

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

13x15 - "A Deal Is a Deal Is a Deal"

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*

and on the *Star Trek* tie-in novels  
by Pocket Books

### **TNG 18x15 - "THE STRUGGLE WITHIN"**

*Enterprise* is sent to negotiate with the Talarian Republic (TNG "Suddenly Human"), in the hopes they will join the Khitomer Accords. Picard's opposite number is Jono, the human boy who was adopted by Talarians. Meanwhile the Talarians have their own problems - their strict gender roles have led a group of women to fight the government. At a political event, the women attack and kidnap Crusher. As Picard and Jono fight the urge to use violence in response, Crusher realises that the women don't want to take over - they just want the men to respect their contributions and stop interfering in women's business. She realises that a Tzenkethi agent manipulated the Talarian women into kidnapping her, knowing it would emotionally compromise Picard and lead him to interfere in Talarian society, ensuring they never ally with the Federation. The violence is avoided and Crusher is rescued, but the Tzenkethi's plan works and the Talarians reject joining the Khitomer Accords...

### **TTN 2x15 - "SEIZE THE FIRE"**

During the Borg Invasion, a Gorn warrior-caste breeding world was destroyed. A radiation-crazed survivor, Gog'resssh, stole a warship and went rogue. Months later in the Beta Quadrant, *Titan* gets news about the Typhon Pact, the Federation's newest rival - which includes the Gorn Hegemony. *Titan* is surveying several worlds that seem artificial. The crew theorise that an advanced terraforming tech is responsible; such tech could be very useful for creating new colony worlds. However, a Gorn science fleet already discovered it, and Captain Krassrr intends to use this "ecosculptor" to create a new breeding world - by redesigning an already inhabited planet, Hranrar. When *Titan* arrives, Krassrr points out that Riker has no authority to stop them - *Titan* is outside the Federation, heavily outnumbered, and he doesn't want to start a war with the Typhon Pact. As *Titan's* crew watches powerless, Krassrr powers up the weapon to fire on Hranrar...

### **VOY 11x15 - "THE SUBTLE KNIFE"**

Locking himself away with only his wife's ghost for company, Cmdr O'Donnell has come up with a gift to bargain for *Demeter's* freedom - a plant hybrid that can survive in the Children's

toxic atmosphere. Lt Cmdr Fife's more aggressive plan would kill hundreds of the aliens. O'Donnell forbids it, but Fife builds support behind his back. On *Voyager*, Chakotay struggles with Eden's choice to communicate with the captured Children rather than rush to *Demeter*'s rescue. As O'Donnell leaves *Demeter* to inject his creation directly into the Children's energy spheres, Fife orders the crew to attack and escape, leaving O'Donnell behind. The crew refuse to support him, but Fife is able to fire phasers before they can stop him. Luckily *Voyager* arrives to block the attack. Lasren's telepathy and O'Donnell's gift convince the Children this was all a tragic mistake - Starfleet are not the Borg. The conflict is over...

## TEASER

FADE IN:

### 1 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - TUCKER BUILDING - DAY

A typical day in San Francisco - pleasant, warm enough, but a bit overcast.

The TUCKER MEMORIAL BUILDING is the headquarters of the Starfleet Corps of Engineers, comparatively modest at only a dozen stories. In the plaza in front of the building, there is a huge replica of the *Phoenix*, Zefram Cochrane's very first warp-drive ship as seen in TNG "First Contact".

On the other side of this replica, there is a TRANSPORTER STATION - five in a row. Into one of these materialises...

### 2 QUARK

The Ferengi ambassador beams in, standing on the platform and gazing in awe at the sheer size of the *Phoenix* replica. He stands there long enough for the transporter module to BEEP at him pointedly - get out of the way, fool!

Quark hurriedly steps off the platform and walks towards the Tucker Building, letting someone else beam in...

### 3 INT. TUCKER BUILDING - DAY

Quark steps into the lobby of this impressive building, a shrine to the engineers of Starfleet. With a reception desk at the far end, the walls are decorated with holographic STATUES of famous engineers of days past.

CHARLES 'TRIP' TUCKER III of the *Enterprise* NX-01, for whom this building is named. MAHMUD AL-KHALED, the creator of the Starfleet Corps of Engineers, seen in the SCE series. MATT JEFFRIES, inventor of the ubiquitous Jeffries Tube.

But it is in front of the hologram of MONTGOMERY SCOTT that Quark finds his nephew, Lt Cmdr NOG, gazing at the figure in quiet reverence. Quark spots him and strides forward...

QUARK

Nog! There you are!

Nog turns, caught off guard, tries to recover.

NOG

Uncle! You're late, I was just -

QUARK

Of course I'm late, do you know  
how many Starfleet transporter  
stations there are in this city?

(re holo-statue)

Who's this?

NOG

Uncle, this is one of the great  
engineers of Starfleet history -

QUARK

Whatever - you were supposed to  
meet me in front of the building.

NOG

I'm standing right here -

QUARK

(looks around  
dismissively)

But then I'd think a visit from  
the Ferengi Ambassador warranted  
higher than a mere lieutenant  
commander as my escort -

NOG

(angry)

I had to call in a lot of favours  
to score this assignment, "Mister  
Ambassador". Stupid sentimental me  
thought you might appreciate a  
chance to catch up with family. I  
guess I should have known better.

That finally brings Quark to his senses, and he softens...

QUARK

You're right, Nog. It's good to  
see you. How have you been?

NOG  
(looks back up  
at Scotty)  
I've been better.  
(shakes it off)  
How was your journey from Bajor?

QUARK  
Interminable. Ambassador Derro  
only booked me a budget cabin on  
the transport ship. If he hadn't  
made such a pathetic plea for my  
help, I would've refused to come.

NOG  
Uncle, you have more experience of  
dealing with hew-mons and Klingons  
than anyone in the Alliance - more  
than Derro himself even, and he's  
the actual Ferengi ambassador to  
the Federation.

QUARK  
Like I said - pathetic.

NOG  
Yeah well, you're an official in  
the Ferengi government now, and  
that comes with responsibilities  
as well as benefits.

QUARK  
Do you think I don't know that?  
I don't put up with sub-standard  
accommodations for just anything.  
There weren't even any *dabo* girls.

NOG  
You need to take this seriously,  
uncle! This could be the most  
important negotiation in Ferengi  
history. The culmination of Zek's  
work - and my father's.

