

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

9x06 - "Miracles."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the novella

"The Lotus Flower"  
by Una McCormack

appearing in

*Star Trek: Worlds of Deep Space Nine*  
*Book 1 - Cardassia / Andor*

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**1     INT. GHEMOR'S OFFICE**

Picking up and continuing from 9x05. GHEMOR has been urgently speaking into a comm unit as O'BRIEN paces the room, urgently hoping for news. The wall screens are still blank. Ghemor closes the comm link and turns to O'Brien.

O'BRIEN

What in the bloody blue blazes is going on there?

GHEMOR

Miles... I'll be frank with you.  
It's not good news. I'm sorry.  
From what we're able to make out,  
it seems there's a siege situation  
in the lecture hall. Someone in  
there has a bomb, and is  
threatening to detonate it...

Miles puts his hands to his head in anger and guilt. His family are there. He should have known this would happen.

He FLINCHES when a hand falls softly on his shoulder, but he turns to see that it is only GARAK, trying to offer some silent solace. O'Brien tries to pull himself together.

O'BRIEN

What do they want?

GHEMOR

Well, it appears they have a whole series of demands. But I don't know yet in detail what they are. There's a whole bevy of reporters inside the hall, but all of their transmissions have been cut and it isn't really clear why...

JARTEK

Well, at least that's a bit of good news.

Garak shifts forward, instantly on guard around JARTEK, Ghemor's slimy assistant. Garak's tone of voice is quiet, pleasant and totally deadly.

GARAK

That's an odd remark. Perhaps you might like to elaborate on it?

JARTEK

(irritated)

What I mean, Garak, is that while the situation isn't under our control, at least that fact isn't being broadcast to the whole quadrant. We've got time to find out what's going on, time to get things under control, sort out a proportional response, and get the message out that Alon deals promptly and effectively with threats like this. That's what needs to be done.

GARAK

(cold smile)

Is that right?

GHEMOR

(warning)

Garak -

JARTEK

There are political implications to all of this, Garak, whether you like it or not. If all this blows up in our faces, it will be a disaster for this government. And someone has to be thinking ahead to the political capital we can make out of it -

O'Brien SNAPS. In a second he has Jartek pinned into a corner, one hand gripping his throat and the other pulled back ready to pulverise him to a pulp.

Ghemor stands and speaks quickly and strongly. Now we get a sense of why he is the man in charge of an entire planet.

GHEMOR

Mister O'Brien. I feel I ought to remind you that Mev Jartek is the chief political advisor to the Cardassian Castellan. And since you're the Federation's representative here... I don't think you want to do that.

GARAK

(murmur)

Let him go, Chief. He's not worth it. It's not a... proportional response.

GHEMOR

You're not helping, Garak.

O'Brien continues to hold Jartek, fighting the urge to hit him. At this moment, Jartek represents everything he has ever hated about Cardassia.

O'BRIEN

We should never have come here. Should have never brought our children into this pit of vipers. They turn on you and they bite.

GHEMOR

Mister O'Brien...

O'Brien finally gives in and lets go of Jartek, who pulls back and rubs at his throat. O'Brien returns to pacing.

O'BRIEN

Bloody hell!

GHEMOR

Well, that's one crisis resolved at least. Mev, you've said some helpful things. I'll bear in mind everything you've brought to my attention. But why don't you...

why don't you go and have a chat with security, find out how soon they can find someone for me to talk with at Andak?

Still rubbing his neck, Jartek nods and leaves quietly.

O'BRIEN

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lost my temper. Don't know what came over me.

GHEMOR

I do. Mev's sharp and he gets the job done, but he can... lack tact.

Garak snorts - Ghemor turns to him, annoyed.

GHEMOR (cont)

He also doesn't know when to shut up.

GARAK

Can I at least say this? You need to get someone down there to Andak as soon as possible. Someone you trust.

GHEMOR

Offering your services, Garak?

GARAK

Well, I'm flattered that you hold me in such high esteem. But I was going to suggest Macet. Much as it pains me to say, Mev does have a point. You need to deal with this promptly and effectively. I think Macet's the man to do it. He's experienced, and he's good in a crisis. He's also the military man least likely to score political points off you after it's over.

Ghemor thinks about it for a moment, then nods his agreement and turns to touch his comm panel.

GHEMOR  
(into panel)  
Get a hold of Gul Macet for me,  
will you?

Meanwhile, Garak moves to O'Brien to comfort him.

GARAK  
Might I make a suggestion, Chief?  
Go back to Andak with Macet. I  
hardly think the committee will be  
reconvening today.

O'BRIEN  
Macet won't want me breathing down  
his neck. And I can't do anything  
to help. I've gotta sit and wait.

GARAK  
I beg to differ. Almost all the  
authorities at Andak are inside  
that hall. You're the only one  
outside with the requisite  
experience.

O'BRIEN  
I'm just an engineer...

GARAK  
(indulgent smile)  
You, Miles O'Brien, are just an  
engineer in exactly the same way  
that I am just a tailor.

As O'Brien considers Garak's words...

FADE OUT:

**END OF TEASER**

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

### **2**     INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL

KEIKO O'BRIEN sits hugging herself, shivering, trying her best not to move. She looks down at MOLLY, sitting in the front row of the auditorium, scared and quiet. Keiko attempts a reassuring smile; Molly doesn't smile back.

Keiko looks along the row of other children, all in a similar state. Their parents and guardians are trying their best to keep them calm. The room is eerily quiet, punctured only by a couple of scuffs of seats and nervous coughs.

Finally, Keiko turns and looks where the rest of the room is looking - at NYRA, the 14-year-old Cardassian girl, TELA MALEREN's daughter.

The girl stands by the lectern, rocking nervously back and forth. Her coat is discarded, revealing the device strapped to her chest, with at least one obvious button to detonate it. She mutters to herself occasionally, just as scared as anyone else, but determined to go through with it.

Tela sits in one of the seats on the stage, to Nyra's left. Her face is down, staring at the floor, while her fingers work ever more anxiously at the bangle on her wrist.

VEDEK YEVIR sits behind her, his hand placed gently on her arm in comfort. Neither of them speak. Keiko and FERIC sit side by side on the other side of Nyra.

A louder COUGH sounds from the back of the room, quickly stifled. Nyra JERKS in response, her hand twitching towards the detonator. After a moment, she relaxes back, and bucks up her courage to begin her speech - learned by rote, repeated many times already, delivered with shaking voice.

NYRA

I am here today... to speak out  
for the future of Cardassia.  
Because that future is in danger,  
and because no-one will act to  
preserve it... we must act.

