

Screenplay by

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REV. FINAL

DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1 TALL GRASS BLOWING GENTLY IN A BREEZE - DAY - (OPTICAL)

1

The sound of children playing, running through the grass... as one boy (ARTIM, 12) pokes his head out, we see by his facial skin pattern that he's an alien... his cloths are simple, homespun. As other alien children pursue him in a game of tag into the rocky foothills, we BOOM UP to reveal a breathtaking view of a rural community along a vast sparkling lake... mountains rising in the background...some odd-like livestock graze on the hillside...

2 A FARM - LONG SHOT

2

A woman uses a bike pump to get well water...a man works the soil in his fields, wipes his brow, waving to --

3 A WOMAN (ANIJ, 38)

3

whose beauty immediately captivates us as she strolls past the farm, the wind barely jostling her close cut curly hair. She takes us to a busy outdoor farmers market at the edge of a hand-constructed village set against a natural rock face barrier. These are the Ba'ku people and from the opening shots we can feel the simple charms of this beautiful place... and who would blame us for wanting to be there, to escape a life like this... where people seem to have all the time in the world... to chat with neighbors, taste a piece of fresh fruit and enjoy the day... Anij nods hello to people including SOJEF (male, 42), the community leader... she smiles as a vendor slices a piece of fruit for her...

4 NEW ANGLE - ANIJ - (OPTICAL)

4

From the point of view of the rock face behind the village. Although we may not realize it yet, we are

watching through a window now... slightly discolored, pulling back to see a mysterious figure in an isolation suit standing incongruously beside her, his suit glowing with a green force field. None of the Ba'ku are aware of him as he takes readings with a sophisticated sensor device built into his suit. Now our pullback reveals we're inside a duck blind. Low lighting levels. A bi-level gallery of Starfleet officers and members of an alien race (the Son'a) observe the peaceful village scene like sportswriters at the ballpark...

5-9
5-9 VARIOUS ANGLES

as they enter data into their computers. Supernumeraries move in and out of the main viewing room with PADDs...

10
10 ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE FULL WINDOW (OPTICAL)

Outside, several other cloaked figures move among the unknowing Ba'ku...

11
11 ANGLE - THE RANKING SON'A OFFICER (GALLATIN, 60)
(OPTICAL)

Inside the duck blind. Like all Son'a, his face is stretched like a rubber band about to snap...they look like victims of three too many cosmetic surgeries. He studies a PADD from a supernumerary...

GALLATIN

Admiral Dougherty is waiting for this. Transmit it to the ship.

Suddenly a communications crackle on loudspeakers...

MALE SON'A COM VOICE

Alert, area twelve...!

Now the sound of a weapon blast... turmoil...As the blast echoes through the hills, the Ba'ku outside the window react, turn their heads toward the sound...

MALE SON'A COM VOICE

(distressed)

... the android has...

It crackles off... Gallatin moves to a companel...

LIEUTENANT

Data, report to base immediately.

DATA'S COM VOICE

Transferring... positronic... matrix functions... engaging...

secondary protocols...

The running man starts pulling at his headgear.

STARFLEET OFFICER #1

He's trying to remove the
headpiece...

GALLATIN

All field units. Intercept the
android.

12 12 OMITTED

THRU
12 THRU

15 15

16 16 ANGLE - THROUGH WINDOW - (OPTICAL)

as all the men in suits converge on the running man...
but with superhuman strength, he tosses them aside with
ease... Meanwhile Ba'ku people, unaware of the fight,
greet their children back, happy they're safe...

17 17 EXT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS (OPTICAL) - ANGLE ON ARTIM

as he moves to Sojef, his father...

SOJEF

It must have been some kind of
odd electrical storm...

But as Sojef speaks, Artim turns to see the floating head
of Data DECLOAKING in mid-air barely a yard away as he
removes his helmet... the boy yells... jumps back,
falling as Data makes eye contact with him. The Ba'ku
scatter... Sojef pulls the boy away to safety...

DATA

Secondary protocols... active.

We notice a slashing burn wound on Data's neck as he
fights off an invisible force again... we hear a ripping
crunch and a green force field sputters briefly -- a Son'a
man in a torn isolation suit partially DECLOAKS as he is
slammed to the ground, unconscious. Data rips off the
rest of his suit revealing himself, picks up a weapon
from the unconscious Son'a, aims it at the rock face...

18 18 INT. DUCK BLIND - (OPTICAL)

The observers dive for cover as he points the weapon this

way. But Data fires it to the left of the window...

19 EXT. ROCK FACE - (OPTICAL)

And then fires again to the right... and again above...
each hit knocking out generators...

finally the rock face shimmers, like a computer image
breaking up, and disappears revealing the high-tech
stations behind it...

20 ANGLE (OPTICAL)

All the invisible men in suits DECLOAK in the village.

21 THROUGH THE DUCK BLIND WINDOW

The scientists begin to poke their heads up from the
floor... exposed to the world outside...

22 THE BA'KU IN HIDING PLACES

including Anij, Artim and Sojef react with shock...

VARIOUS BA'KU
What is it? Who are they?

23 DATA

stands alone, satisfied with his mysterious work.

24 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

In orbit of an M-class planet.

25 INT. PICARD'S QUARTERS

Close on the four Captain's pips on his uniform, and
moving back to reveal BEVERLY CRUSHER helping JEAN-LUC
PICARD fasten the collar on his jacket as DEANNA TROI
briefs him, glancing at a PADD. All are wearing formal
uniforms. They are running late.

TROI
... Population three hundred
million...

PICARD
Say the greeting again...

PERIM'S COM VOICE
Command wants to know our ETA at
the Goren systsem...

PICARD
(to Riker)
The Goren system...?

RIKER
They need us to mediate some
territorial dispute...

PICARD
(frustrated)
We can't delay the archaeological
expedition to Hanoran Two. It
would put us into the middle of
monsoon season...

RIKER
(can't be helped)
The Diplomatic Corps is busy with
Dominion negotiations.

PICARD
(sighs)
... so they need us to put out one
more brush fire.
(beat)
Anyone remember when we used to
be explorers?

They enter...

27 INT. TURBOLIFT - CONTINUOUS

27

PICARD
(refocussing)
'Yew-cheen chef-faw.'

RIKER
Deck ten.

TROI
(resuming her
briefing)
Remember; they have a
significantly less advanced
technology than ours... they only
achieved warp drive last year...

CRUSHER
A year? And the Federation
Council decided to make them a
Protectorate already?

PICARD

In view of our losses to the Borg
and the Dominion, the Council
feels we need all the allies we
can get these days.

As the turbolift doors open, we see much activity, can
hear music coming from the party... Picard puts on a
brighter face. As they exit...

TROI

You'll be expected to dance with
Regent Cuzar...

CRUSHER

Can she mambo...?

PICARD

Very funny...

CRUSHER

(off Riker & Troi's
reactions)

Your Captain used to cut quite a
rug...

28 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

28

Several officers in dress uniform move to make room for
the Captain's entourage... moving with them...

FEMALE ENSIGN

Captain on deck!

LA FORGE'S COM VOICE

La Forge to Picard. Captain, I
need to talk to you before you go
into the reception...

Before Picard can respond, he runs into Worf...

WORF

Captain...

PICARD

Worf, what the hell are you doing
here?

WORF

I was at the Manzar colony
installing a new defense
perimeter when I heard the
Enterprise was in this
sector...

RIKER

It's a little late,
Geordi... can it wait?

PICARD

LA FORGE'S COM VOICE

Stop by my quarters later; I don't think so
I have a few ideas about Commander..
Manzar security...

(non-stop to Riker)

Have him come to the
reception... we'll talk
here...

Picard moves into the banquet room, continuing to Worf --

PICARD
How's your bride?

RIKER
The Captain wants you to
come over.

WORF
A challenge

LA FORGE'S COM VOICE
I'm on my way... tell him
we've recieved a
communique from Admiral
Dougherty...

PICARD
Then you were made for
each other.

LA FORGE'S COM VOICE (CONT'D)
It's about Data.

29 INT. BANQUET ROOM

29

Maybe thirty Starfleet officers, most human but a few Bajorans, Trills and Boriens peppered about... a small group of musicians play a festive tune. The crowd moves back as their Captain enters and Troi escorts him to REGENT CUZAR, 50 and her delegation of about eight extremely short aliens... she's at least a foot shorter than he is...

PICARD
Yew-cheen chef-faw, Regent Cuzar.
Welcome aboard the Enterprise.

CUZAR
Captain Picard, may I welcome you
in the time-honored tradition of
my people...

An aide steps forward and she takes an alien headpiece from him and reaches up to put it on Picard's head... Picard has to make himself shorter to make it work... the other aliens throw tiny seeds over Picard and Cuzar (like rice at a wedding)... Picard smiles, trying not to show how silly he feels...

CUZAR
We are so honored to be accepted
within the great Federation
family.
(excusing him)
Please, I know you have other

guests to greet...

PICARD

We have a dance later, I believe?

CUZAR

I look forward to it.

One of her misters escorts her away, Picard turns to Troi -

PICARD

How are we supposed to dance?
Her head will be in my...

He's interrupted by GEORDI LA FORGE who approaches looking concerned, holding a PADD, hands it to Picard...

LA FORGE

Excuse me, sir. Admiral Dougherty's aboard the Son'a ship in sector four-four-one. He's requesting Data's schematics...

TROI

Is something wrong?

LA FORGE

The message doesn't say.

PICARD

(concerned)

Data should have been back by now. They were only scheduled to observe the Ba'ku village for a week.

(to Geordi)

Set up a secured com-link to the Admiral in the anteroom...

Geordi acknowledges, moves away... a Bolian science officer grabs Picard by the arm...

BOLIAN OFFICER

Captain, Hars Adislo, we met at the Nel Bato Conference last year... did you ever have a chance to read my paper on thermionic transconductance...?

As Picard reacts, smiling with no recollection...

30 A MONITOR -- INT. ANTEROOM OFF BANQUET ROOM - (OPTICAL)

30

Admiral MATTHEW DOUGHERTY, 69, a confident, charismatic officer is transmitting from a Son'a ship.

DOUGHERTY

He's not acknowledging any
Starfleet protocols... not
responding to any of our hails...

We pull back to see we're in a small room off the
reception... Picard faces the monitor (he's removed the
headpiece). Geordi observes. A Starfleet Ensign stands
guard just outside the door to make sure they're not
disturbed.

PICARD

You have no idea what
precipitated his behavior?

DOUGHERTY

(shakes his head)
... And now he's holding our
people hostage down there...

PICARD

The Enterprise can be at your
position in two days, Admiral...

DOUGHERTY

That's probably not a good idea.
Your ship hasn't been fitted for
this region; there are
environmental concerns...

PICARD

What kind of concerns?

DOUGHERTY

We haven't fully identified the
anomalies yet. They're calling
this whole area The Briar
Patch... it took us a day to reach
a location where we could get a
signal out to you. Just get me
Data's schematics. I'll keep you
informed.

(Picard acknowledges)

Dougherty out.

The screen returns to a starfield.

PICARD

Send him the schematics.

Geordi acknowledges.

PICARD

Ensign...

ENSIGN

(moving inside)

Sir?

PICARD

Report to the galley and tell the chef to skip the fish course.

The Ensign gives a puzzled reaction but an order is an order. He exits. Geordi gives his Captain a curious look.

PICARD

I want our guests to depart as quickly as etiquette allows. I'll ask Worf to delay his return to DS9 so he can join us. We're going to stop by sector four-four-one on our way to the Goren system.

LA FORGE

(understanding)

They... are in opposite directions, sir...

PICARD

(dry)

Are they...?

La Forge smiles, leaves. Picard takes a beat to collect himself and we may sense how the clutter in a Captain's life may wear him down. He puts the alien headpiece back on with sullen eyes... then restores his diplomat's face and returns to the reception...

31 EXT. SPACE - SON'A SHIP - (OPTICAL)

moving toward a ringed planet well in the distance, passing slowly through wisps of space matter... wonderful, glowing plasma tendrils like legs of a gigantic tarantula dotted by low density gas clouds...

32 INT. SON'A SHIP BODY ENHANCEMENT FACILITY - (OPTICAL)

Low lighting. Strange futuristic dialysis machines pump fluids in and out of reclined Son'a men and women... the women use powder and heavy but carefully applied make-up to obscure their faces. Son'a costumes are made of expensive fabrics with latinum chains and exquisite jewels as accessories, suggesting a wealthy culture that values materialism. Sexy female attendants from various alien races, dressed provocatively, work with laser tools to repair cracked, raw skin off Son'a faces. We move to find RU'AFO, 63, the Son'a Ahdar (Commander), reclining getting an elaborate facial from two beauties, creams and

oils massaged into his skin by their gentle fingertips...

RU'AFO

I should have never let you talk
me into the duck blind in the
first place...

Reveal Admiral Dougherty observing, wearing a crisp,
Starfleet uniform... he looks and feels out of place
here, but such are the demands of alien alliances...

RU'AFO (CONT'D)

Your Federation procedures have
made this mission ten times as
difficult as it needed to be...

DOUGHERTY

Our procedures were in place to
protect the planet's population
from unnecessary risk...

RU'AFO

Planet's population. Six hundred
people. You want to avoid
unnecessary risks? Next time
leave your android home.

SON'A OFFICER #1'S COM VOICE

Bridge to Ahdar Ru'afo. We're
approaching the planet.

He motions to the girls to finish up, presses his
personal comlink, answering the call...

RU'AFO

Take us into a high orbit.
(as he rises from the
chair)

Lie down, Admiral. The girls
will take twenty years off your
face...

DOUGHERTY

Another time.

Ru'afo studies his own face in the mirror...

RU'AFO

Your self-restraint puzzles me,
Admiral. You continue to deny
yourself every benefit this
mission has to offer...

DOUGHERTY

I prefer to wait until we can
share the benefits with all the
people of the Federation...

Suddenly, boom! The ship is hit by a blast. Ru'afu reacts, leads the way out....

33 INT. SON'A BRIDGE - (OPTICAL)

As Ru'afu and Dougherty enter...

RU'AFO
Report.

SON'A OFFICER #1
Phaser blast. Unknown origin.

RU'AFO
Raise shields.
(another blast)
Take us out of orbit.

SON'A OFFICER #2
Photon torpedoes. Brace for
impact!

Blam... again... and again... serious hits...

SON'A COMPUTER VOICE
Warning. Outer hull damage, deck
three...

SON'A OFFICER #1
Visual contact!

On the viewscreen the attacking ship moves suddenly into view from a low density gas cloud like a destroyer emerging from a fog bank... it is a Federation Scout ship

--

small but impressive, with windows at the forward cockpit... the Admiral reacts...

DOUGHERTY
That's our ship.

34 EXT. SPACE - CLOSE VIEW: THE SCOUT - (OPTICAL)

as it moves at us, firing one last blast which illuminates the pilot for a instant and we clearly see the face of Data through the window...

35 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

at warp, in normal space...

36 INT. PICARD'S QUARTERS - (OPTICAL)

Close on the replicator. An allegro chamber music piece in the background...

PICARD (O.C.)

Tea. Earl Grey. Hot.

The tea appears as we pull back to reveal Picard studying a PADD... he reaches out for the tea without his eyes ever leaving his reading... walks across the room and sits at a dining table that has stacks of various work materials... more PADDs, charts and graphs and maps... a half-eaten salad sits in front of him... and in a move that would challenge the world's greatest juggler, he pokes a fork of salad into his mouth with one hand as he sips his tea with the other, finding a spot to prop the PADD so he can still read... and now, his mind, asking a silent question, reaching over to grab a chart, and as he pulls it over, he also spills the salad plate splashing gorgonzolla dressing over his jacket... sighs... a chime at the door...

