

Weyoun Writes a Musical

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Summary

"You might consider it a hymn to the Founders' greatness," said Weyoun cheerfully. Bashir studied the PADD with a furrowed brow.

"Hymns usually rhyme," he said.

"Well, it rhymes in Dominionese." Weyoun frowned. "Mostly."

Bashir read through the file on his PADD for a second time and then glanced up at Weyoun, who was wringing his hands. Weyoun lurched forward on his toes a little when he realized Bashir was watching him and transformed his anxious expression into an expectant smile.

"Well?" he said.

Bashir bit his lip. "Weyoun," he said painfully, glancing back at his PADD, "may I ask why you brought this ... project to me?"

Weyoun spread his hands in an 'of course' gesture so reminiscent of the Dominion War that it made Bashir wince. "Why, it's a gift for Odo," he said. "And *as* a gift for Odo, it must be the very best I have to offer. It must be peer-reviewed, edited, contributed to—"

"Is it a non-fiction work, or is it a story?" said Bashir, his brow furrowed.

"It's a story," said Weyoun a bit testily.

"There are no characters."

"I was hoping you could help me with that," said Weyoun, sidling up to Bashir's side. "I wasn't sure how many characters are standard for a story, you see. Vorta have precious little experience with theater—"

"Theater?"

"-so I decided to go with the safest choice: zero."

"Maybe be a bit less safe next time," said Bashir. He scanned through the file again. "What kind of theatrical project is it meant to be? It reads like some sort of ... manifesto."

"It's a musical," said Weyoun.

Bashir pondered that for a good thirty seconds. "You said it was for Odo," he said.

"Yes," said Weyoun brightly.

"Odo likes musicals?" asked Bashir, keeping his tone polite and neutral.

"Oh, yes!" said Weyoun. "In fact I have good intelligence that they're his favorite genre of all theatrical productions. He is especially fond of the quick costume changes."

Bashir thought this was the best evidence yet that Weyoun 9 was defective, but he didn't say so. He studied the file on his PADD. "There aren't any songs," he said delicately.

“Ah, well, I can hardly write the songs myself,” said Weyoun. “The Vorta are dreadfully unmusical.” He went back to wringing his hands, his eyes darting now to the doorway. “In fact, I intended to ask our good friend Mr. Worf for some ... assistance ... considering his ardor for opera, but...” He met Bashir’s eyes with an insincere smile. “Well, the last time we met, he snapped my neck.”

Bashir raised an eyebrow. “Garak could help you with the songs. He has a talent for music.”

“Oh, he shot me,” said Weyoun, in the same tone someone else might use to say ‘We quarreled over tea.’

“I’ll ask him for you,” Bashir decided. He darkened the PADD and used it to salute Weyoun as he turned away. “Only the best for Odo, yes?”

“Yes!” said Weyoun, brightening. “I knew you’d understand, Doctor! You always were a dear friend to the Founders—”

Garak read the entire file in silence. Over his shoulder, Kira was mouthing along to the words, her eyes dark and her face pinched. Nog kept shaking his head and covering his eyes, while O’Brien had flat-out refused to read past the first page.

“This isn’t a musical,” said Kira finally. “This is the rambling of a madman.”

“It’s a little obsessive,” said Nog.

“And violent,” said O’Brien.

Garak read further, his eyes wide, and then pushed the PADD away. “There are distinct themes of fascism,” he said, “and I counted no less than twenty-six troubling dogwhistles seeded in the ... well, I suppose you could call it ‘the dialogue.’”

“The ranting, you mean,” said Bashir. “Yes, I noticed that, too.”

“What’s that part about the Prayer for Subordination?” Nog said, massaging his brow ridges.

“Oh, you mean the part where he prays to Odo to spit in his mouth?” O’Brien said.

“I didn’t get that part,” said Bashir. Garak sent him an aghast look, and he raised his hand to forestall any protests. “No, I understood the bit about wanting someone to spit in his mouth. It’s just that he admits immediately that Odo’s species can’t even produce spit. It’s implied that Odo told him this himself, which I really don’t want to think about—”

“It’s a classic tragedy in the tradition of your Earth Greeks,” Garak said. “His greatest wish can never be granted. And if I’m reading Act Six, Scene Five correctly, he’s going to bomb a nursery about it. How that will help to develop Odo’s salivary glands, I have no idea.”

“If Odo sees this, he’s going to deactivate this clone immediately and call the whole experiment a failure,” Kira said. She glanced around, caught eyes with O’Brien, who made a facial shrug, and then turned to Bashir and Garak. “Hey,” she said, her tone changing. “If Odo sees this, he’s going to *deactivate* the clone.”

Garak folded his hands beneath his chin and fluttered his eyelashes at Bashir.

“You do the honors, my dear,” he said.

With a sigh, Bashir raised his comm and gave the security chief a call. The others watched him with sparkling eyes as the comm chirped and chirped. Finally Odo picked it up with a growl.

“Your pet Vorta is writing musicals,” Bashir said.

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