Cardassia is being polluted by alien influence, alien ideas. So this is our message for Alon Ghemor. He claims to be our leader. He pretends to be our leader. But he is really diluting us further and further, giving away all that we have left, piece by broken piece... It is time for this to be stopped. It is time for us to become pure again...

As Nyra takes a halting breath, Feric leans in closely to Keiko and whispers, keeping his eyes on Nyra.

FERIC

What do you think's going on outside?

KEIKO

They'll have people here as soon as they can. I'm sure they'll try to start talking to Nyra soon...

Nyra glances quickly in their direction, making them hold their breath in silence. Once Nyra has turned away...

KEIKO

Let her keep making her speech. As long as she's talking, she's not blowing us up. We just have to not startle her.

(reassuring)

They'll be here soon, Feric.

NYRA

This is what Ghemor's false and treacherous government must do. First, that government must be disbanded. It is the idea of aliens - of Bajorans and humans. It does not speak for any true Cardassian. Second...

(turns to Feric)

The Oralian Way claims to show the way back to Cardassia's past. But

we are not taken by their lies. We want these people stopped, their practises forbidden. Finally...

(points at Yevir,  
then Keiko)

...all aliens must leave Cardassia immediately. Cardassia must find its own, true way.

There is more to come...

**3 EXT. ANDAK SETTLEMENT - DAY**

The square between the various settlement buildings. It is sparse now, with Starfleet and Cardassian soldiers standing at strategic locations. It is also quiet, everything tense.

A Cardassian transporter signature delivers O'Brien and Gul MACET into the square, along with more Cardassian soldiers. A glinn approaches Macet and they speak off-side; a young Starfleet ensign approaches O'Brien. EMMETT is young and keen, but glad to turn things over to the experienced man.

EMMETT

Chief O'Brien.

O'BRIEN

This is Gul Macet, Emmett. He'll be taking charge here.

Emmett is glad to hear that. O'Brien is still slightly uncomfortable around so many armed Cardassians, especially one who is the spitting image of Dukat. But he is working to control his distaste. Macet and Emmett acknowledge.

MACET

Can you give me a rundown of what's been happening here?

EMMETT

We were watching the vedek's speech on the monitors, and then she stood up and started up the stairs. We thought it was odd, but it was her mother up on stage, so it might have been -

O'BRIEN  
(shocked)  
Her mother?!

EMMETT  
(realising)  
Oh no, Chief - Tela Maleren's  
daughter, you know, Nyra. She's  
the one with the bomb.

O'BRIEN  
What?!

MACET  
Do you want to explain to me the  
significance of that?

O'BRIEN  
Nyra's just a kid, Macet. She's,  
what, fourteen?

EMMETT  
Something like that.

MACET  
That could certainly complicate  
things. Go on, Ensign.

EMMETT  
So she got up on stage, started  
issuing all these demands, said  
there was a bomb. The security  
chief's in there; almost everyone  
is in there. I wasn't sure what to  
do, but I knew there was a minute  
or so delay on the transmissions,  
and I thought if this gets out, it  
could mean panic, you know, wide-  
scale... so I pulled all the  
transmissions.

MACET  
Good move. Are you still getting  
the signal yourself?

EMMETT

Yes, there's one journalist, Teris Juze, she's getting good shots. Nyra just keeps on making this speech, making her demands...

MACET

I see. Well, first things first. Can we transport in there?

EMMETT

(shakes head)

She says if anyone tries to use transporters, it'll set off the bomb.

MACET

(to O'Brien)

Is that possible?

O'BRIEN

Easy enough to set up a sensor on the same frequencies. She wouldn't even have to trigger it herself - it would all be automatic.

MACET

She could be bluffing, of course.

O'BRIEN

You wanna bet on it?

MACET

No. Alright... that leaves us with just two other options. Either we get her to stand down by means of persuasion, or we get her to stand down by means of force.

O'BRIEN

What, storm the building?

MACET

Not a subtle response, but it would resolve the situation.

O'BRIEN

(deep breath)

Alright, you're in command, Macet.  
But I would like to remind you  
that my family is in there -

MACET

As are about a hundred other  
people, Chief, none of whom do I  
want to see killed. All of which  
means we should try talking to  
this girl first, I think. It's  
possible she's regretting finding  
herself in this position, and a  
way out is just what she needs.  
Mister Emmett, if you'd show me  
the news feed, and any plans you  
have of the hall...

Emmett nods and begins to lead Macet and O'Brien across the  
square. Emmett steps up to O'Brien.

EMMETT

The youngest children aren't in  
there, Chief. They were in the  
crèche, and I had them all moved  
as far from the hall as I could.

O'BRIEN

Thanks, Emmett. At least that  
means Kirayoshi's safe.

**4     INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE**

Keiko's office has been set up as their temporary base of  
operations. As O'Brien, Macet and Emmett enter together, a  
Cardassian GLINN is there, watching the feed on the screen.  
He sees Macet and snaps to attention.

GLINN

Sir... this just got serious.

**5     INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL**

In the hall, there is a scraping of a chair and Nyra jumps,  
looking up to see that someone is walking towards her.

Keiko and Feric also look up, to see with horror that it is NAITHE, the chatty Bolian sociologist, who has stood and is slowly walking towards the stage.

Keiko frantically tries to silently dissuade him, urge him to sit back down, but he keeps coming. He speaks calmly, trying to soothe Nyra.

NAITHE

Now, my dear little lady. I think that you should listen to me...

**6 INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE**

Watching this from the journalist's feed on the screen:

O'BRIEN

Bloody idiot's gonna get everyone killed!

The tension spikes as everyone watches Nyra on the screen - tensing, on the verge of freaking out from the unexpected development. Macet remains firm and decisive.

MACET

Emmett, can I speak to them?

Emmett nods, hits a few controls, then nods to Macet again.

MACET

(leaning closer)

Nyra?

She JUMPS again, her hand jerking towards the detonator.

MACET

Wait, Nyra.

(she pauses)

Thank you, Nyra. Can I talk to you for a moment?

She looks around herself, confused as to where the voice is coming from. Beside her we can see Keiko and Feric tense, and a random person grab Naithe and force him to sit down.

**INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL**

Keiko and Feric nervously watch Nyra's reactions. Tela is still hanging her head, and Yevir is comforting her. Even though this is what she was waiting for, Keiko is still worried now, hoping Macet doesn't say anything wrong.

MACET (comm)

I'm outside the hall, Nyra, in the director's office. Do you know where that is?

(Nyra nods)

So you can picture me, in the director's office?

(nods again)

Good. Can I tell you my name, please, Nyra?

NYRA

O-kay...

MACET (comm)

Thank you, Nyra. I'm Akellen Macet. I'd like to talk to you, if that's alright with you.

NYRA

Why?

MACET (comm)

I've only just arrived at Andak, Nyra. I haven't heard what it is you want. Will you tell me?

Nyra pauses, still scared.

NYRA

Alright...

(deep breath)

I am here today... to speak out for the future of Cardassia. Because that future is in danger, and because no-one will act to preserve it... we must act.

As she launches into her speech again...

8 INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE

Macet turns to Emmett, makes a slashing motion across his throat. Emmett presses buttons - now they can still hear Nyra recite her speech, but she can't hear them.

MACET

I think the Castellan should be receiving all this. Emmett, sort that out for us, will you?

Emmett nods, and begins pressing more buttons. Macet steps over to O'Brien, who has been staring at Keiko on the screen. They both know this is a long way from over.

MACET

Well, at least she's talking to us now. We just have to hope there are no more heroes in there...

As they look on...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

### 9 INT. GHEMOR'S OFFICE

Ghemor sits watching the playback of the lecture hall on the screen. It has reached the point where someone grabs Naithe and forces him to sit down. We hear Nyra and Macet's subsequent conversation going on in the background.

Jartek is back in the room, silently refilling Ghemor's tea cup before melting back into the corner.

Garak leans against the back wall, arms folded, observing everything. He sees how tired Ghemor looks, how Jartek remains nervous. Garak is annoyed - something is going on which he knows nothing about, and that frustrates him.

GHEMOR

So... stalemate.

GARAK

Stalemate? Perhaps.

GHEMOR

Garak, whoever is currently directing events on Cardassia, it is clearly not the democratically elected government.

GARAK

No... and whoever they are, they're prepared to use a teenage girl to blow a Bajoran ambassador all the way back to his Prophets.

GHEMOR

Either that, or I give the order to send in the troops and cut her to ribbons with disruptor fire.

Garak hisses with frustration. On the screen, Nyra is deep into her speech and demands. Suddenly, something occurs to Garak. He steps forward, points to the screen.

GARAK

Play the transmission back. Just a few moments... just after she stopped talking about her demands and began spouting all that overblown, hysterical nonsense someone has clearly been feeding her about Cardassia's future.

Jartek looks like he is about to object to Garak's words. But Garak gives him The Look, and Jartek quite wisely reconsiders. He clears his throat, steps to the screen, and rewinds the recording.

GARAK

There. Play it from there.

The signal begins normal playback again.

NYRA (screen)

... All aliens must leave Cardassia immediately. Cardassia must find its own, true way.

GARAK

That's it!

Garak SLAMS his hand down on Ghemor's desk in triumph. Jartek JUMPS in worried surprise. Garak is happy now - everything is back under control. He turns to Ghemor, thrilled with the wisdom he is about to bestow.

GARAK

Cardassia must find its true way.

GHEMOR

I heard her. But neither of you are making much sense...

GARAK

The True Way. You've never heard of them?

(Ghemor shakes head)

Ah-ha! The True Way was a curious little organisation with which I had some dealings in the past.

JARTEK

(sneer)

You mean you spied on them.

Garak sighs, rolls his eyes. Why must Jartek be so crass?

GARAK

Yes, Jartek, I spied on them.

GHEMOR

And?

GARAK

It was a radical group opposed to any semblance of peace with Bajor, and very firm in its belief that all the woes of Cardassia could be directly blamed on the Federation. They tended to prefer the direct approach - bombs, assassinations.

(re Nyra)

This is just their kind of thing. As I say, only a small outfit, but quite effective, for fanatics.

GHEMOR

What happened to them during the Dominion Occupation?

GARAK

(shrug)

What happened to all of us during the occupation? Dictatorships are hardly discriminating. The Dominion took them all. Almost all. There's a legate - former legate, I should say - called Korven, who survived. He was key to the True Way's operations when I had them under observation. And he... well, let's just say that he owes me a favour or two.

GHEMOR

How do you know he's still alive?  
Did you look him up or something?

GARAK

I looked up a lot of people when  
my exile ended. You never know  
who's going to be able to provide  
assistance.

JARTEK

Why didn't you arrest him?

GARAK

I beg your pardon?

JARTEK

If Korven was so important to the  
True Way - a terrorist group,  
according to you - then why didn't  
you arrest him? Why leave him free  
to commit more crimes?

Garak smiles coldly at Jartek, simultaneously condescending  
and quietly threatening.

GARAK

Because sometimes, it is helpful  
to keep people in places where  
they are less likely to surprise  
you. Or, as my father used to  
say... keep your friends close,  
and your enemies closer.

Satisfied that everything is under control, Garak turns  
away from Jartek and smiles.

GARAK

I think... that it's time I paid  
Korven a little visit.

**10**    **INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE**

Macet and O'Brien are still watching their own screen  
carefully. Nyra is currently quiet, just rocking back and  
forth on her feet, scared and whispering to herself.

O'BRIEN

To be honest, Macet, I'm surprised she's not gone and done it yet. I thought suicide bombers just went in and did the job.

MACET

That's true. Which tells me she's not a suicide bomber. There's a political agenda here, one that we're going to hear more of, I suspect. Thankfully, that's not my concern. My business is with Nyra.

O'BRIEN

So, what about her?

MACET

In the eyes of her controllers, she's completely expendable. I imagine they did their best to convince her of that too. I'm sure I can get her to understand that she's being used... but what would be the outcome of that? Would it just tip her over the edge, make her feel betrayed? Am I better pointing out that she has other loyalties too?

O'BRIEN

What other loyalties?

MACET

Well, she knows almost all the people in that room. Friends, relatives, children she goes to school with. Do you think she really wants to see them dead?

O'Brien considers...

**11**    **INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL**

As everyone sits quiet and scared...

MACET (comm)

Nyra? Can you still hear me?

Nyra twists away, trying to ignore Macet's voice. The Bajoran news team make sure to keep the camera on her.

MACET (comm)

Nyra? Can you tell me if you can still hear me?

NYRA

Yes!

MACET (comm)

I'd like you to keep on talking to me, Nyra. Please.

NYRA

I don't want to keep on talking!  
We've been taking for ages! When  
are you going to do what I want?

Nyra's shaking hand creeps back towards the detonator, with a red light that pulses like a heartbeat. Behind her, Keiko closes her eyes and sets her jaw.

NYRA

I will do it, you know! I mean it!

