

## TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DOCKING RING

The massive door to the docking bay opens, allowing a stream of incoming passengers to enter the corridors. They pass by a Bajoran Vedick named Numor Quinzel, who is looking at each one of them expectantly. Finally, an Elderly Ferengi exits the shuttle. He smiles at Numor.

FERENGI

Vedick Numor! So good to finally meet you face to face!

NUMOR

It is good to see you as well, my friend! I have been looking forward to exploring your Pa! Yours will be the first Ferengi's that I experience. I have only met two others on this station.

The Ferengi seems to brighten at this, but any happiness he may be experiencing quickly disappears. He motions toward the corridor.

FERENGI

Shall we?

Numor smiles and nods. They start down the corridor. As they go, the Ferengi accidentally collides with Worf, who is walking towards the airlock with Dax. The Ferengi smiles at Worf apologetically.

FERENGI

Sorry.

The Ferengi continues with his Bajoran friend. Worf watches them go and grumbles to himself.

WORF

That's all we need on this station: another Ferengi.

DAX

Come on Worf! Lighten up! You should be happy! Aren't you the least bit excited to see your son?

Worf shrugs slightly. Dax sighs, exasperated.

DAX

This is ridiculous, Worf! I don't understand why you wouldn't be excited to see Alexander.

WORF

I have told you before, Jadzia. Alexander and I are not...

(he tries to find the right word)

... close. We never have been.

DAX

Even still, aren't you the least bit excited? Tobin was estranged from his daughter for at least twenty years, but he still got excited when he finally saw her.

WORF

That may be true for Trills, but Klingons are different.

DAX

Oh, don't give me that! I bet that deep down, you're really excited to see Alexander. And you know what? I bet he's looking forward to seeing you too.

Worf says nothing. They turn to the open portal. Alexander steps out, dressed in a very casual and human-looking outfit. Dax immediately smiles at him and even Worf seems to tense in happy anticipation. Alexander's face, however, remains impassive, almost cold.

ALEXANDER

Deanna says hello.

That being said, Alexander shoves his way past Worf and continues on down the corridor. Worf still remains silent, but Dax turns to watch Alexander leave. Finally, she turns to Worf, apologetically.

DAX

I could be wrong.

2 INT. PROMENADE

The Elderly Ferengi and Numor are walking towards the Temple. Numor is a few steps ahead of the Ferengi, explaining what they are going to be doing.

NUMOR

Before we can explore your Pa, you'll need to undergo a ritual cleansing. It will take only a day or two. Considering your rather ... interesting past, it shouldn't take long.

FERENGI

Why do you say that?

NUMOR

You have already started on a path to self-enlightenment. That will help.

As they walk, they pass by Quark's. Numor continues on ahead, but the elderly Ferengi pauses for a moment and looks into the bar. He sees Quark, almost lecturing Morn. A brief smile flickers across the Ferengi's face, but it quickly dies and he continues after the Vedick.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. SPACE - THE STATION

Deep Space Nine floats serenely in space as a few ships come and go from the docking ring.

SISKO (v.o.)

Captain's log, Stardate 51342.7. All is quiet on the station and in the sector. We are all enjoying a much needed rest. On a personal note, we are all looking forward to meeting Commander Worf's son, Alexander.

4 INT. OPS

Sisko looks to Dax expectantly.

SISKO

So tell me, old man. What's Alexander like?  
Is he just like Worf?

Dax grits her teeth, not sure of what she should say. Finally, she manages to say the nicest thing she can think of:

DAX

You could say that.

Sisko is about to comment when he hears the turbolift approaching the bridge. More appropriately, he hears Worf and Alexander arguing. At first, it is indistinct, but as the turbolift comes into view, he can hear what they are saying.

WORF

You and I both know that you are incorrect!

ALEXANDER

That's what you always say! You Klingons can  
be so stubborn!

WORF

You are a Klingon as well!

ALEXANDER

Not if I can help it!

By this time, the turbolift has stopped. Dax and Sisko can't help but stare at the two Klingons in embarrassment. Worf appears to be ready to retort, but he notices that the other officers are watching. He immediately composes himself and clears his throat. Alexander glances at Sisko and Dax as well, and exits, seemingly uncaring about the argument. Worf grits his teeth, not sure of what to say. Finally, he too steps off the turbolift and steps toward Sisko.

WORF

Captain Sisko, Commander Dax, this is my son,  
Alexander.

Sisko extends his hand to Alexander. Alexander glances at it, disinterested, but finally shakes it weakly.

SISKO

Your father has told us a lot about you,  
Alexander.

Alexander shoots a suspicious look at Worf.

ALEXANDER

Did he now?

Sisko appears confused by his attitude, but continues, undaunted.

SISKO

Yes. He's very proud of you. Top of your class, planning on entering into exoarchaeology.

DAX

That's unusual for a Klingon.

Alexander shoots Dax a withering look.

ALEXANDER

And what would you know about Klingons?

Dax shrugs.

DAX

I've known my fair share.

Alexander turns away, clearly unimpressed. He looks at Worf defiantly.

ALEXANDER

There. I've met them. Can I go now? I'm expecting someone.

Worf looks as if he's about to throttle Alexander because of his bad attitude, but he admirably restrains himself. He manages a curt nod. Alexander departs with one final glare at his father. As soon as he has departed, Worf lets out an exasperated sigh. Sisko eyes him curiously.

SISKO

I take it the visit is not going well?

WORF

I do not understand him. We have been arguing since he arrived. He even told me that he didn't come to the station to see me.

Sisko waves, as if dismissing Worf's concern.

SISKO

I wouldn't put too much stock in that, Mr. Worf. I remember one time, I came back from an assignment to my father's restaurant. He thought that I was there to see him, but I was really there to see one of his waitresses. But you know what? I was glad to see him, no matter what my motives were.

Worf shakes his head with an annoyed rumble.

WORF

This is different.

SISKO

Maybe.

Sisko pats Worf on the back encouragingly.

SISKO

I'm sure that he'll come around. You'll see. But if I were you, I'd just go check on who Alexander came to see. I know my Dad did, and he caught me in an awfully compromising situation, if you know what I mean.

With that, Sisko heads up towards his office.

5 INT. ALEXANDER'S GUEST QUARTERS

A few minutes have lapsed. Alexander is seated on his couch, looking over a data PADD. There is a chime at the door. Alexander looks up and frowns, confused.

ALEXANDER

Enter!

The doors part and Worf steps in. Alexander lets out a frustrated sigh. Worf looks around the room and is surprised to see a Bajoran man in his early thirties sitting in another chair.

WORF

This is who you had to see?

ALEXANDER

Well, I was going to wait until my appointment was confirmed, but ... Father, this is Dr. Humil Horas of the Bajoran Biogenetic Research Foundation.

Humil smiles at Worf warmly. Worf, however, doesn't smile back.

WORF

And what business does he have with you?

Humil stands up, handing Worf another PADD. Worf doesn't even glance at it. He stares at Humil warily.

HUMIL

My field of research is inter-species mating, Commander Worf. Specifically, the offspring of said mating produces. Like your son.

Worf glares at Humil, not sure where this is going.

WORF

What about inter-species offspring?

HUMIL

I have developed a process to ...  
(not sure of what word to use)  
...well, revamp the genetics of someone like your son, is of mixed heritage, so to speak.

WORF

What?

Alexander sighs.

ALEXANDER

He can make one species' DNA be dominant over another.

Worf shoots Humil a shocked look. Humil smiles and nods.

WORF

Is this possible? Is it even legal?

HUMIL

It is not only possible, Commander, it's been done more than once.

WORF

Why would anyone want to do this?

Humil shrugs.

HUMIL

Some species just aren't that compatible. Their offspring need the help when they enter puberty. Admittedly, the process has mostly been used for ... well, cosmetic purposes.

Worf frowns, not comprehending. Humil smiles.

HUMIL

Let me tell you a story, Commander. Thirty years ago, Cardassian soldiers raped my mother. I was the result. For years, I was teased, ridiculed because I looked more like a Cardassian than a Bajoran. Not only that, but I couldn't digest most Bajoran food because of my unique genetic structure. Then my research team came up with this process and...

Humil opens the neck of his shirt, revealing what looks like the faint remains of a Cardassian's neck.

HUMIL (cont.)

...now my Cardassian genes have been made recessive. For all intents and purposes, I'm Bajoran.

Worf still hasn't taken his eyes off of Humil.

WORF

And what does this have to do with my son?

Humil looks at Alexander, surprised, and then turns back to Worf.

