

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

10x17 - "Reservoir Ferengi."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on the short story

"Reservoir Ferengi"
by David A McIntee

appearing in
Star Trek: Seven Deadly Sins

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

and from the post-finale novels
by Pocket Books

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE (and the rest)

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

Begin on the starfield, glittering peacefully. Move forward through it, turn slightly... and a planetary system comes into view, bright main-sequence star at its centre.

An EXPLOSION just off-screen - a bright flare of fuel and oxygen burning up and snuffing out quickly. Debris tumbles across the screen - identifiably a section of a starship.

Move on past the debris. Another ship - small and winged, a FIGHTER - glides across the screen. A MISSILE zooms into view, hits the fighter. Both go up in another explosion.

Turn again towards the missile's point of origin - and a PLANET comes into view. Another missile launches from its surface, arcing out of orbit into space.

We follow the missile, and we travel past more SHIPS, more MISSILES criss-crossing, unmanned orbital defence platforms firing PHASER BEAMS at everything that moves.

Still following the missile, we see its target - another PLANET within the system. Ships and missiles and phasers all around us as we DIVE DOWN towards the surface...

The tip of the missile GLOWS as we push through the air. With atmosphere to carry it, we now hear the sounds of battle. Phasers SCREAM, explosions ROAR, vessels CRUNCH.

Break through the cloud cover to see the planet's surface. Green expanses, white-tipped mountains, gleaming rivers, technologically advanced but environmentally respectful...

...all marred by war and conflict. Buildings ruined, gouges in the ground, crashed ships burning in piles of rubble. The missile plummets towards one of the larger buildings...

...and HITS. The building is obliterated. Atmospheric fighters swerve out of the way to avoid the flames.

Past the explosion to another building - a large PYRAMID, glass surface shining in the sun, truncated to make a flat landing area. Fighters launch from hatches in the sides...

...and fly out over the city, where alien but humanoid FIGURES run *towards* the building in panic, desperately hoping to catch a ride out of here. But too late...

...as a large non-combat vehicle LIFTS OFF from the flat roof - an escape shuttle. As it roars up into the sky, the people stop and gaze up at it in dismay.

Our POV continues THROUGH one of the jagged, smashed windows into the inside of the shuttle port building...

2 **INT. SHUTTLE DEPARTURE LOUNGE (CONTINUOUS)**

...and into what was once a comfortable, classy departure lounge for well-heeled travellers. Now there are fires burning, furniture thrown, information screens smashed.

And more figures inside - a squadron of SOLDIERS, in hard black armour, face-obscuring helmets, weapons drawn, on the lookout for enemies. As they creep into another room...

... the front-most soldier is SHOT down with a phaser blast to the chest. His comrades return fire...

...at another group of soldiers - also in black armour but with a coloured slash of paint. The first group dive for cover, exchanging fire. PHASER BEAMS blast back and forth.

The shot one is dragged to safety by a terrified comrade - horror and confusion clear even in his faceless armour. This is the first time he's ever seen a dead body...

...and in a burst of panic, he scuttles back, curls up and hugs himself, paralysed with fear at the SOUNDS of battle, furniture and machinery exploding, bodies hitting the deck.

Then suddenly the sounds stop, a GASP from the other soldiers... the terrified man looks up to see why...

...and another FIGURE enters the room, running from PHASER SHOTS. Much larger than the others, a comparative giant.

The soldiers stop shooting each other out of simple shock. They watch this new figure, and as we stay at their level, we can't even see its face, only from chest down.

Having escaped the first barrage of phaser fire, the figure turns, fires back the way he came. And there, pursuing...

...is a second GIANT. They shoot and dodge, shoot and dodge, only chests and running legs visible. After a few moments, the phasers sputter and die - out of power.

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

VOICE

Oww!

In revenge, the second CHARGES directly for the first...

...but the first is stood right by a window. Too furious to stop, the two battling giants TUMBLE out of the window...

...and disappear from sight. We can still hear the SHRIEKS and OWWs fade away as they bounce down the sloped walls.

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

SOLDIER 1

Wasn't that --

SOLDIER 2

Yeah, I think it was.

