

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Menage a Troi"
(f.k.a. "Piece of Mind")
#40273-172

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FINAL DRAFT

MARCH 9, 1990

STAR TREK: "Menage a Troi" - REV. 3/19/90 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Menage a Troi"

CAST

PICARD	Betazoids
RIKER	LWAXANA TROI
DATA	MR. HOMN
BEVERLY	REITTAN GRAX
TROI	
GEORDI	Ferengi
WORF	DAIMON TOG
WESLEY	DOCTOR FAREK
	NIBOR

Non-Speaking	Non-Speaking
SUPERNUMERARIES	ALIEN DELEGATES
3 AWAY TEAM MEMBERS	FERENGI CREWMAN

Voice-overs
FERENGI COMPUTER VOICE

FERENGI CREWMAN

STAR TREK: "Menage a Troi" REV. 3/16/90 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Menage a Troi"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE
MAIN BRIDGE
CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

TEN-FORWARD
MAIN ENGINEERING
TROI'S QUARTERS
CRUSHER QUARTERS
TRANSPORTER ROOM
CORRIDORS

FERENGI SHIP KRAYTON
HOLDING TANK
LABORATORY

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE
FERENGI SHIP KRAYTON

BETAZED CITY
BETAZED CLEARING

STAR TREK: "Menage a Troi" - REV. 3/19/90 - PRONUNCIATION

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Menage a Troi"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

DAIMON TOG	DAY-mon TOG
FAREK	FAR-ehk
HOMN	HAHM
LWAXANA	L'-WOKS-anna
NIBOR	NYE-bore
REITTAN GRAX	RITE-n GRAX

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Menage a Troi"
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit around a bright green planet.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's Log, Stardate 43980.7.
The Enterprise has been in
attendance at the biennial Trade
Agreements Conference on Betazed.

2 INT. TEN FORWARD

A busy place. Conference delegates from different worlds are here, including three Ferengi: TOG, FAREK, and NIBOR. In b.g., a MUSICIAN entertains the gathering, playing a complex RHYTHM on a strange percussion instrument. RIKER plays three-dimensional chess with Nibor as WESLEY looks on. PICARD, TROI, and DATA socialize with their guests as Log is completed:

PICARD (V.O.)
For the first time, the Ferengi
are present, and I have
reluctantly consented to their
boarding the Enterprise for the
closing reception.

2A ANGLE ON RIKER AND NIBOR

It is clear they are near the end of their game, and the Ferengi is in trouble. Captured pieces litter the table at Riker's elbow.

Nibor makes a move, he is confident. Riker smiles, moves his piece.

RIKER
Check... and mate.

Nibor falls back flabbergasted in his chair. Wesley is enjoying the moment.

2A CONTINUED:

WESLEY

Perfect. A queen's gambit...
finished off with the Aldabren
Exchange.

The Ferengi is still stunned by his defeat.

NIBOR

(re: the musician)

Unfair. I couldn't concentrate
with all that noise...

WESLEY

It's Algolian ceremonial rhythms.

Riker and Wesley nod. Nibor shakes his head.

NIBOR

Hyoo-mans...

2B ANGLE ON PICARD AND DATA

talking with REITTAN GRAX, the Betazoid conference
director.

PICARD

(lifting glass)

A toast to the success of the
trade conference, Reittan. I must
admit, I had some doubts when you
invited the Ferengi.

REITTAN GRAX

They made a profit and behaved
themselves. What more could one
ask? Still, they trouble me. We
Betazeds are uncomfortable with
species like the Ferengi... whose
minds we can't read.

DATA

(ever the scientist)

Perhaps your telepathic abilities
are ineffective owing to the
anomalous construction of the
Ferengi brain, which is composed
of four different...

2B CONTINUED:

PICARD

(not now, Data)

Thank you, Data.

(to Reittan Grax)

It was thoughtful of you to
include Lwaxana Troi as part of
the Betazed delegation.

2B CONTINUED: (2)

REITTAN GRAX

Her first husband and I were old friends. And I've known Deanna since she was a child.

PICARD

I'm sure Counselor Troi appreciates this opportunity to spend time with her mother.

3 ANGLE ON TROI AND LWAXANA

Lwaxana's plate is piled with food, her synthehol glass is refilled continually as she gives new meaning to the old Auntie Mame adage, "Life is a banquet." Between bites and sips, she plies her daughter with thought transmissions.

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

It's so marvelous to see you,
Deanna, darling.
(a beat)
At least pretend you're happy to see me.

TROI

(aloud)
Mother, we're among non-telepaths...
it's impolite not
to speak aloud.

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

You mean talk with my mouth full?
Deanna, please!

She does manage to laugh with her mouth full, but Deanna doesn't think it's especially funny.

LWAXANA

(aloud)
All right, I will say something aloud. Have you considered if you had stayed on Betazed just where your life might have...

They've had this conversation before.

3 CONTINUED:

TROI

(interrupting)

Let's not guess what I might have
done. I love my work aboard the
Enterprise...

3 CONTINUED: (2)

LWAXANA

I know. But all business and no play? You should enjoy life more, like I do. Find the right man, think of your future. Think of my future...

Interrupted by Riker; his timing couldn't be better.

RIKER

Deanna, Lwaxana. Anything I can do for you?

Troi throws her mother a look. Don't answer that!

4 ANGLE ON BAR

as the other two Ferengi watch Mrs. Troi. Daimon Tog, the Captain, seems fascinated by this Betazoid female. Tog is tall for a Ferengi, although not by human standards, and Ferengi women probably find him as close to a "hunk" as their men ever get. He's talking with his companion and ship's doctor, Farek. In b.g., Lwaxana LAUGHS. Farek winces at the sound.

FAREK

(re: Lwaxana)

She is as repulsive as the rest of them.

TOG

Repulsive? I find her exotic!
(a beat)
And what an advantage their telepathy would be in negotiations...

FAREK

To read our competitors' minds... yes, that would be valuable.

Tog can't take his eyes off Lwaxana. Farek notices, gives Tog a look -- "be serious."

FAREK (cont'd)

She'd never agree to use her powers to help us...

TOG

I'm not so sure.

4 CONTINUED:

In b.g., Riker and Troi move on. This is the moment Tog's been waiting for. He moves quickly off.

5 ANGLE ON TOG AND LWAXANA

as he seats himself at her table.

TOG

Lwaxana Troi of Betazed, I believe.

(with pride)

I am Daimon Tog of the Ferengi vessel Krayton. May I join you?

LWAXANA

(coolly)

I was just going to see Captain Picard. Excuse me.

She rises, maneuvering past Tog to where Picard is still conversing with Data and Reittan Grax. She interrupts:

LWAXANA

Jean-Luc! Come have a drink and tell me what you've been up to.

PICARD

(thinking fast)

Uh... perhaps later, Lwaxana. Data and I were just about to show Reittan Grax the new door mechanisms on the aft Turbolifts. Would you excuse us?