QUARK

(patiently)

I realise that, Nog. Signing the Ferengi Alliance to the Khitomer Accords, alongside the Klingons and the Federation... it's not something to enter into lightly.

(deep breath)

It could change our whole way of life. Again.

It seems like Quark really does feel the weight of this moment, and all the complaining is to cover his nerves.

NOG

When is your meeting with Derro?

QUARK

Not till later, nineteen-hundred Las Vegas time.

NOG

Good, then we have time for the tour. This is the Tucker Memorial Building, the headquarters of the Starfleet Corps of Engineers. The complex houses dozens of offices and holo-labs for designing and testing new technologies...

Nog begins to lead Quark around the lobby of the building, pointing out the holo-statues and giving the full spiel.

But Quark is not really listening... he is worrying about the upcoming negotiations. Is he ready? Is he capable? Does he even want them to happen...?

FADE OUT

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**4**     EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PIER 39 - DAY

The SEA LIONS of Pier 39 flop about, HONKING loudly as they wrestle for space on the sun-warmed rocks and jetties.

QUARK looks on from the pier with a grimace, NOG at his side, and tourists of all species enjoying the spectacle.

QUARK

What are they?

NOG

They're call sea lions. They've been gathering here for centuries. There are more sports teams named after them than I can remember - including several baseball teams.

QUARK

They look like your great-uncle Frin. Sound like him too.

NOG

I like it here. I used to come here all the time when I was at the Academy. It's one of the most popular spots in San Francisco.

QUARK

(shrug, non-committal)

Nice and damp, I guess. All these tourists - I could easily set up a business and sell them things.

NOG

You can't sell anything, uncle - moneyless economy, remember?

QUARK

(shakes head)

These crazy hew-mons... stupidest thing I ever heard of.



NOG

Here we go...

QUARK

I'm serious, Nog. A moneyless economy makes no sense. How can you tell the quality of a product if you don't put a price on it?

NOG

They seem to have figured it out. I guess it helps if you don't try to cheat every customer you have by charging them more for your product than it's actually worth.

Quark looks at Nog, then just shakes his head.

QUARK

I swear, it's like this planet has just sucked the Ferengi right out of your head.

(points)

What's that place over there?

Glad of the change of subject, Nog looks where Quark is pointing - at ALCATRAZ ISLAND.

NOG

It's an old prison - supposedly the hardest to escape from on the whole planet, because it was on that island in the middle of the bay. Anyone who tried would drown or get eaten by the sea lions.

QUARK

See, this is what I mean - that was a sensible idea. But these hew-mons nowadays, with all their restorative justice and moneyless economy so you can't even bribe your way out of prison... I just don't understand it.

NOG

Well, I hope you figure it out fast, uncle, because the whole point of you being here is that you do understand the hew-mons.

Quark grits his teeth in annoyance, then turns away and starts striding down the boardwalk.

QUARK

I'm hungry. Let's eat. Never begin a negotiation on an empty stomach.

NOG

Rule number two-fourteen.

QUARK

At least you haven't forgotten everything I ever taught you...

Nog scampers to catch up with Quark...

**5    EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PIER 39 - DAY**

Nog gets two servings of clams from one of the many pop-up food huts along the Embarcadero, and brings them back to the bench where Quark awaits. He sits down, they dig in...

NOG

Here, these are the same things Prynn fed you in Ro's quarters that night. You liked them.

QUARK

And of course, you didn't pay for these, did you? He just handed them over. Madness.

NOG

Do you ever stop complaining?

QUARK

You expect me to believe that guy spends all day every day stood at that cart, handing out free food to strangers, to better humanity?

NOG

He does it because he enjoys it.  
In the Federation, you don't have  
to do anything you don't want to.

QUARK

That's what work is, Nog.

(sigh)

So anyway, what have you been up  
to since you left the station?

NOG

Well... I excavated an ancient  
Starfleet relic, I fought off a  
rogue Daimon and his hired thugs,  
nearly fell into a time-travelling  
anomaly but ended up outside the  
galaxy altogether, then had to  
get rescued by Romulan agents.

QUARK

Uh-huh. I threw a contest for the  
senior staff and then got rid of  
those damned Aarruri.

NOG

Pif? Pif's gone? And the puppies?

QUARK

Thank Gint. Little bits of green  
fur all over the bar. Only one of  
the Sti'ach took his place, so now  
it's little bits of blue fur.

NOG

(shakes head)

You do have a difficult life...

Quark purses and CRUNCHes into his clams...

**6     EST. LAS VEGAS - EVENING**

The sun is setting on this shrine to gambling, where many  
of the familiar landmarks are still present centuries on.

INT. FERENGI AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - HALLWAY

A heavy door opens upon Quark and Nog standing out on the sun-dappled street. A HUPYRIAN servant, URI'LASH, awaits...

QUARK

We're here to see Ambassador  
Derro. We have an appointment.

Uri'lash BOWS and welcomes the two Ferengi inside - they hand over a SLIP OF LATINUM each. Uri'lash takes the money, grabs a pair of TOWELS and hands them to a confused Quark.

QUARK

It's as dry as Vulcan out there.

The Hupyrian shrugs - he has to do it anyway. It's his job.

DERRO (o.s.)

Is that Quark?

After a moment DERRO bustles around the corner - short and pudgy, as round as he is tall, barely covered by a garish tie-dye caftan. The entire house is decorated Ferengi-style, which fits perfectly with Las Vegas extravagance.

DERRO

Ambassador! Welcome to my humble  
abode. Uri'lash - the waivers.

Uri'lash quickly puts the towels away, grabs a PADD instead and hands it to the visitors - Quark and Nog both thumb it.

DERRO

My house is my house...

QUARK

...As are its contents. Good to  
see you again, Derro.

DERRO

And you, Quark! And this must be  
your pioneering young nephew Nog.  
Welcome! Uri'lash - the parlour.

Uri'lash bows, and leads them out of the hallway into...

INT. FERENGI AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - PARLOUR

...a sumptuously designed sitting room filled with plush couches, gilded picture frames and twinkling chandeliers. As Quark and Nog take one couch and Derro another...

DERRO

Uri'lash - the refreshments.

The Hupyrian bows and leaves the room.

QUARK

Isn't that the same servant Brunt used when he was acting Grand Nagus for all of ten minutes?

DERRO

Once Brunt was deposed, the poor fellow needed employment. I was only too happy to provide it.

NOG

I didn't think it was politically correct to have Hupyrian servants these days.

DERRO

Young man, unlike yourself I am an old-fashioned Ferengi. I like my profits large, my females naked, and my ears stroked every night before bed. All those pleasures have been in short supply since your father came to power, sorry to say. But I will not give up my manservant for anyone.

On cue, Uri'lash returns carrying a large TRAY of jellied gree-worms, live tube-grubs, Kytherian crabs and Slug-o-Cola. He places this down on the coffee table and leaves.

DERRO

Now then - to business. We have much to discuss before our meeting with Bacco and K'mtok tomorrow.

NOG

Wait - the Klingon ambassador will be there too?

DERRO

They are equal partners in the Khitomer Accords, are they not? It's not all about the Federation, my boy. But I believe we are in a solid negotiating position.

QUARK

How so?

DERRO

We have good working relationships with both the Federation and the Klingons already - largely thanks to your family, Ambassador. Your brother worked with the Bajoran Militia before becoming Nagus.

(re Nog)

Your nephew is a highly respected Starfleet officer. Your own bond with the commander of Deep Space Nine has not gone unnoticed. All these things prove that Ferengi can work alongside hew-mons - even if they are lobeless regressives.

QUARK

What about the Klingons?

DERRO

They were a regular presence on that space station of yours for years, weren't they? You must have forged relationships with them.

NOG

(smirk)

He forged relationships, alright.

Quark elbows Nog painfully in the ribs - *ooff*.

DERRO

As for the political position, the Ferengi Alliance supported Bacco at the Azure Nebula, and she came to me specifically when she needed to enact her plan regarding the Tholians. Granted that seems to have backfired spectacularly with all this Typhon Pact business, but she can hardly blame me for that.

QUARK

I wouldn't count on it. No good deed ever goes unpunished.

NOG

(pointed, trying  
to prove himself)  
Rule two-eighty-five.

DERRO

(patronising)  
Good boy!

NOG

(glower)  
I'm twenty-nine years old.

DERRO

Then you should know better than to interrupt your elders.

Nog seethes, but Derro just barrels straight on through.

DERRO

Anyway, having done favours for her already, we're in position to come out of the negotiations with a good deal for the Alliance. But don't underestimate Bacco - she's a shrewd operator, for a female.

NOG

Certainly shrewder than you, if you're still underestimating females in the first place.

DERRO

(withering)

Young man, just because I'm old-fashioned doesn't mean I'm not still a diplomat. I know how to make a good deal for my people.

Rather than get into this developing spat, Quark breaks in.

QUARK

It sounds as if you've got this all tied up. Why do you need me?

DERRO

In case of the unexpected.

NOG

And if there's one word that could describe life on Deep Space Nine, it would be 'unexpected'.

DERRO

(surprised at  
the support)

Exactly. You, Quark, have thrived at the centre of that uncertainty for over a decade. I want that by my side in the President's office.

QUARK

Unexpected, eh? I can handle unexpected.

Off that enigmatic and slightly ominous pronouncement...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**



**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

**9     EST. SISKO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

But not so far into the night that the restaurant is not still alight...

**10    INT. SISKO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The restaurant is full with customers, all having a great time. At one table set for three sit NOG and JAKE, enjoying dinner and catching up as old friends.

NOG

(eating and talking)

So then the helmswoman - she was a Klingon, an exchange officer - she performed an emergency separation right in the middle of the battle, and the torpedoes slipped right between the two halves of the ship. Couldn't have been more than ten metres in it. I don't know if even Prynn could have done that.

Jake, who has been enjoying listening to Nog's tall tales, just smiles and shakes his head.

JAKE

You do realise I've only been following about half of this story, right?

NOG

Sorry, Jake. I always forget you flunked all of Missus O'Brien's science classes.

JAKE

(mock offended)

I did no such thing!

A moment. Nog looks around...

NOG

It's the same, but... different.  
But at least you've got customers.

JAKE

I'm a bit worried it's all just  
nostalgia, though. And once that  
wears off, they'll stop coming.

NOG

You've got a good product, Jake.  
You just need good marketing.

RENA arrives, a bit harried and rushed. She carries her own  
filled plate, and she caught the end of the conversation.

RENA

Listen to him, Jake. The man knows  
how to sell things.

She pecks Nog on the cheek, then sits and begins to eat.

RENA

Although now I think about it,  
maybe you've been listening to him  
too much already. How come you get  
to sit and schmooze the customers  
while I do all the hard work?

NOG

Don't blame me. I've been trying  
to beat him into shape for years.

JAKE

Great, that's all I need, you two  
ganging up on me.

RENA

So how've you been, Nog? Jake told  
me you took a transfer?

NOG

For a couple of months, yeah. That  
assignment's over now though. I'm  
looking at a long-term project on  
Andor, to clean their atmosphere.

RENA

Sounds important. Have you heard from Shar?

NOG

I spoke to him. He's still not great, after what happened.

RENA

It's nice that you keep in touch. Please pass on my prayers to him. Isn't he on the same ship as...

JAKE

...As my dad, yeah. You'd never know it, though. We haven't spoken to him in months. It's like he's just cut himself off completely.

NOG

I would never do that, I promise.  
(sigh)

I wish my uncle Quark would stop speaking to me, though. He's done nothing but complain and insult me since he got off the transport.

JAKE

That's just what Quark does - he complains about everything. You know what he's like.

NOG

Still no fun hearing it.

RENA

It's probably just nerves. Once he's in that negotiating room, it'll all work out, I'm sure.

NOG

(deep breath)  
You're probably right.

As they return to their meals...

11 EST. PALAIS - PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - DAY

The ground-level plaza, leading up to one of the four great pillars upon which the Federation government centre stands.

12 INT. PALAIS - ENTRY HALL - DAY

Scanning booths, security officers by the bushel, and visitors of all races passing through calmly and safely. DERRO and NOG wait landside of the scanners. Derro in his best dapper suit, Nog impatient in dress uniform whites.

NOG  
(furious hiss)  
Where is he?

DERRO  
The ambassador assured me when I left that he would be on time.

NOG  
Why didn't he leave with you?

DERRO  
He said he wanted to experience the gambling establishments for which Las Vegas is known.  
(side-eye)  
Beware the man who doesn't make time for oo-mox.

NOG  
Yes, I know the two-twenty-third rule, thank you. But this is not the time.

DERRO  
Young man, don't teach your elders to forge cheques. Your uncle is a Ferengi businessman. He will be here. In fact, here he comes now.

Nog looks up to find QUARK striding towards them, also in his best suit. Nog holds his tongue, but Derro is effusive.

DERRO

Ambassador! Right on time, I see.

QUARK

Of course. Being too early shows desperation. Being too late shows disrespect. But perfect timing - that shows confidence.

DERRO

Naturally. Shall we?

Derro gestures towards the security scanners, and Quark heads off with barely a look at Nog. Nog seethes...

**13    INT. PALAIS - TURBOLIFT**

Non-Starfleet styled, with no controls (it is controlled from elsewhere) and subtle security scanners everywhere. The three Ferengi wait as the lift takes them up...

DERRO

I usually take the direct transporter to the President's level. I'm only using the turbolifts to show you the full tour.

QUARK

I should think so.

Nog rolls his eyes at this pair of posturing, puffed-up peacocks. The turbolift stops, and the door OPENS...

**14    INT. PALAIS - RECEPTION AREA**

...to reveal Agent WEXLER, the president's main bodyguard, staring straight at them, looking unreadable but entirely capable in his no-frills black uniform. They step out...

WEXLER

Ambassador Derro. Ambassador Quark. The president is ready to see you. Lieutenant Commander Nog, I'm afraid you'll need to remain here in the waiting room.

Wexler nods to SIVAK, Bacco's secretary, who thumbs a comm.

SEVAK

Madam President, the ambassadors  
from the Ferengi Alliance have  
arrived.

BACCO (comm)

Thank you Sivak, send them in.

Wexler then leads the two Ferengi into Bacco's office,  
joining them and closing the door firmly behind them.

Nog is left alone with only Sivak for company. The aged  
Vulcan manages to convey devastating disdain without a  
word, so Nog just takes a seat and minds his own business.

**15 INT. PALAIS - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE**

K'MTOK, the large and blustering Klingon ambassador, SLAMS  
his gloved fist down on the coffee table, making the bowls  
and cups placed there RATTLE. Sat next to him around the  
coffee table, Derro JUMPS and spills tube grubs on himself.

K'MTOK

That is because your entire race  
are criminals!

On K'mtok's other side, Bacco tries to keep the peace...

BACCO

Ambassador K'mtok, please...

But opposite the Klingon, Quark stays calm and smooth.

QUARK

We could trade insults all day,  
Ambassador. I've heard them all  
before. But none of it changes the  
fact that the Ferengi Alliance  
cannot agree to Article Five of  
the accords as it currently reads.

K'mtok SNORTS dismissively, stepping away from the table.  
After only a few steps, he notices Wexler's unintimidated  
stare, and pulls himself under control, but stays standing.

BACCO

Ambassador Quark, I'm afraid I'm not clear on your objections. Your counterpart and I have had several conversations since I first raised the idea of your people joining the Accords. He never mentioned any problem with Article Five.

Quark raises a PADD and reads from it...

QUARK

"If any individual under the rule of one Party commits a crime against the other Party, that individual will be extradited to stand trial under the laws of the aggrieved Party."

BACCO

...Yes?

QUARK

Who gets to say what's a crime? How many aspects of everyday Ferengi culture, as defined by our own guiding principles, would be called a crime by the Federation? How can we sign an agreement that automatically makes every citizen subject to extradition?

DERRO

(small, mousy)

I think that's a rather extreme interpretation, Quark...

BACCO

I must say I agree.

K'MTOK

And I think you have just admitted to exactly what I said. If you were not all criminals, you would not have anything to worry about.

K'mtok is not helping, but Bacco tries to rescue this.

BACCO

It was my understanding, Mister Ambassador, that the great skill of the Ferengi was in making a profit without having to break any laws. That's the challenge, isn't it? The mark of a great dealmaker?

Derro is nakedly worried as well, having got his wish for something unexpected. He tries to reassure Bacco...

DERRO

Absolutely! That very policy is the hallmark of Grand Nagus Rom's regime. Indeed, Ambassador Quark has made a successful career out of earning a profit even within the Federation's legal framework.

QUARK

That's not strictly true, though, is it?

Derro's face is shocked - what are you *doing*?

QUARK

(continuing)

I've never been under Federation jurisdiction. Cardassian, Bajoran, then Ferengi. But you never had any say in my business affairs.

BACCO

And we won't now. The Khitomer Accords represent an alliance of nations, Mister Ambassador, not a melding of nations. We are not seeking to change your laws, or to punish you for living by them. The extradition clause is a minor part of the Accords. Far more important is the agreement to mutual defence and support. That is our focus.



QUARK

Small print leads to large risk,  
Madam President. That's our eighth  
Rule of Acquisition.

K'MTOK

Cowards. I knew it.

BACCO

What about the sixty-second Rule,  
Ambassador - the riskier the road,  
the greater the profit?

Derro is pleased by Bacco's quoting of the Rules, and hopes  
Quark will be too. But Quark is unmoved...

QUARK

I see no profit in allowing the  
people I am here to represent to  
be declared criminals, merely to  
cement an alliance that we've  
lived without just fine up to now.  
(draws himself up)

I'm sorry, but unless Article Five  
is rewritten, the Ferengi Alliance  
will not be signing up to the  
Khitomer Accords.

Derro is embarrassed, K'mtok exasperated, and Bacco just  
sad. But Quark sits back, resolute. That is his decision.

BLACK OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**16 INT. PALAIS - RECEPTION AREA**

NOG sits on the couch, uncomfortable and restricted in his dress whites. Nothing to do but sit there and wait.

He notices SIVAK cock an eyebrow and turn his head a touch, as if listening in with his sensitive Vulcan hearing. Two can play that game - NOG also turns his head slightly, manoeuvring his giant Ferengi ears to the right angle...

**INSERT - NOG'S EAR**

BACCO  
(o.s., muffled)  
Mister Ambassador, please...

QUARK  
(o.s., muffled)  
I said no!

**BACK TO SCENE**

Nog grits his teeth - just as he feared, Quark is screwing this up. But before he can do anything about it...

AKAAR (o.s.)  
Lieutenant Commander Nog!

Nog jumps to his feet, coming face to groin with Adm AKAAR.

NOG  
Sir! Sorry sir, I was distracted -

AKAAR  
So I see. At ease, Commander. Why are you in the Palais?

NOG  
I'm serving as the official escort for Ambassador Quark, sir. He's with the president right now.

AKAAR

Ah. Very well, carry on.

NOG

Thank you, sir.

Akaar turns to face the office doors, straight and tall. Without leave to sit, Nog remains standing, terrified at being in the presence of the Starfleet C-in-C. They stand in silence, Akaar literally twice the size of Nog.

NOG

I understand you were recently on Deep Space Nine, Admiral.

AKAAR

That is correct, Commander.

NOG

How is everyone, if I may ask?

AKAAR

You need not attempt to engage me in small talk, Mister Nog. I am perfectly comfortable waiting in silence. But... they are well.

NOG

(gulp)

Aye, sir. Thank you, sir.

The office door OPENS, Agent Wexler allowing first K'mtok to stomp out angrily and thunder towards an EXIT.

Quark and Derro follow him, Derro fluttering towards a different exit, while Quark heads right for the turbolift.

QUARK

Come on, Nog - we're leaving.

Nog stretches to look up at Akaar, who nods permission. Nog slips in beside Quark, they both step in, the doors close.

Quietly curious, Akaar heads into the office himself, past the expressionless Sivak, and allows Wexler to close the door behind him.

17 EXT. PARIS - PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - DAY

Quark and Nog step out of the security hall, into the open air plaza of the Place de la Concorde. Quark forges ahead, head high and bullish, while Nog scampers to keep up.

NOG

(to his back)

Uncle, I really think we ought to talk about this -

QUARK

(walking away)

Nothing to talk about, Nog.

NOG

But uncle -

QUARK

They weren't prepared to budge, so the deal's off. That's it.

NOG

Just hold on a minute, it's not too late, we can go back in -

QUARK

You'll have to hurry up if you want to catch the dinner buffet. Or I can just leave you here -

Nog plants himself and breaks out his command voice.

NOG

Ambassador Quark! As a Starfleet officer, I order you to stop!

As nearby strangers gawp, Quark turns on the spot and walks right back to Nog, looming over him with a sneer.

QUARK

Do you really think I'm impressed by that? Order whoever you want - Starfleet has no control over me.

NOG

(not intimidated)

Yes, you've made it very clear how little you respect me. Oh, you put on a big sentimental display in front of your friends, told them how much you'd miss me, but this is the real you, isn't it?

QUARK

(sigh)

What are you talking about now?

NOG

You always hated the Federation. That's why you tried to sabotage my joining Starfleet years ago, and why you deliberately ruined everything my father has been working towards for years today.

QUARK

I have no idea what you -

NOG

You don't care about extradition treaties! You were just looking for an excuse to blow the deal.

QUARK

It was a bad deal! Rule number -

NOG

(snaps)

Oh will you shut up about the Rules! You have done nothing but spout Rules at me since you got here. Not everything is about the damned Rules of Acquisition.

QUARK

Yes it is. Of course it is.

Quark calmly tries to get through to his deeply confused nephew, who clearly just needs someone to explain to him...

QUARK

Listen, Nog. I've been in business longer than you've been alive, and there is not one single situation I have ever faced that didn't have a Rule to cover it. That's why I know the Khitomer Accords are a bad deal for Ferenginar.

NOG

You mean it's a bad deal for you, because you'd have to admit you're wrong. All being in business for a long time means is that you're old fashioned, as bad as Derro. Worse, you're inflexible - and selfish.

QUARK

(jaw drops)

Selfish? I'm trying to protect the Ferengi people - my people - from getting stuck in a bad deal.

Nog is metaphorically tearing his hair out, trying equally hard to get through to his stubborn uncle...

NOG

It's not a bad deal! Joining the Khitomer Accords would mean the Ferengi are respected as equal to the Federation and the Klingons. It means we get to collaborate as equals, make new kinds of deals all across the galaxy. It means we get to be trusted by people for once, instead of laughed at.

QUARK

But that's the whole point, Nog. Shouldn't we be respected for our own sake, not just because of our association with the Federation? We have our own culture and our own values, and the Federation always says they respect that, but we both know it's a lie.

NOG

Yeah well, that's because Ferengi culture isn't respectable.

Quark stops and gapes with amazement at what Nog said...

QUARK

Nog, do you hear yourself? Not respectable - by whose standards? Do you hate yourself that much?

NOG

(shocked laugh)

I don't hate myself! I love being a Ferengi, but I'm tired of being looked down on by everyone I ever meet, including you.

(calmer)

So I took the best parts of being a Ferengi and found a way to make them work with the rest of the galaxy. And it turns out if you do that, people actually respect you. That's what I get out of serving in Starfleet, uncle - respect. Opportunity. Things I never got from working in your bar.

QUARK

I'm sorry you feel that way, Nog. But I love being a Ferengi too - too much to change everything about myself just to fit in with the Federation.

NOG

But I'm still a Ferengi! Our ways can work with the Federation, I'm the proof. That rogue Daimon? I foiled his plans by playing on my father's name to negotiate a deal with his underlings, and get the information Starfleet needed. What could be more Ferengi than that?

QUARK

(looks around)

Well, I'm still not convinced.

NOG

Aaaggh! Why do you always have to be so pig-headed, so stubborn and obstructionist? Why can't you ever just go along with things?

QUARK

But don't you see, Nog? That's exactly the problem, right there. Everyone is expected to "just go along" with the Federation. And why wouldn't they? The Federation is always right, always virtuous and true, always the good guys.

NOG

They've saved your life a hundred times over.

QUARK

I know that! And I'm grateful. But does that mean they can never do anything wrong? That I'm never allowed to criticise them?

NOG

You never stop criticising them.

QUARK

Well, somebody needs to! Because somehow, these hew-mons have got it into their weirdly small heads that they are the default position - that sooner or later everyone will come around to their way of thinking and join the Federation.

NOG

(frustrated growl)

We are not joining the Federation. We are just allying with them.



QUARK

To quote Vic - potayto, potahto.  
The Klingons used to be the most  
violent, bloodthirsty monsters in  
the galaxy, but ever since they  
joined the Accords, they're about  
as tough as those damned puppies.

NOG

I thought you hated the Klingons.

QUARK

Of course I hate them! They love  
stabbing things, and then singing  
songs about how much they love  
stabbing things. But the point is,  
they changed all that to fit into  
what the Federation expected. And  
I don't want that to happen to us.

NOG

The Klingons changed because they  
realised that it benefits people  
to work together.

QUARK

I agree. But does that "together"  
always have to be on such hewmon-  
centric terms?

Quark gestures around them - at the Place de la Concorde,  
filled with aliens of all races.

QUARK

Look where we are right now, Nog.  
Look at it! The Palais de la  
Concorde, the centre of government  
for the entire Federation. And  
where is it? On Earth.

(beat)

Representatives from more than a  
hundred-fifty worlds, and if they  
want a say in the decisions that  
affect the lives of every person  
living on those worlds, where do  
they have to come? To Earth.

(beat)

The height of the Borg invasion,  
and President Bacco sends out a  
decree that if one particular  
planet falls, then that's it, it's  
over, we all give up and go home.  
And what planet was that, Nog? Was  
it Vulcan? Was it Qo'noS? Was it  
Ferenginar? No, it was Earth.

NOG

Alright, uncle. I get it.

QUARK

Do you, really? Because you need  
to understand why they're in the  
state they're in right now. Why  
they're so desperate for us to  
join up to their little alliance.  
Because it was that very attitude  
that created the Typhon Pact, Nog.  
They brought it on themselves.

(deep breath)

You're tired of being looked down  
on? The whole galaxy is tired of  
being looked down on by the hew-  
mons and the Klingons. They're  
tired of being bullied, and pushed  
around, and expected to fall into  
line. They're tired of "just going  
along" with the Federation.

(sigh)

And so am I.

On that pronouncement, Quark turns and walks away across  
the plaza, leaving Nog to consider his words...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**18 EST. SSKO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

As before...

GARAK (v.o.)

It is rather a shame...

**19 INT. SSKO'S RESTAURANT - PATIO - NIGHT**

The next night, the next evening dinner crowd. GARAK sits at one table, gazing at JOSEPH'S MEMORIAL, while opposite him, Quark eats his dinner with annoyed distraction.

QUARK

What is?

GARAK

That I never found the time to visit this marvellous establishment while its original owner was still with us. I understand that it was quite a popular haunt with some of my fellow diplomats.

QUARK

(doesn't care)

Really...

Garak can see that Quark has other things on his mind. He chooses to continue with an air of practised nonchalance...

GARAK

Oh yes. Races from across the Federation and beyond have heard of Captain Sisko, of course. War hero, Emissary of the Prophets... they all want to see the house where the great man was raised.

QUARK

Good for them.

GARAK

(pushes a  
little more)

Of course it also means that this restaurant has become quite the melting pot itself over the years - people of all shapes, sizes and colours breaking bread together. At least, that's what I hear.

QUARK

(finally looks up)  
You never came yourself?

GARAK

Well, it's a long journey. I did consider coming for the funeral, but that was really for friends and family, and I couldn't quite flatter myself that I was either.

Quark points with his fork to Garak's half-eaten dinner.

QUARK

You seemed to know what to order.

GARAK

One does one's research. In a way, this place reminds me of your own bar back on Deep Space Nine.

QUARK

Except nobody pays for anything.

GARAK

(shrug)

When on Ferenginar, do as the Ferengi do. When on Earth...

Quark looks up, triggered - just as Garak intended. The Cardassian ambassador merely smiles back innocently...

QUARK

I never wanted to be on Earth at all. It's all Derro's fault.

GARAK

Well, I for one am certainly glad you are here. After all, how often does one get to catch up with such an old and valued friend?

Quark looks at Garak askance - he's being weird - then returns to his food. Garak continues to watch...

GARAK

Why are you on Earth, if I may ask? I doubt it's simply to catch up with your nephew. You don't strike me as the sentimental type.

QUARK

I'm surprised you haven't heard all about it.

GARAK

Oh, Ferengi hearing is far more sensitive than a Cardassian's...

QUARK

I'm here because President Bacco wants the Ferengi Alliance to join the Khitomer Accords.

GARAK

I see. I've met Ambassador Derro, of course. I can see why he might have felt he needed your help in striking such an important deal.

QUARK

You don't think he's any good?

GARAK

It's really not for me to say. But having worked alongside your good self for so many years, I think I can safely say which of us is the superior negotiator.

QUARK

Thank you.

Garak smiles enigmatically - he never said it was Quark.

GARAK

President Bacco made a similar proposal to me. She would quite like the Cardassian Union to join the Accords as well.

(sly smile)

Things must be in a worse state than I realised.

QUARK

Is it going to happen?

GARAK

Ah, that's the question, isn't it? There's no greater admirer of the Federation than I, as you know...

This time, Quark shares Garak's amused smile...

GARAK

(continuing)

...but sadly, many of my people, including the Castellon herself, remain rather... cautious about getting too close. It was, after all, only a few years ago that Starfleet was dedicated to defeating us at any cost.

(sigh)

At least your people never had that to contend with.

QUARK

(thoughtful)

I guess. So what are you going to do about it?

GARAK

My dear Quark, what can I do? I am merely an agent of my government, here to represent their wishes, not my own. What my people want... I must accomplish on their behalf.

As Quark considers Garak's words, RENA arrives with a glass filled with a frothy brown drink, places it on the table.

RENA  
Here's your drink, Ambassador. My  
apologies for the delay.

GARAK  
You are entirely forgiven, young  
lady. Most kind.

Rena walks away, back to the kitchen. Garak picks up his drink, takes a healthy sip, sighs with satisfaction.

QUARK  
What are you drinking, anyway?

GARAK  
(simply)  
Root beer.

Quark gets the reference, absorbs the implication...

Following RENA back to the kitchen...

**20    INT. SISCO'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS)**

She enters, joining Jake as he makes sure the plates and utensils are restocked, staying out of the chefs' way. He has been keeping an eye on their guests from afar, wary that they might cause trouble...

JAKE  
Everything okay?

RENA  
It's fine, Jake. Garak booked his  
usual table, the same one he has  
every week. Quark was too busy  
eating to even question it.

JAKE  
Do you think he'll be able to  
persuade him?

RENA

From what you've told me, Elim Garak could talk the vedeks into praying to him if he wanted. If anyone can change Quark's mind...

JAKE

I hope you're right. For our sake, for Nog's... and for Quark's.

As they continue to watch from afar...

**21 EST. PARIS - PALAIS DE LA CONCORDE - DAY**

The following morning...

**22 INT. PALAIS - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE**

Agent Wexler OPENS the doors again, allowing a confident Quark and a nervous Derro to enter side by side. Wexler CLOSES the doors on a peeking Nog...

Bacco is behind her desk, polite but unexpressive, while K'mtok lurks to the side growling. Everyone stays standing.

QUARK

Thank you for seeing us at such short notice, Madam President.

BACCO

Mister Ambassador. I'm told it was you who requested this meeting - I must say I'm surprised, given how things went yesterday.

QUARK

That's true, Madam President. And the first thing I would like to do is to apologise - to you, to the Ambassador from Qo'noS, and to my colleague Ambassador Derro. My behaviour yesterday was undeserved and unprofessional. I'm sorry.

Bacco blinks, taken aback. That was not what she expected.



BACCO

I appreciate that, Ambassador -  
it's not something I hear very  
often in this job. Thank you.

QUARK

It's not something I say very  
often, so perhaps we should both  
savour the moment.

Quark chuckles, and Bacco actually chuckles along with him.  
K'mtok just gives a toothy smile, full of fangs.

QUARK

I was being a bad representative  
of my people - I am here for them,  
not for myself. And the Ferengi  
people want to be a part of your  
Khitomer Accords.

Bacco sighs with huge relief. K'mtok growls approvingly.

BACCO

That's wonderful news, Ambassador.  
I can have documents drawn up -

QUARK

Please, Madam President... I'm not  
finished.

Quark has his hand up to stop her. She does not like being  
interrupted, and K'mtok expects she will explode. But she  
is surprised all over again, and lets him continue...

BACCO

Very well... go on.

QUARK

Before anything is signed, I need  
you to understand some things. My  
issue with the extradition clause  
of Article Five still stands. And  
I know that you need us more than  
we need you. We've lasted this  
long without you, and we're not  
the ones being threatened now.

K'mtok growls again, but Quark still isn't finished...

QUARK

An unscrupulous businessman might use that as an excuse to see how far he could push you, to get you to agree to terms more favourable to us. But I believe in Rule of Acquisition number twenty-four: "The best deal is the one that makes everyone equally unhappy."

BACCO

(cooling)

What is your proposal?

QUARK

The Ferengi Alliance will agree to join the Khitomer Accords... but only if Article Five is rewritten to clarify the situation regarding criminal activity.

BACCO

Rewritten how?

QUARK

The act in question must qualify as a crime in both parties' legal systems, not just the victim's.

K'MTOK

This is outrageous!

QUARK

I don't think it's outrageous at all. I can't go back to my people with nothing to show for it - if I don't get some kind of concession out of you, that's no negotiation, it's just capitulation.

DERRO

(trying to help)

That's true...

QUARK

And we're taking a risk here too.

(re K'mtok)

If some Klingon decides to declare blood vengeance against a Ferengi, in a way that's totally legal by your system, we'd have no more recourse than you would if some Ferengi cheated you at *tongo*.

DERRO

That's true...

QUARK

The fact is, Madam President, that the Khitomer Accords were written ninety years ago between you and the Klingons. If you want anyone but you to join up, it only makes sense to rewrite them to fit.

BACCO

(grudging)

That... is also true.

QUARK

And it won't be the last time - not if you want the Cardassians as well, or the Talarians, or whoever else. The Federation is going to have to get used to doing things slightly differently from now on.

Bacco takes a deep breath, considering everything.

BACCO

Thank you, Mister Ambassador. You have made some interesting points.

QUARK

You're welcome. I suggest Derro and I leave now, so you two can decide amongst yourselves if you can agree to my terms or not.

BACCO

Agreed. We'll let you know what we  
decide. Thank you, Ambassadors.

DERRO

(formality)

Thank you, Madam President.

QUARK

(genuinely)

Thank you, Madam President.

Quark and Derro half-bow using the traditional Ferengi  
wrists-together gesture, and turn to leave the room.

Bacco and K'mtok watch them leave...

As Wexler opens the door for them, Quark strides out with  
his head high, trying to maintain his confidence...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**23 EST. LAS VEGAS - DAY**

The hottest part of the day, sun beating down...

**24 EXT. FERENGI AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE - POOL**

The mansion's outdoor area, with a sparkling clear pool and an expansive deck, all decorated in the kind of outrageous and gaudy extravagance that would make Liberace blush.

Derro, Quark and Nog all lay on sun beds under individual parasols, wearing tie-dye muumuus and sipping on elaborate cocktails. Meanwhile, poor fully dressed Uri'lash stands and waves a large palm frond to create a breeze.

QUARK

Well, this is certainly pleasant for an afternoon, but I'm not sure I could handle it full time. Don't you miss the rain and the mud?

DERRO

It's surprising what a man can get accustomed to when the service of his people is at stake, Quark.

QUARK

Of course.

NOG

I've trained in environments from Vulcan's Forge to Andor's icecaps to zero-G spacewalks... but this is a little too much even for me.

(beat)

I take it there's no news?

DERRO

Just relax and enjoy the wait, Nog. One of the benefits of my line of work is the waiting for other people to make decisions.

NOG  
Uncle Quark...?

QUARK  
Yes, Nog?

NOG  
Why did you change your mind?

Quark takes a moment to sip his drink as he ponders this...

QUARK  
I'm not sure I did. I still can't help worrying that this is all a very bad idea. But your father doesn't think so. Derro here doesn't. You don't. And it looks like most of Ferenginar doesn't either. So I did it for them.

DERRO  
A most unselfish act, Ambassador.

QUARK  
Not sure that's a compliment...

NOG  
Seems to me you've been moving in this direction for a while, uncle. Becoming a philanthropist.

QUARK  
You take that back!

NOG  
Being an ambassador gave you the power you'd always craved -

DERRO  
I do enjoy that...

NOG  
- it just took a while for you to figure out how to use that power to benefit people who aren't you.

Quark can only sip his drink again, staring out at the sun bouncing off the beautiful clear water of the pool...

QUARK

Well... as I said to Bacco, we should all savour this moment... because it won't happen often.

Derro CLINKS his glass to Quark's, and they chuckle.

BEEP BEEP BEEP - an alert from the body of the house. They all jerk as they realise what this means...

DERRO

Uri'lash - the comm system!

The Hupyrian drops the palm frond - right onto Derro's face - and rushes into the house...

Derro splutters and flails at the palm frond all over his face and in his drink, and Quark helps him with it...

Meanwhile Nog rises slowly from his sun bed, taking a deep breath at the magnitude of the moment...

**25 INT. PALAIS - RECEPTION AREA**

Nog is sitting in the waiting room again, presumably while Derro and Quark are in the office with Bacco. He chews his lip with nervousness...

AKAAR (o.s.)

Lieutenant Commander Nog!

Nog shoots to his feet, coming face to crotch once again with the gigantic Admiral Akaar.

NOG

Admiral.

AKAAR

At ease, Commander. I read your after-action report from the mission aboard the *Challenger*...

NOG  
(gulp of nerves)  
Yes, sir...

AKAAR  
I admired your clever techniques during the interrogation of Daimon Bok's agents. You may not be aware that before his retirement from command of the *Challenger*, Admiral Scott entered commendations for all the specialists who joined him on the mission - including you.

Nog is overwhelmed with emotion at this news...

NOG  
Thank you, Admiral. That means a great deal to me.

They both turn to face the office doors, waiting...

**26 INT. PALAIS - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE**

Bacco stands in front of her desk. She holds out a padd...

Back in his best suit, Derro takes the padd from her.

He looks to one side, where K'mtok waits...

To the other, where Quark stands apart from the rest...

And finally back down at the padd in his hand. He presses his thumb to the screen, an affirmative BEEP...

Then hands the padd on to K'mtok, who presses his own thumb to the screen, another beep...

...and finally back to Bacco, who does likewise. With the third BEEP, they all step back to catch their breath. The three of them have just changed the shape of the galaxy.

BACCO  
Ambassador Derro, welcome to the  
Khitomer Accords.



DERRO

Thank you, Madam President,  
Ambassador K'mtok. Good to be  
here.

As they all smile, Bacco turns to Quark...

BACCO

Ambassador Quark, you don't want  
to also sign your name to the  
Accords? This was just as much  
your success as anyone else's.

QUARK

Thank you, Madam President, but  
Derro is the actual ambassador to  
the Federation. I'm just here...  
in case of the unexpected.

POP - a SERVER uncorks a bottle of champagne and pours out  
four glasses, hands them around. They all sip...

BACCO

Please say you'll at least stay  
for the celebrations tonight...

QUARK

I'm afraid not. Please don't think  
I'm ungrateful. It's just I have a  
transport back to Bajor to catch.  
Besides, I'm more used to throwing  
the party than being the subject  
of it. It's enough to be here at  
this moment, and to witness a  
Klingon sipping champagne.

K'MTOK

(sly grin)

It is hardly a warrior's drink...  
but I will suffer it this once.

DERRO

On the subject of getting back, I  
should inform my government that  
the documents have been signed, if  
you'll excuse me, Madam President.

BACCO

Of course, Mister Ambassador. I  
hope I'll see you tonight...?

DERRO

I wouldn't miss it for all the  
latinum on Ferenginar.

Quark and Derro finish their drinks, hand back the glasses.  
Agent Wexler opens the door...

...and the two Ferengi stride happily out into the waiting  
area, joining Nog to wait for the turbolift...

Akaar nods polite acknowledgements to all present, then  
heads into the office himself to join Bacco and K'mtok.  
With the door closed again, Bacco offers Akaar a glass...

AKAAR

Thank you, no, Madam President.

K'MTOK

You should loosen up, Admiral!  
This is a time to celebrate!

AKAAR

I have no wish to spoil the fun,  
Mister Ambassador. But I do have  
news regarding the *Enterprise's*  
mission to the Talar system...

BACCO

(deep breath)  
Go ahead...

AKAAR

Captain Picard reports that the  
Talarian Republic will not be  
joining the Khitomer Accords.

K'mtok THROWS his glass into the office's fireplace, where  
it SMASHES loudly, and curses loudly with it.

K'MTOK

*ghuy'cha!*

AKAAR

Indeed. On the positive side, nor will they be joining the Typhon Pact. They will remain neutral.

BACCO

Thank you, Admiral. Nevertheless, we should celebrate - the Accords have a new member as of today.

K'MTOK

(mocking)

Yes, the Ferengi. The Typhon Pact must be trembling in their boots.

BACCO

Now now, Mister Ambassador. The Ferengi Alliance may not be the most militarily impressive nation in the galaxy... but they have their good points.

AKAAR

This is not a conflict of military might, ma'am, but one of politics, and of philosophy. We have shown once again our ability to convince our neighbours to work alongside us in peace - even ones with such divergent philosophies as the Ferengi. So this is a victory...

BACCO

...of a sort.

She knocks back the last of her drink, the bubbles having long since evaporated...

**27    EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - TUCKER BUILDING - DAY**

The large model of the *Phoenix* in the plaza the leads to the Starfleet Corps of Engineers building...

28 INT. TUCKER BUILDING - DAY

Quark and Nog stroll around the foyer of the building, as people come and go, passing the large holo-statues of great Starfleet engineers of the past...

NOG

Say hello to everyone on the station for me.

QUARK

I will. But I want you to remember what I told you, Nog. Just because you've got that third pip on your collar, don't think that gives you license to order me around. I am not one of your junior officers.

NOG

I understand.

QUARK

And one other thing...

Quark stops, forces Nog to stop too and pay attention...

QUARK

(continuing)

Don't you ever, ever, tell me I don't respect you. Do you hear me? I am incredibly proud of you, and of the way you've held on to your Ferengi values while making a life for yourself in the Federation.

NOG

If you're so proud of me, why do you insult me all the time?

QUARK

Because I'm old, and one of the joys of being old is haranguing the young for going further than they ever dreamed. The next time I come here, I want one of these holo-statues to be you.

NOG  
Uncle, these holo-statues are all  
of dead people.

QUARK  
Then you'll just have to do some  
thing so incredible that they're  
forced to give you a statue while  
you're still alive, won't you?

Nog smiles, grateful for his uncle's support. They HUG...

QUARK  
Goodbye, Nog.

NOG  
Bye, uncle.

Quark turns and walks out into the sunshine.

Nog pauses to look up at the holo-statue of SCOTTY for a  
moment, smiling with good memories...

...and then turns to walk back into the depths of the  
Tucker building, getting back to work.

FADE OUT

**END OF SHOW**