only way this moment
could be any more delicious.

GAILA

You're finished too, Brunt! It's a
mutual loss scenario!

Keeping his weapon trained on Gaila, Brunt glances to the side. Black-clad soldiers are closing in on them from all directions, weapons drawn and pointed at the pair of Ferengi. Brunt sighs and shakes his head.

BRUNT

How did my life come to this?

On Brunt's panting, furious face...

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Inside the bar, but looking towards the main doors out onto the Promenade. Excited crowds fill the space, controlled by lines of Starfleet security, including SEVAK, ALECO and Bajoran Militia Major CENN.

Anticipation buzzes through the gathered throng as they await the approaching moment. Grand FANFARES of music play, filling the bar and the Promenade and the whole station, it feels like. The waiting audience builds itself to a fever pitch of excitement, and just as the music rises to a crashing crescendo, the crowd finally parts.

Revealing...

ROM

Umm... Hi.

Grand Nagus ROM of the Ferengi Alliance. The crowd cheers!

Rom almost cringes back from the force of their APPLAUSE. He's wearing the official robes of the Nagushood, holding the Nagal Staff, but still the same old Rom inside it all.

Standing behind him on the Promenade are rows of obsequious Ferengi servants, ready to attend to their Nagus's every need. And with them too is LEETA, beaming with happiness and carrying their half-Bajoran half-Ferengi baby.

In the body of the bar, welcoming Starfleet officers and station residents fill every inch of space. KIRA, DAX, NOG, SHAR and many other familiar faces. MORN is at the bar.

In the centre of the floor though, is QUARK himself.

The bartender is a swirl of emotions. Pride at the size of the event and the happiness of his customers. Sycophantic fawning in front of his Nagus. Disapproval and exasperation at all the fuss being made over that idiot Rom. But most of all, happiness at the return of his brother.

With a smile, he shouts over the crowd...

QUARK

Welcome to the Ferengi Embassy,
Grand... Nagus... Rom.

Even louder roars of welcome. Everyone is happy to see their old friend. Quark steps off the central plinth and down to greet his brother more personally.

QUARK

Welcome home, Rom.

Quark grabs Rom in a big hug, genuinely pleased to see him.

ROM

Thanks, brother.

Quark turns and presents Rom to the crowd again, determined to milk this for every drop of reflected glory he can get.

QUARK

My brother, the Grand Nagus!

More roars of applause. As the crowd eventually goes back to their party, Kira finally steps forwards.

KIRA

Alright, Quark, I think we get the message. Rom - it's good to see you again. And Leeta!

LEETA

Hello, Captain.

KIRA

Oh stop - call me Nerys, for Prophets' sake. Now let me look at that baby!

As Rom goes to hug Nog in greeting, Leeta hefts little baby Bena on her hip, and turns her slightly towards Kira. We don't see the baby's face, but Kira's slightly shocked, frozen smile tells us everything we need to know.

KIRA

(stiff)
Oh, she's beautiful.

Leeta beams at her baby daughter and kisses the bulging head, oblivious to Kira's expression.

LEETA
Yep, she's a keeper.

Quark has returned to pride of place behind his bar, the lord surveying his land. Nog and Rom step up to the bar. The various Ferengi hangers-on hover awkwardly, waiting to be needed or leering at the dabo girls.

QUARK
Please don't tell me you're still drinking root beer.

ROM
(mock offended)
Isn't a Nagus allowed to drink whatever he wants, brother?

QUARK
(mock harassed)
Then it's a good thing I just received a special delivery. One root beer coming up for the Grand Nagus...
(smirk)
...at a small discount.

Quark turns away to get the drink. Nog gestures to the upper levels of the bar, where numerous view screens are hanging over the balconies (like the one that showed the Bashir-O'Brien tennis match in 2x11 "Rivals").

The screens show reams of information in the hexagonal Ferengi language, constantly shifting and changing. Occasionally one screen will change to show a commercial, some bright and garish tasteless extravaganza like those seen on the subway car in 9x11 "Sale of the Century".

NOG
I set up all the screens just like your advisors insisted. You'll

have real-time updates on all the
business markets.

ROM

Ugh. I planned this trip to get
away from all that.

Quark comes back with Rom's drink.

QUARK

An official state visit to the
only Ferengi territory that's off-
world... all just for an excuse to
see your family.

Rom takes his drink and looks around the bar with a smile.

ROM

Well, I miss this place.

CUT TO:

5 INT. TONGO PARLOUR

Starting close on Brunt, hunched over a table and staring
at the bottle in front of him with loathing and contempt.

BRUNT

I hate this place.

An on-screen caption says:

ONE YEAR AGO

Gaila sits opposite, smooth and suave in his best business
suit. Brunt looks drunk and destitute in comparison. This
is the same bar that featured in 9x12 "Satisfaction..."

GAILA

Geln's is the finest tongo parlour
in the city, Brunt.

BRUNT

Finest and bar are mutually
exclusive terms. They remind me
of... him.

GAILA

Of my cousin Quark, you mean. His success, and your failure.

BRUNT

Oh, not success. His existence.

GAILA

I'm no fan of my cousin either, Brunt. My relationship to that degenerate hew-mon lover has caused no end of trouble. That's why you and I should be friends.

BRUNT

Can any Ferengi really be friends with an FCA Liquidator?

GAILA

No. But then you're not "Brunt, FCA" anymore.

BRUNT

Liquidator for the FCA is who I am, Gaila, not just a job I did.

GAILA

The Economic Congress disagreed.

BRUNT

They could take away my job. But not who I am.

GAILA

That's why there's opportunity in a business alliance between us. Your ruthlessness and drive, and my lobes for tracking down profit. Failure is impossible. You know I work the steadiest market in the galaxy.

BRUNT

(pondering)

Arms dealing. War is a universal constant after all...

GAILA

And people at war always need the latest and best weapons.

BRUNT

Alright. I'm in.

GAILA

You know it makes sense.

Gaila stands, the deal done. He throws a couple of strips of latinum onto the table.

GAILA

I'm leaving Ferenginar in the morning. I'll see you at your shuttle.

BRUNT

Five slips.

GAILA

Done.

The moment Gaila's gone, Brunt changes. The depression and drunkenness slips off like a mask - it was all pretend. He won't trust Gaila for a second, and he's already thinking.

6 INT. BRUNT'S SHUTTLE

The same ship Brunt used in 6x10 "The Magnificent Ferengi." This tiny shuttle is basically all Brunt has in the world now, with all his meagre belongings.

Brunt stands at a panel towards the rear of the cockpit. He opens a hatch, and pulls out a data chip. He clips the chip into a padd, and the padd's screen comes to life.

He scrolls through the files filled with Ferengi text... until he gets to one with a headshot of Gaila. Brunt reads, his sneer gradually growing.

BRUNT

Hagath... Regent of Palamar...
callous murderers with no regard
for the number of exploitable
lives they waste. All those wage-
earning people no longer putting
their currency into the system.
Despicable. But... Gaila was right
about one thing. Nobody ever went
broke selling weapons. This is my
chance to get it all back. First
my profit... then my power.

He grins, the thought of profit overtaking everything else.

7 **EXT. FERENGINAR**

The next morning. Ferenginar's First City, the grey morning
light dampened by a light drizzle. A Ferengi shuttle pulls
away from the city and flies up into the sky...