5 CONTINUED:

And off they go, leaving Lwaxana standing alone in the middle of Ten Forward. And, oh God, here comes that nasty little Ferengi again... oops, too late.

TOG

Lwaxana Troi, I desire you.

LWAXANA

Wha... what?

TOG

Your Betazed skills would be very useful to me... and I find you attractive. I'm willing to pay handsomely for you.

LWAXANA

(growing angrier)

I don't believe this...

TOG

You must be aware that every female has her price.

Lwaxana is now infuriated. Almost without realizing it, her voice will rise during the next speech until all other activity in Ten Forward comes to a halt as everyone's attention focuses on her:

LWAXANA

Let's get one thing straight. I am not for sale. And I'd rather eat Orion wing-slugs than deal with a toad-faced troll like you. Go find someone else to become your property.

6 WIDER ANGLE

to include a horrified Deanna. There is a pause as everyone waits to see what Tog will do. He is silent for a moment, then:

TOG

(oddly reserved)

As you wish.

6 CONTINUED:

As everyone else resumes their activities, Tog retreats to the bar where Farek is tossing down another synthehol.

FAREK

Now that you've totally humiliated us, may we return to our vessel?

6 CONTINUED: (2)

TOG
(ignoring him)
She's exhilarating, isn't she?

Farek gives him a look. Is he kidding?

TOG (cont'd)
Now I want her more than ever.
Lwaxana Troi will be mine.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 OMITTED

8 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR - PERSONAL QUARTERS

On the way to her cabin, Troi encounters WORF. They walk together as Deanna continues to her quarters.

TROI
(lightly)
Are we at war with the Ferengi yet?

WORF
Daimon Tog has returned to his vessel and the Ferengi have left orbit.

TROI
I'm sure Mother will be relieved.

WORF
I hear she handled the situation quite skillfully. An admirable woman.

TROI
I'll be sure to tell her you said so.

Worf leaves Deanna at her door, continues on his way. Before her door opens, she hears a voice in her head:

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)
Come in, Little One.

Troi reacts and enters.

9 INT. TROI'S QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

Lwaxana lies with her eyes open as if unseeing. Unusual Betazed candles burn at each side of her head. The room lighting adds to the effect of her appearing dead, but actually she's in a meditative state. Betazed is visible through the window.

9 CONTINUED:

TROI

Mother.

(more firmly)

Mother, please.

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

Just a moment, Little One. I'm
at one with All Being.

Troi is silent for a beat, then Lwaxana's eyes flutter,
and she returns to her familiar feisty self.

LWAXANA

After that horrible little Ferengi
insulted me, I needed to center
myself.

(a beat)

Can you imagine that creature
talking to me like that? Didn't
he realize I am the Daughter of
the Fifth House of Betazed, keeper
of the Chalice of Rixx?

TROI

Mother, the Chalice of Rixx is
an old clay pot with mold growing
inside it!

LWAXANA

My dear, when you become old
enough and wise enough, you'll
understand. Now sit down and
talk to me. We don't spend enough
time together.

TROI

(sincerely)

That's true. I'm sorry, and I
didn't mean to be upset with you
at the reception.

LWAXANA

Deanna... you must understand,
you're all I've got. My only
concern is for your happiness.

TROI

(a tad irritated)

I am happy. Why can't you believe
that?

9 CONTINUED: (2)

LWAXANA

I wish I could. How much happiness is there in always being there for someone else, but never being there for yourself?

Troi feels the anger heating up inside her, fights to control it. After all, she's a trained psychologist.

TROI

I get great satisfaction out of my work.

LWAXANA

I'm sure it's rewarding, in its way. But what about a family?

TROI

This is my family -- my friends -- here on the Enterprise.

LWAXANA

(hurt)

I am your family, or have you forgotten? And if I have to spell it out for you, I'm talking about finding a husband, having a child. That's what made me happy. At least until now.

Troi suppresses her growing anger, hoping to avoid a fight.

TROI

Look, Mother. Perhaps some day I'll marry. But you've got to let me make my own choices... live my own life, not the life you'd choose for me.

9 CONTINUED: (3)

LWAXANA
(driving it home)
You had a chance... with Commander
Riker. And look how you ruined
that.

That does it.

TROI
(angry now)
I did not ruin anything. We
became very good friends.

LWAXANA
All the better. You certainly
wouldn't want to marry an enemy.
(on Troi's look:)
But I see we can't discuss this.
So have it your way, Little One.

That really does it.

TROI
Little One? When I was five you
called me that. Stop demeaning
me and address me as an adult.

Troi storms out.

10 INT. CORRIDOR

Troi's not even sure where she's going; she just had to
get out of there. And as she walks, she hears:

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)
I'll be home on Betazed if you
need me, Lit --
(a beat)
Deanna.

11 INT. READY ROOM

Picard and Riker have been listening to a briefing from
Data, Geordi and Wesley on equipment to be used in
the next mission. Wesley is concluding his report.

11 CONTINUED:

WESLEY

Adding preprocessors to the neutrino counters boosted efficiency by eleven percent. Of course, Commander La Forge and Commander Data did most of the work...

GEORDI

Not so fast, Wesley. Preprocessing the data with an optical chip was your idea.

DATA

Correct, sir. Although Commander La Forge and I designed the chip, Ensign Crusher derived the equations governing its operation.

RIKER

The point is, you've completed our upgrade well ahead of schedule. Most impressive.

PICARD

Indeed, Number One. Fine work -- especially you, Mister Crusher. We're going to miss you.

Wesley can't help it. He knows what's coming and the grin just grows until he's all smiles.

PICARD (cont'd)

As you might guess, your final entrance examination scores for Starfleet Academy have arrived.

(a beat)

Congratulations. As soon as you complete the oral exam, you'll be formally admitted.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER

We'll have you back at Betazed
in plenty of time to meet the
Academy transport ship.

WESLEY

Thank you, sir.

PICARD

That will be all.

They begin to EXIT.

PICARD (cont'd)

A moment, Number One.

RIKER

Yes, Captain?

PICARD

Your science team is very
efficient. How many days would
you say they managed to shave off
our mission?

RIKER

Approximately three. Thanks to
the equipment upgrade, we'll be
able to complete our survey in
less than twenty-four hours.

PICARD

Splendid, Number One.

(a beat)

You'd agree that this is a rather
routine mapping mission?

RIKER

(what's he getting at?)

Yes, sir...

PICARD

Counselor Troi had the good sense
to request shore leave. I see
I'm going to have to suggest it
to you.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

Riker opens his mouth to protest, then begins to think it over. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. At his slight smile:

PICARD (cont'd)
Have a good time, Number One.

12 EXT. BETAZED - DAY - MATTE (OPTICAL)

A 24th-century "city" -- technologically advanced yet so well blended in with nature so that the effect is relaxing and pastoral.

13 EXT. BETAZED CLEARING - DAY

A secluded spot in the greenbelt. Lush plants surround this open area, and a dirt path leads off into dense foliage. Riker and Troi are looking for something in the greenery. Their mood is light as they enjoy this brief shore leave.

