

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"The Most Toys"  
#40273-170

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FINAL DRAFT

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STAR TREK: "The Most Toys" - 2/26/90 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Most Toys"

CAST

PICARD	Zibaliens
RIKER	KIVAS FAJO
DATA	VARRIA
BEVERLY	PALOR TOFF
TROI	
GEORDI	Non-Speaking
WORF	TECHNICIANS
WESLEY	

TRANSPORTER CHIEF CELESIA

Non-Speaking  
SUPERNUMERARIES

Voice Over  
ENTERPRISE COMPUTER VOICE

STAR TREK: "The Most Toys" 2/25/90 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Most Toys"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE  
  MAIN BRIDGE  
  CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM  
  OBSERVATION LOUNGE  
  TRANSPORTER ROOM  
  DATA'S QUARTERS  
  GEORDI'S QUARTERS  
  CORRIDORS  
  TURBOLIFT  
  MAIN ENGINEERING  
  DETENTION CELL

BETA AGNI TWO  
  CAVE

THE JOVIS  
  CARGO BAY  
  FAJO'S DEN

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE  
THE JOVIS

STAR TREK: "The Most Toys" - 2/25/90 - PRONUNCIATION

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Most Toys"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

ANDORIAN	an-DOHR-ree-an
BASOTILE	BASS-oh-tile
CAYVIS FIVE	KAY-vus 5
DENKIRS	DEHN-kers
FINOPLAK	FIN-no-plack
HYTRITIUM	hi-TRI-tee-um
IRAATAN	eye-RAY-tan
JOVIS	JOE-vis
KIVAS FAJO	KEE-vas FAH-zho
LAWMIN GALACTOPEDIA	LAW-men ga-lack-toe-PEE-dee-uh
MOLYBDENUM-COBALT	mah-LIB-den-um CO-balt
PALOR TOFF	PAY-lor TOFF
REJAC	RE-jack
RODULANS	ROD-u-lans
SIGMA ERANI	SIGMA eh-RAN-ee
STACIUS	STAY-cee-us
TELLURIAN	tell-OORR-ee-an
TRICYANATE	try-SIGH-a-nate
VARRIA	var (rhymes with far)-REE-a
VELTAN	VEL-tan
ZIBALIAN	zih-BAY-lee-on

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Most Toys"  
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

hangs motionless near a small spacecraft, the Jovis.

PICARD (V.O.)  
Captain's log, Stardate 43872.2.  
In order to neutralize a sudden  
contamination of the water supply  
at the Federation colony on Beta  
Agni Two, we are procuring one  
hundred and eight kilos of  
hytritium from the Zibalian  
trader, Kivas Fajo.

Move in closer on the smaller vessel.

2 INT. JOVIS CARGO BAY

The Enterprise shuttlepod has docked and DATA emerges  
from the pilot seat.

PICARD (V.O.)  
Because pure hytritium is too  
unstable for our transporters,  
Lieutenant Commander Data has been  
shuttling the material to the  
Enterprise.

VARRIA, a female humanoid, supervises THREE TECHNICIANS  
who are moving a shipping case. The care and precision  
with which they handle the case underlines the danger  
involved.

Data opens the cargo door of the shuttlepod. The  
technicians proceed to load the case onto the pod --  
again with utmost care.

DATA  
(touching his  
communicator)  
Data to Enterprise.

PICARD (V.O.)  
Go ahead, Mister Data.

2 CONTINUED:

DATA

This will be the last trip... the remaining cases of hytritium are now being loaded.

3 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

GEORDI is monitoring the situation from the Engineering Station. PICARD, RIKER, WORF, and WESLEY are at their stations.

PICARD

Acknowledged. Mister Worf, advise Beta Agni Two that our departure is imminent.

WORF

Aye, Captain.

RIKER

(to Picard)

At warp six, we should be there in just over sixteen hours.

Picard acknowledges.

4 OMITTED

4A INT. JOVIS CARGO BAY

The Technicians have completed loading the shuttlepod and closed the hatch. Through the window, we can see a containment field (F/X -- nitrogen) promptly fill the trunk. Data heads for the pilot seat.

DATA

(to comm)

Loading is complete. I am proceeding with departure.

(protocol)

Enterprise Shuttlebay Two, prepare for docking, level one precautions for incoming material remain in effect.

5 ANGLE ON DATA (OPTICAL)

Varria approaches Data and hands him a padd.

5 CONTINUED:

VARRIA

If you'll just acknowledge this  
last load, Commander...

Data takes the Padd and presses his thumb on an ID  
panel... and BLUE SPARKS spring from the padd and dance  
over Data. Data stiffens, goes limp, and falls.

6 ON VARRIA

taking out a tricorder-like device and scanning Data's  
body. She reads the information to one of the  
technicians, who enters it into a padd. The other  
technicians are hurrying about in the b.g.

VARRIA

Twenty-four point six kilos of  
tripolymer composites... eleven  
point eight kilos of molybdenumcobalt  
alloys... one point three  
kilos Bioplast sheeting...

7 OMITTED

8 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE AND THE JOVIS (OPTICAL)

A brief passage of time.

9 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

As before. Geordi reads his console:

GEORDI

Shuttle twelve containment field  
reads nominal... Now leaving the  
Jovis.

Picard steps forward.

PICARD

On viewer.

The shuttlepod moves away from the Jovis... moves  
slowly through space on the Viewscreen.

9 CONTINUED:

GEORDI  
(reading his console)  
Containment field stable...  
gravitational fluctuations within  
acceptable parameters... flight  
pattern...

Before Geordi can finish, the shuttlepod on the  
viewscreen EXPLODES in a BALL OF FIRE.

10 CLOSE UPS - VARIOUS

Riker, Worf, Wesley, Geordi and finally Picard...  
shocked expressions accented by the light from the  
viewscreen.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Picard, Riker, Worf, Geordi, Wesley; moments later.  
The debris from the destroyed shuttle is still visible  
on the viewscreen.

RIKER

Why didn't the containment field  
hold?

GEORDI

(checking readings)  
Unknown, Commander.

PICARD

(to Worf)  
Hail the Jovis -- I want to speak  
with Kivas Fajo.

Geordi and Worf work their consoles.

WORF

Sir, Mister Fajo is hailing us.

PICARD

On screen.

12 ANGLE TO INCLUDE MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

as the image of KIVAS FAJO fills the screen. Fajo is a  
male Zibalian with a commanding presence; a man of the  
world -- or rather the galaxy -- with undeniable  
personal charm and grace and yet someone not to be  
trifled with.

FAJO

Captain Picard -- what happened?

PICARD

It is unclear at this time; we're  
running a full analysis.

