

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

10x08 - "Property Values."

Screenplay by Martyn Dunn

Based on characters from the series

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine

and from the post-finale novels
by Pocket Books

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Orion dabo girl TREIR is furious...

TREIR

What is your problem now?

QUARK giving as good as he gets as they hiss at each other across the bar. They're trying to keep their voices down for the lunch-time rush's sake. No-one is fooled...

QUARK

You are! When are you going to learn that I am in charge here?

TREIR

When are you going to learn I have twice your body strength and could kick your ass with my eyes closed?

QUARK

Oh, that's real smart, Treir. Threaten your employer. Solid grounds for a firing right there.

TREIR

What are you getting so twisted up about? All I said was you should consider giving Hetik a raise.

QUARK

No, what you did was tell Hetik I was giving him a raise.

TREIR

I said you might.

QUARK

Yeah well, it doesn't take much for "he might" to become "he will", then "he promised", and before long I've got people...

QUARK (cont)

demanding the more money I never
promised them in the first place!

TREIR

He deserves it. We all do, for
putting up with you if nothing else.

QUARK

You know, Treir, for someone who
claims to be so clever, you have a
real hard time remembering who
hands out the latinum around here.

TREIR

The customers do. And you wouldn't
have half as many of them if not for
me and Hetik actually showing them a
good time instead of scaring them
away with stupid macho posturing.

QUARK

Exactly. I'm getting everything I
need out of both of you as it is.
So why should I give you more money
to do what you're doing already?

TREIR

Do I really have to explain the
concept of "a happy employee is
a productive employee" to you? I
thought you were supposed to be
a good businessman.

QUARK

(smug)

"Employees are the rungs on the
ladder to success - don't hesitate
to step on them."

TREIR

Yeah yeah, Rule of Acquisition
two-hundred-and-eleven. We'll see
how good that works for you when
you've got no employees.

QUARK

(scoff)

Where are you gonna go? He's an orphan and you were a slave. You know perfectly well you've got a better life here with me then you would have anywhere else. If you'd only get this insane idea out of your head that you have any kind of say in what goes on around here.

TREIR

Just because I'm an employee doesn't mean I'm not entitled to my own opinions, Quark.

QUARK

Absolutely you are. It's this idea that the rest of us are entitled to your opinions as well that's the problem. Just shut your mouth and look pretty. That's all females will ever be good for.

Wow, that was really harsh. Treir stares at him, amazed...

TREIR

You disgust me.

She turns on the spot and stalks out of the room. Quark yells after her...

QUARK

"Everyone loves the bartender!"
Rule number one-forty-seven!

Still furious, he turns back to work.

But as Treir ignores him and continues to walk out of the bar, we notice...

...that RO has been standing by the small section of bar that opens directly out onto the Promenade. Quark hasn't noticed her, but she heard the whole argument.

Off Ro's annoyed, worried face...

2 **INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING**

Treir stomps along the corridor, still seething...

TREIR
Goddess, I hate that bigoted
little son of a *slorg*. I swear one
of these days I'm gonna tear his
ugly ears right off his fat head.

She turns a corner and comes face to face with a new person
- the small and gnarly Orion merchant prince MALIC (8x12).
Treir's previous slave-master. He's been waiting for her...

MALIC
Bad day, Treir?

She jerks to a stop, shocked and scared. Slowly steps back,
away from him...

TREIR
Malic... what are you doing here?

MALIC
Oh, just some...
(nasty grin)
...unfinished business.

Treir keeps backing away. Malic advances slowly, taking his
time. No need to rush this. Voice smooth, seductive...

MALIC
I was very sad when you left my
service, Treir...

TREIR
That wasn't my fault. I was taken
hostage.

MALIC
You could have come back.

TREIR
Did you really expect me to?

Still slowly stalking forwards...

MALIC

A woman's place is to serve her man, Treir. You know that. It's what you were born to. But no... you had to run away...

(w/ disgust)

...with another female... and a Ferengi who obviously bought whatever junk she sold him.

TREIR

They did me a favour, both of them.

MALIC

Not really. All they did was bring the wrath of the Orion Syndicate down on themselves. Because you are my property, Treir, and if there's one thing the Syndicate protects, it's their property.

Treir backs up one more step -- and two pairs of big green HANDS quickly pull a cloth sack over her head.

She struggles, but the two huge, hulking and muscled Orion THUGS grab her roughly, hold her tight. Tries to SCREAM --

-- but they pull the sack tight over her face, strangling the breath out of her. Malic continues to smile...

MALIC

There's no point struggling, Treir. Just relax, and I'll soon get you back home... where you belong.

As Treir continues to struggle against the thugs...

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. DS9 - HABITAT RING

Treir struggles against the big Orion thugs, head thrashing about desperately in the sack, but they are far too strong. Malic watches, a little sad. He sighs dramatically...

MALIC

I wish you wouldn't put up such a fight, Treir - I prefer my slaves not to be covered in bruises. But I'd be willing to put up with it this once --

RO (o.s.)

Hey!

Malic turns -- and sees that Ro further down the corridor. She sees them, and she is *pissed*. She pelts towards them at full speed... Malic steps back, unconcerned...

MALIC

Boys...

Thug 1 takes a tighter hold on Treir..

Thug 2 lets go and advances to face Ro, aims a PUNCH...

...but Ro ducks it before it gets anywhere near her...

...and aims a sharp JAB right at his plexus. He STAGGERS back a bit, but comes back with another punch --

Ro dodges again -- the thug ends up PUNCHing the bulkhead. Ro moves fast -- POPS him straight in the nose.

Malic is starting to get a little concerned now. Treir struggles harder than ever...

MALIC

Give her to me.

He takes hold of Treir, so Thug 1 can join the fight...

...and in the distraction, Treir breaks free, SPINS on the spot, KNEES Thug 1 right in the groin. When he bends over groaning in pain, she ELBOWS him in the face.

Ro launches a high KICK at Thug 2's face (revealing she is still wearing the anti-grav anklets). He goes to his knees, and she delivers a hard THUMP to the back of his neck --

-- sending him unconscious to the deck. Thug 1 crumples too, still conscious but groaning at his battered groin...

... until Ro KICKS him hard in the face - he BONKS against the bulkhead, knocked unconscious.