8 **INT. BRUNT'S SHUTTLE**

Brunt pilots the shuttle, Gaila squeezed in beside him.
Even with only two people it's a tight fit. Through the
windscreen we can see the planet surface dropping away and
the black expanse of space approaching.

BRUNT

So where are we going?

GAILA

Right there.

Gaila points forwards out of the window, and Brunt looks...
There's a mid-size cruiser of a previously unseen design.
Clearly Ferengi, but somewhere between the massive size of
a *D'Kora* class Marauder and Brunt's tiny shuttle.

BRUNT

(unimpressed)

Reminds me of that Federation ship
your repulsive cousin used to
hitch rides on. What was it called
- the USS *Deviant*?

GAILA

Ha! Sounds perfect for Quark.
(beat)
Does everything remind you of him?

Brunt doesn't answer. They fly on towards the ship.

9 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

Brunt's shuttle sits on the deck, next to another almost identical. The shuttle's hatch opens and Gaila and Brunt exit, Gaila throwing his arms wide in gracious indulgence.

GAILA
Welcome to the *Golden Handshake*.
The ship is all mine.

BRUNT
As are its contents.

Walking towards the door to the rest of the ship, Brunt stops dead with a gasp of fear...

Because three BREEN are blocking their way. Gaila breezes on past, not concerned in the slightest.

GAILA
Oh, don't mind them. They're just
bodyguards.

The door opens and Gaila enters the corridor beyond. The Breen soldiers, in their sand-coloured environment suits, turn to watch the pair pass, and then follow them as well.

10 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

Two of the Breen escort the two Ferengi along the corridor. Brunt is terrified of them, but trying not to show it.

BRUNT
Bodyguards? Why ever would you
need bodyguards?

GAILA
(shrug)
For one thing, people who need an
arms dealer usually have that need

because they're embroiled in some sort of violence. Which means sometimes, to make profit, one has to visit violent places.

Brunt gets the message. The group reaches the end of the corridor. Another door opens onto..

11 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE

The ship's bridge is small and simple but functional. The two Breen stay outside in the corridor as Gaila and Brunt enter. There's a pilot's station at the front, occupied by what looks like a young, small-lobed Ferengi.

Consoles fill both sides of the room, but one of them has been pulled out. Something is rummaging around behind it, executing repairs with the clank and hum of tools.

As Brunt takes in the sight of the room, the door opens again, admitting another Ferengi - the biggest Ferengi you have ever seen. Bigger even than a Klingon. But BIJON is the sweetest, most harmless man. A giant, but entirely dim. He's carrying a large container of tools and parts.

BIJON

Where do you want these, Gaila?

GAILA

Take them down to engineering, Bijon.

BIJON

Oh... right.

Bijon nods vacantly, and turns to leave again. Gaila sighs.

GAILA

He's useful, but he needs constant direction. Pel, are we ready to leave orbit?

The pilot turns, and to Brunt's horror, it's a female Ferengi. In fact, it's PEL (2x07 "Rules of Acquisition").

PEL

Just about. Voloczin is just installing a few more hardware updates we picked up while we were here. Voloczin - is the initialiser linkage fixed?

She looks over to the broken console, and something creeps out from behind it. A big fleshy tentacle, like some kind of giant slug. Then another, then a third...

The tentacles get a grip on the surrounding consoles, and work to lever the main body out into the open. Brunt is vibrating in revulsion as he watches the creature emerge...

Something like a big fleshy spider, with tentacles, and one giant eye, like the gelatinous BOB from *Monsters vs Aliens*. He's wearing a tool belt about his numerous tentacles.

VOLOCZIN

It's kushti.

(to Brunt)

Wotcher. Fresh meat, eh?

GAILA

This is Brunt. My new partner.

PEL

Another one?

Brunt finally finds his tiny, whimpering, horrified voice.

BRUNT

What is... that?

PEL

An engineer. What else would he be, with all those tools?

BRUNT

I mean... what sort of... what species is he?

GAILA

I haven't a clue. Nobody's ever asked before. Anyway, welcome to our little team. Snail juice?

Still recovering from his revulsion, Brunt nods absently. Gaila goes to a replicator in the wall, works it, and comes back with two glasses. He hands one to Brunt.

GAILA

I've been orbiting Ferenginar for too long. It's time to get out there and seek new profits.

BRUNT

There's been a coup on Fonnarn Two. No doubt the original government will be looking to counter it and dispose of their traitors. And of course the new government will want to strengthen their hold and dispose of their traitors...

GAILA

That's the kind of level we want. But Fonnarn's not a good option. They're notorious for wanting long credit terms.

BRUNT

No good for raising capital, then. We want a planet with hard latinum to spend.

Brunt pauses to rack his brains. He pulls out his padd, scans through the files. Then, with a hungry grin...

BRUNT

Kalanis Major. They recently converted a lot of escrow into latinum, and there's a civil war going with no end in sight.

GAILA

Perfect! Pel, set course for Kalanis Major, and engage.

Pel works her panels. Gaila and Brunt both grin with glee at the thought of all the profits coming their way...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. SPACE

The *Golden Handshake* travels at warp, on its way...

13 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRUNT'S CABIN

A bedroom decked out in typically tasteless, over-decorated Ferengi style. The gleam of gold and latinum everywhere, all the luxuries. Brunt lies in a fur-strewn bed, his head against a bulkhead. He's wide awake.

Gurgles and burps come from the wall behind him. He scowls in annoyance. He turns in the bed, tries to ignore it. He grabs two of the pillows and covers his giant ears with them. It doesn't work.

With a grunt of frustration, he gets out of bed, stands in his fancy bedclothes, and glares at the wall with hatred. He reaches out and PUNCHES it.

BRUNT

Oww!

14 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

Fully dressed now, Brunt strolls down the corridor, just exploring the ship. At the far end of the corridor from him, another door opens and two Breen exit. Brunt flinches in fear, but the Breen ignore him, enter another door, and are gone. Brunt relaxes - he does *not* like Breen.

15 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - MESS HALL

Breakfast time. Brunt and Gaila sit across a small table from each other, munching on beetles, while Bijon and Pel get food from the wall of gilded replicators.

BRUNT

Do you trust the Breen?

GAILA

Of course. They're utterly incorruptible.

BRUNT

Really?

GAILA

Well, for one thing, nobody wants to hire soldiers who fought on the wrong side of the Dominion War. Secondly, they're not easy to talk to without specialised equipment.

Gaila taps at a small device attached to the collar of his suit, to emphasis the point.

GAILA (cont)

And thirdly, I pay them more than anyone else could afford.

Brunt nods - fair enough, he can understand that. He looks up and watches as Pel walks past with a tray of food...

16 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE**

The viewscreen shows the ship continuing to fly at warp. Pel now sits in the pilot's chair, just keeping an eye on things. Brunt hovers awkwardly behind her, grimacing at the very thought of a female, in clothes, working for profit.

BRUNT

So you're a... pilot.

PEL

I am now. I wasn't always.

BRUNT

(relieved)

Ah, that's good to hear. You used to be a proper female?

PEL

I used to be in the service industry. Trying to make my way as a good businessperson.

BRUNT

Then how did you -

PEL

By necessity. Necessity is the mother of profit. And being a pilot turned out to be more profitable than I could have ever imagined. Now I couldn't imagine doing anything else.

