

Revenge ... It's For Dinner

CAST

Hauk – Mike Tripp
G'Hargh – Mike Coleman
Korrath – Mike Medeiros
DeyviD – David Holquin
Karn – Alan Clifton
Sskald – Ross Bullock
K'ahless The Unforgiving – Mike Tripp
Head Chef 1 - Adrienne
Transporter Officer 1 - Sunseahl
Transporter Officer 2 - Zadok
Head Chef 2– Gorn Chef - Xander
Ba'el - Risa

OPENING SCENE: G'Hargh arrives at Gates of Sto'vo'kor with Karn in tow.

1. G'Hargh: *<very irritated>* Where is Hauk? ... He owes me something.
2. Sskald: What is the matter, G'Hargh?
3. Korrath: What could Hauk possibly owe you? He hardly tolerates you as it is.
4. G'Hargh: It is a matter of honor ... and of compensation.
5. Deyvid: Honor and Compensation? Neither seems to go together well.
6. Karn: You do not know the half of it yet.
7. Korrath: I recognize that look on your face Karn. You know something about what is going on here, don't you?
8. Karn: I do, but it is not my place to speak of it right now.
9. Sskald: There is Hauk. ... He's coming this way.

<footsteps across the bar>

1. G'Hargh: *<irritation, possible threat implied in tone>* You're late. We had agreed to meet here a half hour ago. Did you bring it?
2. Hauk: Yes. Yes. I have it. ... Just as we discussed. ... But what is *he* doing here?
3. Karn: I am here by G'hargh's request. He wanted to use my unique skills to ...
4. G'Hargh: *(interrupting)* I asked him to verify the authenticity of the object. With what you have done, I must be certain that you are not trying to pull a fast one on me.
5. Korrath: What are you two up to?
6. DeyviD: I **must** admit you have piqued my curiosity.
7. G'Hargh: I will let HIM tell this one since it was his actions that had brought us to this point. Besides, I am thirsty. *<Bangs table>* Bartender, bring us all bloodwine and put it on Hauk's tab.
8. Sskald: Make mine a Merridor.
9. G'hargh: Hauk, consider it interest on the debt you are repaying.
10. Hauk: (annoyed) Must I remind you that I am not the one that started this, G'hargh. I just

finished it.

11. G'hargh: I was completely within my rights.
12. Deyvid: No more stalling. Let's get on with it already! You're starting to try my patience.
13. Sskald: Mammals ... All of this useless posturing is for what exactly?
14. Korraath: I hate to say it, but I agree with Deyvid and Sskald. Get on with the story already ... and it better be good.
15. Hauk: *<growls in irritation>* It concerns a chef who had some skill in the kitchen ...

END SCENE

NEW SCENE: Captain's Ready Room aboard the I.K.S. QuIn 'an bortaS

1. Hauk: Computer Begin recording! *<insert computer beep>* I have just learned more information regarding the death of my sister's son. Koragh was a master chef, and skilled in the culinary arts. He served as head chef aboard the I.K.S. To'fe Heq, G'hargh's ship, where he was known as 'Cookie.' Although his skills as a warrior were unimpressive, there were few who could best him when it came to the proper preparation of a good meal. What disturbs me is that although I do not believe him to be without fault in this incident, the shame and subsequent dishonor his death brought to the House of Rha should have fallen more firmly on the shoulders of another ...

<sound of a door chime interrupts the recording>

1. Hauk: Computer, halt recording. *<acknowledging beep>* Enter!
2. K'ahless: You asked to see me, General?
3. Hauk: K'ahless, you have always served me well and demonstrated your loyalty to our House on multiple occasions.
4. K'ahless: You gave me a home and a purpose when my Pride wrongfully cast me out. It is the least I can do to serve you, General, and your house to the best of my ability.
5. Hauk: I have an important mission that requires someone with your unique skills. If successful, you just might have finally earned that starship you've always wanted.
6. K'ahless: A command of my own? As you know, I live to serve the House of Rha. ...
7. Hauk: Your loyalty has never been in doubt, my friend.
8. K'ahless: Ask what you will and I will strive to upturn the heavens themselves to achieve it.
9. Hauk: Of that, I have no doubt either.
10. K'ahless: What will you have me do, General?
11. Hauk: Reports have reached me that a cold-blooded *nuch* is responsible for the death of my nephew. *<fist pounds table>*
12. K'ahless: Have you discovered what happened to Cookie?
13. Hauk: I have and it is time for this debt to be settled. His death **MUST** be avenged!
14. K'ahless: I promise you, General. ... This *nuch* will not live to see many more days and will suffer for his actions against our House.
15. Hauk: Good.
16. K'ahless: What information do you have that will help me in ... dispatching ... this *boqrat*?