SOLDIER 1

They're not with you?

SOLDIER 2

We thought they were with you!

Confused, the leaders of each group creep together towards the window. They peer over the edge, looking down...

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

3 **EXT. SHUTTLE PORT - DAY**

An unidentifiable flurry of PUNCHES and SCRATCHES and YELLS and YELPS - and eventually OOFs, as the two giants tumble all the way to the ground, where they land in a pile...

...of dead bodies, black-clad soldiers in twisted poses, weapons abandoned. With a grunt, one giant THROWS the other off. Both scramble away, reach in desperation for the guns.

They both grab a weapon each, spin back to point them at each other's face - and we finally see who they are...

BRUNT, formerly of the Ferengi Commerce Authority, bloodied and bruised and seething with righteous fury...

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

BRUNT

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

GAILA

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

Black-clad soldiers close in on them from all directions, weapons drawn and pointed at the pair of panting Ferengi. Brunt sighs and shakes his head...

BRUNT

How did my life come to this?

Off Brunt's exhausted, furious face...

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Excited crowds fill the space, controlled by security, including SEVAK, ALECO and Bajoran Militia Major CENN. Anticipation buzzes, grand FANFARES of music play, filling the bar and the Promenade and the whole station it seems.

The crowd builds itself to a fever pitch of excitement, and just as the music rises to a crashing crescendo, the crowd finally parts, revealing...

ROM
Umm... hi.

Grand Nagus ROM of the Ferengi Alliance. The crowd cheers! Rom almost cringes back from the force of their APPLAUSE.

He's wearing the official robes of the Nagushood, holding the Nagal Staff, rows of obsequious Ferengi servants ready to attend - but still the same old Rom inside it all.

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

...is QUARK himself, a swirl of emotions. Pride at the size of the event, fawning before his Nagus, disapproval at such fuss over his idiot brother. He shouts over the crowd...

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

Even louder ROARS of welcome. Quark steps off the central plinth and down to greet his brother more personally...

QUARK
Welcome home, Rom.

ROM
Thanks, brother.

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

QUARK

My brother, the Grand Nagus!

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

KIRA

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

...and with them too is LEETA, beaming with happiness and carrying their half-Bajoran half-Ferengi baby...

LEETA

Hello, Captain.

KIRA

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

Leeta hefts little baby BENA on her hip, turns her towards Kira. We don't need to see the baby's face, but Kira's slightly shocked, frozen smile tells us everything...

KIRA

(stiff)

Oh, she's beautiful.

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

LEETA

Yep, she's a keeper.

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

QUARK

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

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

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

Quark turns away to get the drink. Nog gestures to the upper levels of the bar, where numerous VIEWSCREENS hang over the balconies (like in 2x11 "Rivals")...

The screens show reams of information in Ferengi language, constantly shifting and changing. Occasionally they will flash to a COMMERCIAL, some bright and garish tasteless extravaganza like those seen in 9x11 "Sale of the Century".

NOG
I set up all the screens just like
your advisors insisted. You'll
have real-time updates on all the
business markets.

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

Quark comes back with Rom's drink...

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

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

ROM
Well, I miss this place.

CUT TO:

5 **INT. TONGO PARLOUR**

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

BRUNT

I hate this place.

An on-screen caption says:

ONE YEAR AGO

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

GAILA

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

BRUNT

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

GAILA

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

BRUNT

Oh, not success... His existence.

GAILA

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

BRUNT

Can any Ferengi really be friends with an FCA Liquidator?

GAILA

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

BRUNT

The Economic Congress could take
away my job... but not who I am.

GAILA

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

BRUNT

(pondering)

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

GAILA

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

BRUNT

...Alright. I'm in.

GAILA

You know it makes sense.

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

GAILA

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

BRUNT

Five slips.

GAILA

Done.

The moment Gaila's gone, Brunt changes.

The depression and drunkenness slip off like a mask - it
was all pretend. He won't trust Gaila for a second, and
he's already plotting...

6 INT. BRUNT'S SHUTTLE

This tiny shuttle is basically all Brunt has in the world. He opens a hatch towards the rear, pulls out a data chip, clips the chip into a padd - and the screen comes to life.