BRUNT

Not even being a -

PEL

A skivvy? A servant? You were going to say, "a traditional Ferengi female," weren't you?

BRUNT

(defensive)

Maybe...

Pel turns to look at Brunt at last. She's almost amused.

PEL

I'm everything you hate, aren't I, Brunt? You're a good Ferengi. Smart, if a little inflexible. But you're no Quark. You and Gaila, everything's already weighted in your favour. It's easy for you to make profit.

Off Brunt's horror...

17 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

On Quark, as he smiles in satisfaction at the continuing celebrations all around him...

PEL (v.o.)

But Quark can make profit out of nothing at all.

Dax wanders up to him with a drink, salutes him with it.

DAX
Great party, Quark.

QUARK
Like there was any doubt.

DAX
And you wouldn't be blowing the whole official visit way out of proportion just as an excuse to make more profit, at all?

QUARK
You say that like it's a bad thing. I just wish Laren could have been here to enjoy it.

DAX
(evasive)
I'm sure she wishes that too.

Not wanting to get into that any further, Dax drifts away. Quark heads back to his bar, where Nog and Leeta are both cooing over the baby. Meanwhile, Rom is stood behind the bar, still looking around wistfully. Then there's a slight gasp from the crowd, and people turn to see why...

TREIR is just slinking down the spiral staircase, looking utterly fabulous, to sighs of adoration from all sides. The male Ferengi servants' jaws all drop at the sight of her.

At the bar, Leeta straightens. She makes eye contact with Treir. Treir makes eye contact with her. Uh-oh. Cat fight.

Quark, Rom and Nog all tense. Totally calm, Leeta passes baby Bena to Nog to look after. Then she stretches herself to her greatest height, pushes her bosom to the Prophets, and steps towards Treir. Treir steps towards her too.

The two tall, buxom, powerful women meet in the centre of the floor, with everyone watching their every move.

Behind the bar, Rom watches with jaw hanging loosely. This could be a disaster... or it could be the biggest turn-on of his life. Leeta looks Treir up and down.

LEETA

You must be Treir. The new dabo girl.

TREIR

And you must be Leeta. The... old... dabo girl.

Leeta and Treir stare each other down... until the tiniest cracks appear in their stern faces. They can't keep up the pretence any longer. They both break into smirks.

TREIR

I've been waiting to meet you. We have a lot to talk about.

Her *faux* glare towards Quark makes Leeta chuckle. They head back over towards the bar, where Rom is about to explode.

LEETA

Rom, honey? Come and meet Treir.

ROM

Umm... that's okay. I think I'll just stay here for a minute.

As Rom makes sure to stay hidden from the waist down...

18 EXT. SPACE

The *Golden Handshake* now sits in orbit of a planet...

19 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

Across the room from the two small shuttles is a large transporter stage. The twinkles of transport are just fading away, revealing three KALANI - human-sized but with armoured foreheads and scaly skin.

Gaila, Brunt and Pel stand before them in their best business suits, with Bijon working the transporter.

GAILA

Greetings, Minister. I'm Gaila, representative of Gailtek

Armaments and Technologies. This is my partner Brunt, and our clerk, Pel. Whatever you require, we at GAT will do our best to fulfil the order.

KALANI 1

We need weapons.

GAILA

Obviously, or you wouldn't be contacting an arms dealer.

KALANI 1

We'd prefer the most efficient killing machines possible.

GAILA

Naturally, which is why you've come to the best arms dealership. If you'll come with me, I think I have just the thing.

Gaila directs the group of Kalani off the transporter pad. Pel takes the lead, as they head into the corridor. Once the group is out of earshot, Brunt grabs Gaila's arm.

BRUNT

Why are you letting Pel meet clients? She's just a female.

GAILA

The Kalani have three factions, not two. Since Bijon has trouble counting that high, I need Pel to meet the third group tonight, after you meet the second group this afternoon. It's a good sign, Brunt. The Great Material Continuum is flowing our way. All we have to do is enjoy the cruise.

BRUNT

But still, a female... earning profit...

GAILA

She may earn it, but who do you
think invests it for her?

Brunt nods with understanding. He and Gaila share a greedy grin, and then follow the rest into the corridor.

20 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM**

A gleaming white showroom, the walls covered in racks and shelves featuring weapons small, medium and large. Gaila, Brunt and Pel look on encouragingly as the Kalani browse the choices. The Kalani leader looks at one disruptor...

GAILA

Ah, Klingon Type 47, the best
there is. When you absolutely,
positively have to disintegrate
every mother-creditor in the room.
Accept no substitute!

KALANI 1

(hefting it)
It doesn't look Klingon.

As Gaila and the Kalani continue in the background, Brunt receives an alert in the comm device in his ear. He steps away from the group to receive the message...

BRUNT

What?

BIJON (comm)

The Loyalists are at the transport
site. I'm bringing them up now.

BRUNT

No!

Everyone in the room turns at Brunt's outburst. He smiles weakly and addresses Gaila...

BRUNT

That was Bijon. He's acquired some
more... credit.

GAILA
(hiss)
Go and see to it.

Brunt nods and scampers out of the room. Gaila turns back to the Kalani, with a wide ingratiating smile.

GAILA
Nothing to worry about. Simple matter of paperwork. If you'll come with me, we can continue our discussion in the dining room.

As the Kalani sweep out of the room, Gaila holds Pel back.

GAILA
Have Voloczin reset the chamber for Cardassian weapons.

Pel nods and steps aside to make a call. Gaila follows the Kalani into the corridor, trying not to panic.

21 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

Brunt is likewise as three more Kalani materialize on the transporter, in different outfits from the first group.

KALANI 2
I am Commander Lotral of the Kalanis Defence Arm.

BRUNT
Brunt, GIT. Uhh, GAT. You're a little early, but then the early investor reaps the most interest, after all.

KALANI 2
(dry and icy)
Really?

BRUNT
Rule of Acquisition number 37. It's a code we Ferengi live by.

KALANI 2

Good for you.

Smiling past the Kalani's brusque attitude, Brunt after-you's them towards the door. Just as they pass into the corridor, his eyes widen in panic as he hears the telltale sounds of a transporter platform powering up behind him. He hustles the Kalani quickly through the door...

22 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRUNT'S CABIN

Controlling his panic, Brunt ushers the three new Kalani into his own room. He runs to the wall, opens a hatch that reveals a drinks cabinet and a replicator...

BRUNT

This is the, uhh... executive lounge. Please make yourselves at home while I check that the display models are ready.

And he dashes back out of the room again, leaving the Kalani somewhat nonplussed.

23 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

Grimacing, Brunt dashes along the corridor. He reaches the door, which opens onto...

24 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

...another three Kalani stepping off the transporter, in rough, makeshift outfits. Brunt runs straight to Bijon at the transporter controls, hisses at him.

BRUNT

Bijon, don't you know what an appointment is?

BIJON

(thinks for a beat)
I've never been to... Appointia.

KALANI 3

Where is Pel?

BRUNT

Pel is setting up the display models for you to browse. She sent me to greet you. Bijon, please inform Pel that... uh... that a member of the Kalani Republican People's Democratic Front is waiting to meet her.

And Brunt dashes back out of the room again.

25 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

Panic levels increasing, Brunt runs back down the corridor, to another door, which opens onto...

26 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - MESS HALL

Gaila looks up from the table at Brunt's entrance...