RIKER
I'm sure it was around here
somewhere...

TROI
It's been a few years. Maybe it
died.

RIKER
You know Muktok plants live for
hundreds of years...

Riker brushes aside some leaves to reveal an exotic-looking plant with bluish foliage and eight silver flowers.

RIKER (cont'd)
Here it is...

Troi joins Riker as he touches the blooms. SOUND of MUSICAL NOTES, an alien melody.

TROI
It's lovely. I remember this
music... and all the good times
we had.

13 CONTINUED:

RIKER

A certain junior lieutenant will always remember meeting a very serious psychology student. It was the best thing about being assigned to Betazed.

It's a rare moment of closeness for them, and it seems quite natural for Riker to put his arm around her and give her a warm kiss. The moment is interrupted by the sound of a voice.

LWAXANA (O.S.)

Put the food down over there,
Mister Homn.

Startled, Troi pulls away from Riker. She gives him a look: It can't be her! Riker and Troi step out of the greenery to see Lwaxana supervising Mister Homn as he empties the contents of a metal container onto a silvery blanket. Lwaxana looks up, sees Riker and her daughter.

LWAXANA

Isn't it a beautiful day for a picnic?

TROI

(irritated)

Mother! How did you know about this place?

LWAXANA

Your father used to bring me here.

13 CONTINUED: (2)

Mr. Homn pours glasses of some mead-colored liquid, passes it around and begins imbibing at an incredibly fast pace. Riker and Troi realize they have no choice but to make the best of it.

RIKER
(keeping it light)
And you even brought provisions.
Very thoughtful.

Lwaxana passes him something yellow with purple veins.

LWAXANA
Try this oskoid. The sap keeps
it deliciously warm.

RIKER
(trying it)
Very, very tasty.
(he eyes her)
Tell me, Lwaxana, the last time
we met, you were searching for
a husband. Did you have any luck?

LWAXANA
Alas, no, but what happens to me
isn't important. I'm more
concerned about other people
getting on with their lives.

TROI
Mother, this isn't the time or
the place...

LWAXANA
(who me?)
Did I mention any names?

TROI
(angry)
You didn't have to.

13 CONTINUED: (3)

LWAXANA

Can I help it if all my friends
are becoming grandparents?

(to Riker)

How about you, Will. Have you
ever thought of having children?

RIKER

(an honest answer)

There was a time when I thought
having children and a career in
Starfleet were incompatible. But
with Galaxy class starships having
families aboard, I've considered
that possibility...

LWAXANA

Yes, the Enterprise would be a
perfect environment to raise a
family... with someone...

TROI

(warning)

Mother!

LWAXANA

(ignoring her)

Mister Homn, I saw some
uttaberries along the path. Be
a dear and pick some for
dessert...

He nods, goes off down the path with the metal
container.

LWAXANA (cont'd)

Mister Homn and I can go back home
if you two want to be alone. It's
such a romantic setting...

TROI

(furious now)

Mother, stop it!

LWAXANA

Darling, you're so excitable these
days. Have you thought about a
leave of absence? I could talk
to Jean-Luc...

13 CONTINUED: (4)

RIKER
(to keep peace)
Deanna, try one of the oskoids.
They're different.

But now their attention is diverted by the SOUND of
an alien transporter beam.

RIKER (cont'd)
What the... ?

14 ANGLE ON DAIMON TOG (OPTICAL)

as his image COALESCES in a Ferengi TRANSPORTER BEAM.

15 BACK TO SHOT (OPTICAL)

Riker jumps to attention. The others are equally
surprised. Tog extends a bunch of sorrowful Ferengi
daisies to Lwaxana.

TOG
A gift for one whose beauty
surpasses even these pericules.

RIKER
Daimon Tog! I thought the
Krayton left orbit hours ago.

TOG
It did. But when I tried to put
the image of Lwaxana Troi out of
my mind... I could not succeed.

Lwaxana tosses the flowers into the pond.

LWAXANA
This is ludicrous! You came back
to Betazed -- for me?

TOG
Why continue to search for
perfection once you've found it?
And when I considered how useful
you would be...

TROI
I don't believe this...

15 CONTINUED:

LWAXANA

(to Tog)

Look, Demon Tog, or whatever you call yourself, I am the Daughter of the Fifth House of Betazed, Keeper of the Holy Rings. And unless you want to create an interstellar incident, you had better beam back to your ship.

TOG

Returning to my ship is exactly what I had in mind.

(using communicator)

Krayton, transport four immediately.

RIKER

No, Tog!

Riker goes for his phaser, realizes he hasn't brought it to this usually peaceful place.

He moves toward the Ferengi when the four of them DISAPPEAR in the Ferengi TRANSPORTER BEAM, leaving only an empty clearing.

16 ANGLE ON PATH

as Mister Homn returns, his container full of green berries. His lips are stained dark green -- he's been eating much of what he's picked. He looks around at the empty clearing -- where is everyone? Probably off playing a game, so he pops another uttaberry into his mouth while he waits for them to return.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 EXT. SPACE - FERENGI VESSEL KRAYTON (OPTICAL)

traveling at warp speed.

18 INT. FERENGI HOLDING TANK (OPTICAL)

Typical of a Ferengi ship: an ill-designed, unattractive room. The furnishings are sparse. One end of the room opens into an area where a companel station is staffed by Nibor. A three-dimensional chess board is on the console. Separating this holding tank from Nibor is a lighted arch, suggesting a forcefield. Riker, Troi, and Lwaxana are unconscious. Riker is the first to come to, immediately going to Deanna and her mother.

RIKER

Deanna? Lwaxana?

He rouses them to consciousness.

LWAXANA

Where are we?

RIKER

(indicating Nibor)

From the smell of things, I'd say we're aboard a Ferengi vessel.

LWAXANA

The Ferengi can't do this! You're Starfleet officers!

RIKER

Tog must have missed that chapter in the Ferengi Book of Etiquette.

Riker tries his communicator. Nothing happens. He adjusts, tries again.

RIKER

The Enterprise is too far out of range.

He moves to the arch, tests it, gets repelled hard by the forcefield.

18 CONTINUED:

Nibor touches a lighted area on his companel.

NIBOR

Daimon... they have regained
consciousness.

TOG'S COM VOICE

Very good.

Riker turns to Lwaxana in time to see both the women
DISAPPEAR in a FERENGI TRANSPORTER EFFECT. Oddly,
their clothing has not travelled with them! Riker
picks up Troi's uniform, turns to Nibor:

RIKER

(angry)

What have you done with them?

But Nibor doesn't answer, leaving Riker to ponder the
fate of the Trois.

19 INT. FERENGI LAB (OPTICAL)

Another example of tasteful Ferengi interior
decorating. Not a pleasant setting. Various pieces of
strange and dangerous-looking equipment are everywhere.
Compounds have spilled over and crusted on table
surfaces. It's the kind of place you'd like to scrub
down with Lysol. Troi and Lwaxana MATERIALIZE here,
completely naked. Lwaxana reacts to this.

LWAXANA

I should have known. Even their
transporters can't be trusted.

Dr. Farek ENTERS from a side room.

TROI

Why have you removed our clothing?

FAREK

Females do not deserve the honor
of clothing.

19 CONTINUED:

LWAXANA

(to Farek)

We are not Ferengi females.

(to Troi)

They're as bad as humans. Look
at the leer on his face.

20 ANGLE TO INCLUDE TOG (OPTICAL)

who ENTERS as Lwaxana is speaking.

TOG

No, his is an expression of
revulsion. But it is a feeling
I do not share, Lwaxana.

Lwaxana and Troi have found something with which to
partially cover themselves. Lwaxana throws a quick
look at Tog.

LWAXANA

It's cold in here. Do you want
me to become ill?

TOG

No, I don't. Farek, please
arrange for their clothing to be
returned.

LWAXANA

Thank you, Daimon Tog.

TOG

(so charming)

You must forgive the Doctor. He
is not accustomed to dealing with
Betazoid females.

(eyeing Lwaxana)

I have a business proposition for
you...

LWAXANA

Thanks, but I'm not interested
in any of your propositions.

TOG

Hear me out. Your telepathic
powers could bring us both great
profit.

20 CONTINUED:

LWAXANA

And why would I want to bring you
profit?

20 CONTINUED: (2)

FAREK

In order to keep your daughter
alive and healthy, for one...

TOG

(sharp)

Farek! There's no need for
threats.

(smiles at Lwaxana)

Lwaxana is a sensible female...

TROI (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

I don't like the sound of this,
mother.

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

(to Troi)

I believe I can control him,
Little One.

LWAXANA

(to Tog; seductive)

I'm sure we can talk about this.
Just the two of us.

TOG

A wise choice. Farek, leave us.

(to Troi)

And you may rejoin your friend.

Farek EXITS. Tog goes to a companel, hits a specific
series of lighted areas. Troi DEMATERIALIZES in the
FERENGI TRANSPORTER EFFECT.

TOG

(hot to trot)

And now, Lwaxana Troi, let us
"talk"...

Tog leers at Lwaxana. This is the moment he's been
waiting for. Tog presses another panel, and a bed
slides out from a wall.

21 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

travelling at warp speed, on its way to Gamma Erandi.

22 INT. ENGINEERING

Geordi, Data and Wesley are working at a console near the large wall schematic of the Enterprise.

22 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

Fifteen hours from Gamma Erandi,
and the subspace static is already
playing hell with
communications...

WESLEY

Just what we might expect in a
stellar nursery.

DATA

Wesley, my congratulations on
passing your Starfleet written
examinations. An excellent
achievement.

WESLEY

Thanks, Data. Now if I can just
do well on the oral exam...

GEORDI

You will. And when you return,
we'll be gaining the best ensign
in the fleet.

DATA

Actually, there is no guarantee
Wesley will be reassigned to the
Enterprise. Eighty-four per cent
of Starfleet graduates are not
posted to Galaxy class starships
for their first assignment.

Wesley reacts to this unexpected bit of news.

WESLEY

I never thought about that... I
always assumed I'd be coming back
to the Enterprise.

GEORDI

I'm sure Captain Picard will
request you... if he's still
commanding the Enterprise when
you graduate.

WESLEY

I hadn't thought about that,
either.

(MORE)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY (Cont'd)

(thinks)

I never thought I'd feel this way
about leaving the Enterprise...
and all of you.

DATA

Is that not a part of the human
experience -- growth and change?

WESLEY

(considers it)

I suppose so...

GEORDI

I felt the same way when I left
my family to go to the Academy.
But it was one of the best times
of my life. You're going to meet
new friends, have adventures you
can't even imagine yet...

Wesley is beginning to feel some mixed emotions now.

WESLEY

(unconvinced)

I hope you're right, Geordi.

23 OMITTED

24 INT. HOLDING TANK

Troi has returned and is again wearing her clothes. In
b.g., Nibor is playing 3-D chess with an N.D. Ferengi
crewman.

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

Little One --

Troi reacts as she "hears" her mother --

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O., cont'd)

-- Tog's given me something
perfectly hideous to wear... he
says it flatters my beauty.

24 CONTINUED:

TROI

(low, to Riker)

So far, mother's in no danger.

(a beat)

I hope she knows what she's
doing...

RIKER

She's bought us some time...
let's make the most of it.

Riker stands, crosses to the arch, studies the chessboard for a beat. Nibor's scowling -- the Ferengi crewman's got Nibor in a tough spot. Nibor reaches for a piece:

RIKER (cont'd)

I wouldn't do that...

NIBOR

(scowls at Riker)

I don't need your help.

RIKER

The hell you don't. You're two
moves away from being mated.

Nibor ignores Riker, makes the move anyway. The Ferengi crewman promptly makes his move -- and Nibor winces; he didn't see the response coming.

RIKER (cont'd)

Hey, I warned you. Now you've
only got one possible escape...

Nibor waves Riker off, makes a move.

RIKER (cont'd)

... and that wasn't it.

The Ferengi crewman smiles, makes his move, then stands up. The end. The crewman EXITS, smirking. Nibor sullenly starts setting up the chessboard.

RIKER (cont'd)

See? You should've moved the
bishop --

NIBOR

(snaps at him)

Ridiculous! The bishop was
pinned...

24 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER

(shrugs)

Okay, don't listen. Forget that
I beat you in thirty moves...

NIBOR

Pure luck.

RIKER

I was being polite. I could've
won in twenty moves.

Nibor glares at Riker.

NIBOR

Then prove it.

24 CONTINUED: (3)

Nibor makes an opening move.

NIBOR
Pawn to Queen Four, King's Level.

Riker locks eyes with Nibor.

RIKER
Pawn to King's Bishop Three,
Queen's Level.

Nibor sneers at Riker, makes Riker's move, studies the board.

25 INT. FERENGI LAB

The lighting has been changed. It's softer now. Tog and Lwaxana are alone. he has just poured something liquid into a glass for her. She is wearing a sexy gown, and feeling rather seductive. They are sitting close together on the edge of the bed.

LWAXANA
I must admit, when you first
approached me on the Enterprise,
I was intrigued.

TOG
You mean revolted.

LWAXANA
(laughs)
Maybe a little. Do you forgive
me?

He continues to move even closer to her as they talk.

TOG
Yes. With your powers we could
be a formidable team.

He puts his hand on her shoulder. She does not resist.

LWAXANA
You have great strength in your
hands.

25 CONTINUED:

TOG
(pleased)
And you like that?

LWAXANA
I have always admired strong
males.

TOG
You are beautiful... it is
impossible to resist you...

LWAXANA
Then don't.

And he moves even closer. She bends slightly forward
to meet him, and as they kiss, we:

CUT TO:

25A INT. HOLDING TANK

Riker's in b.g., looking at Nibor and the chessboard on
the other side of the archway. CLOSE on Troi --
reacting to what's coming across her telepathic link to
Lwaxana...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

In the Gamma Erandi Nebula, a gaseous interstellar cloud aglow with brilliant light reflected back from its ionized particles. Within are nests of hundreds of embryonic stars, dense globules of nuclear fusion pouring forth light and heat, on the most massive scale imaginable.

27 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Picard in command chair, Worf at Tactical, Data at Ops. Other supernumeraries staff the Bridge stations. On screen is a breathtaking view of Gamma Erandi.

DATA

Initial scans of ionization patterns complete, sir. Now correlating sensor readings.

PICARD

(indicating screen)

It's almost incomprehensible, the amount of energy being expended...

DATA

Actually, it is five point three four times ten to the forty-first watts... well within the norm for phenomena of this type.

PICARD

Perhaps... but that takes away none of the wonder.

Data nods, watches the screen, trying to comprehend the emotions Picard and the others must feel viewing this.

28 INT. WESLEY'S QUARTERS

Wesley is deciding which personal items to take with him. As he surveys his possessions, he will discard some and place others in a "keep" pile. DOOR CHIME.

28 CONTINUED:

Wesley's looking intently upon an unusual piece of equipment, doesn't turn around to face the door.

WESLEY

Come in.

SOUND of DOOR OPENING O.S.

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Hi. I brought you something...

WESLEY

I hope it's small, because I'm taking way too much as it is...

Wesley turns as Beverly ENTERS FRAME carrying a tray with a decanter and two glasses.

BEVERLY

Your friend Guinan sent this up from Ten Forward. It's not to pack -- it's for me to propose a toast with.

Beverly pours.

BEVERLY (cont'd)

To a future Starfleet officer.

Wesley's surprised --and touched.

WESLEY

Mom -- thanks.

Beverly hands Wesley a glass, raises hers in a toast.

BEVERLY

I won't say "give it your best" because I know you will. I won't say "make me proud"... because you already have. So I'll just say... here's to your future.

They clink glasses and drink. Wesley picks up the piece of equipment:

WESLEY

This was Dad's...

28 CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY

(nods)

From the Stargazer. Do you have
room for it?

28 CONTINUED: (3)

WESLEY

No... but I'm taking it anyway.

Beverly nods -- "he'd be pleased."

29 OMITTED

30 INT. HOLDING TANK (OPTICAL)

Riker and Troi are still in the cell; Nibor smugly makes a move on the chessboard.

NIBOR

Check.

Riker frowns, turns away from the arch.

RIKER

I'm sick of this game.

NIBOR

Of course -- now that you're losing.

Riker sits down, away from the archway.

RIKER

Who's losing? I'm just tired of standing up.

NIBOR

You can't resign now.

RIKER

It's too hard to play from in here. I can't even see the whole board.

NIBOR

(catches on)

Ah, then you'll finish the game if I let you out of the cell.

RIKER

I might...

NIBOR

Clever, hyoo-man, but I'm not that foolish.

30 CONTINUED:

RIKER

(with disdain)

What -- you're afraid I'd try to
escape? What would that get me?
You'd still have her. And
besides... where would I go?

NIBOR

(unsure)

I do not trust you...

Riker puts his feet up, makes himself comfortable.

RIKER

Fine. Thanks for the game.

Nibor thinks it over -- then picks up his phaser, and
lowers the forcefield. Gestures to Riker.

NIBOR

Come out here.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

Riker crosses through the archway, steps up to the chessboard. Nibor restores the forcefield, keeping Troi captive in the cell.

NIBOR (cont'd)
Now save your rook... if you can.

As Riker thoughtfully circles the board:

CUT TO:

31 INT. FERENGI LAB

Tog sits on the floor at Lwaxana's feet, his head resting against her lap.

LWAXANA
... and that was my first husband.
Not much of a conversationalist,
but what a lover. Then I met --

TOG
(interrupting)
I do not want to hear about your
other romances. It makes me
jealous.

She wants to keep control of the situation, so she changes tactics, begins rubbing his ears.

LWAXANA
My, what big ears you have. Has
anyone ever told you how
attractive they are?

TOG
(melting)
Some females think they are my
best feature.

Lwaxana begins massaging his ears, and he relaxes into some sort of alpha state.

31 CONTINUED:

TOG
(continuing)
No one has ever given me oo-mox
like this before.

LWAXANA
Oo-mox?

TOG
There is no translation. But the
ear is one of our most erogenous
zones.

LWAXANA
(hesitates, then)
Then you shall have as much oo-mox
as you desire.

He relaxes into the alpha state even more, turning in
worshipful gaze toward her.

32 INT. HOLDING TANK

CLOSE on Nibor, unconscious on the floor. WIDEN to
reveal Riker standing above Nibor, rubbing his sore
knuckles.

RIKER
Those Ferengi have iron jaws...

Riker works the console.

32A ANGLE ON THE ARCHWAY (OPTICAL)

as the FORCEFIELD shimmers and disappears. Troi
crosses to Riker's side.

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)
Little One --

Troi reacts to "hearing" her mother.

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O., cont'd)
-- if Tog were a kitten, he'd
be purring.

TROI
Good work, Mother.

32A CONTINUED:

Riker reacts, gives Troi an inquiring look. Troi explains:

TROI (cont'd)
According to mother, Daimon Tog
is... extremely relaxed at the
moment.

RIKER
Tell Lwaxana to keep him relaxed
while we call the cavalry...

Riker crosses to the computer terminal and taps keys,
but:

32A CONTINUED: (2)

COMPUTER VOICE

Access to communications denied.
All transmissions to be
authorized by Daimon Tog.

Riker and Troi exchange a look -- "are you thinking
what I'm thinking?"

TROI

Let's see just how relaxed Daimon
Tog is...

33 INT. FERENGI LAB

Tog is gazing lovingly up at Lwaxana.

TROI (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

Mother -- we're out of the cell
and we're trying to contact the
Enterprise... but we can't do it
without Tog's access code. Do
you think --

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

Say no more, Little One.

TOG

Lwaxana... you and I are going
to make such a wonderful team...
With your telepathy and my
cunning, I foresee --

LWAXANA

(finishes it)
-- a very profitable future.

Tog is in ecstasy.

34 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

at warp speed.

35 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Picard, Worf, and Data still at their stations; various supernumeraries staff other positions.

WORF

Subspace interference is subsiding... communications have been restored...

PICARD

Good. Contact Commander Riker on Betazed.

WORF

(observing panel)

Message coming in from Betazed, sir. Priority One.

PICARD

(concerned)

On screen.

The image of Reittan Grax, the Betazed conference director, fills the screen.

REITTAN GRAX

Captain Picard, at last. We've been trying to reach you for two days.

PICARD

Our communications were blocked by the nebula, Reittan. Is there a problem?

REITTAN GRAX

I'm afraid so, Captain. Lwaxana, Deanna and Commander Riker have disappeared.

On Picard's reaction...

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

37 INT. FERENGI LAB

Lwaxana has been "oo-moxing" Tog into a deeper alpha state and he's now on the verge of sleep.

37 CONTINUED:

TOG

I knew I wanted you the moment
I saw you... you have fulfilled
all my expectations.

LWAXANA

How sweet.

TOG

(sleepily)

Farek thought it was a bad idea...
but I knew better...

LWAXANA

How clever.

TOG

I knew best... I always know
best...

LWAXANA

(to herself)

How repugnant.

TOG

(didn't catch it)

What?

LWAXANA

I said, "how romantic." I can't
resist a man who knows what he
wants... and goes after it.

TOG

That's me. And that's why I'm
Daimon of this ship... I take
charge of every situation.

(demonstrating; a
command)

More to the left, woman.

LWAXANA

Whatever you say...

Lwaxana obediently favors Tog's left ear. Tog happily
drifts off again.

LWAXANA (cont'd)

My darling, would you like
something to drink?

37 CONTINUED: (2)

TOG
(murmuring, half-asleep)
You're so attentive.

LWAXANA
Does your food synthesizer know
how to make an Arcturian Fizz?

TOG
I don't think so...

LWAXANA
They have certain pleasure-enhancing
qualities.

TOG
(sounds good)
Mmmm...

LWAXANA
Let me teach the computer how to
make one.
(a beat)
I'll need your access code...

37 CONTINUED: (2)

Tog's practically in Ferengi lala land, about to slip into slumber. Dreamily:

TOG

Yes, beloved... Computer -- access
code Keh-ee Yoor-ee Dah-teh-ee
--

FAREK (O.S.)

Tog! Be silent!

Lwaxana, startled, turns to see --

38 NEW ANGLE

An angry Farek is standing in the doorway.

FAREK

I knew you were not to be trusted.

LWAXANA

Doctor Farek! I was... going to
make Daimon Tog a drink...

FAREK

Save your lies for this fool...

Farek indicates Tog, who's slowly regaining alertness.

LWAXANA

Daimon Tog, he's misunderstood...
Don't listen to him.

FAREK

(to Tog)

No -- you've misunderstood.
You've been tricked by a sly
female who finds you repulsive.

TOG

She was only trying to serve...

FAREK

You almost gave her complete
access to the ship's computer...

(pointed)

... a security breach severe enough
to cost you your command!

38 CONTINUED:

Tog falls silent, realizing Farek's got him by the short hairs.

FAREK (cont'd)
It's time you took my advice.
Let me study her.

TOG
Study her? Your mind probes could
kill her.

FAREK
(unconcerned)
You brought her aboard for her
telepathic powers. If I can
determine what neural
configuration gives her those
powers, we may be able to
duplicate them. We could still
profit from this.

TOG
I don't know...

FAREK
A true Daimon would not be blinded
by lust. Give her to me or I will
be forced to report your
transgression.

Tog is devastated. His darling may have betrayed him,
and now he's locked in a power struggle with his first
officer. Rather weakly he agrees.

TOG
Very well... take her.

On Lwaxana's reaction:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

39 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

In orbit around Betazed.

40
thru OMITTED
42

43 EXT. BETAZED CLEARING

Worf and three supernumeraries are inspecting the scene with tricorders.

44 NEW ANGLE

to include Reittan Grax.

REITTAN GRAX

I wish I had some answers for you,
Lieutenant Worf.

WORF

Mister Homn was no help?

REITTAN GRAX

None. He last saw them as he was
leaving this clearing. When he
returned, all three of them were
gone.Data returns, holding the bunch of wilted flowers we
saw earlier.

DATA

Lieutenant Foley found these in
the pond. The species is Zan
Periculi. It is not indigenous to
Betazed, but to Lappa IV... a
Ferengi world.

44A INT. CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

Picard, Geordi, Data, and Worf. The flowers are on the Captain's desk.

PICARD

We now have a reasonable hypothesis as to whom.

WORF

The difficult question is where.

GEORDI

The Ferengi ship is almost as fast as the Enterprise... she could be just about anywhere by now.

Picard considers for a beat.

PICARD

Commander Riker will assume that we'll be searching for them... he'll find some way to send us a message.

(a beat)

Mister Worf, I want continual monitoring of all Ferengi subspace frequencies. Mister La Forge, can you extend our sensor range?

GEORDI

(thinking)

If I narrow the band and tie in long-range sensors to the subspace scanners, I can boost the gain...

PICARD

Make it so.

DATA

Do you wish to leave orbit?

PICARD

Not until we have someplace to go.

45 EXT. SPACE - THE KRAYTON (OPTICAL)

travelling at warp speed.

46 INT. HOLDING TANK (OPTICAL)

As before: Nibor unconscious on the floor, Riker working at the computer terminal, Troi looking on.

46 CONTINUED:

RIKER

(shakes his head)

I've tried everything I know...
and it's no use. Without Tog's
security code, I can't get near
the communication system.

TROI

We're running out of time...
Farek's about to begin the neural
scan on mother.

Riker's doing everything he can at the computer
terminal.

RIKER

(thinking)

Maybe I'm going about this the
wrong way. If I pick a minor
subsystem... something non-essential...

Riker works the console, brings up a control schematic.

RIKER (cont'd)

Like this... the warp field phase
adjustment. All this does is
suppress the subspace
interference generated by the
warp engines.

TROI

Meaning what?

RIKER

Meaning if I set up a simple
oscillation, I can send out a
signal.

(studying schematic)

The trick is to create a message
that the Enterprise will
understand... but that the Ferengi
will think is just normal
subspace static.

Riker punches in a complex set of computer
instructions. Troi flinches at a sudden pain. Riker
notices.

46 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER (cont'd)

What's wrong?

TROI

Mother...

46A INT. FERENGI LAB (OPTICAL)

Lwaxana on the Ferengi operating table. A strange device is probing the Betazoid's mind. Lwaxana is writhing in agony. A monitor shows the woman's brain, changes in color indicating the manipulations Farek is putting her through.

46B INT. HOLDING TANK (OPTICAL)

Riker holding Troi. She is really suffering, but trying to be a good soldier and handle it.

TROI

Will...

(again a cry of pain
quickly suppressed)

... we've got to help her...

Riker makes a decision, picks up Nibor's phaser.

RIKER

Come on.

Riker and Troi EXIT.

47 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

orbiting Betazed.

48 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

A flurry of activity. Data at Science One; Geordi at Engineering; Wesley assisting Geordi; Worf at Tactical. Supernumeraries are at other stations. They are examining all possible information to discover where the Ferengi have taken their hostages.

GEORDI

(to Wesley)

Thanks for the help, but you'd better get aboard the Bradbury -- they were ready to leave orbit an hour ago.

WESLEY

(nods)

Soon as we're sure this works...

GEORDI

(to Picard)

Initiating scans now, sir.

We HEAR a succession of CODED RADIO SIGNALS -- all weak, scrambled, unintelligible, and covered with layers of HISS, rhythmic POPS, and STATIC. Each scanned sample lasts about five seconds.

48 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Can we locate the Krayton?

Data and Wesley work at Science One.

DATA

Ferengi transmissions are routinely scrambled and encoded, sir. Without breaking the code, we will be unable to identify any specific Ferengi vessel.

GEORDI

(as he works)

And Ferengi codes are damn near impossible to break...

PICARD

Gentlemen, I have the utmost confidence in your ability to perform the impossible.

Geordi, Wesley, and Data keep working as the various scanned SIGNALS continue. One signal contains a particular pattern of rhythmic POPPING that catches Wesley's attention for a moment -- though Wesley can't put his finger on why. Then another SIGNAL in the scan replaces it.

WORF

Captain, the Bradbury is hailing us. They can no longer delay their departure.

Picard turns to Wesley.

PICARD

Mister Crusher -- now. We have no time for lengthy farewells. Good luck.

WESLEY

Thank you, sir.

Wesley would like to say goodbye to everyone else, but there's no more time. He takes one last look around the Bridge as the rest of the Bridge crew resumes their tasks:

48 CONTINUED: (2)

DATA

The repetitive nature of the
subcarrier pattern would imply
a modified Greenlaw-Huffman
encoding scheme...

GEORDI

Okay, I'll reverse-engineer the
algorithm using a Pileggi
sequence...

Wesley EXITS into the Turbolift. The doors close.

49 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

An n.d. crewmember is at the Transporter console.
Beverly is near the pad, waiting with a travel case.
Wesley ENTERS, his manner thoughtful and preoccupied.
Beverly smiles proudly.

BEVERLY

Wesley... take care.

WESLEY

You too, Mom.

Beverly gives him a farewell hug. Wesley smiles at her... but he just can't get his train of thought away from the problem on the Bridge. Lost in thought, Wesley steps onto the pad.

BEVERLY

Something the matter?

WESLEY

We've been scanning Ferengi transmissions, trying to find the Krayton. One of the signals was... I don't know... familiar somehow...

BEVERLY

Something in the message?

WESLEY

No -- the message was scrambled...
(suddenly it clicks)
It was the static.

Wesley steps off the pad, heads for the door.

49 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Where are you going?

Too late; Wesley's already EXITED. On Beverly's
expression:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

50 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

orbiting Betazed.

51 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Data, Worf, Geordi, supernumeraries.

WORF

Sir, the Bradbury informs us they
can wait no longer for Mister
Crusher to come aboard.

Picard is surprised, but before he can respond, Wesley
ENTERS from the Turbolift. Everyone reacts.

WESLEY

Captain, I think there's a pattern
to the subspace interference I
heard on one of the Ferengi
messages.

PICARD

Wesley, unless you leave
immediately, you'll miss --

Wesley nods -- he knows what he's doing -- and
continues:

WESLEY

The interference itself could be
a message. If I could just hear
a replay of the subspace scans...

Picard studies Wesley, nods.

PICARD

(to Worf)

Signal the Bradbury they may
depart.

(to Data)

Play back the Ferengi
transmissions...

51 CONTINUED:

We HEAR the various CODED RADIO SIGNALS as before. Wesley listens intently until he hears the SIGNAL with the pattern of INTERFERENCE POPPING that caught his attention before.

WESLEY

Wait -- repeat that one. Put it on a continuous replay.

Data does so. The SIGNAL keeps playing.

WESLEY (cont'd)

Hear that popping noise? Data, can you filter out everything but that sound?

Data works the console. We now HEAR only the rhythmic POPPING. Now that it's isolated, it's easier to identify --

GEORDI

That's Cochrane distortion... a fluctuation in the phase of the subspace field. All warp engines generate that kind of interference.

WESLEY

But listen to the pattern... it's the Algolian ceremonial rhythm the musician was playing at the reception.

DATA

Mister Crusher is correct, sir. There is a temporal correlation.

PICARD

Then it is a signal from Commander Riker.

(with admiration)

Ingenious. He selected a signal we'd recognize... but one the Ferengi would dismiss as static.

Wesley moves to Conn, relieves the crewman there. Worf's been working the Tactical console under all this, now reports:

WORF

Signal source located, Captain.

51 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD
Plot an intercept course.

Wesley's already punching it in at the helm.

WESLEY
Course plotted and laid in, sir.

PICARD
Well done, Mister Crusher. Warp
Eight.

WESLEY
Aye, sir.

PICARD
Engage.

52 OMITTED

53 INT. FERENGI LAB (OPTICAL)

Lwaxana Troi is restrained on a biobed. Farek is making adjustments to his mind probe. Riker and Troi ENTER.

Riker FIRES a single shot, destroying the probe. Farek and Lwaxana react. Riker gestures with the phaser.

RIKER
Get away from her.

Farek moves quickly to obey. Troi crosses to her mother, and unfastens the restraints. The stress of her ordeal shows on her face as Lwaxana sits up.

Tog ENTERS, from behind Riker. He too holds a phaser.

TOG
Standoff, Commander.

Riker whirls to face this new threat.

53 CONTINUED:

LWAXANA

Tog, can't we strike a bargain?
All I'm concerned about is my
daughter's safety... what happens
to me isn't important.

TOG

What are you suggesting?

She sees an opening and takes full advantage.

LWAXANA

Let me be candid, Daimon Tog.
Deanna is of no use to you. She's
only half Betazoid. And if you
keep Riker, Starfleet will never
stop searching for you.

Tog nods judiciously -- "go on."

LWAXANA (cont'd)

If you release them, I'll stay
with you willingly... and use my
telepathy to aid you in your
negotiations.

Tog is wavering. Lwaxana clinches the deal:

LWAXANA (cont'd)

I will also show you some of my
other exotic skills...

Lwaxana does a strutting dance for Tog.

TOG

A tempting offer. I would like
to believe you.

She extends a hand.

LWAXANA

The offer is genuine. I give you
my word as a Daughter of the Fifth
House of Betazed.

RIKER

Lwaxana, don't.

53 CONTINUED: (2)

LWAXANA

I've made up my mind.

RIKER

I can't let you do this...

LWAXANA

William, I'm a grown woman. I can make my own decisions, and I'm fully capable of entering into a contract.

TROI

Mother -- we can't just leave you here --

Lwaxana turns to Troi, silences her with a look and a thought:

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

Yes, you can -- before he changes his mind.

(then, smiling)

Please, Little One. Do as I say... just this once...

Lwaxana turns back to Tog before Troi can reply:

LWAXANA

Do we have an agreement?

Tog nods. Th deal is done.

TOG

You have my word. I will release your daughter and the Commander.

53 CONTINUED: (3)

Tog holsters his phaser; he's reached a bargain. He shrugs, and moves to Lwaxana's side. She smiles.

LWAXANA

Oo-mox is only the beginning...

54

thru OMITTED

56

57 NEW ANGLE

as Riker and Troi react. Farek is frankly disgusted.

57 CONTINUED:

FERENGI CREWMAN (V.O.)

Daimon -- we are being hailed by
the Enterprise -- they demand the
return of the captives --

Reactions. Farek panics, but Tog is calm.