17. Hauk: *<sound of padd sliding across a desk>* That padd contains all that we know about the I.K.S. To'fe Heq, the petaQ responsible for Koragh's death and those you are likely to encounter. You will also find information on how to contact a member of that ship's crew who will smuggle you on and off the ship when it docks at the shipyards in orbit of Qo'noS. And above all else, avoid G'hargh – he knows you and will suspect something is amiss if he finds you aboard his vessel.
18. K'ahless: Yes, my General. Consider it done.
19. Hauk: And one last thing ...
20. K'ahless: Yes General?
21. Hauk: Make sure to stop by our ship's galley as there are a few things I want you to pick up and take with you. (laughs)
22. K'ahless: Sir?
23. Hauk: Our chef will fill you in on the details. You better get going. The I.K.S. To'fe Heq will be leaving space dock soon and I need you back here before it does.
24. K'ahless: As you command.

END SCENE

NEW SCENE: Kitchen aboard I.K.S. QuIn 'an bortaS

<<sounds of kitchen noises, pots and pans banging, meal prep and several tribbles cooing in the background>>

1. Head Chef 1: There there, my pretties. ... I promise this will hurt only for a moment.

<<sounds of squealing tribbles mixed with numerous sounds of them being tossed on the grill ... sizzling sounds and fire spitting like from fresh burgers tossed over an open flame. The squealing grows louder, more frantic and then comes to a stop.>>

1. Head Chef 1: (laughs) I told you it would only hurt for a moment.

<< The door to the galley opens. K'ahless walks in.>>

1. K'ahless: What is that smell?? *<a lionish growl>* It stinks more than usual.
2. Head Chef 1: Yes, it does ... but only for a moment. Once the hair has burned off, the smell disappears and it will be replaced with the sweet smell of BBQ'd tribble.

<more sounds of Tribbles screeching as more are thrown on the grill.>

1. K'ahless: You cook them alive?
2. Head Chef 1: Do they deserve better?
3. K'ahless: I guess not.
4. Head Chef 1: Besides, it is the adrenaline produced in their last few moments of life that gives true barbequed tribbles their unique flavor.
5. K'ahless: So that is the secret to their goodness?
6. Head Chef 1: *One* of the secrets in the recipe. The others I will take with me to my grave.
7. K'ahless: If you say so, but it's a shame to lose this delicious dish upon your death.
8. Head Chef 1: Flattery will only get you a second helping, and not my secret recipe. (*changing*

the subject) So, what brings you to the kitchens, K'ahless?

9. K'ahless: General Hawk sent me here. He said you had something for me.
10. Head Chef 1: Ahhh. *<evil laugh>* So, you are here for "the message" he had me prepare just for the occasion. *<additional sounds of more tribbles being added to the fire of the grill>* It is almost ready.
11. K'ahless: I am on a tight schedule.
12. Head Chef 1: You can't rush something as important as this. It's a matter of ... honor.
13. K'ahless: *(unhappy with the delay.)* Fine.
14. Head Chef 1: If you don't mind watching the BBQ'd tribbles, I'll be able to take care of it faster.
15. K'ahless: But I'm not a cook.
16. Head Chef 1: You'll do fine. All you have to do is flip them over in about a minute. Start with this one here and then go around the grill clock-wise.
17. K'ahless: Hurry up.

<The Head Chef leaves K'ahless at the grill. The Head Chef goes to the back. The sound of tribbles squealing is heard distantly. He flips the BBQ'd tribbles over and they begin sizzling again loudly. The Head Chef comes back.>

1. Head Chef 1: Looking good there. Here, I'll trade you.
K'ahless: What's in the bag?
2. Head Chef 1: Just a few odds and ends you'll need on this mission. *<tribbles squeal>*
3. K'ahless: Tribbles?
4. Head Chef 1: Among other things. There's also a padd in there with the recipe General Hawk requires you to follow. Be sure to follow the directions precisely. The House of Rha's honor is at stake.
5. K'ahless: Don't worry. I'll do my part.
6. Head Chef 1: Now, get out of here. You're getting hair all over my BBQ'd tribbles.