Treir tears the sack from her head, shakes her hair loose. She and Ro turn to look at Malic...

...who backed away to safety. He glares at Ro, seething....

MALIC

You.

Ro smiles back, smugly. She recognises him too...

RO

You.

And Treir knocks him unconscious with a single PUNCH.

Ro slumps against the bulkhead... Treir rushes to her...

TREIR

Laren! Are you okay?

RO

I've been better...

TREIR

Oh Goddess, Laren, thank you so much. I'm lucky you were here...

RO

I just followed you to try and apologise for Quark being such an ass. I wasn't expecting to have to take out three Orions.

She tests her leg and back - her eyes flare with the pain.

RO

Oh... wow...

Treir moves to help her...

RO

No no, I'll be fine. Thanks though.

(beat)

You did pretty well yourself there.

TREIR

(grin)

You think I never had to put a man
in his place before?

Upright at last, they look down at the three Orion men...

4 INT. DS9 - WARD ROOM

The SCREEN shows a high angle on the security cells area. Malic sits on the cot in the middle cell, his two thugs occupying the smaller cells to either side of him...

CENN (o.s.)

So... who is this guy again?

KIRA sits at the head of the table, VAUGHN on one side, RO on the other, Bajoran liaison officer Major CENN nearby.

Quark and Treir are also there, and they haven't exactly made up for the earlier fight....

RO

Malic was an Orion Merchant Prince - a high-up in the Orion Syndicate, which is an organised crime outfit that's been a thorn in Starfleet's side since before there was a Starfleet. They've run operations with every shady character from here to Kronos. The Maquis had some dealings with them - weapons deals and so forth. I think the Dominion used their services at one point.

RO (cont)

(re screen)

About two years ago, Malic was approached by some aliens called the Petraw, who were trying to run a scam by selling the Iconian Gateways to the highest bidder. Malic hired Quark as his negotiator - and Quark very wisely took me along as undercover security.

QUARK

Not under much cover...

Ro gives him a glare. He is already in her bad books...

RO

Anyway - after it all went inevitably wrong, we needed to escape. To help us do that, I took Treir as a hostage.

CENN

So Treir was one of his crew?

RO

(angry)

She was one of his slaves. Orions as a culture are even more sexist than Ferengi...

(bitter glance
at Quark)

...their women are little more than property of the men. Used as sexual playthings and then stored until they're needed again.

Treir has kept her head down, eyes averted - doesn't enjoy having her past rehashed in front of all these people.

But now she raises her head and looks them all in the eye. She is not ashamed or cowed - she is going to own it...

TREIR

I was the best at what I did. I worked my way up the ranks...

QUARK

I'm sure the ranks were grateful.

TREIR

(glower at Quark)

...and I lived in luxury. I had everything I could want. The best food, best furs, best jewels...

RO

Just not your freedom. But you're right - you were one of Malic's prized possessions.

VAUGHN

And now he's decided he wants her back. What took him so long?

RO

He only just got out of jail. With all the dirt I got on him during the Petraw scam, Starfleet should have been able to lock him up for a good long time.

KIRA

Then why is he out now?

RO

I don't know... but I can guess. He'll have pulled in favours from across the quadrant. Made deals and greased wheels every chance he got. And he didn't escape - I checked with Starfleet security, and he was officially released.

KIRA

So what do we do with him now?

RO

There's not much we can do. Malic has managed to find and exploit a unique and very inconvenient legal loophole. The fact is, Treir has no legal status on this station.

KIRA

How can that be? She's been living here for two years.

TREIR

(pointed)

I'd really appreciate it if you all stopped talking about me like I wasn't here.

RO

I'm sorry, Treir - you're right. But the thing is, when I took you hostage from Malic's ship and brought you here, I did so against Orion law, obviously. Even after you started working for Quark, you never officially applied for citizenship. With all the upheaval of Bajor joining the Federation, and setting up the bar as the Ferengi embassy, you just kind of slipped through the cracks.

VAUGHN

So she's what they used to call an undocumented worker.

RO

I'm afraid so. And none of us ever thought to question it. Which unfortunately leads us to Malic. What he's done - coming after a runaway slave - is completely legal, even expected by Orion law. And since Treir has no legal status with us, the Federation has no legal grounds to interfere. It's an internal Orion matter. The Prime Directive applies.

KIRA

So... what? We just have to let him take her?

RO

That's the letter of the law, yes.
But I'll be damned if I'm going to
let the letter of the law defeat
the spirit of it.

(turns to Treir)

Orion law may not give you the
right to decide what happens in
your own life, Treir, but we do.
We'll help, I promise.

VAUGHN

Assuming that's what you want.

TREIR

You're damn right I want. What are
my options?

They all sit back to ponder for a moment...

KIRA

You could apply for asylum in the
Federation.

VAUGHN

That'll take forever to process.

TREIR

And what's to stop Malic from just
kidnapping me again in the mean-
time? He's not going to care if
it's legal or not.

VAUGHN

She's right. And it's not going to
be practical to have security
tailing her twenty-six-seven.

RO

Then what?

VAUGHN

I can only think of one thing...

Vaughn turns and looks meaningfully at Quark. Catching on,
the rest of the room also turns to look at Quark...

QUARK

What?

VAUGHN

Treir can apply for asylum with the Ferengi Alliance. You are the Ferengi ambassador to Bajor, are you not, Quark? You could ensure Treir's legal status in a matter of minutes.

TREIR

Hold on a minute - you want me to become a Ferengi? They're as bad as the Orions, you just said so yourself.

RO

You might not have a choice.

QUARK

And who said I wanted her? She's been nothing but trouble since the day I hired her.

KIRA

(to Treir;
ignoring Quark)

Malic may be allowed to move around freely on the station because it's Federation space, but the bar is sovereign Ferengi territory. As long as you stay inside the walls of the embassy, he can't get you.

TREIR

So I have to live in the bar?

VAUGHN

Just until your legal status is settled. We can't protect you otherwise.

QUARK

Hey - I said no.

RO

(still ignoring Quark)

The bar is a finite space, it'll
be easy to post security at the
entrances so Malic doesn't get in.

TREIR

(resigned sigh)

Alright - I guess you're right, I
don't have a choice.

QUARK

Is no-one listening to me? I do
not agree to this.