PICARD

Who is it?

RIKER (O.C.)

Commander Riker...

Picard looks at himself, shrugs, what the hell...

PICARD

Come...

Riker enters with a PADD, eyes drawn to Picard's stained jacket...

PICARD

I'm the casualty of a working lunch.

Picard takes off his jacket... and as the scene continues, he changes.

PICARD (CONT'D)

I've been going over the few star charts we have of this "Briar Patch". It's full of supernova remnants, false vacuum fluctuations...

Riker looks at the star chart, brushes it off...

RIKER

... and gorgonzolla cheese.

PICARD

We won't be able to go any faster

than one-third impulse in that
muck...

RIKER

(handing him the PADD)
Nothing dangerous turned up in
the astrometric survey...

PICARD

So where are the 'environmental
concerns' the Admiral was talking
about?

RIKER

(shrugs)
The only unusual readings were
low levels of metaphasic
radiation from interstellar dust
across the region...

WORF'S COM VOICE

Bridge to Captain Picard. We are
approaching sector four-four-one.

PICARD

Slow to impulse. We're on our
way.

Picard leads the way out...

37

EXT. SPACE - THE BRIAR PATCH - (OPTICAL)

The edge of the dangerous and beautiful region...
moving to find the Enterprise approaching at impulse...

38

INT. BRIDGE - (OPTICAL)

Seeing the Patch on the viewscreen... Worf at tactical,
ENSIGN KELL PERIM, female Trill, 29, at Conn... Troi at
command, La Forge at Ops... as Picard and Riker enter...

LA FORGE

We're about to lose
communications with Starfleet,
Captain.

PICARD

(to Troi)
Do you have everything you need
from command?

TROI

We've downloaded all the files on
the duck blind mission as well as

intelligence reports on the
Son'a.

PICARD

(including Riker)

You have two days to become
experts... Mister Worf, your job
and mine will be to find a plan
to safely capture Data.

Worf holds up a modified tricorder...

WORF

I've already modified a tricorder
with one of his spare actuation
servos. Its operational range is
only seven meters but it should
shut him down...

PICARD

(appreciating his
initiative)

It's good to have you back, Worf.
(he sits)
Slow to one-third. Take us in.

39 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

39

as it moves slowly into The Patch.

40 INT. ENTERPRISE LIBRARY

40

Significantly electronic... many computer stations... a
few real books... Troi and Riker work at parallel
computer stations... people are at other stations...

TROI

(off her computer)

The Son'a discovered an M-class
planet with humanoid life six
months ago. Turned out it's in
us to get approval for a
sociological study. The
Federation Council suggested it
be a joint mission...

RIKER

Why was Data assigned?

TROI

"Environmental concerns", again.
An android could be safely
exposed to the elements during
the installation of a duck
blind...

LIBRARIAN (C.O.)

Sssshhh...

They turn to see -- a middle-aged, prune-faced woman at a desk, looking sternly at them... Troi goes back to her reading but seems distracted... sees a paper notepad on the desk, rips off a shred and, during the following exchange, starts to press it between her thumb and forefinger into a little ball. Whispering now --

RIKER

I don't see anything to suggest the Son'a have any interest in sociology...

TROI

What are they interested in...?

RIKER

Wine, women and song.

TROI

You should feel right at home with them.

She throws the ball of paper and hits Riker on the side of the head... he turns but she's looking innocently at her screen... he rolls a little paper ball himself...

RIKER

Nomadic, collectors of precious metals, jewels...

TROI

(joking)

Hmm, I should feel right at home with them...

RIKER

You're in luck... it says here they've taken women from several races as indentured servants.

Just as he's about to throw his paper ball back at her... he sees the librarian staring at him... Riker, caught, sheepishly turns back to his computer... a beat...

RIKER

(reacts)

Look at this...

She stands, leaning over Riker's shoulder to see his computer, putting one arm on the desk...

RIKER (CONT'D)

'The Son'a have been suspected of

producing mass quantities of the narcotic ketracel-white... their ships are rumored to be equipped with isolytic subspace weapons outlawed by the Second Khitomer Accord...'

41

41 ANGLE EMPHASIZING HER BREAST

as it rests gently on his upper arm... and he's deeply aware of that breast touching him...

TROI
Why would we be involved with these people?

RIKER
Good question.

They exchange a brief glance that has nothing to do with the Son'a. As his eyes return to the computer scrolling, she casually plays with hair at the nape of his neck...

RIKER
You haven't done that in a long time...

TROI
What...?

RIKER
What you're doing to my neck...

TROI
(flirtatiously)
Was I doing something to your neck?

He pauses his scrolling as he comes to something curious...

RIKER
It says here that some form of genetic damage has apparently prevented the Son'a from procreating...

TROI
No children?

RIKER
If that's true, they're a dying race.

Suddenly, a tiny ball of paper hits Riker...

RIKER

Hey...

He turns to see an alien ensign looking too innocently at his computer. The librarian's eyes fix on Riker and Troi, obvious troublemakers... Troi points to Riker...

TROI

He started it.

Riker reacts, starts to leave... Troi follows...

RIKER

I didn't do anything, I swear it.

41A

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

As it continues slowly through The Briar Patch...

42

INT. WORF'S QUARTERS

Dark. Worf asleep in bed, an alarm already beeping...

PICARD'S COM VOICE

Bridge to Commander Worf...

Worf begins to stir... then his eyes open and he realizes the alarm is going off... he sits up...

PICARD'S COM VOICE

Worf?

WORF

Captain?

PICARD'S COM VOICE

I don't know how they do it on Deep Space Nine... but on the Enterprise, we still report for duty on time.

Worf stands in the dark, bumping his head as he does...

INTERCUT:

43

INT. BRIDGE

Picard at command... La Forge at Ops... Perim at conn... LIEUTENANT NARA, human male, 35, at Tactical...

WORF'S COM VOICE

I... I must have slept through my alarm. I'm on my way...

PICARD

We'll skip the court martial this time... Picard out.

A beat as Picard listens to the sound of his ship, raises an eyebrow... we hear nothing... he moves forward to La Forge and Perim...

PICARD

When was the last time we aligned our torque sensors...

PERIM

Two months ago, sir...

PICARD

They don't sound right.

La Forge and Perim react, work the controls, exchange a look at the results...

LA FORGE

The torque sensors are out of alignment... by twelve microns... you could hear that?

PICARD

(pleased with himself)

When I was an ensign, I could detect a three-micron misalignment...

NARA

Excuse me, sir. The Son'a ship with Admiral Dougherty aboard has entered tracking range...

PICARD

Try to hail them.

A disheveled and embarrassed Worf enters...

NARA

Admiral Dougherty responding.

Worf replaces Nara...

PICARD

Straighten your baldric, Commander. On screen...

44 ANGLE - INCLUDE THE VIEWSCREEN - (OPTICAL)

44

Dougherty and Ru'afo are sitting in Ru'afo's tactical room, opulently decorated for a spaceship.

DOUGHERTY

Captain, I wasn't expecting you.

PICARD

This was too important for the Enterprise to be on the sidelines, Admiral...

DOUGHERTY

I wish I had better news. Commander Data attacked us in the mission scout ship yesterday. Ru'afu and I have decided to send in an assault team...

PICARD

Sir, Commander Worf and I have been working on several tactical plans to safely...

RU'AFO

Your android has turned dangerously violent, Captain... Considerable damage was done to my ship. He must be destroyed.

DOUGHERTY

I know what Data means to Starfleet, Jean-Luc... but our crew is at the mercy of those people on the planet...

PICARD

If our first attempt to capture Data fails, I will terminate him.

(beat)

I should be the one to do it. I'm his Captain. And his friend.

Dougherty pauses to consider but Ru'afu wants none of Picard.

RU'AFO

It isn't safe for you to remain in this area.

DOUGHERTY

He's right. Our shields have been upgraded to protect against the environmental anomalies...

PICARD

We haven't noticed any ill effects.

The Admiral studies him a long beat, is sympathetic to Picard's position.

DOUGHERTY

All right. You have twelve hours, Captain. Then I want you out of The Briar Patch. In the meantime, we'll be heading out to the perimeter to call for Son'a reinforcements in case you fail.

PICARD

Understood.

DOUGHERTY

Good luck. Dougherty out.

His image disappears. On Picard's expression...

45 45 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

As the bay door slides open and a shuttle emerges... moves through the gas clouds toward the beautiful ringed planet...

46 46 INT. SHUTTLE - (OPTICAL)

Worf and Picard at the controls...

WORF

Sensors are not picking up any ships coming from the surface...

PICARD

Transmit a wide band co-variant signal. That'll get his attention.

WORF

(touches panel)

He might be using the planet's rings to mask his approach.

PICARD

(off sensors)

The metaphasic radiation in those rings is in a state of extreme flux. Steer clear of them, Mister Worf...

A beat. Watching and waiting.

PICARD

Come out, come out wherever you are...

WORF

Sir?

PICARD

Hmm? Oh, it's just something my
mother used to...

Suddenly, wham -- a blast...

PICARD

Hold on.

He hits the controls and they climb sharply...

47 EXT. SPACE - THE SHUTTLE - (OPTICAL)

evading phaser shots from the scout... the planet
providing a dramatic backdrop...

48 INT. SHUTTLE

PICARD

Open all hailing frequencies.
(Worf acknowledges)
Data, this is Captain Picard...

49 INT. SCOUT - CLOSEUP DATA - (OPTICAL)

Windows showing a gas cloud outside...

PICARD'S COM VOICE (CONT'D)
... please acknowledge...

Data ignores him, continues to fire...

50 EXT. SPACE - THE SCOUT - (OPTICAL)

moving through the dark clouds, pursuing the shuttle,
firing phasers...

51 INT. SHUTTLE

More shots connect... more sharp evasive maneuvers...

WORF

Sir, if we fire a tachyon burst,
it may force him to reset his
shield harmonics. When he does,
we could beam him out...

PICARD

Make it so.

52 52 OMITTED

53 53 EXT. SPACE - THE SHUTTLE - (OPTICAL)

fires a tachyon burst...

53A 53A THE SCOUT - (OPTICAL)

54 the blast connects...

54 54 INT. SHUTTLE

WORF
Direct hit. He's resetting his
shield harmonics...

PICARD
Beam him out!

55 55 NEW ANGLE INCLUDING THE TRANSPORTER PAD - (OPTICAL)

56 which wheezes unsuccessfully... they react...

WORF
He's activated a transport
inhibitor.

PICARD
Prepare to enter the
atmosphere... we'll use the
ionospheric boundary to shake
him...

56 56 EXT. SPACE - UPPER ATMOSPHERE - SCOUT/ SHUTTLE -
DAY (OPTICAL)

The shuttle blasts through the atmosphere attempting to
shake off the scout...

57 57 INT. SHUTTLE

58 Picard works hard to stabilize the ship...

WORF
Scanners are off line!

PICARD
Evasive maneuvers... heading one-
four-zero mark three-one...

Then, wham... wham... WHAM! Gas shoots from the ceiling... Worf tries to stop it...

58

58 THROUGH THE WINDOW - (OPTICAL)

to see the Scout zooming past, so close that Picard and Data can even make eye contact... Picard works to avoid him again...

PICARD

He can fly a ship, he anticipates tactical strategies, his brain is obviously functioning... We've seen how he responds to threats. I wonder how he'd respond to...

Another shot connects...

PICARD

(a new idea)

Do you know Gilbert and Sullivan?

WORF

No, sir. I haven't had a chance to meet all the new crew members since I've been back...

PICARD

They're composers, Worf, from the nineteenth century. Data was rehearsing a part in H.M.S. Pinafore before he left...

(singing to com)

"A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird, His energetic first should be ready to resist A dictatorial word..."

Picard looks at Worf, nods, join me! Worf gives him an exasperated look... Picard begins to enter commands into the computer as he continues to sing...

59

59 OMITTED

&

&

60

60

61

61 INT. SCOUT

PICARD'S COM VOICE (CONT'D)

"His nose should pant and his lip should curl, His cheeks should

flame and his brow should
furl..."

Data reacts.

From somewhere inside his damaged brain, he recalls this
song. He starts to sing to himself...

DATA/PICARD'S COM VOICE

(together)

"His bosom should heave and his
heart should glow, and his fist
be ready for a knock-down
blow..."

62 INT. SHUTTLE - (OPTICAL)

The lyrics are scrolling on a monitor now... a bouncing
ball making it easier for Worf to follow...

PICARD

(to Worf)

Sing!

PICARD AND WORF

"His nose should pant and his lip
should curl, his cheeks should
flame and his brow should
furl..."

63 INT. SCOUT

And Data sings in unison --

DATA/PICARD/WORF'S COM VOICES

(CONT'D)

"... His bosom should heave and
his heart should glow... And his
fist be ready for a knock-down
blow..."

64 INT. SHUTTLE

Picard catches his breath, turns off the companel.

PICARD

He's stopped firing.

Suddenly from the speaker --

DATA'S COM VOICE

"His eyes should flash with an
inborn fire, His brow should scorn
be wrung; he never should bow

down to a domineering frown, Or
the tang of a tyrant tongue..."

PICARD
(smiles, triumphant)
Prepare the docking clamps.

Worf moves to a rear panel as Picard sings with Data...

PICARD/ DATA'S COM VOICE
"... His foot should stamp..."

65 INT. SCOUT

Data, mesmerized by the song, is not paying attention to his sensors...

DATA/PICARD'S COM VOICE
"... and his throat should growl,
His hair should twirl and his
face should scowl..."

66 EXT. SCOUT AND SHUTTLE - DAY - CONTINUOUS (OPTICAL)

As the shuttle moves within yards, even feet, of the scout... sliding under the belly of Data's craft...

DATA/PICARD'S VOICES
(muffled)
"... His eyes should flash and his
breast protrude, And this should
be his customary attitude --"

67 CLOSE - THE DOCKING CLAMP - (OPTICAL)

on the roof of the shuttle extends and with a magnetic jolt attaches itself to the scout.

DATA/PICARD'S VOICES
... His foot should stamp and his
throat should growl..."

68 INT. SCOUT

Data feels the jolt, reacts, stops singing, his programs clinking back into a defense mode...

PICARD'S COM VOICE
"His hair should twirl and his
face should scowl..."

Data checks his sensors, hits a panel and...

74 INT. SCOUT - (OPTICAL)
74 As before.

COMPUTER VOICE
... in ten seconds.

75 INT. SHUTTLE - (OPTICAL)
75

WORF
Damping field established!

PICARD
Maximum power!

76 EXT. SCOUT AND SHUTTLE (OPTICAL)
76

The shuttle gains control sweeping both ships into a hard arc parallel to the surface, only a dozen yards above the surface.

77 INT. SCOUT (OPTICAL)
77

Data reacts to a hatch being blown open on the floor behind him, turns to see Worf aiming the modified tricorder at him... Worf presses a button, nothing happens... Data looks curiously at him... then lunges at him, but Worf extends his arm and presses the button again and Data shuts off in mid-lunge and falls motionless, inches from Worf. He presses his combadge...

WORF
Captain...

78 INT. SHUTTLE
78

WORF'S COM VOICE
Commander Data is safely in custody.

Picard takes a deep breath... satisfied.

79 OMITTED
79
&
&
80
80

81 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY (OPTICAL)
81

The hostages are sitting at wooden tables with the Ba'ku having lunch, the Son'a quietly keeping to themselves at separate tables. To the side, Artim and friends play a game (TBD) that displays extraordinary hand-eye coordination, well beyond human abilities.