FAJO

We detected no malfunctions before  
the explosion. Everything seemed  
to be proceeding as smoothly as  
the other flights. Were you able  
to save the pilot?

12 CONTINUED:

PICARD

No.

Fajo looks as if he lost his best friend.

FAJO

I'm sorry.

Picard nods his thanks but, having a mission, cannot dwell on the moment.

PICARD

Mister Fajo, I would like to analyze your sensor readings of the explosion.

FAJO

Compared to the Enterprise's, our sensors are rather primitive -- I doubt they contain any information yours have overlooked.

PICARD

Perhaps, but I want to leave no avenue unexplored.

FAJO

I understand. We'll transmit the information.

Fajo nods to someone off screen.

WORF

Link established... Receiving.

FAJO

Can we be of any further assistance?

PICARD

(to Riker)

How much hytritium did we manage to bring on board?

RIKER

Eighty-one kilos.

GEORDI

That might be barely enough to complete our mission, Captain... but it's not leaving us any margin for error.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

Picard considers this, then:

PICARD

(to Fajo)

I realize we have acquired your complete supply of hytritium. Do you know where we could obtain more?

FAJO

That may be difficult. The only source I know is in the Sigma Erani System.

RIKER

(to Picard)

Three weeks away.

FAJO

And I can't guarantee they'll have any -- for obvious reasons, no one wants to keep it around. In fact, even I may stop selling it -- it's just too dangerous.

RIKER

I guess we're fortunate you had any at all, sir.

WORF

(to Picard)

Transfer of information is complete, Captain.

PICARD

Mister Fajo, thank you for your help.

Fajo nods as his image disappears, replaced by the Jovis and starfield and wreckage of the shuttlecraft.

13 NEW ANGLE

as Picard considers his options.

PICARD

Mister Crusher, lay in a course for Beta Agni Two, warp six.

WESLEY

Aye, sir.

13 CONTINUED:

RIKER  
(to Picard)  
The Grissom is currently near  
the Sigma Erani system... I'll  
have them stand by in case we need  
more hytritium.

PICARD  
Very good, Number One.

WESLEY  
Course laid in, sir.

A beat as Picard looks out to his lost comrade.

PICARD  
Engage.

14 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

As the Enterprise BLASTS into warp, we hold on the  
Jovis.

15 INT. FAJO'S DEN

Data is "unconscious" on the floor. With a jolt, he  
snaps back to functional status, sits up, runs a quick  
re-calibration.

DATA  
(ad lib)  
Gibberish...  
(self-adjusting)  
...Starfleet... gibberish...  
Enterprise.

That accomplished, he attempts to contact the  
Enterprise -- but his insignia's missing.

Data gets to his feet, examines his environment. He's  
in a windowless room filled with rare and beautiful  
objects: paintings, sculpture, books, alien artifacts  
and devices, perhaps even an exotic animal in a cage.  
In the middle of the room is a large sofa -- a  
comfortable place to sit and appreciate these  
treasures.

16 ON DATA

as he studies the collection. Right in its center -- the focal point of the room -- is a piece of simple, unobtrusive framework in the rough shape of a chair. Functional rather than comfortable, it's what you'd set up if you had a seated statue you wanted to display. But there's no statue there.

Data turns at the SOUND of a door opening --

17 NEW ANGLE

as the massive, vault-like door opens and Fajo and Varria ENTER. The door immediately shuts and locks behind them. Varria stays in the b.g. as Fajo crosses to Data, looks him over with great interest and delight. (Note: Fajo and Varria are wearing a small device on their belts... and they never get closer to Data than one meter.)

FAJO

Wondrous. The detail... the balance. A remarkable piece of work.

DATA

Why have I been brought here?

FAJO

(ignores the question)  
The voice simulation is perfect.  
Inflections, timing...

Fajo shakes his head in admiration, speaks "to" Data for the first time:

FAJO (cont'd)

It took a lot of effort to get you here... but I was sure it would be worth it. I was right.

DATA

(patiently tries again)  
I have been delivered here against my wishes. I would like to know the reason.

FAJO

Certainly. You're here for my enjoyment and appreciation.

DATA

Am I to infer that you intend to keep me captive?

FAJO

Captive? A most inappropriate description, my good android. May I call you Data?

DATA

It is my name.

17 CONTINUED:

FAJO

I know.

(beat, confident)

Data, you will be catered to,  
fawned over... you will be cared  
for as never before... every wish  
will be fulfilled...

DATA

I wish to leave.

FAJO

Almost every wish.

Data's puzzled.

DATA

This is unacceptable. I have no  
desire to remain here... and even  
if I did, my Starfleet duties  
would not permit it.

Fajo grins at Varria, like an amused parent whose child  
has said something precious.

FAJO

Single-minded, isn't it?

VARRIA

(nods)

Very persistent...

FAJO

But polite. A nice touch.

(to Data)

I decline to allow you to leave.

DATA

Then I am forced to attempt  
escape.

Fajo indicates the door -- "go ahead." Data crosses to  
the door, inspects it. It's solid. Data braces  
himself against the frame, gives the door a shove.  
It doesn't budge.

FAJO

Ten androids like you might be  
able to force it open.

(shrugs)

But there aren't any other  
androids like you, are there?

17 CONTINUED: (2)

Data keeps inspecting the door, looking for access.  
There's no visible keypad or opening device.

FAJO (cont'd)

It's keyed to the touch... reads galvanic skin response, DNA patterns, and two or three other things. Trust me... you can't open it.

DATA

Then you will have to open it for me.

18 ON FAJO (OPTICAL)

Fajo doesn't move a muscle as Data advances toward him. The instant Data comes within two meters of Fajo, a GLOWING AURA appears around Fajo's body... Data stiffens, nearly loses control of his movements. It's all Data can do to stagger back from Fajo.

Once Data's backed off, the AURA DISAPPEARS, and Data slowly recovers. Fajo smiles at him.

Data starts to turn away -- then with all his android speed makes a leap-and-grab for Fajo. No good -- the AURA appears again, knocking Data backwards. As he does, the AURA DISAPPEARS. It takes several beats for Data to recuperate.

FAJO

I wouldn't try that again.  
(indicates belt device)  
It's a proximity-actuated field that impedes positron flow. Not good for your brainpaths in the long term.

19 ON DATA

trying another tack with Fajo.

DATA

I fail to understand the value you place upon my presence.

19 CONTINUED:

FAJO

Do you? Look around. This room  
contains items gathered from half  
the galaxy.

And he handles them with great fastidiousness...  
carefully arranging a display when he replaces it.

FAJO

The very first Basotile ever  
created by the Rodulans...  
centuries old. Priceless. A vase  
carved by the late Mark Off-Zel  
on Sirrie Four. The only known  
Roger Maris trading card from  
Earth circa 1962... smell it...

Data does, reacts...

FAJO (cont'd)

Bubblegum... I've preserved the  
scent...

(the animal)

A Lapling...

DATA

(reacts)

But I thought they were extinct...

FAJO

Yes, that is the general belief.  
She's the last surviving member  
of her species... defenseless  
little creature, pity.

(beat)

Everything you see -- the only  
one of its kind. Unique. An  
original. Just as you are.

(at the chair)

Here, this is for you... your  
place of honor... sit... if it  
is not comfortable... but of  
course, you have no thought of  
comfort, do you...

Data does not sit and Fajo does not press the point  
for now.

19 CONTINUED: (2)

FAJO

(to Varria)

When Palor Toff learns of this,  
he will swallow his tongue with  
envy... I cannot wait to see his  
face...

(to Data)

You are the crown jewel of my  
collection. A treasure beyond  
comparison.

Data stares at him. In b.g., a wall com panel BEEPS;  
Varria answers it, speaking in a voice too low for us  
to hear. Fajo continues:

FAJO

(a smile)

You should be flattered.

DATA

I am not. Most intelligent  
lifeforms find involuntary  
confinement offensive and  
inequitable. Moreover, you have  
violated Federation law --

FAJO

(waves it off)

Yes, I know. What I've done is  
evil, selfish, immoral, illegal,  
and unprincipled.

(a grin)

I've learned to live with it.

Data's mystified by Fajo's lack of concern. Fajo turns  
to Varria.

VARRIA

The Andorians wish to bid for the  
shipment of Tellurian spices you  
offered.

FAJO

They've had four days... they  
would have to make up their minds  
now. Ah, well...

Fajo and Varria start for the door. Data makes one  
more attempt to reason with Fajo:

19 CONTINUED: (3)

DATA

I must emphasize, Mister Fajo,  
that I consider this captivity  
a hostile act on your part.

FAJO

(shrugs)

You'll get used to it.

And Fajo and Varria EXIT, leaving Data to ponder his  
situation.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

At warp.

20 INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

Geordi and Wesley ENTER. A silent beat as they look over the room. The violin on a shelf. The covered easel.

WESLEY

I can't believe he's gone.

GEORDI

I always thought he'd outlive us  
-- by centuries.

Wesley and Geordi are uncomfortable with the task they must perform. They move to the easel and Wes uncovers Data's last painting...

WESLEY

He'd been working on this for  
months... never felt it was quite  
finished...

GEORDI

You know what a critic Data was...  
especially about his own work.

Geordi steps up to the desk, opens the top drawer.

21 INSERT - DATA'S DESK DRAWER

Everything is neatly arranged: an old leather-bound book, a pack of playing cards, a set of poker chips, the hologram base of Tasha Yar, and Data's medal case.

22 WIDER (OPTICAL)

as Geordi takes out the leather-bound book.

WESLEY

It was a gift from the captain.

22 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

Then he should have it back.

Geordi takes out the pack of cards and poker chips.

WESLEY

Those should go to Commander  
Riker.

Geordi smiles, recollecting.

GEORDI

Data always fell for Riker's  
bluffs...

Wesley extracts the medal case from the drawer, examining  
it reverently.

WESLEY

These are some of Starfleet's  
highest honors.

GEORDI

Not bad for a walking pile of  
circuitry and memory cells.

Geordi takes the hologram of Tasha from the drawer.  
Sits. Turns it on. He looks at it silently, then puts  
it down on the desk... turns it off... shakes his head,  
softly --

GEORDI

I keep going over and over the  
accident in my mind. Trying to  
figure out what went wrong. I  
can see him in the shuttle...  
almost like I'm sitting next to  
him... going through the  
departure sequence... What the  
hell happened? Why didn't I see  
it coming? Did I miss something...

As we push into him...

22A EXT. SPACE - THE JOVIS (OPTICAL)

Moving through space at low warp.

23 OMITTED

24 INT. FAJO'S DEN - DAY

Data is examining Fajo's collection, looking for something which might be of use to him. SOUND of door opening. Data whirls, braces himself -- this may be a chance to escape.

25 ANGLE ON THE DOOR

as Varria ENTERS. She's wearing the same proximity field device on her belt that she and Fajo wore earlier.

26 WIDER

as Data realizes it's futile to make a break for it. Varria closes the door behind her. She's carrying a set of "civilian" clothes for Data.

VARRIA

Kivas wishes you to wear this set of clothes. And sit in your chair.

DATA

I have no reason to accede to Mister Fajo's wishes.

VARRIA

He will give you reasons if you force him to.

DATA

He is deluding himself if he believes he can keep me here. The Enterprise is certain to find me --

VARRIA

They're not even looking for you... they believe you're destroyed. Your shuttle blew up... a hytritium explosion.

DATA

They will scan the debris and discover I was not aboard...

26 CONTINUED:

VARRIA

They'll find exactly what they expect to find: traces of your component elements. We placed them aboard the shuttle in just the right proportions.

Data studies her.

DATA

Plainly Mister Fajo has no moral difficulties with my imprisonment here.

VARRIA

"Mister Fajo" has no moral difficulties. At all.

And it is said with the barest trace of her own personal regret...

DATA

Do you?

VARRIA

Clever, android... Is it part of your program to seek out vulnerabilities in your enemies?

DATA

Yes.

(beat)

Are you my enemy?

And his simple, straightforward attitude kind of throws her off balance.

VARRIA

I obey Fajo. And so does everyone on this ship.

DATA

Why?

VARRIA

You are a curious... thing... aren't you... ?

DATA

Do you object to the question?

26 CONTINUED: (2)

VARRIA

Kivas finds a way to get what he wants from his people. His rewards for loyalty are lavish. His punishments for disloyalty are equally lavish. You won't find anyone here who'll help you escape.

(shakes head)

Face it, android. He has you.

DATA

It appears he has us both.

That hits Varria close to home. She coolly pushes the clothes into Data's arms and exits.

26A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

At warp.

26B INT. ENGINEERING (OPTICAL)

Geordi is alone studying a monitor... he's tired, back hurts, been working for a long time... stands, stretches...

GEORDI

Computer, did the containment power supply or the backups fail prior to the explosion?

COMPUTER VOICE

Telemetry indicates no interruption in containment field power supply. Backup safety field and reserve power was available up until the instant of explosion.

GEORDI

Analyze telemetry from gravity generator, impulse vents, fuel cells, inertial dampers, and related subsystems.

COMPUTER VOICE

All readings negative.