GAILA

Ah, Brunt. You're just in time to witness -

But Brunt doesn't care about that. He ignores the Kalani gathered nearby and rushes straight to Gaila, whispering into his ear...

BRUNT

They're... all... here.

GAILA

What? How?

BRUNT

That half-Pakled idiot servant of yours.

GAILA

(sigh)

I should have sent one of the Breen to supervise.

BRUNT

Who'd have thought running the transporter was a two-man job?

GAILA
Anyone who knew Bijon.

Brunt whimpers - what do they do?

27 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM

Pel shows the third group of Kalani - the People's Front - around a display of Cardassian weapons. As they browse, she glances over her shoulder to the door with a nervous smile.

28 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRUNT'S CABIN

On the edge of panic, Brunt grins maniacally as he pours himself a drink from the cabinet, knocks it back, and pours another. He holds the second drink out towards the Kalani Loyalist leader. She looks at him disdainfully.

Then there's a buzz in his ear. Brunt shrieks and jumps, spilling the drink. He tries to pull himself together.

BRUNT
That was the signal. Let's go!

29 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

A door opens onto the corridor, and Brunt leads the Kalani Loyalist group out. He looks to the right, and he sees the first Kalani group - the government - only just leaving, guided by Gaila into the shuttle bay.

He squeaks and leaps to block the view, directing his group down the left arm of the corridor.

BRUNT
Right along there. I mean, not right. Straight. Straight along there. To your left.

Glancing back and forth between the two groups of Kalani, Brunt waits until the door has closed on Gaila's group, and then runs off after his own group.

30 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM

The door opens from the corridor as the Loyalists approach.

BRUNT (o.s.)

Wait!

Brunt barrels past the Kalani before they can enter. He pokes his head in, and sees racks set up with Federation weapons, but no other Kalani. He sags with relief.

BRUNT

Thank the Blessed Exchequer.
Commander Lotral, allow me to
present...

31 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

Gaila stands watching as the Kalani government group transport away. He sags with relief as well, and then quickly turns and hurries back out of the room.

32 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - MESS HALL

The door opens and Gaila enters, just in time to see the third Kalani group's leader place her clawed thumb onto Pel's padd. He grins wide.

33 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM

Gaila enters and immediately exclaims...

GAILA

Commander! I'm Gaila, CEO of
Gailtek. Has Brunt been showing
you these prime weapons?

KALANI 2

He has. They are quite fit for our
purpose.

Gaila grins even wider...

34 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

The door opens from the show room, and Brunt pokes his head out into the corridor. At the far end, Pel is just leading her group into the shuttle bay. Once the door is closed...

BRUNT
This way please, Commander...

35 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

Gaila, Brunt and Pel all stand, as Bijon works the transporter and the final group of Kalani disappears. After a second's pause to be sure they're safe, all three Ferengi break into laughter, great howls of blissful relief.

Behind them, the door opens, and one of the Breen enters. He stops at the sight of three cackling Ferengi. Even through his totally expressionless environment suit, he manages to convey his confusion.

36 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Treir and Leeta are also howling with laughter over some shared joke, no doubt at Quark's expense. From near the main door, Kira watches, amused.

Then Dax rushes up to her, a worried look on her face. She speaks *sotto*, making sure no-one else can hear.

DAX
Nerys, we have a problem.

KIRA
What is it?

DAX
Bowers just called me from Ops.
Admiral Akaar is on the comm...
and he wants to talk to Commander
Vaughn.

(beat)
Nerys... what do we do?

Kira understands the problem now. As her face falls in worry...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

VAUGHN, with the party at Quark's going on behind him. He booms, cheerful and ebullient.

VAUGHN

LJ! And to what do I owe the pleasure?

Vaughn stands behind the bar, turned to face the comm screen on the back wall, which features the face of Admiral AKAAR. The admiral is as stony-faced and grumpy as ever.

AKAAR (screen)

The pleasure is all yours, Elias.
I don't especially like being kept on hold by a nervous Lieutenant.

Around the side of the bar, there's a large computer panel and an arched doorway where there normally isn't, of the type usually seen in a holosuite.

At the panel are Dax, Nog and Rom all working feverishly to program on the fly. The fake Vaughn pauses, as if waiting for instructions, before replying.

VAUGHN

Well you do tend to intimidate the junior officers, LJ. Now, what can I do for you?

AKAAR (screen)

I'm calling to ask where you've been.

Dax looks with worry to Kira, who stands to the side with VIC FONTAINE. All make sure to stay out of the admiral's line of sight. Nervously, Kira nods for Dax to continue...

VAUGHN

What do you mean, Admiral? I've been right here.

AKAAR (screen)
That's exactly what I mean. Why
didn't you attend the Admirals'
Dinner Party? I invite you every
year.

Kira and Dax sag with relief.

VIC
I won't bother pointing out that
you threatened to switch me off
for using these things.

KIRA
Good. I'm glad you're not going to
point that out.

Dax continues to program... the fake Vaughn chuckles.

VAUGHN
(background)
Meetings with the Bajoran First
Minister, Admiral. I don't think
she would have thanked me for
jilting her over a dinner party.

AKAAR
(screen)
Always some excuse, Elias.

Fake Vaughn gestures around to the fake party going on in
the fake bar, all around him.

VAUGHN
Another state visit from another
planetary leader going on even as
we speak.
(smirk)
Really, Admiral. Insulting the
leaders of two great nations for
the sake of cocktails and canapés?

AKAAR
(grudging)

Very well. But I had been hoping to speak with you about the situation with your Doctor Bashir.

Dax gulps again - hitting too close to home. She exchanges an uncomfortable glance with Nog, and goes back to work.

VAUGHN

What about him?

AKAAR

He was at the dinner. He seemed a touch distracted.

VAUGHN

If the good doctor chooses to hand in his notice and abandon his colleagues of many years, his actions after that are none of my concern, Admiral. If you want to know his mind, I suggest you speak to him.

VIC

(to Kira)

What is it you're doing, exactly?

KIRA

We need to hand-program your copy of Vaughn for realtime conversation, and it has to be so good that one of his oldest friends doesn't realise he's not talking to the real thing.

VIC

Where's the real Vaughn?

KIRA

He's not available.

VIC

Wasn't he supposed to be at the party...?

KIRA

He's not available.

Kira's tone makes it clear that Vic should not ask further. She makes a "tie this up" gesture to Dax. Dax acknowledges.

VAUGHN

If there's nothing else, LJ, I do have an official state function to get back to.

AKAAR (screen)

Yes, I suppose so. But you will attend next year, Elias.

VAUGHN

Absolutely, Admiral. You have my solemn promise.

With a mutter of disbelief, Akaar cuts the signal. Dax sags with relief and steps back from the panel. Nog claps Rom on the shoulder in congratulation. The fake Vaughn goes still.

DAX

Do you think he bought it?

KIRA

Let's hope. Nog, this was a brilliant idea. Thank you so much for your help.

NOG

You're welcome, Captain. But -

KIRA

(cuts Nog off)

You too, Rom. It's good to have you on the team again.

ROM

It was fun. I've missed this kind of thing.

KIRA

I know you're both curious. But don't ask me why. Don't even think about why. It's beyond classified.

I need you both to put this out of your mind and forget it ever happened.

ROM

Uhh... I can do that.