HUMIL

I thought you knew! Your son contacted me about making his Klingon DNA recessive. He wants me to turn him into a human!



Worf slowly turns and stares at Alexander in a mixture of shock and rage. Alexander, for his part, merely stares at the wall, silent.

6 INT. QUARK'S

Rom enters the bar and smiles at some of the Dabo girls as he makes his way to the bar. He immediately sits down and smiles at Quark. Quark doesn't notice him. He is staring out the window onto the Promenade.

ROM

Hello, brother. How has business been?

Quark doesn't reply. Instead, he continues to stare out the window. Rom gives him a concerned look.

ROM

Are you feeling well?

Still no response. Rom leans forward over the bar.

ROM

(almost shouting in Quark's ear)

Brother?

Quark jumps, startled. He whirls on Rom, annoyed. He hits him on the chest, angry.

QUARK

Don't do that!

He immediately turns and is once again staring out the window. Rom frowns and leans even further over the bar, looking out the window as well.

ROM

What are you looking at?

Quark points out the window. From his perspective, we can see the elderly Ferengi at a shop, examining a necklace. Rom finally shrugs.

ROM

What about him?

QUARK

He's been standing there all morning, staring at me.

ROM

He doesn't seem to be staring at you now.

QUARK

Oh no? Watch this?

Quark turns from the window, pulling out a cup. Rom watches over Quark's shoulder as, sure enough, the Ferengi immediately turns from the necklace and peers into the window. Suddenly, Quark turns and looks out the window. The elderly Ferengi almost gives himself whiplash, trying to look inconspicuous again. Quark turns back to Rom and waves out the window in triumph.

QUARK

There! You see?

ROM

Who do you suppose he is? FCA?

Quark snorts derisively.

QUARK

Maybe. Brunt might have sent him to spy on me after ruining him. Or he could be one of Gala's associates, but they all know how I double-crossed him and have all sworn to avoid me at all costs.

Rom looks out the window again.

ROM

He looks familiar.

Quark nods absently.

QUARK

I noticed that too.

Rom's eyes go wide when he thinks of something.

ROM

You don't suppose he's DaiMon Krug, do you? Krug would be that old!

QUARK

You mean father's business associate? I don't know. He might be. I've only met Krug once.

ROM

What do you suppose Krug would want with you?

Quark looks like he's going to be sick.

QUARK

I don't know. I do remember Father describing Krug's temper. Father used to tell me that if Krug showed up somewhere personally, it meant that he wasn't happy and he was going to...

(swallows hard)

...crush somebody's lobes.

Rom's hands involuntarily shoot up and cover his ears.

ROM

But why would Krug be angry with you?

Quark is having trouble breathing as he tries to think of a reason.

QUARK

I don't know! Maybe I double crossed one of his business partners recently. Let's see, there was that Bolian tusk trader last week ... and the Makallian smugglers the week before ... it could be just about anyone!

Quark looks up in desperation and sees Odo walking by the bar on his way out the door. Quark dashes over to him, latching on to the Constable's sleeve. Odo rolls his eyes in disgust.

ODO

Quark, I suggest you let go of my sleeve. I'm in a bit of a hurry ...

QUARK

(interrupting)

Odo! I need your help! I think someone is wants to hurt me!

ODO

That could be just about anyone including me, Quark. If you'll excuse me.

Odo tries to sidestep Quark, but it's useless. Quark merely hangs on tighter.

QUARK

Please! You have to help me! Come here!

Quark drags Odo to the door of the bar. Quark peeks around the corner and points to the elderly Ferengi.

QUARK

I think that's DaiMon Krug! He was a business associate of my father. If he's here, that means that he's going to crush my lobes.

ODO

And wouldn't that be a crime against humanity. What do you want me to do about it?

QUARK

Just go over there and find out what he wants!

Rather than protesting, Odo steps around the corner and starts for the elderly Ferengi, Quark shooing him along. Quark gingerly peeks around the corner and watches as Odo approaches the Ferengi and speaks to him in hushed tones. The elderly Ferengi glances over towards the bar, causing Quark to duck back around the corner. Finally, the elderly Ferengi whispers something to Odo, causing the Constable to shoot a double take in Quark's direction. Finally, Odo turns and walks back towards the bar. As he passes the door, Quark waves him over.

QUARK

Well?

Odo merely gives Quark a satisfied smile and chuckles cruelly. He moves along down the Promenade, leaving a very worried Quark leaning against the wall.

7 INT. PROMENADE

It is much later. The lights have been dimmed, making it clear that it is night. No one appears to be walking on the Promenade. Suddenly, Quark's head pops out of his door, scanning the Promenade for any passersby. Satisfied that no one is there, Quark ducks out of the bar and scampers from shadow to shadow, desperately trying not to be seen.

8 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE QUARK'S QUARTERS

The corridor is empty. At one end, Quark's jacket suddenly pops around the corner, hung on a small pipe. After about a second, Quark cautiously peeks around the corner and quickly dashes to his quarters. He impatiently hits the button outside the door, almost as if the split second it takes the

door to open is too long. He barely waits for the doors to open before he dashes inside.

9 INT. QUARK'S QUARTERS

Quark collapses on a couch, panting heavily. He casts a nervous look around his quarters, but for the most part, he's satisfied. Suddenly, though, his door chimes. He lets out a startled yelp and dives for a small statuette. He jumps to his feet, wielding the statue like a club. He slowly creeps towards the door. He's finally only a few inches from the door.

QUARK

(apprehensively)

Enter!

As the doors hiss open, Quark tenses, ready to strike. The elderly Ferengi steps through the door and looks around. Quark swings the statue, but before he can connect, the elderly Ferengi grabs Quark's arm, flipping him easily. Before Quark can react, he is lying on the floor, unarmed. He backs away from the elderly Ferengi, clearly frightened.

QUARK

(pleading)

Please! Don't hurt me! Whatever I've done,  
I'm sure we can come to some sort of equitable  
arrangement! Just don't hurt me!

The elderly Ferengi looks at Quark, dumbfounded.

FERENGI

Hurt you? Why would I want to do that?

Quark finally stops cowering and looks up at his would-be attacker in surprise. The elderly Ferengi smiles warmly at Quark.

FERENGI

Don't you recognize me, Quark?

Quark shakes his head warily, not sure of what to expect.

FERENGI

It's me! Keldar! Your father?

All that Quark can do is gasp in shock.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 INT. QUARK'S QUARTERS

The door chimes. Quark doesn't say anything. He is merely sitting on his couch, staring at Keldar in shock. The door chimes again. Finally, the door slides open and Rom tentatively sneaks into the room.

ROM

Brother? Are you all right?

Keldar turns in surprise and looks at Rom, joy spread across his face. Rom lets out a shriek in surprise and backs into the wall.

KELDAR

Rom! I thought I saw you in the bar!

Rom squints at Keldar. Suddenly, he recognizes him. An excited smile breaks across his face.

ROM

Father?

Keldar stands up and opens his arms. Rom rushes forward, excited, and hugs him tightly. They laugh together enthusiastically. Quark still says nothing. Finally, Rom turns to Quark, excited.

ROM

Look who it is, brother!

Quark remains silent. Rom and Keldar exchange nervous glances, not sure of what to do.

KELDAR

Quark? Are you okay?

QUARK

What are you doing here?

KELDAR

Actually, that's kind of funny. I met Vedick Numor about six months ago. He offered to help me explore my Pa sometime, so I decided to take him up on it...

QUARK

(interrupting)

I mean, what are you doing here alive! I was told that you died twenty years ago. Rom was there. Moogi was there. They saw your body before Uncle Tomak bought it. What is going on here?

Keldar grits his teeth and sits down in a chair carefully.

KELDAR

This might take some time to explain.

QUARK

I don't have to open the bar 'til morning. Or will that take too long?

ROM

I have to be on shift in two hours.

Quark glares at Rom, who immediately sits down as well, quiet.

KELDAR

About thirty years ago, my brother Tomak and I entered into a business partnership. I provided the capital for it and arranged the transactions while Tomak delivered the ... the merchandise. Unfortunately, I didn't know what we were dealing in or who our clients were. All I knew was that I had a lot of time on my hands and a whole lot of latinum to invest.

Quark frowns, confused.

QUARK

You make it sound like we were ... well, more rich than Uncle Tomak or Cousin Gala, and Gala at least owned a moon.

KELDAR

At one time, Quark, I owned three.

Quark lets out an involuntary gasp. He has trouble breathing for a few seconds.