26B CONTINUED:

GEORDI

What about external factors?  
Local stellar phenomena?

COMPUTER VOICE

Negative. Interstellar radiation  
and EM spikes all within normal  
tolerances.

GEORDI

Was the shuttle close enough to  
the Enterprise to have been  
affected by our warp fields?

COMPUTER VOICE

Negative. Warp systems were  
operating at twelve percent idle,  
insufficient to disrupt  
containment fields.

Geordi frowns... drops his head in frustration, then  
picks it up again...

GEORDI

Return file to start... Let's  
go through it all again...

And he resumes his position at the monitor as the  
screen changes to suggest a return to the start of the  
file... we push into the monitor full of Okudagram  
readings, complex beyond our vaguest understanding...

27 INT. CAPT. READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

Picard, Riker listen to Geordi...

GEORDI

The reason I can't find anything  
is there's nothing there to find.  
I've run the analysis a dozen  
times over... there's no  
indication of a malfunction...

RIKER

No possible explanation at all... ?

GEORDI

Well, yeah, there's one, but I  
don't believe it. Pilot error.

27 CONTINUED:

PICARD

(a beat, sighs)

I know it's hard to accept, but  
even the best...

And Geordi interrupts the captain in mid-sentence,  
which he would never normally do -- an indication of  
how tired he is, how consumed he is, how frustrated he  
is.

GEORDI

Captain, it's not hard to  
accept... with Data, it's almost  
impossible. I can't even begin  
to calculate the odds. If Data  
were here, we could ask him...

PICARD

What are you suggesting,  
Commander?

GEORDI

I don't really know, sir. It just  
doesn't make sense. I like things  
to make sense... that's all.

Geordi stops, frowns. Picard and Riker exchange a  
look.

RIKER

Geordi, if you got a little rest,  
came at it with a fresh mind...

GEORDI

A little rest isn't going to  
change the computer analysis,  
Commander.

PICARD

(stands)

I'm sure you've done a complete  
investigation. If you wish to  
continue it, you have my support  
of course. But we'll be reaching  
the Beta Agni system shortly.  
I expect you to be rested.

GEORDI

I understand, Captain.

27 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

Dismissed.

Geordi begins to leave... as the door slides open,  
Picard has a second thought --

PICARD

Geordi... I understand how much  
we want... even need to explain  
an accident like this. Sometimes  
there just aren't any  
explanations.

Geordi acknowledges and exits. Riker looks at Picard.

RIKER

For an android without feelings...  
he sure managed to evoke them in  
others.

And Picard looks down, picks up the leather-bound book  
Geordi found in Data's room... and has feelings of his  
own which he will not share.

PICARD

We must select an officer to  
replace Data at Ops.  
Recommendations?

RIKER

My first choice would be  
Lieutenant Worf, sir.

PICARD

Mine as well. Make it so.

Riker EXITS... a beat on Picard as he opens the book,  
closes it and says softly to himself...

PICARD

(One line of Shakespeare that  
provides the perfect epitaph to  
Data.)

28 OMITTED

29 INT. FAJO'S DEN - DAY

Fajo ENTERS. Fajo looks to his collection:

30 ANGLE ON DATA

Data's studying one of the recognizable artworks. He's wearing his Starfleet uniform; the clothes Varria provided are still folded upon the display chair, untouched. Fajo moves to him.

FAJO

You're still wearing your uniform.  
Why?

DATA

I am a Starfleet officer.

FAJO

You're not in Starfleet any longer. It's time you adjusted your program to accept reality.

DATA

Even if I chose to do so, it is doubtful whether my programming could be sufficiently altered to accede to your wishes.

FAJO

Oh?

DATA

I have been designed with a fundamental respect for life in all its forms... and a strong inhibition against causing harm to living beings.

30 CONTINUED:

FAJO

A military pacifist. What a marvelous paradox. Tell me -- whose dreadful decision was it to enlist you in Starfleet?

DATA

It was ultimately my own decision. My skills seemed appropriate...

FAJO

My dear Data, it was a mistake. A grievous error. You no more belong in Starfleet than I belong in a verbal contract. Have you killed yet, Data?

DATA

No, but I am programmed with the ability to use deadly force in a cause of defense.

FAJO

Shame on you.

A beat as Data reacts.

FAJO

Shame on you. How neatly you rationalize your capabilities. How can you casually accept your role in murder?

DATA

I would not participate in murder. Perhaps you misunderstand...

FAJO

Can't you see how much better it will be for you here... the intellectual rewards, our own personal exploration of the galaxy... I am at war with no one... I have liberated you.

A beat.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

DATA

You are a fine debater, sir. It is a shame you have used your verbal gifts for mere hucksterism and the advancement of your own greed.

FAJO

(smiles)

You're going to be more of a challenge than I thought. Put on the new clothes and sit in your chair.

DATA

I must decline.

Fajo shakes his head, moves to a replicator unit on the wall.

30A ANGLE - CLOSER (OPTICAL)

As he pushes a panel...

FAJO

(to com)

Finoplak. One hundred denkirs.

The replicator produces a container of a clear liquid. He takes it out moves to Data...

FAJO

Here's something for your logic circuits to analyze.

(MORE)

30A CONTINUED:

And Fajo dashes the contents of the container onto Data's chest. Where the liquid touches it, Data's uniform starts to dissolve. Data's surprised -- what was the point of that?

FAJO (cont'd)

Don't worry -- the solvent won't damage your skin. But in minutes it will completely dissolve your uniform.

(shrugs)

I'd be delighted to have you go naked... I assume you have no vanity. But I would guess that decency is the rule of your Starfleet training.

Fajo indicates the clothes on the display chair.

FAJO

So, decide which alternative you dislike the least.

He moves toward the door... pauses, looks back...

FAJO

Decide by dinnertime tonight. I have invited a guest to meet you. I expect you to be as entertaining with him as you have been with me.

And Fajo casually EXITS. Data looks at his chest -- his uniform is now a sticky mess and getting worse by the second...

31  
thru OMITTED  
33

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Cruising at warp.

34A OMITTED

34B INT. GEORDI'S CABIN

Tight shot... he's asleep (napping in uniform) on his bunk... the lights are out. Slow push in... as we hear from the past --

DATA'S VOICE (V.O.)

Proceeding with departure.  
Enterprise Shuttlebay Two, prepare  
for docking, level one  
precautions remain in effect.

A beat. Then, suddenly Geordi sits up, eyes open, blinking in the dark.

GEORDI

I did miss something.

As he gets up, puts on his VISOR and quickly EXITS...

35 INT. CORRIDOR

Troi catches up to Worf, who's walking towards a turbolift.

TROI

Your first watch on Ops?

WORF

I've served at the position  
before.

They stop at a turbolift door.

TROI

I've been concerned about you.

Worf is uncomfortable with the counselor whenever she starts to talk about his feelings.

35 CONTINUED:

                          WORF  
About me? Why?

                          TROI  
Because I know how I'd feel if  
I were asked to replace Data at  
his station.

Worf gives her a look. The turbolift arrives. They  
ENTER.

36 INT. TURBOLIFT

                          WORF  
                          (to lift)  
Bridge.  
                          (to Troi)  
Promotion due to the death of a  
crewmate is commonplace on Klingon  
ships.

                          TROI  
I know... but this isn't a Klingon  
ship... and Data was your friend.  
                          (beat)  
And it is the second time you've  
replaced a crewmate who's died.

                          WORF  
I honor Data's memory as I did  
Lieutenant Yar's by attempting  
to perform their duties as well  
as they did.

Troi accepts that he's okay.

                          TROI  
                          (with respect)  
In true Klingon fashion.

The turbolift arrives at the bridge and the door OPENS.

                          WORF  
                          (softly)  
I appreciate your... concern.

Worf then EXITS the lift and moves past the counselor  
as if he's admitted nothing. Troi smiles to herself,  
follows.

36A INT. MAIN ENGINEERING

Geordi and Wesley working at a console.

GEORDI

Okay, computer, now replay shuttle  
audio transmission... time index  
zero-four-two-three...  
(to Wesley)  
Data's second trip...

They listen as --

DATA'S VOICE (RECORDED)

Proceeding with departure.  
Enterprise Shuttlebay Two, prepare  
for docking, level one precautions  
remain in effect.  
(a long beat)  
Shuttle has cleared Jovis cargo  
bay.

Wesley reacts, puzzled at what Geordi's going for...

WESLEY

It sounds the same as the first  
trip...

GEORDI

Exactly the same. That's  
protocol. And that's Data.  
Following protocol to the letter.  
Computer, replay shuttle audio  
transmission, time index  
zero-four-three-nine...  
(to Wes)  
Third and final trip.

DATA'S VOICE (RECORDED)

Loading is complete. I am  
proceeding with departure.  
Enterprise Shuttlebay Two, prepare  
for docking, level one precautions  
remain in effect.

Silence.

GEORDI

That's it. The last  
communication.

36A CONTINUED:

WESLEY

He didn't report when the shuttle  
had cleared the cargo bay of the  
Jovis.

36A CONTINUED:

GEORDI

(devil's advocate)

Of course, there really wasn't any reason for him to make voice contact. He knew we'd be monitoring his position... and any other pilot might not bother. But Data... not following standard procedures?

WESLEY

What do you think it means?

GEORDI

I'm not sure, Wes. I suppose he could've been too busy... maybe he saw something was wrong...

WESLEY

Without communicating it? That doesn't sound like Data either.

GEORDI

(acknowledges)

Which means maybe something was wrong with him. But there's no other indication of that. In anything he said or did during the mission. None.

(beat)

I'd sure like to talk to the last people who saw him alive.

36B EXT. SPACE - THE JOVIS (OPTICAL)

In orbit around a planet.

36C INT. FAJO'S DEN

Data is now wearing the clothes that Fajo provided. He reacts as he hears the door begin to slide open laughter and voices...

TOFF (O.S.)

Did I mention that I've added a Veltan sex idol to my collection...

FAJO (O.S.)

(casual)

I have four of them.

36D NEW ANGLE

on the door, losing Data, as they ENTER. Toff is patrician, well-tailored.

TOFF  
With the pearls intact?

FAJO  
(scoffs)  
The pearls were added by the Ferengi agents to increase the value. Veltans would never dishonor their gods with garish jewelry.

Toff grunts... at just about the same time he sees Data... who is not looking at them... standing across the room rather stiffly by a wall.

TOFF  
What... is that?  
(glances at Fajo)  
Something new? And you didn't tell me...

Fajo suppresses his glee, moves toward Data...

FAJO  
Mister Data, I'm delighted to see you have dressed for the occasion. Say hello to my very good friend Palor Toff...

Data does not respond or even move a muscle. Eyes are frozen open. Varria reacts, what's he doing? Fajo has the barest first sign of irritation in his eyes...

FAJO  
Come now, don't be shy... as if you could be shy...

Nothing from Data.

TOFF  
A mannequin of some sort?

FAJO  
It is not a mannequin. It is Data... formerly Lieutenant Commander Data of the Federation Starfleet. The only sentient android in existence.

36D CONTINUED:

TOFF

It doesn't look particularly  
sentient right now...

FAJO

I fear he's playing a little game  
with us...

TOFF

Well, someone certainly has  
played a game on you, Fajo.

FAJO

I assure you it is the real thing.  
(to Varria)  
Tell him.

Varria cannot help but be impressed with Data's passive  
resistance. She covers.

VARRIA

It is an android.  
(with a respectful  
subtext)  
A most unusual one.

TOFF

Perhaps its batteries have run  
down. Did it come with a  
guarantee? I hope.

36DA ANGLE (OPTICAL)

FAJO

(to Data)  
I am not amused. I demand you  
behave normally.  
(beat)  
Dammit, I know you can hear me!

As he gets too close in his anger, the aura is briefly  
activated and from the impact, Data tips over and  
falls with a hard clank to the floor, like a suit of  
armor.

TOFF

He falls well.

FAJO

I apologize for this.

36DA CONTINUED:

TOFF

Don't be silly, my friend. I'm  
having a delightful visit.

He takes Varria's arm and moves toward the door.

TOFF

(sexual innuendo)

Come along, Varria. You're much  
more fun to play with than Fajo's  
new toy.

36E ANGLE - DATA'S FACE IN THE FOREGROUND

Fajo leans down to Data.

FAJO

You will regret it.

As they EXIT... and the door slides shut... and Data  
raises an eyebrow...

37 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Riker, Wesley at Conn, Worf at Ops, supernumerary at  
tactical.

WESLEY

Entering the Beta Agni system,  
Commander.

RIKER

Slow to impulse, Mister Crusher.

Picard ENTERS from his Ready Room.

GEORDI'S COM VOICE

La Forge to bridge.

PICARD

Go ahead, Commander.

INTERCUT:

37A INT. MAIN ENGINEERING

Geordi working at one of the consoles.

37A CONTINUED:

GEORDI

Captain, a class two probe has been loaded with the hytritium compound and is ready to launch.

PICARD

Acknowledged.

WESLEY

Approaching Beta Agni Two.

PICARD

Mister Crusher, take us into a close orbit. Mister Data, scan the --

A hush falls over the bridge as everyone reacts to this.

PICARD

My apologies, Mister Worf. Scan the colony's subsurface water.

WORF

Scanning... Tricyanate contamination is confirmed. Levels approaching forty-two parts per million.

RIKER

Area affected?

WORF

Thirty square kilometers.

PICARD

Any indication of the source?

WORF

Highest concentration is eight kilometers west of the colony.

RIKER

Adjust target coordinates.

WESLEY

Aye, Commander.

37A CONTINUED: (2)

GEORDI

Captain, based on these figures,  
the eighty kilos of hytritium we  
have should be enough to  
neutralize the contamination.

WESLEY

We're approaching the target  
coordinates.

PICARD

Launch probe.

38 OMITTED

39 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

orbiting a blue-green planet.

The HYTRITIUM PROBE is jettisoned from the aft launcher  
like a photon torpedo. It arcs to the surface and is  
lost in the clouds.

40 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Worf checks his console.

WORF

Probe on target. Hytritium  
entering water table...  
disbursement slightly faster than  
expected.

(frowning)

Sir... something unusual.

PICARD

Specify.

WORF

I'm getting concentrated  
tricyanate readings of seventy  
grams per cubic centimeter at the  
source coordinates. Much higher  
than would normally occur.

RIKER

Any theories, Mister Worf... ?

40 CONTINUED:

WORF

Possibly the result of seismic activity.

PICARD

Computer, report on geologic instability on Beta Agni Two.

COMPUTER VOICE

No significant geological activity has been recorded on Beta Agni Two since the settlement of the Federation colony.

RIKER

Another theory, Mister Worf?

Worf shakes his head.

PICARD

Number One, perhaps you should take an away team down and have a closer look.

RIKER

Yes, sir.

(to Com)

Doctor Crusher, report to Transporter Room Three.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE

On my way.

RIKER

Mister Worf... ?

Riker and Worf EXIT.

41 INT. FAJO'S DEN

Fajo ENTERS, controlled seething. Data is standing, sees that Fajo is alone, resumes his animation.

FAJO

Our relationship is about to change.

DATA

You may expect me to use every means at my disposal to resist your wishes.

41 CONTINUED:

FAJO

No, from now on, you will comply.  
You will not argue. You will  
begin by sitting in your chair.

Data does not move.

FAJO

Sit!

41 CONTINUED:

DATA

I do not intend to sit in the  
chair.

FAJO

You will. You don't believe it  
yet. But you will.

He goes to a wall safe with a combination lock... and  
opens it... takes out a nasty looking hand weapon which  
we will call a disruptor.

FAJO

Have you ever seen one of these,  
Data?

DATA

I do not recognize it.

FAJO

I'm not surprised. This is the  
prototype of the Varon-T  
disruptor.

DATA

(reacts)

The Varon-T disruptor is banned  
in the Federation.

FAJO

Yes. Only five were ever  
manufactured. I own four. I  
sleep with one under my pillow.  
I sleep very well knowing it's  
there.

DATA

It is a most lethal weapon.

FAJO

Oh, it's much more than lethal,  
Data. It's vicious. It tears  
a body from the inside out, quite  
slowly by phaser standards, a  
tortuous, painful death.

(beat, pointed)

I've always wanted to try it.

41 CONTINUED: (2)

DATA

I am prepared to die. However,  
I doubt very much that you would  
destroy me since you assign so  
much value to possessing me.

FAJO

That goes without saying.

He walks to the com panel.

FAJO

(to com)

Please. Come in.

The door opens and Varria ENTERS, awaits her orders.

FAJO

Sit down, my dear. Right here  
on the sofa.

She does.

FAJO

How long have you been with me,  
Varria?

VARRIA

Fourteen years.

FAJO

Fourteen wonderful years. She  
was barely an adult when I found  
her. Idealistic. Naive. Full  
of dreams. And I made all her  
dreams come true. Didn't I? At  
a slight cost of course. She had  
to lose all those pesky ideals.  
But then maybe that was what made  
these years so wonderful, watching  
her lose them one by one until  
none were left.

She stares at Fajo. Why are you doing this?

FAJO

I'm going to miss you.

He raises the disruptor and aims it at her. Fear fills  
her face.

42 OMITTED

42A DATA

reacts.

43 FAJO

determined.

DATA (O.S.)

Fajo...

Fajo turns to see --

44

thru OMITTED

45

46 ANGLE - DATA

for the first time is sitting in his chair. Fajo drops his aim. On his pleased look at Data...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

47 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

orbiting Beta Agni Two.

47A INT. BETA AGNI TWO CAVE (OPTICAL)

The walls shimmer slightly from reflective mineral deposits... there are purple crystals scattered around the cave (golf ball size) ... a stream of water runs through. Riker, Beverly and Worf MATERIALIZE. Worf and Beverly take out their tricorders and scan the water.

BEVERLY

The contamination has been  
neutralized. Water's clean.

WORF

Most curious.

(off Riker's look)

The process of neutralization  
should have taken several hours.  
Naturally occurring tricyanate  
doesn't respond this quickly.

RIKER

Are you saying this was not  
naturally occurring?

WORF

(adjusts tricorder)

There are no natural trace  
elements present in these  
tricyanate crystals.

They react.

47A CONTINUED:

RIKER

If it's artificial, then we're talking about sabotage.

BEVERLY

With tricyanate? That's hard to believe.

(off Riker's look)

It's slow to assimilate, difficult to replicate, and hard to transport. There are a lot easier ways to poison a water supply. A lot more effective ways too. Toxins that can't be neutralized. Bacteriologic agents with no cures at all.

RIKER

Can you think of any reason why a saboteur might choose tricyanate?

BEVERLY

Not really.

(beat; well, maybe... )

It might pass for a natural disaster. And since there's only one way to treat it... with hytritium, maybe someone figured we wouldn't locate any... it is hard to come by.

47A CONTINUED: (2)

A long pause.

RIKER

You know it really was lucky,  
wasn't it... ?

(off their look)

That we were able to find  
hytritium when we did. Just  
enough hytritium for this crisis.

Off their reactions...

48 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard, Riker, Worf, Beverly and Geordi.

48 CONTINUED:

RIKER

Fajo showed up in the right place  
at the right time... just when  
we needed him the most...

PICARD

You're suggesting he created the  
problem just to solve it?

RIKER

Possibly.

GEORDI

To make a profit from his sale  
of hytritium... ?

BEVERLY

That doesn't add up. The cost  
of producing tricyanate is too  
expensive. He wouldn't make a  
profit... quite the contrary.

WORF

Then, why would he do it?

RIKER

What could he want?

Geordi is the first to suspect... he looks at Riker...  
the silent communication passes through the room.

PICARD

Computer, biographical file on  
trader Kivas Fajo.

COMPUTER VOICE

Accessing file... Kivas Fajo: A  
Zibalian trader of the Stacius  
trade guild... a noted  
collector...

48A FACES - REACTIONS

COMPUTER VOICE

(continuing)

... of rare and valuable objects  
including the Rejac Crystal, The  
Starry Night by Van Gogh and  
the Lawmim Galactopedia...  
educated on Iraatan Five...

48A CONTINUED:

And Picard is calmly furious...

PICARD  
Computer, that will suffice.

RIKER  
A rare and valuable object...

GEORDI  
If Data wasn't on the shuttle...

PICARD  
(keys insignia)  
Mister Crusher...

WESLEY'S COM VOICE  
Aye, sir...

PICARD  
Set course for the site of the  
shuttlepod explosion. Warp eight.

Reactions around the table and...

49 INT. FAJO'S DEN - NIGHT

Data sits on the framework chair in the center of the collection. Varría ENTERS alone. She pauses at the door, looks at Data.

VARRIA  
He would have killed me.

DATA  
It seemed a distinct possibility.

VARRIA  
I'm sorry I did this to you.

And it's awkward for her, because she is here on an assignment... a beat as she crosses to him.

VARRIA  
You can stand up if you want to.

He doesn't.

VARRIA  
You're... you're not what I  
thought you'd be...

49 CONTINUED:

DATA

What did you expect?

VARRIA

A machine. A robot, I guess.  
Not anything so... well almost  
human.

DATA

Thank you.

She moves closer to him, attempts to smile... and there's a beginning of sexual tension here... She looks down at the floor... looks back up like she's having hard time with this.

DATA

Is something troubling you,  
Varria?

A beat as she switches off the belt protector, leans over and kisses Data on the lips. Data never closes his eyes of course. Her lip trembles.

VARRIA

Your lips. They're warm.

DATA

Thirty-seven degrees Celsius.  
Adjustable. I chose this  
temperature to approximate human  
skin texture.

VARRIA

How human are you?

DATA

Physically, I am capable of  
performing many human functions.  
However, I have no emotional  
responses.

VARRIA

You're not the first man I've  
known like that.

A beat.

VARRIA

Have you ever made love, Data?

49 CONTINUED: (2)

DATA

I have had one sexual encounter.  
But I am incapable of making love  
as you describe it since I cannot  
feel love.

She looks hard at him... with a dramatic motion, she  
removes her safety belt. It drops to the floor.

VARRIA

Would you... do it with me?

Another beat.

DATA

Why?

VARRIA

(embarrassed)

Why not?

DATA

It is an act that symbolizes the  
highest level of intimacy between  
beings. I have told you that I  
am unable to feel intimacy. I  
find it difficult to accept that  
you could have intimate feelings  
toward me under these conditions.  
Therefore you are either simply  
curious. Or you have been sent  
by Kivas Fajo to test my sexual  
abilities.

FAJO'S COM VOICE

You are just too smart for your  
own good, android.

They react.

FAJO'S COM VOICE

I was hoping to see a little  
spontaneity but obviously neither  
one of you is capable of it. This  
mating dance is really quite dull.  
We'll try it again tomorrow. You  
may leave, Varria.

Varria is completely humiliated. She exchanges a look  
with Data. A tear rolls down her cheek. She EXITS.  
On Data's reaction...

50 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

At warp.

51 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - SCIENCE STATION (OPTICAL)

Wesley, Picard, Riker at a monitor with an Okudagram graphic of the sector...

WESLEY

The Jovis has a maximum speed of warp three. He's had twenty-three hours... so we can define a perimeter of point-one-oh-two light years as his possible range...

RIKER

And Fajo doesn't know we're onto him, so he probably isn't taxing his engines by going at top speed.

WESLEY

He could have made it to the Nel Bato system... maybe even the Giles Belt...

PICARD

He's a trader... he doesn't attract customers by being hard to find...

RIKER

We could put out a coded level two query to all Federation outposts within the perimeter...

PICARD

Make it so.

51A EXT. SPACE - THE JOVIS (OPTICAL)

Moving through space at impulse.

52  
thru OMITTED  
56

57 INT. FAJO'S DEN

Data is at the safe... his fingers moving beyond  
belief through varied combination attempts... reacts  
as the door slides open...

57 CONTINUED: (2)

Varrria ENTERS... not wearing the belt... checks behind her, makes sure she hasn't been seen. She moves to Data... a beat.

VARRIA

If I help you escape... will you take me with you?

Data hesitates, studies her...

VARRIA

(continuing)

This is not another test. He's asleep. And there isn't much time...

Data stands.

DATA

The consequences to you if we're caught...

VARRIA

I know the consequences.

She moves purposefully to the safe... opening the combination --

VARRIA

(continuing; re: the combination)

Fourteen years... you learn a few things...

She takes out the disruptor.

VARRIA

(continuing)

There's an escape pod in the aft cargo bay...

And as she leads him out...

58  
thru OMITTED  
59

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

59A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

At warp.

59B INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Worf, Wesley at their stations...  
supernumerary at tactical.

WORF

Sir, affirmative response from  
station Lya Four...

Riker and Picard move to a console... Riker punches  
up a monitor... a message prints out quickly on the  
monitor...

RIKER

Fajo spent almost half a day in  
orbit... departed just over seven  
hours ago.

PICARD

Mister Crusher, new  
coordinates... set a course for  
Lya Four...

WESLEY

Coordinates already laid in,  
sir...

PICARD

Engage.

59C EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Changing course.

60 INT. JOVIS CARGO BAY

Deserted... the door slides open and Varria and Data enter... cross quickly across the bay...

DATA

Perhaps if I attempted to communicate with the Enterprise...

VARRIA

You can't... Fajo has communications access restricted to the bridge. Once we're out, the shuttlepod will emit an emergency beacon. We'll have to hope somebody responds before Fajo is able to destroy us.

DATA

I have been trained in evasive maneuvers...

VARRIA

We'll need a few.  
(points to the shuttle)  
Get ready... As soon as I initiate the escape sequence, an alarm will sound... we won't have much time...

Data acknowledges... and they split up. He goes to the pod and gets in the pilot seat... we move with her to the computer-control terminal... punches in a series of commands... saves one for last, looks at Data --

He nods he's ready. She punches in the last command and all hell breaks loose... alarms sound, lights flash... she barely moves away from the computer port when the door slides open and TECH #1 runs in... she raises the disruptor, points it at him... he reacts, freezes in his tracks. She moves quickly toward the pod... keeping an eye on him as she does...

61 ANGLE

to see a SECOND TECHNICIAN entering from her blind side... he reacts...

61A DATA

sees him...

DATA  
(warning)  
Varria...

But before he can say anything else...

62 VARRIA

is blind-sided by the technician... She struggles with  
him... he easily disarms her...

62A THE DISRUPTOR

falls to the floor...

62B DATA

jumps out of the pod...

63 TECHNICIAN #1

runs to the computer bay to stop the launch  
sequence...

64

thru OMITTED

64B

65 DATA

moves swiftly to aide Varria... grabs Technician #2, separating him from Varria, picks him up in the air easily... tosses him aside.

66 OMITTED

66A TECH #1

at the computer, reacts, picks up a heavy tool, rushes Data... swings the tool which Data simply catches in one hand, pulls it free, tosses it away... pushes him out of the way.

66B ANGLE

Tech #1 slides way across the floor from Data's push.

66C VARRIA

runs back toward the computer to reset the escape sequence, but as she does...

67 FAJO

appears... and it all happens so quickly:

67A VARRIA - QUICK CUT

reacts as she sees Fajo... looks over to see --

67B THE DISRUPTOR - QUICK CUT

she dropped on the floor... several yards away... and maybe she has one chance at it...

67C HER EYES - QUICK CUT

dart back at Fajo.

67D FAJO'S EYES - QUICK CUT

narrow.

67E HIS HAND - QUICK CUT

holding another disruptor, starting to raise...

68 DATA - QUICK CUT

reaching out to...

68A VARRIA

who's already beyond his grasp... diving to the floor  
for her disruptor... and she comes up short...  
scrambles to get to it... but with each move realizes  
she's too late... and finally stops, looks back at  
Fajo... almost a resigned smile on her face... and then  
oddly everything just seems to stop for a long beat...

69 WIDE (OPTICAL)

Fajo holds the disruptor on Varria... they look at each other... he sighs, shrugs, fires. She screams a horrible scream... slowly DEMATERIALIZES... the scream echoes after she's gone. Data is stunned. Stares at Fajo. Fajo himself is a little shaken by what he's done.

FAJO

This is your fault. You knew the price for disobedience. And so did she.

Fajo tosses his weapon away, repulsed by the violence he has committed... trying to walk away from it. Calming himself down. Nods to himself. Yes, it was the right thing to do.

FAJO

Well, there's always another Varria.

70 ANGLE ON DATA (OPTICAL)

looking at Fajo for a beat. Then, Data moves to the disruptor and picks it up. The trader is surprised for a moment... perhaps there is even an instant of fear, but then he smiles.

FAJO (cont'd)

You can't hurt me.

Data aims the disruptor at Fajo.

FAJO (cont'd)

A fundamental respect for all living beings. That is what you said. I'm a living being... therefore you cannot harm me.

Data moves toward Fajo.

DATA

You will surrender yourself to the authorities.

Fajo laughs.

FAJO

Or what? You'll fire?

70 CONTINUED:

Data continues to approach Fajo.

FAJO (cont'd)

An empty threat and we both know  
it.

Data holds his aim true.

FAJO (cont'd)

Accept your fate. You will return  
to your chair and you will sit  
there. You will entertain me and  
you will entertain my guests.  
And if you do not, I will simply  
kill somebody else...

(re: the dazed techs,  
watching)

Him or him maybe... anyone, it  
does not matter... and their blood  
will be on your hands too... just  
like poor Varria's.

Data continues to move toward Fajo. Who smiles  
confidently.

FAJO (cont'd)

Your only alternative, Data, is  
to fire. Murder me. That's all  
you have to do. Go ahead. All  
your troubles are over. Fire.  
Are you searching through your  
program for a loophole, perhaps?  
Is there one? If only you could  
feel rage over Varria's death...  
feel the need for revenge... then  
maybe you could fire. But you're  
only an android. You don't feel  
anything, do you? It's just  
another interesting intellectual  
puzzle for you. Another of life's  
curiosities.

Data stops before him...

DATA

I cannot permit this to continue.

He raises the weapon. Fajo's eyes open with unexpected  
fear... He suddenly realizes he's about to die.

70 CONTINUED: (2)

FAJO

You can't. Your program won't  
allow it. You cannot fire. You  
will not...

Suddenly Data DEMATERIALIZES.

70A  
thru OMITTED  
70B

71 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM (OPTICAL)

Riker and O'Brien await Data's arrival. O'Brien frowns  
at his console; it's reading something odd.

O'BRIEN

I'm reading a weapon in transit  
with Commander Data. It seems  
to have discharged, sir.

RIKER

Discharged... ?

O'BRIEN

I'm deactivating the weapon.

His hands play over the controls. Finally Data  
MATERIALIZES, holding the disruptor. He looks at it.

RIKER

Welcome back, Mister Data. Are  
you all right?

71 CONTINUED:

Walks off the transporter pad.

DATA

Yes, Commander. Please arrange  
to take Kivas Fajo into custody  
for murder, kidnapping, theft...

RIKER

(interrupting)

Arrangements have already been  
made.

Data hands the disruptor to Riker...

DATA

A Varon-T disruptor. It belongs  
to Fajo.

RIKER

(curious)

Mister O'Brien says the weapon  
was in a state of discharge...

71 CONTINUED:

DATA

(beat)

Perhaps something happened during  
transport, Commander.

Riker gives Data a look -- during transport? Data  
gives Riker a look right back... that's all I'm going  
to say.

72 OMITTED

73 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

by the Jovis.

74 INT. ENTERPRISE DETENTION CELL (OPTICAL)

Kivas Fajo, in the cell, paces the floor. He seems more annoyed than angry.

Data ENTERS, once again in uniform.

FAJO

So. Have you come for your final satisfaction? You wish me to repent? Beg for mercy? You'll have none of it from me.

DATA

I expected none.

FAJO

It seems our roles are reversed... aren't they, Data... you are now the collector... and I...

He puts his hand to the forcefield and activates it.

FAJO

... am in your cage.

DATA

So it seems.

FAJO

Do not count me out so quickly. I had you once. I may have you back in my collection again.

DATA

Unlikely. Your collection has been confiscated pending your trial. All of your stolen possessions are being returned to their rightful owners.

(MORE)

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74 CONTINUED:

DATA (Cont'd)  
You have lost everything you  
value.

And, as Data said, as a man who defines himself by what  
he can possess, this news is hard to endure.

FAJO  
(bitterly)  
I'm sure that gives you great  
pleasure.

DATA  
No, sir, it does not. I do not  
feel pleasure. I am only an  
android.

Data EXITS. On Fajo's expression...

75  
thru OMITTED  
80

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END