Kira and Dax share a cautious smile...

38 EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE

A majestic, soaring shot of the same planet we saw at the top of the episode. Only this is before the war. As we glide gracefully across the landscape, we see white-topped mountains with people skiing down them, alpine chalets and lodges, glittering lakes with gently drifting tourist boats, and gleaming glass architecture that blends in smoothly and ecologically. Everything is relaxed, peaceful and beautiful. An on-screen caption says:

SIX MONTHS AGO

Over all of this, a friendly, cheerful female voice:

VOICEOVER

Welcome! ...to Urwyzden Alpha. The three turquoise jewels of the Urwyzden system are here for your business... or your pleasure.

Gradually we find the government building - the one that will be destroyed by the missile.

VOICEOVER

If you're looking for a safe, neutral location for all your banking needs, the people of Urwyzden Alpha, Beta or Gamma will be happy to provide. And you can be sure of that safety, because the Urwyzden system has never had a single armed conflict in its entire history. We don't even have a military! So come to Urwyzden today, and let us invest in your future.

Finally passing THROUGH the window of the government building, and into...

39 **INT. URWYZDEN GOVERNMENT OFFICE**

A large, plush meeting room, with spectacular views of the surrounding scenery thanks to the walls entirely of glass. Three Urwyzden natives sit in a row behind a long table. They have mottled slate-grey skin, wrinkled and studded. Heads are round and bald, and they have long, pointed ears that flop over at the tips. They wear plain black suits.

The middle Urwyzden, MINISTER 1, speaks proudly.

MINISTER 1

What you have heard is true. We have never had a need of weapons. We maintain an attitude of strict neutrality, even with the Romulans, the former Dominion...

Brunt and Gaila sit opposite, again in their best suits.

BRUNT

But what about Orion pirates? These worlds of yours are ripe for robbers and raiders...

MINISTER 1

(sly smile)

Without naming names, gentlemen, I suspect you will find that many of the investors in such... entrepreneurial endeavours trust the Urwyzden to ensure that their own assets remain liquid without outside interference.

BRUNT

You mean the Orion Syndicate -

MINISTER 1

The what? I'm sorry, I must have misheard. For a moment I thought you were about to suggest that a

purely fictional organisation of doubtful integrity really existed.

BRUNT

Orions in general then...

MINISTER 1

It's certainly the case that a number of Orion conglomerates place funds in escrow with us. They prefer the convenience of not having to wait for Federation bureaucrats to go through the motions as they would, say, with the Bank of Bolius.

BRUNT

And what about races with a lust for conquest instead of profit?

MINISTER 1

A race that was truly geared for conquest - say, the Cardassians a few decades ago - would conquer us in short order, yes. But the other races, who would then be left in difficult circumstances, would I'm sure find it in their interest to make things right.

Brunt's big smile slips a notch - opportunity is slipping away. Looking to his side, Gaila seems to feel the same.

The Minister pauses to think. He jumps off his chair, and we realise that he is tiny, barely three feet tall. In fact all the Urwyzden are. The miniature Minister wanders over to the large picture windows, gazes out at the lovely view.

MINISTER 1

Nevertheless, you do bring up an interesting point. It has been considered in the recent past - what with the Dominion war and the Borg invasion - that some orbital defence platforms might be a wise investment. To allow others time

to recognise the importance of
their decision.

GAILA

(eager)

Oddly enough, orbital defence
platforms are our specialty.

MINISTER 1

Oddly enough, I thought they might
be.

Brunt and Gaila grin wide - it's a deal.

40 **EXT. SPACE**

The *Golden Handshake* sits in orbit of a small uninteresting
moon on the outskirts of the system - the same system seen
at the top of the episode.

41 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM**

The entire crew - Gaila, Brunt, Pel, Bijon, Voloczin and
the lead Breen LOK - are gathered in the showroom. The room
is set up to display the weapons and orbital platforms they
will sell to the Urwyzden. The four Ferengi have drinks in
their hands and clink them together in self-congratulation.

BRUNT

Three planets, three
opportunities! It's a good sale,
but a one-off. Profit is for life,
not just for the holidays.

GAILA

What if the three worlds fought
between themselves for political
control of the fiscal services? An
on-going struggle, kept at just
the right level, would make for
the perfect regular income.

BRUNT

(licks lips)

Regular...

GAILA

What you might call a private little war, of our very own. This calls for more than snail juice. Volo, where's that Romulan ale?

VOLOCZIN

I opened it half an hour ago. Where do you think it is?

Voloczin's fleshy tentacles flush blue, making Bijon laugh uproariously. Brunt is still a bit creeped out by him.

GAILA

Fine. We'll bring the Ministers of Urwyzden Alpha, Beta and Gamma up to the ship, in that order, and make our pitch.

VOLOCZIN

I gave each planet's gear a different casing. Each bunch are detectable by sensors we can sell to the others.

GAILA

And what is this not going to be, Bijon?

Everyone else turns to look at Bijon. He sags sadly.

BIJON

Another Kalani disaster.

GAILA

That's right.

BIJON

But they were ready. I just assumed you wouldn't want to keep them waiting.

BRUNT

Yes, well - you know what the hew-mons say about "assume." It...

puts the I in team... or something.

GAILA

Forget the hew-mons. Lok will make sure it all runs smoothly this time, won't you Lok?

The Breen rumbles a response in his electronic language. Nobody but Gaila appears to understand him.

GAILA

Exactly. Alright, let's get to it. Business, my friends, is about to be booming. And booming business is the best kind!

All but Brunt turn to leave the room.

BRUNT

I think I'll stay a moment, and get a feel for our products.

GAILA

You'll enjoy them, I'm sure.

The rest of them leave. In the doorway, Pel looks over her shoulder at Brunt, who is already approaching the weapons with a hungry look in his eye.

Brunt hefts one particular weapon in his hands. It feels good. He lifts it to his eye, looks through the target.

FLASHBACK - 6x10 "THE MAGNIFICENT FERENGI"

The chaos of the practise run in the holosuite, as Brunt shrieks and panics under threat of Jem'Hadar attack...

BACK TO SCENE

Brunt sneers in hatred...

BRUNT

(to self)

It was all Quark's fault. Quark and his entire lunatic family.

POV - TARGETING SENSOR

Looking through the targeting sensor at a circular target projected on the wall of the showroom... only it's not a target anymore. It's Quark's face, smirking back at him.

BACK TO SCENE

Shivering with hatred... Brunt fires.

POV - TARGETING SENSOR

Quark's face is blown apart by the simulated shot.

BACK TO SCENE

Brunt grins with satisfaction.

PEL (o.s.)
You're a good shot.

Brunt turns and sees that Pel never left the room. She's watching him, curious about him. The two of them are alone.

BRUNT
Let's just say I have good
motivation.

PEL
I don't like those Breen that
Gaila has taken up with.

BRUNT
I know what you mean. At least
with a Jem'Hadar, you could see
his face.

PEL
You've met Jem'Hadar? I'm
impressed. What did they do?

BRUNT
They... They died.

PEL

So the famous Liquidator does have lobes after all. What do you know about the Urwyzden?

BRUNT

More than Gaila does.

PEL

From when you were in the FCA?

BRUNT

Just because they fired me doesn't mean I have to give up all my hard-earned information. Like about the lobeless Ferengi who deposit their own profit with the Urwyzden.

PEL

Offworld banking? There are Ferengi who do that? But... But that's illegal!

BRUNT

And the law is the law... no matter how stupid it is. We should be proud to uphold it. Otherwise you... wouldn't be wearing those clothes.

They're actually flirting, intrigued with each other.

BRUNT

We should keep out of the way of those Breen. I don't like the way they look at me.

PEL

I don't like the way they look at anyone except for Gaila and Voloczin. I especially don't like the way they look at people talking together.

BRUNT

(smirk)

Then we shouldn't let them see us
talking.

Brunt is all smooth and suave, Pel is almost giggling...

42 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE**

A screen somewhere at the back of the small bridge shows the showroom, and the conversation between Brunt and Pel. The sound is off, but the flirting between them is clear.

WIDEN to reveal Lok, the Breen commander, watching them..

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

43 EXT. SPACE

The view of the Urwyzden system as seen at the top of the episode. Calm and peaceful at first. An orbital weapons platform sits peacefully in orbit of one of the blue and glittering worlds. An on-screen caption says:

THREE MONTHS AGO

A passenger shuttle from one of the other worlds glides by. The platform comes to life, **BLASTS** the shuttle with phaser fire. The ship is destroyed, ripped to bits, no survivors.

44 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE

Pel sits in her pilot's seat at the front of the bridge, watching this explosion on the main viewscreen. She is absolutely horrified.

PEL

Unbelievable...

Behind her in his captain's throne, Gaila grins with glee.

GAILA

In what way? We did come here for
a most profitable on-going
military escalation, didn't we?

45 INT. URWYZDEN GOVERNMENT OFFICE

The three tiny Urwyzden ministers now face each other over their grand table. The view outside is now peppered with small explosions and damaged buildings.

MINISTER 1

Murderers! This is unprecedented
and unacceptable! No Urwyzden has
ever declared war on another!

MINISTER 2

Declared war?! We are victims of
your madness!

46 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - GAILA'S CABIN

Just as palatial and extravagant as Brunt's, if not more so. Gaila sits at his comm panel, listening in with glee as the arguing voices of the Urwyzden ministers come in over the channel...

MINISTER 1 (comm)
Is this some kind of attempt at a
takeover of the Board?

MINISTER 2 (comm)
It is clear that some members of
the Board need to be let go!

All of this is music to Gaila's lobes. He turns to Lok, who lurks ominously behind him. The Breen rumbles an electronic question at him...

GAILA
Exactly as planned, Lok. Here's to
exploiting the weak for fun and
profit!

He raises a glass, and breaks into laughter.

47 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - GAILA'S CABIN

Brunt just happens to be walking past the door as he hears the sound of Gaila's laughter echoing into the corridor. He doesn't like it. It worries him.

48 EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE

The gorgeous Urwyzden scenery, now half-way between the peaceful splendour it was and the devastated warzone it will become. One of the small Ferengi shuttles zooms down towards the shuttle port as fighters zoom out of it...

49 INT. URWYZDEN GOVERNMENT OFFICE

The Alphan minister is now alone in the grand office, and greets Gaila and Brunt with relief and enthusiasm.

MINISTER 1

Welcome, my friends! It seems I was wise to make those purchases.

GAILA

You know it makes sense.

MINISTER 1

And continues to do so. I shall have on-going business with you, I think. Our own military is still in its early stages...

BRUNT

How goes the war?

MINISTER 1

Obviously we're doing our best to ensure it doesn't interfere with business. We have also begun interning Beta and Gamma citizens in conditioning camps to be sure of their loyalty.

50 **INT. SHUTTLE**

On the trip back up from the planet. Pel pilots, while Gaila slavers over his new contract and Brunt sits nearby.

GAILA

I like that. These Urwyzden are the best kind of customers. They're running the war properly. Taking it to heart. They'll keep us in profit for life.

BRUNT

The only problem with anything that's for life, is that it's only for the living.

GAILA

You're not going all hew-mon on me, are you?

BRUNT
Of course not!

But underneath he's not so sure. He exchanges a glance with Pel. Neither likes the way this situation is going...

51 **EXT. SPACE**

The *Golden Handshake* sits in orbit of a little moon on the edge of the Urwyzden system. The on-screen caption says:

TWO MONTHS AGO

52 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE**

The door opens and Lok stomps onto the bridge. Gaila is in the captain's throne. They are the only two there.

GAILA
What is it, Lok?

Lok buzzes a warning.

GAILA
What? Brunt and Pel? Don't be ridiculous. You must be joking.

Lok buzzes again.

GAILA
No, I suppose you don't.

Lok walks over to the screen at the back of the bridge. Gaila gets up and follows him. Lok pushes buttons, and the screen comes to life with the recording of Brunt and Pel in the showroom. Another clip of them sitting together in the mess hall, then as they walk together through the shuttle bay. And so on. With each clip, Gaila's dismay grows.

GAILA
What am I to do with them?

Lok rumbles his suggestion.

GAILA

Lok, you took the words right out of my mouth. Ah, well. I suppose it's that time again. Time to lay off the workers.

Lok's response manages to express his powerful joy at the prospect. The towering Breen stomps back out of the bridge again, eager to get to work.

53 **INT. SHUTTLE**

Pel is alone, driving the shuttle with a new shipment of weapons down towards one of the planets. She's quite happy doing her job, not a care in the world.

There's an alert on her panels, and she checks. She nods with understanding and relief - it's nothing.

54 **EXT. SPACE**

The shuttle is approaching one of the unmanned defence platforms, currently inactive.

55 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY**

Lok stands at a control panel in the shuttle bay. Readings are passing over his screen. He presses a button...

56 **EXT. SPACE**

The defence platform suddenly turns, bursting to life, and FIRES on Pel's shuttle.

57 **INT. SHUTTLE**

Chaos and explosions as the shuttle is fired upon. The windscreen shatters, spider-cracks spreading. A forcefield pops into place, but that's the least of Pel's worries. Her console is on fire, instruments are dying, and the planet's surface is approaching fast.

She panics, using all her piloting skills to keep the shuttle under control as best she can...

58 **EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE**

The tiny shuttle plummets to earth, a burning meteorite surging towards the ground...

59 **EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE - WOODS**

A squadron of the black-armoured soldiers from the opening scene are approaching through the woods, weapons held out in preparation. They all pause in shock as they see...

The burning wreckage of Pel's shuttle on the ground.

60 **ON SHUTTLE**

The wreckage is open enough to the air to see Pel's injured but alive body in the pilot's seat. The Urwyzden soldiers approach with caution, begin stepping into the wreckage...

SOLDIER 1

She's a Ferengi! The Ferengi are important to the Prime Minister. If she's hurt...

Pel groans, making it clear she's alive. Another soldier has found something else in the wreckage. He holds it up for the others to see - it's a rifle. It looks similar to the ones the soldiers are carrying, but not identical.

SOLDIER 2

That weapon's Betan. But this is one of the people who supply us with weapons.

SOLDIER 1

Who says they supply only us?

The soldiers looks between themselves, worried...

61 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE**

Gaila sits in his captain's throne. On the main viewscreen is the Urwyzden Minister 1...

GAILA

Prime Minister! I must warn you! I have uncovered evidence that one of my crew has been stealing from

me, and may be trying to sell to one of the other colonies. I'll transmit you the details of her ship now...