MACET (comm)

I believe you, Nyra! I believe you. But are you sure it's what you really want to do?

NYRA

What?

MACET (comm)

You don't have to do anything you don't want to do, remember that. But tell me... isn't that your mother next to you on the stage?

On the stage, her head still hanging, Tela Maleren sobs quietly. Nyra's scared shaking gets worse than ever, her breath ragged and panting. This was clearly the wrong move.

12 INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE

Macet and O'Brien react with fear and worry, afraid that Macet has just pushed Nyra over the edge.

Macet looks at other SCREENS his men have set up - they show armed Cardassian soldiers and Starfleet security stood ready at various entry points to the lecture hall. Macet is afraid he may have to give them the order to go in.

MACET

Don't tell me we've lost it...

YEVIR (comm)

Nyra...

On the screen, Nyra looks to the side. The camera image moves to her left, our right, to where her mother is sitting, quickly refocusing on Vedek Yevir. The priest is sitting straight in his chair, looking at her.

YEVIR (comm)

That is your name, is it not?  
Nyra.

O'BRIEN

Bloody hell! Not again.

YEVIR (comm)

My name is Yevir, Nyra. Yevir  
Linjaren.

Macet and O'Brien both tense, clenching fists, fearing they are losing control. But Nyra just stares at Yevir, looking at him as if in a trance, not sure how to react.

Macet leans forward to speak into the microphone again, making sure to keep his voice level and calm.

MACET

Vedek Yevir, I am sure that your intentions are good. But Castellan Ghemor has asked me to speak on his behalf to Nyra -

Yevir turns and looks directly into the camera, talking directly to Macet. It's a little unsettling.

YEVIR (screen)

That may be so, Gul Macet. But it is my distinct impression Nyra no longer wishes to speak to you.

Then Yevir turns back to devote all his attention to Nyra. Macet takes a deep breath, and cuts the audio connection.

MACET

What I am hoping... is that Vedek Yevir has just got on the right side of Nyra.

O'BRIEN

Good cop bad cop, eh?

MACET

If she won't talk to me anymore, let's see what she has to say to the man she claims she wants to kill. See if she really can kill him after talking to him. Violence becomes a little more difficult when you can put a face to your enemy. There's not that many people with the stomach for it.

Speaking of which...

### 13 INT. KORVEN'S HOUSE

A small, claustrophobic room, dark and cluttered. The room is packed with as much memorabilia of Cardassian culture as a person can collect. Every surface and wall is covered.

The man who lives here, KORVEN, has tried to hold on to the better things in this post-apocalyptic world, because it is all he has. It is the futile gesture of an exhausted man.

He sits in a chair, at a table, watching a flickering and beaten-up old comm SCREEN which is displaying a different news report, from outside the lecture hall at Andak. He watches it with no pleasure, just tired resignation.

Suddenly, the power cuts out. The screen goes dark, and the few tepid flickering electric lights die. Korven JUMPS in an old man's fear. He gets up wobbly-legged from the table, goes to pull a heavy curtain away from a window.

Outside, he sees that it's almost night now, the dirty rain still hitting the window. Then he sees that other houses nearby still have their power. What few streetlights there are still shine. The power cut is specific to his house.

Then there is a firm KNOCK at the door. Korven jumps, ever more terrified.

He cringes away from the door, not wanting to answer it. The KNOCK comes again. It's undeniable. Almost knowing he is going to his doom, Korven shuffles to the door and opens it. Of course, Garak is there, smiling warmly, welcoming.

GARAK

Korven! Long time no see.

Korven does not answer, just stares as if seeing a ghost. Garak steps nonchalantly past him into the house.

GARAK

Don't worry, I'll let myself in.

Korven turns to watch Garak's progress. Garak sits at the table, his back to the TV screen, and smiles back at him.

GARAK

You will join me, won't you,  
Korven?

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT TWO**

### ACT THREE

FADE IN:

#### **14** INT. KORVEN'S HOUSE

Shuddering in fear, Korben closes the door but remains as far away from Garak as he can. Garak raises a small device, clicks it, and the SCREEN comes back to life, showing the scene at Andak. It is edging towards night there.

The few people not inside in the hall, as well as numerous Cardassian and Starfleet security, can be seen on screen. Korven can't take his eyes off it, while Garak keeps his own firmly on Korven. A newsreader voice-overs...

NEWSREADER (screen)

...and at least forty reporters, including our own Teris Juze and Lamerat Anjen. A spokesperson from Alon Ghemor's office has said that the situation is sensitive, but under control...

Garak flexes the fingers. Korven watches this, fascinated, terrified. Then Garak points to the chair opposite his.

GARAK

Sit. Down.

Unable to refuse, Korven shuffles to the table, sitting opposite Garak. He stares shaking into Garak's eyes.

#### **15** INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL

On the stage, Keiko is caught between being absolutely exhausted and too wired to rest. She looks around the room again - some of the children have gone to sleep, but almost everyone else is as tense and still as ever.

Meanwhile, Yevir is speaking to Nyra, his voice soft and flowing. She replies, sharp and nervous, angry.

YEVIR

I wonder if you have heard very much about Bajor, Nyra.

NYRA

I've heard all about your superstitions. And about how you're trying to bring them here. We don't need them. Cardassia doesn't need your lies!

YEVIR

It's a shame that's all you've ever been told about Bajor. Did no-one ever tell you what it looked like? How green it is? The rivers, the waterfalls?

NYRA

If it's so perfect on Bajor, why don't you go back there? Why are you here?

YEVIR

Oh, that's quite simple. It's because from far away, Cardassia is unfathomable. Close up, perhaps I can find out more about you. And I'm hoping that we might find that we have something in common.

NYRA

We're nothing like you!

YEVIR

Are you so sure of that, Nyra? Have you heard of the Occupation? I doubt you're old enough to remember anything about it.

(sigh)

If you ever came to Bajor, Nyra - and I like to think that you will - you'd see a lot more than rivers and gardens. You'd see broken buildings too, just like here on Cardassia. You'd see places where the fields will never be green again, because an army once went there and poisoned the land.

NYRA  
(whisper)  
What happened?

YEVIR  
Bajor was occupied, Nyra, just like Cardassia was. For years. For decades. People were born and grew up not knowing anything other than that Bajor was an occupied world. And these occupiers were cruel, Nyra - as cruel as the Jem'Hadar were to Cardassia. So yes, I think we have a lot of things in common. But understanding cruelty isn't the only thing we share, I hope.

Yevir pauses a moment, as much to pay homage himself as to let Nyra consider his words. Which she is doing, learning things she didn't know.