END SCENE

NEW SCENE: Transporter room aboard I.K.S. To'fe Heq. The Bek at the transporter controls is napping. Snoring is heard until a communicator chirps.

1. Transporter Officer 1: *(sound asleep and snoring loudly.)*

<sound of communicator chirp>

1. Transporter Officer 1: *(waking up)* Wh—Wha—What?

<a second chirp from the communicator>

1. Transporter Officer 1: Who would be beaming aboard at this time of night?

<opens the channel>

1. Transporter Officer 1: What do you want?
2. Transporter Officer 2: *(over a com. Channel)* This is First City Transporter Station 3 to I.K.S. To'fe Heq. We have a Bekk down here who says he is your new chef's assistant.
3. Transporter Officer 1: *(speaking to himself)* And, I thought he wasn't coming.
4. Transporter Officer 2: *(over a com channel)* Please repeat To'fe Heq.
5. Transporter Officer 1: Oh ... nothing. Beam him up. We're standing by.

<the channel closes. Transporter materializes a new visitor.>

1. Transporter Officer 1: You're late!

2. K'ahless: I had problems getting through customs. <<laugh>>
3. Transporter Officer 1: Problems? What kind of problems? I was told there would be no problems.
4. K'ahless: Don't worry about it. I took care of it.
5. Transporter Officer 1: Don't worry about it? Don't worry about it!? If the General finds out that I let you aboard his ship, he will have me killed for betraying him and that's after he's shaved me bald, covered me in honey, and strapped me down to a Terribbian fire ant hill.
6. K'ahless: Do you think that we would let anything happen to you? Your presence aboard this ship is very important to the House of Rha.
7. Transporter Officer 1: You better be right. Do you know what Terribbian fire ants do to a living body? (shudders at the thought)
8. K'ahless: Get a hold of yourself. The way you're acting is going to get us all caught. Now, relax and tell me which way to the galley?
9. Transporter Officer 1: Wait! ... Where are those holo-images I was promised?
10. K'ahless: When the job is done and not a moment before. <cold laugh> Unless you want your wife to see you entertaining the Caitian ambassador?
11. Transporter Officer 1: <mutters Klingon curses under breath> How do I know you'll keep your word?
12. K'ahless: Trust me.
13. Transporter Officer 1: It's obvious I do not.
14. K'ahless: Very well. Trust in the House of Rha.

<sound of muffled Tribble coos>

1. Transporter Officer 1: What in the name of Grethor do you have in that bag?
2. K'ahless: None of your business.
3. Transporter Officer 1: It sounds like a tribble. You know they are not allowed board ship – not since the cannibal tribble incident.
4. K'ahless: Let's just call this a gift for your captain from the House of Rha.
5. Transporter Officer 1: I don't like this.
6. K'ahless: Your approval is not required.
7. Transporter Officer 1: No one said anything about tribbles.
8. K'ahless: It is too late to have second thoughts now.
9. Transporter Officer 1: This is starting to be a lot more trouble than its worth. But, it is too late to stop now.
10. K'ahless: Glad you have come to your senses. Which way to the galley?
11. Transporter Officer 1: Down the hall to the left. Take it down three decks. The galley is the third door on the right.
12. K'ahless: (the transporter officer on the back) The House of Rha thanks you for your service.

<The door to the transporter room opens and K'ahless steps out into the corridor. He walks a short distance when the turbo lift's doors at the end of the hall open up. G'hargh and Ba'el step out and slowly make their way down the corridor.>

1. K'ahless: Oh no. It's G'hargh. If he recognizes me, this mission is over. <looking around for somewhere to hide. Thinking fast. He pries open a panel, shoves his package inside, tribbles object to their treatment with some squeals, and K'ahless pretends to be performing maintenance.> Hopefully, he'll just ignore me, thinking I'm just a member of the crew, performing maintenance on this hunk of junk he calls a ship.