He scrolls through the files filled with Ferengi text... until he gets to one with a headshot of Gaila...

BRUNT

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

He grins, the thought of profit overtaking everything...

7 EXT. FERENGINAR SURFACE - DAY

Ferenginar's First City, the grey morning light dampened by a light drizzle. A shuttle pulls away from the city...

8 INT. BRUNT'S SHUTTLE

Brunt pilots, Gaila squeezed in beside him. Even with only two people it's a tight fit. The planet's surface drops away and the black expanse of space approaches...

BRUNT

So where are we going?

GAILA

Right there.

Gaila points forwards out of the window, and Brunt looks...

...at a mid-size CRUISER of a previously unseen design. Clearly Ferengi, but somewhere between the massive size of a *D'Kora* class Marauder and Brunt's tiny shuttle.

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

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

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

9 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLEBAY**

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

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

BRUNT
...as are its contents.

Walking to the door, Brunt stops dead with a GASP...

...because a BREEN is blocking their way. His name is LOK.
Gaila breezes on past, not concerned in the slightest...

GAILA
Oh, don't mind Lok. He's just my
bodyguard.

Gaila enters the corridor beyond. The Breen turns to watch
the pair pass, then follows them as well...

10 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR**

Lok escorts the two Ferengi along the corridor. Brunt is
terrified of him, but trying not to show it...

BRUNT
Why would you need a bodyguard?

GAILA

(shrug)

For one thing, people who need an arms dealer usually have that need because they're embroiled in some sort of violence. Which means sometimes, to make profit, one has to visit violent places.

At the end of the corridor, another door opens onto...

11 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE

...small and simple but functional. Lok stays outside in the corridor. There's a pilot's station at the front, and consoles fill both sides of the room...

...but one of them is pulled out, and something rummages about behind it, with the clank and hum of tools. As Brunt takes in the sight of the room, the door opens again...

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

BIJON

Where do you want these, Gaila?

GAILA

(to an idiot)

Take them down to engineering, Bijon.

BIJON

Oh... right.

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

GAILA

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

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

PEL

Just about. Volo's just installing
a few more hardware updates we
picked up while we were here. Volo
- is the initialiser link fixed?

Something creeps out from behind the broken console. A big
fleshy TENTACLE, then another, then a third... they get a
grip on the consoles, work to lever the main body out...

Something like a big fleshy spider, with tentacles, and one
giant eye, tool belt strung about his many appendages...

VOLO

It's kushti.
(to Brunt)
Wotcher. Fresh meat, eh?

GAILA

This is Brunt. My new partner.

PEL

Another one?

Brunt finally finds a tiny, whimpering, horrified voice...

BRUNT

What is... that?

PEL

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

BRUNT

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

GAILA

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

Still recovering from his revulsion, Brunt nods absently...

Gaila goes to a replicator in the wall, works it, comes
back with two glasses, hands one to Brunt...

GAILA

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

BRUNT

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

GAILA

Hmmm... that's the kind of level we want, but Fonnam's not a good option. They're notorious for wanting long credit terms.

Brunt pauses to rack his brains. Pulls out his padd, scans through the files... then, with a hungry grin...

BRUNT

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

GAILA

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

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

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. SPACE

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

13 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

On QUARK, as he smiles in satisfaction at the continuing celebrations all around him. DAX wanders up with a drink, salutes him with it...

DAX
Great party, Quark.

QUARK
Like there was any doubt.

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

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

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

Not wanting to get into that any further, Dax drifts away.

Quark heads back to his bar, where NOG and LEETA are both cooing over the baby. ROM stands behind the bar, looking around wistfully.

Then a GASP from the crowd, and people turn to see why...

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

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

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

...and steps towards Treir. Treir steps towards her too. The two tall, buxom, powerful women meet in the centre of the floor, with everyone watching their every move...

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

LEETA

You must be Treir. The new dabo girl.

TREIR

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

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

TREIR

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

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

LEETA

Rom, honey? Come and meet Treir.

ROM

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

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

14 EXT. SPACE

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

15 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLEBAY**

The twinkles of transport are just fading away on the large transporter stage, revealing three KALANI - human-sized but with armoured foreheads and scaly skin.

GAILA, BRUNT and PEL stand before them in their best suits, with BIJON working the transporter...

GAILA
Greetings, Minister. I'm Gaila,
chief of Gailtek Armaments and
Technologies. This is my partner
Brunt, and our clerk Pel.

KALANI 1
We need weapons.

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

KALANI 1
We'd prefer the most efficient
killing machines possible.

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

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

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

GAILA
The Kalani have three factions.
Since Bijon has trouble counting
that high, I need Pel to meet the
third group tonight, after you meet
the second group this afternoon.

BRUNT
But still... a female... earning
profit...

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

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

16 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM

A gleaming white showroom, with racks and shelves covered in WEAPONS small, medium and large. The three Ferengi gaze on encouragingly as the Kalani browse. Re one disruptor...

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

KALANI 1
(hefting it)
It doesn't look Klingon...

As Gaila and the Kalani continue in b.g, Brunt receives a comm alert. He steps away from the group to receive...

BRUNT
What?

BIJON (comm)
The Loyalists are at the transport
site. I'm bringing them up now.

BRUNT
No!

Everyone turns at the outburst... Brunt smiles awkwardly...

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

GAILA
Go and see to it.

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

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

As the Kalani sweep out of the room, Gaila grabs Pel...

GAILA
Have Volo reset the chamber for Cardassian weapons.

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

17 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLEBAY

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

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

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

KALANI 2
(dry and icy)
Really?

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

KALANI 2
Good for you.

Smiling past the Kalani's brusque attitude, Brunt after-you's them towards the door.

Just as they pass into the corridor, and Brunt is beginning to relax, his eyes widen again in panic...

...and the telltale SOUNDS of a transporter powering up behind him. He quickly hustles the Kalani out the door...

18 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRUNT'S CABIN

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

BRUNT

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

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

19 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

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

20 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLEBAY

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

BRUNT

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

BIJON

(thinks for
a beat)

I've never been to... Appointia.

KALANI 3

Where is Pel?

BRUNT

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

And Brunt dashes back out of the room again...

21 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR**

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

22 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - MESS HALL**

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

GAILA

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

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

BRUNT

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

GAILA

What? How?

BRUNT

That half-Pakled idiot servant of yours.

GAILA

(sigh)

I should have sent Lok to supervise.

BRUNT

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

GAILA
Anyone who knew Bijon.

Brunt whimpers - what do they do?

23 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM

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

24 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRUNT'S CABIN

Brunt grins maniacally as he pours himself a drink from the cabinet, knocks it back, pours another. He holds the drink out to the Loyalist leader. She looks at him disdainfully.

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

BRUNT
That was the signal. Let's go!

25 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR

Brunt leads the Kalani Loyalist group out. He looks to the right, and he sees the first Kalani group - the government - only just leaving, guided by Gaila into the shuttlebay.

He squeaks and leaps to block the view, directing his group down the opposite way...

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

Glancing back and forth, Brunt waits until the door closes on Gaila's group, and then runs off after his own group...

26 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM

The door opens as the Loyalists approach...

BRUNT (o.s.)
Wait!

Brunt barrels past the Kalani before they can enter. He pokes his head in...

...and sees racks set up with Federation weapons, but no other Kalani. He sags with relief.

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

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

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

28 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - MESS HALL**

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

29 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM**

Gaila enters and immediately exclaims for the Loyalists...

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

KALANI 2
He has. They are quite fit for our
purpose.

Gaila grins even wider...

30 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR**

The showroom door opens, Brunt pokes his head out...

...and the far door is just closing on Pel and her group...

BRUNT
This way please, Commander...

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

Gaila, Brunt and Pel all stand, as Bijon works the transporter and the final group of Kalani disappears.

After a second's pause, all three Ferengi break into great HOWLS of laughter, sagging in blissful relief.

The door opens, and LOK enters - but stops at the sight of three cackling Ferengi. Even through his expressionless environment suit, he manages to convey his confusion...

32 **INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR**

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

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

DAX

Nerys, we have a problem.

KIRA

What is it?

DAX

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

(beat)

Nerys... what do we do?

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

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

33 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

VAUGHN, with the party behind him. He booms cheerfully...

VAUGHN

LJ! To what do I owe the pleasure?

Vaughn stands behind the bar, turned to face the screen on the back wall, featuring the stony face of Adm AKAAR...

AKAAR (screen)

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

A large COMPUTER PANEL and arched DOORWAY stand where they normally don't, of the type usually seen in a holosuite. DAX, NOG and ROM all work feverishly to program on the fly.

The fake Vaughn pauses, as if waiting for instructions...

VAUGHN

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

AKAAR (screen)

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

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

VAUGHN

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

AKAAR (screen)

That's exactly what I mean. Why did
you not attend the Admirals' Dinner
Party? I invite you every year.

Kira and Dax sag with relief. Vic mutters wryly...

VIC

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

KIRA

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

Dax continues to program... fake Vaughn chuckles, gestures
around the fake party going on in the fake bar...

VAUGHN

Because of this state visit from
an honoured world leader going on
even as we speak. Really, Admiral
- insulting the leader of a great
nation like Ferenginar for the
sake of cocktails and canapés?

AKAAR

(grudging)

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

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

VAUGHN

What about him?

AKAAR

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

VAUGHN

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

VIC
(to Kira)
What is it you're doing, exactly?

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

VIC
Where's the real Vaughn?

KIRA
He's not available.

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

KIRA
He's not available.

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

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

AKAAR (screen)
Yes, I suppose so. But you will
attend next year, Elias.

VAUGHN
Absolutely, Admiral. You have my
solemn promise.

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

DAX
Do you think he bought it?

KIRA

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

NOG

You're welcome, Captain. But --

KIRA

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

ROM

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

KIRA

I know you're both curious. But don't ask me why. Don't even think about why. It's beyond classified. I need you to put this out of your mind and forget it ever happened.

ROM

Uhh... I can do that.

Kira and Dax share a cautious smile...

34 EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE - DAY

A majestic, soaring shot of the same PLANET we saw at the top of the episode - only this is before the war.

White-topped mountains with people skiing. Glittering lakes and gently drifting tourist boats. Gleaming glass buildings that blend in smoothly and ecologically. Relaxed, peaceful, beautiful. An on-screen caption says:

SIX MONTHS AGO

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

VOICEOVER

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

Gradually we find the government building - the one that will be destroyed by the missile in six months' time...

VOICEOVER

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

Passing THROUGH a window of the government base, into...

35 **INT. URWYZDEN GOVERNMENT OFFICE**

...where three URWYZDEN natives sit in a row behind a long table. Wearing plain black, mottled slate-grey skin, round bald heads, long pointed ears that flop over at the tips. The middle Urwyzden, MINISTER 1, speaks proudly...

MINISTER 1

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

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

BRUNT

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

MINISTER 1

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

BRUNT

You mean the Orion Syndicate --

MINISTER 1

The what? I'm sorry, I must have misheard. For a moment I thought you were about to suggest that a purely fictional organisation of doubtful integrity really existed.

BRUNT

Alright then. What about races with a lust for conquest instead of profit?

MINISTER 1

A race truly geared for conquest would conquer us in short order, no doubt. But the other races, who would then be left in difficult financial circumstances, would I'm sure find it in their interest to make things right.

Brunt's big smile slips a notch - opportunity is slipping away. Looking to his side, Gaila seems to feel the same. The Minister pauses to think. He jumps off his chair...

...and we realise that he is tiny, barely 3ft tall. In fact all the Urwyzden are. The miniature Minister patters to the large picture windows, gazes out at the lovely view...

MINISTER 1

Nevertheless, you do bring up an interesting point. It has been considered in the recent past - what with the Dominion War - that some orbital defence platforms might be a wise investment... to allow others time to recognise the importance of their decision.

GAILA

(eager)

Oddly enough, orbital defence platforms are our specialty.

MINISTER 1
Oddly enough... I thought they
might be.

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

36 **EXT. SPACE**

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

37 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHOWROOM**

The entire crew - Gaila, Brunt, Pel, Bijon, Volo and Lok - gather in the showroom, the weapons and orbital platforms they will sell to the Urwyzden displayed. The four Ferengi have drinks in their hands, *clink* the glasses together...

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

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

BRUNT
(licks lips)
Regular...

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

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

Volo's fleshy tentacles flush BLUE, making Bijon LAUGH...

GAILA

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

VOLO

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

GAILA

Good. And what is this not going to be, Bijon?

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

BIJON

Another Kalani disaster. But they were ready! I assumed you wouldn't want to keep them waiting.

BRUNT

Yes, well - you know what the *hew-mons* say about "assume." It puts the I in team... or something.

GAILA

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

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

GAILA

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

All but Brunt turn to leave the room...

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

GAILA
You'll enjoy them, I'm sure.

The rest of them leave.

In the doorway, Pel looks over her shoulder at Brunt, who is already approaching the weapons with a hungry look.

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

FLASHBACK - 6x10 "THE MAGNIFICENT FERENGİ"

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

BACK TO SCENE

Brunt sneers in hatred...

BRUNT
(to self)
It was all Quark's fault. Quark
and his entire lunatic family.

POV - TARGETING SENSOR

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

BACK TO SCENE

Shivering with hatred... Brunt fires...

POV - TARGETING SENSOR

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

BACK TO SCENE

Brunt grins with satisfaction...

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

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

BRUNT
I have good motivation.

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

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

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

BRUNT
They... they died.

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

BRUNT
More than Gaila does.

PEL
From when you were in the FCA?

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

PEL
Off-world banking? But... that's illegal!

BRUNT

And the law is the law, no matter
how stupid it is. We should be
proud to uphold it.

(best)

Otherwise you... wouldn't be
wearing those clothes.

They're actually flirting, intrigued with each other...

BRUNT

We should keep out of the way of
that Breen. I don't like the way
he looks at me.

PEL

I don't like the way he looks at
anyone except for Gaila and Volo.
I especially don't like the way he
looks at people talking together.

BRUNT

(smirk)

Then we shouldn't let them see us
talking.

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

38 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE

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

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

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

39 EXT. SPACE

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

THREE MONTHS AGO

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

40 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE

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

PEL

Unbelievable...

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

GAILA

In what way? We came here for a most profitable ongoing military escalation, didn't we?

41 INT. URWYZDEN GOVERNMENT OFFICE

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

MINISTER 1

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

MINISTER 2

Declared war?! We are victims of your madness!

42 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - GAILA'S CABIN

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

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

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

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

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

He raises a glass, and breaks into laughter...

43 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - GAILA'S CABIN

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

44 EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE - DAY

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

45 INT. URWYZDEN GOVERNMENT OFFICE

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

MINISTER 1
Welcome, my friends! It seems I was wise to make those purchases.

GAILA
You know it makes sense.

MINISTER 1
And continues to do so. I shall
have ongoing business with you, I
think. Our own military is still
in its early stages...

BRUNT
How goes the war?

MINISTER 1
Obviously we're doing our best to
ensure it doesn't interfere with
business. We have also begun
interning Beta and Gamma citizens
in conditioning camps to be sure
of their loyalty...

46 INT. SHUTTLE

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

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

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

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

BRUNT
Of course not!

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

47 EXT. SPACE

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

TWO MONTHS AGO

48 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE

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

GAILA
What is it, Lok?

Lok buzzes a warning...

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

Lok buzzes again...

GAILA
No, I suppose you don't.

Lok walks to the screen at the back of the bridge, pushes buttons... and the screen comes to life with the recording of Brunt and Pel in the showroom.

Then another clip of them sitting together in the mess hall, then as they walk together through the shuttlebay. And so on. With each clip, Gaila's dismay grows...

GAILA
What am I going to do with them?

Lok rumbles his suggestion...

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

Lok's response manages to express his joy at the idea...

49 INT. SHUTTLE

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

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

50 EXT. SPACE

...because the shuttle is approaching one of the unmanned defence platforms, and it's currently inactive.

51 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLE BAY

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

52 EXT. SPACE

...and the defence platform suddenly turns, bursts to life, and FIRES on Pel's shuttle.

53 INT. SHUTTLE

Chaos and explosions... the windscreen shatters, spider-cracks spreading... a forcefield pops into place... but that's the least of Pel's worries.

Her console is on fire, and the planet's surface is approaching fast. She panics, using all her piloting skills to keep the shuttle under control as best she can...

54 EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE

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

55 EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE - WOODS

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

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

56 **ON SHUTTLE**

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

SOLDIER 1

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

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

SOLDIER 2

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

SOLDIER 1

Who says they only supply us?

The soldiers look between themselves, worried...

57 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE**

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

GAILA

Prime Minister! I must warn you! I have uncovered evidence that one of my crew has been stealing from me, and may be trying to sell to one of the other colonies. I'll transmit you the details of her ship now...

MINISTER 1 (screen)

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

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

58 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRUNT'S CABIN**

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

BRUNT

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

59 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLEBAY**

Bijon is hauling a large box of mechanical parts across the shuttlebay, by hand. Brunt enters, oozing false camaraderie for the gentle giant...

BRUNT

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

BIJON

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

BRUNT

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

BIJON

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

BRUNT

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

BIJON

My father doesn't like them...

Brunt restrains himself from making a comment...

BIJON

Are you coming too?

BRUNT

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

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

BIJON

Okay, I'll ask.

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

60 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - MESS HALL

Bijon enters, innocent as always. Volo is draped over one
table, Lok sat at another. Bijon goes to the replicators,
then turns back, suddenly remembering he had a job to do...

BIJON

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

Volo jerks, surprised. The Breen looks up from his table,
equally curious and wary...

VOLO

The what?

BIJON

The remote control things.

VOLO

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

Lok stands suddenly, snapping a sharp electronic command...

VOLO

Righty-dokey, skip.

In a terrifyingly fast move, Volo LEAPS off the table and straight at Bijon. His muscular tentacles spread wide...

...revealing the wet, gnashing mouthparts on the pale fleshy underside. The mouth comes right for Bijon's face, the tentacles wrap around his large body...

Bijon struggles against Volo's crushing grip. Wraps his own powerful hands around the tentacles, but they don't budge. His SCREAMS are muffled as the mouthparts start to BITE...

61 INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - GAILA'S CABIN

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

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

On the screen, a face-shot of Gaila comes up, and next to it, the word URWYZDEN. The rest is taken up with constantly changing information in the hexagonal Ferengi language.

Then the sounds on the comm change. A body thumps to the ground, and the Breen electronic rumbles get agitated. Brunt quickly shuts the panel, hits a key on his padd...

...and dematerialises in a Ferengi transporter swirl. The next instant, Gaila and Lok stomp thru the door, furious...

GAILA

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

Lok buzzes his opinion on the matter...

GAILA

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

62 EXT. SPACE

Brunt's tiny shuttle races towards the planet...

63 **INT. URWYZDEN WAREHOUSE**

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

SOLDIER 1

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

SOLDIER 2

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

BRUNT

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

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

PEL

Thank you...

BRUNT

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

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

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

64 EXT. URWYZDEN PLANET SURFACE - WOODS

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

65 INT. BRUNT'S SHUTTLE

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

BRUNT

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

PEL

What are you talking about?

BRUNT

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

Pel gasps, suitably appalled...

PEL

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

BRUNT

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

PEL

What?

BRUNT

There's no profit in genocide! I can't sell to dead people.

PEL

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

(beat)

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

BRUNT

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

PEL

The thought occurs that you need a new partner.

BRUNT

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

(shudder)

...a profit-earning female.

PEL

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

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

BRUNT

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

(beat)

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

PEL

Yes?

BRUNT

Make all three appointments for the same time.

66 **EXT. SPACE**

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

...until three of the small Urwyzden fighters converge on the Ferengi ship... and OPEN FIRE.

67 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - BRIDGE**

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

VOLO

Yer what?

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

VOLO

Bugger this. I'm offski.

Volo quickly makes for the door...

68 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR**

...only to find a small army of the diminutive Urwyzden soldiers heading down the corridor towards him. They may be small, but their sheer number is overwhelming...

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

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

COMPUTER

Auto-destruct in five minutes.

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

GAILA

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

COMPUTER

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

Panic growing, Gaila leaps out of bed...

70 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - CORRIDOR**

Volo LEAPS up to the ceiling...

...tentacles carrying him quickly across it in an attempt
to get past the soldiers...

...the Urwyzden take aim at him...

...but he leaps down on them, stretches his tentacles wide,
snatches a tiny Urwyzden in each and SNAPS each one's neck.

All the remaining Urwyzden soldiers take aim and FIRE...

...and Volo's large body explodes like a fleshy balloon.

71 **INT. GOLDEN HANDSHAKE - SHUTTLEBAY**

Gaila rushes into the shuttlebay (which has no shuttles in
it), sees Lok already working the transporter controls...

GAILA

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

A phaser SHOT blasts Lok, making his environment suit spasm
with bolts of electricity. The Breen slumps to the ground
with a gurgle, suit smoking with burned-out circuitry.

Gaila SHRIEKS...

BRUNT

Brunt. FCA... ish.

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

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

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

BRUNT
(ignores him)
-- as an offensively poor example
of proper Ferengi morals, and as a
personal threat to my own profits
and opportunities.

GAILA
(laughs)
What profits? The moment you ran
out I seized your share.

BRUNT
(delighted)
Then I'll add breach of contract.

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

BRUNT
Step onto the pad.

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

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

72 **EXT. SPACE**

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

And then the *Golden Handshake* EXPLODES.

73 **EXT. SHUTTLE PORT - DAY**

Brunt and Gaila tumble down the outside of the building, an unidentifiable flurry of PUNCHES and SCRATCHES and YELLS and YELPS - and eventually OOFs, as they land in a pile...

...of dead bodies, black-clad soldiers in twisted poses, weapons abandoned. Both scramble away, reach in desperation for the guns, spin back to point them at each other....

BRUNT

(smug)

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

GAILA

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

Squadrons of Urwyzden soldiers are closing in on them from all directions, weapons drawn and pointed at the pair of Ferengi. Brunt sighs and shakes his head...

BRUNT

How did my life come to this?

GAILA

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

BRUNT

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

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

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

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

Gaila stares back at Brunt, dumbfounded...

GAILA

What are you doing?!

BRUNT

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

(beat)

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

GAILA

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

BRUNT

By exposing you, I stop the war and preserve future Ferengi profits. That's worth a lot. Oh, and did I mention I've negotiated a license as a consultant and enforcer in the region? Not the same as being in the FCA, but I'll be doing the same job in the private sector. And for more money!

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

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

74 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

A huge round of APPLAUSE explodes all around the bar. The crowd is watching the many screens hanging around the room.

The displays show financial reports from back home on Ferenginar. They're in the hexagonal Ferengi script, but whatever they say, everyone's very happy about it.

Quark, Rom, Nog and Leeta all gather on the customer side of the bar, a proper family reunion. Kira and Dax are both nearby as well.

Treir works the bar, HETIK works the dabo tables, Ferengi waiters dash back and forth. The party is a huge success.

Nog JUMPS with excitement and hugs his father...

NOG

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

LEETA

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

ROM

(bashful)

It was Krax's idea...

NOG

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

QUARK

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

ROM

I guess...

LEETA

Rom's the best Nagus ever!

QUARK

Hah!

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

QUARK

I mean that lovingly.

They grudgingly let it go...

QUARK

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

(new idea)

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

LEETA

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

Leeta turns to dote on her baby girl...

BRUNT (o.s.)

Brunt! FCA!

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

QUARK

Aah!

Quark looks around, searching for his long-time enemy...

BRUNT (o.s.)

That's right! I'm back!

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

BRUNT (screen)

And debtors and deal-breakers everywhere are in for their worst nightmares!

QUARK / ROM

Aaaah!

On the screens, the image changes to show BRUNT and PEL standing back to back, arms folded, grinning defiantly into the camera as an overdramatic voiceover bellows...

VOICEOVER

All new!

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

VOICEOVER

Brunt... the Bounty Hunter! Only
on FCN!

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

ALL

Aaaaaaaaaaah!

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW