

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Redemption"
#40274-200

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FINAL DRAFT

APRIL 8, 1991

STAR TREK: "Redemption" - 4/9/91 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Redemption"

CAST

PICARD	GOWRON
RIKER	K'TAL
DATA	KLINGON FIRST OFFICER
BEVERLY	KURN
TROI	LURSA
GEORDI	B'ETOR
WORF	TORAL
GUINAN	MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
	MOVAR
	KLINGON HELMSMAN

Non-Speaking

TRANSPORTER TECHNICIAN
SUPERNUMERARIES

Non-Speaking

GOWRON'S KLINGON AIDE
8 KLINGON COUNCIL MEMBERS
2 KLINGON GUARDS
2 KLINGON BRIDGE CREW
2 KURN'S KLINGON AIDES
ROMULAN CREWMEMBER

STAR TREK: "Redemption" - REV. 4/9/91 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Redemption"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

MAIN BRIDGE
CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM
OBSERVATION LOUNGE
CORRIDOR
PHASER RANGE
TRANSPORTER ROOM
WORF'S QUARTERS
KURN'S BIRD OF PREY
KLINGON CRUISER
BRIDGE
READY ROOM
KLINGON CITY
GREAT HALL
DURAS FAMILY HOME
KLINGON BIRD OF PREY
READY ROOM

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

KLINGON ATTACK CRUISER
2 KLINGON BIRDS OF PREY
KLINGON HOME WORLD
KLINGON CITY (MATTE)

STAR TREK: "Redemption" - 4/9/91 - PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Redemption"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

CH pronounced as in chew or artichoke

Bah	BAH (gutteral "H")
B'Etor	be-TOR
Bortas	bor-TAS
cha'DIch	cha-DICH
Doj hon	do-zhan
Duras	DYUR-as
Ghos	GOZ
g'now juk Hol pajhard	ga-NOW JUK-hul pa-zhard
hakt'em	hock-TEM
Hegh'ta	heg-TA
Khitomer	KIT-to-mur
K'Tal	Ka-TAL
Kurn	KURN
La woq yon ghir Klas qimha	la-WAK yun-GIR Klas-KIM-ah
Len'mat	LIN-mat
Lursa	LUR-suh
Mempa	MEM-pah
Mogh	MOHG
M'Rel	ma-REL
naDev ghoS	na-DEV GOZ

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CONTINUED:

Qaja plu d'itch jung	Kha-JAP loo deeCH JUNG
Qapla'	Khap-LA
Suh	SUH (gutteral "H")
Toral	To-ral
Yintagh	yen-TAHG

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Redemption"
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The ship at warp.

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, stardate 44995.3.
We are en route to the Klingon
Home World, where I will
participate in the installation
ceremony of Gowron, the next
designated Leader of the High
Council.

2 INT. WORF'S QUARTERS

WORF is practicing a form of martial art in front of a large mirror. He is dressed in a workout gi and is practicing a graceful and fluid kata using his bat'telth sword... he's been at this for a while and is disheveled and sweaty.

PICARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

This visit should also provide
an opportunity for one of my
officers to correct... a grave
injustice..

The door CHIMES. Worf finishes the routine before answering.

WORF

Enter.

PICARD ENTERS and Worf is caught off-guard. He is immediately embarrassed at receiving his captain in this manner.

PICARD

Am I intruding?

WORF

No, sir. My apologies, Captain...
I can be back in uniform---

2 CONTINUED:

PICARD

That won't be necessary.

(beat)

I'm not here as your captain.

I'm here as the person that stood

with you before the High

Council... your cha'DIch.

Worf reacts to the word... disturbing memories that have been on his mind recently. He sets the sword on a nearby table. After a beat...

PICARD

(continuing)

We'll arrive at your Home World

in less than a day.

Picard lets that hang in the air for a moment. Worf understands the unspoken question... thinks for a beat... then turns back to Picard.

WORF

It is not yet time.

Picard half-expected that answer. His attitude is intimate... personal... they're two men who stood shoulder to shoulder during a difficult time.

PICARD

That doesn't sound like the man

who came to me a year ago...

fiercely determined to return home

and clear his father's name...

or die trying.

Worf doesn't answer... Picard goes on after a beat.

PICARD

You accepted this... dishonor from

the Council in order to hold the

Empire together.

(beat)

The Empire survives. Isn't it

time to confront the Council...

to regain your family name and

let the truth be known?

WORF

I have been told... that patience

is sometimes a more effective

weapon than a sword.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

Picard smiles a little, recognizing one of his own lessons.

PICARD

Patience is a... human virtue,
one which I am proud to see you've
taken to heart. But this
situation may require a more...
Klingon response.

Beat.

PICARD

(continuing, frank)

Your discommendation is a facade
intended to protect men less
honorable than you. It is a
lie... and lies must be
challenged.

Worf hears the words... he's struggling with the logic
of Picard's argument.

WORF

I have grown... weary of bearing
this dishonor...

After a long beat...

PICARD

We will be in orbit around your
planet for at least two days...
it may be some time before we
return again. I would be
favorably disposed to grant a
leave should you request one.

Worf thinks about this... he's getting closer to doing
just that.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Bridge to Captain Picard.

WORF

(softly)

Thank you, sir.

PICARD

(hits communicator)

Go ahead, Number One.

2 CONTINUED: (3)

RIKER'S COM VOICE
We've been intercepted by the
Klingon vessel Bortas. They claim
to be our escort.

Picard gives Worf a puzzled look.

WORF
No escort was scheduled.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The Enterprise and a Klingon attack cruiser running
side by side on impulse power.

4 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

RIKER and DATA at their positions. Picard ENTERS.

RIKER
(to Picard)
The Bortas is standing by,
Captain.

PICARD
On screen.

5 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

GOWRON appears on the viewscreen, sitting in his ready
room. Picard and Riker are surprised.

PICARD
Gowron... this is an unexpected
pleasure.

Gowron's attitude is urgent... no time for
pleasantries.

GOWRON
I must speak with you, Picard.
We have to move quickly if we are
to be successful.

PICARD
Successful?

5 CONTINUED:

GOWRON

Yes.

(beat)

In preventing a Klingon civil war.

On Picard's reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard is listening to Gowron. Gowron moves about the room... restless... a man being kept from what is rightfully his.

GOWRON

The family of Duras is massing support... they have many allies on the Council...

PICARD

But Duras died in disgrace. By Klingon tradition, his family should share in that disgrace.

GOWRON

Their corruption has poisoned the Empire. Honor will soon have no meaning.

PICARD

Who speaks for his family now?

GOWRON

Lursa and B'Etor... the sisters of Duras.

PICARD

And they would claim leadership of the Council?

GOWRON

(shakes his head)

Women may not serve on the Council...

PICARD

Then how... ?

GOWRON

I don't know. But they are plotting something. They have secured the loyalty of at least three fleet commanders.

(beat)

Their followers do not care about Duras' crimes. Lursa and B'etor are feared... and fear is power.

6 CONTINUED:

PICARD

I fail to see what I can do to assist...

Gowron moves to Picard...

GOWRON

You were first chosen as arbiter of succession because no Klingon could be trusted. You accepted this duty... and you must see it through to the end. You must ensure my installation.

PICARD

I am prepared to report to the Council that only you have completed the rite of succession...

GOWRON

Not enough. Duras was a Romulan collaborator. You must declare his family ineligible to ever again sit on the ruling Council.

PICARD

That... is beyond my purview.

GOWRON

You will not support me?

PICARD

I will not step outside the traditional role of the arbiter.

Gowron sighs, hopes dashed.

GOWRON

And if they attempt to block my installation?

Picard stands and goes to him.

PICARD

I can only assure you that I will deal with any challenge according to Klingon law.

GOWRON

I fear that will not be enough.

6 CONTINUED: (2)

Picard has made his position clear, has nothing more to offer. Gowron looks at him for a beat... gives a curt nod of understanding, then they both EXIT to...

7 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Picard and Gowron ENTER from the observation lounge.
Riker, Worf, and DATA at their positions.

PICARD

Mister Worf, please escort our
guest to the transporter room.

Gowron throws Worf a quick look of disgust, and they
EXIT to the turbolift. Picard sits in command with a
thoughtful look on his face. After a beat...

PICARD

Mister Data, begin monitoring
Romulan activity along the Neutral
Zone. Have the outpost stations
there start sending us their
tactical reports.

DATA

Yes, sir.

Riker is a little surprised... he gives Picard a
questioning look.

PICARD

The Duras family is preparing to
move against Gowron.

RIKER

Backed by Romulans?

PICARD

I don't know. But there's too
much history between the Duras
(note: plural) and the Romulans
to discount the possibility.

Riker nods agreement.

CUT TO:

7A INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Worf and Gowron ENTER. Gowron is studiously avoiding
looking at Worf. As Gowron moves toward the platform,
Worf finally decides to take the plunge.

WORF

(to Technician)

Dismissed.

7A CONTINUED:

The TRANSPORTER TECHNICIAN EXITS. Gowron looks at Worf in mild surprise.

WORF
(continuing)
I would speak with you.

GOWRON
I do not hear the words of a
traitor.

Worf reacts to the word traitor... he takes a step toward Gowron and says the words he's been holding back for a long time.

WORF
(slow and clear)
I am not a traitor.

GOWRON
You admitted your guilt before
the Council.

Worf's expression hardens... he's not going to back down this time.

WORF
I accepted discommendation to
protect the Empire.

GOWRON
Protect it? How?

WORF
It was Duras' father who betrayed
our people to the Romulans at
Khitomer. Not mine.

GOWRON
(reacts)
Duras. There is proof of this?

WORF
There is.

GOWRON
Why would you accept dishonor
to protect Duras?

7A CONTINUED: (2)

WORF

(bitter)

His family was too powerful. To expose him would have split the Empire. Instead, the Council chose to blame my father.

GOWRON

The Council knew?

A beat.

WORF

I believe you are a man of honor, Gowron.

(beat)

I ask you to restore my family name.

A beat.

GOWRON

(with sympathy)

Worf, you killed Duras. I consider that no small favor. But what you ask is impossible.

WORF

But after your Installation...

GOWRON

The grasp of Duras reaches out from the grave. Much of the Council is still loyal to his family. I must have the Council's support to survive. I cannot expose their treachery.

Worf looks at Gowron, perhaps a man of honor but definitely a political animal most interested in his own survival. Gowron is even a little ashamed of himself, but this is the reality.

GOWRON

You chose to accept this disgrace for the good of the Empire. Now, you must live with your decision like a Klingon.

A beat on Worf's cold stare.

8 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE & GOWRON'S SHIP (OPTICAL)

moving into orbit around the Klingon planet.

9 OMITTED

10 INT. PHASER RANGE

As seen in "A Matter of Honor." CLOSE ON a phaser. MOVE TO REVEAL Worf checking his weapon on the phaser range. His expression is tense... tightly controlled. From o.s. we hear the SOUND OF DOORS OPENING and someone entering the range. Worf looks up in surprise to see...

11 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

GUINAN steps into the small circle of light carrying a phaser.

WORF

Guinan?

GUINAN

Hi. Ten Forward's been pretty quiet today... I thought I'd get in a little target practice. Mind if I join you?

Worf didn't expect this at all... doesn't know what to say. Guinan finishes checking out her phaser.

WORF

You... practice?

GUINAN

Sure. I like to keep my eye sharp.

11 CONTINUED:

WORF
(hesitates)
I... practice at... level
fourteen.

GUINAN
(smiles, with humor)
That's okay. I can go back to
that level for a while.

Worf doesn't react to her joke.

GUINAN
You know, I have a bet with the
captain that I can make you smile
before you make lieutenant
commander.

WORF
Not a good bet today.

She makes room for him in the circle. Worf hesitates
for another moment... then steps in. He quickly checks
his phaser.

GUINAN
Ready?
(off his nod)
Computer, level fourteen... begin
program.

COMPUTER VOICE
Program initiated.

Worf and Guinan hold their weapons at the ready. Two
TARGETS streak by and they quickly FIRE together...
both targets are HIT.

They continue to fire in turn at targets as they
appear...

GUINAN
I'm sure I heard you laugh
once... I liked it...

Guinan blasts three targets in a row.

WORF
Klingons don't laugh.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

GUINAN

Not true. Not true at all. You
may not laugh. But believe me,
I've heard some Klingon belly
laughs that could shake a room.

Worf grunts, hits a low target.

GUINAN

Your son laughs and he's Klingon.

WORF

He's a child. And part human.

Worf blasts two targets.

GUINAN

Oh, that's right and you're not.
You're all Klingon. Except you
don't laugh.

WORF

I don't laugh because I don't feel
like laughing.

GUINAN

But other Klingons feel like
laughing. What does that say
about you... ?

WORF

(gritting his teeth,
frustrated)
Perhaps it says... I do not feel
like other Klingons.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

The targets come fast and furious... Guinan easily putting hers away... Worf gets a couple... but misses several.

COMPUTER VOICE
Program complete.

11 CONTINUED: (4)

GUINAN

Good game.

(off his unhappy
expression)

Hey, don't feel bad... I was
doing this years before you were
born.

Worf nods to her with new respect.

GUINAN

How is he, by the way? Your son.

WORF

He is having some... difficulties
adjusting to life on Earth.

GUINAN

Must be tough for a little guy
like that... living with humans,
being Klingon... it has to get
confusing sometimes...

Worf gives her a look... who is she talking about...
Alexander, or him?

WORF

It will not be easy for him...

GUINAN

No, it won't. But the time will
come when he'll have to find out
what it really means to be
Klingon...

(beat)

Just as the time has come now for
you, Worf.

He looks at her... she EXITS. Move in on him a
beat... and as he reaches a decision in his mind,
there on his face, almost, not quite, is the vaguest
hint of a determined smile.

12 INT. READY ROOM

Picard at his desk. The door CHIMES.

12 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Come.

Worf ENTERS.

WORF

Captain, I request a leave of
absence.

Picard is pleased at Worf's decision. He stands.

PICARD

(formally)

Mister Worf... request granted.

WORF

Thank you, sir.

Picard nods. Worf moves to leave.

PICARD

Mister Worf...

(Worf pauses)

Qapla!

Worf stands a little taller, squares his shoulders at
the Klingon word... nods acknowledgement and then
EXITS.

PICARD

(softly, to himself)

And good luck.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. SPACE - BIRD OF PREY (OPTICAL)

The ship in orbit around the Klingon Home World.

WORF (V.O.)

Lieutenant Worf, personal log,
stardate 44996.1. I have located
the Klingon ship on which my
brother Kurn serves as captain
and have arranged to join him.

14 INT. BIRD OF PREY - READY ROOM

Unlike its counterpart on the Enterprise, this room is designed to emphasize the prestige and prowess of the ship's captain. Weapons and trophies are boldly displayed on the wall and the captain's chair is bigger and higher than the other three seats. There is also a desk visible. KURN is sitting in the imposing captain's chair. The doors OPEN and WORF ENTERS. Kurn gets to his feet instantly... he's glad to see Worf.

KURN

It has been too long, my brother.

WORF

(agrees)

Too long.

A silent moment...

WORF

There is much to discuss. I have asked Gowron to restore our family honor. He has refused.

KURN

No matter. Gowron will not live to see the day he leads the Council...

WORF

What do you mean?

14 CONTINUED:

KURN

He stands alone, surrounded by his enemies. Lursa and B-Etor will have him killed... and if they don't, I will.

WORF

You will... ?

Kurn feels passionately about this... he's deeply offended by what's happened to his people and is determined to change it.

KURN

Gowron is weak... and the family of Duras must never be allowed to lead the Council. All of our leaders... have failed us. They no longer deserve our loyalty.
(beat, then quieter)
It is time to sweep away the old Council... and put a new one in its place.

Worf is surprised. This particular option had not occurred to him.

WORF

How could this be done?

KURN

I already have the support of four squadron commanders in strategic sectors. When the time comes, they will follow me.

(beat)

Join us, Worf... we will usher in a new era, and regain our family name.

Worf turns away... thinks this over carefully... then shakes his head and turns back. There can be only one answer.

WORF

No.

KURN

What?

14 CONTINUED: (2)

WORF

Gowron has completed the rite of succession... it is our duty to support him.

KURN

(terse)

Gowron spits in your face when you ask him to give back what is rightfully ours... and you would support him?

WORF

We cannot regain honor by acting dishonorably.

KURN

(terse)

I will not support Gowron.

A key moment... Worf moves closer to Kurn and they both tense.

WORF

(low, deadly)

I am the elder brother, Kurn...
I speak for our family.

They glare at each other for a long tense beat... it's tough, but Kurn finally backs off... he drops his eyes in acquiescence. Worf is now firmly in command.

His attitude loosens slightly.

WORF

We will back Gowron.

(beat)

But not now. Not yet. We will wait. Until Gowron feels the grasp of his enemies around his throat. Then we will offer him our support. And the price will be the restoration of our family name.

Kurn takes a beat to adjust his thinking to this new plan... he finally is able to let go of his resentment and concentrate on the matter at hand.

14 CONTINUED: (3)

KURN

It will be difficult to convince
my allies to back Gowron.

(beat)

But I will try. I must go to the
Mempa sector and meet with the
other squadron commanders.

WORF

Contact me when you have gained
their support.

(beat)

Then I will be ready for Gowron.

On Worf's determined expression...

CUT TO:

15 EXT. THE FIRST CITY - (MATTE SHOT)

The Klingon capitol, with Great Hall in view.

16 INT. GREAT HALL

As seen in "Sins of the Father." THE COUNCIL MEMBERS
are standing on either side of the leader's chair, which
is empty except for the CEREMONIAL CLOAK OF K'MPEC.
The Council Members are all male, predominantly older,
with one or two young upstarts among them. There are
TWO GUARDS in the room, standing watch at strategic
points. Gowron and ONE AIDE stand nearby.

K'TAL

(to Picard)

naDev ghoS! (Come here!)

Picard steps forward

K'TAL

Have you reached a decision
regarding the succession of
power?

PICARD

(to Council)

Qaja plu d'itch jung. La woq you
ghir klas qimha. Gowron. Doj
hon. Doj hon.

16 CONTINUED:

K'TAL now moves forward from the Council. K'Tal is an older member of the Council. He follows neither Gowron nor the sisters... he serves the Empire... a man who has been on the Council longer than anyone else and will probably still be here when the others are all gone. He nods to Picard.

16 CONTINUED:

K'TAL

(casual)

Your Klingon is flawless, Picard.
Not even a trace of a human
accent. The Council thanks you
for your service to the Empire.

Picard bows to the Council.

K'TAL

(booming voice)

Gowron, son of M'Rel, hakt'em.

Gowron steps forward... gives all the Councilors a hard
look. Most of them glare back at him, unhappy to be
admitting Gowron to their ranks.

K'TAL

(ritually)

The arbiter confirms that you
have completed the rite of
succession. Your enemies have
been destroyed. You stand alone.
Do you wish to claim leadership
of the Council?

He stands directly before Gowron as Picard takes the
cloak from the empty chair and holds it before Gowron.

GOWRON

I wish it.

K'TAL

(routine, to the room)

Are there no other challengers?

TORAL (o.s.)

There is one.

17 NEW ANGLE

Everyone turns to see TORAL, a Klingon boy (16-18),
ENTER. He is a boy sent to do a man's job, and
consequently he has all the arrogance and false bravado
of youth instead of the confidence and strength of
maturity.

TORAL

(continuing)

I will challenge him.

17 CONTINUED:

GOWRON
(incensed)
An arrogant child!

Gowron reaches for his weapon, but K'Tal smoothly restrains him.

K'TAL
(to Toral)
Who are you?

TORAL
(beat)
I am Toral... son of Duras.

Reactions. Gasps. Hubub. Picard's eyes narrow.

GOWRON
Duras had no son!

LURSA and B'ETOR now ENTER the hall.

B'ETOR
But he did...

GOWRON
So, this is your doing...

Lursa is older, middle-aged for a Klingon... she's seen quite a few battles in her day, political and otherwise. B'Etor is several years younger, and more volatile than her sister. They walk with assurance to stand before the Council. The Council Members exchange nervous glances... a little afraid of these women. B'Etor moves to stand beside Toral. She's not afraid of Gowron and her presence shores up Toral a little.

LURSA
(ignoring Gowron)
We wish to address the Council.

K'TAL
Lursa, B'Etor, come forward.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

LURSA

Members of the High Council, it is a day of great rejoicing for the family of Duras and the Klingon Empire. We have discovered that our brother did indeed have a son and heir.

GOWRON

This is an outrage! Duras had no mate. Where did you find him, Lursa? In a harlot's bed chamber?

TORAL

I will personally cut your tongue out, Yintagh!

GOWRON

Impudent wretch.

Both are restrained. The sisters grin. They exchange a glance with Picard.

B'ETOR

A simple genetic scan will prove his bloodline is valid.

17 CONTINUED: (3)

GOWRON
(to the council)
The illegitimate son of Duras
cannot rule the High Council.

K'TAL
The Council will decide whether
to accept the challenge of Toral,
alleged son of Duras. In favor?

From left to right, one by one the members outstretch
their right fist and grasp the right elbow with their
left hand, signifying yes. Only K'tal and one other
do not follow.

K'TAL
Opposed.

One arm goes out. K'tal doesn't vote again.

K'TAL
The challenge is accepted.

He turns to Picard.

K'TAL
The arbiter will consider its
validity.
(to Council)
Len'mat. (Adjourned)

Reactions, movement, and push into Picard as we...

CUT TO:

18 EXT. THE FIRST CITY (MATTE SHOT)

As before. MOVE AWAY from the Great Hall to another
part of the city.

19 INT. DURAS FAMILY HOME

The Klingon equivalent to the living room in a
senator's house. There is a couch, a couple chairs, a
low table, and some banners on the walls. It's dark...
moody. Lursa and B'Etor are talking to someone o.s.
while Toral sulks on the couch.

19 CONTINUED:

LURSA

Our allies on the Council backed Toral's claim. It's in Picard's hands, now.

MOVAR (o.s.)

Excellent. Everything is proceeding as scheduled.

MOVE TO reveal MOVAR, a Romulan general. Movar is smooth, polished... a political general rather than a combat veteran. There is ANOTHER FIGURE sitting in the darkness near Movar who might be a woman, but we're not sure yet.

MOVAR

(continuing)

It will make matters simpler if the captain is cooperative... but we are prepared to move in any case.

TORAL

(petulantly)

Why not just kill Picard?

B'Etor cuffs him roughly... it's clear that she and her sister are the real powers here. Toral shrinks from the reproof.

B'ETOR

(angry)

Fool! Do we want the Federation as our enemy?

TORAL

(abashed)

No.

The Woman in shadow doesn't have to raise her voice in order to command everyone's attention instantly. There is something deadly in her calm voice and assured manner.

WOMAN

At least, not yet. But when the time is right... we will deal with the Federation... and Captain Picard.

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24.

19 CONTINUED: (2)

On the reactions of agreement...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE & CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The ships in orbit.

20A INT. WORF'S QUARTERS (FORMERLY SCENE 26) (OPTICAL)

Worf is talking to Kurn on the monitor.

KURN

I have met with the other squadron
commanders here... three will join
us, one will not.

Worf nods soberly... the odds against them are still
pretty long.

KURN

(continuing)

That gives us enough strength to
control seven key sectors.

WORF

Do you know the strength of our
enemies?

KURN

They have at least seven
squadrons... but most of the fleet
has not decided which banner to
follow.

WORF

Gowron is nearly out of options.
Soon he will have no choice...

Kurn nods in agreement.

KURN

I will soon return to the Home
World. We shall meet then.

Worf acknowledges as the monitor shuts off. He nods,
satisfied, EXITS.

21 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Starting on a transition shot of Data's hands quickly moving across the panels of the console... moving up to find Worf and Data at the aft science station.

DATA

Do you also require the original logs recorded during the attack, Lieutenant?

WORF

(acknowledges)

Everything we have on the Khitomer massacre.

Picard ENTERS from the turbolift and moves toward his ready room, but stops as he sees Worf. He's surprised to see Worf, and he becomes uncomfortable as he realizes what they're talking about.

DATA

I can provide you with our analysis of communications between the Khitomer outpost and the Romulan ships; however, for a complete record you will have to contact Starbase Twenty-Four and request---

PICARD

(interrupting)

Mister Worf... have you cancelled your leave?

WORF

No, sir.

A beat.

PICARD

Lieutenant... join me in my ready room.

Picard and Worf EXIT to...

22 INT. READY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Picard and Worf ENTER. Picard takes a minute to compose his thoughts.

22 CONTINUED:

PICARD

You are planning to use our files on the Khitomer massacre as evidence against Duras' father?

WORF

Yes, sir.

PICARD

Mister Worf... do you not see an inherent conflict of interest...

WORF

Sir, these records can help me prove that my father was falsely accused of treason.

Picard is caught between his desire to help Worf and his responsibilities as captain. He struggles to define the limitations both for himself and for Worf.

PICARD

You are using your position as a Starfleet officer to affect political change on your planet... there could not be a worse compromise of our fundamental principles...

WORF

Captain... you urged me to fight this battle...

PICARD

(sighs, frustrated)

Yes, I know. I understand your motives, and you know I support your goals, but...

WORF

Do not tie my hands now... I must be able to prove my father's innocence. The Federation records will do that.

Picard knows he needs them. He wants to help. What the hell can he do? He shakes his head.

PICARD

Mister Worf... Mister Worf...

(beat, sighs)

Mister Worf...

22 CONTINUED: (2)

His tone gets more intimate. Quite unlike Picard, the words rather spill out as he exposes his own feelings, his own frustrations to the junior officer.

PICARD

Here I am lecturing you on a conflict of interest while I'm desperately trying to avoid one of my own. Do you think I wish to allow the Duras family to solidify their hold on the Council? Do you think I cannot see the implications for the Federation? And good Lord, Duras tried to have me killed!

(beat)

All of my instincts... my training... my very being as a Starfleet officer are at odds with my responsibilities as arbiter for the Klingon High Council.

(beat)

We walk the same tightrope between two worlds... you and I. We must try our very best to keep those worlds clearly separate... or we shall certainly fall.

WORF

Yes, sir.

PICARD

As far as these records from Khitomer are concerned...

Picard pauses for a beat. He really wants to help Worf... he struggles with his conscience... finally sees a way to give Worf what he wants... but Picard is pushing himself to the absolute limit... this is as far as he can go.

PICARD

(continuing)

I will make the Federation records on the Khitomer massacre available... to anyone who wants them... the High Council, the Duras family... anyone.

WORF

(very pleased)

Thank you, sir.

22 CONTINUED: (3)

Worf turns and at the door, Picard stops him with...

PICARD

Mister Worf, this is as far as
I can go.

Worf acknowledges, EXITS. Picard sits down... frowns,
unhappy with just about everything.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Riker to Captain Picard.

PICARD

(to com)
Yes, Number One.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

There's a message coming in for
you from the surface. It's coded
personal.

Picard's a little surprised.

PICARD

Send it through.

He turns to the computer terminal on his desk... begins
reading the message... he's very surprised at the
information on the screen. On Picard's puzzled
expression...

CUT TO:

23 EXT. THE FIRST CITY (MATTE SHOT)

As before.

24 INT. DURAS FAMILY HOME

Picard ENTERS. Lursa and B'Etor are waiting for him.
The low table is set with both Klingon and Human
drinks. Their attitudes are relaxed... friendly.

While Lursa maintains a cool diplomatic air, B'Etor's
attitude is more physical... seductive. Picard is
the consummate diplomat as always, but he's wary of
these two women.

24 CONTINUED:

LURSA
Welcome, Captain.

She indicates the couch and everyone sits.

LURSA
Something to drink? Tea... Earl
Grey, perhaps?

Picard is a little intrigued... how did she know that particular detail? He tries not to let his surprise show.

PICARD
Yes... thank you.

B'Etor pours him a cup of tea. Lursa and B'Etor drink a more vile-looking Klingon concoction. Picard is willing to listen to them... but this is like having tea with the Borgias.

B'ETOR
You come... alone and unarmed...

PICARD
Nothing would be served by killing
the arbiter before his decision.

B'Etor touches his leg.

B'ETOR
Nevertheless, a brave act,
Captain.

LURSA
(chiding)
B'Etor...

B'Etor removes her hand although she's anything but abashed.

Picard is not blind to her advances... they probably disturb him more than anything else in this scene -- for he's more than able to play the political game, but a hot Klingon woman may even be beyond the Great Picard. Throughout, he tries to concentrate on Lursa.

24 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

Your invitation was... unexpected.

B'Etor moves a little closer to him... her eyes and voice hint at pleasures other than tea.

B'ETOR

We should have extended it much sooner.

LURSA

We don't want you to judge us by your experience with our brother.

B'ETOR

Duras was a fool.

LURSA

He deserved to die.

B'ETOR

Forget him. We have.

LURSA

We do not wish to be your enemy.

B'ETOR

Quite the opposite.

She has moved behind him... puts her hands on his shoulders... she's a very tactile Klingon.

PICARD

That... pleases me.

LURSA

Have you made a decision regarding Toral's challenge?

PICARD

I am pursuing it with all due vigilance.

B'ETOR

Let me heat your tea.

She comes around to pour.

24 CONTINUED: (3)

LURSA

Toral has the bloodline to lead
the Empire into the next century.
He has the support of the people.

PICARD

The remaining issue then is to
see if he has the support of the
law.

B'ETOR

But he must. Surely, you can see
that.

Picard takes a moment and a sip of tea...

PICARD

I'll tell you what I see. If I
find Toral's challenge valid, the
two of you will very quickly gain
control of the Council... and
Gowron will be found dead shortly
thereafter. If I reject Toral's
challenge, you will accuse me of
doing it only to serve Federation
interests. It will give you a
rallying cry to declare war and
overthrow Gowron.

24 CONTINUED: (4)

LURSA

You see very clearly, Captain.
But one thing is missing.
If you rule against us and we are
victorious in a war against
Gowron...

B'ETOR

... which we would be...

LURSA

... it would mean the end of the
alliance with the Federation.

B'ETOR

(sympathetically)

And we'd hate to see that happen
as much as you would.

LURSA

This is not a threat, Captain.
Just an unfortunate truth.

B'ETOR

So why be our enemy, when you can
be our friend?

Her hand his back on his knee. He studies both women.
Nods. Rises.

PICARD

You have manipulated the
circumstances, ladies, with the
skill of a Romulan.

(beat)

My decision will be announced at
high sun tomorrow. Excellent tea.
Good day.

He EXITS. As they exchange a look...

25
thru OMITTED
26

26A EXT. KLINGON CITY (MATTE SHOT)

The Great Hall.

27 INT. GREAT HALL

The Council Members are assembled on the dais. Gowron, Lursa, B'Etor and Toral are standing off to the side while Picard stands in the center of the room.

27 CONTINUED:

K'TAL

What is your decision?

PICARD

K'tal, this Council knows the law of heredity well. G'now juk Hol pajhard. A son will share in the honors or crimes of his father. Toral is Duras' son... that has been established by the genetic scan. And it is heartwarming to see him embraced by the family of Duras... for they are an old and noble family.

(beat)

But with due respect to the traditions and laws of this High Council, there is no basis for accepting a petition for leadership from a boy who has fought no battles, shed no blood for his people, earned no honor for himself. Perhaps some day he shall. But not now.

There are murmurs and reactions from everyone. Picard knows what the reaction to his decision will be... knows the cost... but also knows there is no other way.

PICARD

(continuing)

Duras... is dead. His claim to the leadership died with him. Gowron will lead the Council.

GOWRON

The arbiter has ruled. There are no more challengers.

Lursa looks at Toral who steps forward... yells a little too loudly---

TORAL

Does the Federation dictate Klingon destiny or do we? Follow me. And I will show you honor.

GOWRON

Follow him and you reject all Klingon law...

27A ON COUNCIL MEMBERS

One by one, they step down from the dais and stand behind Toral until only K'tal and the other Councilor (who voted against him) are left.

GOWRON

Can you not see what you are doing... are you blind to what they represent... are there so few noble Klingons left?

27B ON LURSA & PICARD

Lursa and B'Etor give Picard a final look: "see, I've still won."

GOWRON

Then go... your blood will paint the way to the future.

Toral moves to Picard, looks up at him, with all the bravado he can muster...

TORAL

Remember this day.

Toral strides out of the hall, taking B'Etor, Lursa, and the others with him.

27C NEW ANGLE

Showing the small group now standing alone in the vast and empty Great Hall.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 EXT. SPACE - KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

Gowron's ship in orbit, the Enterprise in b.g.

29 INT. KLINGON CRUISER - READY ROOM

Similar to the ready room on Kurn's ship, but with a few more symbols of Gowron's higher rank. Gowron is sitting in the captain's chair. The doors OPEN and Worf ENTERS. Gowron glares at him... he's a man in a tight spot and this had better be good.

GOWRON

(brusque)

Your message said it was urgent.
What do you want?

Worf is not intimidated by the glowering visage of Gowron. He is blunt and to the point.

WORF

Your forces are weak, Gowron...
you will need help to fight the
family of Duras.

GOWRON

(dismissive)

From one dishonored Klingon...

WORF

I offer you four Klingon
squadrons.

Gowron has to take that seriously. He's suspicious,
but begins to look at Worf a little differently.

GOWRON

Why would they follow you... a
Starfleet officer?

WORF

They are pledged to support...
my brother, Kurn.

GOWRON

(shocked)

Kurn is your brother?

29 CONTINUED:

WORF

His true bloodline was kept
hidden to protect him.

Gowron thinks about this for a beat... there's suddenly
a ray of hope in his position, but he's still cautious.

GOWRON

Kurn will follow me? He has
opposed me in the past.

WORF

I am the elder brother... he will
do as I say.

GOWRON

What is it you want in return?

WORF

You know my price.

Gowron does know his price... but he's not ready to
commit himself yet.

GOWRON

The return of your honor. For
the support of four squadrons... ?
No, that will not be enough.
The Duras family controls most
of the fleet.

(beat)

We must have Federation help.

WORF

They will not intervene.

GOWRON

Perhaps not yet... but Starfleet
Command will listen to Picard...
and Picard listens to you.

Worf is disturbed by the direction this is going.

WORF

I can ask nothing more of him in
this matter.

Gowron doesn't like it when people say no to him. He
confronts Worf squarely.

GOWRON

What?

29 CONTINUED: (2)

WORF

My duty as a Starfleet officer---

GOWRON

(harsh)

You come to me and demand the
restoration of your family
honor... and now you hide behind
Human excuses!

A beat as Gowron gets right up into his face. Gowron's voice becomes quieter... less harsh... but his eyes bore straight into Worf's... and his words knife to the very heart of Worf's internal struggle.

GOWRON

(continuing)

What are you, Worf? Do you
tremble and quake with fear at
the approach of combat... hoping
to talk your way out of a fight...
like a Human... or do you hear
the cry of the warrior... calling
you to battle... calling you to
glory... like a Klingon?

(beat)

Are you one of us?

This is the question which has haunted Worf all his life... he searches for the answer within... but knows that the answer is more complex than a simple yes or no. Gowron waits for a reply...

30 NEW ANGLE

As a SUDDEN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP. Gowron and Worf are thrown about... the ship goes to the Klingon equivalent of RED ALERT.

31 EXT. SPACE - KLINGON SHIPS (OPTICAL)

A BIRD OF PREY swoops in and attacks the cruiser.

32 INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Gowron and Worf ENTER from the ready room. The bridge is manned by a WEAPONS OFFICER, HELMSMAN, ENGINEER, and FIRST OFFICER. The ship continues to SHAKE and ROCK as it takes hits from the other Klingon ships.

32 CONTINUED:

The scene is chaotic.

GOWRON

Status!

FIRST OFFICER

(checking console)

Aft shields down...

HELMSMAN

Warp coils damaged...

33 INT. ENTERPRISE - MAIN BRIDGE

Riker standing in command, Data at ops. Picard ENTERS from the turbolift.

PICARD

Report.

RIKER

We're still trying to sort it out.
A Klingon Bird of Prey just
decloaked and fired on the
Bortas. Neither ship is answering
our hail.

PICARD

Worf is still aboard the Bortas.

DATA

A second Bird of Prey is
decloaking bearing two-four-seven
mark three-one-nine.

PICARD

Go to Red Alert.

The ship's condition goes to RED.

DATA

The second ship is joining the
attack on the Bortas.

33A ON VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

The ships attacking the Bortas.

33B RETURN TO SCENE

Picard looks at the viewscreen... his expression is grim.

PICARD

It's begun.

34 EXT. SPACE - BIRD OF PREY (OPTICAL)

The ship fires disruptors.

35 INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE

The ship is ROCKED with the impact of the shot.

GOWRON

(to Worf)

Send an emergency signal to any loyal ships!

Worf begins tapping in a message at one console.

HELMSMAN

Impulse engines not responding!

A wall console EXPLODES, killing the Weapons Officer. Worf reacts instinctively... takes over the abandoned station without hesitation. Gowron has moved to the command position. No one on the bridge takes note of the dead Klingon.

GOWRON

(to Worf)

Engage emergency override!

WORF

Override engaged! Disruptors still not responding!

The ship is ROCKED again.

36 INT. ENTERPRISE - MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Everyone watching the viewscreen.

36 CONTINUED:

DATA

(reading console)

The Bortas is sustaining heavy damage, Captain. Her aft shields have collapsed... life support fluctuating...

PICARD

The Bortas should have twice the firepower of a Bird of Prey.

RIKER

(looking at console)

Her weapons systems were hit pretty hard... they haven't brought them back on-line yet.

DATA

The Bortas has lost its port shields... it is unlikely they will withstand another hit on that quarter.

RIKER

(reading console)

The Bortas has sent out a general distress signal.

This is one of the hardest things Picard has ever had to do. He knows what's at stake... understands what his next command may mean.

PICARD

Ensign Reel... plot a course safely away from the combat area. Half impulse.

A beat silent as everyone looks at Picard.

RIKER

Captain... the Bortas is Gowron's ship. If he's the legitimate leader of the Empire, shouldn't we help him?

PICARD

If we come to his aid... we'll be dragging the Federation into a Klingon civil war.

36 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER
(quietly)
What about Worf?

Picard hesitates for only a moment... he knows there's only one choice.

PICARD
(to Reel)
Ensign... engage.

On Picard's expression...

37 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The Enterprise turns and moves away from the other ship.

38 INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE

Things are grim. Worf is trying to get his console to work... the bridge crew moves about quickly, attempting to get their crippled ship moving. Gowron and the First Officer are hunched over a monitor.

FIRST OFFICER
The port shields are still down.

Beat.

WORF
Disruptors on-line!

GOWRON
(moving to command
chair)
Lock on target.

WORF
No!

Everyone looks incredulous... Klingons don't talk back. Worf talks fast, before Gowron can respond.

WORF
(continuing)
Their sensors will detect the weapons lock. If they think we're helpless, they'll try to board the ship.
(MORE)

38 CONTINUED:

WORF (cont'd)
I can aim and fire disruptors
manually when they drop their
shields.

The First Officer glances at Gowron... Gowron checks
the monitor one more time...

GOWRON
GhoS! (Make it so!)

39 EXT. SPACE - BIRDS OF PREY (OPTICAL)

The two ships moving along parallel courses.

40 INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE

Worf reading his console... everyone else watching
the viewscreen... they all know this is it.

WORF
Thirty-five thousand kellicams.
(beat)
Twenty thousand kellicams... now
within transporter range.

GOWRON
(holds up hand)
SuH... (Ready..)

WORF
They're dropping shields!

GOWRON
(drops hand)
BaH! (Fire!)

41 EXT. SPACE - BIRD OF PREY (OPTICAL)

Disruptor fire hits the ship and it EXPLODES.

42
thru OMITTED
43

44 INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE

As before.

WORF
(working console)
Engaging computer control...
firing on second target!

FIRST OFFICER
(reads console)
They were able to raise shields
in time... minor damage only.

The bridge is ROCKED by another shot.

WORF
Disruptors off-line!

GOWRON
All power to shields.

They are ROCKED again.

FIRST OFFICER
Shields failing!

44A OMITTED

NEW ANGLE

Worf reading his console.

WORF
Incoming message.

GOWRON
On viewer.

44C ON VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

Kurn appears on the viewscreen.

KURN

This is Captain Kurn of the
Hegh'ta. We come to defend the
Empire... and to follow the banner
of Gowron.

Worf stands a little taller in pride.

44D EXT. SPACE - KLINGON SHIPS (OPTICAL)

The Bird of Prey is moving toward the Bortas.
Suddenly Kurn's ship swoops in and fires on the Bird
of Prey... damaging it... the Bird of Prey moves away
and cloaks....

44E RETURN TO SCENE

WORF

The enemy has sustained major
damage to its life support
systems... They have disengaged.

Gowron is relieved, but profuse thanks are not the
Klingon way. He gives Kurn a curt nod.

GOWRON

You have done well, Commander
Kurn. Lursa and B'Etor have
moved more quickly than I
anticipated. We shall not
underestimate them again.
(thinks)
Meet us at the Great Hall.

44F ON VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

Kurn nods and then the viewer returns to space.

GOWRON

(continuing, to First
Officer)
Advise the Enterprise that their
delegation is welcome to attend...
my installation as leader.

45 INT. GREAT HALL

Picard, K'Tal, Gowron, and the supporting Council Member standing in their places exactly as in Scene 16. Kurn is standing off to the side while one of Gowron's Aides stands watch, holding a weapon. Picard is holding the cloak before Gowron and K'Tal is speaking the last few phrases of the installation ritual.

K'TAL

(booming voice)

Gowron, son of M'Rel, hakt'em.
The arbiter confirms that you
have completed the rite of
succession. Your enemies have
been destroyed. You stand alone.
Do you wish to claim leadership
of the Council?

GOWRON

I wish it.

K'TAL

(to the room)

Are there no other challengers?

This time there is only silence in response.

K'TAL

(continuing)

Receive now the loyalty of the
Council and of the Empire.

Picard puts the cloak on Gowron's shoulders and Gowron steps up to the leader's chair. He turns and faces them.

GOWRON

(ritually)

Let all who have opposed me now
swear loyalty or die with shame!

Rogh, Worf, Picard, and the other Klingons answer in unison:

ALL

Qapla!

The sound echoes through the hall. Gowron sits in the leader's chair... he savors the moment for a beat.

45 CONTINUED:

GOWRON
(to Worf & Kurn)
naDev ghoS! (Come here!)

All eyes on Worf as he moves to the center of the room. Kurn moves to stand beside him. Gowron steps down from the chair and moves directly in front of them

45 CONTINUED:

GOWRON
(continuing)
You both fought as warriors...
you have proved your hearts are
Klingon.

Worf and Kurn draw themselves up a little straighter...
Picard looks on proudly. Gowron pulls out his dagger,
holds the point towards Worf. Gowron presses a button
on the hilt and the two small blades pop out on either
side. Worf reaches out for the knife...

46 OMITTED

47 CLOSE ON KNIFE

Worf hand grabs the knife firmly by the blade... a
couple drops of blood fall from his hand.

48 RETURN TO SCENE

Gowron and Worf still holding the knife.

GOWRON
(with great formality)
I return your family honor... I
give you back what was wrongfully
taken from you. Let your name
be spoken once again. You are
Worf... son of Mogh.

Hold on Worf's reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

49 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The ships in orbit.

50 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard, Riker, Gowron, and Worf.

GOWRON

The Duras family is gathering a large force near Beta Thoridar. As per the terms of the Treaty of Alliance, I now formally request your assistance in fighting these enemies of the Empire.

Picard had been expecting this... he knows this will be difficult.

RIKER

These... enemies are Klingons.

GOWRON

By right and tradition, I am now the sole leader... all who oppose me... are traitors.

PICARD

I understand your position. However, you must be aware that the Federation will not become involved in what is, by definition, an internal Klingon matter.

GOWRON

You arbitrated the rite of succession, you are already involved!

PICARD

And my duties in that regard are finished.

WORF

Captain... we must intervene.

50 CONTINUED:

Picard and Riker are surprised. Worf forges ahead.

WORF

(continuing)

The Duras family is corrupt and hungry for power... with no sense of honor or loyalty. They represent a grave threat to the security of the Federation.

(beat, then quieter,
a direct appeal)

Captain, you and I know that they have conspired with Romulans in the past. If they should be the victors in this war, they will surely form a new Klingon/Romulan alliance. That would represent a fundamental shift of power in this quadrant.

(beat)

Starfleet must support Gowron... it is in the interests of both the Federation and the Empire. I beg you to support us in our cause.

Picard is very disturbed by this appeal... Worf seems unaware of the fact that he's just stepped across the line... "support us in our cause." Picard looks Worf squarely in the eye.

PICARD

(slow and firm)

Mister Worf... non-interference in the internal affairs of other cultures is one of the guiding principles of the Federation... and as Starfleet officers, we have all sworn an oath to uphold that principle regardless of personal feeling.

(to Gowron)

I am sorry... but I must refuse your request.

Gowron is not happy with this answer... but bickering would be beneath the dignity of the Leader of the Empire. Gowron stands... glares at Picard... then heads for the door. Worf moves to follow him...

PICARD

Lieutenant...

50 CONTINUED: (2)

Worf stops, as does Gowron.

PICARD
(continuing)
I'm afraid that I must now recall
you to duty. The Enterprise will
be leaving this sector
immediately.

A difficult moment for Worf. He glances at Gowron.

WORF
Captain... I respectfully request
that I be allowed to take an
extended leave of absence.

Picard stands... he understands the conflict within
Worf, but Picard has gone as far as he can already.

PICARD
Lieutenant, your responsibilities
as a Starfleet officer are
incompatible with remaining aboard
a Klingon ship during a time of
war.

Worf again looks between Gowron and Picard. They
represent the two roads now before him... the conflict
which has torn him for his entire life has now come to
a head... where does his duty lie?... is he Klingon?...
is he Human?... what path should he follow?

WORF
Captain...

There is no room for Picard to yield. Worf must
choose.

PICARD
You are ordered to return to duty
immediately.

A final beat as Worf finally comes to a fateful
decision...

WORF
Then... I must resign my
commission as a Starfleet officer.

A moment as the words sink in... Worf slowly takes the
combadge from his chest and sets it on the table. He
turns to Gowron, who nods approval.

50 CONTINUED: (3)

GOWRON

I will await you aboard the
Bortas.

Gowron EXITS. Worf waits a beat... looks at Picard
and Riker... then EXITS.

51 ON PICARD

As he picks up the combadge...

CUT TO:

52 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The two ships stationary in space.

53 INT. WORF'S QUARTERS - CLOSE ON WORF

MOVE TO REVEAL Worf now wearing a KLINGON UNIFORM
(which should incorporate his sash into the outfit).
Most of his things are already packed and sitting on
his bed. He looks around the room that has been his
home for four years... Worf turns... sees his
reflection in the mirror... looks himself over with
curiosity... is this who he is? The door CHIMES.

WORF

Enter.

54 NEW ANGLE

Picard ENTERS. It's a parallel scene to the beginning
of the Teaser. As before, Picard's tone and manner
are personal... intimate. These are two shipmates
about to sail aboard different ships.

PICARD

Am I intruding?

WORF

No, sir.

A silent moment as Picard notices the clothes... Worf
is a little uncomfortable, almost wants to apologize
for being out of uniform... but that wouldn't be
appropriate.

54 CONTINUED:

PICARD

I understand... that you'll be serving aboard the Bortas.

WORF

As weapons officer.

PICARD

Your tactical knowledge and experience should serve them well.

WORF

Thank you, sir.

Another silent beat.

PICARD

Are you certain you've made the right decision, Worf?

Worf clearly isn't sure... but it's too late for that.

WORF

Yes.

Worf struggles for a moment... finally opens up a little... shares the real reasons underlying his decision.

WORF

(continuing)

I was rescued from Khitomer by humans... raised and... loved by human parents. I have lived among humans for most of my life... fought at their sides.

(beat)

But I was born Klingon. My heart is of that world. I do hear the cry of the warrior...

(note of finality)

I belong with my people.

Picard considers that for a moment.

PICARD

Being the only Klingon ever to serve in Starfleet... gave you a singular distinction.

(MORE)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD (cont'd)
But I always felt that the most
unique thing about you was
your... humanity.
(beat)
Compassion... generosity...
fairness... You took some of the
best qualities of humanity and
made them part of you. The
result... was a man I was proud
to call one of my officers.

A shared moment between the two men. After a beat...
Picard breaks the moment.

PICARD
(re: things on bed)
I'll have your belongings
transported to the Bortas.

There is more than just acknowledgement of this simple
act in Worf's response... he's also thanking Picard
for a great many things.

WORF
Thank you...

Picard understands the subtext... after a beat, Worf
glances around the room one last time then heads for
the door. Picard and Worf EXIT together.

CUT TO:

55 INT. CORRIDOR - ON TURBOLIFT DOORS

The doors OPEN, revealing Worf and Picard. Worf takes
a step... then stops in surprise.

56 NEW ANGLE

Revealing that the long, straight section of corridor
leading from the turbolift to the transporter room is
lined with CREWMEMBERS standing at parade rest. Picard
is not surprised to see them.

PICARD
Attention on deck!

56 CONTINUED:

The Crewmembers all snap to attention. Worf realizes that this is meant for him... he struggles to hide the swell of emotion that begins to build within him. Picard looks at him: "They're waiting..." Worf squares his shoulders and proudly walks between the long line of his shipmates to the transporter room, Picard at his side.

57 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Worf and Picard ENTER through the open doors. At the end of the line are (in ascending order of rank) GEORDI, Data, TROI, BEVERLY, and Riker. Worf doesn't know what to say to these people... how to respond. They stand there silently... their respect and affection for their friend is clear... no words are necessary. Picard goes to the head of the line... Worf steps on the stage.

58 ON PICARD AND WORF

After a beat...

WORF

Permission to leave the ship, sir?

PICARD

Permission granted.

(beat)

Qapla'

Beat.

WORF

Good-bye.

Picard nods to the TRANSPORTER TECHNICIAN.

59 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

Worf DEMATERIALIZES. A silent beat...

RIKER

Dismissed.

Everyone EXITS except Picard. On his reaction...

CUT TO:

60 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The Enterprise leaves and the Bortas remains in orbit.

CUT TO:

61 INT. DURAS FAMILY HOME

Movar is here, along with Lursa, B'Etor, and Toral. The Mysterious Woman heard from earlier is sitting in a chair with her back to us. Toral paces while the women study something on a monitor. The door OPENS and a ROMULAN CREWMEMBER ENTERS, carrying a PADD. The Crewmember hands the PADD to Movar, then EXITS. Movar studies it for a moment.

MOVAR

Picard has rejected Gowron's plea for help.

(looks up)

The Enterprise has left orbit.

Lursa and B'Etor exchange a glance... good news.

TORAL

(exultant)

Coward! He didn't have the courage to face us. The Federation is---

The Woman cuts him off without raising her voice.

WOMAN

Celebrate later, Toral.

(beat)

We should not discount Jean-Luc Picard yet. He is human...

62 NEW ANGLE

The Woman turns around in her chair so that her features become apparent for the first time. We're shocked as we see that she's Human... with blonde hair... and that she bears a striking resemblance to the late Tasha Yar.

62 CONTINUED:

WOMAN

(continuing, with ironic
smile)

... and humans have a way of
showing up when you least expect
them.

FREEZE FRAME.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END