2. G'hargh: all I'm saying is that you could have told me you had been nominated for the Korok.
 3. Ba'el: ... and spoil the surprise?
 4. G'hargh: You know how I feel about surprises.
 5. Ba'el: But, you like my surprises.
 6. G'hargh: (*laughs*) I do ... but that was not like your other surprises. Speaking of which, what was that thing you did with your tongue?
 7. Ba'el: You liked that?
 8. G'hargh: Are you kidding me? It was maddening the way you— <sees the Ferasan performing maintenance> Hey! You. What are you doing?
 9. K'ahless: <*with his face still hidden from view, his voice echoes from the inside of the panel. He also tries to disguise his voice*> Are you talking to me?
 10. G'hargh: You're the only one here with their head inside a bulkhead. Now, answer my question. What are you doing in there?
 11. K'ahless: (*voice disguised and echoing from the bulkhead*) Just performing some maintenance.
 12. G'hargh: I didn't see this section on the work logs for today.
 13. K'ahless: (*voice disguised and echoing from the bulkhead*) Uh ... <*thinking fast*> It wasn't. But, that infernal cannibal tribble ate through the flow regulator's circuitry. I was ordered to repair it before we left space dock.
 14. G'hargh: Well, you better hurry up then, we'll be shoving off in a few hours.
 15. Ba'el: Come on G'hargh: I need to get back to my ship.
 16. G'hargh: Very well, my dear Ba'el.
- <*They walk away from K'ahless*>
1. K'ahless: (*whispers to himself*) Whew! That was close.
 2. G'hargh: Just a second ... <*he turns around and stomps over to K'ahless*> I don't recognize you. Who are you?
 3. K'ahless: <*worried that his mission is over even before it began.*> Uh ... I've just been reassigned. I arrived this morning.
 4. Ba'el: G'hargh. I really must be going.
 5. G'hargh: <*considers it*> We have been taking on a lot of new crewmen lately. Very well, continue with what you were doing. <*He turns and rejoins Ba'el*> I swear that Ferasan looked familiar. I know I've seen him before.
 6. Ba'el: If all you're going to talk about is that Ferasan, perhaps I should just go so you can spend more time with your new friend.
 7. G'hargh: He's not my type, my dear. And, I'd rather spend more time with you.
 8. Ba'el: Now that's better.
 9. G'hargh: Why can't you just stay here with me? We could have a good life together aboard this ship.
 10. Ba'el: We've talked about this G'hargh. <*the lift doors open. They step through. The doors close.*>
 11. K'ahless: <*crawling out from the panel. He pulls the squealing bag of tribbles*> I need to get out of here before he comes back.

END SCENE

NEW SCENE: Kitchen aboard I.K.S. To'fe Heq.

<*background sounds of a kitchen during meal prep. Doors open and k'ahless steps into the galley*>

1. Head Chef 2: It's about time you've arrived.
 2. K'ahless: Are you talking to me?
 3. Head Chef 2: Yes. You're the only one standing around like you have all the time in the world, while everyone else is hard at work preparing first meal for the crew. Now pick up that sack of potatoes and start peeling.
 4. K'ahless: What do I look like?
 5. Head Chef 2: Aren't you my new assistant?
 6. K'ahless: *<long Ferasian hiss and chuckle>* Not exactly.
 7. Head Chef 2: What do you mean ... not exactly?
 8. K'ahless: I am here on behalf of the House of Rha.
 9. Head Chef 2: The House of Rha? Should that name mean something to me?
 10. K'ahless: It should. My brother was killed in this kitchen more than a year ago by your hand.
 11. Head Chef 2: I do not know what you are talking about. I've only been working here for about a year.
 12. K'ahless: Lies.
 13. Head Chef 2: How dare you barge into my kitchen and accuse me of something I did not do? Who do you think you are?
 14. K'ahless: *(spoken softly but with conviction)* My name is K'ahless the Unforgiving. You killed my brother. Prepare to die.
 15. Head Chef 2: *(backs away and picks up an object for defense, knocking others off the counter)* Hey! You've got the wrong guy. I've never killed anyone.
 16. K'ahless: More lies. Is that how you sleep at night – by telling yourself there is no blood on your hands?
 17. Head Chef 2: What are you talking about?
 18. K'ahless: Life means so little to you that you forget it so easily. *(sighs)* ... Do you recall the events that led to you becoming Head Chef?
 19. Head Chef 2: I ... *(realization hits)* Oh ... I do remember him.
 20. K'ahless: *(spoken with conviction and in a normal tone.)* My name is K'ahless the Unforgiving and you killed my brother. Prepare to die.
 21. Head Chef 2: Wait a minute. You're Ferasan. Wasn't the old chef a Klingon? How could he be your brother?
 22. K'ahless: We were brothers through the blood we spilt for the house of Rha.
 23. Head Chef 2: I didn't kill your brother. It was the Captain's orders that killed him. Take your grievances to G'hargh.
 24. K'ahless: You are not getting out of this so easily. It was YOU that screwed up the meal being prepared for this ship's captain. It was YOU who cooked the Baked Tribble. *<sound of a blade being drawn>* It was YOUR actions that led to my house brother's death. *<more stuff being knocked to the ground>* It was YOU that let G'Hargh kill Cookie for YOUR mistake. You are an honorless nuch! And so YOU will be the next meal served aboard this ship!
 25. Head Chef 2: Wait a minute. Can we talk about this? *(fumbling for a better weapon, he grabs a knife from the butcher's block)* I heard Cookie squealed when the Captain executed him. *<cold, hissing laugh>* Much as you will when I run this blade between your ribs and carve you up like a roasted grishnar cat.
 26. K'ahless: *(said with conviction as swords clash.)* My name is K'ahless the Unforgiving. You killed my brother. Prepare to die.
 27. Head Chef 2: Stop saying that!
- <They start fighting. Things get knocked over. >*
1. K'ahless: *(yelling.)* My name is K'ahless the Unforgiving. You killed my brother. Prepare to die.