FAREK

The Enterprise has found us --

TOG

(cutting Farek off)

Slow to impulse... raise
shields. Inform the Enterprise
that two of our guests are ready
to return. The other will be
staying with us -- at her request.

FAREK

Daimon, I must protest --

TOG

There is nothing to protest.
Lwaxana will cooperate...
therefore we have gained what we
set out to gain.

FAREK

But you cannot trust her --

TOG

(firm)

Lwaxana has given her word. Now
leave us.

58 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE AND THE KRAYTON (OPTICAL)

motionless relative to one another.

59
thru OMITTED
60

61 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Riker and Troi BEAM IN (FERENGI TRANSPORTER EFFECT).
The viewscreen shows the Krayton.

PICARD
You're both all right?

RIKER
None the worse for wear.

TROI
My mother bought our freedom,
Captain. But believe me, she
doesn't want to stay with Tog.

PICARD
(to Worf)
Hail the Krayton.

WORF
(works the panel)
Sir, Daimon Tog responding.

On the screen, the image of the Krayton is replaced
by Tog.

61 CONTINUED:

TOG

Captain Picard, so good of you
to meet us. We were on our way
to Betazed to return our guests.

PICARD

Of course you were. But you're
still holding Lwaxana Troi.

Lwaxana suddenly ENTERS FRAME next to Tog.

LWAXANA

When will you get it through your
thick head that it's over between
us, Jean-Luc?

Picard reacts to this bizarre statement. Troi suddenly
smiles, she sees where her mother's going. Troi
indicates to Worf to mute the transmission.

TROI

I think I know what she's doing.
You must fight to get her back,
Captain.

Bluffing a Ferengi on behalf of Lwaxana Troi? Picard
shakes his head -- why me? But it might work, so
Picard bites the bullet, turns to the Main Viewer:

PICARD

It's not over, Lwaxana. You're
mine and I refuse to let you go.
Return to my side immediately.

LWAXANA

(hopeful)

You mean... you still care?

Words fail Picard. He searches his memory for
something -- anything -- to say, finally hits upon
Shakespeare:

PICARD

"My love is a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease."

Reactions all around.

LWAXANA

(melting)

Tell me more...

61 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

"In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise;
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote."

Under this:

TOG

(to Lwaxana)

You didn't tell me that you and
Captain Picard were --

LWAXANA

(interrupting Tog)

You said you didn't want to hear
about all my romances.

(to Picard)

I have a new love, Jean-Luc. And
you can't keep killing all my
lovers. That simply has to stop.

TOG

Killing?

LWAXANA

He's insanely jealous.

61 CONTINUED: (3)

PICARD

Listen, Tog, no one possesses Lwaxana but me. And if I have to destroy your ship in the process, so be it.

TOG

Captain, I had no idea Lwaxana was your woman.

LWAXANA

(to Tog)

Don't let him threaten you. You can defeat him.

(to Picard)

The only way you'll get me back is over Tog's dead body!

PICARD

That can be arranged. Mister Worf, arm all phaser banks and photon torpedoes. If my beloved is not in my arms in ten seconds, throw everything you've got at the Krayton.

TOG

But you'll destroy Lwaxana!

PICARD

(shrugs)

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all... Eight, seven...

TOG

No, wait!

PICARD

Six... five...

TOG

(hits companel)

Beam her to their Bridge... now!

PICARD

Three... two...

And Lwaxana MATERIALIZES on the Bridge. Playing her part in the charade, she rushes to Picard, throws her arms around him.

61 CONTINUED: (4)

LWAXANA

You wonderfully jealous fool.

TOG

I trust there will be no further
action taken against us?

PICARD

Such as reporting this incident
to your superiors who may question
your competency as Daimon? I'll
think about it.

(to Worf)

Screen off.

And Picard cuts the communication. He looks to Lwaxana
-- "charade's over." Lwaxana, however, doesn't let
go.

LWAXANA

(amorously)

Thank you, Jean-Luc. You were
most convincing.

(purring)

You certainly convinced me...

Picard has some difficulty extricating himself from
Lwaxana's arms.

PICARD

Mrs. Troi, I'm truly grateful that
you risked your life for my...

(breaks free)

...people. I'll have you home
within hours.

LWAXANA

Really, that isn't necessary,
Captain...

(provocatively)

I'd love to hear more of that
poetry...

PICARD

Perhaps another time. Mister
Crusher, set course for Betazed.

(glancing at Lwaxana)

Warp Nine.

Lwaxana turns to Troi:

61 CONTINUED: (5)

LWAXANA (TELEPATHIC V.O.)

There's so much to talk about,
Little One... such as your future.
Reittan Grax was telling me the
other day that he has the nicest
nephew...

Deanna gives her a look of "Oh Lord, here we go again."

62 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

streaking at top speed for Betazed.

63 OMITTED

64 INT. READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

Picard is reading something on his PADD as Wesley enters.

WESLEY

You asked to see me, Captain?

Picard barely looks up.

PICARD

I've been in touch with Admiral
Hahn at Starfleet Academy.

Wesley's expression turns hopeful. Maybe there's still
a chance somehow...

64 CONTINUED:

PICARD (cont'd)

The Admiral regrets your missing
the oral examination and hopes
you'll reapply next year.

Wesley hides his disappointment. No loopholes here.

WESLEY

I understand, sir.
(a beat)
I do intend to reapply.

Picard nods -- good.

PICARD

In the interim... the Academy's
loss is our gain. I'm gratified
the Enterprise will continue to
benefit from your talents for
another year.

WESLEY

Thank you, Captain.

Picard returns his attention to the PADD. Wesley
stands, waits to be dismissed. Nothing. Wesley's
beginning to feel awkward. Finally:

WESLEY (cont'd)

Is that all, sir?

PICARD

There is one more thing.

Picard looks up.

PICARD (cont'd)

For some time now I have been
contemplating a certain action.
Your conduct today has convinced
me to take that action.

Wesley stands mute, wondering if he's in trouble.

PICARD (cont'd)

I've reviewed your service record
thoroughly... and I've decided
upon the appropriate course.

Is there a twinkle in Picard's eye?

64 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD (cont'd)
I am granting you a field
promotion to full Ensign.

Wesley's face lights up. Before Wesley can speak:

PICARD (cont'd)
Congratulations.
(a beat)
You're dismissed.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

orbiting Betazed.

66 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Troi, Worf, Data, Geordi, Beverly are all here. N.D. Crewmember at Conn.

WORF

Lwaxana Troi has beamed down to Betazed, Captain.

Wesley ENTERS, now in the crimson Starfleet uniform of an Ensign, and takes his station.

PICARD

(to Worf)

Notify Starfleet we are en route to the Xanthras system for our rendezvous with the Zapata.

WORF

Aye, sir.

PICARD

Ensign Crusher, take us out of orbit and set course for Xanthras Three, Warp Factor Six.

WESLEY

Aye, sir.
(works the helm)
Course set.

PICARD

Engage.

Beverly looks proudly over at Wesley, who takes a moment to relish his new status. Yes! This is going to be all right!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END