82

82 ANGLE - PICARD, TROI AND CRUSHER

and several engineers enter the village on foot, phasers drawn, their faces curious at the picnic before them... the hum of conversation fades... for a moment, it almost seems that the hostages are sorry to seem them... Gallatin and the Starfleet lieutenant move to Picard...

GALLATIN

Captain, Subahdar Gallatin, Son'a Command.

LIEUTENANT

Lieutenant Curtis, attach, to Admiral Dougherty.

PICARD

Are you all right?

LIEUTENANT

We've been treated extremely well by these people.

The children have resumed their game. Troi observes them with keen interest... Picard notices...

PICARD

Counselor?

TROI

They have an incredible clarity of perception, Captain. I've never encountered a species with such mental discipline...

Sojef, Anij and several of the Ba'ku, including another village leader, TOURNEL (35), move toward them.

SOJEF

My name is Sojef, Captain.

PICARD

Jean-Luc Picard... my officers Doctor Crusher and Counselor Troi.

SOJEF

Would you like something to eat?

PICARD

No, we're here to... rescue them.

SOJEF

As you wish. But I would ask you to disarm yourselves. This village is a sanctuary of life.

Picard measures the request... then holsters his phaser... the rest of the away team does the same...

PICARD

(to Crusher and Troi)

Prepare to transport the 'hostages' to the ship...

CRUSHER

They should be quarantined before joining the ship's population.

Picard nods. They move off with Gallatin and the Lieutenant. The work crew moves to disassemble the duck blind.

PICARD

(to Sojef)

We were under the impression they were being held against their will.

ANIJ

It's not our custom to have guests here at all, let alone hold anyone against their will.

Picard makes eye contact with Anij... her tone is not harsh, but we can sense an inner strength in this woman.

SOJEF

The artificial lifeform would not allow them to leave. He told us they were our enemies and more would follow.

ANIJ

Are you our enemy?

SOJEF

Anij...

PICARD

My people have a strict policy of non-interference with other cultures. In fact, it's our Prime Directive.

ANIJ

(dry, with a smile)
Your directive apparently doesn't
include spying on other cultures.

PICARD
If I were in your shoes, I'd feel
the same way after what happened.
(beat)
The 'artificial lifeform' is a
member of my crew. Apparently,
he became... ill...

TOURNEL
There did seem to be a phase
variance in the positronic matrix
that we were unable to repair.

Picard reacts, not the sort of thing one expects to hear
from someone in a place like this...

ANIJ
I believe the Captain finds it
hard to believe that we'd have
any skills repairing a positronic
device...

SOJEF
Our technological abilities
aren't apparent because we've
chosen not to employ them in our
daily lives. We believe when you
create a machine to do the work
of a man, you take something away
from the man.

ANIJ
(don't take us
lightly)
But at one time, we explored the
galaxy just as you do...

PICARD
You have warp capability?

ANIJ
Capability, yes. But where can
warp drive take us, except away
from here...?

Clearly establishing that she and her people have very
little interest in life beyond their world. Picard
allows himself to take in this glorious setting... a
humming bird hovers briefly nearby... it is the kind of
paradise that would appeal to any contemporary man trying
to escape the clutter of his life if only for a brief
respite... and at least, to that extent --

PICARD

I understand.

In the background, the Starfleet hostages embrace their hosts as they say farewell...

PICARD

I apologize for our intrusion.

83 INT. READY ROOM - (OPTICAL)

83

Picard talks to Dougherty on a monitor...

PICARD

... and because they have warp capabilities, the consequences to their society are minimal...

DOUGHERTY

You've done a terrific job, Jean-Luc. Now, pack your bags and get the hell out of there. How's Data?

PICARD

In stasis. La Forge is completing the diagnostic.

DOUGHERTY

(acknowledge)

I'll need all your paperwork tomorrow. We're heading back your way. Set a course to rendezvous with us so you can transfer the crew and equipment on your way out.

PICARD

You're not finished here?

DOUGHERTY

Just a few loose ends to tie up. Dougherty out.

Picard turns off the monitor, glances at the pile of work PADDs -- his "paperwork" -- on his desk without pleasure...

picks one up and begins to study it for a beat... then is drawn to the window, where he can see the warm inviting planet below.

84 INT. TROI'S OFFICE

84

She's sitting on the sofa making some notes on a PADD when the door chimes...

TROI

Come in.

(Riker enters)

Hi.

RIKER

Got a minute? I... need a little counseling.

(off her surprise)

First time for everything. Do I... lie down... or what?

TROI

Whatever makes you comfortable...

Riker lies down, only he winds up with his head on her lap looking up at her...

TROI

This isn't one of the usual therapeutic postures...

RIKER

But it's comfortable.

TROI

Why don't you try sitting up?

RIKER

Or you could try lying down.

TROI

You're in quite a mood today.

He finally sits up, stealing a kiss along the way... she rises shocked but not upset...

TROI

Do you really need counseling or did you come down here to play?

Riker is on his feet now, approaching her. She retreats.

RIKER

Both.

(off her look)

I think I'm having a mid-life crisis...

TROI

(retreating)

... I believe you...

RIKER

... I'm not sleeping well...

TROI

... Doctor Crusher has something
that'll take care of that...

She allows him to catch her...

RIKER

What I need, I can't get from
Doctor Crusher...

(inches away)

Counselor, do you think it's
possible for two people to go
back in time to fix a mistake
they've made?

TROI

On this ship, anything can
happen. And usually does.

He closes the gap between them, kisses her deeply.

TROI

Augh.

RIKER

Augh?

TROI

I never kissed you with a beard
before.

She pushes him out the door...

RIKER

I kiss you and you say 'augh'?!

She hits the panel and the door slides closed in his
face... a tiny grin comes to her face...

85 INT. ENGINEERING CORRIDOR - MOVING WITH PICARD &
LA FORGE

La Forge has a headache he's trying to work through... he
shows Picard several burned components...

LA FORGE

I took these out of Data's neural
net... they contain memory
engrams...

PICARD

Do you know how they were
damaged?

LA FORGE

By a Son'a weapon.

(off Picard's look)

There's no doubt about it, sir.
That's what made Data
malfunction.

PICARD

The Son'a reports claim they
didn't fire until after he
malfunctioned.

LA FORGE

I don't believe it happened that
way.

PICARD

Why would they fire at him
without provocation?

LA FORGE

All I know is that he was
functioning normally until he was
shot. Then, his fail-safe system
was activated...

PICARD

Fail-safe?

LA FORGE

His ethical and moral subroutines
took over all of his basic
functions...

PICARD

So, you're saying he still knew
the difference between right and
wrong.

LA FORGE

In a sense, that's all he knew.
The system is designed to protect
him against anyone who might try
to take advantage of his memory
loss.

PICARD

And yet he attacked us. And told
the Ba'ku we were a threat...

'Why?' is the unspoken question on Picard's face.

86 ANGLE

86

They reach a door with a significant security system in
place... Geordi hits several panels... Picard notices his

eye discomfort...

PICARD
Implants bothering you?

LA FORGE
It's nothing. I'm just tired.

The door slides open to reveal a closet-sized space with Data mounted on the wall in a diagnostic device... Geordi touches a panel which activates Data...

PICARD
Hello, Data...

DATA
Captain, Geordi...?

PICARD
You're aboard the Enterprise.

LA FORGE
You've had a serious malfunction.

DATA
(going inward a beat)
I seem to be missing several
memory engrams...

Geordi holds up the damaged components for him to see.

DATA
Yes... that looks like them.

PICARD
What's the last thing you
remember, Data...

DATA
(searching his
memory, signs)
'his nose should pant and his lip
should curl...'

PICARD
From the mission...

DATA
I was in an isolation suit
collecting physiometric data on
Ba'ku children. My last memory
is going into the hills,
following a boy...

87 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY - (OPTICAL)

Artim is playing with a tiny 'palm-pet', a colorful cross between a caterpillar and a jellyfish that crawls over his hand and between his fingers, as Sojef moves over with Picard and Data... the boy looks at Data with fear in his eyes. Data can't help but notice...

SOJEF

Artim, do you remember where you were on the day of lightning when the artificial lifeform appeared to us?

ARTIM

In the hills, by the dam.

PICARD

Can you show us?

Artim puts his pet in a pocket (or it can have its own little pouch on Artim's belt if he has no pockets) and leads the way. Several Ba'ku including Anij and Tournel curiously follow. As Picard makes eye contact with her, she moves over...

ANIJ

Haven't you disrupted our lives enough...?

She says it gently, but honestly...

PICARD

I understand how you feel. We just want to retrace Data's movements that day...

ANIJ

Why?

PICARD

(a cautious reply)

I don't like to leave questions unanswered.

ANIJ

(evenly)

Then you must spend your life answering questions.

She moves away. Picard watches her; she doesn't look back.

88 ANGLE ON DATA

88

Who notices Artim still glancing at him with fear. To reassure him --

DATA

There is no need for concern. I am operating within normal parameters now.

ARTIM

You're what?

DATA

I am better.

The android's manner only seems to frighten Artim more. Before Data can say anything else, Sojef comes and leads him away, giving Data a cool smile that says, in effect, I don't want any artificial lifeform talking to my son. Data reacts. After a thoughtful beat, moves to walk with Picard.

DATA

I believe the boy is... afraid... of me.

PICARD

It's nothing personal data. You have to remember these people have rejected technology. And you...

DATA

... I am the personification of everything they have rejected.

PICARD

Until this week, that young man probably never saw a machine, let alone one that walks and talks...

DATA

And I do not believe I made a very good first impression.

It clearly bothers Data to be the object of fear. The boy glances over his shoulder once more at the android, looks quickly away...

89 LONG SHOT

89

as the group moves into the rocky foothills...

90 PICARD

90

enchanted by the natural beauty, the antithesis of clutter.

91

91 NEW ANGEL

They come to a brook. Artim hops on one foot across rocks in the water and without stopping to think, Picard does the same thing, looking like a little boy... then notices a curious look from Data which makes him collect himself and adjust his jacket. Anij glances over at Sojef with concern. The others cross in adult fashion.

92

92 COMING OVER A RISE

ARTIM

I saw the first bolt of lightning
over there...

As they move along the rise...

93

93 INT. RIKER'S QUARTERS - BATHROOM

Close on a 24th century container of Gillette Foamy Shaving Cream ("For weightless Environments!")... finding a female hand with a straight razor moving to Riker's face... his chin and cheeks lathered with cream... and the hand is Troi's and they're in the bathtub together in a bubble bath... she expertly moves the blade across his face, leaving a swath of bare chin...

WORF'S COM VOICE

Bridge to Riker.

RIKER

Can I get back to you, Worf?

WORF'S COM VOICE

Admiral Dougherty's on the com-
link, sir.

RIKER

(sighs)

Patch him through.

(the computer bleeps)

Yes, Admiral.

94

94 INT. SON'A BODY FACILITY

Dougherty in the foreground; behind him a Son'a physician is pulling green scum from subcutaneous boils under the skin of Ru'afo's neck with a syringe...

DOUGHERTY

Why haven't you left orbit yet?

RIKER

Captain Picard is still on the surface, sir.

DOUGHERTY

Doing what?

RIKER

He didn't want to leave until we could adequately explain why Data malfunctioned. His future in Starfleet could depend on it.

Dougherty exchanges a concerned look with Ru'afo...

DOUGHERTY

Remind the captain his twelve hours are up.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Yes, sir.

DOUGHERTY

Dougherty out.

Ru'afo's eyes are closed, as the green goo moves from his neck to the doctor's syringe...

SON'A DOCTOR

Your body is producing far too many toxins... we've reached the limit of genetic manipulation...

RU'AFO

I won't need any more genetic manipulation if our Federation friends will allow us to complete this mission.

He opens his eyes, gives Dougherty a pointed look...

95 EXT. PLANET SURFACE - DAY - LOOKING DOWN TO SEE A SMALL

LAKE

Picard, Data and the Ba'ku have moved toward a dam where Data is having trouble with his tricorder...

DATA

Tricorder functions are limited due to heavy deposits of kelbonite in these hills...

PICARD

How about a passive radiation scan?

Data adjusts his tricorder... reacts...

DATA

Curious, there appear to be
strong neutrino emissions coming
from the lake...

Staying with Data s he follows the tricorder to the edge
of the lake... a brief pause... and then in a Harold
Lloyd sort of moment, he steps into the lake up to his
ankles, pauses again to look at the tricorder and then
disappears under water.

96

96 ARTIM

reacts, astounded... looks to Picard...

ARTIM

Can he breathe under water?

PICARD

Data doesn't breathe.

ARTIM

Won't he rust?

PICARD

(smiles to himself)

No.

The boy turns his wide eyes back toward the lake.

97

97 UNDERWATER - DATA (OPTICAL)

An eel and a fish investigate him as he stands on the
lake bottom, examining his tricorder...

98

98 EXT. LAKE - DAY

Data emerges at a distance from the others... calling --

DATA

Sir, I believe I know what is
causing the neutrino emissions...

He climbs to the top of the earthen dam and turns a heavy
wheel that might usually require the strength of two men,
opening a floodgate... as he does --

ARTIM

(fascinated)

Are there other machines like him
in the offland?

SOJEF

The offland is no concern of
yours.

98A 98A ANGLE WITH DATA

The water continues to run off and as we push to the
falling water...

98B 98B WITH PICARD

reacting as he looks down at the lake...

99 99 ANGLE (OPTICAL)

a strange displacement of water appearing as the lake
drains... something invisible is sitting in the water...

a bird lands on top of it... and as the water sinks
lower, spilling off the sides of the invisible object,
the shape is revealed to be that of a cloaked spaceship.

100 100 PICARD

PICARD
A ship,

DATA
It is clearly Federation in
origin, Captain.

PICARD
(quoting Dougherty)
'Just a few loose ends to tie
up.'

As they move to a rowboat... Artim begins to follow but
Sojef puts a firm arm on his shoulder.

SOJEF
We're not interested in such
things.

Anij looks to Sojef...

ANIJ
I am.

And she hops onto the rowboat with Picard and Data...
decidedly not trusting either of them to go alone...

PICARD
It might be wiser for you to stay
on shore.

Anij's answer is to grab an oar and push them away from shore... as Data and Picard exchange a glance, Picard takes the oar from her and...

101 101 WIDE - (OPTICAL)

Picard, Anij and Data row closer to the invisible ship.

102 102 CLOSER - THE ROWBOAT

Data presses controls on his tricorder. A hatch opens. Picard and Data draw phasers...

103 103 INT. HOLOGRAPHIC SHIP/VILLAGE - (OPTICAL)

As they climb in to find themselves in an identical image of the Ba'ku village. Anij is stunned...

DATA
(off tricorder)
It is a holographic projection.

Moving to a gap that shows the metal holo-grid...

DATA (CONT'D)
Incomplete, I might add.

PICARD
(to Anij)
What you're seeing is a computer driven image created by photons and forcefields...

ANIJ
I know what a hologram is, Captain. The question is -- why would someone want to create one of our village?

PICARD
(beat, considering)
Data, if you were following the boy and discovered this ship...

DATA
... it is conceivable I was shot to protect the secret of its existence.

PICARD
(beat, musing aloud)
What possible purpose could a duplicate village have except...

to deceive the Ba'ku...

ANIJ

Deceive us?

PICARD

To move you off this planet. You go to sleep one night in your village... wake up the next morning in this flying holodeck transported en masse. A week later, maybe a month, you've been relocated on a similar planet without ever realizing it.

DATA

Why would the Federation or the Son'a wish to move the Ba'ku?

PICARD

I don't know.

We may notice a look in Anij's eyes - she knows why but doesn't intend to say. Picard and Data don't notice her reaction...

104 104 ANGLE - (OPTICAL)

Suddenly wham! -- a plasma charge is fired from the shadows of the "village" hologram... and then another and another... the shots hit walls revealing portions of the holo-grid (an effect we will see again later during the final action). Plasma ricochets off the walls spraying sparks over them all... as Data fires back, Picard grabs Anij and shoves her out of the hatch for her safety...

105 105 ANGLE OUT THE HATCH

as she falls several yards into the water making a big splash... Picard turns back and starts firing...

106 106 INT. HOLO-SHIP - (OPTICAL)

A brief, intense exchange of shots... creating more gaps in the holo-image... and finally a Son'a officer falls off the roof of a holo-building, unconscious.

PICARD

Computer, end program and decloak the vessel.

And as the holo-image DEMATERIALIZES, they're standing on a holodeck.

107

107 EXT. HOLO-SHIP - (OPTICAL)

DECLOAKING... Anij splaying her arms to keep afloat in the water... Picard and Data stick their heads out of the hatch...

ANIJ

I can't swim!

Data and Picard promptly jump in after her...

PICARD

(reaching for her)

Don't panic...

ANIJ

(with some humor)

I've been shot at... thrown into the lake out of an invisible ship that's come to abduct us all... what's there to panic about?

DATA

In the event of a water landing, I have been designed to serve as a floatation device.

He twists his neck a certain way and we hear a slight technical re-alignment and suddenly he floats...she hangs on as Picard swims over to retrieve the rowboat...

108

108 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM - (OPTICAL)

Data and Picard MATERIALIZE... Worf, sporting a large red mark on his nose, observes. Picard is still wet and angry... on the move...

PICARD

Did any of the hostages mention a cloaked ship during their debriefings?

WORF

No, sir...

PICARD

Debrief them again.
(noticing)
Have you been in a fight, Commander?

WORF

(humiliated)

No, sir. It is a gorch.

PICARD

Gorch?

Data leans in and whispers the translation into Picard's ear... Picard is embarrassed he brought it up...

PICARD

Oh... well, it's hardly...
noticeable...

Off Data's deadpan look at Picard, as they exit...

109

109 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Riker with his clean shaven face moving to meet them...
Picard and Data react... Riker smiles...

RIKER

Smooth as an android's bottom,
eh, Data?

DATA

I... beg your pardon, sir?

For the rest of the sequence, Data observes Riker's chin.
Moving to the turbolift...

RIKER

Admiral Dougherty wants to know
why we haven't left yet...

PICARD

We're not going anywhere.

Worf and Riker exchange a glance as they enter...

110

110 INT. TURBOLIFT - CONTINUOUS

PICARD (CONT'D)

Deck five.

RIKER

(re: the gorge)

You Klingons never do anything
small, do you...

The doors close. Ignoring Riker --

WORF

Doctor Crusher asked to talk to
you when you returned...

PICARD

Picard to Crusher...

111 111 INT. SICKBAY

CRUSHER
Captain, the Son'a hostages
declined to be examined.
I had them confined to quarters.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
And our people?

CRUSHER
They all have slightly elevated
levels of endorphin production...
probably the result of the
environmental anomalies here...

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Are they in any danger?

CRUSHER
Not at all. They're fine... in
fact, they're better than fine.
Increased metabolism, high
energy, improved muscle tone. We
should all be so lucky.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Very good, Doctor. Picard out.

112 112 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

coming out of the turbolift toward Picard's quarters...

PICARD
The Son'a officers are not to be
released until I've met with
Ahdar Ru'afo.

He enters his quarters. Data finally submits to his
curiosity and runs a finger along Riker's chin...

DATA
No, sir. It is not.
(off Riker's look)
As smooth as an android's bottom.

113 113 INT. PICARD'S QUARTERS

As he enters...

PICARD
Computer, music.

Picard's favorite chamber music comes on...

PICARD
No. Not that. Something else.
Something... Latin.

COMPUTER VOICE
Please specify.

PICARD
A mambo.
(as the music comes
on, his tension
easing)
That's more like it...

Picard moves to...

114 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He takes off his jacket and shirt... and begins to towel himself dry... as he glances in the mirror... his towel patting his face, slows to a stop as he stares at himself in the mirror...

115 CLOSE - THE HAIR AROUND HIS EAR

is changing color, no longer all white, it is now predominantly chestnut brown.

116 PICARD

looks, his mind adding up all the strange little things that have been happening on the ship...

117 EXT. ANIJ'S HOME - NIGHT

Picard knocks on a door... it is opened by Anij...

PICARD
How old are you?

TIME CUT:

118 INT. ANIJ'S HOME - NIGHT

Austere but inviting with a warm fire... Sojef, Tournel and Artim have joined them... Artim spoons hot cider from a kettle into cups, serves it to the adults as the scene continues...

SOJEF
We came here from a solar system

on the verge of self-annihilation... where technology had created weapons that threatened to destroy all life. A small group of us set off to find a new home... a home that would be isolated from the threats of other worlds.

(beat)

That was three hundred and nine years ago.

PICARD

(reacts)

You've not aged a day since then?

SOJEF

Actually, I was a good deal older when we arrived... in terms of my physical condition.

ANIJ

There's an unusual metaphasic radiation coming from the planet's rings. It continuously regenerates the cells in our bodies. You must have noticed the effects by now.

PICARD

We've... just begun to.

(to Artim)

I suppose you're seventy-five.

ARTIM

No. I'm twelve.

TOURNEL

The metaphasic radiation won't begin to affect him until he reaches maturity...

PICARD

To many offlanders, what you have here would be more valuable than gold-pressed latinum.

(beat)

And I'm afraid it's the reason that someone is trying to take this world away from you.

ARTIM

The artificial lifeform was right?

PICARD

If not for Data, you'd probably

have been re-located by now.

TOURNEL

How can we possibly defend ourselves?

SOJEF

The moment we pick up a weapon, we become one of them... we lose everything we are...

PICARD

It may not come to that.

They turn to him...

PICARD

Clearly, the architects of this conspiracy have tried to keep it a secret. Not just from you, but from my people as well.

(beat)

I don't intend to let them.

119 EXT. VILLAGE - PREDAWN

119

ANIJ

We've always known that to survive, we had to remain apart. It hasn't been easy. Many of the young people here want to know more about the offland... they're attracted to stories of a faster pace of life...

PICARD

Most of my people who live that faster pace would sell their souls to slow it down.

ANIJ

But not you.

PICARD

(smiles)

There are days.

ANIJ

(beat, studying him)

You don't live up to your reputation as an offlander, Picard.

PICARD

(self-effacing)

In defense of offlanders, there

are many more like me...

ANIJ

... who wouldn't be tempted by the promise of perpetual youth? I don't think so.

PICARD

You give me more credit than I deserve. Of course, I'm tempted. Who wouldn't be?

(beat)

But some of the blackest marks in the history of my world have involved the forced relocation of a small group of people to satisfy the demands of a larger one. I'd like to believe we learn from our mistakes. Obviously, some of us haven't.

120 NEW ANGLE - (OPTICAL)

Picard pausing to look in a corner window... beautifully hand-crafted quilts are displayed...

PICARD

The craftsmanship is extraordinary.

ANIJ

(smiles)

This is a school... that's a student's work.

(off his reaction)

She'll be ready to become an apprentice soon. Then, in thirty or forty years, she'll take her place among the artisans...

PICARD

An apprentice for thirty years.

(they continue walking)

We've noticed your people's mental discipline. Did that develop here?

ANIJ

(teasing)

More questions. Always the explorer. If you stay long enough, that'll change.

PICARD

Will it?

ANIJ

You'll stop reviewing what happened yesterday... stop planning for tomorrow... until you find...

(interrupting herself)

Let me ask you a question -- have you ever experienced a perfect moment in time?

PICARD

A perfect moment?

ANIJ

When time seemed to stop... and you could almost live in that moment...

PICARD

Seeing my home planet from space for the first time...

ANIJ

Yes. Exactly. Nothing more complicated than perception.

(beat)

You explore the universe. We've discovered a single moment in time can be a universe in itself... full of powerful forces... most people aren't aware enough of the now... to ever notice them...

PICARD

I wish I could spare a few centuries to learn.

ANIJ

It took us centuries to learn that it doesn't have to take centuries to learn.

They reach a doorway to her home...

PICARD

There's one thing I don't understand.

(off her look)

In three hundred years...you never learned to swim?

ANIJ

(smiles)

I just... haven't gotten around to it yet.

She steps forward to enter, pauses...

ANIJ

I wonder if you're aware of the trust you endanger, Jean-Luc Picard. In my experience, it's unusual for...

PICARD

... an offlander?

ANIJ

(beat, smiles)

For someone so young.

Picard smiles, aware of a sexual tension... for the second time in his visit, a humming bird flutters by, briefly examining a street lamp and then away. She moves inside, glances back and smiles. Then she's gone. Picard turns and looks at the horizon where the sun will come up soon... reacts as he sees --

121 THE SILHOUETTE OF GEORDI LA FORGE - (OPTICAL)

standing there, looking out at the horizon...

122 CLOSER

as Picard moves over...

PICARD

Geordi...?

Geordi turns and Picard reacts as he sees Geordi's eyes... without the implants... Geordi smiles...

LA FORGE

Funniest thing, Captain. There wasn't anything wrong with my implants. There was something right with my eyes. When Doctor Crusher removed the ocular connections, she found the cells around my optic nerves...

PICARD

... had regenerated.

LA FORGE

It may not last after we leave. If not, I just wanted, before we go...

(beat)

I've never actually seen a

sunrise.

Picard considers him a long beat... and they turn to see -

-

123 THE SUN - (OPTICAL)

cracking the horizon turning the lake red...

124 PICARD AND GEORDI

bathed in the sunlight... Picard's face looking younger,
contented in the new sun...

125 THE SUNRISE - VARIOUS SHOTS

... the silhouette of an eagle-like bird coasting a foot
above the water... the morning breeze brushing the red-
tinged field of tall grass.

126 GEORDI

A tear rolls down his cheek...

127 WIDE - (OPTICAL)

as the sunlight cascades over the village and hills and
if we weren't sure this place was magic before, we
certainly know it now.

128 EXT. SPACE - THE FOUR SON'A SHIPS - (OPTICAL)

dwarf the Enterprise as they move into orbit...

129 INT. READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

Dougherty and Ru'afo enter... Ru'afo is furious --

RU'AFO

Am I to understand you're
not releasing my men, Captain?

Picard at his desk working, looks up, makes strong eye
contact with his guests...

PICARD

(quietly)

I found the holoship.

That stops Ru'afo. He looks at Dougherty who realizes

some damage control will be necessary...

DOUGHERTY

Ru'afo, why don't you let the
Captain and I...

Ru'afo's face is so tight it seems it's going to break...

RU'AFO

No!

... and it does -- a crack opens up from his forehead to
his chin and blood dribbles out of it...

RU'AFO (CONT'D)

This entire mission has been one
Federation blunder after another.
You will return my men or this
alliance will end with the
destruction of your ship.

He exits. Dougherty measures Picard for a beat...

DOUGHERTY

You're looking well, Jean-Luc.
Rested.

PICARD

Your "Briar Patch" turned out to
be more hospitable than I
expected.

DOUGHERTY

(nods)

That's why we put chromodynamic
shields in place - so our people
wouldn't feel the effects from
the metaphasic radiation...

PICARD

... or understand that they were
participating in the outright
theft of a world.

(beat)

I won't let you move them,
Admiral. I'll go to the
Federation Council...

DOUGHERTY

I'm acting on orders from the
Federation Council.

PICARD

(reacts, beat)

How can there be an order to
abandon the Prime Directive...?

DOUGHERTY

The Prime Directive doesn't apply. These people are not indigenous to this world. They were never meant to be immortal. We'll simply be restoring their natural evolution.

PICARD

Who are we to decide the next course of evolution for these people?

DOUGHERTY

There are six hundred people down there. We'll be able to use the regenerative properties of this radiation to help billions.

(beat)

The Son'a have developed a procedure to collect the metaphasic particles from the planets rings...

PICARD

A planet in Federation space...

DOUGHERTY

Right. We have the planet and they have the technology -- a technology we can't duplicate. You know what that makes us? Their partners.

PICARD

Our partners are nothing more than petty thugs.

DOUGHERTY

(dismissing that)

On Earth, petroleum once turned petty thugs into world leaders. Warp drive transformed a bunch of Romulan thugs into an empire. We can handle the Son'a, I'm not worried about that...

PICARD

Someone probably said the same thing about the Romulans a century ago.

DOUGHERTY

With metaphasics, lifespans will be doubled... an entire new medical science will evolve...

(beat)

I understand your Chief Engineer has the use of his eyes for the first time in his life... would you take his sight away from him?

PICARD

There are metaphasic particles all over The Briar Patch. Why must this planet be...

DOUGHERTY

(interrupting)

The concentration in the rings is what makes the whole damned thing work. Don't ask me to explain it. I only know they inject something into the rings that starts a thermolytic reaction. After it's over, the planet will be unlivable for generations.

PICARD

Delay the procedure. Let my people look at the technology.

DOUGHERTY

Our best scientific minds already have. We can't find any other way to do this.

PICARD

Then the Son'a can establish a separate colony on this planet until we do...

DOUGHERTY

It would take ten years of normal exposure to begin to reverse their condition. Some of them won't survive that long. Besides, they don't want to live in the middle of The Briar Patch... who would?

PICARD

The Ba'ku.

Picard and Dougherty look at each other a long beat.

PICARD

We are betraying the principles upon which the Federation was founded... this is an attack on the very soul of the Federation.

(beat)

This will destroy the Ba'ku. Just as cultures have been

destroyed in every other forced relocation throughout history.

DOUGHERTY

We are only moving six hundred people, Jean-Luc.

PICARD

(beat)

How many people would it take... before it becomes wrong? A thousand? Fifty thousand. A million?

Dougherty has taken this as far as he intends to.

DOUGHERTY

I'm ordering you to the Goren system. File whatever protests you wish to. By the time you do, this will be all done.

(moves to exit)

I'm also ordering the release of the Son'a officers.

He's out. Picard sits at his desk for a long beat...

130 INT. BRIDGE

130

Worf at Conn, Data at Ops, Riker at command... they look up at Picard as he comes out of the Ready Room.

PICARD

Prepare the ship for departure at oh-seven-hundred hours.

RIKER

Aye, sir.

Data exchanges a curious glance with Riker as Picard crosses to the turbolift. Before he gets in, he turns and looks at his bridge, imprinting it on his mind.

131 INT. PICARD'S QUARTERS

131

as he enters, stands in the middle of the room a long beat, his table still cluttered with charts and PADDs...

132 ANGLE - CLOSEUP - HIS DRESSER

132

One pip is placed on top, a second, third and fourth...

133 INT. SON'A BODY SCULPTURE CHAMBER - CLOSE ON A TOOTH

133

(OPTICAL)

as it's implanted into a very old man's mouth and now,
the old fellow has a mouthful of bright new teeth...
Gallatin enters, moving to --

134

134 RU'AFO - (OPTICAL)

sitting, his head locked in position by an apparatus... a
female attendant actually giving him a facelift in front
of our eyes... the device stretching his face ever
tighter, as she snips off skin by one ear with a laser in
a bloodless surgery that heals his wound...

RU'AFO

Gallatin! So the righteous
Starfleet Captain finally
released you. Did you encounter
any problems on the surface?

GALLATIN

(acknowledges)

No, sir. But it wasn't easy...
being among them...

RU'AFO

I'm sure. Just don't forget what
they did to us.

(Gallatin nods)

We'll have them rounded up in a
day or two... we needn't bother
with the Federation holo-ship
any more. Just get the holding
cells ready.

Gallatin acknowledges, leaves. To the attendant -

RU'AFO

I'm going to miss these little
flesh-stretching sessions of
ours, my dear.

As she pulls up his other ear...

135

135 INT. YACHT COCKPIT - (OPTICAL)

Picard, out of uniform, works a transporter and cases of
military supplies MATERIALIZE on a loading platform that
will lower into the cargo hold of the yacht... he studies
a translucent geological scan of the surface that we will
hear more about later...

DATA (O.C.)

Re-routing the transport grid to
avoid detection was wise, sir,

but the transporter is rarely
used after oh-two-hundred hours.

Picard turns to see Data, Troi, Crusher, La Forge, Worf
and Riker have entered the hatch. All but Riker and
Geordi are out of uniform.

TROI

Taking the Captain's yacht out
for a spin?

WORF

(examining the cargo)
Seven metric tons of ultritium
explosives, eight tetryon pulse
launchers, ten isomagnetic
disintegrators...

RIKER

You must be planning on doing
some hunting.

PICARD

Go back to your quarters
(no one moves)
That's an order.

No one moves.

RIKER

No uniform? No orders.

Geordi, with his normal eyes, moves forward...

LA FORGE

How could I look at another
sunrise, knowing what my sight
cost these people, Captain?

Picard looks at them with appreciation.

DATA

I feel obliged to point out that
the environmental anomalies may
be stimulating certain rebellious
instincts common to youth that
could affect everyone's judgment.
Except mine, of course.

CRUSHER

Okay, Data, what do you think we
should do?

Data looks to everyone, considering a beat... picks up a
phaser rifle... activates it...

DATA

Saddle up. Lock and load.

The family united looks to their Captain for instructions. Picard looks to them with deep affection.

PICARD

They won't begin the procedure while the planet is inhabited. So, our job is to keep the planet inhabited.

He looks at Riker and La Forge, knowing that his first officer and chief engineer must stay with the ship.

PICARD (CONT'D)

Go back and put a face on what's happening here. Make the Council see the Ba'ku. It's too easy to turn a blind eye to the suffering of an unfamiliar people.

Riker and La Forge acknowledge. Picard takes an extra moment to look, perhaps for the last time, into the eyes of his first officer with affection...

PICARD

There's a short letter I left you all, just some... sentimental nonsense... the computer will bring it to your attention at oh-four-hundred... I'd just as soon you delete it...

RIKER

Fat chance. I'll post it on every monitor on the ship...

Picard grins with nice embarrassment, then with a serious look to Riker --

PICARD

We'll hold out as long as we can.

Riker understands they're counting on him. Picard hits a panel and the weapons sink into the yacht...

as the non-uniformed officers move to take their posts, Riker takes Troi in his arms, kisses her good-bye. The others react in surprise.

DATA

Apparently the environmental anomalies are also stimulating...

Worf shuts him up with a hard look... Data gets the message, sits in a cockpit chair and quietly begins to work...

136 136 EXT. SPACE - THE YACHT - (OPTICAL)

falls away from the belly of the mother ship...

and after a beat, the thrusters ignite and off they go...

137 137 INT. SON'A SHIP TACTICAL ROOM - (OPTICAL)

Ru'afo watches a realistic simulation of a space procedure on a monitor... a small but sophisticated injector assembly sailing into the planet's rings begins to fire charges that start a thermolytic reaction (we see only the early stages here)... Gallatin enters with a PADD...

RU'AFO

The injector performs perfectly in every simulation...

GALLATIN

Sir, as the Enterprise left orbit, one of their support craft went down to the surface.

(Ru'afo reacts, takes the PADD)

It appeared to be the Captain's Yacht. Five persons on board.

RU'AFO

We're not waiting until morning... take the shuttles and get everyone off the surface tonight.

Gallatin starts to leave... pauses as --

RU'AFO

Gallatin, if Picard or any of his people interfere... eliminate them.

138 138 EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT - (OPTICAL)

On a door opening... as we hear a bell ringing... the face of Artim fills the screen... his eyes scared... and as we reveal his point of view of the village, it's a stunning sight -- Tournel pulling on the warning bell in the square... hundreds of people moving with urgency... supplies are being packed onto the backs of llamas... Worf, Data and Troi are unpacking the cases of military supplies that have already been loaded from the (unseen) yacht... Picard is going over charts with Anij and Sojef near-by...

VARIOUS BA'KU

(ad lib)

What is it? What's going on?
What's happened? Is something
wrong?

TOURNEL

We're leaving the village...
take only what you need. Bring
food... we may not be back for
days...

Artim jumps with a start as a slim, high-tech device on a
stake suddenly lights up like a Christmas tree beside
him... sees Data who just activated it...

DATA

It is a transport inhibitor. It
will help prevent Son'a ships
from beaming anyone off the
surface...

Artim, overwhelmed and still scared of the android, backs
away from Data without responding and moves toward his
father. Picard is showing Anij and Sojef the translucent
geo-scans we saw on the yacht...

PICARD

... these are the veins of
kelbonite running through the
hills... the more concentrated
the deposits the more trouble
they'll have with their
transporters... our route will
keep us close to these
deposits as possible...

Artim moves beside his father, holds onto him...

PICARD (CONT'D)

When we're forced away by the
terrain, we'll use transport
inhibitors to compensate. The
mountains have the highest
concentrations. Once we're
there, transport will be
virtually impossible...

ANIJ

There are caves in those
mountains.

PICARD

(acknowledges)

We can hold them off a long
time... once we get there...

(beat)
But they will not make it easy to
get there...

Worf and Data move over...

DATA
Captain, I've activated transport
inhibitors around the village...

PICARD
Good. Let's begin to move these
people out...

WORF
Should I distribute phasers to
the Ba'ku, sir...?

PICARD
No. We'll be responsible for
that, Mister Worf.

They all react to the sound of thrusters flying
overhead... they look up to see --

139 139 P.O.V. - THE NIGHT SKY - (OPTICAL)

as Son'a shuttlecraft roar overhead...

140 140 INT. SON'A SHUTTLE - NIGHT

SON'A OFFICER #1
Transporters are not functioning.

GALLATIN
(off sensors)
They're blocking the beams with
some kind of inhibitors. We'll
have to locate and destroy them.

141 141 EXT. FIELD - WIDE NIGHT - (OPTICAL)

The mass of people cross the fields.. the Starfleet
officers separated at intervals among them, continuing to
encourage and assist them forward... progress slows as
they converge onto the narrow path leading into the
hills...

142 142 ANGLE NEAR THE VILLAGE - (OPTICAL)

with Sojef and Artim...

SOJEF

Don't try to carry too much...
we've got a long climb ahead of
us...

Suddenly, the ground shakes with booms as the ships
overhead fire a series of air to surface missiles
parallel to the path ahead... voices raise in fear,
parents grab their children, people begin to move more
quickly, some drop what they're carrying...

143 143 OMITTED
143 &

&
144 144
144

145 145 ANOTHER SON'A SHIP - (OPTICAL)
145

fires at the surface... we see the blast knock out...

146 146 A TRANSPORT INHIBITOR
146

that explodes...near-by --

147 147 WORF
147

reacts...moves to Picard and Anij guiding people up the
narrow path as the explosions continue...

 WORF
 We've lost an inhibitor! There's
 a gap in the field...

148 148 EXT. FIELD - WIDE (OPTICAL)
148

As another wave of ships passes over, suddenly, with the
moving sounds of ships above, people caught in the
unprotected gap are swept away on a path of
DEMATERIALIZATION...maybe fifty are just scooped away
from the crowd... and now people are really panicking,
screaming, cries, pushing forward... some scatter...

149 149 ARTIM - (OPTICAL)
149

being pushed, trying to hang onto his father...

but as the ships continue to pass over and the
DEMATERIALIZATIONS in the same gap continue, suddenly
Sojef is beamed away...

 ARTIM

My father!

His voice is lost in the cries of the scared people who surge even harder forward toward the protection of the next inhibitor and now the boy is thrust to the ground. As he falls, the little palm-pet slips out of his pocket... Artim desperately tries to save him from being stepped on, finally snatches him in his hand. But now the crush of people threatens to trample the boy and it's a reminder how scary it can be to be small. Suddenly, an arm reaches down and scoops him up... and as we follow Artim up, we can see it's Data who has rescued him... their eyes connect briefly as Data carries him forward... in the pushing crowd...

150 150 ANGLE - PICARD - (OPTICAL)

PICARD

Stay in the protected areas...
we'll be safe when we get into
the hills...

The people file ahead up the path...

151 151 INT. SON'S TACTICAL ROOM

Dougherty, Gallatin and Ru'afo study black and white aerial surveillance photographs of the Ba'ku exodus up the foothills. Dougherty is angry and embarrassed...

GALLATIN

They're following the kelbonite
deposits... using the
interference to block our
transporters...

RU'AFO

Recommendations?

DOUGHERTY

Take me down. Let me talk to
Picard.

RU'AFO

Talk... we should send down an
assault team and take them by
force.

DOUGHERTY

That is not an acceptable option.
If people get hurt, all the
support we have in the
Federation...

RU'AFO

Federation support, Federation procedures, Federation rules... look in the mirror, Admiral... the Federation is old... in the last twenty four months, it's been challenged by every major power in the quadrant -- the Borg, the Cardassians, the Dominion... they all smell the scent of death on the Federation. That's why you've embraced our offer... because it will give your dear Federation new life. Well, how badly do you want it, Admiral? Because there are hard choices to be made now. If the Enterprise gets through with news about their brave Captain's valiant struggle on behalf of the defenseless Ba'ku, your Federation politicians will waver, your Federation opinion polls will open a public debate, your Federation allies will want their say... need I go on?

Dougherty takes a deep breath... knows Ru'afo is right. Gallatin hates the idea of a violent assault, gives Dougherty the other option he's desperately seeking --

GALLATIN

There is an alternative to an all-out assault. Isolinear tags would allow our transporters to lock on to them.

RU'AFO

We'd have to tag every one of them... that would take time... and we don't have it. The Enterprise is only nineteen hours from communications range with the Federation...

DOUGHERTY

I'll order Riker to turn around.

RU'AFO

Picard's first officer. Do you really believe he'll listen?

Ru'afo's clearly lost faith in the Admiral's ability to control the situation... Dougherty's jaw tightens...

RU'AFO

My ships are capable of intercepting the Enterprise

before it reaches the perimeter.
I could send them to... escort...
it back... but Commander Riker
might not want to come...

And we slowly push into Dougherty as he steps across his
self-imposed moral line...

DOUGHERTY
Send your ships.

Dougherty tries to digest the knot in his stomach...

152 EXT. PLANET SURFACE - DAWN (MATTE/OPTICAL)
152

Deep into the foothills now... much steeper terrain...
feeling the power of the mountains near-by... seeing the
path below as hundreds of Ba'ku and dozens of llamas wind
their way up... it's almost biblical in scope with Picard
and Moses leading the way...

153 ANGLE WITH DATA AND ARTIM - (OPTICAL)
153

They've been walking silently for some time...Artim
struggling inside to reconcile what he's been taught
about machines and the experience he's had with Data...

ARTIM
My father told me I shouldn't
talk to you.

DATA
I understand.

ARTIM
I don't.

They exchange a glance. Artim sighs, troubled.

ARTIM
Not everyone here agrees with
him. I mean, you know, about
machines. There was even a
big fight about it once.
(beat)
Do you like being a machine?

DATA
(considering)
I aspire to be more than I am.

ARTIM
I know why.
(off Data's look)
So people like us won't be afraid

of you any more.

DATA

(a beat)

Perhaps, that is true.

The boy is obviously tired from miles of walking uphill...

ARTIM

Don't you ever get tired?

DATA

My power cells continually re-charge themselves.

ARTIM

I can't imagine what it would be like to be a machine.

Data studies him... (and it should be noted that his responses are a deliberate attempt to enlighten Artim, give the child a new perspective on what it means to be an android.)

DATA

Perhaps it would surprise you to know that I have often tried to imagine what it would be like to be a child...

ARTIM

Really?

DATA

Really.

ARTIM

(with fatigue)

For one thing, your legs are shorter than everyone else's.

DATA

But they are in a constant state of growth. Do you find it difficult to adapt?

(off Artim's perplexed look)

A child's specifications are never the same from one moment to the next. I am surprised that you do not... trip over your own feet.

ARTIM

Sometimes I do.

DATA

My legs are eighty-seven-point-two centimeters. They were eighty-seven-point-two centimeters the day I was created. They will be eighty-seven-point-two centimeters the day I go off line. My operation depends on specifications that do not change.

(beat)

I... cannot imagine... the experience of growing up or even tripping over my own feet...

Artim is seeing the artificial lifeform in a whole new light now, which is exactly what Data intended...

ARTIM

But you've never had adults telling you what to do all the time... or bedtimes... or having to eat food you don't like...

DATA

I would gladly accept the requirement of a bedtime in exchange for knowing what it is like to be a child.

ARTIM

(considering)

Do machines ever play?

DATA

I play the violin... and my chess routines are quite advanced...

ARTIM

No, I mean...

He tries to find a way to explain, gets an idea -- pokes him with a finger...

ARTIM

You're it.

And he starts to run away...

DATA

I'm what?

Artim frowns, stops...

ARTIM

Chase me!

DATA
For what purpose?

ARTIM
Because you're it. And if you
tag me... then I'm it.

DATA
But I can run much faster than
you... I am capable of exceeding
forty-seven meters per second...

ARTIM
(sighs, walking back)
Data... haven't you ever just
played... for fun?

DATA
Androids... don't have...fun.

ARTIM
Why not...?

DATA
(beat)
No one's ever asked me that
before.

ARTIM
If you want to know 'what it's
like to be a child', you need to
learn how to play...

As Data considers...

154 WITH PICARD AND ANIJ

154

at point...

walking up a part of the trail protected by towering
rocks. Worf approaches from the rear... (Note: we may
notice more physical changes in our people because of the
regenerative process. For example, Picard's hair is
darker and there actually seems to be a touch more of it
growing than before... Worf's hair is more straggly,
unkempt...)

PICARD
(not serious)
You need a haircut, Commander.

WORF
Accelerated hair growth is often
experienced by Klingons during
Jak'tahla...

ANIJ

Jak'tahla?

PICARD

Roughly translated: puberty...
although for a Klingon that's not
doing it justice...

(to Worf)

Any severe mood swings, unusual
aggressive tendencies -- be sure
to let me know right away...

WORF

The Ba'ku could use some rest,
sir. According to the geo-scan,
this may be the safest area for
the next few kilometers...

PICARD

Very well. We'll take an hour.
Break out some rations...

Worf acknowledges, signals and the column lumbers to a
halt... people sit along the trail...

155 AROUND THE BEND - (OPTICAL/MATTE)

155

A spectacular view of the mountains ahead... Picard and
Anij move forward through some brush, lay on their
stomachs as Picard uses 24th century field glasses to
examine the path ahead...

ANIJ

Right beyond that ridge is where
the caves begin... we can hide
for days...

PICARD

By now the Son'a have scanned the
area and know that just as well
as we do.

She studies him as he continues to survey the territory
they must still cross... on a whim, she reaches out and
runs a finger across his bald head... he looks up,
surprised...

ANIJ

(smiles)

It's been three hundred years
since I've seen a bald man.

He grins, studies her... they feel the sexual tension...
after a beat...

PICARD

How is it a woman like you never
married? And don't tell me you
"just haven't gotten around to it
yet"...

ANIJ

What's the rush?

PICARD

(beat)

I should warn you... I've always
been attracted to older women...

She looks seriously at him, takes his hand in hers,
guides both hands to touch his cheek.

156 PICARD'S SUBJECTIVE POV - (OPTICAL)
156

... and in that moment, his perception and our view
begin to move down her arm... and we enter...

157 AN ALTERED REALITY - (OPTICAL)
157

Picard, and we, find ourselves in a heightened state of
sensory perception -- time seems to be slowing down to a
crawl, sounds are sharper... we hear Picard's heart
beating slowly with a booming percussion... he follows her
gaze to see yet another humming bird, hears its languid
wing

motion... swirling dust from the mountain seems like a
zipping scarf in a breeze that plays in his ears like a
natural flute... his breath becomes more even as he
relaxes into this altered state and he feels...

158 HER FINGERS
158

gently touching the hair at the top of his chest,
sensing, even hearing, her fingertips against his flesh.

159 HER LIPS
159

brush his cheek, his lips... her teeth nip gently on his
lower lip, tugging it and then her lips press against his
for an eternity...

160 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)
160

Moving at one-third impulse through The Briar Patch...

161 INT. BRIDGE
161

Riker at Command, Perim at Conn, La Forge at Ops, Nara at Tactical, supernumeraries...

PERIM

Commander, I'm showing two Son'a ships on an intercept course.

RIKER

How long 'til they reach us?

PERIM

Eighteen minutes...

LA FORGE

We're not going to be able to get a transmission out of here for at least another hour...

NARA

They're hailing us.

RIKER

Tell them our transceiver assembly is down, that we can send messages but can't receive them.

Nara sends the message... a beat...

NARA

I don't think they believe us.

RIKER

Why not?

Boom... a small explosion well off target... the ship shakes gently...

RIKER

(off sensors)

A photon torpedo.

(dry)

Isn't that the universal greeting when communications are down?

LA FORGE

I think it's the universal greeting when you don't like someone.

Another boom shakes them slightly...

RIKER

Full impulse.

LA FORGE

The manifold can't handle full

impulse in the Patch, Commander.

RIKER

If we don't outrun them, the manifolds are going to be the only thing left of this ship.

LA FORGE

(nods)

I'll be in Engineering.

La Forge exits. A supernumerary quickly replaces him.

RIKER

All hands. Battle stations!

162 EXT. TRAIL - DAY

162

TROI

And have you noticed how your boobs have started to firm up?

CRUSHER

(dry)

Not that we care about such things in this day and age.

TROI

Uh huh.

Data glances at their breasts as he hands them plates...

CRUSHER

Thank you, Data.

We stay with him as he takes the tray to Worf who looks at the plate with disdain...

WORF

I have an odd craving for the blood of a live Kolar beast.

(off Data's look)

The environment must be affecting me again.

DATA

(agreeing)

And have you noticed how your boobs have started to firm up?

(Worf reacts)

Not that we care about such things in this day and age.

Suddenly, the distant sound of approaching thrusters...

163 163 ANGLE - FOUR SON'A SHUTTLES (OPTICAL)
163 coming over the horizon...
WORF
(hits combadge)
Take cover!

164 164 PICARD AND ANIJ
164 moving back toward the others... look up to see --

165 165 SON'A SHUTTLES - (OPTICAL)
165 overhead, dropping dozens of...

166 166 FLYING DRONES - (OPTICAL)
166 the size of footballs with parts rotating, blinking,
scanning...

167 167 EXT. DRONE POV - FLYING ABOVE THE TRAIL - (OPTICAL)
167 The Ba'ku scattering as drones fly over them...

168 168 DATA AND ARTIM - (OPTICAL)
168 react, Data firing at the drones as Artim crawls behind a
rock...

169 169 PICARD AND WORF - (OPTICAL)
169 open fire with phasers destroying two, but the third
fires a new kind of weapon hitting --

170 170 CLOSE ON A BA'KU WOMAN'S BACK
170 as it's tagged with a tiny device fired from the drone...

171 171 ANGLE - THE BA'KU WOMAN - (OPTICAL)
171 DEMATERIALIZES... a fraction of a beat later, Picard
blasts the drone... more people DEMATERIALIZE as the
drone attacks continue...
WORF
Isolinear tags. Their
transporters can lock onto them.

PICARD
We have to find shelter...

ANIJ
There's a cavern at the base of
the next hill...

PICARD
(signaling to the
others)
This way!

172 VARIOUS - (OPTICAL)
172 THRU
THRU
175
175

on our principles providing covering fire as the Ba'ku
move quickly ahead... more drones fly in, firing their
tags, more Ba'ku are hit and DEMATERIALIZE... our people
fire repeated bursts destroying several of them...

176 WITH DATA AND ARTIM - (OPTICAL)
176

DATA
A dangerous variation on your
game of 'tag', Artim. Hurry
we most definitely do not want
to be 'it'...

He blasts a drone as they push ahead...

177 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)
177

exchanging fire with the two Son'a ships in pursuit, a
trail of hot exhaust coming from the Enterprise...

178 INT. BRIDGE
178

Seriously damaged... plasma leaks, smoke...

NARA
Shields at sixty percent... !

LA FORGE'S COM VOICE
Engineering to Bridge. We're
burning deuterium down here...

179 INT. ENGINEERING
179

Impulse engines smoking... engineers spray coolant foam over them to keep the temperatures from red-lining...

LA FORGE

We're going to blow ourselves up... we won't need any help from the Son'a...

180 INT. BRIDGE INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN - (OPTICAL)

A huge nebula cluster up ahead...

RIKER

What's inside that nebula cluster?

PERIM

Cometary debris, pockets of unstable metreon gas... we don't want to go in there, sir...

RIKER

Yes, we do.
(pats her shoulder)
You're relieved, Ensign. Take over at Ops.

He takes the Conn... Perim replaces the officer at Ops...

RIKER

Time to use "The Briar Patch" like B'rer Rabbit did...

181 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

making a hard turn and disappearing into the cluster...

182 EXT. PLANET SURFACE/TRIAL - (OPTICAL)

The Ba'ku run for their lives toward the mouth of a cavern, steam coming up from the hot mineral waters within it...

PICARD

Into the cavern! Move!

And our people continue to blast the swarming drones above but there are so many of them... several Ba'ku are tagged and DISAPPEAR...

183 WITH WOLF

as his phaser jams and he picks up a thin tree trunk and

with Klingon howls, swings it like a bat'leth at the drones... missing one but then connecting with another and a second one knocking them out of the park like Hank Aaron... glancing to Picard...

WORF

Definitely feeling aggressive tendencies...

184 ANGLE WITH DATA AND ARTIM - (OPTICAL)

184 surrounded by Ba'ku as they move quickly along a very steep trail, Data firing at drones as they go... suddenly just in front of them, a Son'a assault team appears over the ridge... three armed foot soldiers ready to take prisoners... Data lunges, like a running back hitting a defensive line and his power throws them back and they fall...

185 OFF THE CLIFF - (OPTICAL)

185 the long terrible fall beginning...

186 DATA - (OPTICAL)

186 thinks fast, snatches a passing drone out of the air and aims it at...

187 THE THREE FALLING SON'A - (OPTICAL)

187 and as they're tagged, they DEMATERIALIZE in free-fall.

188 DATA

188 looks down, satisfied, then crushes the drone with his bare hands and provides more cover fire as the Ba'ku move quickly to the cavern...

189 EXT. NEBULA - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

189 Flying through dark matter clouds and stellar debris which light up as Son'a torpedoes explode all around them... suddenly there is a different kind of blast off the Enterprise's stern -- a bright implosion, sucking up everything around it, literally ripping subspace apart as it cascades toward the ship...

190 INT. BRIDGE

190 Terribly rough ride...

NARA
Sir, they've detonated an
isolytic burst... a subspace tear
is forming...

RIKER
On screen.

191 ANGLE TO INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN - (OPTICAL)

As Riker sees the tear coming at them...

PERIM
I thought subspace weapons were
banned by the Khitomer Accord...

RIKER
Remind me to lodge a protest...

LA FORGE'S COM VOICE
Commander, our warp core is
acting like a magnet to the tear.

192 INT. ENGINEERING

Geordi on the move to a new control panel...

LA FORGE (CONT'D)
We're pulling it like a zipper
across space...

RIKER'S COM VOICE
Options?

LA FORGE
Eject the core.

INTERCUT:

193 INT. BRIDGE - (OPTICAL)

As the viewscreen shows the tear getting closer...

RIKER
Will that stop the tear?

LA FORGE
You got me, Commander.

RIKER
That's your expert opinion?

LA FORGE

Detonating the warp core might
neutralize the cascade... but
then again it might not.
Subspace weapons are
unpredictable. That's why they
were banned.

NARA
The tear is closing on us...
impact in fifteen seconds...

RIKER
Eject the core.

LA FORGE
I just did.

NARA
Impact in ten seconds...

RIKER
Detonate!

194 INT. ENGINEERING - GEORDI

presses the panels to detonate and...

195 EXT. NEBULA - THE SUBSPACE TEAR (OPTICAL)

rips toward the Enterprise as the ejected warp core
explodes. The subspace disruption that follows --

196 INT. ENGINEERING

throws everybody down. Consoles explode...

197 INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Panels are blown off, fires break out, lights fail,
people thrown to the ground. As it subsides, Riker
crawls back to Conn...

NARA
It worked, Commander... the
tear's been sealed...

198 INT. ENGINEERING

LA FORGE
There's nothing to stop them from
doing it again... and we're fresh
out of warp cores...

199 199 INT. BRIDGE

PERIM
We're still thirty-six minutes
from transmission range, sir.

RIKER
(nods, deciding)
We're through running from these
bastards.

200 200 INT. HYDROTHERMAL CAVERN - DAY

A large, steamy, wet environment... pools of mineral
water drizzle along the floor...

the Ba'ku and their llamas slosh through the mud, seeking
some kind of comfortable place to rest...

201 201 ANGLE - TOWARD THE ENTRANCE - (OPTICAL)

Where a forcefield has been established across the mouth
of the cave... the drones try to get in and are blocked;
they hover menacingly outside... Data moves to Picard
from the interior of the cave...

PICARD
(to Data)
How many?

DATA
Another forty-three people
reported taken, sir...

Picard frowns, sighs, takes in their new surroundings...
suddenly, the caverns are shaken by the sound of overhead
explosions... reactions, fearful murmurs, skittish
llamas...

202 202 ON ARTIM

sitting with other Ba'ku... they look up at the
frightening sound... sand drifting dangerously from the
ceiling...

203 203 CLOSE ON ARTIM'S POCKET

The palm-pet crawls out...

204 204 EXT. FOOTHILLS - CONTINUOUS (OPTICAL)

204

As the Son'a shuttles fly over firing torpedoes,
explosions across the terrain...

205

INT. HYDROTHERMAL CAVERN

As Picard et al react to the aerial assault... ground
continually shuddering... Picard and Worf exchange a grim
look...

WORF

They're trying to force us out so
their drones can tag us...

Picard nods, agreeing. As dust falls from the ceiling
and the blasts continue to rock them...

Data studies his tricorder...

DATA

With all the hydrothermal vents
in the substrata, the structural
integrity of this cavern is not
going to hold for long,
Captain...

Picard glances out at a half-dozen drones hovering
outside...

PICARD

Is there any other way out of
here?

Anij shakes her head, grim...

DATA

Tracking the water flow may
reveal another potential exit...

As they use tricorders to follow the water flow deeper
into the cavern...

206

NEW ANGLE - NARROWER PORTION OF THE CAVE - (OPTICAL)

as the flow of water disappears under a wall... the air
assault continues...

DATA

(off tricorder)

I'm showing fresh air (TECH
BETTER) behind this calcite
formation, Captain...

PICARD

Will the structure hold if we

blast through?

DATA

(examines walls with
tricorder)

I believe it is safe, sir.

Using their phasers, they blast the wall away, crawl
through the new hole --

207
207 EXT. SECOND EXIT - CONTINUOUS (MATTE/OPTICAL)

as they come out and turn to see several paths up to
rocky mountains not far away, distant cave openings in
view...

PICARD

Spread out as far as you can...
get everyone into those caves,
set up forcefields once you're
inside...

With renewed optimism, they go to gather up the Ba'ku...

208
208 EXT. NEBULA - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

coming about...

209
209 INT. BRIDGE - ANGLE TO INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN - (OPTICAL)

Riker at Conn as messed up as we've ever seen him, his
face a study in determination. The bridge is barely
functional. Pockets of colorful gases are visible on the
screen.

RIKER

Geordi, are those pockets of
metreon gas...?

210
210 INT. ENGINEERING

Off an Okudagram --

LA FORGE

Aye, sir. Highly volatile...I
recommend we keep our distance...

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Negative. I want to use the
ramscoop to collect as much of it
as we can...

LA FORGE

The purpose being...?

211 INT. BRIDGE

RIKER
The purpose being I intend to
shove it down the Son'a's throat.

NARA
Commander, if one of their
weapons hits that gas...

RIKER
It's our only way out of here,
Mister Nara.

212 INT. ENGINEERING

as Geordi goes to work, nods with admiration...

LA FORGE
I wouldn't be surprised if
history remembers this as the
Riker Maneuver...

RIKER'S COM VOICE
If it works you mean.

LA FORGE
Even if it doesn't, they'll be
teaching kids as the Academy not
to do this for years to come.

213 EXT. NEBULA - CLOSE ON THE RAMSCOOP - (OPTICAL)

as it begins to sweep up the gases... compressing them
into a critical mass...

214 INT. BRIDGE - INCLUDE THE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

LA FORGE'S COM VOICE
Bridge, storage cells are at
maximum capacity -- five thousand
cubic meters of metreon gas...

RIKER
Computer, access manual steering
column.

In an instant, a joystick pops up from the control. He
grabs the stick... a computer gamer's dream...

RIKER

Transfer helm controls to manual.

The computer bleeps. As the fog clears, we can see on the screen that we're closing fast on the Son'a ships...

PERIM

They're powering their forward weapons array.

RIKER

Blow out the ramscoop. Stand by full thrusters.

LA FORGE'S COM VOICE

Ramscoop released!

Riker hits panels and the ship lurches...

215 215 EXT. NEBULA - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

turning away as the Son'a ships fire and wham, the gases erupt... the Enterprise careens away out of control as the Son'a ships are hit by the explosion's full force. Both catch seriously on fire. After a beat, one explodes into bits... the other one sits there, helplessly on fire...

216 216 INT. HYDROTHERMAL CAVE - (OPTICAL)

The aerial assault continues as people file out the new exit... sand drifting dangerously from the ceiling as the bombs shake the cavern... Data looks at a tricorder... moves to Picard. Just outside the new exit, a series of plasma blasts are fired from a nearby hill...

WORF

Up there!

He points to a small squadron of Son'a that have spotted them...

PICARD

Data, Troi... keep these people moving. Worf, with me...

They arm themselves, Worf takes a new bazooka-like weapon, an isomagnetic disintegrator, and they move out...

217 217 EXT. CAVERN (SECOND EXIT) - (OPTICAL)

Worf and Picard provide cover as Data and Troi lead more people toward the mountains... Worf fires his disintegrator...

218 218 THE SON'A ASSAULT TEAM - (OPTICAL)

 is blown back as it connects... one of the wounded falls,
 sliding a long way down the hill, landing near the
 cave...

219 219 CRUSHER

 scans the unconscious Son'a with a tricorder. Her eyes
 react as she sees something else on the tricorder... this
 is impossible, she checks again.

 CRUSHER
 Captain...

 Picard moves over cautiously...

 PICARD
 Will he live?

 CRUSHER
 Yes. But look at this medscan...

 He looks at the tricorder, reacts incredulously...

 PICARD
 How could this be possible?

 She shakes her head, looks back to the cavern entrance
 where Anij and Tournel are assisting the last Ba'ku out
 of the cave...

 CRUSHER
 Maybe we should ask them.

 Data and Troi return to lead the last group out of the
 cave...

220 220 HYDOTHERMAL CAVERN

 Artim is among a dozen of so of the Ba'ku waiting to be
 taken...he reaches into his pocket for his palm-pet,
 can't find it... he reacts... he moves into the main
 cavern away from the others... a beat later, Anij and
 Tournel ready the group...

 ANIJ
 Is that everyone?

 BA'KU WOMAN
 (looking for)
 The boy...

They check the immediate vicinity... no Artim...

ANIJ

Wait here.

She moves toward the main cavern...

221 WITH ARTIM

back in the corner where he found the rifle, finding his pet crawling slowly on the floor...

ANIJ

Artim! What are you doing?

She doesn't bother waiting for an answer... just grabs him and pulls him along with her in a hurry...

222 AT THE (SECOND) ENTRANCE

Picard, Worf, Data, Troi and Crusher arrive...

TOURNEL

Anij went to find Artim...

ANIJ (O.C.)

I've got him.

At the sound of her voice, Picard moves toward the main cavern...

223 ANGLE - INTO THE CAVERN

And we see Anij and Artim maybe thirty yards away from Picard... running now... coming this way... suddenly, wham... a rocket hits the mountainside and the ground shudders... and the ceiling starts to collapse... and...

224 PICARD'S EYES

connect with...

225 ANIJ'S EYES

for an instant...

226 WIDE

Picard reaches out for her... just as the whole thing comes down on both of them... Picard throws Artim out of the cave just in front of the collapse into the arms

of...

227

227 DATA

who pulls him safely away from the collapse... The Starfleet officers move back to examine the collapsed mouth of the cave...

ARTIM

Anij!

DATA

(to Artim)

Tournel will take you the rest of the way...

ARTIM

No... I want to stay with you...

DATA

It is safer there. I will join you shortly.

Artim reluctantly goes and the last people cross the divide with Tournel. Overlapping the above dialogue --

WORF

(press combadge)

Worf to Picard.

No response.

CRUSHER

(off tricorder)

Two life signs... one extremely faint...

TROI

(off tricorder)

There are almost four metric tons of rock blocking our way...

She aims a phaser at the rocks, but Worf stops her...

WORF

That might cause another cave-in.

They have no choice... they start digging furiously... Data picking up rocks that no human could lift... Worf refusing to surrender to his own physical limitations... Beverly and Troi do the best they can... Tournel takes the last children across the divide...

228

228 INT. HYDROTHERMAL CAVERN

Almost pitch black... finding Picard under rubble, his face cut, dazed, shaking himself back to consciousness... hoarsely cries out for...

PICARD

Anij...

He gropes around for her...

WORF'S COM VOICE

Worf to Picard...

PICARD

Yes... yes, I... can hear you...

WORF'S COM VOICE

We're trying to get to you,
sir...

Picard begins to crawl around in the darkness and finally comes to motionless body of Anij...

PICARD

Anij.

She barely opens her eyes... Picard looks to see if he still has his tricorder; he does... he trains it on her... the reading are not good...

PICARD

Help is coming.

She looks at him and tries to smile, but it's too much... and her eyes close... and the tricorder tells Picard she's on the edge of death...

PICARD

Worf, you must hurry...

WORF'S COM VOICE

We're coming as fast as we can...
we can't risk using phasers...

PICARD

I understand. Tell Doctor
Crusher to have a hypospray of
lectrazine ready...

CRUSHER'S COM VOICE

How bad is she, Captain...?

PICARD

(beat)

I'm losing her.

CRUSHER'S COM VOICE

We're coming.

Picard takes Anij's hand and holds it to his own cheek...

PICARD

Stay with me... don't let go of
this moment, Anij... help me find
the power to make you live in
this moment... just one more
moment... and then one more after
that... and one more after that.

Her eyes weakly open one last time and look at him...and
as their eyes connect... once again...

229 HIS POV (OPTICAL)
229

as his consciousness moves down her arm and as the bond
is formed... he experiences --

230 AN ALTERED REALITY - (OPTICAL)
230

with heightened senses again as time seems to slow down,
her eyelids thumping slowly louder and louder... and as
they hold the moment the cavern seems to light up with
the metaphysical energy they're emanating... and it's
like Picard has thrown her a mystical lifeline to hold
onto... his eyes are her eyes as life seeps into them...
the moment seems to last forever... she smiles gently and
finally sunlight cracks into the cavern as Data and Worf
break through... Crusher crawls in and uses the
hypospray on Anij's neck... measures her lifesigns with
the tricorder, smiles at Picard...

CRUSHER

She's stabilizing.

PICARD

Is it safe to move her?

CRUSHER

Safer than leaving her here.

Picard kneels and picks her up in his arms... Anij looks
weakly at him...

ANIJ

And you thought it would take
centuries to learn.

He smiles with affection at her... and they all exit...

231 EXT. HYDROTHERMAL CAVERN (ENTRANCE #2) - DAY
231

as Beverly, Worf, Troi, Data and Picard, carrying Anij,

come out to cross the divide... and they stop dead in
their tracks... as they see --

232 FIVE DRONES HOVERING - (OPTICAL)

232

menacingly between them and the safety of the mountain
caverns... and as we intercut between the drones and

233 THE FACES OF OUR HEROES

233

we understand a classic showdown is imminent... an
O.K. Corral moment... and all this happens very fast: our
people stand shoulder to shoulder each a yard apart...
Picard gently lowers Anij to the ground... Worf tosses
him a spare phaser rifle... as he catches it...

234 THE DRONES - (OPTICAL)

234

open fire...

235 VARIOUS - (OPTICAL)

235

THRU

THRU

238

238

Our people react... move, duck and roll, tags just
missing them, as they fire back... only Picard stands
motionless on one knee protecting Anij... one, two,
three, four drones are destroyed but the fifth fires,
tagging Anij... Picard instantly reaches for her tag, but
then he feels the sting of...

239 CLOSE - A TAG

239

on the side of his jacket; he reaches to pull it off but
it's too late...

240 PICARD AND ANIJ - (OPTICAL)

240

DEMATERIALIZE together...

241 EXT. SPACE - RU'AFO'S SHIP - (OPTICAL)

241

in orbit of the Ba'ku planet...

242 INT. SON'A BRIG - DOUGHERTY

242

escorted by Gallatin, enters a cavernous brig filled with

Ba'ku, perhaps as many as eighty of them...his eyes looking for --

243

243 ANGLE - PICARD

stroking Anij's hair as she lies weakly next to him and Sojef. A beat as he locks eyes with Dougherty.

DOUGHERTY

Order them to surrender, and I promise you won't be court-martialed.

PICARD

If a court-martial is the only way to tell the people of the Federation what happened here, then I welcome it.

Ru'afu enters, controlled rage, hands a PADD to Dougherty.

RU'AFO

The Enterprise has destroyed one of my ships. The other is on fire, requesting assistance.

A beat. Picard reacts as Dougherty studies the PADD.

PICARD

(to Dougherty)

The Enterprise would only fire if it were defending itself. Ru'afu must have ordered the attack.

(beat)

I can't believe he would've given that order without your consent, Admiral.

Dougherty maintains eye contact but has completely lost his dignity...

PICARD

I wonder... which one of us will be facing that court-martial...

DOUGHERTY

(to Ru'afu)

There's nothing further to be gained from this...

RU'AFO

You're right. This is going to end now.

(to Picard)

The Ba'ku want to stay on the

planet. Let them. I'm going to
launch the injector...

Gallatin's face reacts to that...Picard sees his sharp
displeasure and then for an instant their eyes meet.
Gallatin looks away, but Picard registers the
information.

DOUGHERTY

You're not going to launch
anything until...

RU'AFO

In six hours, every living thing
in this system will be dead or
dying.

He starts to exit...

PICARD

You would kill your own people,
Ru'afo? Your own parents, your
brothers, sisters...

(off Dougherty's look)

Didn't you know, Admiral? The
Ba'ku and the Son'a are the same
race.

Dougherty, confused, looks to Ru'afo... who doesn't look
back... Sojef stands and comes forward... to Ru'afo --

SOJEF

Which one were you? Gal'na...
Ro'tin...Belath'nin... I'm
sorry, I don't recognize you...

RU'AFO

Those names, those children are
gone forever.

DOUGHERTY

What is he talking about?

SOJEF

A century ago, a group of our
young people wanted to follow the
ways of the offlanders. They
tried to take over the colony...
and when they failed...

RU'AFO

When we failed, you exiled us.
To die slowly.

Anij gathers the strength to look at him...

ANIJ

You're Ro'tin, aren't you...?
There's something in the voice.
(to Gallatin)
Would you be his friend Gal'na?
(Gallatin looks away)
I helped your mother bathe you
when you were a child. She still
speaks of you.

PICARD
(to Dougherty)
You've brought the Federation
into the middle of a blood feud,
Admiral. The children have
returned to expel their elders...
just as they were once expelled.
Except Ru'afo's need for revenge
has now escalated to parricide.

Ru'afo exits. Gallatin looks at Sojef and then follows.
Dougherty is a lost man, realizing his tragic errors.

DOUGHERTY
It was for the Federation. It
was all for the Federation.

Picard offers no sympathy... Dougherty turns and exits...

244

INT. SON'A BODY SCULPTURE CHAMBER - (OPTICAL)

Deserted as Ru'afo enters, his face full of tension... he
moves to a device that bombards his face with pulsating
green energy, trying to relax... Dougherty enters...

DOUGHERTY
We're taking this ship out of
here... this mission is over...

RU'AFO
It is not over.

DOUGHERTY
It is over.

Ru'afo moves away from the device and grabs Dougherty
roughly... moving him across the room...

RU'AFO
I do not take orders from you.

DOUGHERTY
If you begin the procedure while
the planet is still populated,
the Federation will pursue you
until...

Ru'afu, more powerful than Dougherty, throws him down into one of the treatment chairs...

RU'AFO

The Federation...

He locks Dougherty's head into the device... switches several panels... the device lights up ominously...

RU'AFO (CONT'D)

... will never know what happened here.

He hits a switch and begins to raise Dougherty's ears in the facelift procedure we saw before... Dougherty struggles but Ru'afu holds him down... as the Admiral's twists and morphs into a grotesque facelift that finally strangles him to death.

245 INT. SON'A BRIDGE

Ru'afu enters...Gallatin and officers on duty...

RU'AFO

Admiral Dougherty will not be joining us for diner. Deploy the collector.

(Gallatin hesitates)

Do you have a problem with those orders?

GALLATIN

May I talk to you alone?

RU'AFO

(to another officer)

Deploy the collector.

The officer complies.

GALLATIN

Moving them is one thing.
Killing them all...

RU'AFO

No one hated them more than you, Gal'na.

(beat, intimately)

We've come a long way together.
This is the moment we've planned for so many years...

Gallatin looks at his friend, his commander... Ru'afu pats him encouragingly on the shoulder...

RU'AFO

Separate the Starfleet personnel
and secure them in the aft cargo
hold... see that Picard joins
them...

GALLATIN

The shields in that section won't
protect them against the
thermolytic reaction...

RU'AFO

Thank-you for reminding me.

He sits in his command seat and watches his viewscreen...

246 246 ANGLE INCLUDE SCREEN - THE SON'A SCIENCE VESSEL -
246 (OPTICAL)

as huge hatches open and the particle collector that will
capture the metaphasic radiation from the rings slowly
extends out in both directions. After a beat, Gallatin
exits... push in to Ru'afo...

247 247 INT. COLLECTOR - (OPTICAL)
247

an Astrodome-sized chamber full of weird crisscrossing
patterns of pipes, conduits, cables, and rails -- all of
them stretching slowing outward as the collector expands.

248 248 EXT. SPACE - BRILLIANT SOLAR SAILS
248

begin to unfurl majestically in front of the planet's
rings... and now we recognize it as the remarkable device
we saw earlier in Ru'afo's simulation.

249 249 INT. SON'A BRIG - (OPTICAL)
249

Picard has climbed the rear wall with help from two
Ba'ku, examines the forcefield generators in the ceiling.

ANIJ

(a warning)

Jean-Luc...

Gallatin arrives... armed with a hand weapon. Aiming it
at Picard, he turns off the forcefield...

GALLATIN

Come with me.

Picard measures him for a moment then comes out, smiles
'don't worry' to Anij... Gallatin restores the field and
motions for Picard to exit...

250

250 INT. SON'A CORRIDOR

walking to a turbolift... unusually cordial considering the circumstances --

PICARD

It must have been very strange for you.

(off his look)

When you were a hostage. Being among the friends and families you knew so many years ago. All of them looking exactly as they did. Almost like... looking through the eyes of childhood again.

Gallatin presses a panel at the lift... Picard fixes his eyes on him, evenly --

PICARD

And here you are trying to close those eyes again... to pretend you can't see what the bitterness has done to your people... what it's done to Ru'afo... and to you

(beat)

It's turned you... into a coward.

(off his reaction)

A man who ignores his conscience.

The turbolift arrives...

GALLATIN

Get in.

Picard enters...

251

251 INT. TURBOLIFT - CONTINUOUS

PICARD

A coward... without the moral courage to stop an unspeakable atrocity. You offend me.

GALLATIN

(incredulous)

Is this how a Federation officer begs for his life?

PICARD

I'm not begging for my life. I'm begging for yours.

(beat)
There is still a way home,
Gal'na.

Gallatin looks at Picard a long, miserable beat, then...

GALLATIN
Computer, close turbolift doors.

The doors close. Gallatin lowers his weapon.

GALLATIN
What you're asking me to do... is
impossible... the crew is loyal
to Ru'afu...

PICARD
Do you know how to disable the
injector?

GALLATIN
(nods)
But I would need at least three
minutes on the bridge.

PICARD
If we could lure him away from
the bridge...

GALLATIN
(shaking his head)
It doesn't matter where he is.
As soon as he realizes something
is happening, he'll override my
commands with one word at his com-
link...

PICARD
(beat, an idea)
What if he doesn't realize
something's happening...
(Gallatin reacts,
confused)
Can you get me to a transmitter?
I have to speak with Worf and
Data on the surface... we'll need
their help...

As Gallatin acknowledges, still uncertain what Picard's
up to...

GALLATIN
Deck twelve.

sails fully extended now...

253

253 INT. SON'A BRIDGE - (OPTICAL)

RU'AFO
Initiate launch sequence.

SON'A OFFICER #2
Activating injector assembly.

SON'A OFFICER #3
Launch in (TECH) minutes.

Establish a digital display near Ru'afo's command post that shows (time TECH) counting down. Ru'afo is calm, determined. Suddenly a tiny boom. Reactions.

SON'A OFFICER #3
A small craft is coming up from the surface. It's firing tachyon bursts at us...

RU'AFO
On screen.

On the screen, the Captain's yacht approaches, firing...

SON'A OFFICER #3
One person aboard. It's the android.

Ru'afo dismisses the puny attack...

RU'AFO
He's no threat.

254

254 EXT. SPACE - THE YACHT - (OPTICAL)

firing at the Son'a ship... the solar collector continuing to power up in the background...

255

255 INT. YACHT COCKPIT

Data is alone... presses the companel...

DATA
Data to Picard...

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Yes, Data...

256

256 INT. SON'A SHIP ELECTRICAL CONDUIT - PICARD

crawling through the narrow passage behind Gallatin...

DATA'S COM VOICE

Sir, they're ignoring my attack.

PICARD

Keep firing tachyon bursts into their shield grid. Is Worf in position...?

257 INT. YACHT - (OPTICAL)
257

DATA

Yes, sir. He's ready for simultaneous transport.

PICARD'S COM VOICE

We'll be at the bridge in two minutes... Picard out...

Data moves the ship into an attack posture, diving at the larger vessel seen in the window... firing...

258 OMITTED
258

259 INT. SON'A BRIDGE - (OPTICAL)
259

The collector on the viewscreen...

SON'A OFFICER #3

Detonation in three minutes.

SON'A OFFICER #2

Sir, the Federation ship is creating a disruption in our shields... if they go out of phase, it will increase our exposure to the thermolytic reaction...

RU'AFO

(beat, irritated)

Very well. Destroy that ship and reset our shield harmonics... do not delay the countdown...

260 EXT. SPACE - THE YACHT - (OPTICAL)
260

is hit by a concentrated burst of fire from the Son'a ship... it goes spinning out of control...

261 INT. YACHT
261

Data tries to control the yacht. He's hit again... his whole console is smoking...

DATA
(off console)
Data to Picard. They are rotating the shield harmonics. I am attempting to return to the surface...

262 INT. SON'A BRIDGE - (OPTICAL)

SON'A OFFICER #3
The Federation ship has been disabled.

SON'A OFFICER #2
Launch in thirty seconds.

Suddenly, there is an extended optical flash (note: long enough to cover a brief transporter effect). Reactions.

RU'AFO
What is that?

SON'A OFFICER #3
I don't know.
(the effect ends)
Systems don't seem affected...

SON'A OFFICER #2
Launch in fifteen seconds.

See the digital countdown display at 00:15.

263 ANGLE TO INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN - (OPTICAL)

to see the collector with its sails fully extended...

SON'A OFFICER #2
Ten seconds.

A tiny section of the collector is launched toward the rings...

SON'A OFFICER #2
Injector assembly launched.

As it enters, it begins to disperse charges that set off a chain reaction in the ring system... the very nature of the rings changes before our eyes, and flumes of particulate matter scatter away. The process continues racing along the rings... all of this is seen on the viewscreen...

264 264 CLOSE ON RU'AFO

He watches mesmerized, his vengeance finally satisfied.

RU'AFO
Exactly as the simulations
predicted...

SON'A OFFICER #2
Sir, I am not showing any change
in metaphasic flux levels...

265 265 WIDER - (OPTICAL)

RU'AFO
Your scanners must be
malfunctioning.

SON'A OFFICER #2
(off console, puzzled)
All ship functions are off-line.

Ru'afu reacts, turns to a station and presses panels...

RU'AFO
How can there be no ship
functions if the viewscreen is
working, artificial gravity is
stable, life support is...

But his eyes catch something. He moves across the bridge
to a small visual gap where a holo-grid is visible... his
eyes react with horror... he reaches out, touches it...

RU'AFO
A holodeck?

He takes out a disruptor and fires it at the wall
revealing a further portion of the holo-grid in the same
effect we saw earlier with Picard and Data...

RU'AFO
A holodeck?

He fires again and again...revealing more of the grid...
his repeated blasting eventually reveals a short flight
of stairs... he leads the way up them...

266 266 INT. HOLO-SHIP BRIDGE - (OPTICAL)

Barely more than a cockpit with a large window into space
as they enter, Ru'afu reacts as he sees the rings are

--

normal... his own ship is right there in front of him...

RU'AFO

(stunned, realizing)

We were transported to the holo-
ship when we reset our shields.
Everything we saw... was an
illusion.

(hitting his com-link)

Ru'afo, authorization delta two-
one... override all interlink
commands to injector assembly
one.

He stands there, but his com-link responds simply...

SON'A COMPUTER

Unable to comply. Injector
assembly one has been de-
activated.

On his reaction...

267

INT. SON'A BRIDGE - (OPTICAL)

where Picard, Worf and Gallatin are firmly in command...
see the real countdown display has been frozen at 2:12.

WORF

All injector sub-systems are
confirmed off-line.

PICARD

Decloak the holo-ship and engage
a tractor beam, Mister Worf.

As Worf presses panels and the holo-ship DECLOAKS on the
viewscreen, Picard presses a companel...

PICARD

Picard to Data.

268

INT. YACHT COCKPIT - (OPTICAL)

as the ship re-enters the planet's atmosphere, shaking
badly, heating up... a piece of the roof breaks off...

PICARD'S COM VOICE

Your status?

DATA

Precairous, sir... I am having
trouble re-entering the
atmosphere... I believe I will
have to transport to the

surface...

Data is heating up and turning red just as the rest of the ship is.

PICARD'S COM VOICE

Understood. Well done.

DATA

Thank-you, sir.

He DEMATERIALIZES. A beat later, the yacht disintegrates in the atmosphere.

269 INT. HOLO-SHIP COCKPIT

Ru'afo is frustrated...

RU'AFO

This ship is equipped with fourteen long range transporters... are they all useless...?

SON'A OFFICER #2

(working the console)

They must have been locked and secured after we were beamed here.

RU'AFO

Isolate one and re-route its command sequence through the auxiliary processor...

SON'A OFFICER #3

Sir, there's nothing we can do... they already have control of our ship.

RU'AFO

I don't plan on going back to our ship.

270 EXT. SPACE - BRIAR PATCH - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

on it's way back...

271 INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

Riker at Command, La Forge at Ops, Perim at Conn, Nara at Tactical. Basic repairs have been done, but the bridge still shows signs of the battle.

NARA

Sir, we're within sensor range of the Son'a ship. I'm picking up Captain Picard's com-signal on board...

Off Riker's reaction...

272

272 INT. SON'A BRIDGE

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Enterprise to Picard...

PICARD

(reacts)

Number one.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

We should be at your position in seven minutes. Do you need assistance...

PICARD

Negative. Did you succeed?

273

273 INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

RIKER

The Council has ordered a halt to the Ba'ku relocation while they conduct a top-level review.

274

274 INT. SON'A BRIDGE

PICARD

Top level review, my ass. There'll be no cover-up of this. Not after I get...

WORF

Captain...

He motions to the digital display... counting backwards at 2:05 now... Picard reacts... Gallatin works the controls...

GALLATIN

The countdown control has been transferred to the collector...I can't override...

PICARD

Scan for lifesigns.

WORF
One. It's Ru'afu.

PICARD
Can you beam him off?

WORF
Negative. He's established a
security field around the control
room...

PICARD
Is there any other way to disable
the injector?

Gallatin thinks, then calls up...

275 ANGLE (OPTICAL) - COMPUTER DISPLAY SHOWING THE
275 INJECTOR ASSEMBLY

isolating the section that we saw launched into the rings
in the simulation...

GALLATIN
We'd have to remove the ignition
matrix directly from the injector
assembly... but in less than two
minutes, that injector is going
to be launched into the rings...

276 OMITTED
276

277 RESUME
277

WORF
Sir, I volunteer to...

Picard moves toward a transporter station, starts to
Remove his jacket...

PICARD
Denied, Commander. I have no
intention of informing your bride
that you're not coming home...

The countdown is at 1:41...

278 INT. COLLECTOR - (OPTICAL)
278

The weird cavernous room is left with a skeleton of
structured elements now that all the sails are fully
unfurled... it almost reminds of the support foe an old-
time roller coaster -- a cobweb of crisscrossing pipes,

and conduits and planks...

279 RU'AFO - (OPTICAL)

279 in a control area safely removed from the injector,
working controls... the digital display moving back from
1:35... he doesn't immediately see --

280 ANGLE - PICARD - (OPTICAL)

280 MATERIALIZING... near the injector. This is not an area
built for manned operation... so Picard has to make do
with the structural elements...

he's been beamed to a platform a few yards from the
injector... and now he has to crawl across what is
essentially a plank on his back... under the injector
assembly...

281 ANGLE (OPTICAL) - LOOKING DOWN ON PICARD

281 moving across the plank... the dark recesses of the vast
chamber below him... he slides into the assembly's grill,
with many open spaces...

282 ANGLE FAVORING HIS POV - THE IGNITION MATRIX - (OPTICAL)

282 where another digital display shows the countdown at
1:19...he takes a Son'a tool out of a pouch on his
costume... goes to work, still lying on his back... he
inserts the tool and removes the panel cover to expose
the interior of the ignition matrix...

283 WITH RU'AFO (OPTICAL)

283 as an alarm goes off on his console...he reacts...
switches off the forcefield and goes out to look up at --

284 HIS POV - PICARD (OPTICAL)

284 working on the injector...

285 WIDE - (OPTICAL)

285 as Ru'afo climbs toward Picard...

286 PICARD

286 knows he's running out of time now... he works on

removing an interior safety screen that shields the components... it finally slips off and falls, clanging as it hits structural elements below... the countdown hits 1:09...

287 287 RU'AFO - (OPTICAL)
287

climbs...

288 288 PICARD - (OPTICAL)
288

reaches in to pull out the ignition matrix but a small forcefield blocks his hand... he frowns... examines the security sensors, begins to disconnect them...

289 289 RU'AFO (OPTICAL)
289

starts to cross a plank toward Picard... their eyes connect...

290 290 ON THE INJECTOR'S GRILL - (OPTICAL)
290

Picard succeeds in defeating the security system... the forcefield fritzes off... the countdown at :47... he reaches for the component but Ru'afo gets there first... lunges at Picard, seconds before he can complete his task. They grapple across the grill and Picard slips through one of the openings...

291 291 ANGLE EMPHASIZING THE FALL - (OPTICAL)
291

... Picard barely catching himself by grabbing on to the grill...

292 292 RU'AFO
292

scrambles onto the assembly, reaches Picard and starts to uncurl...

293 293 PICARD'S FINGERS
293

holding onto the grill... trying to force him to let go...

294 294 PICARD - (OPTICAL)
294

grimaces, looks to see:

295 THE DIGITAL DISPLAY HITS :20
295

296 RESUME - (OPTICAL)
296

The ignition matrix engages and the nitrogen flow that follows throws Ru'afo slightly off-balance... Picard knowing it's now or never, releases one hand and grabs Ru'afo by the neck and yanks his head down hard against the grill, stunning him... Picard pulls himself up and moves quickly into the blinding nitrogen toward the detonation circuit again...

he literally disappears for a brief second... as Ru'afo comes back at him again... the countdown at :10... Ru'afo pulls him away from the controls... :05... Picard leaps for the plank he crawled over on... Ru'afo looks at...

297 HIS POV - THE DETONATION CIRCUIT
297

and it's gone!

298 RU'AFO
298

reacts... looks at...

299 PICARD
299

on the plank who holds up the circuit for him to see...

PICARD
Looking for this?

300 THE DIGITAL DISPLAY - 0:00
300

301 TWO SHOT: PICARD AND RU'AFO - (OPTICAL)
301

perhaps no more than a foot apart... but an instant later, Ru'afo slides away with the injector as it's launched... a protective forcefield zaps into place as it enters space... Picard watches as it moves toward the rings...

302 EXT. COLLECTOR - CONTINUOUS (OPTICAL)
302

As we saw in the simulation, the injector continues to move toward the rings...

303 INT. INJECTOR - ANGLE THROUGH THE FORCEFIELD - (OPTICAL)
303

to see the rings getting closer and closer... and as we burst into them... the bright colorful metaphasic dust and gases swirling around us like a hurricane...

304 304 RU'AFO - (OPTICAL)

begins to change... growing younger and younger... face-lift falls into middle-age... then taking on the Ba'ku facial skin pattern as he reaches young adulthood... then adolescence... then childhood. White out.

305 305 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The Ba'ku returning from the hills... Troi waves from a distance... and we move to see Riker, standing with Worf (back in uniform), waving back...

WORF

Have I mentioned the unanticipated rewards I've discovered in a permanent relationship...?

RIKER

'Permanent'... that sounds like a long time, Worf.

WORF

(with irony)

Life is short, Commander.

Worf leaves Riker to think about that... and as we move away with him, he takes us to Gallatin watching the children play tag in the high grass with a personal longing.

306 306 ANGLE TO SEE PICARD, ANIJ AND SOJEF - (OPTICAL)

walking slowly observing Gallatin. Anij is almost fully recovered. Picard is back in uniform.

SOJEF

I wish there was a way to bring them back home.

PICARD

Ask them.

SOJEF

I'm afraid there's too much bitterness... on both sides.

They pause as they notice Crusher escorting a young Ba'ku

woman... returning from the mountains... she tries to recognize Gallatin... we're too far away to hear what is said... but the woman embraces Gallatin as a mother embraces a lost son... and Crusher looks over and smiles to Picard... before she leaves the couple alone... Anij looks to Picard, realizing --

ANIJ

Mother and son. You arranged this...?

PICARD

I thought it might begin the healing process.

Sojef considers Picard, shakes his hand with a unstated but deep appreciation for all that this offlander has done. He moves away to join Gallatin and his mother. Anij looks to Picard with love.

ANIJ

What am I going to do without you?

Picard reacts, slightly surprised that she has anticipated that he has to go.

PICARD

These are perilous times for the Federation. I can't abandon it to people who would threaten everything I've spent a lifetime defending.

PICARD (CONT'D)

I'm going back to Earth to... slow things down... at the Federation Council.

She nods, she knows...

PICARD

But I have three hundred and eighteen days of vacation time coming. I plan on using them.

ANIJ

I'll be here.

Worf moves over...

WORF

Captain, the Ticonderoga has moved into orbit.

QUARK'S VOICE

Worf!

They turn to see a Ferengi (QUARK) approaching in a bathing suit with a beach umbrella and two barely dressed Dabo girls...

WORF

What are you doing here, Quark?

QUARK

The same thing everyone else in the quadrant is going to be doing here... as soon as I build the greatest spa in the galaxy...

(sotto)

... these people don't have any religious thing about casinos do they...?

PICARD

There aren't going to be any spas on this planet.

QUARK

Do I know you?

PICARD

(ignoring the question)

This world is about to become a Federation protectorate, which will end any and all attempts at exploitation by people like you.

QUARK

Explain to me how five thousand time-share units... right there along the lake... would be 'exploiting' anyone.

PICARD

Mister Worf, have this uninvited... offlander and his quests beamed to the Enterprise. We'll deposit them at Deep Space Nine.

WORF

Must you, sir?

Worf takes Quark away by the scruff of his beach shirt... his disappointed babes follow ...trailing away --

QUARK

You'll hear from my Nagus.

They're gone.

ANIJ

Do you really think your mighty
Federation would be interested in
protecting six hundred people?

PICARD

The "mighty" Federation could
learn a few things from this
village...

He kisses her. The signature humming bird appears,
sweeping up in the breeze and hovers briefly in front of
them... and as he takes her hand to his cheek...

307 THE HUMMING BIRD (OPTICAL)

slows... its wing movements becoming more fluid and
gentle... as the moment extends...

308 ANGLE ON TROI, CRUSHER, WORF, LA FORGE AND RIKER

prepared to transport...

LA FORGE

Where's Data?

309 ANGLE - THE HIGH GRASS

a shot like our opening shot...except the head that
peeks through the grass this time is Data's... and as we
widen, we see he has taken Artim's earlier advice and is
playing tag with all the kids...

CRUSHER

(calling)

Data! It's time to go!

Data stands up straight as he hears the voice, looks at
Artim a long beat... and this is a kid's moment,
underplaying the sentiment the way kids would...

DATA

I have to go home now.

ARTIM

Bye.

Data nods...

DATA

Bye.

Artim smiles as Data joins the others...

ARTIM

Don't forget -- you've got to
play a little bit every day.

Data acknowledges...

RIKER

Good advice.

Riker takes Troi's hand suggesting perhaps a new
permanent commitment. Picard moves to join the others,
presses his combadge.

PICARD

Enterprise... seven to beam up.
Energize.

Picard exchanges a final look with Anij as they
DEMATERIALIZE.

310 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE - (OPTICAL)

310

leaves orbit and as it moves into space...

FADE OUT.

THE END