2. Head Chef: No!

<The fighting continues, until the head chef is backed into a corner and his weapon is slapped away. It clatters on the floor.>

1. Head Chef 2: You have me. You're not going to kill a defenseless man are you? Where's the honor in that?
2. K'ahless: My name is K'ahless the Unforgiving. You killed my brother. Prepare to die. *(He stabs him. It's not a fatal injury.)*
3. Head Chef 2: *(groaning in pain)* Please ... Don't! I can make it worth your while if you spare me.
4. K'ahless: *(laughs)* Let me guess ... Now, you'll offer me money.
5. Head Chef 2: Yes. *(gets stabbed again. Head Chef groans in pain.)*
6. K'ahless: Power too. Promise me that.
7. Head Chef 2: All that I have and more. ... Please. *(another stab and more groaning)*
8. K'ahless: Offer me everything I ask for.
9. Head Chef 2: Anything you want. *(Another stab and groaning.)*
10. K'ahless: I want my brother back you cold blooded reptile. *(stabs and kills the head chef it's a fatal wound.)*
11. Head Chef 2: *(dies)*
12. K'ahless: I have avenged my brother and restored honor to the House of Rha. *(hacks up a furball and spits on the Head Chef's remains. His footsteps are heard as he leaves the kitchen. The doors closed.)*

END SCENE

NEW SCENE: Ship's Mess Hall aboard I.K.S. To'fe Heq

<sounds of disgruntled, hungry warriors>

1. Warrior: What is taking Cookie so long?
2. G'Hargh: I am hungry. Where is that toDSaH cook with our dinner?
3. Warrior: Want me to find out what he's doing?
4. G'Hargh: I will KILL him for making us wait like this!

<<sound of a chair being shoved back followed by footsteps across the room and then a door being opened into the kitchen>>

1. Warrior: Cookie? Where are you, you sniveling Dung Beetle?
2. G'Hargh: Where is our dinner?
3. Warrior: I've never seen the kitchens look this bad.
4. G'hargh: What in Grethor happened in here?
5. Warrior: I don't know but it looks like dinner fought back.
6. G'hargh: By the beard of Kahless!
7. Warrior: Is that blood on the floor?
8. G'hargh: ghuy'cha'!

<insert sounds of several cannibal tribbles eating>

1. Warrior: What's that sound?
2. G'Hargh: Cannibal Tribbles!

3. Warrior: Get them!

(G'hargh removes his disruptor from his belt and fires. The tribbles scatter.)

4. G'hargh: Who brought tribbles aboard my ship?

5. Warrior: We'll start searching for infernal beasts immediately.

END SCENE

NEW SCENE: Interior at Gates of Sto'vo'kor

1. DeyviD: What happened? ... What did you see??

2. G'Hargh: My cook was dead. ... Slaughtered and gutted. The killer used Tribble Kebabs to pluck out his eyes. Then, the assassin stuffed live tribbles down his reptilian throat where the foul beasts began to multiply. But it was the BBQed tribbles strewn over the corpse that attracted the cannibal tribble. It started reproducing, because by the time I arrived, there must have been nearly two dozen of them. The furry devils seemed to be enjoying their meal before I ran them off with my disruptor.

3. Hauk: (stifling a laugh) I still say the petaQ's death was too easy.

4. G'Hargh: When I killed Cookie, I had no idea he was part of Hauk's house. Even so, he earned his death when he dared serve baked tribble aboard my ship.

5. Hauk: This is why my quarrel was with your new head chef. *He* should have been standing beside Cookie when he died instead of cowering back in the kitchens. ... Honor ... is now satisfied.

6. G'Hargh: Except quality head chefs do NOT come cheap these days. ... You have it?

7. Hauk: As agreed. ... I procured it during my last visit to Deep Space Nine.

<sound of a ball rolling across a table>

1. Korrath: What is that?

2. Sskald: It's called a baseball.

3. Korrath: What's a baseball?

4. Sskald: It's a game the humans play. I had to create a holoprogram of one such match between Gorn and Human a few years ago.

5. Deyvid: G'hargh? Why do you want a baseball?

6. G'hargh: What? (laughs) Oh! You think it's for me.

7. Sskald: Why did you ask for the baseball?

8. G'hargh: I have a contact in Imperial High Command who agreed to reassign the flagship's Head Chef to my ship ... *if* ... I give him one of Sisko's favorite playthings. ... Hauk here agreed to procure it for me as repayment for the loss of my cook.

9. Sskald: I've heard about this baseball. Hauk, how did you procure it? Last time, I saw it, it was under a forcefield.

10. Hauk: G'hargh put me in touch with a Yridian confidence man he knew. It cost me a few darseks to just set up the meeting, but I convinced him to create a forgery of such quality that the Starfleeters would never even realize I had swapped it for the one on Sisko's desk. ... And all the Yridian wanted was a couple sets of that Gorn winter wear my crew had been testing.

11. Deyvid: Forgeries are never as good as one may expect.

12. Sskald: Even with a perfect fake, how did you steal it?

13. Hauk: (laughs) It was surprisingly easy. As you know, I'm a member of the Joint Taskforce. DS9's commander, James Kurland, owed me a favor. So, I asked him if I could hold the

baseball. Then, I simply distracted him, pocketed the baseball, and put the fake on Sisko's desk while Kurland wasn't looking. Easy.

14. Korrath: Hauk, I think you have been spending too much time with G'hargh. Do I have to separate you two?
15. Hauk: Let's just say we have come to an understanding.
16. G'Hargh: Karn, it's time get to work.
17. Karn: I'm ready. What will you have me do?
18. G'hargh: I've told you already! (*annoyed*) What I want to know is, is it authentic? Is it the real one or is Hauk trying to trick me? Karn, Work ... Your ... Magic.
19. Hauk: Hey! I never agreed to this. I am insulted.
20. G'hargh: You will let him verify the veracity of the baseball, Hauk. I will not be fooled with a counterfeit. Karn, is Hauk lying to us?
21. Hauk: <<*mutters under his breath irritably*>>Remember mindsifter, limit yourself to JUST the information about the baseball. Nothing else!
22. Karn: If you call me mindsifter one more time, Hauk, I'll sift through your mind and mix you up so badly that you'll think you're a human schoolgirl who loves performing ballet.
23. Sskald: <<*reptilian laugh*>> I might pay to see that! Maybe you can mix up his brain just for the fun of it.
24. Karn: That would not be honorable. I would never do that to a friend.
25. Hauk: <*shocked*> YOU consider ME a friend?
26. Karn: We ARE both Warriors of Sto'Vo'Kor ... are we not? ... Now then... ready?
27. Hauk: <*more at ease*> Ready.
28. Karn: <*A few moments pass and he makes noises as he sifts through Hauk's brain*> Hmmm ... I'm not sure how you pulled off that distraction, Hauk. ... (*laughs*) G'hargh, it's real. It happened just as he described.
29. Deyvid: You better hope Kurland never discovers what you had done.
30. Hauk: As long as you keep your mouth shut, he will never know.
31. G'Hargh: Good! Now that honor has been satisfied. Let us drink!

<<*sound of mugs coming together and clinking*>>

1. Hauk: Sskald ... wait ... you always screw up the toast.
2. Sskald: Hey! When it is my turn to lead the toast, I will do it my way.
3. Hauk: Fine, but this time it's Korrath's turn. Korrath, tell us what is best in life?
4. Korrath: To crush your Enemies, see them driven before you and hear their lamentations from Grethor.
5. All: Qapla'!