

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"

JULIAN BASHIR is sitting at a table on the lower level of Quark's, reading a padd over lunch. NOG and SHAR approach as QUARK bustles in the background.

NOG
Doctor! May we join you?

BASHIR
Of course. Have a seat.

SHAR
What are you reading, Doctor?

BASHIR
Call me Julian, Shar, please.
We're not on duty. It's a letter
from a friend of mine.

NOG
(looking at padd)
You're on page 256 of a letter?
Who wrote it?

BASHIR
Garak.

As 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

A ruined landscape. Buildings lie 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, ELIM 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 clear a path to it and make a small place for myself inside. Indeed, as I write

this, I am sitting 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. Yes, Doctor, I have returned home.

3 **INT. QUARK'S BAR**

As Bashir continues to 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

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 will be pleased to hear, Doctor, that I have volunteered to work with an emergency medical unit in the city. It's a miracle how some have survived for days, even weeks, buried under tons of collapsed buildings. Yesterday, searchers discovered a dead mother with her baby, still alive. Doctor Parmak, the unit leader, worked furiously to stabilise the little girl. And when she was evacuated by the transport unit, he broke down in tears. He's a good man, this Doctor Parmak. 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?

Garak comforts Parmak after the body is removed.

GARAK (v.o.)

I have asked his forgiveness, and 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

A 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 the building with a group of other Cardassian children his age.

GARAK (v.o.)

The Bamarren Institute is located in the highlands near the Mekar Wilderness. At first the landscape was foreign, even threatening to my city mind. It made me anxious.

9 **INT. BAMARREN - CLASSROOM**

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 Institute itself also made me anxious. Every waking moment was planned and accounted for. 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. I was assigned to the Lubak Group, First Level, and my designation was Ten. From that moment on, I was no longer Elim Garak, and would not be again. 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.

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

Females are a distraction.

YOUNG GARAK

What does that mean?

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 quickly 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**

A courtyard where students have been training in physical combat. As most of them leave after 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 to see an older girl student, PALANDINE, watching him compassionately. He is shocked, tongue-tied. Girls aren't supposed 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
intelligence missions is enough to
make the angels weep.

YOUNG GARAK

What are angels?

PALANDINE

A human religious tradition. You
get all that in Second Level. It's
a lot more fun than Foundations of
Cardassian Law. Are you alright?

YOUNG GARAK

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

PALANDINE

Homesick, I know. This can be such
a cruel place.

(exaggerated secrecy)

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 very serious and ambitious. 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 the days grew to weeks and months, 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 INT. BAMARREN - LIBRARY

Young Garak sits studying among the militarily neat stacks.

GARAK (v.o.)

But I thought constantly of Palandine, of our meeting. I only ever caught the most fleeting glimpses of her, but I couldn't stop myself from wondering what she wanted with me. I was nothing special, a small and unimpressive First Level student, and I found her interest confusing.

13 EXT. BAMARREN - THE PIT

A slightly older Elim Garak is doing better in his physical combat and exercise with a group of other students.

GARAK (v.o.)

As the end of First Level loomed, my classmates began to speak of the Competition, a contest between the higher levels for domination in the school. It was a match of wits, cunning and physical endurance out in the Wilderness. As a Lubak, I was far beneath their notice. Or so I thought.

As the exercise ends and the group disperses, Garak spots a group of girls in the distance, Palandine among them. They pay no attention to Garak, soon disappearing.

While Garak is distracted watching them, the older male student Barkan approaches imperiously.

BARKAN

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

(puffs out
his chest)

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... and 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.

14 **EXT. BAMARREN - THE WILDERNESS**

It's night, and Young 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 it was also a
stressful time - 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. My only
respite from the tension was the
secret moments Palandine and I
managed to spend together, against
all the rules of the Institute.

Picking up mid-conversation...

PALANDINE

And you have to use that wonderful smile of yours more often, Elim.

YOUNG GARAK

What's that got to do with listening?

PALANDINE

If people feel comfortable with you, 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, 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.

(looks up
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 truly lovers, I wouldn't have been able to find you.

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

PALANDINE

(to Garak)

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.

It's a celebration - Barkan and his allies have 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.

16 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?

YOUNG GARAK

I... I've learned that appearances deceive. And 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.

17 **EXT. BAMARREN INSTITUTE - DAY**

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

GARAK (v.o.)

There was a time some years ago,
Doctor, when 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 naïve 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."

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. DS9 - INFIRMARY

It's a slow day. Nog works in the background on machinery while Bashir sits at his desk, engaged in reading a padd.

GARAK (v.o.)

Hello again, Doctor. I hope you're keeping well, and that my rambling reminiscences aren't boring. You're kind to keep reading.

19 EXT. GARAK'S SHACK

It's day, but still dim and clogged with dust. Garak is working in the field of rubble before his shack, building piles out of the debris. Many piles are already finished.

GARAK (v.o.)

Understandably, I think, my mind keeps returning to the subject of death of late. Only this morning, I went to the Tarlak Sector to attend the funeral of Legate Damar. When Kira and I were first assigned to work with Damar's group, I had every intention of killing him for his murder of Ziyal. But I came to understand that he was a product of a system that taught that his actions had been perfectly justified. Ziyal had betrayed her father, and you and I both know how complex Cardassian family bonds are, and how brutal the reactions when they are threatened.

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, Parmak approaches and stands watching.

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. Since there was too much for one pile, I arranged another, and another, not sure what I was trying to accomplish.

Parmak begins walking through the piles, inspecting them from various angles. He stops in front of the largest pile.

GARAK (v.o.)

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, one that will never return, and 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. Garak watches him close. The drip of the blood merges into:

20 **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

That's who he is now, Tolan. He's 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.

Garak, now a young man, is standing just outside the door, listening. From above, he hears heavy FOOTSTEPS from the main house. He turns and walks away.

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.

21 EXT. TARLAK GROUNDS

A large public park area that is unusually lush against the grey city background. Tolan and young Garak work together on the various plants in a flowerbed as mothers and children play in the background.

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?

YOUNG GARAK

No.

TOLAN

What do you know about them?

YOUNG 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. The Hebitians were an advanced and sophisticated culture.

(gestures around)

This is what most of the planet looked like. Hard to imagine, isn't it? We live in constant struggle with the land. We've become as hard and dry as...

(pause)

I love this place. And it means a great deal to me that we can spend this time together here.

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

TOLAN

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

22 **INT. GARAK'S SHACK**

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.

YOUNG GARAK

Was he... their leader?

TOLAN

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

YOUNG GARAK

(re mask)

How did this encourage them?

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...

YOUNG 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

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.

23 **EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET**

Mila bustles through a crowd of extras in a stern manner that brooks no nonsense. Garak is following in her wake.

MILA

I've been told that you showed aptitude at the Institute. Also that you had lapses... of a sentimental nature.

(no response)

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.

YOUNG GARAK

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

MILA

Listen to me! You are my son, and a Cardassian. Not a Hebitian. Look around you! Hebitians did not build this. Cardassians did. Your father and I serve and maintain, but we do not influence or guide. You could.

They stop at a nondescript door in a large building.

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.

24 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.

TAIN

Was Bamarren the right place for
you?

GARAK

I... Yes. I would have liked to
complete the course.

TAIN

(friendly)

You and the Prefect. He was sorry
to lose you. 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?

GARAK

I never asked myself.

TAIN

Most people don't. They're led by
instinct to satisfy the basics.
What they don't realise is that if
they don't ask, other people will
answer for them.

GARAK

Is that what you're doing?
Answering for me?

TAIN

You learned what you needed from
Bamarren. If you had stayed longer
you would have developed habits...

suitable for other organisations.
We're different, you see?

GARAK

But 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.

GARAK

The Obsidian Order?

TAIN

What do you know about us?

GARAK

Nothing.

TAIN

That's a good start.
(to Limor)
This is Elim Garak, our newest
junior probe.
(to Garak,
all business)
You will no longer live at home.
When you see your mother, she is
Mila, and you will treat her like
any other service worker. You are
never to say anything to anyone
about your work other than your
designation as a research analyst
at the Hall of Records. You will
receive all information and
assignments from Limor. Thank you.

Limor begins to lead Garak out, but he hovers, uncertain.

TAIN

You have a question, Elim?

GARAK

I don't know what to call you.

TAIN

(smiling)

My name is Enabran Tain. Have you forgotten?

GARAK

No... Enabran.

25 INT. CORRIDOR

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

GARAK (v.o.)

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

26 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 everywhere, all across the Quadrant. Between training, and sessions with Limor's diabolical devices, I travelled to Federation colonies and the Romulan homeworld, to Tzenkethi gulags and the beaches of Risa. I became ambassador's assistants, security thugs, even groundskeepers. Tolan would have been proud, had I been able to tell him. Well, perhaps not.

27 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET - DAY

The adult Garak walks down the street through the crowds, watching everyone while seeming not to.

GARAK (v.o.)

In between assignments, I would return to Cardassia, and just walk the streets, watching the citizens. I explored the entire city, and learned to talk to all kinds of people. Until the day arrived when I had to return home.

28 INT. TAIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Mila and the adult Garak enter a minimalist bedroom. Tolan lies in the bed, thin, weak and on the edge of death.

MILA

(gently)

Elim is here, Tolan. He came to say hello.

GARAK

Hello, father.

TOLAN

Look, Mila. He's a man.

Tolan begins to struggle to sit up. Mila rushes to his side to press him back into the bed.

MILA

No. Rest, Tolan. Elim will be back when you're stronger.

TOLAN

(insistent)

No! Help me sit up, and then leave. I need to talk to Elim.

Her face is pleading with him not to do this, but he is resolute. She nods and leaves quietly.

TOLAN

I'm dying, Elim.

(off reaction)

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

GARAK
I'm sorry, Father.

TOLAN
You have nothing to apologise for,
Elim. I'm the one who's sorry.

GARAK
Please, 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. 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.

TOLAN
The box. Open it, Elim.

Uncertain, Garak does as he says. 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.

GARAK
Goodbye, Father.

29 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
(turns away)

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 he realises the truth. Mila sees his realisation, and they are friends again for a second. He nods and turns away.

MILA

Elim... Be careful.

GARAK

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

30 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. 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.

31 EXT. GARAK'S SHACK

Back in the present, Garak holds just as tightly onto a piece of the rubble of Tain's house. Coming back to himself, 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 rebuilding the

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

32 INT. DS9 - REPLIMAT

Bashir sits at a table, sipping a drink and reading again from a padd, with the usual background extras. Behind him, ELIAS VAUGHN steps up to a replicator and orders something. Seeing Bashir, he moves to join him, but sees that he is occupied, and decides to leave him to himself. 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.

33 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 had done what Tain had asked and become as dedicated a night person as I could be. I went everywhere they asked me to go, did everything they asked me to do. Tain never said a word to indicate whether he was pleased or displeased. Between

assignments, I continued aimless walks around the city, but more often I would go to the Tarlak grounds and sit in the same spot where Tolan had 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 shadow, 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.

34 **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.

35 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 that 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?

36 **EXT. TARLAK GROUNDS - DUSK**

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
(evasive as ever)
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 is 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:

37 **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM**

Low lights, a dreamy atmosphere and the hint of a jungle
cabin around. An older Cardassian, PROCAL DUKAT (our
Dukat's father), sits tied to a chair. His eyes pop open
suddenly, but they are bleary. He has been drugged. Garak
stays out of sight, prowling around behind him.

GARAK

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

PROCAL

(raving)

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

(almost
recognising)

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

Karn 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! That's what they really look like when you strip away... We have to... kill them. Every one 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...

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. He turns away for a moment to pick up a small vial of the drug, and to catch his breath.

When he turns back, Procal is standing right behind him, clear-eyed and angry. Procal ATTACKS Garak, who only just manages to avoid it, fumbling and almost dropping the vial. 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.

GARAK (v.o.)

Would you believe, Doctor, that even after all these years, and all these dramatic changes, Procal Dukat's fears have come to pass?

38 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET

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

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

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.

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.

39 **EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL**

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 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 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.

40 **EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET**

Back to Mondrig's speech.

GARAK (v.o.)

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

Garak slinks away from the crowd, into the darkness.

41 **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:

42 INT. DS9 - WARDROOM

On the screen at the head of the room is an image of JAKE SISKO - RO LAREN is briefing them on the search for him. KIRA NERYS is sat at the head of the table, with Shar, Nog, Vaughn and EZRI DAX in other seats. Bashir sits at the back, his padd in his hand. His mind is 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 is 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.

43 EXT. CARDASSIAN CITY STREET

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, a group of those who wish to return to the old Cardassian governmental structure. Hoping that things weren't as bad as I feared, I agreed. Ah, foolish sentiment has always been my downfall, Doctor.

44 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").

Korbath 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. Because Skrain Dukat always claimed Garak was a dangerous traitor. Are we in need of a tailor?

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 espousing
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

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
is going to make the most of his moment.

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, 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. 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.

45 EXT. TARLAK GROUNDS - DAY

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. 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 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's been found out. Tain's 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

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:

46 **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 and 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.

47 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.

48 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 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 a 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:

49 INT. DS9 - BASHIR'S QUARTERS

Bashir sits on the couch, still reading. Ezri 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.

50 EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL

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 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. 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?

51 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.

52 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.

53 FLASHBACK - CITY STREETS

Garak follows Palandine and little Nel through the streets.
Nel turns and makes inadvertent eye contact with Garak.

54 BACK TO SCENE

The woman raises the white stone mask to her face.

55 FLASHBACK - TOLAN'S SHED

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

56 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 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 conversations with
the others it is clear she is
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.

57 EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL - DAY

Garak sits in the doorway of his shack, looking out over
the memorial. It's as bright a day as the dusty atmosphere
will allow. 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.

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,
theres a good deal of mending to
be done. I see the threads now,
the lines that connect us...

58 **THE HEBITIAN PAINTING**

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.)
...to each other, to the world we
live in. Even to ourselves.

59 **INT. DS9 - GARAK'S SHOP**

Occupation era. A sneering Cardassian military functionary leads the disgraced Garak into the wrecked and filthy space. He is holding a bundle of what little belongings he has. The officer quickly and dismissively points out various 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.

60 **EXT. GARAK'S MEMORIAL**

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 torn and
tattered 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.

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

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

62 **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...

63 **EST. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Closing shot.

FADE OUT:

THE END