

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

8x09 - "A Stitch in Time."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the novel

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine:
A Stitch in Time*

by Andrew J Robinson

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 STOCK - 8x01 "AVATAR, pt 1"

BASHIR sits at a table on the lower level, reading a PADD over a simple vegetarian lunch. NOG and SHAR enter...

NOG
Doctor! May we join you?

BASHIR
Of course. Have a seat.

SHAR
What are you reading, Doctor?

BASHIR
Call me Julian, Shar, please. And
this is a letter from a friend.

Nog peers across the table at Bashir's padd...

NOG
You're on page 256 of a letter?
Who wrote it?

BASHIR
Garak.

Bashir continues to read...

GARAK (v.o.)
My dear Doctor, forgive my delay
in responding to your kind
messages. I have thought of you
often since our last meeting, and
I am pleased to hear that your
life on Deep Space Nine remains
challenging and productive. I
would have expected nothing less.
As for my life here...

2 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY

A ruined landscape. Buildings in rubble, the sky is dark with clouds, a dusty haze fills the air. Dishevelled people walk the streets, some alone, some in packs for protection.

One group of people move aside a cluster of fallen rubble to find a mangled BODY underneath.

We CLOSE IN on one small shack, standing safe on its own at the far end of a large pile of rubble.

GARAK (v.o.)

It's the dust. I can live with the rubble. I can live with the survivors who move like phantoms and spend every waking hour scavenging for whatever will keep them alive. I can even live with the stench of the corpses, waiting in grotesque poses to be moved to mass graves. But it's the dust that suffocates me and challenges my sanity.

(beat)

I'm afraid you weren't expecting this response to your query - it goes somewhat further than "Greetings from Cardassia, wish you were here."

Inside the shack, which is barely large enough to be called a room, GARAK sits on a small chair, looking out through the door onto the devastation...

GARAK (v.o.)

The Founders have indeed exacted a Cardassian justice. The only home I have ever known has been reduced to rubble. Fortunately, the little outbuilding in the back where Tolan stored his landscaping implements is still standing, and I have managed to make a small place for myself inside.

(more)

GARAK (v.o., cont)
Indeed, as I write this, I sit here
with the door open to make the
space feel larger. It's an ironic
view I command - the remains of
the home of Enabran Tain, the man
perhaps most responsible for
bringing us to this.
(beat)
Yes, Doctor, I have returned home.

3 **INT. QUARK'S BAR**

As Bashir sits back to consider what he has read:

4 **FLASHBACK - 2x22 "THE WIRE"**

Bashir and Garak sit at another table, many years ago:

BASHIR
Of all the stories you told me,
which ones were true and which
ones weren't?

Garak gives Bashir his patented infuriating half-smile...

GARAK
My dear Doctor, they're all true.

BASHIR
Even the lies?

GARAK
Especially the lies.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY

A small group of people walk purposefully through the streets, Garak among them. They join another group who have discovered a body in the rubble, and begin to help them dig him out. Doctor PARMAK is the medical expert of the group.

GARAK (v.o.)

You'll be pleased to hear, Doctor, that I have volunteered to work with an emergency medical unit. A miracle how some have survived for days, even weeks, beneath tons of rubble. Yesterday, we discovered a dead mother with her baby, who was still alive. Doctor Parmak worked furiously to stabilise the little girl. And when she was evacuated by the transport unit, he broke down in tears.

Garak comforts Parmak after the body is removed...

GARAK (v.o.)

He's a good man. Reminds me of an older version of you. But what is again ironic is that Parmak was once marginally involved in an illegal political group, and when he was arrested, guess who was responsible for his interrogation? I have asked his forgiveness. He has been kind enough to give it.

6 INT. GARAK'S SHACK

Garak sits there again, staring out at the rubble of the house. He's distant, reflective...

MILA (v.o.)

Elim, it seems you have a sponsor.

7 INT. TAIN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

YOUNG GARAK, about 12 years old, stands warily in the kitchen-dining area of the basement. His mother, a younger MILA, stands in her apron with a stern but proud look.

His father, TOLAN, sits at the kitchen table, dirty with mud, worried but covering. A bureaucratic PREFECT stands with them. Young Garak is quiet, formal and uncertain...

MILA

You are going to be placed at a prestigious institute. This is a great honour, Elim!

TOLAN

This man has come from the Bamarren Institute.

YOUNG GARAK

I don't understand, Father. Who is my sponsor?

TOLAN

That's not your business, Elim. Your business is to get cleaned up and ready to go.

PREFECT

His business is to serve Cardassia and the Union in word and deed. Childhood is over, Elim Garak.

Garak looks on confused, scared and very much not honoured.

8 EXT. BAMARREN INSTITUTE - DAY

An austere and forbidding building in a rocky wilderness. Young Garak looks around at the sparseness as he enters...

GARAK (v.o.)

The Bamarren Institute. At first the landscape was foreign, even threatening to my city mind. It made me anxious.

Young Garak, wearing a drab green and black uniform, stands in a regimented line of boys as one of the older students, BARKAN, orates self-importantly while walking among them.

GARAK (v.o.)

The Upper Level students promptly separated us according to gender, stripped us of all our personal possessions, gave us scratchy, drab uniforms and assigned us to living quarters. Every waking moment was planned and accounted for. I was assigned to the Lubak Group, First Level, and my designation was Ten. From that moment on, I was no longer Elim Garak. I was Ten Lubak.

BARKAN

You will have no contact with females during the First Level. Until you are more disciplined in your relations with the opposite gender, you will make better academic progress this way.

That makes no sense at all to Young Garak - he speaks up.

YOUNG GARAK

How will we learn this discipline without interaction between the sexes?

Barkan stops, surprised and annoyed at the gall of a mere first year to interrupt his speech...

BARKAN

You have a loose mouth, Ten Lubak. You don't know enough to ask so many questions.

YOUNG GARAK

But how will I learn without --

Barkan pulls out a stick and HITS Garak hard on the legs. Garak CRIES out, looks around for support. None of the other students give him any. Barkan sneers down at him...

BARKAN
Five days of hygiene maintenance,
until you learn to keep your mouth
closed and your ears open.

GARAK (v.o.)
I learned a great deal that day,
Doctor.

10 **EXT. BAMARREN - THE PIT - DAY**

A courtyard where students have been training in physical combat. As most of them leave after the lesson, Young Garak sits on a bench, nursing his wounds, on the verge of tears.

GARAK (v.o.)
All the lessons at Bamarren were
harsh. No-one wanted to repeat an
order or instruction. If they did,
you paid the painful price.

PALANDINE
Are you hurt?

Garak looks up - an older girl student, PALANDINE, watches him compassionately. He is tongue-tied - girls aren't meant to talk to him, especially ones as attractive as this one.

YOUNG GARAK
Thank you.

PALANDINE
For what?

YOUNG GARAK
I... you have a... pleasant voice.

Garak cringes at his own clumsiness, but Palandine smiles.

PALANDINE
Then was it something I said?

YOUNG GARAK

What?

PALANDINE

If my voice didn't make you cry,
it must have been my speech. I
don't blame you. The Habburitic
Code and its relevance to covert
missions is enough to make the
Fates weep. Are you alright?

YOUNG GARAK

Yes... uh, I'm...

PALANDINE

Homesick, I know. This can be such
a cruel place. But you know the
secret, don't you?

YOUNG GARAK

No, I don't think so.

PALANDINE

Your sense of humour. Without it,
you're lost. You strike me as a
very serious and ambitious boy.
That's fine, most of the students
are. But it can be pretty funny
round here. What's your name?

YOUNG GARAK

Ten Lubak.

PALANDINE

No, your real name.

YOUNG GARAK

But, we're not supposed to --

PALANDINE

I'm not going to tell anyone. My
name is Palandine. What's yours?

YOUNG GARAK

...Elim.

PALANDINE
(smiling)
Our secret. Agreed?

YOUNG GARAK
Agreed.

PALANDINE
I have to deliver this silly thing
for next class. Remember - it's
all funny. Think about it... Elim.

And she runs off with a giggle. Garak is utterly enchanted.

11 MONTAGE - CLASSROOMS

Young Garak sits in various classrooms as various teachers instruct them. He studies on his narrow bunk in a barren dormitory, continues his battles in the courtyard.

GARAK (v.o.)
As days became weeks, I dedicated
myself to my studies and excelled
in... almost... all subjects. Even
my training in the Pit began to
improve. I learned to hold my place
against enemies of all kinds.

12 EXT. BAMARREN - THE PIT - DAY

A slightly older YOUNG GARAK is doing better in his physical combat and exercise, with a group of other boys.

In the distance, crossing the courtyard... a gaggle of giggling girls, with popular PALANDINE in pride of place, pay no attention whatsoever to Garak or the other boys.

While Garak is distracted by them, Barkan approaches...

BARKAN
Hard, isn't it, Ten? To be treated
like you don't exist. Of course,
she treats everyone like that.

As Garak turns to him, Barkan puffs out his chest...

BARKAN

I have challenged Third Level to a Competition. It's my prerogative as leader of the Charaban. As the defenders, they have advantage. We must devise an attacking strategy that will prove our worth. I don't think any challenging leader has ever asked a First Level student to take a planning position in a Competition - certainly not a Ten.

YOUNG GARAK

I am not responsible for my designation!

BARKAN

Nevertheless, you are a Ten, and you will remain so until you prove otherwise. I'm talking about planning and executing group action that ends in nothing less than total victory.

YOUNG GARAK

What do you want me to do?

BARKAN

I want you to banish failure. There's no longer any room for it in your life. I will communicate with you through Nine Lubak.

YOUNG GARAK

Nine? But he's -

BARKAN

He's my cousin. And... he's a true Nine. But he can carry a message, and in war we use every soldier according to his strength.

Garak nods, excited by the opportunity. Barkan leaves.

Garak doesn't see Palandine hiding behind equipment. He jumps as she speaks from her concealment...

PALANDINE

You have the strangest friends.
For Barkan to express interest in
you... Usually he walks around as
if he walks a higher plane.

YOUNG GARAK

He said the same about you.

PALANDINE

Did he? Well... it will do him
some good. An oversized head is
not attractive on a man.

She disappears. Garak is equally bemused and fascinated.

13 EXT. BAMARREN - THE WILDERNESS - NIGHT

It's night, and Teen Garak and Palandine sit on a rocky
outcropping looking out over the Wilderness...

GARAK (v.o.)

I felt appreciated, valued for the
first time. But I did not want to
disappoint Barkan. He had a charm
and confidence that drew me to
him just as surely as Palandine's
grace and beauty drew me to her.
And if we were victorious, he had
promised me an important role in
his power structure once he
ascended to Third Level.

Picking up mid-conversation...

PALANDINE

If people feel comfortable with
you, Elim, they will reveal their
deepest secrets. Let the ones
without power scowl and make
fierce faces. You smile. It's an
invitation to connect, and once
that connection is made, you just
relax and listen, and you'll learn
everything you need to know.

BARKAN (o.s.)
I never would guess the two of you
shared a love of philosophy.

Garak jumps - Barkan has crept up on them again. Palandine is quite comfortable however, as if expecting him. Barkan is much friendlier towards Garak now than before...

PALANDINE
Who exposed us?

BARKAN
One Drabar. I asked him to do a
security check on Ten Lubak.
You're not a Third Level spy, are
you, One Ketay?

YOUNG GARAK
I've said nothing of our plans,
One Charaban. She has never asked.

BARKAN
Aren't they worth talking about?

PALANDINE
(gently chiding)
You're confusing him, Barkan.

BARKAN
My apologies. I would have been
surprised if you had, Ten.
(at the sky)
I love the Blind Moon.

YOUNG GARAK
Why is it called that?

PALANDINE
It's the time for lovers. The moon
gives them enough light to meet,
but not enough to be discovered.

BARKAN
So if you two were lovers, I would
not have been able to find you.

Barkan chuckles warmly. Garak is thrilled to have been accepted into their clique...

PALANDINE

See? You can smile. Look at that, Barkan. Wouldn't you tell someone with that smile everything he wanted to know?

BARKAN

The first time I met him, he had a smile that I wanted to wipe off his face.

PALANDINE

But it wasn't that smile.

BARKAN

No, definitely not that one.

14 INT. BAMARREN - CLASSROOM

A CELEBRATION - Barkan and his allies won the Competition. They are battered and bruised, but happy. Garak waits among the crowd, scanning for Palandine. She's at the front, near Barkan. The defeated Third Level leader hands over some great medal to Barkan, to enormous CHEERS.

BARKAN

Thank you, thank you. I commend Ramaklan for their courageous and well-planned opposition... and announce my new council as the Charaban rise to power.

Barkan points out various members as he announces names, to CHEERS from the crowd. Garak excitedly waits for his name.

BARKAN

To coordinate and organise the council agenda... Two Charaban! To oversee all school training programs... One Drabar! And last, for the important position of Second Level Liaison...

Nervous, Garak prepares himself to go up on stage...

BARKAN (cont)
...Nine Lubak!

The cheers go up, and Nine approaches the front. Garak is stunned. Amidst the celebrations, Palandine steps up to Barkan - they KISS as if they've been a couple all along.

The party carries on, but Garak is heartbroken. They used him to get the win, and then betrayed him.

15 INT. BAMARREN - PREFECT'S OFFICE

Young Garak walks stiffly into the office for his end-of-level evaluation, expecting the worst. The Prefect stands at his desk. ENABRAN TAIN emerges from the shadows smiling.

TAIN
Hello, Elim.

PREFECT
Sit down, Ten. Tell me, what have you learned here at Bamarren?

YOUNG GARAK
I... I've learned that appearances deceive. That if you've mastered a tool or technique... then others have done the same before you.

TAIN
That's right, Elim. Whatever your mind conceives or imagines, it already exists in the world. It doesn't make the thought any less valuable. It just means that this technique you've discovered must be used carefully, and with the understanding that if you use it against others, it can also be used against you.

YOUNG GARAK
Then you know about One Charaban and One Ketay.

TAIN

So you have learned this lesson.
I'm impressed, Elim. I think this
will suffice.

PREFECT

You will leave Bamarren. Today.

YOUNG GARAK

Leave? But...

PREFECT

You're being assigned to another
school. But for today you will
return home. You will tell your
parents only that you are awaiting
reassignment.

Still shocked, Garak is dismissed and leaves the room...

16 EXT. BAMARREN INSTITUTE - DAY

Young Garak departs the school, just as we saw him arrive.

GARAK (v.o.)

Some years ago, Doctor, I spoke
with a Changeling impersonator who
I believed to be the real you. I
said to him, "You've come a long
way from the naive young man I met
five years ago. You've become
distrustful and suspicious." His
response was both flattering and
devastating to me in its truth. He
said... "I had a good teacher."

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY

It's a slow day. NOG works in the background on machinery while BASHIR sits at his desk, reading another padd...

GARAK (v.o.)
Hello again, Doctor. I hope you're
keeping well, and that my rambling
reminiscences aren't boring you.

18 EXT. GARAK'S SHACK - DAY

GARAK works in the rubble before his shack, building piles out of the debris. Many piles are already finished...

GARAK (v.o.)
To keep myself busy when I'm not
working with the med unit, Doctor,
I am engaged in a project I must
tell you about. Perhaps you can
tell me if I'm losing my mind.

As Garak works, PARMAN strolls through the piles, inspects them from various angles like they are works of art...

GARAK (v.o.)
Tain's house, as I mentioned, is
rubble. One day I began moving
some of the debris and arranging
it into a pile. Then another,
and another, not sure what I was
trying to accomplish. After some
weeks, I asked Parmak what he
thought it was all about.

PARMAK
This is your own archaeological
dig, Elim. You're unearthing the
artefacts of a gone civilisation,
creating a memorial for its dead.
You're clearing the way for us to
move on. Thank you, Elim.

Parmak reaches out and CUTS his finger on a sharp edge. He drips BLOOD onto the debris, and chants under his breath.

The drip of the blood MERGES into...

19 INT. TAIN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

...water dripping from a hose into a watering can. MILA and TOLAN are alone in the kitchen, in tense mid-discussion.

MILA
It's who he is now, Tolan. A man.

TOLAN
He's hard, Mila.

MILA
He has to be.

TOLAN
To the point he's unreachable?
Where nothing penetrates?

MILA
It's better this way, Tolan. I
know what's in store for him.

TEEN GARAK stands just outside the door, listening. From above, he hears heavy FOOTSTEPS from the main house. He turns and walks away. Over this...

GARAK (v.o.)
When we left our tale, Doctor, I
had returned home to my parents'
house. As you know, my mother Mila
was Tain's housekeeper, and we
lived in his basement. Though I
saw him rarely, he was a constant
presence in my life.

20 EXT. TARLAK GROUNDS - DAY

A large public park area, unusually lush against the grey city background. As mothers and children play, Tolan and teen Garak work together on the various plants...

GARAK (v.o.)

Tolan, meanwhile, maintained the public grounds of the Tarlak Sector, and while I awaited my reassignment, I spent many days helping him with his tasks.

TOLAN

Elim, have we ever spoken about the first Hebitians?

TEEN GARAK

They were the first peoples of Cardassia, before the climate change. When the rainforests were taken over by the deserts, they died off. They couldn't adapt.

TOLAN

That's what we were all taught. But it's not what happened, Elim.

(pause)

Let's have some tea. There's something I'd like to show you.

Tolan gets up, dusts himself off. Garak follows, confused.

21 INT. GARAK'S SHACK - DAY

In better days - clear sky, clean house, lots of gardening tools. Tolan pulls a CASKET out from a hiding place and opens it. Inside is a stylised Cardassian FACE MASK carved in stone, sat on worn red velvet. Tolan shows it to Garak.

TOLAN

It's a recitation mask. Hebitian poets wore it at festivals that celebrated Oralius.

TEEN GARAK

Was he... their leader?

TOLAN

Oralius was not a corporeal being, Elim. He didn't live as we do.

(more)

TOLAN (cont)

There's nothing really analogous
in our culture. He was a presence,
a spiritual entity that guided
people towards the higher ideals
they were encouraged to live by.

TEEN GARAK

(re mask)

How did this manage to do that?

TOLAN

At the festival, the poet would
put the mask on before he'd
recite. In this way, he was no
longer Elim or Tolan. He was a
conduit, who brought the higher
power of Oralius down to those of
us who wanted this...

TEEN GARAK

...Encouragement?

TOLAN

(beaming)

Yes, exactly.

Tolan is happy that Garak is showing an interest, but then
he looks past Elim, and his face drops. Mila is there...

MILA

(disappointed)

Oh, Tolan.

TOLAN

(closed off)

Get cleaned up, Elim.

Garak gets up and squeezes past his mother, happy to avoid
the suddenly chilly atmosphere between his parents...

GARAK (v.o.)

The next morning, I was surprised
to find that father had left for
work without me.

22 **INT. CORRIDOR**

Mila bustles down a long, sterile and forbidding corridor in a stern manner, dragging Teen Garak in her wake...

MILA

Your father has ideas I don't agree with. I advise you to forget them. They'll only make your work more difficult. Understand, Elim - you are being given an opportunity to move above the service class.

TEEN GARAK

I was told that the service class is an irreplaceable part of the Cardassian mosaic.

MILA

Listen to me! You are a Cardassian, not a Hebitian. Your father and I serve and maintain, but we do not influence or guide. You could.

They stop at a plain door at the end of the corridor...

MILA

That's why you must submit now. Once we walk through that door, you must submit to your fate.

Having no idea what he is agreeing to, Garak nods...

MILA

Good boy.

Mila opens the door, and Garak enters...

23 **INT. ENABRAN TAIN'S OFFICE**

Mila leads Garak into the room; Tain is sat at his desk.

TAIN

A pleasure to see you again, Elim.
Thank you, Mila.

Tain dismisses Mila, and she goes without a word. Tain kindly gestures Garak to sit, which he does nervously. Then the older Cardassian sits back and considers the younger...

TAIN

We get what we need, Elim. We listen to everyone's opinions, but in the end we get what we need. What do you need?

TEEN GARAK

I never asked myself.

TAIN

Most people don't. What they don't realise is that if they don't ask, other people will answer for them.

TEEN GARAK

Is that what you're doing? Answering for me? What am I here for?

TAIN

You're here to find out who you are. Up to this point you've been defined by other people's needs. Mila's, Tolan's, your teachers'. Now is your chance to change that.
(taps a comm)
Limor, please come in.

A thin and wiry older Cardassian male, LIMOR, enters. Instantly on his guard, Garak looks to Tain...

TEEN GARAK

The Obsidian Order?

TAIN

What do you know about us?

TEEN GARAK

Nothing.

TAIN

That's a good start.

24 INT. CORRIDOR

Limor silently leads the nervous Garak back down the long, sterile and forbidding corridor...

GARAK (v.o.)

And that was it, Doctor. Just like that, my future had been decided.

25 EXT. SPACE - CARDASSIA

A wide shot of the planet, grey and yellow, as assorted ships move about and a shuttle approaches from the surface.

GARAK (v.o.)

My missions took me all across the Quadrant. Federation colonies and the Romulan homeworld, Tzenkethi gulags and the beaches of Risa. I became ambassador's assistants, security thugs, even groundskeepers. Tolan would have been proud. Well, perhaps not.

26 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY

ADULT GARAK walks through the crowds, watching everyone while seeming not to...

GARAK (v.o.)

Between assignments, I returned to Cardassia, and walked the streets, watching the citizens. I explored the city, learned to talk to all kinds of people. Until the day came... when I had to come home.

27 INT. TAIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Adult Garak enters a minimalist bedroom. Tolan lies in the bed - thin, weak and on the edge of death. He struggles to sit up. Garak rushes to his side...

GARAK

No. Rest, father. I can come back when you're stronger...

TOLAN
(insistent)
No! Help me sit up. We need to
talk, Elim.

Confused, Garak does so, worried for his father...

TOLAN
I'm dying, Elim. No no no, I'm
old, and this is what's supposed
to happen.

GARAK
I'm sorry, father.

TOLAN
I'm not your father.

GARAK
(is he losing
his mind?)
Of course you are...

TOLAN
Elim, there is no time to waste on
lies. I have always loved you like
a son. I wished with all my heart
that you were my son. But you're
not. And I'm not your father.

GARAK
Then I don't understand. Who is?

TOLAN
Your mother is the one to tell you
that. I made a promise.
(sadly)
Oh, my dear Elim. The soul of a
poet, and look at you... your
closed face. So many secrets.
They're like poison.

He is racked with a huge COUGH. When he recovers, he points
across the room - and there's the old CASKET from his shed.
Uncertain, Garak gets it, opens it. He picks up the MASK...

TOLAN
Celebrate Oralius. However you
can. Now take it and go.

Garak presses his hand to Tolan's, determined to obey his
father's wishes, and gets up to leave...

28 INT. TAIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Garak enters, carrying the box. Mila stands distant and
cold, knowing full well what is coming, almost defiant.

GARAK
Why?

MILA
It was necessary.

GARAK
Necessary to live this deception
for all these years?

Mila looks at him pityingly - that's a stupid question.

GARAK
Why couldn't you enjoin with my
real father?

MILA
It wasn't possible, Elim.

GARAK
And Tolan agreed to this?

MILA
His loyalty was stronger than his
disapproval.

GARAK
Who is my father?

MILA
I'm sorry, Elim. Will you come
back tomorrow? I don't know how
long it will be...

GARAK
I have a right to know!

MILA
And I have a right to --

They both hear the FOOTSTEPS from upstairs again. Mila's stern face breaks for a second, and Garak sees it...

...and realises the truth. The reality of his life. Mila sees his realisation, and for a moment, they are friends again. He nods with gentle understanding, and turns away.

MILA
Elim... Be careful.

GARAK
There's nothing to worry about.
I'm just going to say hello to
Uncle Enabran.

29 INT. TAIN'S HOUSE - OFFICE

A knock on the door. Tain opens it to greet Garak with a smile. He is comfortable, grandfatherly, and his room is a treasure trove of bits and pieces, stuffed to the rafters.

TAIN
Elim. This is like the old days.
Come in. I'm glad you've come to
see me here. We can express
ourselves in a way that's not
possible elsewhere.

Tain moves some papers off a creaky old chair. Garak sits.

TAIN
Tolan was a visionary, Elim. All
those designs at Tarlak, the way
the plantings contained the
monuments. Mothers and children
are as welcome there as guls and
legates. You were fortunate to be
able to work with him.

Garak can't speak - too many things to say. He grasps the box he's still carrying tightly. Tain seems to understand.

TAIN

You're at a crossroads, Elim.
You're no longer the young probe
we threw into the fray with almost
no preparation, to see how you
would think and react. You're a
skilled operative.

GARAK

Then why the secrets?

TAIN

Without them there's no security.
It's as simple as that.

GARAK

But that's our work. Why the other
secrets?

TAIN

It's all our work, Elim. To be
effective, our lives must be the
most closely held secrets of all.
We're the night people, you and I.
We have to keep the secrets, and
hold them tightly. Just like
you're holding your box.

Garak looks down at the box that he can't yet let go of...

30 **EXT. GARAK'S SHACK - DAY**

In the present, Garak holds just as tightly onto a piece of the rubble of Tain's house. He places it on a growing pile of debris, and continues his work...

GARAK (v.o.)

So here I am, sifting through the
wreckage of all those secrets.
Most people, when I began this
work, assumed I was trying to
rebuild the house.

(more)

GARAK (v.o., cont)

Some even offered helpful advice about building. After all, that was what was going on all around me. Cardassians are nothing if not industrious. But after a while, as the shapes formed, they became curious, their attitude changed.

Mid-work, Garak looks around to see other CARDASSIANS emerging out of the dusty air. They are dirty and bedraggled, but holding their pride.

They approach reverently, gazing at the sculptures like Doctor Parmak did. And like him, they cut their fingers open and drip BLOOD, chanting MOS under their breath.

Watching them, Garak begins to chant too...

GARAK (v.o.)

If the people need a place to mourn their dead, then I offer them the home of Enabran Tain, the man most responsible for provoking this destruction. Parmak was right. How else can we move on? Until next time, Doctor.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

31 INT. DS9 - REPLIMAT

BASHIR sits at a table, sipping a drink and reading again from a padd, with the usual background extras.

Behind him, VAUGHN steps up to a replicator and orders something. He spots Bashir, moves to join him - but sees that he's occupied, and opts to leave him be. Over this:

GARAK (v.o.)

Hello again, Doctor. Things have continued to change rather rapidly since my last communication. It seems that cities and communities all over Cardassia are digging themselves out of the ashes. But it's difficult. We have so few natural resources - a fact that created our expansionist policies in the first place - and now the infrastructure is destroyed too. But I must say that the Federation has been generous in its response. Although I don't know how many more 'ready meals' I can stomach. Give me the Replimat any day.

Bashir smiles at that.

32 EXT. TARLAK GROUNDS - DAY

Garak sits on a bench by the same flowerbed he had worked on with Tolan, watching families play in the distance...

GARAK (v.o.)

After Tolan's death, I did what Tain asked and became as dedicated a night person as I could. I went everywhere they asked me to, did everything they asked me to. Tain never said a word to suggest he was pleased or displeased.

GARAK (v.o., cont)

In between these assignments, I continued my aimless walks around the city, but more often I would go to the Tarlak grounds and sit in the same spot where Tolan told me about the Hebitians. It gave me a measure of stability in my solitary life.

PALANDINE (o.s.)

Nel... Nel! Don't wander off too far. We have to go home soon.

Garak looks up and catches his breath - the adult PALANDINE is jogging through the park after a small Cardassian girl, clearly her daughter. Garak can't look away as Palandine lifts the girl into her arms, both giggling happily...

GARAK (v.o.)

Palandine and Nel. And the other. Not present at this moment, but of course always there. Oh yes, I had kept track. Barkan Lokar was now an important administrator in the Bajoran Occupational Government, and a close colleague of Skrain Dukat. While my own work remained in the shadows, Barkan's was very much in the light, including his appetite for using and discarding people... especially women.

Palandine leads her daughter out of the park, and almost without realising it, Garak begins to follow...

33 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY

As Palandine guides Nel, Garak follows, making sure to keep a respectful distance and not get himself noticed.

GARAK (v.o.)

I knew it was dangerous, but there was no turning back - my body kept following. I couldn't let them go.

At one point, Nel turns and looks behind her - and makes eye contact with Garak. He realises he has gotten too close and turns to look into a shop window while they move on, breathing heavily at the thought of almost being caught...

34 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Quieter, fancier, more residential. Palandine and Nel walk, Garak follows. Palandine and Nel enter a house, and Garak realises he is alone on the street, an obvious loiterer. Silently cursing himself, he walks on past the house.

PALANDINE (o.s.)

Elim. Elim Garak.

(he keeps walking)

Elim!

Knowing he's caught, Garak turns and fakes surprise, badly. Palandine is standing outside her house with arms folded...

GARAK

Palandine?

PALANDINE

First you follow me, and now you're trying to run away. Still the same bundle of contradictions, aren't you?

GARAK

I assure you, I just happened to be walking in this sector.

PALANDINE

And the fact you were also at the grounds and the Assembly building is just an amazing coincidence.

GARAK

I'm sorry. I tried to be discreet.

PALANDINE

You forget, Elim, I studied with the same teachers. Let's walk.

They walk down the street. She looks at him closely...

PALANDINE
You've changed.

GARAK
It's been a long time. Would you
expect me to stay the same?

They stroll on...

35 EXT. TARLAK GROUNDS - DUSK

Later. Garak and Palandine sit together on the bench as
dusk comes. They are both subdued, tentative...

PALANDINE
We treated you so terribly.

GARAK
Please...

PALANDINE
We did, Elim. You know we did. We
believed... or at least I did...

GARAK
We were children, Palandine.

PALANDINE
I lost you as a friend.
(pause)
Why did you follow us? This must
be very dangerous for you.

GARAK
For us both, I'm sure I don't have
to remind you.

PALANDINE
Do you still hate him?

GARAK
Hate's a strong word.

PALANDINE
But we're all capable of feeling
it. How do you feel about me?

The question jolts Garak. He doesn't know how to answer...

GARAK

Do you think I followed you
because I hate you?

Now she can't answer, almost tearful. Garak moves to
embrace her - and she doesn't resist.

PALANDINE

This must be our secret, Elim.

GARAK

Yes. Our secret.

GARAK (v.o.)

Yet another secret, Doctor. But
somehow, this one didn't feel so
poisonous.

CUT TO:

36 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Low lights, a dreamy atmosphere, hints of a jungle cabin
around. An older Cardassian, PROCAL DUKAT (our Dukat's
father), sits tied to a chair, eyes bleary - he has been
drugged. Garak stays out of sight, prowling behind him...

GARAK

Procal Dukat! Why did you come
here? Why was it necessary?

PROCAL

Get inside! It's your only chance!
You're going to die - at least die
with honour, not running away with
your backs exposed...

(breaking down)

You cowardly bastards... Why won't
you die like men?

In the darkness, Garak's hands dial down a DEVICE...

GARAK

Why are you scaring me like this?
What have I ever done to you?

Procal has a brief moment of clarity, almost recognising...

PROCAL

You...

Garak crouches down at eye-level with Procal, taking on a gentle, childlike tone...

GARAK

Yes, it's me. Why have you brought
me here? I was asleep and safe.

PROCAL

There is no safety. You saw them!
We can never sleep. How many times
have I warned you?

GARAK

But what can we do? Tell me,
father, please.

PROCAL

Parn caved. He became infected. We
lost our advantage. That's why we
need the Brotherhood. They must
not be allowed to infect us!

Now we're getting to the reason for this. Garak leans in...

GARAK

Who are they, father? Tell me, so
I can recognise them.

PROCAL

You know them! How many times have
I warned you? Only fools don't
listen! They're the same ones who
now want to kiss the Federation's
ass and sign treaties that will
turn us all into women.

GARAK

The Federation, yes. They only understand power...

PROCAL

Did you go to Romulus?

GARAK

Yes, I did. With Barkan.

PROCAL

Good. He's good. But watch him.
If a better deal can be made...

Garak tightens at the implications for Palandine. He raises the power on his device. Procal grows more agitated...

PROCAL

That's what they look like! What they really look like when you strip away... We have to... kill them. All of them... especially the traitors! The Brotherhood has to move now! And no exile! Exile is just deferred treachery. Use the Romulans to drive the wedge. Will they move with us?

GARAK

They said... yes. Yes, they will.

PROCAL

Good. Cripple the Klingons, then move onto the disease itself.

GARAK

The Federation.

PROCAL

Yes, boy. The Federation. But first we have to root it out here... We have to purify Cardassia before...

By now, Procal has become so agitated that Garak is worried for his health. He dials down the device again...

...and Procal slips into unconsciousness. Garak stands up, steps back into the darkness, catches his breath.

He turns away for a moment to pick up a small hypo of the drug, then he turns back --

-- and Procal is standing right behind him, clear-eyed and angry. The older Cardassian ATTACKS - Garak only just avoids it, fumbling and almost dropping the hypo.

After struggling back and forth, Garak regains the advantage and INJECTS Procal again...

PROCAL
Who are you?

GARAK
Your worst nightmare.

PROCAL
Ah. Then Tain sent you.

With a hateful look, Procal crumples to the ground.

Garak is worried - not only did he fail to get the names of the Brotherhood, but he has been identified with Tain...

37 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY

Present day - the street and buildings are all shattered. An impromptu meeting is taking place - one man, MONDRIG, stands on a rock making an impassioned speech to the crowd.

GARAK (v.o.)
One of the many problems we face
is the quality of person who is
answering the call for political
leadership. The previous structure
has been discredited. I think most
people now understand that direct
responsibility for our current
circumstances has to be placed at
the military's door. But there are
still many who believe otherwise.
(more)

GARAK (v.o., cont)
A man by the name of Korbath
Mondrig is attempting to take
political control by appealing to
our fears. He maintains that a
return to our former glory is the
only way to defend ourselves from
our enemies, who see us as easy
pickings. But what pickings? We
have nothing left.

Garak stands at the back, blending in, listening closely...

38 EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL - DAY

Garak and Parmak stand among the various piles of rubble in front of Garak's shack, which are becoming more and more impressive with time. Parmak is introducing Garak to a younger man, ALON GHEMOR. Over this:

GARAK (v.o.)
Another, Alon Ghemor, professes
that we must build a new society
administered by civilian leaders,
one that lives in what he calls
"creative harmony" with the rest
of the Quadrant. Perhaps Kira will
be pleased to hear that Alon is
the nephew of Tekeny Ghemor, the
man who once believed Kira to be
his own daughter. And one of those
old Dukat was so worried about.

They greet politely, until they realise that they already
know each other, and embrace like long-lost friends...

GARAK (v.o.)
But what's even more interesting
is that Ghemor and I went to
school together - he was Five
Lubak. He seemed genuinely pleased
to see me. Doctor Parmak, who's an
ardent supporter of Ghemor, was
quite impressed. It's encouraging
to see that my old schoolmate has
remained a decent man.

39 **EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY**

Back to Mondrig's speech...

GARAK (v.o.)
But what is our new mechanism of
choice, you may ask? Mondrig wants
another Competition - he wants to
prove his right to lead, by force.
Parmak, however, is a believer in
the democratic principles you and
I have spent hours arguing over.
What is it about you doctors?

Garak slinks away from the crowd, into the darkness...

40 **INT. DS9 - REPLIMAT**

Bashir sits where he was, reading his padd. The crowd
around him has thinned out and the lights are slightly
dimmer - he has been there a while. He smiles as he reads
Garak's previous words...

GARAK (v.o.)
Yes, I can picture you sitting
with your feet up, Doctor,
gloating with that self-satisfied
smile of Federation enlightenment.
And perhaps you're right.

As Bashir's face grows more serious...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 INT. DS9 - WARDROOM

On the screen at the head of the room is an image of JAKE - RO is briefing them on the search for him. KIRA sits at the head of the table with Shar, Nog, Vaughn and DAX elsewhere.

Bashir sits at the back, padd in hand, his mind on Garak...

GARAK (v.o.)

Ah, Doctor - the Dominion weapons left months ago, and yet the death toll continues to rise every day. Our med unit has converted into a burial unit. Logical progression. The survivors have all been accounted for, and only the dead remain unclaimed. We are now over the one billion mark. Some would say the number is commensurate with Cardassian complicity.

Closing on Kira's face as she worries about Jake...

GARAK (v.o.)

Colonel Kira once told me how many Bajorans died in the Occupation, and my mind rejected it out of hand. We'd been in the service of the state, I'd told myself, and the state determined what was necessary. But now I understand why she hated me. Now I understand that constant burning, almost insane look in her eyes. Most of us who are left, Doctor, are insane. We have to be to survive.

42 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY

Present day. Garak strolls through the devastated streets in the half-light, gazing over the destruction...

GARAK (v.o.)

And yet, after years of toiling in anonymity and exile, it seems I have become a much sought-after notable. This evening I received a most remarkable invitation to attend a meeting of what is being called the Directorate. Hoping that things weren't as bad as I feared, I agreed to attend. Ah, foolish sentiment has always been my downfall, Doctor.

43 INT. BASEMENT ROOM

Another basement, arranged with a table and seats, lit by flickering lamps. Underground, literally and figuratively. Around the table sit as many former Cardassian characters as we can get, including MADRED ("Chain of Command"), OCETT ("The Chase"), PARN ("The Maquis") and EVEK ("Tribunal").

MONDRIG is quietly observing the rest. Garak enters and, looking around inscrutably, he takes a spare seat.

PARN

(sneering)

Elim Garak. How are your tailoring skills these days?

GARAK

Under the present circumstances, Parn, they come in quite handy.

PARN

I wonder if that's why Madred invited you here. Are we in need of a tailor? Because Skrain Dukat always claimed that Garak was a dangerous traitor.

EVEK

Dukat was the traitor. I think we can safely say that anyone who was his enemy has a right to be here. Especially anyone who fought alongside Damar.

Garak nods his acknowledgement of Evek's support. It is clear that the Directorate is far from unanimous.

PARN

(pompous)

The issue is not Dukat! It is the future of the Union! Those of us left are faced with utter annihilation. Federation ideas will finish the work the Dominion began. Each of us here has our differences, but they must not deter us from our purpose.

GARAK

Which is?

EVEK

To crush anyone daring to espouse Federation ideals as we rebuild our society.

PARN

And I believe that's why you've joined us today, Garak.

OCETT

All of us here know their strategy has never been a military one. It's political. The Federation knows now is the time to infect us with their democratic ideas, since there are people like Natima Lang and Alon Ghemor who would gladly carry the disease to the rest.

MADRED

(breaking in)

I think this is the moment to let Korbath Mondrig explain what we have in mind for our strategy

Mondrig takes a moment to absorb everyone's attention. He will make the most of his moment, like a dark Vedek Yevir.

MONDRIG

Thank you. It is an honour to be here. But I must confess that the presence of this gentleman -

(nods to Garak)

- surprises me. He is associated with Ghemor and Parmak. If I'm not mistaken, Garak, you even held a rally for their Reunion Project at your... memorial?

They all look at him accusingly, but he is not fazed by the likes of these.

GARAK

Yes, I hosted the rally.

PARN

Why?

GARAK

I admire Doctor Parmak. I wanted to hear his point of view. Much as I want to hear yours.

EVEK

You lived on a Federation outpost for... how many years was it?

GARAK

I also went to school with Alon Ghemor, and I've always found him to be an honourable man.

PARN

A family of traitors!

OCETT

What are you telling us, Garak?

Garak takes a moment to look around at all the faces. He begins to chuckle at the absurdity of the situation...

GARAK (v.o.)

I looked at the faces of these people, Doctor.

GARAK (v.o., cont)
Here we were, sitting in the damp
basement of a ruined civilisation,
and conducting business as if
nothing significant had changed.

PARN
Does the question amuse you,
Garak? Will you help us? Or are
you sympathetic to these people?

GARAK
Yes. I am indeed. I shouldn't be
here. This is not my place. I
apologise for the intrusion.
(stands)
I can find my own way out.

And he heads for the stairs up to street level...

44 EXT. TARLAK GROUNDS - DUSK

Garak and Tain walk companionably through the sunny park...

GARAK
You're leaving.

TAIN
I am.

GARAK
Where are you going?

TAIN
To the Arawath colony.

GARAK
Is Mila going with you?

TAIN
She is. But there is the matter of
succession, Elim. The Order has
managed to steer a course that
is consonant with Cardassian
security. The new leadership must
maintain that course.

Garak realises this isn't a pep talk. Tain sees it dawn...

TAIN

Yes, you see. It's a problem. Two problems, actually. The less serious issue is that you've been connected to the incident with Procal Dukat. The younger Dukat now has you in his sights, along with his friend, Barkan Lokar.

They sit together on the bench, look out over the park...

TAIN

This is a beautiful place. I can see why it's an ideal rendezvous.

Garak has been found out. Tain is angry but covering it...

GARAK

I always expected that you'd find out. Blind Moon be damned.

TAIN

But what were you thinking? It's not just any woman. She's Lokar's wife. Sooner or later, he's going to find out. And when he does, your powerful enemy becomes an implacable one. So what are you going to do about it?

GARAK

...I don't know.

TAIN

You don't know?! And I'm supposed to pass my life's work onto somebody who can't think beyond his own lust?

GARAK

(defensive)

It's not lust.

TAIN

Sentimentality. Even worse. You jeopardise the security of our people because of your pathetic sentiments. And instead of giving up your life to the work, you're playing out Hebitian fantasies with another man's wife!

GARAK

(incensed)

Yes! Just like Tolan! Perhaps he was my real father after all.

Tain's anger explodes, and he GRABS Garak roughly...

TAIN

You are returned to probe status. Your continued value to the organisation is contingent upon your never seeing the woman again and immediately setting in motion a plan to eliminate Barkan Lokar. From now on you will report to Corbin Entek.

Tain stands, turns his back and leaves Garak sitting there. He sits there for a long time, as NIGHT begins to fall. Eventually Garak is sitting in complete darkness.

On the other side of the park, he sees Palandine enter. She is casually pretending not to be looking for him - she can't spot him in the dark.

He considers going to her, wants to desperately, but pulls himself away and disappears back into the night.

PAN UP to the Blind Moon, and fade into...

45 **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

A BRIGHT LIGHT in Garak's face as he sits unrestrained in a dark room, similar to earlier, looking slightly beaten.

BARKAN

At least the smile's gone.

Barkan steps into the light, sneering down at Garak, who looks up at him with disappointment, almost pity...

BARKAN

Why are you shaking your head, Elim? Regret for the foolishness that brought you here? I underestimated you. I'd lost track of you. I had no idea what you were up to, professionally... or personally. Imagine my surprise.

GARAK

How did you find out?

BARKAN

That's where you underestimated me. Flaunting your "relationship" in public like infatuated school children.

GARAK

Yes, I suppose it would have been wiser to behave like experienced adulterers. What about Palandine?

BARKAN

I'm sure you're accustomed to asking questions, but that's no longer your privilege. Who else was involved with the abduction and torture of Procal Dukat?

GARAK

Are you implying I was involved?

BARKAN

Don't play me for a fool. You're a failure, Elim. You even failed in your attempt to assassinate me.

GARAK

I didn't fail with Palandine.

Silence as Barkan stews. Garak knows he has provoked him.

BARKAN
You did, Elim. You can't even
begin to measure your failure.

Barkan comes at him in a fury, begins to BEAT and KICK Garak. Garak isn't scared - his own anger is coming now. Then a hard HIT to the head knocks Garak out --

BLACK OUT

46 INT. GARAK'S SHACK - NIGHT

Garak JERKS awake on a threadbare and rickety bunk in his shed, to the SOUNDS of violence and destruction outside. Shaking off a bad dream, he opens the door.

47 EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL - NIGHT

In the darkness, he sees half a dozen CARDASSIANS from the Directorate faction marauding through the area, knocking over piles of debris and destroying people's death markers.

Reaching back into his shack, Garak grabs a small alarm device and sets it off. In just moments, other Cardassians from the Reunion Project, including PARMAK and GHEMOR, come rushing onto the scene.

The Reunionists outnumber the Directorate, but instead of fighting back, they stand there, surrounding the memorial and attackers. It becomes a tense stand-off as the Reunion passively resists, refusing to be provoked. The Directorate thugs lose their nerve and aren't sure how to proceed.

Eventually, a young Directorate member can't take the tension and rushes a Reunionist, PUNCHing him in the face.

GHEMOR
Hold!

No-one reacts, not even the man who was punched. The attacker looks nervously back to the others for support, but they're unsure. With nothing else to do, he runs away into the darkness.

The others remain in stand-off for a moment, until finally an older man SPITS contemptuously on the ground and stalks away.

Gradually, the rest of the Directorate give up and leave too, a couple of them knocking over a last pile of debris out of spite.

Silently, all the Reunionists walk into the memorial and begin rebuilding the piles of rubble.

PARMAK

Elim... I'm afraid I don't quite remember how it all looked before.

GARAK

It doesn't matter. When it comes to building a new community, I think what we did tonight is more to the point. We held our place.

GHEMOR

And we did it without murdering each other.

GARAK

How un-Cardassian of us.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

48 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS

BASHIR sits on the couch, still reading. DAX, in her night clothes, drapes her arms around him. She looks over his shoulder to see what he is reading, then with a kiss on the head, leaves him be and heads back into the bedroom...

GARAK (v.o.)

My suspicions were correct,
Doctor. The more the Directorate
pushed their aggressive agenda,
the more their support eroded. The
appetite for violence among us is
simply not strong enough.

49 EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL - DAY

Numerous Cardassians move among the memorial, larger and more elaborate than ever. They're queuing calmly to make marks on pieces of stone and cast them into large buckets.

GARAK (v.o.)

Desperate to retain any sense of
legitimacy, Mondrig agreed to a
vote - the people would decide
which system they preferred. A
radical idea, to say the least.

Votes are taking place all across
Cardassia, and in my sector, the
location chosen was my memorial.
The Directorate contested that
point quite hotly, but in the end
there was really no alternative.

Ghemor's Reunion Project won by a
respectable majority, and now,
instead of anyone being able to
impose their will on the political
situation, everything is discussed
endlessly. Exhaustively.

(more)

GARAK (v.o., cont)
Is this your vaunted democracy,
Doctor? To be subjected to the
opinion of any person with the
breath to utter one? How does
anything get accomplished?

Garak sits on his shack, watching the crowds with pride...

50 **EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY**

Garak wanders along, looking at all the buildings being
gradually rebuilt around him...

GARAK (v.o.)
Ah well. While they all vote and
discuss and vote again, I have
returned to my habit of walking
the streets of this city. My view
is quite different now, of course,
but the familiarity and insistent
rhythm of the activity helps to
clear my mind of its troubles.

He notices a group of people who all seem to be walking one
way, and he quietly slips in behind them, following them...

51 **INT. BASEMENT ROOM**

The group leads him into another basement, but much nicer
than the Directorate's. As they take their place in a semi-
circle of seats before a raised dais, Garak looks around.

The walls have been painted, a FRIEZE that entwines around
the room. The painting shows Cardassian characters farming,
hunting, gathering, building. Above is a winged CREATURE
with a semi-Cardassian face, which hangs near the sun.

Out of the creature's body comes a mass of small, delicate
RIBBONS, each of which snakes down and through the bodies
of the people, and then on into the ground. Garak follows
the images entranced, but doesn't know what they mean yet.

The room hushes as a young WOMAN steps up to the dais.
Garak quietly takes a spare seat...

NEL

Thank you for coming. I am your
Guide tonight. It takes courage to
come here, to look at things the
way they were. We were connected,
and we cared and nurtured and
loved. We come here in the hope
that it can be so again.

Garak reacts with shock - he recognises the woman's voice.

FLASHBACK - CITY STREETS

Nel turns and makes inadvertent eye contact with Garak...

BACK TO SCENE

The woman raises the white stone mask to her face...

FLASHBACK - TOLAN'S SHED

Garak holds the mask in his hands as Tolan smiles at him
with love...

BACK TO SCENE

Astonished, Garak realises - the woman is NEL, Palandine's
daughter, and that this is a meeting of the Oralian Way.

As Nel begins to recite, he looks around and realises that
the people in the painting are Hebitians, and the winged
creature must be Oralius himself. He looks from that half-
Cardassian face to the mask Nel is now wearing.

NEL

"The power that moves through me,
Animates my life,
Animates the mask of Oralius.
To speak her words with my voice,
To think her thoughts with my mind
To feel her love with my heart.
It is the song of morning,
Opening up to life,
Bringing the truth of her wisdom,
To those who live in the
Shadow of the night."

As Garak listens, on the edge of tears...

GARAK (v.o.)

Are we all the night people now,
Doctor? Do we all live in shadow?

(pause)

When the meeting was over, I didn't
know what to do. Nel has grown into
a powerful young woman, and from
her talks with the others, she is
clearly deeply involved with both
the Oralian Way and the rebuilding.

The meeting is over, and Nel walks among the others
chatting pleasantly. Garak observes from a safe distance.

GARAK (v.o.)

I wanted to introduce myself and
ask about Palandine, but I didn't
dare. I was afraid if she knew the
truth, she'd only be able to see
me as the man who killed her
father and destroyed her family.

52 EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL - DAY

Garak sits in the doorway of his shack, looking out over
the memorial. Small Cardassian children are running around
the monuments, laughing and playing...

GARAK (v.o.)

Children have begun to come and
play among the structures of the
memorial, just as Nel once played
among the flowers of the Tarlak
grounds. Their laughing voices
never fail to lighten my work.

(beat)

The children call this place "the
tailor's grounds," and the name
has caught on. Yes, Doctor, I have
continued to work at my "new"
profession. As you can imagine,
there's a good deal of mending to
be done.

53 HEBITIAN FRIEZE

Following one of the RIBBONS from the body of Oralius down into the body of a Hebitian figure who is sewing rags:

GARAK (v.o.)

I see the threads now, the lines
that connect us... to each other,
to the world we live in. Even to
ourselves.

54 INT. DS9 - GARAK'S SHOP

Occupation era. A sneering Cardassian FUNCTIONARY leads the disgraced Garak into the wrecked and filthy space, holding a bundle of what little belongings he has. The officer dismissively points out things, then leaves Garak alone...

GARAK (v.o.)

The stitches that tie us to our
past lives, and that we can never
unfasten, no matter how much we
might wish to.

With quiet dignity, Garak puts down his bundle and begins clearing a space in his workshop-to-be, making piles out of the debris...

55 EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL - DAY

Garak sits watching the children and the monuments...

GARAK (v.o.)

We're all trying to sew together a
new suit to wear, a new world to
live in, out of the tattered and
torn fabric of the old. And I feel
that I'm getting closer, Doctor,
especially as I continue to refine
the structures of the memorial.

Closing in on one of the structures, which has been built into an almost humanoid shape, with the white MASK attached to its "face"...

GARAK (v.o.)

One, which began as a memorial to Tolan, has become a crude but effective representation of the winged creature from the Hebitian paintings. Turned towards the radiating sun, reaching, striving. I've attached the recitation mask he gave me to the creature's face. I hope that someday you'll be able to see it. Nothing would please me more. You're always welcome, Doctor.

56 **INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS**

Bashir finally puts down the padd, extremely moved by everything that he has read...

57 **FLASHBACK - 1x03 "PAST PROLOGUE"**

Garak and Bashir sit at a table in the Replimat, the first time they ever met, more than seven years ago...

BASHIR

You're very kind, Mister Garak.

GARAK

Oh, it's just Garak. Plain, simple Garak.

And as Garak moves off...

58 **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Closing shot...

FADE OUT:

THE END