

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

12x04 - "Entanglement."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

*Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*

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

### **TNG 17x04 - "SELF-INFLICTED"**

Against the advice of basically everybody on *Enterprise*, Picard goes ahead with the plan to disguise himself as Locutus and infiltrate the dormant Borg cube. Crusher and LaForge dress him up in the outfit, and he sneaks aboard... but the Borg can hear his thoughts too. He is found, captured and assimilated for real. As the cube powers up, Worf is forced to take *Enterprise* and retreat. Worf gets LaForge to improvise a cloaking device, and Crusher to synthesise an agent to neutralise the hormone the Borg are using to create the Queen. *Enterprise* returns to the cube under cloak, and another away team enters. Security chief Battaglia is assimilated and killed, but Crusher succeeds in administering the antidote, and Worf rescues Picard. With the Queen uncreated, the other drones all go back into stasis. Picard must deal with his new trauma, but at least Worf has finally agreed to be his XO.

### **TTN 1x04 - "DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE"**

Having fallen through the hole at the Bassen Rift, *Titan* and [Valdore](#) find themselves in the Small Magellanic Cloud - a whole different galaxy. Tuvok and Akaar have been here before, on board the *Excelsior*. The local race, the Neyel, are actually long-lost humans ([EXC "The Sundered"](#)) who genetically engineered themselves to survive and built an empire by conquering others. Some like the young male Frane have joined the Seekers After Penance, a religious group that fights Neyel dominance. Donatra rescues Frane from an escape pod, learning they were attacked by her missing Romulan fleet. *Titan's* science team - including stellar cartographer [Melora Pazlar](#) (DS9 2x06 "Melora") - discover that local space is unraveling, the work of a destructive and possibly sentient force which the Neyel worship as the Sleeper. The hole in space allowed the Sleeper to 'awake' and destroy the Neyel - a result which Frane and the other Seekers welcome as fitting punishment for their crimes.

### **VOY 10x04 - "WEIRD IS PART OF THE JOB"**

Voyager runs across a damaged freighter led by a crew of [Syrath](#), a radically non-humanoid race looking something like a

lamp on eight skittering legs, who only recently encountered the Federation. The ship's leader Re'ma Eresbe Das requests help, and Vulcan chief engineer [Vorik](#) is tasked with the job. But Syrath technology is as alien as their physiology, and Vorik's logical mind is struggling to figure it out. Their engineering principles simply do not make sense. He tries to contact Tuvok, but he is missing in Romulan space. He tries B'Elanna, but she is incommunicado back on Earth. Finally, before the freighter is destroyed, Vorik decides to mind-meld with Eresbe, and in doing so experiences the wildly different existence of the Syrath. Now able to fix the ship, Vorik finds himself quite fascinated by what he has learned. Eresbe thanks Vorik for his help - it will tell the other Syrath how nice the Federation is.

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**1     EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Outside the station, a gentle shot gradually closing in across the docking ring and the crossover bridges towards the habitat ring, to one window in particular.

Still outside, we see JOHN CANDLEWOOD thrown up against the window. He is apparently naked, and is pressed against the glass with some force, his hands out to support himself as he faces out into space. Is he being attacked, threatened?

Then another body appears behind him - HETIK, also naked apparently, seductively leaning in close to nibble at Candlewood's neck and ears. John SWOONS back into his boyfriend's arms, eyes fluttering in bliss.

Hetik assertively SPINS Candlewood back to face him...

**2     INT. DS9 - CANDLEWOOD'S QUARTERS**

...with the two men now facing each other, a romantic backdrop of stars the only light in the darkened room, they KISS hungrily. Arms grasp, legs hook around hips. Things could very well be heading further, when suddenly...

NOG (comm)  
Nog to Candlewood.

Candlewood pauses mid-kiss, stops dead still, whispers...

CANDLEWOOD  
Don't move.

NOG (comm)  
Nog to Candlewood. Respond please.

Candlewood sighs. Not letting go of Hetik, he looks around to spot his combadge - on a side table a few feet away.

CANDLEWOOD  
(with head gestures)  
Could you...?

Keeping hold of each other, Hetik SHUFFLES Candlewood sideways a half-step at a time until he can reach his combadge. John leans over to grab it and tap it.

CANDLEWOOD

This had better be phenomenally important, Nog. I'm talking life and death here.

NOG (comm)

And a good morning to you too, Lieutenant.

CANDLEWOOD

I'm serious, Nog, this really isn't a good time. Actually, let me rephrase that. This is a very good time - for me. It is not a good time for you to be contacting me. If you catch my drift.

NOG (comm)

(long awkward pause)

Oh.

(and another)

Ummm... sorry. Shall I call back?

CANDLEWOOD

Well, you've already ruined the mood. You may as well keep going.

NOG (comm)

No, honestly, I can call back...

CANDLEWOOD

Nog, get to the damn point or I swear to the Almighty I will come down there as I am right now and beat it out of you.

NOG (comm)

No, no... Please don't do that.

Hetik smirks, his brawny arms still holding Candlewood up as he talks into the combadge.

NOG (comm)  
I'm calling a meeting for all my  
engineering department heads in  
half an hour. In the wardroom.

CANDLEWOOD  
And? I'm not one of your  
department heads anymore.

NOG (comm)  
I know, but I need as many heads  
as I can get for this. I've asked  
Lieutenant Tenmei to join us too.

CANDLEWOOD  
Nog, is this absolutely necessary?

NOG (comm)  
I am still your superior officer,  
you know, Lieutenant. I want you  
to report to the wardroom in half  
an hour. Understood?

CANDLEWOOD  
(sigh)  
Understood, sir.

NOG (comm)  
And be fully dressed when you do.

CANDLEWOOD  
I'm not making any promises.  
Candlewood out.

He taps the combadge again, closing the channel. He looks  
back at Hetik and disentangles himself with an apologetic  
shrug - the mood is well and truly broken. With a quick  
last kiss, Candlewood dashes off to get ready.

CANDLEWOOD  
Sorry. I'll make it up to you  
later.

HETIK  
No need...

With a salacious grin, Hetik chases after John into the bathroom, John giggling and play-complaining...

**3**     **INT. DS9 - WARDROOM**

The room is buzzing with junior officers settling into their seats. We have seen them all before - transporter specialist JEANETTE CHAO, life systems specialist K'UHLLO, tactical engineering specialist BRYANNE PERMENTER, and Nog's deputy chief, propulsion specialist MIKAELA LEISHMAN.

Also present are senior pilot PRYNN TENMEI, and of course chief engineer NOG.

Just as they are all about settled, the door opens and Candlewood dashes in, looking flushed and dishevelled. As he takes a spare seat, Tenmei rolls her eyes at him.

TENMEI

You slept in again?

CANDLEWOOD

Actually, no.

His sassy smile gets the girls in the room giggling. All these people are clearly friends and used to gossiping.

LEISHMAN

Ah, so things are still going well with Hetik, then?

CANDLEWOOD

I'm not talking about it.

TENMEI

Yeah, right. Come on - details.

CANDLEWOOD

(faux indignant)

Absolutely not. What kind of boy do you think I am?

CHAO

We all know exactly what kind of boy you are.

PERMENTER

At least you have a boyfriend.  
I haven't seen any romance in  
donkey's. I demand vicarious  
thrills.

NOG

Excuse me. I didn't call this  
meeting so we could all discuss  
our sex lives. Or lack thereof.  
We are actually officers with a  
job to do.

CANDLEWOOD

Exactly. You're all being very  
disrespectful to a senior officer.

LEISHMAN

Sorry, Nog. You're absolutely  
right.

(point at Candlewood)

Later. Details.

Nog harrumphs and prepares to bring the meeting to order.  
But just as he does...

The LIGHTS all around the room DIM, the background hum of  
power sources GROANS to a halt, and the computer screens on  
the walls SPLUTTER and die.

Candlewood shoots to his feet in instant worry.

CANDLEWOOD

It wasn't me!

Everything comes back to normal after just a few moments,  
leaving everyone looking at Candlewood like a crazy person.

K'UHLLO

What wasn't you?

CANDLEWOOD

Well... the blackout. Why is  
nobody else reacting to this?



LEISHMAN

(are you stupid?)

Because that's why we're here.

NOG

Sit down, Lieutenant.

(he does, pouting)

This has been going on all over  
the station for the last twenty-  
four hours.

PERMENTER

Lights going out, power losses,  
failures across the board.

CHAO

Never in the same place, seemingly  
random times, and everything comes  
back again after a few seconds.

K'UHLLO

How do you not know about this?

CANDLEWOOD

I've been... occupied.

(beat)

With the lights off. Mostly.

TENMEI

Mmm-hmm.

NOG

(back to the point)

And since we don't know which  
system it's going to hit next, I  
need all of you working on this  
before it gets any worse.

LEISHMAN

Do we have any clues at all?

NOG

Only the fact that it never  
happened before yesterday. So what  
changed? I'm sending more specific  
assignments to your personal

accounts, but basically it's just your particular specialties. John - computers. Bryanne - tactical. K'Uhllo - life support. Jeanette - transporters. Prynne - auxiliary vessels and their support systems.

(beat)

Mikaela, I'd like you with me...

Tenmei archly raises a silent eyebrow. Permenter bites her tongue. K'Uhllo scratches one of the horns that sprout from his temples. Candlewood hides a cough behind his hand. Nog sees all of this, and grits his teeth in annoyance.

NOG (cont)

...working on power distribution.

LEISHMAN

Aye, sir.

NOG

Okay, everyone get on with it.

They all get up from the table and head towards the exit. Nog is the last to leave, but before he does, Tenmei turns back to him with a knowing wink.

TENMEI

Good luck.

And she goes, leaving Nog horrified that everyone can see right through him.

FADE OUT

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN

**4     EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The station sits in space as usual. A little distance away, a FREIGHTER is on final approach to dock...

**5     INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Major CENN stands at the central table, working the docking controls. Commander RO stands beside him, just keeping an eye on things. Lieutenant BOWERS is in the tactical alcove. EXTRAS elsewhere as needed.

CENN

DS-Nine to *Furyk*, we read you on final approach. Please reduce speed to thirty kph and maintain until further notice.

VOICE (comm)

Complying, DS-Nine.

The line drops. Ro smiles.

RO

Nicely done, Major.

CENN

(wary; is she  
being sarcastic?)

I just did what I've done a couple hundred times now.

RO

And it's about time I complimented you on it. It's not gonna happen often so make the most of it.

Okay, that's a bit more familiar. Cenn relaxes, and goes back to checking his boards. But then...

Another BROWNOUT. The power all across Ops drops, lights dimming, consoles flickering, stuttering as it tries to restart and fails to do so. The crew are worried...

RO  
Oh, fire...

**6**    **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The Ops dome is dimming, flickering, throbbing as power falls and comes back and falls again, over and over...

...and the freighter is still coming.

**7**    **INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

CENN  
(working panels)  
I've got nothing.

RO  
What about the *Furyk*?

CENN  
I have no idea. None of it's working.

RO  
(urgent, to Bowers)  
Hail them!

BOWERS  
I can't - I've got nothing either.

**8**    **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The shuttle is getting worryingly close to the docking ring, and still going pretty fast...

**9**    **INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Still fading and spluttering...

Eyes fixed on the Ops board, Ro double-taps her combadge, and receives an affirmative double-beep in response.

RO  
Internal comms still working.  
(single tap;  
command voice)  
Commander Ro to all personnel in  
the docking ring, sections twenty  
to twenty-six. Evacuate now. This  
is a priority one command, you  
must evacuate docking ring  
sections twenty to twenty-six  
immediately.

EVIK (comm)  
Security to Ops - what's the  
problem?

Ro points to Cenn - you take the call - while she heads up  
the stairs to Bowers. Cenn taps his own combadge...

CENN  
(b.g.)  
It's another brownout,  
Lieutenant. It's  
affecting docking  
controls, and we have a  
Boslic freighter coming  
in at thirty kph.

EVIK (comm)  
(b.g.)  
Understood, Major. I'll  
take command of the  
evacuation immediately.  
Evik out.

RO  
(f.g.)  
Lieutenant, do you have  
access to the tractor array?

BOWERS  
(works panels;  
excited)  
Yes!  
(quibble)  
Partial.

RO  
Partial will have to do.

After a nod to Bowers, Ro turns back to look at the main  
viewscreen, which is still up and down and up and down...

**10**    **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The freighter is getting worryingly close...

Tractor beams SHOOT out from around the docking hatch and  
latch on it, pushing it away again.

The beams SPLUTTER and SCRAMBLE, barely able to overcome the freighter's forward momentum enough to push it back.

The freighter ROCKS and TWISTS, the tractor beams basically shoving it away with erratic punches of power.

**11**    **INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Still fading and spluttering...

BOWERS

I think it's working.

Then the power suddenly SURGES back to life - lights coming back, the hum of machinery and air conditioning, computer screens settling and resolving.

RO

On screen!

The main viewscreen changes to show the freighter still being shoved roughly by tractor beams.

Ro looks to Bowers - he gets her meaning, works his panels.

On screen, the tractor beams cease, leaving the freighter slowly TUMBLING through space at a safe distance.

CENN

*Furyk* is hailing us.

RO

No surprise there. Go ahead.

The viewscreen changes to show RIONOJ, the Boslic freighter captain with the aquiline features and flowing lilac hair.

RIONOJ (screen)

DS-Nine! Why the hell are you firing on us?

RO

My apologies, Captain. We weren't firing on you. But we had a power failure in the docking controls,

and we couldn't contact you to tell you to stop your approach. The tractor beams were the only way to stop you crashing into the docking ring. Are you alright?

RIONOJ (screen)  
(still wary)  
A little shaken up, and you blew out some of our power relays.

RO  
I'll take that over dead bodies. Major, Lieutenant, please bring the *Furyk* in gently, and have medical and engineering teams meet them at the airlock. My apologies again, Captain Rionoj.

Rionoj nods terse acknowledgement, and cuts the line.

Ro stands down red alert, and turns to stomp angrily up the stairs to her office. She taps her combadge again.

RO  
(faux polite)  
Ro to Lieutenant Nog. Would you report to my office, please?

The door opens and she EXITS to her office.

**12 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The freighter is now safely docked at the station.

**13 INT. DS9 - JEFFRIES TUBE JUNCTION**

A hatch opens and Nog clambers through it. Leishman is already there, working with her hands inside the machinery - detaching, inspecting and reinserting thingamabob after gadget after doobrey. She looks up at Nog's entrance, notes his unhappy harrumph as he drops to the deck.

LEISHMAN  
What did Ro want?

NOG

They had another brownout - this time right there in Ops while they were trying to dock a freighter.

LEISHMAN

We didn't notice anything wrong down here.

NOG

That's the frustrating thing - whatever this is, it pops up at a moment's notice anywhere on the station, and nobody else knows a thing about it till it's over.

(sigh)

Have you had any luck?

LEISHMAN

Nope. Not a flutter. The power distribution nodes and the EPS conduits are absolutely solid.

NOG

So we don't think it's anything to do with the deliberate blackout we caused to hide the station from the Ascendant ship?

LEISHMAN

I don't see how. We were sure everything came back to life with no trouble after that.

(sigh; sits back)

But... I don't know. Maybe in all the excitement we accidentally shorted out a connection somewhere in this seven-million-ton hunk of wires and bulkheads. And it's just a matter of finding it.

NOG

At least this time we're not working against the clock to stop an insane living spaceship from blowing up the entire star system.



LEISHMAN

Oh, I don't know. I find a little gut-wrenching fear for your life can have a very motivating effect.

On Nog as he remembers...

**14 FLASHBACK - DS9 11x21 "INFERNO"**

Nog and Leishman are working at top speed under pressure in a similarly cramped junction room space in the *Defiant*.

Leishman grabs her uniform jacket and RIPS it open bodice-style. She STRADDLES Nog, grabs his face and KISSES him.

NOG

What are you doing?!

LEISHMAN

It's an old human custom - "last night on Earth."

Nog joins in, surprised but enthusiastic, and clothes begin to fly every which way...

**15 BACK TO SCENE**

Nog gulps a little, his face overheating at the memory. Leishman notices.

LEISHMAN

You alright? You look a little flushed.

NOG

(covering badly)

Yeah, yeah I'm fine. Just a little hot in here. Maybe we're not in fear for our lives right this second, but I don't need a shuttle crashing into us and blowing out half the docking ring.

LEISHMAN

Can't argue with that. I mean...  
what if the forcefields around the  
fusion core go out and we all get  
suddenly vaporised?

NOG

Exactly. So let's get on with it.

Leishman turns back to start working again. Nog is about to do the same, but he can't help himself from taking a moment to admire the shape of Leishman's body as she leans forward into the guts of the machinery.

It's full-on MALE GAZE time as he scours her back and her behind with his eyes...

Then she turns back to look at him, her face carrying an expression of "Well? Are you gonna do something?"

Nog catches himself and shakes it off, joining Leishman in working methodically through the task before them...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO

FADE IN

### **16**    INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Lunch-time rush. QUARK himself is busy serving behind the bar, handing over a large frothy tankard of ale to Rionoj the Boslic freighter captain, which she takes gratefully.

PIF the green dog-like Aarruri alien stands at the doorway, toothily welcoming more customers across the threshold MOS.

HETIK the dabo boy plies his wares at the wheel, casting the jack and spinning the wheel, throwing dazzling smiles and bulging muscles at the dabo players all the while.

Finally we land upon a large table on the main floor, at which all seven of our team sit. Nog, Leishman, Candlewood, Chao, Tenmei, K'Uhllo and Permenter. They all have plates in front of them in various stages of eaten-ness.

TENMEI

So aside from nearly getting crashed into this morning, there's nothing wrong with the docking ring, the runabout bays, the cargo bays or the airlocks.

K'UHLLO

Not life support systems either. I did find a glitch in the waste reclamation systems on deck forty-three, but there's no way it could have caused power losses in Ops.

NOG

No, I don't see how that could be connected. And there doesn't seem to be anything wrong with the EPS manifolds either, right Mikaela?

They all look to Leishman for a response - but she is occupied tickling the belly of one of Pif's PUPPIES, who is lying in her lap and loving the attention, YIPping happily.

NOG

Mikaela.

(no response)

Lieutenant Leishman.

(no response)

Lieutenant!

LEISHMAN

Oh, shush. You'll scare the puppy.

Nog looks down at the puppy, and shudders at the sight. Getting his instinctive revulsion under control...

NOG

This was supposed to be a working lunch, Lieutenant. Not a dog-tickling lunch.

LEISHMAN

I'm relaxing. I'm on a break.

(tickles puppy)

Aren't I? Yes I am! Yes I am!

Nog sighs and gives up. Instead he turns to Candlewood, who is sitting with his chin in his hands and gazing lovestruck across the bar at Hetik. He is practically hypnotised.

CANDLEWOOD

(distant, to no-one in particular)

God, he's amazing. Just look at him. How is that even possible?

K'Uhllo glances over his shoulder in the same direction.

K'UHLLO

Eh, I guess he's alright. I still think all your males look weird without a horn in their forehead.

Tenmei clicks her fingers in front of Candlewood's face until she snaps him out of his trance.

CANDLEWOOD

What?

TENMEI

Close your mouth, you're drooling on the table. Now concentrate - did you manage to tear yourself away from those dreamy brown eyes to check the computer systems?

CANDLEWOOD

(piqued)

Yes. And it's definitely not my fault this time. I checked the computers up, down, left, right, and back to front, and there is nothing wrong with them.

CHAO

That's not the only thing you've been checking back to front. What do you think, Nog?

NOG

I think it's a damned double standard, that's what I think.

PERMENTER

What is?

NOG

If I lusted after a female in public like that, I'd be up on charges in a heartbeat.

TENMEI

They're already a couple, Nog. It's fine.

NOG

Can we please talk about work?

Reluctantly, Leishman places the puppy back on the floor and ushers it away, then turns back to the table.

LEISHMAN

Nog's right, you guys. We have to figure this out before something really bad happens.

NOG

Thank you. Now, we need ideas, people. If every one of you is sure there's nothing wrong with your department, then we must have missed something. What is there on this station that none of us here is responsible for? What have we overlooked?

Nobody has any suggestions. They all just pick at their food, thinking it over and getting nowhere as the noise of the bar goes on around them.

LEISHMAN

Alright, let's break it down. What exactly is the nature of the problem we're facing?

PERMENTER

Unexplained power losses.

LEISHMAN

Hitting what?

CHAO

Everything.

K'UHLLO

At random.

LEISHMAN

But we have checked every system that has suffered a power loss, and the systems that deliver the power to those systems, yes?

TENMEI

Yes.

LEISHMAN

So if we logically follow the power back along its course, what have we not checked?

NOG  
(revelation)  
The fusion core. Where the power  
comes from.

Leishman smiles proudly at Nog, who takes it with a blush,  
happy to be approved by her. Just then...

FOOOooommm. Power dies out across the bar, lights dim,  
struggling between half-power and no power at all. GASPS  
and SHOUTS of alarm from customers across the bar.

Quark is at his replicators, a meal half-generated in the  
alcove when the power dies and the replicator sputters to a  
halt, leaving an unformed mush that SPLATS to the bottom of  
the replicator and SPLASHES back onto Quark's jacket.

QUARK  
(furious bellow)  
Nnnooooogggg!!!

Nog is already on his feet, as are the other engineers.

NOG  
I know, uncle.  
(taps combadge)  
Nog to Ops. Brownout in progress  
in my uncle's bar. Appears to be  
covering all three decks...

He looks towards the door of the bar, and sees that the  
Promenade is also stuttering with power...

NOG (cont)  
...and the Promenade.

**17 INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Ro rushes down the steps to join Cenn at the central table.  
He is working the panels quickly, entering data.

RO  
Understood, Lieutenant. It's  
entered into the list. Let us know  
when it all returns to normal.

18 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Nog grabs his tricorder from its holster.

NOG

Everyone - scan everything. We  
need evidence of... something.  
Anything. Go!

The seven engineers pull their own tricorders and spread out across the bar, scanning in all directions.

Nog ends up at the bar, where Quark is angrily wiping down his jacket. The lights and power continue to fluctuate.

QUARK

I am tired of this, Nog. How am I  
supposed to run a business under  
these conditions? This is the  
third time you've failed to keep  
the lights on around here. This  
never happened when Chief O'Brien  
was in charge.

NOG

Uncle, you're not helping.

QUARK

I'm not here to help, I'm here to  
complain and berate.

EVIK

And you do it wonderfully, Quark.

Lieutenant EVIK, the security chief, strides towards the bar from the entrance. Quark takes the comment proudly.

QUARK

Thank you.

EVIK

He does have a point, Lieutenant.  
It's hard to keep the station's  
citizens safe without a working  
power system.



NOG

(snaps)

Look - I know, okay? I've got enough on my ledgers as it is without you two adding your own accounts to it.

Quark pulls a face like "Whatever, Linus" and moves away. But Evik frowns and comes closer.

EVIK

Are you okay, Mister Nog? You seem rather stressed.

NOG

(deep breath)

I'm sorry for shouting. I've just got a lot going on, and -

EVIK

Perhaps you need to take a break. Focus on something other than work for a little while.

NOG

I think that's just the problem.

Before he can elaborate, the power suddenly SURGES back to life all around the bar. Lights, power, replicators. Nog looks around in relief, and taps his combadge.

NOG

Nog to Ops - power restored in the bar.

RO (comm)

Acknowledged. Thanks, Nog.

Nog taps his combadge again to close the line, and then sags against the bar as the customers get back to normal. Evik is still looking sympathetically at Nog.

EVIK

I'll let you get back to work, Lieutenant. But remember what I said - take a break.

Nog nods in thanks. Evik makes to return to his office, checking in with Quark on the way...

EVIK  
Everything under control, Quark?

QUARK  
(mutter)  
Yeah. Tell Ro to expect a dry-cleaning bill, though.

EVIK  
I'll be sure she gets the message.

Evik leaves. Nog heads back to the lunch table, where the engineers regather (but do not sit back down). Candlewood is not among them - the others do not notice for now.

NOG  
Right, come on. Lunch is over.  
Let's go look at the power core,  
and hope we don't have to replace  
it again. Gint only knows where  
I'd get a spare one this time.

They put away their tricorders and head for the door. But then Tenmei stops and looks around.

TENMEI  
Where's John? Anyone seen John?

LEISHMAN  
No idea.

NOG  
(taps combadge)  
Nog to Lieutenant Candlewood.

Over Nog's combadge, the filtered sound of WHISPERS and SHUSHes and hurried straightening of clothes. Candlewood awkwardly clears his throat, tries to sound polite.

CANDLEWOOD (comm)  
How can I help you, Lieutenant?

NOG  
(gritted teeth)  
John, report for duty. Now.

CANDLEWOOD (comm)  
Aye sir. Candlewood out.

As the girls all giggle and smirk, Candlewood emerges from behind the bar (where the store room is), straightening his uniform and flattening his messed up hair. He is followed a moment later by Hetik, managing to look poised and elegant.

Nog glowers in annoyance. Candlewood keeps a pleasant, neutral smile and walks to join the rest.

CANDLEWOOD  
Shall we?

Nog leads them out. Tenmei sidles up to Candlewood.

TENMEI  
You're telling me all about it -  
later. You have no choice.

CANDLEWOOD  
(straight-faced)  
I have no idea what you could  
possibly be talking about.

**19 INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Bowers is in the tactical alcove, working his panels with a frown. Ro is nearby - he calls to her.

BOWERS  
Commander - could you look at this  
please?

RO  
Sure, Sam - what's up?

Bowers is not happy about being called by his first name. But he'll hold his tongue while there is business to take care of. He gestures Ro's attention towards his panels.

BOWERS

This last event fits the pattern - getting longer every time. But I noticed something else this time - a signal. It times perfectly with the brownouts, getting stronger every time.

RO

A signal - coming from us?

BOWERS

That's correct, sir. Whenever the power goes down, this signal is getting broadcast from somewhere on this station.

RO

What does it say?

BOWERS

I'm not sure it says anything, per se. I get the sense it's more of an automated, repeating alarm. But what I can tell you is there's a distinctive signature that only belongs to one race we know of.

RO

Who?

BOWERS

The Androssi.

Off Ro's reaction to that unexpected name...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN

**20 INT. DS9 - COMMANDER'S OFFICE**

On Nog, as he blinks in surprise at the news...

NOG

Androssi? That's a name I haven't heard in years.

(pause, thinks)

But, come to think of it, it does make sense.

WIDEN to reveal Ro standing behind her desk, giving this information to Nog.

RO

How so?

NOG

Well, the power core we have now came from Empok Nor, right? And when I went to Empok Nor to get it, we found that the Androssi had already been messing around with it before we got there. Their devices were all over the station. We thought we'd cleared them all out when we left the station in orbit of Cajara for spares. And then we thought we'd caught them all again after one caused all the subspace disruptions and we had to call in the *Da Vinci* to help.

RO

So there's one you missed? And it's in the power core?

NOG

(shrug)

It's the only original part of Empok Nor left. It couldn't be anywhere else.

RO

I need you to get it out as soon as possible, Nog. We barely missed out on a disaster with Rionoj's freighter. We can't risk the power going out again in the middle of something even more important.

NOG

I'd have to find the thing first. Androssi use dimensional shifts to hide their technology when they're not using it. That's why it's so difficult to find in the first place - it's simply not there.

RO

Do you want me to call the *Da Vinci* back in, get their help?

NOG

(too fast)

No!

(recovers)

I mean... no, thank you sir. I got pretty familiar with their stuff the first and second times around. We can handle it ourselves.

(beat)

But Commander, this signal... if it's broadcasting on an Androssi frequency, sooner or later somebody's gonna respond to it.

RO

Bowers and I can handle the Androssi if it comes to it.

(pointed)

As long as we have reliable tactical hardware to do it with.

NOG

Understood.

At Ro's nod, Nog turns and leaves the office.

21 **EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

Focusing on the power core, glowing bright red at the bottom point of the station...

22 **INT. DS9 - POWER CORE**

As seen in [DS9 8x03 "Avatar, pt 3"](#). A cavernous space in the heart of the station, a giant tower of blue-white throbbing energy suspended vertically through it, ringed by metal platforms at deck-height spacing.

Nog, Leishman and the rest stand on one of these platforms, wearing protective suits and goggles to shield them from the sheer power of the core. Its loud HUM forces them to shout to be heard as they work the nearby control panels.

NOG

We've got thirty decks' worth of power core to check, and this thing, whatever it is, could be anywhere in it. So have your teams check everything. Work fast, but work thorough. Go.

They nod, and all move off in different directions - to the other side of the core, or metal stairways to other levels.

Nog is still working at the panels, until he turns and sees that Leishman is still with him.

NOG

Oh! Mikaela - something wrong?

LEISHMAN

Nope. Just thought I'd stay and hang out with you a bit longer, if you don't mind. I think we work well together.

Nog blushes and tries to hide a smile.

NOG

Don't mind at all. Come on.

Nog hefts his own large scanner, Leishman hefts hers, and together they step to the edge of the metal platform, as near to the core itself as safety allows. As they work...

LEISHMAN

How much do you know about the Androssi?

NOG

Not a lot. Their technology, a bit more. But I only ever met them in person once.

LEISHMAN

I heard one of them sold some engine parts to a Yridian trader in return for classified files. And then once they had the files, they shifted the engine parts they gave them into another dimension and let the ship just blow up to cover their tracks.

NOG

The *Da Vinci* crew told me not to trust them. But the one I met, he was some kind of middle management. He didn't seem especially evil, he just had a job to do. And unfortunately, that job conflicted with our job.

LEISHMAN

So I guess the question is, who's giving them their jobs?

NOG

That would be the Elite. I don't think anyone ever sees them, but they run the whole show from behind the scenes.

LEISHMAN

You know more than you let on.

(smirk, flirty)

About lots of things, I bet.



NOG  
(flirty back)  
Oh, there's definitely one thing  
I know absolutely nothing about.

LEISHMAN  
Well I know that's not true.

She grins at him, clearly referring to their liaison in the Jeffries tube junction. Nog blushes furiously and stutters to reply. Leishman turns back to work, clearly smirking and enjoying having got under Nog's skin.

**23    INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Still in the tactical alcove, Bowers reacts all over again to a new ALERT on his console.

BOWERS  
Commander!

Ro looks up from where she was at the central Ops table.

BOWERS (cont)  
Long-range sensors just picked up  
a ship entering the Bajor sector.  
It's Androssi.

RO  
I guess someone got the message.  
They're coming here?

BOWERS  
At high speed. ETA three minutes.

RO  
Okay. Hail them.

Bowers works his panels. After a few moments...

BOWERS  
They're replying. Audio only.

RO

Yeah, Androssi don't like to use visual comms - it's too big a security risk. Put them through, and pipe the feed down to Nog.

Bowers nods and works his panels again. Soon, a male voice, SILMAR, speaks in a haughty and faux-polite tone.

SILMAR (comm)  
Deep Space Nine. This is Overseer Silmar of the Androssi.

RO  
Hello, Overseer. This is Commander Ro. Welcome to Deep Space Nine.

Intercut with:

**24 INT. DS9 - POWER CORE**

Nog and Leishman react as they hear the signal come through their combadges...

RO (comm, cont)  
How can we help you?

SILMAR (comm)  
It appears you have something that belongs to the Androssi. We would like it back.

RO (comm)  
Could you be more specific? What kind of something are we talking about, exactly?

SILMAR (comm)  
Really, Commander. Do you expect me to believe you haven't found a quantum-entangled dimensional power converter on your station?

Nog grins at the information Ro has managed to wangle out of Silmar. He directs Leishman to begin the search, which she does happily. Meanwhile Silmar is still talking...

SILMAR (comm)

I can't even imagine the havoc  
such a device will have caused to  
your power distribution systems.

Intercut with:

**25    INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Ro continues to handle the situation as calmly and wisely  
as she can - but Cenn and Bowers are both watching her.

RO

In fact, Overseer Silmar, we  
have recently experienced some  
minor issues. Are you claiming  
responsibility for sabotage?

Bowers makes a gesture to his eyes, and then to the main  
viewscreen - visual range. Ro nods for him to continue.  
Bowers works his panels, and the viewscreen comes to life  
with an image of the Androssi ship...

**26    EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The Androssi ship approaches. It is boxy and oblong-shaped,  
practically prefab, utilitarian in the extreme and a dull  
beige colour. Even though it is almost all cargo space, the  
sheer size implies it nevertheless carries a wallop.

**27    INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Ro sees this on the main viewscreen, and refuses to be  
intimidated. She can handle these people.

SILMAR (comm)

Sabotage? You'd hardly be worth  
the effort, Commander. No, I think  
it is more likely that Starfleet  
has simply stolen this technology  
from the Androssi, and in its  
usual ham-handed way, failed to  
utilise it properly.

RO

Starfleet doesn't steal, Overseer.  
And even if we were in possession  
of such a device, I've yet to hear  
any proof that it belongs to you.

SILMAR (comm)  
(chuckle)  
Then allow me to demonstrate.

Ro looks up to Bowers, confused - what does that mean?

Then another BROWNOUT hits all across Ops, power dipping  
and rolling and stuttering. All lights, screens, panels and  
machines power up and down, chopping back and forth,  
seemingly at random. Ro is incensed...

**28**    **INT. DS9 - POWER CORE**

The power core also STUTTERS, power fluctuating, the  
constant HUM rising and falling, the entire station  
reacting around it as power is interrupted.

LEISHMAN  
Damn it, no!

NOG  
Nog to all crew in the power core  
area - this is helpful! Use it to  
track this quantum-entangled what-  
ever down. Quick, while we can!

He and Leishman both begin working their tricorders at full  
speed, scanning everywhere...

**29**    **INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR**

SPLAT - another half-formed meal splashes to the bottom of  
the replicator alcove and all over Quark's already dirty  
jacket, while lights and power fluctuate around the bar.

QUARK  
(furious bellow)  
NNNOOOGGG!!!

**30**    **INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Struggling to get anything useful out of his panels, Bowers calls urgently to Ro...

BOWERS

Commander, they're charging weapons - I think.

RO

Raise shields. Arm phasers.

BOWERS

I can't do either. Whatever they're doing, it's interfering with all our tactical systems - like it's deliberately targeted.

SILMAR (comm)

Your worker is correct, Commander. I have control of your weapons, your shields, all defensive or offensive capabilities of any kind, while leaving sensors and comm channels open. Now, tell me - is that sufficient proof for you?

RO

(gritted teeth)

Yes, Overseer.

SILMAR (comm)

Good. Then I suggest you return our property immediately, or we will destroy you.

Off Ro's furious expression...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN

**31    EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The station stutters and skips and fluctuates, clearly unable to defend itself.

Nearby, the bland and boring Androssi ship, lights growing at the corners of its square and boxy design - weapons hot.

**32    INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Bowers works his panels as best he can, but there is not much he can do. As Ops stutters around them, he turns to Ro with a look of annoyed helplessness. Ro steps close...

RO  
(silent)  
*Defiant.*

Bowers nods his understanding and steps away - Ro takes control of the tactical panels for herself. Bowers TAPS his combadge three times...

**33    INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE**

The LIGHTS come on, revealing an as yet empty bridge. All the consoles come to life...

**34    INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

After a last significant look from Ro, Bowers disappears in a Starfleet TRANSPORTER beam.

**35    INT. DS9 - POWER CORE**

Nog and Leishman are scanning. Tenmei is nearby - she hears the THREE TAPS on her own combadge, knows what it means.

Tenmei looks across to Nog - his sensitive ears also picked it up. They nod to each other, then she TRANSPORTS away.

**36    INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE**

Tenmei steps towards her helm console, casting her goggles aside as she settles into the seat and starts working.

Bowers is already sat in the command chair, with EXTRAS streaming out of the rear doors to take up other positions.

BOWERS

Full reverse, quarter thrusters,  
then attack vector on the Androssi  
ship, but let them fire first.

TENMEI

Aye sir.

Tenmei gets the ship moving...

**37    INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

From her position at the tactical console, Ro looks down to Cenn at the central Ops table. He nods back to her.

RO

Overseer Silmar, you still there?

SILMAR (comm)

Where else would I be?

RO

Just checking. You see, Starfleet  
is rarely as defenceless as people  
think. As we speak, the *Defiant* is  
taking up position between you and  
the station.

SILMAR (comm)

That insect of a ship? I see it.  
I'm not impressed.

RO

That insect has one hell of a  
sting, Overseer.

Ro's attention is caught by an alert on her panels.  
Curious, she checks it...

**INSERT - THE PANEL**

It's a text message. It reads...

LET ME TALK TO HIM. ONE  
HAGGLER TO ANOTHER. NOG

**BACK TO SCENE**

Ro considers it for a moment...

RO  
Overseer - now that we're back on  
even ground, I'd like you to speak  
to my chief engineer.

SILMAR (comm)  
You allow your subordinates to  
speak for you?

RO  
When they know better than me,  
yes. That's what a good commander  
does. Lieutenant Nog?

NOG (comm)  
Thanks, Commander.

**38 INT. DS9 - POWER CORE**

Nog stands by the consoles on his level, the power core  
still throbbing erratically, waxing and waning behind him.  
He has to speak loudly to be heard over the noise of it.

NOG  
Overseer Silmar, my name is Nog...  
son of Rom.

SILMAR (comm)  
Rom... Grand Nagus of Ferenginar?  
And yet you work for Starfleet?

NOG  
They know a good thing when they  
see it.



Behind him, Leishman smirks. She looks to the power core in front of her, and there is the ANDROSSI DEVICE - suspended in the fluctuating core and surrounded by a brown MESH forcefield (as seen in [DS9 8x04 "Cold Fusion"](#)).

NOG

We've located the device. Quantum entanglement - I'm impressed, Overseer. That's very advanced tech. I imagine the Elite must be pretty eager to get hold of it.

SILMAR (comm)

What do you know of the Elite?

NOG

Not much. Only that they send out Overseers like you to find tech they're interested in, and bring it back safely.

SILMAR (comm)

Then you know I will do what is necessary to reclaim the device.

NOG

Oh, I understand completely. But only what's necessary, right? We Ferengi have a Rule, our third most important one, in fact. Never spend more for an acquisition than you have to.

There is a pause. When Silmar returns, he seems to be speaking more as an equal, not condescending to them.

SILMAR (comm)

What is your proposal?

Nog smiles with relief, knowing he's got him.

**39 INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Ro smiles too - Nog is successfully talking Silmar down.

**40 INT. DEFIANT - BRIDGE**

Tenmei overhears this exchange, and likewise grins. But Bowers cautions her...

BOWERS

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.  
Stay alert, everyone.

**41**    **INT. DS9 - POWER CORE**

Nog continues, getting more confident as he goes.

NOG

We both have something the other wants, Overseer. There's no point you destroying the station - you do that, and you lose your prize. And frankly, we need your help. I can't get this thing out of our power core without you.

SILMAR (comm)

You expect us to do your work for you?

NOG

I'm suggesting we work together. I know your people are skilled engineers. I'm not too bad in that department myself. If you help us get this thing out safely, we have a station that keeps working, and you have something your Elite sponsors will be very grateful to receive. And a grateful sponsor is a generous sponsor.

Another pause as Silmar thinks it over. After a moment, the device hovering inside the core disappears as it returns to subspace, the brown mesh dissipating.

A moment later, and the power SURGES back in the main core. Nog and Leishman stagger back from it. Power also returns throughout the rest of the core area.

**42**    **INT. DS9 - MAIN OPS CENTRE**

Ops is also coming back to life. Ro and Cenn are hopeful...

SILMAR (comm)

Commander Ro, you may expect my  
Sub-Overseer and two workers by  
matter transfer shortly. Out.

And that's it, it's over. Ro and Cenn smile, relieved and  
glad that everything's back to normal. Ro taps her badge...

RO

Ro to Bowers - crisis over, for  
now. Keep an eye on them though.

BOWERS (comm)

Understood, Commander.

RO

Ro to Evik - please report to Ops  
with two of your best friends,  
we'll be having company.

EVIK (comm)

Aye, Commander. On my way.

RO

Ro to Nog - well done.

**43**    **INT. DS9 - POWER CORE**

Nog turns to Leishman, grinning wide and victorious. They  
both tear the goggles off and throw them aside.

NOG

Thanks, Commander. Nog out.

Leishman JUMPS into his arms and hugs him with a GIGGLE.

LEISHMAN

Go Nog! You did it!

Flushed with success and confidence in the moment, Nog asks  
the question he has been dying to ask all along...

NOG

Mikaela, would you like to go out  
on a date with me?

Leishman steps back out of the hug, jaw dropped, utterly shocked by the question. She was totally not expecting it, and it is *incredibly* awkward.

LEISHMAN

Oh... Nog... umm...

Nog's face drops as it becomes clear this is not going to go well. Leishman doesn't want to hurt him, but...

NOG

No, don't -

LEISHMAN

It's just -

NOG

But we -

LEISHMAN

I know -

They both go quiet, not knowing who should talk next.

LEISHMAN

I'm sorry, Nog.

NOG

But I thought... I mean, you were the one who...

LEISHMAN

And I don't regret it. I wanted it, and you seemed to want it too. I... just don't want anything more than that. Is that... okay?

Nog backs away, desperately trying to save face.

NOG

It's completely fine. Don't worry about it. Forget I asked.

LEISHMAN

It's just that I'm not really  
looking for a boyfriend right now,  
I'm really concentrating more on  
my career -

NOG

Yeah yeah of course that's fine,  
I totally understand...

LEISHMAN

And you're my senior officer, we  
work together all the time -

NOG

Absolutely, you're right, it's  
completely inappropriate. I'll  
just... yeah.

Nog turns and walks away, and as he does, we see the  
pained, heartbroken expression on his face.

Leishman watches him go, sad at having had to disappoint  
him, annoyed at the awkward situation...

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN

**44    EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE**

The dull and blocky Androssi ship slowly turns and lumbers away from the station. That done, the *Defiant* returns to its usual position on the docking ring.

**45    INT. DS9 - DOCKING RING CORRIDOR**

The airlock is rolled open, and Starfleet crew stream out of it back into the station. Among them is Prynn Tenmei.

As she emerges, she notices Mikaela Leishman hovering there waiting for her, clearly with something on her mind. Prynn is not especially sympathetic.

TENMEI

What's wrong with your face?

LEISHMAN

(hesitant)

Nog asked me out.

TENMEI

He did?! Good for Nog!

LEISHMAN

I turned him down.

Tenmei angrily grabs Leishman and drags her out of the flow of traffic so that they can talk more privately.

TENMEI

What the hell is wrong with you?  
Nog's a great guy, you could do a  
hell of a lot worse.

LEISHMAN

I know he's a great guy! I'm just  
not interested in him that way.  
And I'm not going to date a guy  
out of pity.

TENMEI

So you got your kicks in the  
Jeffries tube and now you just  
throw him aside, is that it?

LEISHMAN

I don't have to justify anything  
I choose to do to you, Prynn.

TENMEI

Then why were you here, waiting  
for me?

LEISHMAN

Because you're his friend! Look,  
I don't want to hurt him, okay?  
So what do I do now - aside from  
dating him?

Prynn settles down a bit, ponders the problem. Annoyed as  
she is, she can't force Leishman to be attracted to Nog.

TENMEI

Well for one thing, if you're not  
interested then stop flirting and  
sending mixed signals.

LEISHMAN

I didn't realise I was.

TENMEI

You've been leading him on,  
Mikaela. Clear the air. Be honest  
with him. He'll get over it.

CUT TO:

**46**    **INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR**

Nog collapses onto the bar, miserable.

NOG

I'm unloveable.

Quark looks down at him, unimpressed and still wearing his  
stained and dirty jacket.

QUARK

If you're expecting me to argue...

Nog glares up at him angrily. Quark takes pity.

QUARK

What happened?

NOG

I can't get a single girl to go out with me. Not one. She even came on to me first, and she still turned me down.

QUARK

Well, that's your problem right there. You let the female take control. That's just unnatural.

NOG

Uncle...

QUARK

Females are nothing but trouble, Nog. They ruin your life, they take your latinum...

NOG

Even you don't believe that.

QUARK

Oh yeah? Ro took me to bed, used me for sex, then said she didn't want a relationship.

NOG

Leishman did that to me!

QUARK

Exactly. Look, Nog. You're not unloveable. You're just looking in the wrong place.

NOG

...At females?



QUARK

At human females. Or Bajoran ones.  
Find yourself a nice traditional  
Ferengi female, who will stay at  
home and raise your children and  
keep out of your business, and all  
these problems go away.

NOG

You've never dated a traditional  
Ferengi female in your life.

QUARK

(re dirty jacket)

And look at me!

Quark stomps away, futilely trying to swipe the stains off  
his jacket. Nog sighs, gets up from the bar, and heads  
across the floor to where Tenmei and Candlewood are already  
sat at their usual table. He slumps into a spare seat.

TENMEI

Please tell me you weren't asking  
your uncle for advice on women.

NOG

Aren't I entitled to my culture?

(Tenmei shrugs)

Fine - let's hear your advice,  
then. Go on, dazzle me.

(nobody says  
anything)

Please. Anything is better than  
nothing. John - you and Hetik  
can't keep your hands off each  
other. What's your secret?

CANDLEWOOD

You think I'm good at romance? Did  
you miss all of last year?

TENMEI

Rubbish. You two are in total  
honeymoon phase. Not that we get  
to hear any of the juicy details.

CANDLEWOOD

Yeah, because if I say anything out loud, I'll screw it up and go back to being lonely and pathetic. You're right, Hetik and I are in a really great place right now.

(drifts away)

Seriously, it's amazing.

(back on topic)

But once the chemistry wears off, I'm terrified I've got nothing else to offer. Don't look at me for advice, Nog. I'm no romantic.

Nog turns to Prynn instead - she shakes her head.

TENMEI

Don't look at me either. I haven't had a date in over a year, and the last time I had anything vaguely approaching a boyfriend, he was married to two other women and another man.

NOG

So what you're saying is, we're all as pathetic as each other.

CANDLEWOOD

Basically, yeah.

Nog considers that for a moment... and then SMILES. It's actually comforting.

NOG

Thanks.

TENMEI

You're welcome.

Tenmei looks up, and draws Nog's attention towards the bar entrance, where Leishman, Chao and Permenter are entering. After a deep breath and a comforting touch from Prynn, Nog gets up from the table to meet Leishman half way.

NOG

Hey.

LEISHMAN

Hey. Look, I'm sorry about -

NOG

No, it was my fault.

LEISHMAN

I've been told I was leading you on, and that wasn't my intention. But can I just ask - do you really have those feelings for me?

NOG

(shy smile)

Honestly, no. Not to make it any worse, but you were just the only woman who'd shown any interest.

LEISHMAN

Don't be like that, Nog. You're a great catch. You just might need to keep fishing a little longer.

(frown)

That doesn't make sense, but you know what I mean. Why don't I buy you a drink, and we can talk about women. What do you say?

NOG

Sounds like a good deal.

Nog and Leishman head back to the bar.

Meanwhile, Chao and Permenter have joined Candlewood and Tenmei at the table.

CHAO

So another crisis averted, the day is saved once again.

CANDLEWOOD

And I can get back to my proper job at last.

PERMENTER

Oh, I'm sorry - did the station almost blowing up and us all dying in a fiery ball of death interrupt your sex life?

CANDLEWOOD

That wasn't what I was talking about, but yes.

CHAO

Look, you've been teasing us for days. It's time for you to pay up. Give us gossip, or else.

CANDLEWOOD

Nope.

TENMEI

You have no choice in the matter, John. Gossip or die.

PERMENTER

She's right, you know. We will keep hounding you until you give in and give us something juicy.

CHAO

Tell us. Tell us. Tell us.

ALL THREE

Tell us! Tell us! Tell us!

CANDLEWOOD

Oh my god, stop! I give in.

TENMEI

Ha! Knew it. You want to gossip as much as we do.

CANDLEWOOD

I will tell you one thing. One thing only, and then you stop asking. You never bring this up again. Deal?

PERMENTER

Fine, deal. Now spill it.

CANDLEWOOD

Alright. Here it comes. Are you ready?

The girls are all ears for the anticipated masterpiece of gossip to come. Candlewood prepares himself...

CANDLEWOOD

Their noses...

The girls are like, really? You're giving us noses? But Candlewood is drawing out the drama...

CANDLEWOOD (cont)

...are not the only Bajoran body part that has ridges on it.

The girls are confused. It takes a moment.

Then all their jaws slowly drop. They stare silently into the middle distance, heads filled with thoughts.

Candlewood languidly gets up from the table and stalks to the door, a victorious smirk filling his face.

BLACK OUT

**END OF SHOW**