**16**    **INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE**

Macet and O'Brien still watching the exchange on-screen.

O'BRIEN  
Hell of a time for a history lesson. What's he gonna tell her about the resistance, d'you reckon? Think he'll mention how successful they were blowing things up to achieve their political goals?

MACET  
He's already passed on drawing her attention to Cardassian involvement in the Bajoran Occupation. Perhaps he's a little more skilled at this than Naithe was.

Macet moves to check on the other screens, which show other perspectives on the situation - the soldiers holding place at the doors, weapons at the ready.

Another message comes in on another screen - Macet taps to receive. Ghemor sits at his desk, from the perspective of his own screens. Jartek lurks silently in the background.

GHEMOR (screen)  
Care to give me some on the spot analysis, Macet?

MACET  
Well, Yevir has her talking. Correction - he has her listening, which is the next best thing.

GHEMOR (screen)  
Then my next question has to be, is the topic of conversation likely to make her want to blow something up?

Macet pauses, thinks about it. He comes to a conclusion he doesn't like, but it's the only one he can see.

MACET  
He's a Bajoran, sir. The target of this entire attack. I believe that the longer he's left talking to her, the more likely she is to activate the bomb. I'm ready to order my men in whenever you want.

**17    INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL**

Yevir still has Nyra's rapt attention.

YEVIR  
Some people on Bajor began to lose hope. They started to believe that the occupiers would never leave. That Bajor would be kept prisoner forever. But they did leave, Nyra. We made them leave. Do you know how we did that?

The hope in Nyra's face is clear. If Bajor could survive, Cardassia can too. Keiko allows a small smile of hope, and turns a wide, encouraging smile to Molly in the front row.

NYRA

(whisper)

How did you make them leave?

YEVIR

We fought them, Nyra. We shot them and killed them and blew them up, and in time, we drove them out. And once Bajor was no longer occupied, we put down our weapons and we tried to live in peace.

NYRA

But Cardassia is still occupied! By the Federation, by all kinds of alien influences that want to destroy the little we have left -

YEVIR

Nobody wants to destroy Cardassia, Nyra! Cardassia has seen enough destruction. We only want to help.

NYRA

We don't want your help!

YEVIR

Are you so sure of that, Nyra? Are you certain you speak for everyone on Cardassia? For all the people fighting off the fever they caught from the water? All those who lost everything and everyone they love, and struggle to live on another terrible day? For all those here at Andak, who only want to help heal Cardassia's wounds?

NYRA

What I'm doing will make things better -

YEVIR

How? By killing more people? By leaving another part of Cardassia nothing but dust?

NYRA  
That's all there is left!

Then Yevir slowly and deliberately stands up.

YEVIR  
No. You're wrong.

**18 INT. GHEMOR'S OFFICE**

Powerlessly watching this on the screen in his office, Ghemor jerks forward. Behind him, Jartek hisses.

**19 INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE**

Macet curses under his breath. Ensign Emmett crosses himself and whispers a prayer.

O'BRIEN  
What the hell's he doing?

**20 INT. KORVEN'S HOUSE**

Garak and Korven only get the sanitised version of events. But Garak has Korven's full attention anyway.

Garak moves around the room, inspecting the collectibles at a leisurely pace. He finds a bottle of *kanar* and a couple of glasses. He brings them back to the table, sits with his back to the TV screen, silhouetting himself, and pours.

KORVEN  
Wh-what do you want, Garak?

GARAK  
Well, what do you have for me?

KORVEN  
I c-can't think... why you're here. Not after all this time. After all th-that's happened...

GARAK

Stop talking.

Korven does, instantly. He reaches out with a shaking hand, grabs the drink, and downs it in one.

GARAK

(re screen)

This bears the unmistakable imprint of the True Way. You were the True Way, Korven. It couldn't exist without you then, and I don't believe it could exist without you now. So don't try to tell me you're not involved.

(pause)

You can start talking again now.

KORVEN

Ever since G-Ghemor took power, the True Way has been reforming. You know as well as I do that what C-cardassia needs is f-firm leadership...

GARAK

I'm not interested in your justifications. In your wisdom, you decreed that there is no place for democracy on Cardassia, and also, no doubt, that you and your kind are best qualified to replace it. See? I can make all that up for myself. So skip it, and give me some facts.

KORVEN

Andak was a n-natural target, at least it was once Ghemor staked so much on it. And when we heard that Yevir was going there...

GARAK

Yes, that must have been very exciting for you. Two birds with one stone, as they say. Yevir's

peace mission finished, and  
Ghemor's government discredited.

(beat)

So, what else, precisely, has the  
True Way got planned?

**21    INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL**

Yevir stands tall, speaking gently but powerfully to Nyra. She looks up at him, scared and fascinated and confused and angry all at once. He takes a tiny step towards her.

YEVIR

When the Occupation ended, Nyra,  
Bajor celebrated. Everyone around  
me was jubilant, everyone was  
happy. Because we were free at  
last. But I... I was not happy.  
When I looked around the world, it  
seemed to me that everything was  
drab. That there was no purpose to  
it, no point. I didn't feel free  
at all, Nyra. I felt lost.

(another step closer)

And then I found it. What I was  
missing, Nyra.

NYRA

(whisper)

What did you find...?

YEVIR

Purpose, Nyra! Meaning! Then...

(pause to collect)

...And then the whole world was  
transformed, before my eyes. All  
that drabness, all that grey - it  
was as if I could see colours  
again! And I understood my place  
in it all, Nyra. You understand  
all of this too, Nyra, don't you?  
What it is to have purpose? Do you  
not want to live to see that  
purpose fulfilled?

He is about an arm's length away from her now, but she barely notices. She is looking up into his eyes, crying.

NYRA

It's not the same. It's not the same... I saw it.

YEVIR

What did you see, Nyra?

NYRA

Where she taught. The Academy. It was everything she stood for, everything she loved.

Keiko looks sympathetically towards Tela, who is still sobbing silently to herself in her seat.

NYRA

I was going there too, I was going to study there and be like her. It was what the women in our family did. Our tradition. And now it's ruins. It's all gone. There's nothing left. No future. No future left, for any of us.

As if trying to escape the pain the only way she can, her hand begins to move slowly back to the detonator button on her chest, with its pulsing red light.

**22    INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE**

Macet tenses, having seen this action on his screen. He turns to the other screen, with Ghemor, grimly determined.

MACET

There's never a right decision, Castellán. Only the best one in the circumstances. You just have to act in good faith. Let me send them in.

**23    INT. GHEMOR'S OFFICE**

Ghemor, watching Nyra and Yevir on one screen and Macet on another, makes the only decision he can.

GHEMOR

Do what is necessary, Macet.

Then he closes his eyes and hangs his head.

**24**    **INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE**

Macet nods economically and emotionlessly.

MACET

Understood, sir.

(touches wrist-com)

Macet to all troops. Proceed now.

Terminate the target.

As Macet and O'Brien watch with resigned horror...

BLACK OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**25 EXT. ANDAK SETTLEMENT - NIGHT**

Outside the lecture hall, Cardassian and Starfleet security prepare themselves to break down the doors and rush in.

**26 INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL**

Staring into Yevir's eyes, Nyra's trembling hand moves slowly towards the detonator button. Keiko whispers "I love you" to Molly, staring up at her from the first row.

**27 INT. KEIKO'S OFFICE**

O'Brien sits down, his head in his hands, unable to watch what is about to happen. Unlike him, Macet won't permit himself to look away from the screen...

...which shows Nyra's startled reaction as the doors of the lecture hall come CRASHing down...

**28 INT. ANDAK LECTURE HALL**

...letting Cardassian soldiers and Starfleet security rush into the room.

Nyra's hand JERKS. But as it moves towards the detonator...

...She finds it held by Yevir's hand, unable to move any further. She looks up at him, sees him looking at her.

Feric shoots to his feet, shouting to the soldiers...

FERIC

Wait! Don't shoot!

A Starfleet officer hears and shouts to the rest...

SECURITY

Hold your fire!

They do, pausing to see what happens. Nyra is still gazing tearfully into Yevir's eyes.

YEVIR  
(softly)  
There is a future, Nyra. Have  
faith. Have hope.

The Bajoran news reporter, TERIS JUZE, lays her head sideways onto the shoulder of her cameraman, LAMERAT. His camera has been focused on Yevir and Nyra all this time.

TERIS  
(tearful whisper)  
Did you get that?

LAMERAT  
(puts arm  
around her)  
Of course I did, Juze.

As Nyra continues to gaze into Yevir's eyes, and he holds on to her hand...

**29    EXT. ANDAK SETTLEMENT - NIGHT**

The tension released, people rush out of the lecture hall building, eager to escape and find their loved ones. All around, people hug in relief or just take a deep breath.

Keiko walks out hand in hand with Molly, one of the last to leave the hall. Molly RUNS when she sees her father, and he scoops her up into his arms, her arms around his neck. He grabs Keiko and holds her tight, kissing her cheek.

KEIKO  
Where's Yoshi?

O'BRIEN  
Safe and sound. That Emmett's a  
good lad. He made sure all the  
little ones were okay.

KEIKO  
I'm going to be stuck here for a  
while yet...

O'BRIEN

I know. Macet said he'd need to talk to you as soon as you could. I'll take the kids and put them to bed. You come home when you can.

With a last kiss, they pull apart and O'Brien carries Molly off towards the residences. Keiko spots Feric emerging from the lecture hall, and goes over to give him a relieved hug.

KEIKO

Are you going home? Go to bed?

FERIC

No... I think I'll stick around a while. Some of the kids are still pretty upset and their parents aren't in any state to cope with them yet. I'll see if there's anything I can do to help.

KEIKO

Just don't overdo it. I'll need you. Tomorrow... and all the days afterwards.

FERIC

Don't worry. They won't beat us, Keiko. We won't let them. We're here to stay.

With an encouraging smile, they part. Keiko walks on towards Macet, looming in the darkness with his soldiers.

MACET

Director, thank you for your time. I appreciate that you must be anxious to be with your family.

(Keiko nods)

According to our sources in the capital, the project was targeted by a terrorist organisation known as the True Way. Nyra Maleren appears to have been recruited by them. I'll conduct investigations to discover how that happened.

KEIKO

Where is Nyra now?

MACET

In your office. We've been asking her some questions in there. I hope that's acceptable, Director.

KEIKO

Of course, whatever you need. Is her mother with her?

MACET

No... Nyra refuses to see her.

KEIKO

Is there anyone with her?

MACET

In fact there is... Vedek Yevir, of all people. Nyra appears to have acquired a great deal of trust in him. Last time I was in there, she hadn't even let go of his hand yet.

Keiko is not all that surprised by that. Meanwhile, Naithe is wandering over. Keiko is not pleased to see him - she will have some harsh words for him later. But for now...

KEIKO

'Recruited,' you said. How so?

MACET

These types of organisations prey upon the vulnerable, Director, usually the young. From what I've been able to gather, someone was placed here specifically to select a suitable candidate. Oh... and to teach that person how to build a bomb and plan a siege.

KEIKO

Who was it?

NAITHE

Oh dear... I believe I might know a little something about this...

MACET

(silky, dangerous)

Please, do continue.

NAITHE

Oh, well, you see... in the course of my studies here, I sat in on a little discussion group run by one of the junior staff, for some of the older children, you know... An interesting little group, they talked about Cardassian culture and history and philosophy... But I'm quite sure that these meetings were innocent, the young man who led them was quite personable. Had a fondness for nuts, if I recall -

KEIKO

Naithe. Who was it?

NAITHE

Oh, yes... I believe his name was Trask. Sobra Trask.

MACET

Do you know him?

KEIKO

He was on the statistical analysis team. Come to think of it, he wasn't at the lecture hall.

MACET

If it was him, he'll have left hours ago, probably before Yevir arrived. These people are experts at infiltration, Director. Your security procedures wouldn't have been set up to detect him. Doctor Naithe, I wonder if I might take a look at your records...

NAITHE

Oh, well, you know, those meetings  
are meant to be confidential...

(off Macet's look)

...although perhaps I might make  
an exception in this case.

MACET

That would be very generous,  
Doctor. It would also save me the  
trouble of having to arrest you  
for impeding my investigation.

NAITHE

Oh dear me, no... no, that  
certainly wouldn't do. Er... come  
along with me, please. We'll go  
over to my office straight away.

Suitably intimidated, Naithe wanders away again. With a nod  
to Keiko, Macet follows him. Keiko takes a deep breath...

**30**    **INT. CORRIDOR**

Professor Tela Maleren sits on a bench outside the closed  
door to Keik's office. She seems quite calm, poised and  
reserved as ever. Her hands rest comfortably, not twisting  
her bangle. She looks up at the sound of Keiko's FOOTSTEPS.

TELA

Director. Was there something I  
could do for you?

KEIKO

(surprised)

I thought... I thought there might  
be something I could do for you.

TELA

No, thank you. I don't think so.

A moment of silence. Tela doesn't seem to want to talk, and  
Keiko can't think of anything to say. After a while...

TELA

Nyra will not see me. Nor will she speak to me.

KEIKO

I imagine she's very confused at the moment.

TELA

Indeed, I would imagine so. Also, I believe she holds me responsible for what has happened today. Which I have to say I believe has a great deal of truth to it.

KEIKO

Oh no, Tela. That's just not -

TELA

(looking at her)

Not true? Where precisely do you think, Director, that Nyra learned to be suspicious of humans and Bajorans, even the Oralian Way, if not at home? Where did she learn the idea that she should protest against them in some way?

KEIKO

But whenever you had a problem with things, you always followed procedure. You were always willing to discuss things. Surely it was clear to everyone that you had no desire for any more violence.

TELA

And yet, the evidence before us would seem to suggest that such subtleties are lost on children. I have no doubt that Nyra proved to be easy prey for whoever persuaded her to do this insane thing. They would have found much of the work already done for them.

KEIKO

Tela -

But Keiko is interrupted when the door opens, and Vedek Yevir steps quietly out, closing it behind him.

YEVIR

Nyra and I have been talking for some time, Professor. I believe that she is willing to see you.

Tela stands calmly, trying to maintain some dignity.

TELA

Thank you, Vedek. I hope you'll remain outside. No doubt Nyra will want to see you again shortly.

YEVIR

I'll stay as long as I'm needed.

Tela opens the door and steps through, closing it behind her. Yevir turns to Keiko, as exhausted as everyone else.

YEVIR

Well, Director, I must say this was a rather excessive response to my visit. If you had not wanted me to give a speech, you only needed to refuse my request.

Keiko can't help but chuckle. She likes the guy after all.

KEIKO

How does it feel to be a miracle worker, Vedek?

YEVIR

I have worked no miracles here. All I did was find a little common ground. The Prophets guided my hand. The Prophets will have to take care of the rest.

(beat)

You look tired, Director. Perhaps you should go home to your family.

Too many at Andak are not able to do that tonight.

KEIKO

You'll always be welcome here at Andak, Vedek.

She turns away and heads home. Yevir sits and waits.

**31    INT. GHEMOR'S OFFICE**

The crisis is over. Ghemor half-sits half-leans against his desk while Jartek pours him a cup of tea. The screens show various points of view of Andak, both outside in the square and the replayed moment of Yevir taking Nyra's hand.

Unseen, Garak quietly opens the door and steps inside.

GHEMOR

They're going to win an award for this, aren't they? What's that thing called, Mev?

JARTEK

The Wurlitzer, Alon.

GHEMOR

That's the one. They'll win the Wurlitzer for this.

JARTEK

That depends. On how - and if - you let these pictures out.

Garak pipes up, making Jartek JUMP again. Garak enjoys the slimy assistant's discomfort.

GARAK

Ah, freedom of the press. Another watershed moment for Cardassia, eh Jartek?

JARTEK

Just making sure the right message gets across.

GARAK  
(simply)  
I bet they win the Pulitzer.

Jartek grinds his teeth at Garak's showing him up.

GHEMOR  
And what prize do we take away  
this evening, Garak?

GARAK  
Oh, all manner of trophies. Korven  
turned out to be as accommodating  
as ever. And as informative.

GHEMOR  
Do I need to have him arrested?

GARAK  
No, I don't think so. Korven and I  
have come to an agreement. He had  
all sorts of interesting things to  
tell me. And I don't doubt there  
will be more. But what I found  
most satisfying was the discovery  
that, during his erstwhile career  
in the military, Korven was the  
commanding officer... to one  
Councillor - formerly Gul - Entor.

It takes a second, then the grin spreads on Ghemor's face.

GHEMOR  
You've got to be joking...

Garak shakes his head, smiling. Ghemor begins to chuckle.

GHEMOR  
Mev, get me Councillor Entor on  
the comm, will you?

JARTEK  
Are you sure? It's pretty late -

GHEMOR  
Oh, I think he'll speak to me.

Jartek moves to the comm system and begins hitting buttons.

GARAK

It's not final proof of a link  
between Entor and the True Way.  
But close enough for our purposes,  
I think. Embarrassing enough.

GHEMOR

Enough for the Directorate to drop  
their opposition to Andak? Garak,  
you are a miracle worker.

GARAK

I prefer to think that I'm merely  
attentive to detail. And to loose  
ends. They're talents that serve  
well in tailoring, and in all  
manner of other occupations.  
Speaking of loose ends, there's  
one more thing I have to check on.  
So I'll leave you to it, Alon.

GHEMOR

Yes, yes. Thank you again, Garak.

Leaving Ghemor happy for once, Garak quietly exits.

JARTEK

I have Councillor Entor waiting to  
speak to you, Castellan...

Ghemor turns to the screens with a victorious smile...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**32 INT. O'BRIENS' APARTMENT**

Late night now. Keiko stands in the room, quietly tending to the flower on the table. Miles enters from the other room, and goes over to slowly massage Keiko's shoulders.

O'BRIEN

I'm still so angry with him, you know. Yevir.

KEIKO

You're angry with him? But he saved our lives.

O'BRIEN

He took a bloody risk. He's lucky he didn't get you all killed.

KEIKO

Is that what it looked like to you? Because from where I was sitting, it looked like Yevir judged his intervention very carefully. Almost scientifically. The ones I despise are those - what did Macet call them?

O'BRIEN

The True Way.

KEIKO

What a horrible name. What's true about using children like pawns to... well, to die, just because of their hate! Poor Nyra...

(Miles grunts)

What does that noise mean, Miles?

O'BRIEN

Just that... well, I have to wonder if Nyra even thinks she's done anything wrong.

KEIKO

But Miles, what she did... it's incomprehensible. Can you imagine Molly doing something like that?

O'BRIEN

No, but Molly's not a Cardassian, is she?

Keiko pulls away, turns to face him, appalled.

KEIKO

Miles, what an ugly thing to say!

O'BRIEN

Now, hang on a minute! I'm not saying Cardassians are all mad. Macet's someone to respect, so's Ghemor. Hell, Garak's the closest thing I've got to a friend on this planet. Of course I don't think Molly's going to hit her teens and start planting bombs. But Molly's not from a culture that's spent the last ten years in decline, fought and lost a brutal war, and then been burned to the ground. And I have to wonder if there's a whole generation of Nyras growing up. What kind of society can you make out of children who've been traumatised like that?

There is a long pause as Keiko considers his words.

KEIKO

Do you wish we hadn't come here, Miles? Do you wish we hadn't brought our children into this?  
(no answer)  
Miles?

O'BRIEN

Well, Deep Space Nine wasn't exactly safe, was it?

KEIKO

That's evading the question.

O'BRIEN

What do you want me to say, love?  
If it meant you and Molly wouldn't  
have to go through what you did  
today, then of course I'd say we  
shouldn't have come. But you don't  
want to leave... so, we'll stay.  
You don't want to leave, do you?

KEIKO

I did, at one point today. I was  
sitting there, looking at Molly,  
and I thought - what were we  
thinking, coming here?

O'BRIEN

And?

KEIKO

And as I listened to Yevir, I  
realised it would be wrong to go.  
That there are things you and I  
can do here that will really make  
a difference. More than that... it  
would be irresponsible to leave.

O'BRIEN

So we're staying, whether  
Cardassia wants us or not?

KEIKO

Even Tela knows things have to  
change. We spoke about it - was it  
really only this morning? The  
wiser people on Cardassia - the  
ones who really love it - know  
that if Cardassia is going to  
survive, there's no going back.

O'BRIEN

And the unwise ones? The ones who  
only think they love it?

KEIKO

Well... I've heard it said actions  
speak louder than words. Which I  
guess means we'd better make sure  
we get results, hadn't we?

Keiko turns thoughtfully back to her plant, and Miles goes  
back to massaging her shoulders.

**33    EXT. CARDASSIA - HILLSIDE - NIGHT**

Late night, on a small hillside over looking the capital.  
Three anonymous Cardassian men gather at the vista point.  
They include the older, unconcerned MAN 1 from 9x05 "The  
Lotus Flower" and the younger, more cautious MAN 2.

Man 2 chomps noisily on nuts from a small plastic box. He  
crunches the shells, spits them on the ground, and then  
chews the kernel. The older man finds this irritating, but  
declines to comment. All are dressed against the cold.

MAN 2

We ought to come to a decision  
about Korven. Can we depend upon  
him now? Is he still reliable?

MAN 1

We shall see.

MAN 2

Is he - forgive me, I have to ask  
- now surplus to requirements?

MAN 1

(firmer)

We shall see.

Slightly chastened, Man 2 takes out his last nut, pops it  
into his mouth, spits out the shell into the growing pile  
on the ground, and then neatly folds up the plastic box and  
puts it back in his coat pocket. Man 1 is perplexed.

MAN 1

Why did you throw all those away,  
and not the carton?

MAN 2

Well, it's not the same, is it  
This is plastic. Those are  
organic. What about Garak?

The older man pauses to think about that thorny question.

MAN 1

Who can say? But you may leave  
that... 'decision'... to me.

The younger man accepts his elder's authority with a nod.  
The third man has never spoken. The older man then turns to  
his colleagues...

MAN 1

Gentlemen.

...and leaves to walk back into the murky darkness.

**34    EXT. CARDASSIA CITY - NIGHT**

The square in the city, where Garak met O'Brien for  
breakfast earlier this morning. It is now deserted at the  
dead of night - no crowds of waiting people, no Starfleet  
security patrols.

Mev Jartek exits the government building through the door  
where Garak entered, and begins the walk home. He huddles  
into his coat against the cold night, looking out at the  
makeshift, half-built buildings.

About half-way across the square, Garak seems to magically  
appear at his side, walking calmly alongside him. Jartek  
manages to control his reaction - Garak frightens him, no  
doubt, but he'll be damned if he'll show it.

JARTEK

Garak. Have you been waiting for  
me all this time?

GARAK

It was no trouble. You're going in  
my direction, it seems.

They walk in silence for a few steps. Jartek is not quite as smooth as he'd like to be. Garak could do this all day.

GARAK

So tell me, Jartek. Are you content with how today's events have turned out?

JARTEK

All things considered, I'd have to say yes. It could have been an awful lot worse. Imagine if that bomb had gone off. Disastrous for the government.

GARAK

It's certainly been something of a triumph for the Vedek - again.

JARTEK

For the Castellan too. He ordered a prompt and effective response -

GARAK

Macet did his job there very well, I thought.

JARTEK

It was Alon giving the orders. That'll be clear enough, wait until you see the news tomorrow. It matters to people who's running the show. And, even better, it all comes with the added benefit of securing the funding for Andak.

(preening)

Yes, I think we can say that today has been a success for the Ghemor government.

Just as they reach a corner of the square, entering into a narrower passageway, Garak grabs Jartek with one quick, expert movement, and SLAMS him hard against the wall, one hand on his throat just like O'Brien had earlier.

Jartek GASPS in surprise, almost choking.

JARTEK

What the -

GARAK

Shut up.

(whisper)

Now you listen to me. You'd better be just half as good as you think you are. Because if you've left a single fingerprint, anywhere, we can kiss goodbye to Ghemor.

JARTEK

What d'you mean? I don't -

GARAK

Don't. Lie. To me. I've played this game too long, Jartek. Tell me what you did! What did you give Korven? Information? Money? Both?

Garak grips Jartek's throat even tighter. Jartek is barely able to nod his head.

GARAK

So the True Way would make a move, yes? And you'd be there, a step ahead, ready to discredit them? All so that Ghemor could be seen to do the right thing?

Another nod from Jartek.

GARAK

Korven didn't know it was all coming from you, did he?

Jartek shakes his head, terrified.

GARAK

You're not stupid then. What else?

JARTEK

Nothing, I swear, nothing...

GARAK

Are you quite sure of that? You didn't, to pluck an example out of thin air, leak the classified report about Setekh to the press?

JARTEK

Yes, yes, that - that too!

GARAK

And tell me - and you'd better be very very certain of this, Jartek - have you left any fingerprints?

JARTEK

None, I'm sure of it - please!

GARAK

Oh, you'd better be. Anything else you'd like to confess? While we're both here, and no-one else?

JARTEK

No...

Garak takes a moment to judge Jartek's honesty, making sure to keep a tight hold on his throat.

JARTEK

You're choking me...

GARAK

(leaning in)

The next time you get a clever idea, you talk to me. Do you understand that? You do nothing before you've told me everything.

JARTEK

I swear, I will...

GARAK

Oh, I believe you.

Garak finally lets go. Jartek slumps against the wall, rubbing his throat, catching his breath. Garak looks him up and down, unimpressed.

GARAK

One last thing... get yourself a new suit.

Then Garak turns and walks away down the passageway and into the night, leaving Jartek spluttering on the ground.

GARAK

(to self)

Now that's what I call a proportional response.

On Garak's satisfied expression...

FADE OUT:

**THE END**