QUARK

Big ones?

Keldar nods with a whimsical smile.

KELDAR

A mining team even found a dilithium deposit on one of them.

Quark looks like he's about to enter heaven itself. Keldar shudders slightly, feeling somewhat dirty. Finally, Quark catches himself.

QUARK

So what happened? If you were so rich, why am I so poor?

Keldar bows his head, ashamed.

KELDAR

A lot of things happened. Like I said, I had a lot of time on my hands, so I decided to make some side investments.

(he laughs to himself)

I should have listened to your mother. I made some very bad deals and had soon squandered all the money and racked up a load of debts.

QUARK

So you faked your death to escape the FCA?

Keldar shakes his head.

KELDAR

That's only part of the story, Quark. About the time the FCA started to investigate me, so did the Federation.

Quark stares at Keldar blankly.

QUARK

You owed the Federation money?

KELDAR

Not exactly. Have you ever heard of the Borantin Circle?



Quark's eyes go wide.

QUARK

You owed money to them? They were the most dangerous Orion slave girl traders in the quadrant!

KELDAR

Actually, I ... was one of the founding partners of the Borantin Circle.

Quark's jaw drops open in shock. Keldar nods weakly.

KELDAR

It's true. I never knew how Tomak used our money. All I knew was the latinum was real and was pouring in. Well, it was until I wracked up all those debts. Then I noticed that some Federation sorts were watching my every move. I finally started to wonder what we were dealing with. I stowed away on one of our ships on a "cargo run" and found one of the bays filled with slave girls.

Quark looks away, absentmindedly.

QUARK

I've heard that those green-skinned beauties give great oo-max.

Keldar slaps Quark, bringing him out of his reverie.

KELDAR

That's not the point. The Federation was getting ready to arrest me for smuggling slaves, the FCA was ready to revoke my business license because of all my debts, and ... worst of all ... my conscience wouldn't let me be for exploiting those women.

QUARK

(exasperated)

Your conscience? That doesn't sound like my father! What about Rule of Acquisition 263? "Never allow doubt to tarnish your lust for Latinum?"

KELDAR

That didn't matter to me! All I knew was that my family was about to become completely destitute, I was about to be arrested, and Tomak and our partners were thinking of killing me so I wouldn't expose them! So that's what we did. We bribed a doctor who helped fake my remains and I disappeared. You know, like Rule of Acquisition number 32 ... "There's always a way out."

Quark looks at him in surprise.

QUARK

That's the 25th Rule of Acquisition.

ROM

So where have you been all this time?

Quark looks at Rom in surprise, having forgotten he was even there.

KELDAR

Well, I felt guilty about what I had done, so I started out on a quest for inner peace. I went on a walk-about on Earth. I spent five years with the Kolinahr adepts on Vulcan. I even snuck across the Neutral Zone to meet the famed Ambassador Spock. I tell you, I haven't been at peace like this for a long time. I certainly wasn't that happy when I worked with Tomak.

QUARK

What kind of a life is that? You ran out on us! You deceived the FCA and abandoned the Ferengi way of life! How could you?

KELDAR

Who are you to judge me? I did this for you!

QUARK

(sarcastic)

Thank you very much! Here I thought that you, at least, were a real Ferengi like me! Moogi wears clothing and makes profits on her own, Rom is married to a Bajoran woman! I thought that you and I were normal Ferengi! Now I find out that you're a failure as well!

KELDAR

You think you're more of a success than me? Quark, I've heard about your reputation. Black-listed by the FCA? Souring a major weapons deal that would have made you a few million bars of latinum because you didn't want twenty-nine million people to die? What was that Rule you quoted to me?

QUARK

Maybe so, but I still tried to make a profit. You've abandoned everything that Ferengi holds dear!

KELDAR

So? Did it ever occur to you that there might be more to life than profit? I've finally learned that! For the first time in my life, I am truly happy and at peace. Maybe this is something you had to learn a long time ago, Quark.

QUARK

(angrily)

Get out of my quarters! Don't even speak to me! As far as I'm concerned, you're still dead!

Keldar doesn't say anything. Finally, he stands up and walks out of the room. Rom looks between Keldar and Quark, as if torn. Finally, Rom leaves the room after his father. Quark finally blows them off and turns away from the door.

Sisko is looking over a PADD when the doors to his office open and Worf strides in.

WORF

You wished to see me, Captain?

Sisko drops the PADD and turns to face Worf.

SISKO

I just received a reply from the JAG office about your inquiry about Humil's process. I hate to tell you this, but according to them, it's legal.

Worf looks at Sisko in shock.

WORF

What?

SISKO

I'm afraid so. According to them, this is a gray area. First of all, it doesn't involve introducing foreign genetic material into the patient. Secondly, and what they consider most important, it's not used to enhance a persons skills or strength. It's mostly for cosmetic purposes, so it's not technically illegal.

Worf looks like he's about to smash something. Sisko stands up and crosses over to him, placing a sympathetic hand on Worf's shoulder.

SISKO

I can sympathize with you, Mr. Worf. If Jake were trying to do this, I wouldn't like it either.

WORF

So what am I to do? He's intent on doing this, and I can't seem to get through to him.

Sisko thinks about it for a second, then goes over to his desk and picks up the baseball, tossing it to himself thoughtfully.

SISKO

When I wanted to talk about Jake and he didn't want to listen, I would often take him to the holodeck and play ball with him for a while. Then I could talk to him openly and honestly. Maybe you can do something like that with Alexander.

Worf shakes his head grimly.

WORF

But Alexander and I don't play baseball.

SISKO

Well, there must be something you can do!

Worf looks away, considering it.

12 INT. WORF'S EXERCISE CAVERN ON THE HOLOSUITE

Worf has donned his black exercise suit and is pacing back and forth, carrying his *betleH*. Finally, he hears the doors open and Alexander walks in, also dressed in an exercise suit. He looks like he would rather be somewhere else. Worf forces a friendly smile.

WORF

Alexander. I am glad you could come.

ALEXANDER

Like you left me any choice with that message.

Worf's smile suddenly looks strained.

WORF

(harshly)

I merely ...

(he pauses to calm himself)

I merely wanted to see if you have been using the *betleH* lessons I've been sending you.

ALEXANDER

It's not like I brought my *betleH*.

Worf grumbles to himself.

WORF

Computer, one *betleH*, practice weight.

The *betleH* appears, hanging in the air by Alexander. Alexander plucks it down with a sigh.

ALEXANDER

Well, let's get this over with.

Alexander assumes a lazy defense position. Worf snaps to attention, swinging his *betleH* around.

WORF

*yIHub'egh!* ["Defend yourself!"]

Worf launches a gentle attack, obviously holding back. Alexander mechanically responds, blocking each blow with very little enthusiasm. If Worf notices, he doesn't say anything but continues the attack until finally, Alexander sweeps his legs out from under him. Worf falls to the ground, trying to look impressed although he is disappointed in Alexander's performance.

WORF

Very good.

Alexander smirks at Worf, knowing that he's being patronized.

ALEXANDER

Sure.

Worf stands up and strikes a defensive position. Alexander starts to go through an obviously planned routine, attacking Worf. Worf easily defends himself. He seems slightly distracted, as if trying to decide what to say.

WORF

I was hoping we could ... talk.

Alexander suddenly takes a wild swing at Worf's head, causing his father to duck. Alexander looks at Worf warily.

ALEXANDER

About what?

WORF

Dr. Humil and his procedure. I am concerned that you are making a hasty decision.

Alexander keeps fighting, but it's clear that he is annoyed with this discussion. His attacks on Worf are becoming more aggressive.

ALEXANDER

And why do you say that?

WORF

How do you know this process is safe? Are you sure that it will work on you? You are only a quarter human.

ALEXANDER

Dr. Humil has had successes with people who were an eighth Bajoran. He says that I won't be too much of a challenge.

Alexander's statement is punctuated with a sharp blow that almost knocks Worf over. Worf blinks in surprise, but steadies himself.

WORF

I don't think you see my point, Alexander. This is still a relatively untested procedure.

ALEXANDER

That's not true. Dr. Humil has treated dozens of Bajorans.

WORF

That does not make the procedure safe for you. You are not Bajoran, you are Klingon!

ALEXANDER

That doesn't matter. The procedure will work!

Both of them are truly angry now. Alexander's attacks are becoming more and more intense and real.

WORF

You do not know that for certain! How can you even think of doing this? Aren't you proud of who you are? Aren't you proud of being a Klingon?

Alexander backs off for a second and snarls. With a war cry, he charges Worf, attacking him without restraint. Worf reacts instinctively, parrying the rather clumsy attack. Within seconds, Worf has disarmed Alexander and swept his feet out from under him. Alexander falls to the ground and lies there for a second. Worf manages to calm down and realizes what happened. He reaches down to help Alexander up. Alexander knocks the hand away and slowly stands, wiping some blood from his mouth. He stares at Worf angrily.

ALEXANDER

Don't you get it, Father? I'm not a Klingon! I never have been! Look at this! By now, I should be able to fight and yearn to see my enemies at my feet! But I don't! I can't stand Klingon opera, and this whole honor code seems trivial and useless to me! Don't you see? I'm not a Klingon on the inside, so why should I look like one on the outside?

Worf takes a step forward, trying to calm Alexander down.

WORF

You *are* a Klingon, Alexander. You always will be.

Alexander backs away from Worf, rage burning in his eyes.

ALEXANDER

Why do you always say that? Why do you want me to be a Klingon? You certainly aren't!

Worf stares at Alexander, stunned.

WORF

What?

ALEXANDER

Look at yourself, Father! You wear a Starfleet uniform and work with humans. You always seem to be dishonored by the Klingon High Council. You couldn't even bring yourself to kill Uncle Kurn when he came here. Not only that, but you date Betazoid and Trill women! Why should I behave like a Klingon if you don't?

Worf looks stung.

WORF

What are you saying?

ALEXANDER

Maybe both of your parents were Klingon, and you may think that your blood burns, but in reality, you're no more a Klingon than I am!



Alexander throws down the *bettleH* and starts for the door.

ALEXANDER

Exit!

The door slides open. Worf starts after him, not sure of what to say.

WORF

You may not feel it, Alexander, but believe me, you are Klingon. So am I. You're just confused. I understand what you're going through. I, too, went through doubts because I was raised by humans. It will pass as your blood begins to boil!

Alexander stops and turns to Worf, staring daggers at him.

ALEXANDER

My blood will never boil, Father. I'm not going to fool myself by pretending to be a Klingon. I have human genes and in a few days, I'll look like the human I am. At least I'm willing to admit that I'm human deep down. It looks like you never will.

With that, Alexander storms out of the holosuite, leaving Worf to stare after him.

### ACT THREE

FADE IN:

13 INT. QUARK'S

Quark is wiping off the bar near Morn, who sips at his drink.

QUARK

I can't believe it. You think you know your parents, and then they turn out to be liars! Here I thought that my dad was a true Ferengi and he turns out he might as well be a lobe-less hoo-man. The only other person in my family with any business sense is Moogi, and she's a female! What am I supposed to do, Morn?

Morn opens his mouth, trying to answer, but Quark cuts him off.

QUARK

Should I report him to the FCA? No, Brunt will use it as an opportunity to take away my business license. I suppose I could just let him go ...

Quark looks up as Keldar and Rom enter the bar, laughing together. Quark snarls to himself and turns away. Morn finally shrugs and leaves the bar.

KELDAR

That was a lovely meal, Rom. My compliments to Leeta. You know, I never really realized how attractive clothed women could be.

ROM

I know. Isn't she something?

KELDAR

And Nog! He looks so sharp in his uniform. I'm happy he's found inner peace with Starfleet. And you! Working the day shift with this Chief O'Brien! You've all made me so proud!

Rom gives Keldar a toothy grin and hugs him. Keldar chuckles to himself and returns the hug. Rom starts for the door.

ROM

I need to get to work. Make sure you try Quark's snail juice. It's the best in the sector.

Rom scurries out of the bar, completely ecstatic. Keldar laughs to himself and sits down at the bar, looking out the door after Rom.

KELDAR

He hasn't changed one bit. Just as exuberant as ever. I've never seen him so happy.

QUARK

No? At one time, I almost had him interested in profit and earnings. I always thought that these hoo-mans and Bajorans were the ones who corrupted him. Now I find out that it's genetic!

Keldar sighs and holds up his hands in surrender.

KELDAR

Come on, Quark. I don't want to fight with you. I just wanted to try your snail juice. I haven't had a good one in at least ten years.

QUARK

Do you even have latinum to pay for it, or are you too enlightened for that?

Keldar reaches into his pocket and pulls out a strip of latinum, setting it on the counter with a satisfied smirk. Quark glares at his father. He turns and sets out a glass. Keldar looks around appreciatively.

KELDAR

This is some place you have here, son. Well maintained, nice atmosphere, pretty females at the Dabo tables. And I see you followed Rule of Acquisition 71: "Make your shop easy to find."

Quark, who has been pouring Keldar's drink, sets down the bottle with a frustrated sigh. He rubs his forehead, as if pained.

QUARK

That's Rule of Acquisition 46, Father.

Keldar frowns, thinking about it, then chuckles to himself.

KELDAR

Now you see why I had your mother teach you the Rules. She at least could keep them straight.

Quark puts away the bottle of snail juice and pushes the glass towards Keldar. Keldar looks Quark over with a look of concern.

KELDAR

Quark, let me ask you a question. Are you really happy with what you're doing?

Quark shoots a wary look towards Keldar while preparing a tray of drinks.

QUARK

What are you talking about?

KELDAR

This bar. Your whole attempt to gain profit.

QUARK

What are you talking about?

KELDAR

Like I said before, Quark, I've been keeping track of your career. You came to this station almost ten years ago, and you've been given more than a dozen opportunities over the years to sell it and go on to more lucrative jobs. Why, you just recently got yourself fired from being the first clerk of the Grand Nagus. And yet you stay here. Are you sure you're really satisfied with what you're doing?

QUARK

What are you driving at?

KELDAR

Join me, Quark. I'll be leaving the station in a few days. I'm not sure where I'll be going next on this spiritual journey, but I would love it if you came with me.

Pause.

QUARK

You're broke, aren't you? You just need me to come along and pay for your trip.

Keldar laughs.

KELDAR

Hardly. I usually work off my passage and occasionally can save up enough to avoid that. It's just ... I feel guilty about the way our relationship went, Quark. You left at such an early age. I want to make it up to you somehow. Maybe we can find peace with each other out there.

QUARK

Inner peace? I suppose I need to remind you of the 264th Rule of Acquisition. "Inner peace means less profit." No, thank you.

Keldar shrugs and drains his glass.

KELDAR

I just thought I would ask. If you change your mind, I'll be here for a while. If you'll excuse me, I need to go have my Pa explored.

Keldar stands and leaves the bar. Quark's shoulders slump and shakes his head. He looks up and notices all of the Ferengi waiters looking at him, whispering.

QUARK

Get back to work!

The waiters scurry off. Quark shakes his head.

QUARK

This is going to get back to the FCA for sure! I just know it! There has to be some way to get rid of him!

Quark's gaze comes to rest on the strip of latinum on the bar top. He picks it up and a crafty smile spreads across his face. He immediately turns and runs out of the bar.

14 INT. ODO'S OFFICE

Odo is packing PADDs in a case when Quark dashes into his office. Odo takes one look at him and smiles sardonically.

ODO

Is your father still stalking you, Quark?

QUARK

No. I was just wondering something. Have you ever heard of the Borantin Circle?

Odo frowns, thinking about it. Finally, he nods.

ODO

They were the Orion slave girl smugglers, weren't they?

Quark nods, impatient.

QUARK

Did the Federation ever catch any of them?

Odo rolls his eyes, annoyed.

ODO

Quark, I'm very busy. I'm leaving for a conference on Bajor in two hours. Is there some point to this?

QUARK

Morn and I were just talking about them. He thought that the Federation never caught a single member and I told him that they would have for sure. I was hoping you could settle the argument.

Odo snorts in disgust and turns to his computer terminal, keying in the information.

ODO

According to this, Federation Customs came close to uncovering the identity of one of the Circle, but they never succeeded. The Circle disappeared shortly thereafter. They never really closed the case, but there hasn't been a solid lead in over ten years.

Quark nods to himself, trying to hide his excitement.

QUARK

Theoretically speaking, suppose that ... someone had information concerning the Circle. Would there be a reward for it?

Odo eyes Quark suspiciously.

ODO

What's going on, Quark? You have that look in your eyes.

QUARK

What look?

ODO

The look that says you're coming up with some sort of unethical plan.

Quark snorts, somewhat nervously.

QUARK

Oh, come on! I told you! This is for Morn's benefit, not mine!

Odo continues to eye Quark for a second, but finally looks up the information.

ODO

According to this, Federation Customs is willing to pay five hundred bars of latinum for any information concerning the Borantin Circle.

Quark lets out an involuntary gasp, his hand immediately shooting up to stroke his ear. Finally, he regains control of himself.

QUARK

Thank you, Odo. I'm sure Morn will appreciate the information.

With that, Quark turns on his heels and leaves.

15 INT. WORF'S QUARTERS

Worf is seated and sharpening the blade of his *betleH* in an almost obsessive fashion. The door chimes. Worf doesn't even pause in his work.

WORF

Enter!

The doors slide open and Dax steps inside. The smile on her face dies when she sees Worf.

DAX

I take it the talk with Alexander didn't go too well?

Worf doesn't stop, but looks at Dax in surprise.

WORF

How can you tell?

DAX

You always sharpen your *betleH* when you're upset. And from the look of things, you're in a particularly foul mood right now.

Worf stops his work and slams the blade down on the table.

WORF

I don't understand him. When I was his age, I was proud to be a Klingon. I wanted to learn everything I could about my people. What our customs were, how we lived. He seems perfectly content to live without that knowledge.

Dax sits down and places a comforting hand on Worf's arm. Worf doesn't respond to this, nor does he withdraw.

WORF

I don't understand this. He is so much like his mother. K'Ehleyr didn't value her Klingon heritage either. I was hoping that Alexander would at least be interested, but ever since he was a young boy, he has refused to listen to me.

DAX

Have you ever considered he might want to go down a different path? I know that Klingons don't really believe in fate, but maybe that's it.

Worf looks at Dax in surprise.



WORF

There was a time that I thought that way.  
But ... I thought that it was only a phase.  
I figured that eventually, he would come  
around and want to be a warrior. That's why  
I have been sending him *betleH* lessons. If  
he ever decides to pursue that path, I want  
him to be prepared.

Dax starts to say something, but the door chime interrupts her. Worf looks up in surprise.

WORF

Enter.

The doors hiss open. Alexander strides inside, carrying a Klingon dagger. He stops short when he sees Dax.

ALEXANDER

I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

Before Worf can speak, Alexander steps forward and slams the dagger down on top of Worf's *betleH*. Worf looks at it, not sure of what the message is.

WORF

You're challenging me to a duel to the death?

ALEXANDER

Hardly. I'm returning this. I just received  
confirmation of my appointment with Dr. Humil  
for tomorrow. In a week, I'll have no use for  
this anymore.

Alexander turns and heads for the door. Dax gets up after him.

DAX

Alexander! Wait a second!

Alexander pauses for a second and turns to face her, his face cold.

DAX

Are you sure we can't talk about this? Believe  
it or not, your father does care about you.

ALEXANDER

Who are you, my mother? Just because you're sleeping with my father doesn't mean you can act as my parent.

Worf stands up, grabbing Alexander by the arm.

WORF

Listen to me, Alexander. We need to talk!

ALEXANDER

You mean you want to talk at me. I have nothing more to say to you!

WORF

No. I want to discuss this decision of yours. Are you sure that you have thought this through? Are you sure that this is what you want to do?

Alexander tries to shake Worf off of himself.

ALEXANDER

Let go of me!

WORF

Not until we talk about this! Perhaps ...  
(trying desperately to think of something to say)  
... perhaps if we talk about this, I can understand why you wish to undergo this treatment.

Alexander once again tries to pull away, but Worf doesn't let go.

ALEXANDER

(growling)  
I said ... let me go!

WORF

Please! I merely want to...

Alexander doesn't give Worf the chance to finish. With a burst of strength, he breaks Worf's grip. With a snarl, he turns and punches Worf across the jaw several times, finally clubbing Worf over the head. Worf falls backwards, staring at Alexander, stunned. Alexander takes another step forward,

almost as if he's about to launch into another attack. But then, he realizes what he's done. The ferocious look on his face dissolves into one of grief.

ALEXANDER

(almost sobbing)

Just leave me alone!

With that, Alexander turns and dashes out of the quarters. Dax helps Worf to his feet. Worf wipes away some of the blood from the corner of his mouth and looks at it in shock.

DAX

Are you all right?

Worf nods, collapsing in his chair.

DAX

I'll go try and talk to him, Worf. It would appear that you bring out the worst in him.

Worf doesn't comment but nods mutely. Dax pats him gently on the shoulder and leaves the quarters.

16 INT. QUARK'S

Quark is seated in front of his computer terminal, staring at it blankly. He pulls out the strip of latinum Keldar gave him and looks it over, as if torn. Rom approaches him from behind, not sure of what Quark is doing.

ROM

Brother?

Quark jumps, startled. He whips around angrily.

QUARK

How many times have I told you not to sneak up on me like that?

Rom smiles sheepishly.

ROM

Sorry. You wanted to see me?

Quark nods and motions towards the computer terminal.

QUARK

I'm having trouble accessing the subspace communications array. I thought maybe there was a loose connection.

Rom quickly comes around the bar and looks over the terminal. He opens up a panel and starts to fiddle with it.

ROM

There might be. We've been having some problems with the primary array. I'll see if I can get you switched over to the secondary array.

Quark nods to himself and steps over to the bar, filling a glass. Rom starts to fiddle with the components inside the panel, then pauses for a second.

ROM

Who are you trying to contact?

QUARK

None of your business.

ROM

It's not about Father is it?

Quark quickly shakes his head, but it's obvious that he's lying. Rom stands up and points at Quark accusingly.

ROM

Yes it is! You're going to turn him in to the FCA, aren't you! You're hoping that you can curry some favor with them!

Quark shakes his head, trying to keep things under control.

QUARK

Nonsense, Quark. Where would the profit be in that? Besides, Brunt would probably use Father to take away my license again. I'm not going to turn Father in to the FCA.

ROM

Do you promise?

Quark places his hand over his heart, holding the other one up in pledge.

QUARK

I promise.

Rom considers this for a second, then turns and finishes the adjustment in the panel. He turns and gives Rom a satisfied smile.

ROM

That should do it.

QUARK

Thank you.

Rom shuffles off. Quark makes sure that Rom is out of sight before he turns back to the computer terminal.

QUARK

I won't report him to the FCA. Just Federation Customs.

Quark keys on the terminal.

#### ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

17 INT. ALEXANDER'S GUEST QUARTERS

Alexander is packing his bags. It looks as if he is on the verge of tears. Suddenly, the door chimes. It startles him slightly, but he recovers and throws some of his clothing down on the bed in frustration.

ALEXANDER

Go away, Father. We have nothing left to say to each other.

DAX (o.s.)

It's Jadzia!

Alexander rolls his eyes.

ALEXANDER

(to himself)

That's just as bad.

(yelling)

You can go away as well.

DAX (o.s.)

I'm not leaving until we talk! And I'll follow you down to Bajor if I have to!

Alexander sighs and throws the clothing down.

ALEXANDER

Fine! Come in!

Dax enters. She looks at Alexander's attempt at packing and raises a brow.

DAX

I take it you're leaving soon.

ALEXANDER

There's a shuttle to Bajor arriving at the station in two hours. I intend to be on it. And my mind is made up. Nothing you can say will change my mind!

DAX

Just like that?

ALEXANDER

Just like that.

DAX

Without telling us the real reason why?

Alexander stops and looks at Dax condescendingly.

ALEXANDER

I don't believe I have to tell you anything.

Dax crosses her arms and smiles sweetly.

DAX

Humor me.

ALEXANDER

I've told you already!

Alexander continues to pack his bags.

ALEXANDER (cont.)

I don't feel like a Klingon! If I don't feel like one, why should I look like one? Now if you'll excuse me...

Suddenly, Dax grabs Alexander by the arm and whips him around, staring intensely into his eyes. Alexander is startled and almost fights back. Dax quickly subdues him and forces him to sit down.

DAX

That is a lie and you know it. Something is going on here, Alexander! Something that you are not telling us, and I want to know what it is!

Alexander stares at Dax in silent defiance. Dax finally shrugs at him.

DAX

Okay. Let's see here. You're almost to the age where you would shed Firstblood. So that means ...

(a look of realization spreads on her face)

... you're entering puberty.

Alexander stands up and continues to pack. Dax starts to follow him.

DAX

That's why you attacked Worf! You're becoming more and more aggressive with each passing day. You're becoming a true Klingon!

Alexander whirls on Dax, throwing down his bag. He charges her, snarling. Dax tenses, expecting an attack. Instead, Alexander stops mere inches from her face, yelling:

ALEXANDER

No! I don't want to be a Klingon! Klingons are ... violent! They can't be trusted! They enjoy killing people and hurting them! They revel in blood and in pain! They say that they're all for honor, but ... but ...  
(Alexander is breaking down)  
They kill innocent people! They invaded Cardassia for no reason ... they ...  
he ...

Alexander is crying. Dax can only stand there and watch him fall apart.

ALEXANDER (cont.)

He ... killed my mother. Duras ... a "true" Klingon, and he killed my mother in cold blood! All because ... because he thought she could ruin his chances for the High Council. And he reveled in it! He was proud that he did it ... and when I think that I might ...

A look of realization spreads across Dax's face. She takes Alexander into her arms, holding him gently as he cries.

DAX

Alexander ... are you worried that you'll turn out like Duras if you stay a Klingon?

Alexander weakly nods.

DAX

You know that's not true. Look at your Father. He is a truly honorable man and has always followed that sense of honor. Or your Uncle Kurn, or General Martock. Not all Klingons are like Duras. As a matter of fact, hardly any of them are! You are becoming part of a truly noble race and you shouldn't be ashamed of it because of one man.

She looks into Alexander's eyes.

DAX (cont.)

You will be honorable, Alexander, son of Worf. And you will make your mother proud.



Dax holds Alexander close and now lets him cry.

18 INT. QUARK'S

Quark is looking over a massive crystal with some sort of a scanner when a balding man in his sixties enters the bar and looks around, scrutinizing the bar carefully. He looks over and sees Quark and crosses over to him.

MAN

Are you Quark?

Quark doesn't look up from the crystal.

QUARK

That's me. Who are you?

MAN

Paul Wallace, Federation Customs.

Quark looks up in surprise. He glances at the computer terminal and then back at Wallace.

QUARK

That was quick. I contacted your office only three hours ago!

WALLACE

I know. I was already on my way to Deep Space Nine when my office received your communique.

QUARK

You were?

WALLACE

Yes. I had been receiving rumors that someone on this station was smuggling Talosian Fire Crystals into the sector.

Quark's eyes go wide slightly. He very carefully takes the crystal he was looking at and places it behind the bar surreptitiously when Wallace isn't looking.

WALLACE (cont.)

But this lead you have intrigued me. Do you know who I am?

Quark frowns, confused.

QUARK

You mean besides Paul Wallace of Federation Customs?

Wallace leans across the bar.

WALLACE

Thirty years ago, I was the lead investigator on the Borantin Circle case. I dedicated my entire life to this case. My marriage broke up because of it, I never saw my kids, but I felt that I had to break that case. I came so close so many times ... but all for naught. My best lead dried up twenty years ago, and my job spiraled out of control.

QUARK

So what did you have on them?

Wallace shrugs.

WALLACE

Not much. We knew that the person who made the arrangements for the transfers was a Ferengi. We were close to uncovering who he was when the leads dried up. We haven't heard anything about them until you contacted us. What do you have?

Quark smiles at Wallace condescendingly.

QUARK

Come now, Mr. Wallace. You don't expect me to tell you what I know unless I see the latinum first, do you? I'm not saying that I don't trust you. But, the Twelfth Rule of Acquisition says "Anything worth doing is worth doing for money." Let's see it.

Wallace purses his lips, but pulls out a PADD. He scoots it across the bar to Quark. Quark picks it up and looks at it. As he does, Keldar steps into the bar. The smile on Keldar's face dies when he sees Wallace seated at the bar and he quickly ducks into the shadows.

WALLACE

As promised, five hundred bars. All I need  
is your thumb scan ... and a name.

Quark gasps slightly at what he sees, then firmly plants his thumb on the PADD. There is a soft chirping sound.

QUARK

Keldar, my father, was the person you almost  
caught twenty years ago. He was one of  
the founding members of the Borantin Circle.

Wallace claps his hands together, excited.

WALLACE

Keldar! I thought so...  
(he frowns)  
... but your father died.

Quark shakes his head, still staring at the figure on the PADD.

QUARK

No, he faked his death to get away from you.  
He's actually on the station now.

Wallace looks around the bar, then smiles to himself.

WALLACE

(to himself)  
Excellent.  
(to Quark)  
Thank you, Quark. You have been a great help.  
And if you find out who is smuggling those  
Talosian Fire Crystals, let me know!

QUARK

I'll keep my eye out for him.

Wallace stands and leaves the bar. Quark smiles and picks up the crystal again, running the scanner over it. As soon as Wallace has cleared the door, Keldar emerges from the shadows and slowly advances on Quark.

KELDAR

Tell me, Quark. What was Paul Wallace of  
Federation Customs doing here?

Quark jumps, startled by Keldar's sudden appearance. He looks out the door.

QUARK

Father! What a ... a surprise! I was just about to contact you!

KELDAR

Why? So you could betray me to the Federation? How much did they pay you, Quark? Thirty pieces of silver?

Quark stares at Keldar blankly. Keldar laughs.

KELDAR

Oh, of course! You wouldn't understand that since you're not interested in finding inner peace! Well, I spent some time with human monks on Earth. They told me the story of a man named Judas who betrayed his teacher for a mere thirty pieces of silver! I hope you got a better price for me!

QUARK

Father, I did what I thought was best.

KELDAR

Best for you, maybe! Oh, let me guess. You'll probably spout some Rules of Acquisition to justify what you did. Let's see here ... there's the 22nd, "Ambition knows no family." Or the 89th, "If it gets you profit, sell your own mother."

It looks like Quark is about to correct Keldar yet again, but the elderly Ferengi explodes at him.

KELDAR

And don't even bother trying to correct me because I don't care if I screwed up those stupid Rules!

Quark has recovered from his initial shock and glares at Keldar defiantly.

QUARK

It doesn't matter anyway. I did what any Ferengi would have done. I saw the opportunity, and I took it! I'm sorry if you can't see that, but I can!

Keldar laughs to himself.

KELDAR

Has it ever occurred to you that maybe you're not a true Ferengi at all, but that I am?

Quark looks at Keldar, thoroughly confused.

QUARK

What?

KELDAR

Has it ever occurred to you that maybe you're the freak in this family, Quark? After all, Rom, Moogi, and myself aren't "true Ferengi," at least we aren't according to you! So maybe, just maybe, the problem isn't with our priorities, it's with yours!

Quark stares at Keldar in shock. Keldar pushes away from the bar and starts for the door.

KELDAR

Now if you'll excuse me, I think I'll go have my Pa read. It looks like this might be the only opportunity I'm going to have for a long, long time.

Keldar storms out of the bar. Quark starts after him, the expression on his face making it clear that he's finally realizing what he's done and whom he has hurt. Quark finally stops, turns back to the bar, and looks at the PADD that Wallace left. Quark grumbles to himself and knocks it off the bar. He sits there, dejected, when Worf stumbles through the door, holding an empty Klingon bottle. Worf leans up against the bar. Quark doesn't even look at him.

QUARK

Let me guess. Prune juice.

WORF

(harshly)

No. Fire wine!

Quark looks up at Worf in surprise, but the look on Worf's face makes it clear that Quark should not comment about the request. Quark quickly gets the appropriate bottle and a glass, pouring some of the liquid into the glass. Worf reaches over and grabs the bottle. Before Quark can protest, Worf guzzles directly from it.

QUARK

I'll put that on your bill.

WORF

I'm in no mood to joke, Ferengi!

QUARK

Who's joking? I hope there is some occasion for this. Celebrating the return of your son?

WORF

(bitterly)

I have no son.

Quark laughs to himself.

QUARK

I bet my father wishes that right now.

Worf takes another drink from the bottle, not really paying attention to Quark. That's fine, since Quark really isn't listening to Worf either. They both talk at each other, not bothering to listen to what the other is saying.

WORF

I just don't understand Alexander. I have done my best with him.

QUARK

I thought I was doing what was best. After all, he's no Ferengi.

WORF

But he is a Klingon! He should understand why this is important!

QUARK

I thought that he would understand why I did what I did. Maybe even give me his blessing.

WORF

There is no way I can condone what he is doing.  
It is wrong!

QUARK

Now I'm thinking that contacting the Federation  
was wrong. After all, he is my father.

WORF

He is my son! He will listen to me!

QUARK

The problem is, he won't listen to me now.  
I've ruined my only chance to talk to him.

WORF

Talking to him hasn't worked. And now I'm  
afraid it's too late.

QUARK

Maybe it isn't too late. Maybe there's a way  
that I can save him from the Federation.

WORF

Perhaps I can still stop him from going through  
with this. Yes! I will go and demand that  
he listen to me and forget about this! After  
all, I am his father!

QUARK

And why shouldn't I? I'm his son!

Worf stands up, slamming the bottle down on the bar with resolve. He storms out of the bar, looking as if he's going to hurt someone. Quark waves after him.

QUARK

Nice talking to you!

19 EXT. PROMENADE

Dax and Alexander are walking down the Promenade, laughing together like old friends. Alexander has recovered from his emotional outburst and, for the first time since coming onto the station, is enjoying himself. Worf staggers out of the bar. When Dax sees him, her face lights up. She grabs Alexander by the arm and pulls him towards Worf. Although Alexander follows, it is clear he is still

somewhat reluctant to face his father.

DAX

Worf! We've been looking for you! Alexander has something to say to you!

Dax pushes Alexander forward. He doesn't look Worf in the face but stares at Worf's boots instead, fighting to find the right words to say. Before Alexander can even start, Worf cuts him off.

WORF

And I have something to say to him.

Alexander looks up, hopeful. His hopes, however, die when Worf sucks in a harsh breath.

WORF

You are a coward! You think that you can run from your problems by turning off your Klingon genes. The problem is not with them but with you. You do not wish to face that, however.

Dax tries to push Worf away from Alexander so she can try and calm him, but Worf side-steps her and crosses to Alexander, thumping a finger into his chest.

WORF

You don't deserve to be a Klingon. A Klingon isn't ashamed of his heritage! He revels in it and is proud of what he is! You never have been, so now you want to wear your shame like a mask!

DAX

(from behind Worf)  
Worf, I think maybe...

Worf shakes her off. Alexander's face has gone cold and he stares Worf in the eye defiantly.

WORF (cont.)

Go ahead! Run off to Bajor and become a mere human! I suppose you never were a Klingon in the first place!

Alexander stares at Worf in mute rage. Finally, he turns and leaves Worf rapidly. Dax steps around from behind Worf and calls after him.



DAX

Alexander, where are you going?

Alexander pauses and turns back to her. While he is addressing Dax, he is staring at Worf with accusing, hurt eyes.

ALEXANDER

That transport to Bajor is docking in a half hour. It looks like I'll be on it after all. I don't have any reason not to. I guess I'm not really a Klingon.

Alexander turns on his heel and continues down the Promenade. Dax takes a few steps after him, but realizes that it's too late to catch up with him. Finally, she turns on Worf, who is (barely) standing there, a somewhat triumphant look on his face. She crosses over and stands toe to toe with him, anger flashing in her eyes.

DAX

I hope you're satisfied, Worf.

WORF

What does it matter? I proved my point. He is a coward.

Dax shakes her head, amazed.

DAX

No, he's not! He was about to do one of the bravest things possible for a boy his age: he was coming to admit he was wrong! If anyone was a coward here, Worf, it was you. I just hope you can live without your son.

With that, Dax takes off, leaving Worf to stand there, realizing what he's done.

## ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

20 INT. QUARK'S

Quark is pacing nervously behind his bar. Finally, Wallace walks into the bar and sits down. He smiles at Quark eagerly.

WALLACE

So, are you ready to turn over your father yet?

Quark grits his teeth. This is obviously difficult for him.

QUARK

Not ... not exactly.

WALLACE

What's the problem?

Quark pulls out the PADD. He looks at it, hesitating for a moment, but then places it on the bar and slides it across to him.

QUARK

I've decided to return the reward.

Wallace frowns, confused. He picks up the PADD and looks at it. His eyes go wide in surprise.

WALLACE

There's an extra two-hundred bars of latinum on here!

QUARK

Consider that interest on the money. Why, you could use it to take a vacation. You are, after all, a very busy man, and I'm sure that a few weeks on Risa could help you forget that I even talked to you...

Wallace sits back in his chair, nodding his head thoughtfully.

WALLACE

If I didn't know better, I would think that you're trying to bribe me, Quark.

Quark feigns shocked indignation.

QUARK

Whatever do you mean?

WALLACE

Now, I can understand where you're coming from. You're a little hesitant about turning in your own father. That can't be easy. I must admit, I think it's admirable. After all, most Ferengi wouldn't think twice about betraying a member of their family for half this amount of latinum.

Quark laughs and shrugs good-naturedly.

QUARK

I guess I'm just an above average kind of guy.

WALLACE

Of course you are! But you know what?

Wallace motions for Quark to lean across the bar.

WALLACE

(whispering)

I was just an average guy once. Had what I thought was the perfect life. But then ... the Borantin Circle entered my life. Because of your father and his associates, my average life was ruined. So if you think I'm going to let your father get away ...

(he's yelling now)

... you can forget it!

Wallace stands up.

WALLACE

Thank you but no, Mr. Quark. And if you see your father soon, tell him he can keep hiding from me if he wants. I've alerted station security to look for him. As of now, there are no ships leaving the station. We also have the shields up to prevent his beaming out. It's only a matter of time.

Wallace turns and leaves the bar. He bumps into Rom on his way out. Rom watches him go, then

turns and walks over to Quark.

ROM

He didn't take the bribe?

QUARK

Not surprisingly. He's like any security officer: not interested in a fair bribe.

ROM

So now what?

QUARK

I don't know.

(pause)

How is Father?

Rom shrugs, looking around for hidden spies.

ROM

Fine, I suppose. He's getting sick of hiding in cargo bay three.

QUARK

He won't have to wait long. It won't be long before Wallace finds him. We need to get Father off of the station *and* convince Wallace to stop searching for him.

NUMOR (o.s.)

Will you need help?

Quark and Rom turn in surprise to see Vedick Numor standing in the doorway. Quark smiles and steps toward him.

QUARK

Vedick Numor. I would think that entering my bar would violate your sense of purity. And you're willing to help my father escape when you know he's guilty?

NUMOR

We all must make sacrifices to help our friends. Besides, your father has spent years repenting of his crimes. He has paid for them as far as I am concerned.

ROM

So what do we do? Wallace knows that Father is alive and on the station. You told him that, brother...

Quark's eyes light up as an idea strikes him.

QUARK

That's right. But I'm the only one who has told him that. Rom, Father stayed with you, right?

Rom nods, not sure where this is going.

QUARK

So there isn't any record of him staying in a room. The only proof he has that Father was even here is my word. The only other person who has seen him and knows who he is besides the three of us is Odo, and he's on Bajor right now at that conference.

NUMOR

What are you getting at?

QUARK

Who's to say that I'm telling the truth?

Maybe ...

(his face brightens even more as  
the pieces start to fall into  
place)

... maybe I was having a religious experience.

Numor also begins to smile, finally catching on.

21 INT. WORF'S QUARTERS

Worf is seated in his chair, holding the dagger that Alexander returned to him. The door chimes. He says nothing. The door chimes again. And again. Finally, the doors open and Dax steps inside.

DAX

You haven't been drinking more fire wine, have you?

Worf still says nothing. Dax grits her teeth slightly and sits down next to him.

WORF

(quietly)  
He's gone. I've lost him.

DAX

Maybe not. He was about to tell you that he had decided not to undergo the procedure. Maybe he cooled off on the shuttle...

WORF

(interrupting)  
No. I contacted Dr. Humil's facility. Alexander underwent the first batch of genetic restructuring two hours ago. Within two days, he will be a human.

Dax places a comforting arm around Worf, who barely responds.

WORF

He was all that I had left. He was the only family I had. I've lost K'Ehleyr, Kurn, my father. Alexander was it. And I've lost him. I am no longer a Klingon.

Worf seems to break down. He's not exactly crying, but it is clear that he can no longer talk due to grief. Dax pulls him in close, trying to comfort him.

22 INT. A CORRIDOR

Rom walks through the corridor, carrying a tool kit. He smiles and waves at several of the passersby,

but that is a poor cover for his nervousness. Finally, he reaches a panel on the wall and pries it open. As he digs through his tool kit, he slaps his comm badge.

ROM

Rom to Ops.

23 INT. OPS

Sisko looks up from one of the computer panels.

SISKO

Go ahead, Rom.

24 INT. THE CORRIDOR

Rom begins to work on the power conduits he has exposed.

ROM

Captain, I need to do some repairs on level seven. I may accidentally disrupt the power to some non-vital systems, but I will do my best to avoid that.

SISKO (v.o.)

Please do, Mr. Rom. Ops out.

Rom sucks in a deep breath and continues to work.

ROM

Let's hope that this works.

There is a small flash of light inside the panel, which causes Rom to smile. He once again slaps his comm badge.

ROM

Rom to Quark.

25 INT. QUARK'S

Quark stands behind the bar.

ROM (v.o.)

I've disrupted the power to the shields. You have about five minutes.

QUARK

Thank you, Rom.

Quark turns and waves to Numor, who motions to someone else on the Promenade. Quark immediately turns and hurries over to Wallace, who is scrutinizing one of the Ferengi waiters carefully. He looks up at Quark.

QUARK

Mr. Wallace! Come quick! I'll take you to my father!

Wallace smiles pleasantly.

WALLACE

I'm glad to see you've decided to cooperate!

Quark latches on to Wallace's arm and drags him to the door. he points out the door. Wallace looks out and sees Keldar shuffling towards the temple, dressed in a Bajoran Vedick's robes. Keldar turns and looks at Wallace. His eyes go wide and he hurries through the temple's door. Wallace frowns.

WALLACE

Your father is a Vedick?

Quark continues to pull at Wallace's arm, dragging him from the bar and over to the temple. They quickly dash through the door.

26 INT. THE TEMPLE

Quark stops short, allowing Wallace to step forward. Keldar apparently stands in the middle of the worship area, facing the altar. Quark looks around the temple, almost vacuously. Wallace cockily walks up to Keldar, smiling in ecstatic triumph.

WALLACE

Finally. After all these years, I will finally vindicate myself! Keldar, you are under arrest!



Wallace places a hand on his victim's shoulder. The Vedick turns, but instead of Keldar, he is a Bajoran. Wallace recoils in shock.

WALLACE

Who are you?

Wallace turns to Quark, who is still looking around the temple, as if in a daze.

WALLACE

What is going on here?

NUMOR (o.s.)

Quark?

Wallace turns and looks at Numor, who stands in the temple's doorway. Numor steps forward and takes Quark by the arm.

NUMOR

Quark, what have you done?

QUARK

(distantly and sing-song)

I brought this nice man to see Father.

Numor sighs sadly and shakes his head. Wallace steps forward, staring at Quark incredulously.

WALLACE

What's going on?

NUMOR

It's rather sad, really. About two months ago, Quark came to me to have his Pa read. In the process, he started having visions of his father.

Wallace looks at Quark in surprise.

WALLACE

What?

NUMOR

Apparently Quark was experiencing some guilt about what happened to his father, so we had him exposed to the Orb of Wisdom. That did not help. He has been having Shadow Experiences and has been seeing his father almost every day. He is in need of help. I'm sorry you were drawn into this, Mr. Wallace.

Numor tries to help Quark away, but Wallace stops him.

WALLACE

Wait a minute! I saw Keldar coming into this temple!

NUMOR

No, you did not, Mr. Wallace. As you can see, Quark is the only Ferengi in here.

WALLACE

(insistently)

But I saw him!

NUMOR

It has been known to happen that people who are having Shadow Experiences will project them to the people around them. Quark must have been suffering from one and accidentally projected it to you. This phenomena is well documented, Mr. Wallace.

Wallace stares at Quark, who still looks out of it. Finally, he chokes back a small sob and turns, leaving the temple. Numor turns back to Quark, who flashes the briefest of smiles to the Vedick before continuing on his way.

27 INT. SSKO'S OFFICE

Sisko is seated behind his desk when Quark walks in.

QUARK

You wanted to see me, Captain?

SISKO

I'm so glad to see that you've recovered from your Shadow Experience, Quark.

QUARK

It was difficult, sir, but I think I have it licked.

Sisko stares at Quark unwaveringly, making it clear that he's not buying it for a second. He picks up a PADD and shows it to Quark.

SISKO

I was just reviewing the station log for that hour. Do you know what I find interesting?

Quark shrugs nonchalantly. Sisko never takes his eyes off of him, but stands and crosses around the desk.

SISKO

Right before you had that dreadful Shadow Experience, your brother "accidentally" caused the shields to drop. At the same time, a shuttle from Bajor approached the station, beamed someone out of the temple, and then left rather quickly. A few seconds later, the shields were raised. Now, how much do you want to bet that your "Shadow Experience" is hiding on Bajor even as we speak?

Quark gives Sisko an indignant look.

QUARK

I am surprised you can mock what is obviously a very personal religious experience, Captain! You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

SISKO

And you ought to be locked up for helping your father escape. But then, you have Vedick Numor swearing to your version of the story, don't you? And Vedick Numor would never lie, would he?

Quark shrugs.

QUARK

I guess that comes with the robes.

SISKO

Then I guess we have nothing else to say to each other.

Quark turns to leave. Sisko starts back towards his desk but pauses momentarily.

SISKO

And Quark?

Quark stops and turns around, expecting the worst.

SISKO

I would have done the same for my father.

Quark smiles and leaves the office.

28 INT. PROMENADE

Several days have passed. Worf and Dax are standing by Quark's, waiting anxiously.

DAX

And Alexander didn't say why he wanted you to meet him?

WORF

No. I was surprised to get his message yesterday saying that he was returning to see me and show me what he did. He said that I should meet him here.

Worf and Dax begin to scan the crowd.

29 INT. PROMENADE

An hour has passed. Worf is looking extremely disappointed. He starts to leave, with Dax following behind him.

ALEXANDER (o.s.)

Father?

Worf turns and stops short at what he sees. Alexander stands before him, but rather than looking human, he looks relatively the same. If anything, he appears to be even more Klingon. Alexander flashes him a satisfied smirk.

ALEXANDER

Well?

Worf seems to be at a loss for words. He finally manages to spit something out.

WORF

I thought you underwent the process!

ALEXANDER

I did. On the way down to Bajor, I thought about what you said. I realized that I was being a coward, and if there's one thing that the ex-House of Mogh isn't, it's cowards. I decided to face my worst fear and have Dr. Humil make my human genes recessive. Now I am a true Klingon!

To prove his point, Alexander walks forward, grabs Worf by the shoulders, and slams his head into Worf's. Worf is startled, but then smiles, and then laughs.

30 INT. DOCKING RING

Alexander, Worf, and Dax are walking towards the airlock together. Alexander and Worf are both smiling, acting for the first time as a family.

DAX

It's a shame that you can't stay longer,  
Alexander. I would love to get to know you  
better.

ALEXANDER

I know. But I have a lot of catching up to  
do. I've been denying my heritage for so  
long, I hardly know where to start.

WORF

Well, Borath is the place to go. The monks  
there will help teach you what it means to  
be a true Klingon.

ALEXANDER

They won't have to teach me much. I've had  
a great role model.

Worf smiles, pleased at the compliment. Alexander hugs Worf tightly and starts for the shuttle. Worf and Dax watch him enter. At the same time, Quark and Keldar are approaching the airlock from the other direction.

KELDAR

Thank you for helping me, Quark. I'm glad to  
see that there's more to you than just profit.

QUARK

Oh, come now! I still made a profit on all  
of this! Wallace left the station so quickly,  
he never asked for the reward money back!

Keldar and Quark laugh. The laughing dies and they look at each other warmly. Finally, Keldar hugs Quark, who is more than happy to hug him back.

QUARK

So, where are you headed? Back to Vulcan?

Keldar laughs to himself.

KELDAR

Why would I want to go there again? It's so hot and dry. Besides, what about the 79th Rule of Acquisition? "Beware of the Vulcan greed for knowledge."

Quark looks like he's about to correct him again, but stops when he realizes that for once, Keldar got it right. He looks at Keldar in surprise, who merely smiles.

KELDAR

No, it's off to Borath for me.

Quark looks at Keldar in complete shock. Keldar nods.

KELDAR

You think you're surprised! You should have seen the look on that Klingon monk's face when I contacted him to tell him that I wanted to have a vision of Kahless!

Keldar laughs again, but finally pats Quark on the shoulder.

KELDAR

Take care of yourself, son. I'm proud of what you are. And if you're ever bored, come with me for a while. You might be surprised.

Quark nods.

QUARK

(sincerely)  
I'll think about it.

Keldar turns and steps into the airlock. Quark walks past the opening, waving, until he stops next to Worf and Dax. In a burst of exuberance, Quark throws his arms around Dax and Worf, hugging them both.

QUARK

Isn't it great to see our families together again?

Worf doesn't say anything, but looks down at Quark and growls at him. Quark immediately

withdraws his hand. Worf turns and walks down the hall, Dax following him. Quark finally rolls his eyes.

QUARK

(to himself)

I'm glad to see everything's back to normal!

That being said, Quark shakes his head and heads away from the airlock.