RO

Quark, if you don't, you're sending
Treir back to a life of slavery.

Quark pulls a face like "I don't care"...

RO (cont)

But if you insist on pretending to
be a heartless son of a *slorg*, then
think of this in terms of business.
If you lose Treir, you lose the
best dabo girl you've ever had.
Your customers might just decide
not to bother coming to the bar
anymore. Is that what you want?

Quark grits his teeth, annoyed...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

5 INT. DS9 - STORE ROOM

The storage room of Quark's bar, briefly seen in 7x24 "The Dogs of War." Crates and bottles and buckets and unused furniture are strewn everywhere in a chaotic mess.

Treir stands with a small travelling bag over her shoulder, looking around the room in horror. Quark stands behind...

TREIR

You seriously expect me to sleep
in here?

QUARK

It's here or nowhere.

TREIR

Fine - as long as you don't mind
me working the dabo wheel stinking
like rotting fruit and synthehol.

QUARK

Everybody's got their fetish.

TREIR

Where am I supposed to wash?

QUARK

You know where the public
bathrooms are.

She turns to him, jaw set...

TREIR

Nuh-uh. No way.

QUARK

You have a better idea?

TREIR

I always have a better idea.

6 **INT. VIC'S LOUNGE**

VIC approaches Quark with arms wide, shirt-sleeves, smart-casual. There is an afternoon crowd, not full showtime...

VIC

Quark, you old degenerate. Good to see you, buddy.

QUARK

Hey Vic. I need to ask a favour...

VIC

Anything I can do, happy to help.

QUARK

Does this hotel of yours have a spare room for a few nights?

Quark turns, indicates Treir nearby. Vic gapes a moment before recovering his cool, but no doubt he's impressed.

Treir slinks towards him seductively, hand out like a lady. Vic takes it gently, brings it to his lips...

TREIR

Mister Fontaine, I don't believe we've been properly introduced. My name is Treir, and I would be very... very... grateful for any help you could provide.

VIC

Ummm... absolutely. Ginger!

The cocktail waitress GINGER (10x03 "Steppin' Out") quickly attends from where she was working the crowd...

GINGER

What's up, Vic?

VIC

Ginger, sweetheart, would you please escort this young lady to my suite? She's going to be staying with me for a few days.

GINGER

Sure, Vic. Come on, honey.

With a seductive smile of thanks for Vic, Treir allows Ginger to lead her away. Vic calls after them...

VIC

Oh, and while you're at it... set up the couch for me. Guess I got some bad backs coming my way.

(back to Quark)

So, spill. What's got your teeth a-gnashing?

QUARK

You don't wanna know. Thanks, Vic.

Suddenly light APPLAUSE ripples through the crowd. Quark and Vic both look to the stage...

... where NOG is taking pride of place, a bit nervous. He places a BOX on a STOOL before facing front...

QUARK

What's going on?

VIC

Your talented young nephew is about to put on a show.

QUARK

Why?

Nog reaches into his box, brings out an old velvet TOP HAT. Twists it this way and that, showing it is solid and empty. Places it on his head - of course it nowhere near fits...

VIC

After I did that big show out on the Promenade, business started to pick up in here again. I wanna make sure I don't lose it, so I came up with the idea of a support act. Someone to warm up the crowd, you know? I've been trying out some auditions in the afternoon set.

Nog reaches into the hat, pulls out a bunch of FLOWERS...

Half-hearted applause and distinctly unenthusiastic "oohs" from the crowd. TENMEI, sat on the front row, cheers as loud as she can for Nog's sake - because nobody else is.

VIC

He's doing great so far, don't you think?

Quark scoffs and rolls his eyes, turns and walks away.

Nog pulls out an isolinear ROD and a HANDKERCHIEF. Places the rod on the top of the stool, drapes the handkerchief over the rod. Waves his hands over the handkerchief...

...and with a final "Abracadabra!" flourish, the rod begins to LEVITATE off the stool, pulling the handkerchief with it. Tenmei cheers and claps harder.

Vic smiles tensely, claps lightly. This isn't going well...

7 INT. DS9 - PROMENADE

Malic emerges from Security, followed by his two thugs, escorted by Ro and Vaughn. Malic has a smug smirk, like he knows perfectly well there's nothing they can do to him...

MALIC

You should really consider
upgrading your accommodations,
Lieutenant. It was almost like a
prison in there.

Ro only has a glare for the likes of him. With a superior smirk, Malic beckons his thugs and walks away.

As they pass Quark's, Malic takes note of CENN and BOWERS guarding the door. Both have their arms folded, phasers at their hips, and a glare that says "Just try it."

Malic rolls his eyes and moves along, undeterred. Quark appears in the doorway and watches him go.

Vaughn nods "carry on" to Ro, then walks away too. Ro looks over to the bar, sees Quark, decides to wander over...

8 **INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR (CONTINUOUS)**

Quark heads back to his bar. Ro follows...

RO

Quark.

(he turns to her)

I guess I should thank you... for
doing the right thing.

QUARK

Don't. I couldn't care less about
her legal rights. I just want
those Orion pheromones working for
me and not Malic.

Ro snaps, frustrated and exasperated with Quark...

RO

Quark, you really are the most
stubborn, inflexible, sexist
ingrate I've ever met.

QUARK

I'll take that as a compliment.

RO

I must have said it wrong.

QUARK

Why should I be grateful to that
infuriating know-it-all?

RO

To acknowledge all the good things
she's done for you. Every one of
her ideas, you've ended up using,
and they've all worked out great.

QUARK

"You paid for it, it's your idea."

RO

You respect her. You know you do.
You just refuse to admit it
because she's a female.

QUARK

I admit I respect you, don't I?

RO

A strong woman with a weapon, who can beat up Orions? That just feeds your sordid little fantasies. But a woman who's as good at business as you? That you could never handle.

Quark seems genuinely hurt and surprised...

QUARK

Do you really think that's all I see in you? A fantasy?

RO

Have you given me any reason to think otherwise?

Shaking her head, Ro turns and walks back out of the bar...

9 INT. VIC'S LOUNGE

Nog's magic show is over. Tenmei is at the bar, ordering a drink from one of Vic's bartenders. She hands over some American money, without really having any idea what it is. She turns back around, sips at the drink through a straw --

-- and is surprised to see SHAR standing there. Awkward as always, as if plucking up the courage to speak...

TENMEI

Shar...

SHAR

Hello, Prynn.

TENMEI

I didn't realise you were here.

SHAR

I stood at the back. I wasn't sure you would wish to see me.

That makes her sad. She softens and steps closer...

TENMEI

Shar... I'm so sorry. I know I left things really uncomfortable between us. And I guess I have been kind of avoiding you. That was unfair of me. I'm sorry.

SHAR

You feel a relationship with me would be inappropriate.

TENMEI

An intimate relationship, yes. But that's not the only kind of relationship two people can have. I understand if you don't want to, after all the things I said. But I'd like it if we could find a way to still be friends.

SHAR

How do we do that?

TENMEI

Well... we just... talk. Tell me about what you're working on at the moment...

Relieved, she directs him to a nearby table. They both move to sit. And they drift off into conversation...

SHAR

It is quite a complex research project, suggested to me by members of the Bajoran Science Ministry...

10 INT. VIC'S HOTEL SUITE

The glamorous and opulent '60s-styled décor of the Dunes Hotel's finest suite, befitting its headlining star.

The door opens, and Vic gingerly pokes his head in...

VIC

Treir? You decent?

Treir waddles past, on toes separated to let nail polish dry. Furry onesie, hair rolled up in a towel, blowing on the nails of one hand, drying the polish there...

TREIR

That depends on your definition...

Smiling politely, Vic moves to look into the bedroom...

BEDROOM

It's a disaster. Clothes everywhere, towels on the floor, make-up on the counters. Vic is bemused and appalled...

VIC

I see you've been settling in...

TREIR

Oh. Yeah. Sorry. I'll clean it up.
You'll never know I was here.

VIC

Treir... it's not that I mind the company, believe me. There are a lot worse things in the world than sharing your room with a beautiful lady. But I get the feeling this ain't really a social call...

Treir sighs sadly. Can't really not tell him...

VIC

Alright, let me guess. Some idiot who won't take no for an answer?

TREIR

Pretty much.

VIC

Always gotta be a few bad apples spoiling it for the rest of us.

TREIR

Hey, don't worry about me. I'm a chameleon. Whatever happens, I'll find a way to make it work.

VIC

Well, I just gotta pick up a couple
of things for the show tonight, and
then I'll get out of your hair.

He moves around the room, grabbing a few bits and pieces -
a freshly dry-cleaned tuxedo, a bottle of cologne, etc.

Treir watches him as he does...

TREIR

(heartfelt)

Vic... I really am grateful to you
for letting me stay. And you know,
you really don't have to sleep on
the couch tonight...

He gets her meaning, but he smiles warmly...

VIC

This ain't that kind of rodeo,
sweetheart. You don't owe me a
thing. Besides, a real gentleman
doesn't take advantage of a lady
in need. That just ain't how I was
raised. Now you relax, get some
rest, and I'll be back after the
show, okay?

He has everything he needs now, so he nods a courteous
goodbye and leaves the suite, closing the door behind him.

Treir is surprised - a man actually turned her down? But
it's a nice surprise. She smiles, quite touched. What a
rarity - a man who actually respects her.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

11 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING

A particular shuttle craft sits on the docking ring...

12 INT. DS9 - PROMENADE, UPPER LEVEL

Looking from the crossover bridge down to the main door of Quark's, we can see two security still standing sentry.

More security guard the upper level entrances, including Vulcan crewman SEVAK. Kira and Ro nod acknowledgments...

RO

Any problems, crewman?

SEVAK

Negative, Lieutenant.

Kira and Ro walk past and enter the bar, passing through a FORCEFIELD over the doorway as they go...

13 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR (CONTINUOUS)

Walking along the upper corridor towards the holosuites...

RO

Any idea what this big surprise is?

KIRA

No idea at all. Vic's message went out to the whole station. He just said everyone should come for the lunchtime show.

RO

He's still doing those tryouts?

KIRA

I guess so.

They reach the holosuites. Kira checks the panel of one...

KIRA

Hmm... Taran'atar's using that
Vulcan meditation program again.
I guess he's taking Counsellor
Matthias's advice to heart.

RO

Maybe we should get Sevak to give
him some pointers.
(taps her ear)
Get it? Pointers?

Kira groans at the terrible joke, then moves to the next
holosuite, presses the button to open the door...

14 INT. VIC'S LOUNGE

...and blink in surprise to see a packed crowd. The bar is
doing a roaring trade, everyone milling about excitedly.
Vic emerges from out of the crowd, approaches them...

VIC

Captain! Lieutenant! You're just
in time.

KIRA

For what?

VIC

You'll see in...
(checks watch)
...thirty seconds.

And then he disappears back towards the stage. Nonplussed,
Kira and Ro perch on stools at the bar. Vic makes it to the
stage, takes the mic, shushes the crowd...

VIC

Ladies and gentlemen, I have a
very special treat for you today.
I know you've all all chatted the
night away with him over drinks.
You've split your sides at his
stories. Now, get ready for the
hilarious stand-up comedy stylings
of my friend and yours - Morn!

Thunderous applause as the lumpen barfly himself - MORN - strolls onto the stage and takes over the mic. Surprised and thrilled, Kira and Ro clap excitedly...

KIRA

Oh, this should be good.

Morn stands at the mic, gazing out at the crowd. Saying nothing. He stands and stares. And stares.

Vic stands in the wings, urging Morn on. Go on then - what are you waiting for?

The crowd is wondering what's going on. Why isn't he saying anything?

Ro and Kira glance to each other, worried and confused...

MORN' S POV

From up on stage, looking down at the waiting faces, gazing hopefully up at him, starting to get restless...

BACK TO SCENE

His mouth drops open and hangs loosely, his eyes wide and terrified. And then he turns and RUNS clean off stage.

Unhappy buzz spreads through the crowd. Vamping for all he's worth, Vic quickly steps back up to the mic...

VIC

Umm... ladies and gentlemen...
we're having some technical
difficulties. Please enjoy the
lounge, order a drink... I'm sure
everything will be back on track
in just a minute.

Vic dashes off stage after Morn...

KIRA

Wow. Of all the people to get
struck by stage fright... who'd
have thought it would be Morn?

15 **INT. DS9 - TREIR'S QUARTERS**

The door opens, and CENN pokes his head around the corner, raised phaser leading the way. His eyes scan the room...

CENN

Clear.

He walks fully into the room, as Treir follows him. A Starfleet security officer waits outside in the corridor.

Treir moves into the room - which is in just as appalling a state as Vic's bedroom - and starts yanking clothes out of drawers and jamming them into her travelling bag...

TREIR

I don't normally need an armed escort just to pick out clean underwear.

CENN

I'm happy to do it. We never really get a chance to talk while you're working.

TREIR

(playful)

Yes, I noticed you didn't raise too much of a protest to this particular assignment...

Cenn blushes furiously, embarrassed...

CENN

Umm... I... I... well...

She takes pity, and comes close, giving him an affectionate caress of the cheek. It's almost instinctive to flirt...

TREIR

Don't worry about it, Desca, sweetie. Now come on... give a girl a hand with her luggage.

He breathes in her pheromones, and he is completely at her mercy. He takes her travelling bag... but he hesitates...

CENN
(voice shaking)
Treir, I was wondering... after
all this is over... if you'd
consider having dinner with me
one night?

She smiles, gives him the perfect gentle brush off...

TREIR
Oh, sweetie. I have no idea when
this'll be over, if ever. I tell
you what... why don't we wait a
few days, see how things go, and
then we'll see.

Cenn nods wholeheartedly, thrilled to grasp the tiny sliver
of hope she's dangling. That done, Cenn moves to exit, with
phaser in one hand, Treir's travelling bag in the other...

16 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Quark is behind his bar, turned to face the SCREEN in the
back wall. We don't need to see who he is talking to...

QUARK
(to screen)
Thanks. I owe you one.

He signs off, turns back to face the room, pleased with
himself. Nog is standing at the bar, waiting to speak...

QUARK
If you're about to make a *slorg*
appear out of thin air, I'm not
interested.

NOG
No. I just wanted to talk to you.

QUARK
What about?

NOG
About Treir.

QUARK

Stop right there. I've already had an earful from Ro.

NOG

Uncle, let me tell you a story. You remember last year, when we went home to Ferenginar? And I went to visit my moogie? I mean my real mother, not Leeta.

QUARK

Of course I remember. You don't forget a cluster-frinx like that.

NOG

I didn't remember much about her - I was so young when we left home. And when I met her again... I couldn't believe it. She was naked... she offered to chew tube grubs for me... she said she shouldn't even be talking to me because I was a stranger to her.

QUARK

Sounds like the perfect Ferengi woman to me.

NOG

Exactly! And I couldn't handle it. Growing up here, on this station, surrounded by independent, powerful women like Kira, Dax, Mrs O'Brien, Kasidy Yates... I'd gotten used to having strong women in my life. The Ferengi ideal of the submissive, housebound slave just seemed wrong.

(beat)

And I think you feel the same way.

Quark turns away, not interested in hearing this...

QUARK

Now you're being ridiculous.

NOG

Am I? You've lived here longer than I have. And who are the women you've been closest to in that time? A Cardassian. A Klingon. And now a Bajoran. None of those are particularly known for their passive and subservient females.

Nog is making good points, and Quark doesn't like it...

QUARK

That's different. That's fun. But the Rules are clear - females and finances don't mix.

NOG

I bet you think females and engineering don't mix either. But more than half my department heads are females.

QUARK

That's your problem. Treir is my problem, and I don't believe in equality for females.

NOG

I think you do. But you think you shouldn't. That's why you give her such a hard time.

QUARK

It's a Rule, Nog. When you live by a set of Rules, you don't just get to pick and choose which ones you stick to.

NOG

Of course you do! If one of those rules doesn't make sense anymore, and getting rid of it would actually help you, then that's what you do. Father realised that. The whole rest of Ferenginar has realised it. So why can't you?

Quark knows Nog is right, but he's fighting against it with everything he has. He turns and walks away, onto the main floor. Then he won't have to listen anymore...

17 INT. DS9 - PROMENADE

On one of the benches along the Promenade - specifically the one closest to Quark's - sits MALIC. Casual, relaxed, legs crossed, enjoying the fact that no-one can touch him.

Further down the Promenade, Treir approaches, escorted by Cenn (still carrying her bag) and the other officer. Treir and Cenn tense as they notice Malic sitting there...

CENN

Ignore him. Nothing he can do.

They walk on, keeping a wary eye on Malic. They approach the door to Quark's bar, where two more security still stand. But just before they pass through the door...

MALIC

calmly lifts his wrist to his mouth, and with a smug smile, speaks into a comm device...

MALIC

Energise.

There is a TWINKLE sound in the air as a transporter signal begins to form...

CENN

reacts instantly. Drops the bag, SHOVES Treir hard, pushing her through the doorway into Quark's bar...

TREIR

passes through the forcefield - it FRITZES across the door. Another security stands in front of her, keeps her safe...

CENN

is now standing right where Treir was, where the transport signal is forming. He begins to dematerialise...

ECU on Cenn's wrist - he's wearing a metallic cuff separate from his uniform. **LIGHTS** on the cuff flash...

...and the transporter signal gets distorted, interference getting in the way...

...and the transport finally gives up, Cenn resolidifying. The buzzing sound in the air is replaced with a small sonic BOOM as the transporter signal fails.

Malic's grin drops - he's foiled...

Their pants, recovering from the shock and fear...

Cenn and the other security stand firm, stare Malic down...

Quark has seen the whole thing. He walks up to just inside the door of the bar, and shakes his head, gloating...

QUARK

Oh, Malic. Do you really think
we're that naive?

Malic stands, trying to make himself look taller...

QUARK

See that little trinket on Major
Cenn's wrist? That's a transport
inhibitor. Blocks any signal that
isn't pre-approved by station
command. All the security folks
wear them. One of Lieutenant Ro's
inventions.

(beat)

You remember Lieutenant Ro. She's
the woman who sent you to prison,
and beat both of your enforcers
unconscious?

Malic glares back. Quark reaches up and taps mid-air,
making the forcefield fritz again...

QUARK

And this... this is a forcefield,
so there's no way to transport
Them from inside the bar either.

QUARK (cont)
And don't bother trying to track
the frequency - they change it
every hour. In fact, I gotta say,
this was a pretty weak effort all
round, Malic.

Still refusing to say a word, Malic just turns and begins
to walk away. But Quark isn't finished yet...

QUARK
Oh Malic...

Gritting his teeth, Malic turns back...

QUARK (cont)
...just in case you do try and
violate sovereign Ferengi
territory anyway, you should
probably know that I just got off
the comm with my brother...
(pointedly)
...the Grand Nagus. He's sending
three heavily armed Ferengi
Marauders to the station to...
protect his interests in this
matter. And Malic... I really
don't think you want to be here
when they arrive.

Furious but trying not to show it, Malic turns and walks
away. He's going to get Quark for this.

On Quark's smug, victorious expression...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

18 EXT. DEEP SPACE NINE - ESTABLISHING

Three D'Kora-class MARAUDERS aggressively surround the station (the large, crab-like Ferengi ships from TNG)...

RO (o.s.)
This is getting out of hand.

19 INT. DS9 - KIRA'S OFFICE

Kira sits behind her desk, Ro in front of it...

KIRA
I never even knew the Ferengi had
a military.

RO
Strictly speaking, they don't.
It's more of a Merchant Navy. But
we shouldn't underestimate them.

KIRA
How bad can it be? How are the
Ferengi in any way threatening?

RO
You don't know how far a DaiMon
will go to protect his profits.
And those ships can do serious
damage if someone says it's what
the Nagus wants.

KIRA
And what about Malic?

RO
Hasn't set foot off his shuttle in
three days.

KIRA
Why can't he just give up and go
home?

RO
And lose face like that? No. He's
squatting in there, trying to
figure out how much risk he's
willing to take over this.

KIRA
And the moment he does, Quark
gives the order and we've got a
shooting war.

RO
We need another plan.

They both sit back to think...

CUT TO:

20 INT. DS9 - KIRA'S OFFICE

DAX appears on the comm screen set into the wall. She sits
against a generic Starfleet background in her commander's
uniform, cheerful and enthusiastic. Kira and Ro stand at
the panel, chatting amiably...

DAX (screen)
Nerys! Great to hear from you.
How's the station?

KIRA
Ah, you know how it is. Always
something. How's the *Luna*?

DAX (screen)
Amazing. The kind of people they
have working here, Nerys... you
wouldn't believe it. My chief
science officer is a Sulamid! All
those eyes and tentacles...

KIRA
Yikes. And I thought a Gallamite
was bad enough.

DAX (screen)

The tech is incredible too. Best sensors I've ever seen. And we're working on adapting the engines to work with the quantum slipstream drive Voyager brought back.

KIRA

That'll take years to be ready...

DAX (screen)

Don't be so sure. Doctor Xin Ra-Havreii himself designed them. He's supposed to be a genius.

RO

So he tells everybody.

DAX (screen)

So what can I do for you? You didn't just call to gossip...

KIRA

I'm afraid not. Is this is a secure line?

That surprises Dax. What's going on? She taps a few keys...

DAX (screen)

It is now.

KIRA

I need to ask you a favour, Dax. And I'll understand if you want to say no...

DAX (screen)

(worried now)

Nerys, what is it?

KIRA

Your family, back on New Sydney. Do they still have connections... to the Orion Syndicate?

Dax blinks, genuinely shocked at the question...

21 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Quark is likewise talking to someone on the screens behind his bar - an angry Ferengi DaiMon, GROB...

GROB (screen)
Ambassador! How much longer are we expected to sit here doing nothing? Time is money!

QUARK
As long as the Nagus requires you to, DaiMon Grob. But I can assure you, the Nagus is very grateful to all the crew of the *Flibb's Folly* for their help. He won't forget your name.

GROB (screen)
Of course, of course! Whatever the Nagus needs!

Now Grob leers lasciviously, licks his lips and strokes his lobe with his finger. It's kinda gross...

GROB (screen)
So... where is this Orion slave girl we're here to protect? I've always wanted to see one.

QUARK
She's... otherwise occupied.

Quark grins at Grob, and wiggles his eyebrows suggestively. Grob chuckles along, assuming it's something dirty. But...

22 INT. VIC'S LOUNGE

DARKNESS... until a single spotlight appears, illuminating Treir alone at the microphone.

She looks fabulous - elegant cocktail dress, confident, sexy, in total control.

She begins to sing in a throaty, bluesy soul voice - the Peggy Lee classic, "Why Don't You Do Right."

TREIR

(singing)

You had plenty money, 1922
You let other women
make a fool of you
Why don't you do right,
like some other men do?
Get out of here
And get me some money too

The crowd are absolutely spellbound...

TREIR

You're sittin' down and wonderin'
what it's all about
You ain't got no money,
They will put you out
Why don't you do right,
like some other men do?
Get out of here
and get me some money too

Vic is there too, gazing with just as much admiration...

TREIR

If you had prepared
twenty years ago
You wouldn't be a-wanderin'
from door to door
Why don't you do right,
like some other men do?
Get out of here
and get me some money too

Nog sidles up to Vic, also loving the show...

TREIR

(background)

I fell for your jivin'
and I took you in
Now all you got to offer me's
a drink of gin
Why don't you do right,
like some other men do?
Get out of here
and get me some money too

VIC
(foreground)
Kid, that magic show of yours was
just fine. But that... that's real
magic right there on that stage. I
think I found my support act.

Treir winds up to the end of her song, and as she does...

...she looks out into the crowd, making direct, unblinking
contact with Vic. Vic can't help but fall into her eyes...

TREIR
Why don't you do right,
like some other men do?
Like some other men do.

The song ends - the crowd goes wild with applause. But
Treir only has eyes for Vic, and vice versa...

23 INT. VIC'S HOTEL SUITE

Dark, seductive lighting. Vic holds the door open, allowing
Treir to sweep into the room. She wears a fur stole over
her cocktail dress, and she is buzzing with excitement...

TREIR
That was so much fun! I don't
remember the last time I had that
much fun. If ever.

Vic gentlemanly takes the stole from her. She allows it,
with a flirtatious glance over her shoulder at him. He
catches it full force, gulps with nervousness...

Treir heads straight to the minibar, grabs the champagne,
POPS the cork. They both laugh as the bubbles overflow -
Vic quickly grabs two glasses and catches the spill...

VIC
Whoa! Watch the carpet! What are
we celebratin'?

TREIR
A magical night... that's only
just begun.

She clinks her glass to his, takes a sip...

VIC

You are one knockout up on that stage, sweetheart. You sure you never sung before?

TREIR

No, never. It must be your...
(smile)
...expert tutelage.

Treir smiles, sits coquettishly on the edge of the bed, turns to look at him. But it's not the usual over-played seduction of a dabo girl. This is genuine, even nervous.

Vic comes to the doorway into the bedroom. No further...

VIC

I'll grab the spare sheets and pillows, and set up the couch.

He turns away, but Treir plaintively calls after him...

TREIR

Vic... don't go.

VIC

Treir, sweetheart... much as I appreciate the offer, I told you, I ain't that kind of guy.

TREIR

Vic, please... just sit with me.
That's all.

A moment - then he relents and sits with her on the bed. No physical contact. She takes a deep breath...

TREIR

Vic... I am grateful to you. For taking me in... for putting me on that stage tonight... for being the kind of man who won't take advantage of a lady in need. I haven't met many of those.

TREIR (cont)

(beat)

But I'm not doing this because
I'm grateful. I'm not doing this
because I think I have to. I know
that with you, I don't have to.
But I want to.

She looks at him, makes a genuine connection. She's being
completely honest here... and he is responding to it...

TREIR

Every man on this station wants
me. That's not me being proud or
conceited. It's pure chemistry,
Orion pheromones. They can't help
themselves.

(quibble)

Well, okay, not every man. But you
know what I mean.

(beat)

But with you... it's different.
The pheromones have no effect.

VIC

Because I'm just a hologram.

TREIR

Don't say it like that. It's a
wonderful thing. Because you're
more real to me than any of the
others out there. And I'm real to
you. When you look at me... like
that... I know that you mean it.
And that's...

She can't really explain how it makes her feel. Special.

She puts her feelings into action. She reaches out gently,
tentatively... and *kisses him*. He doesn't pull away.

The kiss grows, becoming more passionate...

and we slowly **ZOOM IN...**

and simultaneously **DISSOLVE INTO...**

24 INT. VIC'S HOTEL SUITE

Later - night. The room is dark, only the flashing lights of the hotel's neon signs outside, shining through gently wafting lace curtains.

Vic and Treir lie in bed together, tastefully naked. He is fast asleep. She is awake, propped up on one elbow, and watching him sleep with a warm, wistful smile.

After a while, she carefully manoeuvres herself from under the covers (making sure we don't see anything). She steps across the room, grabs a negligee from a hook, pulls it on.

In the dim light, she turns and gazes at Vic's sleeping form with genuine affection. She is relaxed, truly happy.

Then in a sudden shocking RUSH of photons, the entire scene dissolves around her as the holosuite switches off...

25 INT. HOLOSUITE (CONTINUOUS)

...leaving her standing alone in her negligee on the bare holosuite grid. Before she has any chance to register her surprise and fear...

...two pairs of heavy green hands yank a cloth sack over her head and grab her hard. She SCREAMS...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

25 INT. DS9 - QUARK'S BAR

Dim lighting - it is after hours and the bar is closed.

Muffled voices precede MALIC, his thugs manhandling Treir down the stairs. She is still in her negligee, sack over her head, tight enough to stifle her terrified protests.

MALIC

(whisper)

Come on! The power tap won't hold
for long. We need to be on the
ship and away before they find it.

The two thugs drag Treir on. They approach the front door of the bar, nearly away scot free...

...and suddenly all the LIGHTS come up. Malic jumps in surprise and looks around...

...to see QUARK standing behind him, centre of the bar.

QUARK

Too late.

The thugs drop Treir in surprise - she desperately staggers out of their way, and runs into RO, emerging from under the spiral staircase. Ro steadies, takes the sack off her head.

Kira emerges from hiding too. Then Tenmei. ETANA, RICHTER, MATTHIAS, AYLAM, any other female crew member we see often.

Nog and Shar appear from near the door, where they had been operating the lighting controls. CENN is there too. BOWERS. BASHIR. HETIK. Hell, let's even throw MORN in for a laugh.

They all join Quark in the middle of the room, making a line, confronting Malic. He panics, runs for the door...

...when TARAN'ATAR unshrouds right in his path. Malic whimper-shrieks in fear, retreats behind his two thugs. Even the thugs stare up at the Jem'Hadar in terror...

...and Taran'atar calmly reaches out, grabs both thugs' heads -- and BONKS them together. They slump to the deck, out cold. Now Malic is alone...

MALIC

Alright! You got me! But you'll never make it stick and you know it. I've got a finger in every pie in the quadrant.

QUARK

We don't need to make it stick, Malic. And I really don't need to know where your fingers have been. But whatever you do, we'll always be here to stop you. Me... and all these females.

MALIC

If you ask me, it looks like they know their place - letting their male speak for them.

QUARK

They don't need anyone to speak for them, least of all me. They set up this trap, and idiot that you are, you walked right in.

Quark parades up and down, points out each one in turn...

QUARK

Taran'atar tailed you from the moment you left your shuttle. We knew exactly what you were up to. Nog and Shar found the power tap you installed, and faked the power cut so you'd think your plan had worked. Cenn, Bowers... took a break at exactly the right time to make it look like your way was clear. And they did it all under the orders of these females, because they know these females are the equal of any male... and a lot better than some.

MALIC

Never! Females will never be the equal of males! You're a Ferengi, Quark! I know you agree with me!

QUARK

Actually, no I don't.

He walks up to Treir, looks up into her face. Doesn't even check out the negligee...

QUARK

This woman is intelligent, powerful and brave. She knew what was going to happen, and she put herself at risk to make sure you were stopped.

Treir smiles shyly, a bit flattered. Turns back to Malic...

QUARK (cont)

She's also as good at business as any male I ever met. And I can say that out loud, because I'm good at business too. I know how to make the best use of my resources, and that means acknowledging when I've got good employees.

Malic tries to muster as much indignant rage as he can...

MALIC

Treir is not your employee, Quark! She's my property!

Quark pauses, seeming to come to a decision with himself...

QUARK

She's nobody's property, Malic. In fact, as of... oh let's say ten minutes ago, I officially accepted Treir as a citizen of the Ferengi Alliance - and you know what that means. According to current Ferengi law, females are equal to males in all things.

Treir smiles victoriously at Malic. Quark enjoys Malic's growl of frustration... then grows darker...

QUARK

It also means that you tried to kidnap a Ferengi citizen from sovereign Ferengi ground. That is a major diplomatic offence against the Ferengi Alliance, Malic. I'd be justified in ordering those three Marauders out there to open fire on your shuttle right now.

Kira and Ro exchange a worried glance - exactly what they didn't want. The tension is growing...

MALIC

You won't fire. You'd never risk damaging this precious station of yours.

QUARK

Not a problem. They've had your engines and weapons targeted since they got here. And right now they're manoeuvring into the perfect position to take you out without so much as a scratch to the station.

Malic can't take any more. He explodes with righteous anger and frustration...

MALIC

And then they'll send an army to blow you all to pieces! You shouldn't make an enemy of the Orion Syndicate, Quark. Don't you know who I am?

A pause, a moment of silence. Tense stand-off. Then Quark bursts into gales of LAUGHTER, huge belly-laughs.

Malic is surprised and confused, and not a little embarrassed at being laughed at in public.

Gradually, Quark pulls himself under control...

QUARK

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's just -
did you actually just say, "Do you
know who I am?"

Quark LAUGHS some more at the sheer absurdity...

QUARK (cont)

You're nobody, Malic! The Orion
Syndicate isn't your personal
revenge machine. Think about it -
why aren't they here right now
backing you up? Because they don't
want anything to do with you! You
let yourself get sent to prison,
you practically gift-wrapped vital
Syndicate information and handed
it over to Starfleet...

(pitying)

...and you lost Treir. You're an
embarrassment to them, Malic.
You're nobody.

Malic is quite shaken by this. He tries to maintain his
hard edge, but he is very aware that everyone is watching
him. He tries one last attack...

MALIC

I'm nobody? Who are you?

Quark straightens, puffs up like a peacock...

QUARK

I'm the Ambassador.

(beat)

Now get out of my bar and off my
station, before I bring down the
might of some extremely impatient
DaiMons on your cute little
shuttle.

As far as Quark is concerned, it's over. He turns away.
Malic is beneath his notice. Kira steps forward...

KIRA

Taran'atar... would you please
escort Mister Malic back to his
shuttle. Just to make sure he
doesn't lose his way.

TARAN'ATAR

Certainly, Captain.

Taran'atar reaches down, grabs the two unconscious Orion
thugs by their collars, hoists them up as if they weighed
nothing. Malic is duly impressed and terrified...

TARAN'ATAR

After you.

Malic stumbles forward and out of the bar. Taran'atar
follows, carrying the thugs with ease.

The tension in the bar starts to release. The gathered
people split up and go their way. Treir walks up to Quark
and throws her arms around him in a big grateful hug...

TREIR

Thank you, Quark. Genuinely.

Quark is quite happy with how things turned out. But of
course he won't say so...

QUARK

Go on. Get some sleep.

She nods, and starts to head back up the stairs towards the
holosuites. But Quark calls after her...

QUARK

And don't think just because you
were up late you can be late for
your shift in the morning.

Treir smiles - she knows it's just Quark being Quark.

TREIR

I won't be. Night, Quark.

And she heads off upstairs...

26 INT. DS9 - DOCKING RING CORRIDOR

Malic walks down the corridor, followed by his two thugs, who are now awake again. He glances behind --

-- at Taran'atar, who brings up the rear. Malic is scared of the Jem'Hadar, but trying to cover it with bravado. They turn the corner, and come to the airlock to the shuttle...

MALIC

We can take it from here.

Taran'atar doesn't have to say a word to make his thoughts on that clear. Frustrated and annoyed, Malic enters the airlock. Taran'atar stays out in the corridor...

27 INT. DS9 - AIRLOCK

Malic mutters to his thugs as they traverse the airlock...

MALIC

Say a word to anyone about any
of this, and I'll have you both
killed in an instant.

The thugs nervously nod their agreement. The three of them enter their ship...

28 INT. MALIC'S SHUTTLE - BRIDGE

An average, nondescript shuttle's control centre. The door opens at the rear of the bridge, the thugs lead the way...

...and immediately find themselves faced with the barrels of two large and threatening phaser rifles. They jerk to a halt, Malic walks into the back of them...

MALIC

Oof! What are you doing, you
brainless idiots...

Then he sees the guns. And the large random aliens holding them. He gapes with amazement.

The elaborate captain's chair is facing away from them... It slowly turns, revealing...

...BOKAR, the FARIAN Orion Syndicate agent from 7x11. He sits firmly, suave and calm, a legitimate businessman...

BOKAR

Bad day, Malic?

Malic is surprised and worried to see Bokar here. He steps forward, attempting to look brave and confident...

MALIC

Bokar... what are you doing here?

BOKAR

Oh, just... unfinished business.

Bokar stands, and strides calm and confident towards Malic. His enforcers make sure to keep their weapons trained...

BOKAR

A former client on New Sydney was kind enough to inform us that you were out of prison, and making a nuisance of yourself here on DS-Nine. Consequently, I have been tasked by the Syndicate with...

(searches for
the word)

..."reconnecting" with you.

MALIC

It wasn't my fault, Bokar. I was tricked by those aliens, by those damned Ferengi, by that damned female...

BOKAR

(waves it away)

The Syndicate isn't interested in your issues with women, Malic. What the Syndicate is interested in, is failure. If there's one thing the Syndicate disapproves of, Malic... it's failure.

Bokar feigns nakedly insincere concern for Malic, who tries his best to hide the shudder of fear...

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

The excitement is over, most of the people have gone.

As the last few leave, Ro steps up to Quark. He looks up at her, wondering what horrors she is about to send his way...

QUARK

What is the problem now?

She considers for a moment...

...then leans down and places a soft, tender KISS on his brow. Then she turns and walks to the door, leaving him a bit confused...

QUARK

Laren...

She turns back to him...

QUARK

I didn't do this to impress you.

RO

I know. And that's what makes it even more impressive.

With a smile, she turns and leaves.

Ending on Quark's bemused but happy face...

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW