

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"The Vengeance Factor"
(f.k.a. "The Human Factor," "The Vengeance," "The Weapon")
#40273-157

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FINAL DRAFT

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STAR TREK: "The Vengeance Factor" - REV. 10/11/89 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Vengeance Factor"

CAST

PICARD	Acamarians
RIKER	SOVEREIGN MAROUK
DATA	YUTA
BEVERLY	
TROI	Gatherers
GEORDI	BRULL
WORF	TEMAREK
WESLEY	CHORGAN
	VOLNOTH
Non-speaking	Non-speaking Acamarians
SUPERNUMERARIES	BODYGUARD
MEDICS	
TWO FEDERATION SCIENTISTS	FEMALE MAID
	SERVANTS

STAR TREK: "The Vengeance Factor" - REV. 10/08/89 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Vengeance Factor"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

MAIN BRIDGE
SICKBAY
OBSERVATION LOUNGE
GUEST QUARTERS
RIKER'S QUARTERS
TEN FORWARD

FEDERATION OUTPOST

GATHERER SHIP

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

GAMMA HROMI TWO
GATHERER CAMP

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Vengeance Factor"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

ACAMAR	AWK-uh-mahr
ACAMARIANS	awk-uh-MAHR-ee-uns
ARTONIAN	are-TONE-ians
BRULL	BROOL
CHORGAN	CHORE-gun
HROMI	huh-ROM-ee
LORNACK	LORE-nack
MALLON	MAL-lon
MAROUK	mar-RUKE
NORANIUM	nor-RAY-knee-um
PENTHOR	PEN-thor
RIGELLIAN	rye-JELL-ee-un
TEMAREK	TEM-ah-reck
TOLMAN	TOLL-man
TONKIAN	TAHN-key-in
TRALESTA	tra-LESS-tah
VOLNOTH	VOLL-noth
YUTA	YOU-tah

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Vengeance Factor"
TEASER

FADE IN:

1
thru OMITTED
2

3 INT. FEDERATION OUTPOST (OPTICAL)

The two-man Federation scientific outpost has been looted -- stripped of all equipment. Instrumentation panels have been ripped from the walls; wave guides dangle aimlessly. Piles of crates, shelves and shattered scientific equipment are all over the floor, blocking easy movement...

RIKER, WORF, BEVERLY, and DATA MATERIALIZE and survey the damage.

RIKER

Someone sure stripped this place.

Worf examines an empty slab where a piece of equipment undoubtedly rested.

WORF

The reactor is gone.

Riker examines a gaping hole in the wall.

RIKER

That's why no one answered our hail for two days -- they had nothing to answer it with.

Data scans with a tricorder.

DATA

Life signs five meters straight ahead, Commander.

But straight ahead is blocked by all the garbage left behind... on the other side is a door. Riker, Worf and Data begin to move the stuff out of the way...

3A ON BEVERLY

detecting something else with her tricorder. She looks over a smashed piece of equipment scattered on the floor then picks up a small jagged piece of metal. A drop of blood-like substance coats a sharp edge. Riker glances over...

RIKER

Blood?

BEVERLY

Yes, but not human. I'll have to do some analysis on it.

4 ON WORF AND DATA

finally reaching the closed door. Worf tries the manual override -- the door remains closed.

WORF

It's jammed.

He glances at Data who steps forward, grabs the door. A quick yank and the door slides open -- revealing TWO FEDERATION SCIENTISTS lying motionless on the floor.

5
thru OMITTED
5A

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. SICKBAY

MEDICS are tending to the two scientists. Beverly's analyzing the bloody piece of metal. Picard, Riker and Data ENTER. Beverly reports:

BEVERLY

The two scientists are suffering from phaser stuns... I'd guess several hits each.

PICARD

Several... when one would surely have sufficed.

BEVERLY

It'll take us a while to bring them around, but they'll recover.

She indicates the sample she's analyzing.

BEVERLY (cont'd)

We found a sample of blood. It's a rare iron-copper composite, unique to one humanoid species: the Acamarians.

PICARD

Acamarians.

(a beat)

That would suggest... the Gatherers.

DATA

A likely hypothesis. The nomadic marauders who refer to themselves as Gatherers have raided other outposts in neighboring sectors.

RIKER

But they've never ventured this far before.

6 CONTINUED:

PICARD

And we cannot permit them to
spread their violent ways further.

(keys insignia)

Mister Crusher, set course for
the Acamar system.

WESLEY'S COM VOICE

Aye, sir.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Assuming orbit around a planet -- Acamar Three.

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, Stardate 43562.9.
In an effort to put an end to the
Gatherer raids, we have come to
the Acamar System to enlist the
aid of Marouk, the sovereign of
Acamar Three.

8 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard, Riker, TROI. At the head of the table sits an
imposing, aristocratic middle-aged woman: MAROUK,
sovereign of Acamar.

Standing unobtrusively behind Marouk is a beefy male
BODYGUARD.

Acamarians are humanoid, perhaps a bit unkempt and
primitive (in appearance, not in intelligence) by our
standards.

8 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Their raids have made this sector unsafe. Our research facilities have been ransacked; trade routes disrupted...

MAROUK

The Gatherers are elusive; we've only managed to capture a handful of them. However, with Starfleet's help...

She's got the wrong idea. Picard interrupts sharply:

PICARD

Hunting them down is not what I'm proposing.

MAROUK

Reconciliation with the Gatherers is impossible. It's been tried. Every time we've offered amnesty, they've rejected it.

TROI

When was the last attempt made?

MAROUK

Eighteen years ago.

PICARD

(surprised)
Eighteen years?

MAROUK

Yes. We gave up trying.

RIKER

Why?

MAROUK

Because the Gatherers aren't willing to change! For almost a century, they've been parasites... moving from star system to star system, living on what they could find... or steal. They're little more than barbarians.

PICARD

They are still your people.

8 CONTINUED: (2)

MAROUK

No. Captain, you have to understand our history. A hundred years ago, before the Gatherers split off from our culture, we were a savage, violent race. Clans battled clans... bloody, vengeful feuds that lasted for generations.

(a beat)

But we overcame those ways... broke the cycle of fighting and revenge. All except the Gatherers.

TROI

After a century of wandering, they may be ready to come home.

PICARD

Despite all your progress, your society is still divided. And it will remain so until the Gatherers return to Acamar.

Picard's words have had an effect. Marouk thinks it over.

MAROUK

The attempt may be futile.

Picard stands.

PICARD

You have much to gain and little to lose in making the effort. The problem affects us all... it cannot be ignored.

Marouk looks at Picard, grudgingly nods. She knows he's right.

9 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Data, Wesley, Worf, supernumeraries. Picard, Riker, Troi, Marouk, and the bodyguard ENTER from the Observation Lounge.

PICARD
Sovereign Marouk, how soon will you be ready to leave Acamar?

MAROUK
I am ready now, Captain. I need only bring aboard two more servants...

RIKER
I'll see to that... and to your accommodations, Sovereign.

Marouk nods a thank you to Riker, turns to Picard:

MAROUK
I have reason to believe there is a Gatherer encampment somewhere in the Hromi Cluster.

PICARD
Mister Data?

DATA
The Federation has charted but not explored several Class M planets in that area. Any of those planets might well serve as a base.

PICARD
Mister Crusher, set course for the Hromi Cluster.

WESLEY
Aye, sir.

10 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

leaving its orbit of Acamar Three.

11 INT. GUEST QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

as Marouk ENTERS, followed by Riker. She crosses to the port, looks out at the stars as the ship goes into Warp. An impressive sight. Marouk turns to Riker:

11 CONTINUED:

MAROUK

A fine ship, Commander.

RIKER

We're very proud of her.

In b.g., the bodyguard and two more servants ENTER, carrying suitcases. One new arrival is a middle-aged female MAID.

The other is YUTA, a fragile girl in her early twenties; pretty, with a delicate, quiet manner. Like all Marouk's servants, if she has a personality it's invisible.

12 NEW ANGLE

as Yuta sets down the suitcase, looks up. Her eyes happen to meet Riker's. A friendly smile from Riker.

Some women would turn away, blushing shyly; some would smile back in friendship -- or invitation. Yuta does neither -- just looks incuriously at Riker. No reaction at all.

MAROUK (O.S.)

Yuta --

13 WIDER (OPTICAL)

as Yuta turns to Marouk.

MAROUK

A light meal in twenty minutes.

Yuta nods in obedience, but Marouk has already turned away to look out the port at the stars streaking by.

14 ON YUTA (OPTICAL)

approaching Riker. In b.g., the other servants are unpacking the suitcases.

YUTA

May I be shown to the kitchen,
Commander?

14 CONTINUED:

RIKER
You're the chef?

YUTA
Yes. I'll prepare all meals for
the sovereign and her servants.

RIKER
We can provide you with a kitchen
if you wish... but it's not really
necessary. The food dispensers
can synthesize anything you want.

Yuta absorbs this without reaction. Riker leads Yuta
to a food slot.

RIKER (cont'd)
I'll show you.
(to Marouk)
Sovereign, may I offer you a
drink?

Marouk doesn't turn from the port:

MAROUK
Yes, thank you. Cold water.

RIKER
(to food slot)
A glass of water... five degrees.

A glass of water MATERIALIZES in the food slot. Yuta
shows mild interest. Riker takes the glass, starts
to deliver it to Marouk. Yuta politely blocks him,
extends her hand for the glass.

YUTA
Please.

Riker's about to say "it's all right, I'll do it" --
but there's something immovable about her stance. He
hands her the glass. She sniffs it, calmly takes a
sip. Riker doesn't know whether to be amused or
horrified.

RIKER
You're also the food taster?

Yuta looks at him -- what's so odd about that?

14 CONTINUED: (2)

YUTA

That's part of the cook's duties.

Satisfied she hasn't been poisoned, Yuta takes the glass to Marouk, who accepts it without comment. Yuta returns to Riker.

YUTA (cont'd)

I'm sure the sovereign will wish to sample many of the cuisines your ship has to offer, but there are certain Acamarian dishes she will insist upon.

RIKER

I'll arrange for a technician to help you program your recipes into the computer. I'd like to try some myself. What's your specialty?

YUTA

I have none.

A simple statement of fact. Riker smiles at her. His natural good will and charm would melt an ice cap.

RIKER

Don't be modest. You can't tell me you haven't come up with a few original triumphs...

And, wonder of wonders, Yuta smiles back. Not much of a smile... but it's a start.

YUTA

There is a spiced parthus dish...

RIKER

"Parthus?"

YUTA

A green vegetable with fleshy roots.

RIKER

Ah. Parthus... a la Yuta. I look forward to tasting it.

(MORE)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

RIKER (Cont'd)
(to Marouk, taking his
leave)
Sovereign...

But Marouk's still gazing with fascination out the port, doesn't hear him. Riker turns back to Yuta, gives her a respectful nod:

RIKER (cont'd)
Chef...

Riker exits. Yuta's small smile increases a bit. Servants don't get this sort of attention; she's not quite sure how to respond... but she likes Riker.

15 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Arriving in orbit around Gamma Hromi Two.

16 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Troi, Data, Wesley, Worf.

WESLEY
Entering standard orbit of Gamma
Hromi Two, sir.

DATA
I am detecting life readings on
the surface, sir... and several
small areas of heat and carbon
dioxide emission indicative of
combustion.

WESLEY
Campfires, Data.

RIKER
(to Picard)
It's worth a look.

PICARD
Make it so.

17 EXT. GATHERER CAMP - NIGHT (OPTICAL)

Riker, Worf, GEORDI, and Data MATERIALIZE in the midst of a "junkyard" of high-tech equipment scattered about.

17 CONTINUED:

Worf scans the area with his tricorder as Geordi, Data and Riker inspect the various piles of stuff.

GEORDI
Artonian lasers, Tonkian homing
beacons... quite a collection.

Data looks at a pile of scrap metal.

DATA
Noranium alloys. Their salvage
value is low.

RIKER
Looks like the Gatherers aren't
very discriminating in what they
steal.

Worf looks over the array, then announces with disgust:

WORF
The spoils of animals without
honor.

Worf lifts a tarp on another pile.

WORF (cont'd)
Commander.

Riker, Data, and Geordi step up to examine Worf's find
-- a small reactor.

18 CLOSE ON WORF

frowning suddenly. He sniffs the air, then grabs
Riker, Data, and Geordi, pulls them to the ground --

WORF
Ambush!

19 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

as THREE GATHERERS (BRULL, TEMAREK, and one n.d.) --
armed with phaser rifles -- pop out from behind a ridge
and take aim at the away team. (Like their Acamarian
cousins, the Gatherers are muscular humanoids with a
"primitive" appearance -- belied by their sophisticated
weapons.) They FIRE.

20 ON RIKER, WORF, GEORDI, AND DATA (OPTICAL)

as a PHASER BLAST just misses them.

21 WIDER (OPTICAL)

Data, Riker, and Geordi scramble behind some rocks as Worf provides a BLAST of cover FIRE, then he too finds cover.

22 ON RIKER (OPTICAL)

his back against a rock, and phaser in hand.

DATA

Rigellian phaser rifles. Not very powerful.

Another BLAST scorches the rock nearby.

RIKER

Powerful enough...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

23 EXT. GATHERER CAMP - NIGHT (OPTICAL)

As before. The three Gatherers have positioned themselves well -- Riker, Data, and Geordi are pinned behind a cluster of equipment while Worf is behind another. Riker yells to the Gatherers:

RIKER
We want to talk --

A phaser BLAST from the Gatherers confirms they aren't interested in chatter.

24 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

as Worf moves closer to Riker, Data, and Geordi -- his adroit maneuvering sparing him from a phaser HIT.

WORF
Your words are wasted, Commander.
(holding up his phaser)
They understand only this.

RIKER
(convincing himself as well)
We're here to establish a dialogue.

A phaser bolt STREAKS OVERHEAD. Then Riker has a thought:

24A RIKER'S POV

of the pile of scrap metal Data looked at earlier.

24B ON RIKER

as he turns to Data.

RIKER
Data... noranium vaporizes at... ?

24B CONTINUED:

DATA

Two thousand three hundred
fourteen degrees. Of course,
noranium carbide alloys vaporize
at a slightly higher temperature.

Riker indicates the pile of alloys -- Worf, Data, and
Geordi catch on.

GEORDI

Phaser setting seven ought to do
it...

Riker nods; all four adjust their phasers.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE (OPTICAL)

as Riker, Data, Geordi, and Worf FIRE at the pile of
noranium. The noranium quickly bellows huge clouds of
SMOKE -- filling the area almost immediately.

RIKER

Now!

25A ANGLE

In a quick moment, Riker gives the others sotto voce
instructions, then using the smoke as cover, the four
make a break for it.

26 ON THE GATHERERS (OPTICAL)

trying to peer through the smoke. We hear:

RIKER (O.S.)

Enterprise -- four to beam up!
Energize!

Brull, the Gatherer leader, sneers with contempt.

BRULL

Cowards.

Brull turns his attention to the rising smoke. He
grabs a bucket of sand and pours it on the noranium.
The two others Gatherers follow suit. After a beat,
the smoke ceases.

30 CONTINUED:

MAROUK (O.S.)

Full dispensation will be extended
to all Gatherers who are willing
to return to Acamar Three.

After a beat, Yuta nods -- "it's okay" -- and hands the
chalice to Marouk, who drinks. Brull frowns

BRULL

You don't trust me.

MAROUK

Should I?

Marouk passes the chalice to Brull.

BRULL

Oh, but you expect me to trust
you. Perhaps you just poisoned
it yourself.

He gruffly hands the chalice to Temarek... all this
for show...

BRULL

Taste it.

Temarek looks and says who me? Brull finally grabs
his hair, and pours the wine down his throat,
laughs... Marouk is furious, insulted, standing, looks
to Picard...

MAROUK

Barbarians... this is futile...

PICARD

Sovereign...

Rising voices upon voices --

BRULL

(standing)

Go home, old woman...

PICARD

Brull...

MAROUK

You people haven't changed in a
hundred years.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

BRULL

You were there. You should know.

PICARD

Sit down.

They both stop and look at Picard.

PICARD

We are here to talk.

MAROUK

It is a waste of time, Captain...
they don't care how they live...

BRULL

And I am supposed to believe that
you do care how we live?

MAROUK

Yes.

PICARD

She is here, isn't she, Brull?

BRULL

Perhaps you forced her...

MAROUK

Nobody forces me anywhere,
Brull... nobody.

Brull looks at her, believes it, grins, sits down.
Picard looks at Marouk, she sits.

BRULL

(feigning disinterest)

What is there for us on Acamar
Three?

MAROUK

A life. A home. You can end your
wandering, your miserable
existence...

BRULL

Do I look miserable?

Marouk's first instinct is to go back at him... but
Picard looks her off.

30 CONTINUED: (3)

MAROUK

The clan wars are over, Brull.
It is a past we are ashamed of.
It is why you had to leave.
(beat)
Now it is time to come home.

Brull thinks it over. Maybe it's a worthwhile offer.
But being a good poker player, he keeps a gruff face as
he commands:

BRULL

I want to talk privately with
Picard and Marouk. Everyone else
-- leave.

The other Gatherers get to their feet. Yuta and
Marouk's bodyguard look to Marouk. She nods to them --
"go." Picard indicates to Riker, Worf, and Troi that
they should go, too.

30A NEW ANGLE

As everyone -- including Riker, Troi, and Worf -- leave
Picard, Marouk, and Brull to negotiate. Riker looks to
Troi:

RIKER

Any insights, Counselor?

TROI

Brull's ready to negotiate. He
wants privacy so he won't appear
weak in the presence of the other
Gatherers.

Riker nods agreement. They look back at Picard,
Marouk, and Brull in the b.g.

30B ANOTHER ANGLE

A few yards away, Volnoth passes Yuta, taking a second look at her, as if she's vaguely familiar. Yuta looks calmly back at him. Volnoth walks off.

FOLLOW Yuta as she follows Volnoth.

31 NEW ANGLE

as Yuta turns a corner, is out of sight of Riker and the others. She continues walking until she comes upon:

32 ANGLE ON VOLNOTH

alone, warming his hands over a fire pit.

YUTA (O.S.)
You are of the clan Lornack.

VOLNOTH
(crossly)
So?

Volnoth looks up as Yuta steps into the firelight. He scowls.

VOLNOTH (cont'd)
I've seen you before.

YUTA
Yes.

32 CONTINUED:

VOLNOTH
But it's impossible.

YUTA
No. Look closer.

Yuta moves closer. She's absolutely calm. Volnoth squints at her, confused.

YUTA (cont'd)
I am Yuta --

Yuta reaches out to touch Volnoth's face --

YUTA (cont'd)
-- of the clan Tralesta.

33 CLOSE ON VOLNOTH

as Yuta's fingertips come in contact with his skin. It's a feather-light touch -- but Volnoth's suddenly in horrible pain. He opens his mouth to scream -- nothing comes out but a desperate GASP.

34 WIDER

as Volnoth's legs give out; he collapses, writhing in pain.

YUTA
I am the last of my line. But
my clan will outlive yours.

Volnoth stiffens in agony and dies.

35 CLOSE ON YUTA

looking down at the dead man. She displays neither satisfaction nor remorse... no emotion whatever.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

36 EXT. GATHERER CAMP - NIGHT

Picard, Brull and Marouk are standing. Riker returns to the edge of the group, stands by awaiting orders from Picard.

BRULL
(grudgingly)
Marouk's offer has value...
still, I'm not sure...

In the b.g., Yuta rejoins the bodyguard, Riker, Troi, Worf, and the other Gatherers.

PICARD
(trying to pin him down)
But you agree it's worth
presenting to your leader.

BRULL
(more decisive)
Chorgan is a better judge of such
things... I will go to him... you
will hear from me in twenty days.

PICARD
Brull, in twenty days, I hope to
be... very far away from here.

That has a couple levels of meaning...

MAROUK
With all due respect, Brull, I
would like to make the offer to
Chorgan myself.

Brull grunts, well, maybe... Picard seizes it and motions for Riker and the others to join him.

36 CONTINUED:

PICARD

We will gladly take you with us aboard the Enterprise. It will give you a chance to enjoy Federation hospitality. How many of your men do you want to accompany you?

BRULL

I'll come alone. If this is a trap --

MAROUK

It isn't.

Brull nods sourly as if he's not a hundred percent convinced. He turns to the other Gatherers:

BRULL

Mallon -- you'll take charge while I'm gone. If I don't return in ten days --

TEMAREK (O.S.)

Brull!

Everyone turns --

37 ANGLE - THE SECLUDED AREA

where Volnoth was killed. Temarek is leaning over the corpse of Volnoth. Brull ENTERS, followed by Picard, Riker, and Marouk. Troi, Worf, and the others approach, but keep in the b.g.

37A ON RIKER

touching his insignia.

RIKER
Away team to Enterprise. Medical
Emergency.

37B WIDER

Brull looks at Riker curiously --

BRULL
Volnoth was an old man. There's
nothing to be done.

RIKER
There's a chance our doctors can
do something...

Brull shrugs -- "why bother?"

BRULL
(to Temarek)
You found him?

TEMAREK
Yes. And there are no other
members of the Lornack clan
here... so I claim his
possessions.

BRULL
(a formality)
Granted.

Brull turns away in indifference as Temarek starts to pull off one of Volnoth's boots.

37C MAROUK (OPTICAL)

looks from Temarek stripping the corpse to Brull, can't conceal her distaste.

37C CONTINUED:

MAROUK

Have you no respect for the dead?

BRULL

What's there to respect about a
corpse?

Marouk looks helplessly to Picard -- how can you deal with such barbarians? She walks away. Beverly MATERIALIZES. Moves quickly to scan the body... Riker has to push Temarak, who is stripping the corpse, out of the way. She shakes her head.

BEVERLY

He's been dead too long.

RIKER

How?

BEVERLY

Cardiac arrest...

But there's a look, an edge to her voice... she stands and Temerek goes back at the body... Riker moves with out of earshot of the others...

RIKER

You don't sound convinced.

BEVERLY

No, it was a heart attack, all right. But I can't figure out what caused it. Cardiac muscle is strong... no sign of arterial occlusion...

Off Riker's curiosity...

37D PICARD AND BRULL (OPTICAL)

PICARD

Is there anything you need to bring with you, Brull?

BRULL

Like what?

PICARD

Anything... a change of clothes, perhaps...

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37D CONTINUED:

BRULL

No, I just changed into these...
recently.

PICARD

Very well then...
(keys insignia)
Picard to Enterprise... two...

BRULL

My quarters are to be just as big
as hers...

PICARD

(acknowledges,
naturally)
Two to beam up...

As they DEMATERIALIZE...

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38 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Orbiting Gamma Hromi Two.

39 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Troi, Data, Wesley, Worf. Brull ENTERS,
escorted by Worf. All eyes are on Brull, who in turn
eyes the crew with suspicion and curiosity.

39 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Brull -- show Mister Crusher the course to plot.

As Picard indicates Wesley, Brull reacts:

BRULL

A child?

PICARD

(pointedly)

That "child" is one of the finest ensigns under my command. He also happens to pilot this ship.

BRULL

That does not inspire my confidence. But if you want me to show him, I'll show him.

40 NEW ANGLE

as Brull crosses to helm, looks over Wesley's shoulder. Wesley indicates the panel.

WESLEY

This is our present position.

BRULL

Then set a heading of three-four-three mark seven-two.

WESLEY

That'll take us through the center of an asteroid belt.

BRULL

What's the matter -- can't you fly your way around a couple of rocks?

WESLEY

(mildly)

Sure I can. But if we take this heading...

(punches it in)

(MORE)

40 CONTINUED:

WESLEY (Cont'd)
... we avoid the belt entirely,
and we only lose twelve point one
minutes at warp seven.

BRULL
Have it your way.

And Brull marches away from the helm.

41 OMITTED

42 INT. TEN-FORWARD (OPTICAL)

Relaxing at a table are Picard and Marouk, with Yuta
and the bodyguard close by.

Alone at a secluded table in b.g. is Wesley, doing
homework on a PADD. He's got his feet up, has a goodly
supply of snack food at hand (can't study without
munchies).

Yuta pours a bit more Acamarian brandy for Marouk and
Picard.

MAROUK
For centuries, my planet was in
chaos. Loyalty to one's clan was
absolute, and the slightest injury
to one member demanded violent
retaliation.

PICARD
And these blood feuds could last
for decades?

MAROUK
(acknowledges)
The obsession for vengeance would
be passed on from generation to
generation. And with each act
of retribution, the violence would
escalate...

42 CONTINUED:

PICARD

It's not unlike the history of
my own planet, Marouk.

In b.g., Riker and Troi ENTER, cross to a table. Yuta
sees, politely approaches Marouk:

YUTA

Your pardon, Sovereign; may I be
excused briefly? Commander Riker
requested I prepare him an
Acamarian dish.

MAROUK

Of course, Yuta.

Yuta moves off, EXITS -- just as Brull ENTERS. Brull
crosses toward the bar.

42A ANGLE ON THE BAR

as a bartender hands Brull a drink. Brull takes a
slug, looks around, sees Wesley in the corner, starts
toward him.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Brull steps up to Wesley's table, sits down, helps
himself to some of Wesley's snacks. Wesley's taken
aback, but tries to be polite.

BRULL

What are you doing?

43 CONTINUED:

WESLEY

My studies.

Brull picks the PADD out of Wesley's hands, inspects it. It's covered with complex equations.

BRULL

What is this?

WESLEY

Math.

BRULL

I can see that. What's it mean?

WESLEY

It's the locally Euclidean metrization of a k-fold contravariant Riemannian tensor field.

Brull nods as if he knows what Wesley's talking about.

BRULL

You good at it?

Wesley shrugs noncommittally. He's getting impatient with Brull. Brull picks up on it:

BRULL (cont'd)

You don't like me.

WESLEY

I didn't say --

BRULL

(cutting him)

That's no problem. I have many friends that don't like me.

(a beat)

What do you know about me?

43 CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY

You're a thief.

BRULL

I do it to survive -- not because
I enjoy it.

Brull looks challengingly at Wesley. Wesley, not
wanting to get into an argument, avoids Brull's gaze.

BRULL (cont'd)

And we Gatherers value freedom.
We do as we want and answer to
no creature.

WESLEY

(curious)

But you're helping Sovereign
Marouk to change all that...

43 CONTINUED: (3)

BRULL

Maybe I just want something
better... for me, and for my
children.

Wesley's surprised. Brull doesn't exactly look like
a father figure.

WESLEY

You have children?

BRULL

(nods)

Two sons. One's almost your age.

(a beat)

He's not so good at math.

Wesley smiles; maybe this guy isn't such a bad guy.

43A ANGLE ON RIKER AND TROI

in quiet conversation. Yuta steps up, carrying a tray
with a covered plate. Riker smiles.

RIKER

Parthus a la Yuta?

Yuta nods modestly.

YUTA

With the help of one of your food
stations.

Yuta sets the tray on a table, unveils the dish, hands
forks to Riker and Troi. They taste the dish and are
impressed.

TROI

It's wonderful.

43A CONTINUED:

RIKER
Truly excellent.

YUTA
Thank you.

RIKER
Will you join us?

YUTA
I don't want to intrude...

Troi gets to her feet, offers Yuta her chair.

TROI
Not at all; I was just about to
leave. Please -- sit down.

Yuta takes Troi's seat. Troi smiles a knowing smile at
Riker, then EXITS. Riker takes another forkful.

RIKER
It really is delicious.

YUTA
I am glad it pleases you,
Commander.

RIKER
I'm not your commander. My name
is William.

YUTA
I will call you William if you
prefer.

RIKER
I do. You say "Commander" to me
the same way you say "Sovereign"
to Marouk.

YUTA
(understands)
As a servant.

Riker nods as he takes another bite.

43A CONTINUED: (2)

YUTA (cont'd)

You're an excellent commander,
but you'd make a poor sovereign.

RIKER

Why's that? Not that I
disagree...

YUTA

You're not comfortable with
servants.

RIKER

No. I prefer the company of
equals.

YUTA

So you treat me as an equal.

RIKER

And you're not comfortable with
that?

YUTA

I'm not used to it. I've always
been a servant. I'm not
complaining -- the sovereign
treats me well. I have all that
I could want.

RIKER

What about freedom?

A long beat. Yuta's expression turns melancholy,
fatalistic.

YUTA

I can never have that.

RIKER

You're the property of the
sovereign?

YUTA

No. I'm not her slave. I can
leave whenever I wish.

RIKER

(a guess)

But you have no place to go?

43A CONTINUED: (3)

YUTA

Just the opposite. My path is
all too clear.

Yuta falls silent. Riker attempts to lighten the
moment:

RIKER

Yuta, you're an excellent cook,
but you talk in riddles.

Yuta smiles without humor.

YUTA

I've never been very good at
conversation.

Yuta looks over at Marouk in the b.g. Marouk's smiling
as she watches Yuta. It makes Yuta self-conscious.

YUTA (cont'd)

I think the sovereign wants me
to return. Enjoy the Parthus.

Yuta crosses back to Marouk's table. Riker watches
her go, then returns to his meal. After a beat, his
communicator BEEPS.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE

Sickbay to Commander Riker. I've
discovered something interesting,
Will...

RIKER

I'll be right there...

44 OMITTED

44A INT. SICKBAY

Beverly is frowning with concentration as she works at a computer station. Riker ENTERS.

RIKER
Doctor, you're scowling.

BEVERLY
I'm thinking.

RIKER
And?

BEVERLY
The old Gatherer on the planet?
I've found what caused his heart
attack.

Beverly indicates the computer monitor.

BEVERLY (cont'd)
The medical tricorder almost
missed it, but there was a
microvirus in his body... it
attached to parasympathetic
nerves and acted as a
cholinesterase inhibitor, blocking
autonomic nerve impulses.

44A CONTINUED:

RIKER
And that stopped his heart?

BEVERLY
(nods)
But here's the interesting part.
The microvirus will only attach
to cells which contain a very
specific DNA sequence.

RIKER
How specific?

BEVERLY
Without knowing more about their
genetic makeup, I can't be sure...
but my guess is, this virus would
only kill one Acamarian in a
million.

Riker WHISTLES.

RIKER
That's an awfully single-minded
bug.

BEVERLY
Too single-minded. I can't
believe it's a naturally occurring
virus.

Riker sees where this is leading:

RIKER
Meaning somebody engineered it...

BEVERLY
Meaning Volnoth was murdered.

Riker ponders this gravely as we:

45
thru OMITTED
47

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

A47A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Coming out of warp.

47A INT. RIKER'S QUARTERS (FORMERLY SCENE 52)

Riker's alone, in the midst of a conversation with Data who's on the bridge.

DATA'S COM VOICE

Sir, Acamar Three has agreed to your request for access to its databases. They are now transmitting them to our computer over subspace link.

RIKER

Good. Notify Doctor Crusher when Acamar's medical database is online. Riker out.

SOUND of DOOR CHIME.

RIKER (cont'd)

Come in.

Yuta ENTERS, stops just inside the door.

YUTA

I'm disturbing you.

RIKER

Not at all.

Yuta steps forward. The door closes.

YUTA

As the sovereign has no further need of my services this evening, she suggested I might spend some time with you.

RIKER

What a charming suggestion...

47A CONTINUED:

YUTA

She appreciates the... affection
... you have shown me.

RIKER

Was it so obvious...

YUTA

(smiles gently)
Yes.

RIKER

(joking)
Well, I've already dined... but,
maybe you know a good Acamarian
dessert recipe.

Yuta leans forward and kisses Riker.

YUTA

Does that please you?

He answers by kissing her back. As they break, as he
holds her, whispering to him...

YUTA

Tell me what you want, William.
I will do anything you wish...

Riker takes pause at the servitude sound of that...
looks at her... still intimate --

RIKER

You've got the night off,
remember?

YUTA

I don't understand.

Riker's more uncomfortable now... she notices.

YUTA

You don't want me to give you
pleasure?

RIKER

(pulling away)
Not as a servant. I told you...
I prefer equals.

47A CONTINUED: (3)

YUTA
Even in matters of love?

RIKER
Especially in matters of love.

YUTA
(beat)
I've offended you.

RIKER
No.

He takes her hand.

RIKER
I only want to make you as happy
as you want to make me. You're
entitled to that...

She looks at him, then draws completely away. Sighs.

YUTA
No. I'm not.

RIKER
(reacts)
Yuta...

YUTA
I do not feel pleasure. Or
passion. I haven't been able
to... for a long time.

RIKER
I don't know who did this to you
or why... but it can change.

YUTA
(regret)
I wish it could. Tonight most
of all.
(beat)
I'm sorry...

He takes her arm as she starts to leave... but then
the insistent sound of the RED ALERT KLAXON. He looks
at her... wishing they could finish the conversation...
but she pulls away and leaves as... the ship is ROCKED
by a phaser hit and Riker EXITS on the double.

48 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Troi, Data, Wesley, and Worf are at their stations. Brull ENTERS from the aft turbolift, occupied by a security officer, looks at the viewscreen.

PICARD

Your people have provided a warm welcome.

BRULL

That's Chorgan's ship.

A48A ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

On the viewscreen, a small Gatherer ship FIRES at us.

B48A ON PICARD

As the HIT shakes the ship.

 WORF
 Shields holding.

 PICARD
 (indicating Worf's
 station)
 Worf -- contact Chorgan and tell
 him Brull has brought us here to
 talk.

Worf opens a channel as Brull crosses to Worf's station. Riker ENTERS from the turbolift as yet another HIT shakes the ship.

 WORF
 Chorgan's not responding.

A third HIT. Picard's patience is waning.

 PICARD
 Mister Worf, can we knock out
 their shields without seriously
 damaging their ship?

 WORF
 I believe we can, sir.

 PICARD
 Prepare phasers and open
 channel...

Worf works his station.

 WORF
 Phasers locked. Channel open,
 Captain.

 PICARD
 This is Jean-Luc Picard...

Interrupted by another HIT. Picard's patience is exhausted:

B48A CONTINUED:

PICARD
(to himself)
Let's focus their attention.
(to Worf)
Fire.

48A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The Enterprise's phasers BLAST away, making a direct
HIT on the Gatherer ship's shields.

48B INT. MAIN BRIDGE

As before.

48B CONTINUED:

WORF

Their forward shields are
inoperative.

PICARD

Well done, Lieutenant.

Brull speaks from Worf's station:

WORF

They're hailing us, sir.

PICARD

That's better.
(to Worf)
On screen.

49 ANGLE ON VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

as the image of CHORGAN fills the screen. Like all
Gatherers, Chorgan has a brutish, rough presence --but
he also has an indisputable air of command...

CHORGAN

Brull -- you traitor! You led
them here to destroy me --

PICARD

Chorgan, if I had wanted you
destroyed, you wouldn't be talking
now.

49 CONTINUED:

Enough of the stick -- now for the carrot.

PICARD (cont'd)
Obviously, I want something else.

CHORGAN
And what is that?

PICARD
I have on board Sovereign Marouk
of Acamar Three. I want you to
hear what she and Brull have to
say.

BRULL
It's worth listening to her,
Chorgan.

CHORGAN
I don't wish to hear either of
you.

PICARD
(with finality)
You have no choice. Prepare to
receive us -- we're coming aboard
your ship. Picard out.

Picard motions to Worf and the image of Chorgan
disappears from the screen, replaced by the Gatherer
ship in the starfield.

PICARD (cont'd)
Cancel Red Alert. Have Sovereign
Marouk meet me in Transporter
Three.

WORF
Aye, sir.

Riker approaches the captain.

RIKER
You're going alone, Captain?

PICARD
The danger is minimal, Number One.
Chorgan's not likely to do
anything rash while the
Enterprise's phasers are trained
upon his ship.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER

It's still a risk.

PICARD

For these negotiations to succeed,
I must be a mediator -- not an
enforcer.

49 CONTINUED: (3)

Picard leads Brull to the turbolift.

PICARD (cont'd)
You have the bridge, Number One.

Picard and Brull EXIT.

50 OMITTED

51 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

motionless relative to the small Gatherer ship.

52 OMITTED

53 INT. GATHERER SHIP

Chorgan sits behind a large table, his Gatherer guard standing protectively behind him. There are two empty seats on the other side of the table.

Marouk, her bodyguard, Yuta, and Picard are led in by Brull. Picard sets the tone with:

PICARD
Chorgan. May I introduce
Sovereign Marouk.

The two leaders acknowledge each other with a slight nod. Chorgan wants to control the meeting.

CHORGAN
You may sit.

Marouk waits for her bodyguard to pull the chair for her, then sits as if she owned the chair. Picard waits for her to sit, then takes the other chair. Brull stands to one side while Yuta, carrying a small bag, remains in the b.g.

PICARD
(to Chorgan)
I think you will find Marouk's
proposal --

CHORGAN
You know, Picard -- I could take
you prisoner.

53 CONTINUED:

Picard looks at him evenly, is determined to get on with the business at hand. Chorgan smiles, backing down.

CHORGAN

Don't worry, I've no intention of doing so. You've gone to a lot of trouble to get here -- I'm curious why.

Picard was never worried. Shrewdly, he allows Chorgan to save face:

PICARD

Then let's proceed.

Marouk smiles, having not missed a beat of the dynamics.

MAROUK

Quite simply, I propose amnesty for every Gatherer...

CHORGAN

Amnesty. You mean slavery.

BRULL

Chorgan, if you want to know what I think...

CHORGAN

(interrupting)

I don't.

(to Marouk)

Say what you came to say. But I tell you right now I doubt that I'll believe it.

MAROUK

(beat)

I didn't believe this very persuasive Federation captain when he suggested that we could reconcile our differences. But I am convinced now it is the right thing not just for you, but for us too. We need you back.

And Picard looks at Marouk with appreciation... as Chorgan grumps.

53 CONTINUED: (2)

Marouk turns, indicates Yuta:

53A ANGLE ON YUTA

quietly opening her bag, withdrawing a decanter of brandy, and moving toward Chorgan.

MAROUK

I've brought some Acamarian
brandy... I'm sure it's been a
long time...

53B NEW ANGLE

Chorgan barely looks at Yuta and the brandy, waves her off rudely. Yuta patiently returns to her place near Marouk. There will be other opportunities.

CHORGAN

You have spent a century hunting
us down --

PICARD

She's trying to put an end to
that.

CHORGAN

By luring us back and putting us
in prisons.

MAROUK

No -- by accepting you back as
free men.

CHORGAN

(sarcastic)
And will you feed and clothe us,
too?

MAROUK

(sharply)
No, of course I won't!
(gaining control)
What I will do is give you the
means to feed and clothe
yourselves. We've already set
aside land you can...

CHORGAN

Do we look like farmers to you?

53B CONTINUED:

MAROUK

Then don't farm. Use the land
as you wish. It is yours. And
the moment you set foot on it,
you'll be better off than you are
today. You won't be running any
longer...

CHORGAN

(beat)

We would need autonomy...

MAROUK

Autonomy...

53BA PICARD

breaking in...

PICARD

Let us acknowledge, Sovereign,
that Chorgan appears willing to
discuss your offer...

53C ON YUTA

In the b.g., bidding her time.

MAROUK (O.S.)

There are many levels of autonomy,
certainly your region would have
home rights...

CHORGAN (O.S.)

Those rights will be spelled out
before I agree to anything...

CUT TO:

54
thru OMITTED
55

55A INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Riker, Troi, Data, Worf, supernumeraries. Riker is with Data at an aft station, scanning databases. Text and pictures FLASH over the monitor.

DATA

Commander, I'm afraid the only entry on Volnoth in the Acamarian database is a birth record.

RIKER

(studying the screen)
Probably one of the last of the Gatherers to be born on their planet.

Beverly ENTERS... moves to the aft station beside Data.

BEVERLY

I've been digging through the medical database from Acamar Three for hours and I've found another victim of the microvirus that killed Volnoth. But just one.

Riker joins her as she punches up the record. Text appears on a monitor.

BEVERLY

Fifty-three years ago. A Gatherer named Penthor-Mul.

Riker looks it over...

RIKER

Data -- got anything in your files on this Penthor-Mul?

Data running a check... reading --

DATA

Yes. He was captured while leading a Gatherer raid on an Acamarian outpost. He died of a heart attack before his trial ended.

(reacts)

Commander, he was a member of the Lornack Clan.

55A CONTINUED:

Riker reacts.

RIKER
(realizing)
Display Volnoth's birth record
again.

Data calls it up again on the viewer... As she sees
it...

BEVERLY
(reacts)
Lornack... the same clan....

RIKER
The only two recorded deaths from
this microvirus... members of
the same clan... what does that
tell us, Doctor?

BEVERLY
If these microbes were engineered
for murder, I'd say somebody's
going after the whole family.

DATA
(noting new information)
Commander, Chorgan, the present
leader of the Gatherers, is also
from the Lornack clan.

Beverly and Riker react.

RIKER
(to Data)
I want to know just how this clan
was involved in the Acamarian
blood feuds... any clues to their
enemies you can find...
(to Beverly)
How could this virus be
transmitted?

BEVERLY
More ways than I can count. And
it's perfectly safe to the
carrier... as long as he doesn't
have the same DNA patterns.

RIKER
Tailor made for their victims...

55A CONTINUED: (2)

Data finds what he's looking for...

DATA

Sir, eighty years ago, the
Lornacks massacred a rival clan,
the Tralestas. It ended a feud
that had lasted for two hundred
years.

RIKER

Ended it?

55A CONTINUED: (3)

DATA

According to these records, there were no survivors. The Tralesta clan was annihilated.

BEVERLY

Something tells me they may not have all been wiped out.

RIKER

There's got to be a missing link here...

Data continues his scan... whirring through pictures and text...

BEVERLY

Computer, any members of the Acamarian delegation in the Tralesta clan?

COMPUTER

Clan affiliation is not within provided records.

Data halts the scan.

DATA

Commander, I believe I have found a correlation between the two deaths... your "missing link" ...

Riker and Beverly look at Data's monitor...

55B INSERT - THE MONITOR SCREEN (OPTICAL)

A still photo of the Gatherer PENTHOR and a few Acamarians leaving the courthouse. Half hidden by one of the Acamarians is a familiar face.

DATA (O.S.)

That is Penthor-Mul being led from his trial.

RIKER

I don't see the connection...

DATA

Behind him to the left, sir...

55B CONTINUED:

RIKER
Computer, scan left and magnify.

The photo magnifies until the half-hidden face fills the screen. It's a young woman's face.

55C RIKER

reacts, beginning to suspect, gives Data a look...

DATA
The computer can extrapolate and reconstruct the rest of the face, sir.

RIKER
(tight)
Do it.

55D INSERT - THE MONITOR SCREEN (OPTICAL)

as the computer "draws in" the other half of the face... and it's plain now that face is Yuta's. Her hair is a different color and style -- but there's no mistaking her.

55E RIKER

reacts.

BEVERLY
But the photograph was taken over fifty years ago.

RIKER
Fifty-three years... and she hasn't aged a day.

56
thru OMITTED
58

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

59
thru OMITTED
64

65 INT. GATHERER SHIP

Starting on Yuta who stands nearby as the negotiations continue... pulling back to reveal Marouk at one end of the table, and then on the far opposite side, Chorgan with his Gatherer guard and Brull standing behind him. Picard is at the middle of the table. The discussion is heated:

MAROUK

Three seats on the ruling council?

CHORGAN

If we're going to be subject to your laws, we want a part in making them.

MAROUK

I agree you're entitled to representation... but not on the ruling council.

CHORGAN

Unacceptable. The real power is in the council. You're trying to shut us out already --

MAROUK

No -- you're trying to take too much! No group has three seats on the council.

CHORGAN

(heating up)

I don't care what others have --

MAROUK

(exploding)

Yes -- you only care about what you can take.

Picard steps in to cool things down:

65 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Sovereign -- were the situation reversed, you would be demanding the same levels of representation.

Marouk cools down.

MAROUK

You're right, Captain.
(to Chorgan)
I apologize for my temper.

Chorgan, still fuming, forces a nod.

PICARD

Perhaps a short pause would be helpful.

CHORGAN

I agree.
(gruffly trying to make amends)
Maybe a taste of that brandy...

MAROUK

Excellent thought. Yuta...

65A ANGLE ON YUTA

obediently pours brandy. Picard takes a conversational tone, both to give the combatants a respite and to melt some of the ice that still exists between them:

PICARD (O.S.)

It's quite remarkable how much alike the two of you actually are...

MAROUK (O.S.)

(no way)
Really, Captain...

CHORGAN (O.S.)

Foolishness...

PICARD (O.S.)

I'm being quite honest... both able negotiators... strong leaders.

65A CONTINUED:

BRULL

We don't obey weak leaders.

Chorgan glances sharply at Brull...

CHORGAN

We have nothing at all in
common... we have agreed to
nothing...

Yuta hands a glass of brandy to Marouk, starts toward
Chorgan with another glass.

PICARD

Wrong, Chorgan... we've agreed to
have some brandy together.

Chorgan smiles as Yuta moves within striking distance
of Chorgan.

66 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

Riker MATERIALIZES, phaser in hand. Everyone's
astounded. The Gatherer guard goes for his phaser
rifle. Riker FIRES, stunning the guard. Chorgan,
bellowing, starts to get to his feet.

CHORGAN

Treachery! A Federation trap --

RIKER

Don't move!

Riker aims the phaser at Chorgan, who freezes, glares
at Riker. The guard is already starting to shake off
the effects of the stun. Riker and Picard exchange
a look.

PICARD

Chorgan, I assure you Commander
Riker has a good reason for his
actions...

(beat)

... you do, Number One?

Everyone's motionless -- including Yuta, who's a yard
behind Chorgan.

66 CONTINUED:

RIKER

Yuta. Move away from Chorgan.

Yuta looks unemotionally at Riker, doesn't move.

RIKER (cont'd)

Do it.

YUTA

Why?

RIKER

Because of a man you once knew...
Penthor-Mul.

Reactions.

CHORGAN

Penthor-Mul? How do you know
Penthor-Mul?

RIKER

He was murdered fifty years ago...

CHORGAN

Murdered... ? That's not so...
he died of...

RIKER

He was killed just as Volnoth
was... by a deadly virus designed
to attack your clan...

CHORGAN

What do you mean? Designed by
whom... ?

RIKER

Tell him, Yuta...

YUTA

I don't understand.

RIKER

You were with Penthor-Mul when
he died...

YUTA

If it was fifty years ago... how
could I...

66 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER
I know, Yuta...

Chorgan starts to make a move. Yuta makes a small move toward Chorgan --

RIKER
Stop! Chorgan -- keep perfectly still. Your life is in danger.

Shocked reactions from everyone but Yuta.

RIKER (cont'd)
Yuta -- step back.

YUTA
William, this is not your concern.

RIKER
It is now. You're about to commit murder.

Yuta realizes Riker's on to her and there's no point in pretending further.

YUTA
(very calm)
It isn't murder. It's justice.

CHORGAN
Who are you?

YUTA
Yuta... of the clan Tralesta.

CHORGAN
There are no more Tralestas.

67 ANOTHER ANGLE

Chorgan and Marouk are stunned. Yuta calmly explains:

YUTA
Five survived the last Lornack raid... but on that day a century ago, my life ended and my search began. I was the one chosen... transformed... my cells were altered... my aging slowed... enough to finish my task.

67 CONTINUED:

RIKER

Murdering innocent people -- is
that your task?

YUTA

He's not innocent. He's a
Lornack.

MAROUK

You used me in order to get to
the last few you couldn't reach.

YUTA

Yes, Sovereign.

CHORGAN

You'll never leave this ship.
If I don't kill you myself, my
men will.

YUTA

You are the last. Once you're
dead, what happens to me doesn't
matter.

RIKER

Yuta... the wars are over.

YUTA

You cannot understand...

RIKER

No, I can't. You're right.
Because I've seen the part of you
that regrets what you have
become... Yuta, listen to me...
you don't have to do this any
more.

68 ON YUTA

as the first signs of regret cross her face.

68 CONTINUED:

YUTA
I have no choice.

RIKER
You do...

And now the regret really shows through on Yuta's face. Haltingly, she extends a hand in Riker's direction --

YUTA
William... I --

Riker lowers the phaser, extends his other hand toward Yuta -- "come on... " Yuta pauses --

YUTA (cont'd)
I'm... sorry.

69 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

as Yuta whirls, reaches to touch Chorgan -- and Riker FIRES.

The stun charge shakes Yuta up -- but she remains conscious, recovers her footing. Riker changes the phaser setting, FIRES again. It knocks Yuta back. But she keeps coming.

Riker has no choice. He adjusts the phaser --

RIKER
Don't --

Yuta reaches for Chorgan again --

And Riker FIRES. Setting eight. Vaporize.

And Yuta's gone.

70 WIDER

Silence. No one moves. Slowly, Chorgan stands.

CHORGAN
Commander, I'm in your debt...

71 CLOSE ON RIKER

His haunted expression tells us he hasn't heard a word of Chorgan's...

72

thru OMITTED

73

74 INT. TEN-FORWARD

Riker's sitting alone at the bar, gazing into an untouched drink in front of him. Picard ENTERS. takes a beat to study him, then proceeds to sit down next to him. After a beat, Riker glances up, knows why the captain is there, nods an acknowledgement... there's not a lot of eye contact.

PICARD

New orders from Starfleet.

Riker cocks his brow.

PICARD

The rendezvous with the Goddard has been postponed.

RIKER

And in the meantime?

PICARD

Starbase three four three. We're to take on medical supplies for the Alpha Leonis system.

RIKER

Sounds pretty routine.

PICARD

With the Gatherer truce in effect, it should be.

(a beat)

We won't require a full ship's complement. I'm going to extend shore leave on the starbase to anyone who wants it.

Riker gives Picard a long look, appreciating what Picard's taking pains not to say...

RIKER

I'll pass that along to the crew, Captain.

Picard nods, takes his leave of Riker, EXITS.

75 ON RIKER (OPTICAL)

a beat as he stands, crosses to a food slot.

RIKER
Parthus. A la Yuta.

As the dish MATERIALIZES, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END