MINISTER 1 (screen)

No need. The vessel to which you refer has already been shot down.

The screen shifts to show an image of the shuttle wreckage, with Pel's body visible within it. Gaila smiles...

62 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRUNT'S CABIN

This same image is on the screen in Brunt's quarters, as he listens in to the conversation. He sneers, furious...

BRUNT

So... Gaila is betraying his own crew. Time to look after number one.

63 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

Bijon is hauling a large box of mechanical parts across the shuttle bay, by hand. The door opens and Brunt enters, oozing false camaraderie for the gentle giant.

BRUNT

Bijon! You look tired. Haven't you had a lunch break today?

BIJON

I'm alright. I'll just get this manifest loaded, then I'm done for a bit. I'll have lunch then.

BRUNT

Oh, but you know what? I just discovered the most exquisite tube-grub casserole in the replicator menu. It's the best I've tasted outside Ferenginar.

BIJON

Ohh... that does sound good. I like tube grubs.

BRUNT

You wouldn't be a Ferengi if you didn't like tube grubs.

BIJON

My father doesn't like them.

Brunt restrains himself from making a comment.

BIJON

Are you coming too?

BRUNT

No no, I just ate. Oh and Bijon? Why don't you check with Voloczin that the remote control for the Alphan drone weapons is working correctly? I thought I noticed some degradation the other day.

Bijon nods to himself, slowly recording each word in his memory. He wants to get this right.

BIJON

Okay, I'll ask.

Bijon leaves. Brunt watches him go, tense and nervous...

64 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - MESS HALL

Bijon enters, innocent as always. Voloczin is draped over one table. Lok and the other two Breen are sat at another. Bijon goes over to the wall of replicators, but then turns back, suddenly remembering that he had to ask something.

BIJON

Oh, Volo... are the, um, what are they called, the remote control for the drone things, are they working alright?

Voloczin jerks, surprised. The three Breen look up from their table, equally curious and wary.

VOLOCZIN

The what?

BIJON

The remote control things.

VOLOCZIN

Oh, er, those... well, ya see
mate, the thing is...

Lok stands suddenly, snapping a sharp electronic command.

VOLOCZIN

Righty-dokey, skip.

In a terrifyingly fast move, Voloczin leaps right off the table and straight at Bijon. His thick, muscular tentacles spread wide, revealing the wet, gnashing mouthparts on the pale fleshy underside. The mouth comes right for Bijon's face, the tentacles wrap around his large body...

Caught by complete surprise, Bijon struggles against Voloczin's crushing grip. He wraps his own powerful hands around the tentacles and pulls, but they don't move. His SCREAMS are muffled as the mouthparts start to BITE...

65 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - GAILA'S CABIN

Those muffled screams sound through the comm system as Brunt stands inside Gaila's quarters, a wall panel open and his fingers working like lightning over the controls.

Brunt grimaces at the sound, but keeps working. He feels sorry for poor Bijon, he didn't want to have to do that to him, but it was necessary. He gets on with the work.

On the screen inside the wall panel, a face-shot of Gaila comes up, and next to it, the word URWYZDEN. The rest of the screen is taken up with constantly changing information in the hexagonal Ferengi language. As Brunt reads on, he grows more and more disgusted.

But then the sounds on the comm change. A body thumps to the ground, and the Breen electronic rumbles get agitated.

Brunt quickly shuts the panel and hits a key on his padd. He dematerialises in a Ferengi transporter swirl.

The next instant, the door opens and Gaila and Lok stomp in, both furious.

GAILA

Bijon never would have thought to ask that question on his own.

Lok buzzes his opinion on the matter.

GAILA

Exactly! Which means Brunt is betraying me. Damn the FCA! Where is he now?

66 **EXT. SPACE**

Brunt's tiny shuttle races towards the planet and away from Gaila at top speed...

67 **INT. URWYZDEN WAREHOUSE**

A large warehouse space in the cold arctic areas of the planet, draughty and unpleasant. Two Urwyzden soldiers drag a body towards us. As they drop it to the ground with a sneer, we see that it is Pel, withered but alive.

SOLDIER 1

There you go. She sold weapons to the Betans. And that means the Betans can kill us.

SOLDIER 2

Make it slow and painful for her. Maybe cut off her ears?

BRUNT

I promise you, I'll be getting dividends out of my anger. Every last slip.

Chuckling, the Urwyzden turn and walk away. Brunt crouches down to Pel, tries to look after her. She croaks up at him.

PEL

Thank you...

BRUNT

Don't thank me. I'm just doing
what an FCA Liquidator should do
to a Ferengi who banks off-world
and cheats the Nagal treasury of
its lawful share.

As Pel realises that Brunt is talking about Gaila...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

68 EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE - WOODS

The same woods where Pel's shuttle crashed. Now Brunt's fully intact shuttle is hidden among the foliage.

69 INT. BRUNT'S SHUTTLE

The shuttle is powered down, its lowest energy settings. Brunt and Pel sit talking. Brunt is disgusted.

BRUNT

I should have seen it coming. Any relative of Quark's was bound to be insane.

PEL

What are you talking about?

BRUNT

Gaila! Gaila invested here. This whole war is a cover to allow him to cash out without anyone - especially the FCA - knowing what he's doing. It's all one massive insider trading scam!

Pel gasps, suitably appalled.

PEL

And he's happy to kill millions of Urwyzden to do it.

BRUNT

I know. It's unbelievable. The dead can't pay.

PEL

What?

BRUNT

The dead can't pay! There's no profit in it. I can't sell to dead people.

PEL

You're really not what I was expecting, Brunt.

(beat)

I was thinking... Gailtek is doomed now, surely?

BRUNT

Not necessarily. But we're not going to be a part of it any more. Are we?

PEL

The thought occurs that you need a new partner.

BRUNT

So do you, if you want to be...

(shudder)

...a profit-earning female.

PEL

So, if we're partners... what do we do next?

Brunt grins a toothy grin. He has exactly the answer.

BRUNT

As a business rival, we want to ruin Gaila and outdo his profits. As a loyal retired Liquidator of the FCA - and partner - we want Gaila brought to justice. And as the people he tried to kill... we want revenge.

(beat)

Call all three ministers. Tell them I'm going to give them what they want. And Pel?

PEL

Yes?

BRUNT
Make all three appointments for
the same time.

70 **EXT. SPACE**

The *Golden Handshake* sits in orbit of its little moon on the edge of the Urwyzden system. All is peaceful...

Until three of the small Urwyzden fighters converge on the Ferengi ship... and open fire.

71 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE**

Voloczin is alone on the bridge. Proximity alarms suddenly sound, and the large fleshy octopus-spider-thing leaps to check the readings, its tentacles flushing orange.

VOLOCZIN
Yer what?

The ship ROCKS under fire. Panels explode and sparks fly.

VOLOCZIN
Bugger this. I'm offski.

Voloczin quickly makes for the door...

72 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR**

...Only to find a firefight already in progress.

Two Breen are exchanging phaser bolts with a seeming army of the diminutive Urwyzden soldiers. They may be small, but their sheer number is overwhelming the larger Breen...

73 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - GAILA'S CABIN**

Gaila is asleep in his cabin, until he's awakened by the sounds of phaser fire in the corridor, the rocking of the ship under fire from outside... and a blaring ALARM.

COMPUTER
Auto-destruct in five minutes.

Gaila's eyes go wide and he screams in panic.

GAILA

Computer! Cancel auto-destruct!
Authorisation Gaila four four two
seven nine omicron!

COMPUTER

Auto-destruct sequence cannot be
cancelled. Auto-destruct in four
minutes thirty seconds.

Panic growing, Gaila leaps out of bed.

74 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

One of the Breen goes down under multiple phaser shots from the Urwyzden soldiers.

Voloczin leaps up to the ceiling, his tentacles carrying him quickly across it in an attempt to get past the battle.

Some Urwyzden take aim at him. He leaps down right on top of them, stretches his tentacles out wide, snatches a tiny Urwyzden body in each and SNAPS each one's neck.

Behind him the second Breen goes down. That leaves just him and all the remaining Urwyzden soldiers. They all take aim and FIRE...

And Voloczin's large body explodes like a fleshy balloon.

75 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

Gaila rushes into the shuttle bay (which has no shuttles in it) and sees Lok already working the transporter controls.

GAILA

Lok! Set coordinates for the
spaceport on Urwyzden Alpha. We'll
blend in with everyone else who's
leaving the -

Before Gaila can finish, a phaser SHOT blasts Lok, making his environment suit spasm with bolts of electricity. The

Breen soldier slumps to the ground with a gurgle, the suit smoking with burned-out circuitry. Gaila shrieks...

BRUNT

Brunt. FCA... ish.

Brunt steps forward out of the corner with a victorious, predatorial grin, his weapon aimed right at Gaila.

BRUNT

You're going to be a celebrity, Gaila. The first Ferengi war criminal. And I must say, it gives me great pleasure to arrest you as a war criminal -

GAILA

If I'm a war criminal, then so are you!

BRUNT

(ignores him)

As an offensively poor example of Ferengi morals, and as a personal threat to my own profits and opportunities.

GAILA

(laughs)

What profits? The moment you ran out I seized your share.

BRUNT

(delighted)

Then I'll add breach of contract.

GAILA

Add what you like, but if we're still here in thirty seconds -

BRUNT

Step onto the pad.

Brunt gestures with the weapon towards the transporter pad. Gaila does as he's told. Brunt presses controls on the panel, then steps up beside Gaila. The moment the coils

power up, Gaila LUNGES for the weapon in Brunt's hands. The pair dissolve in a Ferengi transporter swirl...

76 **EXT. SPACE**

The attacking Urwyzden fighters quickly break off and scatter, getting out of the way...

And then the *Golden Handshake* EXPLODES.

77 **EXT. SHUTTLE PORT**

Back to the beginning of the episode. Gaila and Brunt roll over each other on their way down the slanted surface of the shuttle port, an unidentifiable flurry of punches and scratches and yells and yelps.

Hitting the ground, they both reach for a weapon, spinning on the spot to point them at each other's face.

BRUNT

(smug)

Gaila. If only you were Quark...
That's the only way this moment
could be any more delicious.

GAILA

You're finished too, Brunt! It's a
mutual loss scenario!

Keeping his weapon trained on Gaila, Brunt glances to the side. Squadrons of Urwyzden soldiers are closing in on them from all directions, weapons drawn and pointed at the pair of Ferengi. Brunt sighs and shakes his head.

BRUNT

How did my life come to this?

GAILA

If you want us to cross each
other, fine! But we should at
least get off world first. There's
no profit in being killed by these
troops!

BRUNT

Profit is still profit even if it comes as something other than latinum. But you're right. We're both Ferengi, and that should come first.

Gaila relaxes, a little relieved. Together, they turn and point their weapons towards the approaching Urwyzden...

But once Gaila's attention is diverted, Brunt spins back and CLUBS Gaila over the head with his rifle.

Gaila tumbles to the ground. Brunt quickly grabs his weapon and throws it away, then shoves his enemy towards the soldiers. They grab him and restrain him. Gaila stares back at Brunt, dumbfounded.

GAILA

What are you doing?!

BRUNT

The Rules of Acquisition say that there is profit in peace, and profit in war. But there's no profit in genocide and death camps. You can't exploit someone you killed. It's... un-Ferengi.

(beat)

Plus, of course, there's the fact that you're a member of the detestable House of Quark. And any chance to take down one of those deviants is one I'm never going to miss.

GAILA

And where's your profit? Your non-latinum profit?

BRUNT

Well, by exposing you, I stop the war and preserve future Ferengi profits. That's worth a lot. Oh, and did I mention I've negotiated a license as a consultant and enforcer in the region? Not the

same as being in the FCA, but I'll
be doing the same job in the
private sector. And for more
money!

Brunt laughs at Gaila's horrified expression. And then the
Urwyzden soldiers drag the Ferengi away. Gaila wails and
squeals and begs, but the Urwyzden don't listen.

Brunt turns and looks out over the scene before him. He
sighs with satisfaction. Things are going his way.

78 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

A huge round of APPLAUSE explodes all around the bar. The
crowd is watching the many screens hanging around the room.
The displays show financial reports from back home on
Ferenginar. They're in the hexagonal Ferengi script, but
whatever they say, everyone's very happy about it.

Quark, Rom, Nog and Leeta all gather on the customer's side
of the bar, a proper family reunion. Kira and Dax are both
nearby as well. Treir works behind the bar, HETIK works the
dabo tables for his adoring audience, and Ferengi waiters
dash back and forth. The party has been a huge success.

Nog jumps with excitement and hugs his father...

NOG

Dad! A new contract to provide
hipecat cream to the entire
Talarian Republic! Amazing!

LEETA

Oh, Rom! I'm so proud of you!

ROM

(bashful)

It was Krax's idea...

NOG

But you led the negotiations. I
knew you could do it!

QUARK

I guess the Talarians must get a lot of skin problems.

ROM

I guess...

LEETA

Rom's the best Nagus ever!

QUARK

Hah!

Dax, Kira, Rom, Nog, Leeta, Treir... all turn to look at Quark disapprovingly.

QUARK

I mean that lovingly.

They grudgingly let it go.

QUARK

Although I do have to admit, this visit has been a latinum-mine for me. This is already looking like my best month so far this year...

(new idea)

...although, it occurs to me...if you would consider taking a shift on the dabo wheels, Leeta... and we sold it as a nostalgic grand return...

LEETA

No. I have my sweet baby Bena to look after...

Leeta turns to dote on her baby girl...

BRUNT (o.s.)

Brunt! FCA!

Bena screams at the loud noise. Quark does too...

QUARK

Aah!

Suddenly panicked, Quark looks around the bar, trying to see his long-time enemy.

BRUNT (o.s.)
That's right! I'm back!

Bena is wailing, Rom is moaning. Quark looks up... and Brunt's sneering face is filling every monitor screen.

BRUNT (screen)
And debtors and deal-breakers
everywhere are in for their worst
nightmares!

QUARK / ROM
Aaaah!

On the screen, the image changes to show Brunt and Pel standing back to back, arms folded, grinning defiantly into the camera as an overdramatic voiceover bellows...

VOICEOVER
All new!

Big block titles slam down a word at a time over Brunt's image, matching the announcer's words...

VOICEOVER
Brunt the Bounty Hunter! Only on
FCN!

Quark, Rom, Nog, Leeta stare dumbfounded at the screen...

ALL
Aaaaaaaaaah!

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW