

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Manhunt"
#40272-145

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2ND REVISED FINAL DRAFT

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STAR TREK: "Manhunt" - 3/29/89 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Manhunt"

CAST

PICARD	ANTEDIAN DIGNITARY
RIKER	MRS. TROI
DATA	MR. HOMN
PULASKI	TRANSPORT PILOT
TROI	SECRETARY
GEORDI	SLADE BENDER
WORF	TOUGHGUY
WESLEY	REX
O'BRIEN	
Non-speaking	Non-Speaking
SECURITY GUARD	ANTEDIAN DIGNITARY
	BAR CROWD
Voice-over	SAILOR
COMPUTER VOICE	BLEACHED BLOND
	HARD DRINKERS
	CHINESE-AMERICAN
	MISC. PATRONS

STAR TREK: "Manhunt" - 3/29/89 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Manhunt"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

MAIN BRIDGE

TRANSPORTER ROOM

CORRIDORS

CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

TURBOLIFT

MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS

HOLODECK THREE

SICKBAY

CHANDLERLAND (HOLODECK)

HALLWAY

DIXON HILL'S OFFICE

OFFICE RECEPTION

REX'S BAR

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

ANTEDE THREE

PACIFICA

STAR TREK: "Manhunt" - 3/29/89 - PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Manhunt"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

ANTEDE THREE	an-TEE-DEE
ANTEDIANS	an-TEE-DEE-ans
TONY PALERMO	pah-LAIR-mo
HOMN	hom

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Manhunt"
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit around a planet.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's log, Stardate 42881.5.
We are in orbit around Antede
Three, awaiting the arrival of
two dignitaries from this world.

2 INT. CORRIDOR - ON PICARD

walking toward us, wearing a full-dress uniform.

PICARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
Our mission is to carry them to
a conference on planet Pacifica...

3 TRANSPORTER ROOM - PICARD (OPTICAL)

as he the Transporter Room with DOCTOR PULASKI, WESLEY
and WORF, all of whom wear work uniforms.

PICARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
... where their race will be given
the opportunity to join the
Federation.

PICARD
I thought you might find this
interesting, Mister Crusher. Few
humans have ever seen an Antedian
in the flesh.

Picard nods at TRANSPORTER CHIEF O'BRIEN who begins
the energizing process. The two delegates begin to
MATERIZLIZE on the platform...

4 REVERSE ANGLE ON ANTEDIANS

as seen from behind. They are dressed in flowing, red robe-like garments with an attached hood which keeps us from seeing their heads from here.

PICARD

Welcome. I'm Jean-Luc Picard,
captain of the Enterprise.

WESLEY

(hesitates, then)
Are they alright, Captain?

Doctor Pulaski moves toward them with a medical instrument in hand. She grimaces as she gets near their faces.

PICARD

No, this is their preferred way
of space travel.

5 ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE ANTEDIANS

seen from the front for the first time. It is not a pretty sight. Each mottled face resembles an oversized catfish: huge gaping mouth, spindly whiskers, big fish eyes, and a skeletal structure that gives them a grotesque, unhealthy appearance. Their hooded, crimson robes only emphasize their eerie, menacing appearance. But what is really bizarre is that they're completely motionless -- catatonic. A medium-sized container arrives with them.

Pulaski methodically runs her medical instruments along the Antedian's necks.

PULASKI

Their physical condition appears
good enough, considering the
circumstances.

PICARD

(to Wesley)
It is a self-induced catatonic
state. Their way of dealing with
the trauma of spaceflight.

WESLEY

Will we try to revive them?

5 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Not until we reach the Pacifica conference. It's three days away.

(to Pulaski)

You've prepared Sickbay facilities for holding them, Doctor?

PULASKI

As soon as we make some adjustments. Their physiology is unusual.

(to O'Brien)

Can you store them for a few hours?

O'BRIEN

Aye. I'll have them kept out of the way here.

WESLEY

What's in this container?

PULASKI

Their food. When they come out of stasis, they will be very hungry.

5A ANOTHER ANGLE

Wesley steps over to the container and lifts the cover. It's filled with a writhing, squirming mass of worm-like creatures.

WESLEY

This is what they eat?

PULASKI

In great quantities.

5B SCENE

PICARD

(to Worf)

Provide security.

WORF

Understood, sir.

Worf steps forward and looks at the Antedians admiringly.

5B CONTINUED:

WORF
(continuing)
What a handsome race.

The others look at Worf, wondering if he could possibly be serious. And of course, he is.

5C EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

as she leaves orbit.

6 INT. BRIDGE

The normal bridge crew are in their positions. Troi is also there.

RIKER
What did you think of the Antedians, Wesley?

WESLEY
Well, they are rather strange-looking, Commander.

Picard ENTERS and walks to his position.

6 CONTINUED:

DATA

Judging a being by its physical appearance is the last great human prejudice, Wesley.

PICARD

A point well taken. I'm sure that to the Antedians, we're equally unattractive.

RIKER

It is interesting to consider just how subjective "beauty" truly is...

WORF

Captain... we're being hailed by a small transport vessel just coming into range.

7 ANGLE EMPHASIZING TROI

As she suddenly stiffens.

TROI

Oh, my God!

PICARD

What is the problem?

TROI

What can she be doing here?

WESLEY

On the screen, Captain.

8 ANGLE INCLUDING MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

where the pilot of the shuttle is seen. He appears to be a bit weary and nervous.

TRANSPORT PILOT

Starship Enterprise, come in!

RIKER

We have you on our viewer, Pilot.

8 CONTINUED:

TRANSPORT PILOT

Enterprise... I have a passenger
-- a V.I.P. passenger -- who I'm
ordered to --

MRS. TROI (V.O.)

Let me talk to them, Pilot. I'm
much more articulate.

The transport pilot seems relieved to step aside and
let the woman speak for herself.

9 MOVE IN ON THE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

as MRS. TROI slides into the picture.

TROI

Mother!

DATA

Captain, we are now receiving
Starfleet orders granting a
Lwaxana....

MRS. TROI

(overlapping)

Lwaxana Troi, daughter of the
Fifth House, Holder of the Sacred
Chalice of Riix, heir to the Holy
Rings of Betazed.

DATA

... full ambassadorial status,
sir.

RIKER

I'm afraid it's back into your
formal uniform, Captain.

DATA

And yours too, Commander. She
is listed as representing the
Betazed government at the
conference.

TROI

Mother, please don't do this to
me.

9 CONTINUED:

MRS. TROI
Do what to you, Little One?
(to Picard)
Oh, what naughty thoughts,
Jean-Luc. How wonderful you still
think of me in that way.

10 ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD AND RIKER

looking at one another resignedly, preparing for the
worst.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM - PICARD, RIKER AND TROI

as they ENTER, Picard and Riker now in formal full dress. The Antedians, still catatonic, have been moved to the side where a SECURITY GUARD stands with them.

TROI

It's so like my mother to do the unexpected. She's famous for it.

PICARD

It will be nice to have her as a guest of the Enterprise again.

Riker exchanges a look with Picard signifying some reservations. Picard turns to Transporter Chief O'Brien.

PICARD

Energize.

12 ANGLE ON THE TRANSPORTER PLATFORM (OPTICAL)

as Mrs. Troi beams in. She is apparently kneeling on the platform, hunched over and facing backwards...

13 CLOSE ON MRS. TROI

MRS. TROI

(opening her eyes)

Aaagh! Where are my legs?!

TROI

Where they belong, Mother, Right under you.

Mrs. Troi begins standing up.

MRS. TROI

(offhand)

Oh, wonderful. So they are!

(turning to Picard)

But I'll never completely trust this device, Jean-Luc...

13 CONTINUED:

TROI

He's "Captain Picard," Mother...

Mrs. Troi has turned to where she suddenly sees the "frozen" Antedians.

MRS. TROI

Aaagh!

PICARD

(to Riker, resignedly)

Explain.

RIKER

Sorry they startled you, Mrs. Troi. These are Antedian delegates... ah, temporarily being stored here, I believe...

MRS. TROI

"Delegates?" The last time I saw something like this, it was being served on a plate.

Picard has to turn away to hide his smile at this. But Riker enjoys it openly, especially her next line.

MRS. TROI

(continuing)

But you, Jean-Luc, I was not aware you had such handsome legs. My valet is waiting. You may beam him aboard now.

Picard nods at the Chief O'Brien and in a second, a larger figure MATERIALIZES. MISTER HOMN arrives carrying Mrs. Troi's "suitcase". He breaks into that easy, enigmatic smile of his as he looks around the room.

MRS. TROI

You remember Mister Homn, of course.

PICARD

It would be hard to forget Mister Homn. Welcome back to the Enterprise.

Homn nods toward Picard.

13 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. TROI

I've retained his services despite the outlandishly lustful thoughts he spews in my direction. I suppose the poor fellow just can't help himself.

It's hard to believe Homn would lust after anyone.

MRS. TROI

(continuing; to Picard)

Perhaps you could show me to my suite now?

PICARD

Certainly.

Mister Homn starts to pick up her luggage...

MRS. TROI

Put that down, Homn. We can't deny the captain the honor of carrying my belongings.

Picard looks at the beehive-shaped carrying-case. He remembers the last time...

PICARD

I won't interfere with Homn's duties this time.

MRS. TROI

That's not the real reason, Jean-Luc. You forget I'm a telepath.

Picard looks from Mrs. Troi to Deanna as Homn picks up the luggage...

RIKER

Look, since this apparently has some meaning to you, Mrs. Troi, I'll...

Riker reaches in to take the luggage from Homn.

RIKER

(continuing)

...carry...it.

13 CONTINUED: (3)

Homn has released the luggage and the full weight of it (with a MUFFLED CLANKING SOUND) is taken by Riker, whose words have come out in a surprised GROAN.

14 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR

The others follow Riker who is trying his best to "casually" carry the heavy bag down the hallway. Picard, the Trois and Homn follow closely behind.

RIKER
(trying not to sound
labored)
It's... just down this hall.

15 EMPHASIZING THE TROI WOMEN

Deanna is glaring at her mother who is looking at Riker's legs.

MRS. TROI
(telepathic)
He has nice legs too, Little One.
Is he still yours?

TROI
(telepathic)
Humans no longer own each other
that way, Mother.

MRS. TROI
Oh really?
(looks at Picard)
That's a custom we may have to
introduce again.

16 INT. MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS - PICARD (OPTICAL)

as the Group ENTERS and Riker puts down the baggage,
SIGHS with relief.

MRS. TROI
Thank you.

RIKER
Glad I could help out.

Riker and the others EXIT, leaving Picard to face Mrs.
Troi alone.

16 CONTINUED:

PICARD

I trust you'll be comfortable here, Mrs. Troi. Now if you'll excuse me, I must get back to my duties.

MRS. TROI

Captain, I will be serving a Betazoid dinner of greeting tonight. It is an ambassadorial function.

PICARD

(after a hesitation)

Of course. It, uh, sounds delightful.

Picard EXITS. Mrs. Troi speaks of him as she flutters about, checking out the intricacies of her quarters...

MRS. TROI

He's a fine man. Solid. Earnest. Reliable. Perhaps a little on the dull side, but all in all he's not bad.

TROI

I cannot believe you! You sound like you're sizing up a commodity.

MRS. TROI

But that's exactly what men are, darling. Especially human men.

(chuckles, strokes

Deanna's face)

Was your father ever unhappy with me?

TROI

No, he worshipped you, Mother. But I'll never learn to see men the way you do.

16 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. TROI

You will as you mature, darling.
And the males in your life will
bless you for it.

17 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - RIKER, WESLEY, WORF, DATA

Most of them are LAUGHING, except Data who is smiling slightly. Even Worf seems almost amused.

WESLEY

... but it's true she complimented
Captain Picard on his legs?

Riker nods affirmative.

DATA

I would have thought a telepath
would be more discreet.

RIKER

No, it's just the opposite. She
knows what's in your mind and she
lets you know what's on hers.

More LAUGHTER -- which is suddenly stilled as they realize that Picard ENTERED the bridge. Picard takes his seat at command and speaks in a tone that's polite, yet gets the point across -- enough of this conversation.

PICARD

We must not lose sight of the fact
that we're talking about someone
who has been granted ambassadorial
rank. Even if she appears a bit
eccentric, Lwaxana Troi must be
treated with appropriate respect.
Is that understood?

The others make it clear that it is.

17 CONTINUED:

DATA

Our orders on her mentioned
nothing specific except...

PICARD

(waits)

Except what, Mister Data?

DATA

We are to cooperate with her as
fully as possible, deliver her
there untroubled, rested...

(seeing Picard's
expression)

I assume those were merely
courtesies due her rank, sir.

PICARD

(to Riker)

See that every bridge officer and
supervisor has the full text of
that transmission.

RIKER

Aye, sir.

18 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE IN WARP TRAVEL (OPTICAL)

19 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - FAVORING PICARD

PICARD

Picard to Pulaski. When was the
last time you looked in on our
Antedian guests?

20 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM - CLOSE ON PULASKI

intently concentrating on reexamining the Antedians.

PULASKI

I'm doing so right now, Captain.

PICARD (V.O.)

Are they still catatonic?

PULASKI

Status of the beings is unchanged.
Pulse still steady -- respiration
normal for them.

21 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - SAME SETTING

PICARD

Understood. Keep me informed --
Picard out.

Picard leans back in his chair, takes a deep breath,
and then rises.

PICARD

I believe I'll get some rest.
(exiting; to Riker)
It will be a dress uniform dinner,
gentlemen.

RIKER

Sir?

But PICARD EXITS.

DATA

Inquiry, Commander: to which
dinner was the captain referring?

Riker ponders the question.

RIKER

Nothing I've been invited to.
Have any of you?

Apparently no one has.

RIKER

(continuing)
Very interesting!

22 EXT. THE ENTERPRISE - FLYING BY AT WARP SPEED (OPTICAL)

23 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR - PICARD

(back in formal dress) walks down the hallway with a bottle of ice-blue Altairian brandy in his right hand. As he rounds a corner he comes face to face with Doctor Pulaski, going the other way.

PICARD

You're not attending the dinner with us this evening, Doctor?

PULASKI

I've already eaten, Captain. But thanks anyway.

We HEAR A CHIME.

MRS. TROI (V.O.)

(sing-song)

Come in!

The expression on Pulaski's face is interesting.

24 INT. MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS - PICARD

ENTERS to find romantic lighting, with candle-like objects spread about the room, and a small table made up for two. Mrs. Troi is out of sight in an adjoining room; Mister Homn is filling expensive-looking glasses with what looks like wine.

Picard holds out the bottle -- Homn accepts it... and then to Picard's surprise, he unscrews the top and begins to drink straight from the bottle. Picard starts to say something, but thinks better of it. In a matter of moments, Homn drains the entire bottle!

The giant smiles at Picard and bows regally -- his way of saying thanks.

PICARD

Tell me Mister Homn, when will the others be arriving?

Homn stares back blankly.

24 CONTINUED:

PICARD
(continuing)
The other officers?
(pause)
Commander Riker? Deanna?

Homn shakes his head from side to side and smiles mischievously. He points a long finger at Picard and then points behind the Captain. Picard turns to see...

25 MRS. TROI

leaning against the wall, wearing a sexy dress and a provocative look.

MRS. TROI
(purring)
Hello, Jean-Luc. So glad you
could come.

26 MOVE IN ON THE CAPTAIN

this is not what he expected...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

27 INT. MRS TROI'S QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

Mrs. Troi and the captain are seated at the little table, about to begin their meal. Their glasses are full and Homn is serving them a colorful Betazoid salad.

MRS. TROI

(raising glass)

A toast: to Earthmen... who despite their faults, have a unique ability to charm women of all races, in all corners of the galaxy.

PICARD

(clinks glass)

Speaking for the men of Earth, which is an awesome responsibility indeed, I thank you.

Picard is attempting to be light and uncaring, but underneath the surface, this candlelight dinner is making him uncomfortable.

MRS. TROI

(teasing, flirting)

I know what you're thinking, Captain.

PICARD

(a bit worried)

You do?

MRS. TROI

You're wondering if I've been seeing any other man on a serious basis.

PICARD

(shaking head)

Well actually I wasn't --

MRS. TROI

-- I wouldn't worry about it, Jean-Luc.

(MORE)

27 CONTINUED:

MRS. TROI (Cont'd)
(reaches out, touches
his hand)
Competition seems to bring out
the best in the human male.

Picard smiles weakly and subtly withdraws his hand to
lift his glass to his lips.

PICARD
I must admit, I wasn't expecting
this... setting. I assumed that
my high-ranking officers would
also be attending.

MRS. TROI
Never assume anything when it
comes to Lwaxana Troi. A Betazoid
woman is full of surprises.

Not knowing just what to say, Picard begins to pick at
his food, but Mrs. Troi seems to be waiting for
something. Behind her, Mister Homn, sipping a drink, has
just taken his place next to a big, circular chime near
the far wall.

MRS. TROI
(continuing)
Strange, I'm not that hungry
tonight.
(leans forward, coy)
I wonder what's making me lose
my appetite? Any ideas?

She smiles and extends a utensil toward her blue salad.
Homn downs his drink and makes ready. She takes a
bite, Homn STRIKES THE CHIME. Picard jumps at the
SOUND.

PICARD
Oh yes, you're giving thanks for
your food. I'd forgotten about
that.
(pause)
I wonder how many other cultures
have similar customs.

MRS. TROI
I don't know.

27 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

Let's find out.
(touches his
communicator)
Commander Data.

28
thru OMITTED
30

30A INT. BRIDGE - SCIENCE ONE - DATA (INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

DATA

Yes, Captain.

PICARD

Mrs. Troi and I are having a very interesting discussion about the various ways by which societies give thanks. For instance, the Betazoids use of the chime.

DATA

The use of the chime is unique, but not at all dissimilar to the Ooolans of Marejaretus Six, who use two large stones which are continuously struck during the meal. Those at the dinner must eat until the stones are broken. Or, the oligarchy on Atifs Four, which require a young male to...

PICARD

(overlapping)

Commander, this is absolutely fascinating, don't you agree, Mrs. Troi? Data, if your duties permit, why don't you join us for dessert?

DATA

You are forgetting sir -- I do not digest foodstuffs, therefore I cannot participate in the consumption of your post-main course edibles.

MRS. TROI

What'd he just say?

30A CONTINUED:

PICARD

You don't have to eat to join us,
Commander. I'm sure Mrs. Troi
would simply enjoy the pleasure
of your company.

Data is pleased to hear it...

DATA

Indeed, sir. I am on my way; Data
out.

30A CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. TROI

(annoyed)

How could you possibly think I'd want to share our special time together, with that robot of yours?

PICARD

Because... because of his wonderful after-dinner conversation. His anecdotes are the stuff of legends aboard this ship.

CUT TO:

31 INT. MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

CLOSE on Data, now sitting at their table, eagerly concluding an "anecdote".

DATA

-- So by using the square root of pi and then multiplying it by nine to the third power, I was able to accurately calculate the distance between the Omicron galaxy and the Crab Nebula.

32 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE PICARD AND MRS TROI (OPTICAL)

She is literally bored stiff by Data's stories. In the b.g. we see Mister Homn break into a slow, cat-like yawn.

PICARD

Fascinating, Data. I'm sure Mrs. Troi would love to hear the one about the, uh, anomalous chemical composition of... say... brown dwarf stars.

MRS. TROI

Well, not really --

DATA

(enthused)

-- Yes Captain, that is a particularly spellbinding subject.

32 CONTINUED:

Data turns to Mrs. Troi with a pleased, eager look on his face.

DATA

(continuing)

For most stars, the rare-Earth element Europium is enriched relative to samarium and gadolinium...

MRS. TROI

(flat, bored)

Is that so?

DATA

It is! However in brown dwarf stars, the element Europium is anomalously depleted.

MRS. TROI

(sarcastic)

Fascinating.

DATA

But that is only the beginning. If the abundances of the elements terbium, dysprosium, holmium and erbium are also factored into the analysis...

33 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR - TROI AND PULASKI

are walking together.

PULASKI

Your mother seems quite an interesting woman, Deanna.

TROI

Doctor, perhaps I should tell you something about my mother's condition at this time.

PULASKI

Condition at this time?!

TROI

Something that occurs to Betazoid females at mid-life. We call it the Phase.

33 CONTINUED:

PULASKI

At mid-life as in the human
female's menopause?

TROI

(laughing)

Almost the exact opposite. It
is only at mid-life that Betazed
females become... well, fully
sexual, if you know what I mean.

PULASKI

Yes, perhaps I do. I just heard
her voice fairly singing when she
called the captain into her room.

TROI

I wonder if I shouldn't warn the
captain?

Pulaski considers it. Is there a gleam of amusement
in her eyes?

PULASKI

Nooo. As ship's doctor I'd
consider it excellent exercise
for his reflexes and agility.

TROI

(somewhat shocked)

Doctor... !

PULASKI

In staying ahead of your mother.

Troi suddenly understands, smiling.

TROI

Yes. An animal is always at its
best when hunted...

PULASKI

Or when hunting.

34 STAY ON DEANNA

as she walks on, turns and ENTERS her mother's
quarters...

35 INT. MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS - DATA (OPTICAL)

has activated a computer screen and is now pointing out various moving objects, as Deanna ENTERS...

DATA

... and at this point, the second co-orbital satellite avoids a collision with the first.

MRS TROI

(looking up)

-- Deanna, darling! Thank the Four Dieties you're here.

TROI

I hope I'm not interrupting.

PICARD

(rising)

No, as a matter of fact, I need to get back to the bridge myself.

DATA

Perhaps I should stay here and further entertain our guest.

MRS. TROI

-- No! I mean, I think you're needed on the bridge as well.

Data frowns... then nods, realizing she's probably right.

PICARD

(a bit stiff)

Thank you for a delicious meal. Let's uh, do it again sometime.

MRS. TROI

(purring)

Oh, I know we will.

Picard EXITS (followed by Data) a little embarrassed. Deanna looks at her mother with hard, accusing eyes.

MRS. TROI

Little One, the captain is every bit as charming as your father was.

Mrs. Troi innocently takes a bite of her Betazoid dessert and Homn RINGS THE CHIME...

36 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS

Data and Picard walking together.

PICARD

(exhaling)

Data, you'll never know just how much I owe you for that.

DATA

Indeed, Captain? I know many more interesting anecdotes as well.

37 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - THE CAPTAIN AND DATA

EXIT the turbolift and ENTER the bridge. Riker swivels from his position at Command, and addresses Picard, still in dress uniform, who is moving toward the Ready Room...

RIKER

Status of the Antedian delegates unchanged, Captain.

PICARD

What's our e.t.a. to the conference?

RIKER

Forty five point three hours, sir.

PICARD

Very good, Number One. I'll be in my Ready Room.

Picard ENTERS his Ready Room while Data crosses to Ops.

38 INT. MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS - HOMN

bottle in hand, is cleaning up the table -- Mrs Troi is HUMMING to herself as she throws on a Betazoid shawl.

TROI

Why would you come aboard at a time like this?

38 CONTINUED:

MRS. TROI

(shrugging)

I had no choice. I was going to Pacifica, you were going to Pacifica, it seemed the appropriate thing to do.

TROI

Don't be absurd -- you knew what this would lead to...

Deanna trails off as she looks at Homn (she doesn't want to continue this conversation in front of anyone). She takes her mother by the arm and leads her out of the room.

39 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR - ON THE TROIS

Deanna is animated and concerned while her mother is smiling and relaxed, nodding hello to passers-by...

TROI

What stage is it in?

MRS. TROI

I have it completely under control.

TROI

(demanding)

What stage is it in?

MRS. TROI

(smiles)

Well, far enough along for me to enjoy it, Little One.

TROI

(worried)

Now I know why you wore that dress.

MRS. TROI

(laughing)

Don't be ridiculous. It's just a simple little dress -- there's nothing provocative about it.

TROI

(more to herself)

What are we going to do?

MRS. TROI

I'm going to do the only honorable thing there is to do.

(smiles)

And I'd say the captain has the inside track.

TROI

Don't even think it!

MRS. TROI

Why not? He was thinking about it all through dinner.

40 INT. CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM - TIGHT ON PICARD'S FACE

He's in his regular uniform.

PICARD

I was what?!

41 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE RIKER AND TROI (OPTICAL)

PICARD

(continuing)

I tell you Deanna, for a telepath,
your mother's accuracy leaves much
to be desired.

TROI

Actually, her telepathic prowess
is quite advanced. Except for
now.

RIKER

"Except for now?"

PICARD

Don't misunderstand me, Counselor.
Your mother is a beautiful
person...

TROI

(continuing)

My mother is just beginning a
physiological phase... one that
all Betazoid women must deal with
as they enter mid-life.

Troi stops talking and looks at the men. The men look
at each other...

41 CONTINUED:

RIKER

It's something Troi warned me about when we were first seeing each other.

(looks at Troi)

When a Betazoid female goes through "the Phase," it quadruples her sex drive.

TROI

Or more...

Picard looks worried, Riker WHISTLES.

RIKER

(to Troi)

... "or more?" I didn't know that.

TROI

I didn't want to frighten you.

(to Picard)

My mother has opted for the only dignified course of action open to her.

RIKER

Isolation?

TROI

She has chosen to focus all of her sexual energy on one male. This man will eventually become her husband, of course.

(with difficulty)

It seems Captain, that you are the early favorite.

RIKER

Congratulations, sir!

PICARD

I am not amused, Number One.

(starts pacing again)

There must be a way to convince her that it's quite impossible -- without offending her.

TROI

You cannot apply human style logic to this, Captain.

(MORE)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

TROI (Cont'd)

Mother would be shocked and deeply
resentful, should you spurn her
advances. She would naturally
take it very personally.

PICARD

Well, considering Starfleet's
orders not to get her upset, I
think it might be prudent for me
to make myself less available for
the duration of this journey.

RIKER

Agreed.

Off this decision we GO TO:

42 INT. ENTRANCE TO HOLODECK - ANGLING ON THE COMPUTER

PICARD (V.O.)

Setting: San Francisco
California, United States Of
America, the year 1945 A.D.,
program to fit the novel, "The
Long Dark Tunnel".

COMPUTER VOICE

You may enter when ready.

43 PULL BACK TO SEE PICARD (OPTICAL)

decked out in trenchcoat and fedora, re-entering
Chandlerland as private-eye Dixon Hill...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

44 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE IN FLYBY (OPTICAL)

PICARD (V.O.)
Dixon Hill's memoirs: date, the
1940's...

45 INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Picard walks toward the glass door with "his" name on it. He moves slowly, relishing the detail in the decrepit hallway.

PICARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
It was a grey day in the city by the bay. My pockets were as empty as a press agent's heart. I needed a case, that's for sure, but the private dick racket was as slow as the horse I just blew my last two bucks on.

46 INT. DIXON HILL'S RECEPTION ROOM - PICARD

ENTERS and finds his SECRETARY behind the desk...

PICARD
(pleased)
Hello, it's good to see you again.

SECRETARY
(chuckling)
You're too much, Dix. You make it sound like you ain't seen me in a year.

Picard smiles to himself, she's close to right. He removes his hat and coat, as she pulls out a small notepad...

SECRETARY
You got two calls...

PICARD
New cases?

46 CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

Are you kiddin'? The last time we got a new case, Hitler wasn't running Germany.

(checks pad)

Your tailor called -- he wants his dough for cleaning your other suit -- and your landlord called -- you can guess what he wants.

PICARD

(thoughtful)

I see... Well, pay the tailor and stall the landlord.

He walks into his office. The secretary swivels her chair and picks up the phone...

SECRETARY

(to herself)

Pay the tailor...

(laughs, hangs up)

Pay the tailor? With what?

47 INT. HILL'S OFFICE - ON PICARD

MOVING AROUND THE ROOM, happy to be back in Chandlerland.

48 INT. MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

Close on Mrs. Troi.

MRS. TROI

Unavailable? Ship's business?

PULL BACK to reveal Deanna, standing across from her. Mrs. Troi seems more surprised than angry...

MRS. TROI

(continuing)

Ship's business takes precedence over me?

TROI

I'm afraid so.

48 CONTINUED:

MRS. TROI
Hmmm... Oh well, he was too old
for me anyway.

Still thinking, she moves over to where Homn is happily sampling several tall glasses of multi-colored liquids.

MRS. TROI
(to Homn)
Homn, let's consider my alternate
plan.

Homn bows deeply -- his way of saying "good idea."

TROI
Alternate plan?

MRS. TROI
You worry too much, Little One.
Your mother has the situation well
in hand.

49 INT. DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - ON PICARD (OPTICAL)

sitting with his back to the door, hands clasped behind his head, staring out the window at the San Francisco street scene. He doesn't turn as WE HEAR THE DOOR OPEN behind him...

SECRETARY (V.O.)
(a little nervous)
There's a gentleman here to see
you, Mister Hill.

PICARD
Thank you, Madeline.

The secretary steps aside and then EXITS as SLADE BENDER, a huge, bull-necked, square-shouldered tough guy in an expensive gangster suit ENTERS. Finally, Picard swivels his chair around and faces his visitor. He rises slowly, awkwardly lights a cigarette (chokes on it), and deliberately sizes up Slade Bender...

PICARD
Yes, as the book said, everything
about you is big: big
shoulders... big neck... big
fists...

49 CONTINUED:

Slade interrpts, speaking with little emotion, slurring his words in a half-whisper.

He's the dumb, silent type.

SLADE

You a private dick?

PICARD

Says so on my door, doesn't it?

SLADE

I want you should do a job for me.

PICARD

Let me guess -- you want dance lessons.

Slade grabs Picard by the arm.

SLADE

(sincere)

You're not trying to be funny are you? I don't like funny things.

Picard is feeling some pain from Slade's crushing grip.

PICARD

Yes... yes, I understand that.
No funny things.

Slade releases Picard's arm and the captain flexes and unflexes cramped muscles.

SLADE

I want you to find a missing person.

PICARD

Alva? Let's see -- I'll bet she's your sister...

Picard reacts to Slade's expression.

SLADE

Yes. She's my sister, and I want you to find her!

49 CONTINUED: (2)

Slade's gotten all worked up again -- he's grabbing Picard by the shirt to get his point across.

PICARD

Take it easy, Mac! I can't take the job of finding Alva if you break me like a matchstick.

Slade seems to think that over and ultimately agrees. He releases his vice-like grip.

PICARD

(continuing;
straightening tie)

As a matter of fact, I knew who Alva was all along. I've read the book.

Slade hovers over Picard again.

SLADE

Read what book? Are you being funny again?

PICARD

(to Slade)

You got a picture?

SLADE

Of Alva?

PICARD

Of course of Alva! The novel wasn't illustrated.

Slade is again puzzled but reaches into his shirt pocket, and hands Picard a photograph.

50 CIRCLING PICARD

as he studies the photo

50 CONTINUED:

PICARD

I believe the 1940 expression was
"hubbah, hubbah, hubbah."

SLADE

And I still say you talk funny.
I don't like funny talk.

PICARD

That's part of the cost of hiring
a private eye like me, Slade.
I'm very different from most you
could get.

Picard looks up at Slade, then back at the photo.

SLADE

I want you to find Alva. I'll
pay you.

PICARD

(nods)

Okay. I'll find Alva for you;
but you might not like what I
find.

Slade simply nods, and then turns and walks out the door. Picard calls after him and follows. Slade continues out the reception door and into the hallway. As Picard passes his startled secretary, he comments to her with a smile:

PICARD (CONT'D)

This is so much fun.

51 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM - WESLEY AND WORF

are standing before the platform, looking up at the still motionless Antedean delegates.

WORF

Even in this state, they possess
a certain dignity, a graceful
countenance.

51 CONTINUED:

Wes takes a good look at the scaly, grotesque faces under the red hoods.

WESLEY

If you say so, Lieutenant.

WORF

(peers at him)

I see. Is this how you felt when you first saw me?

WESLEY

(pause, guiltily)

Well... maybe at first.

(brightening)

But now that I've seen a few more Klingons, I know that you're real handsome, for... for a Klingon.

Worf GRUNTS, not sure he likes that compliment.

WESLEY

That uh, didn't come out quite right.

The door opens and Mrs. Troi ENTERS, followed of course by Mister Homn. She looks up at the Antedians and shudders...

MRS. TROI

I still say they'd look better in sauce.

(moves closer;
concentrating)

No, nothing.

(to Wesley)

When will the good captain revive them?

WESLEY

Not until we reach Pacifica, ma'am.

Mrs. Troi turns her attention from the Antedians to Worf and Wesley. She walks around them in a slow circle -- Homn follows, two steps behind.

MRS. TROI

You seem a fine boy. One day you will grow up to be a big, strong man.

51 CONTINUED: (2)

Wesley looks over at Worf, wondering what she's getting at.

MRS. TROI

(continuing)

But even though humans age far more rapidly than Betazoids, I cannot afford to wait for you to mature.

This confuses Wesley even more. Mrs. Troi eyes Worf...

MRS. TROI

(smiling)

But you... your innermost thoughts are primal, savage. I like that in a man.

WORF

I am not a man.

MRS. TROI

Which is in your favor, men so often being irrational and egotistical.

(eyes him, then sighs)

But I'm afraid I've grown accustomed to human companionship. It's nothing personal, you would have made a fine choice.

Worf frowns -- he is about to ask her what she's talking about when she turns to her valet...

MRS. TROI

Who's next, Mister Homn?

Homn puts his hands to his eyes and pantomimes the structure of a VISOR.

MRS. TROI

Ah yes. Let's get to it, I'm not getting any younger.

Mrs. Troi EXITS, Homn bows to Wesley and Worf, then follows.

WESLEY

What was that all about?

Worf has no idea.

52 INT. ENGINEERING - GEORDI

is at his station. The matter/anti matter core is throbbing as Mrs. Troi and Mister Homn approach...

MRS. TROI

Lieutenant La Forge, I wish to be direct with you.

GEORDI

(turning to see her)

I prefer it that way. Now what are you being direct about?

MRS. TROI

I have decided to give all the bridge officers an equal opportunity to gain my favor.

GEORDI

I see.

MRS. TROI

Ah, but you don't, and that's the problem. I wonder whether a sightless man could ever appreciate great beauty.

GEORDI

That's funny... I've always had the same doubts about the sighted.

MRS. TROI

Odd. How so?

GEORDI

Because my eyes don't seduce my mind, I'm driven to find beauty in other things -- things sighted people tend to ignore. The lovely temperature gradations of bodies, the moisture patterns, the indications of inner peace and harmony...

53 ANGLE ON HOMN

nodding slowly, agreeing completely.

54 BACK TO SHOT

MRS. TROI

(thoughtful)

Very interesting, Lieutenant. But I'm not sure if that's good or bad. A less perceptive man could be easier to live with.

55 STAY ON A PUZZLED GEORDI

watching Mrs. Troi and Homn as they EXIT.

56 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE FLYBY (OPTICAL)

57 INT. END OF HALLWAY OUTSIDE HILL'S OFFICE - PICARD

stands with Slade Bender before the door marked "Exit."

PICARD

Twenty dollars a day, plus expenses. Fifty when I find her.

Slade pulls out several crisp hundred dollar bills and hands one to Picard. Picard runs the bill between his fingers.

PICARD

You know it's wonderful to need money.

SLADE

(poking Picard's chest)

You'll get more when you find Alva.

He EXITS through the door -- WE CAN HEAR his heavy feet thundering off. Picard pivots and starts to walk back toward his office.

58 ANGLE TO REVEAL A MYSTERIOUS MAN IN A GREY SUIT

leaning against the wall between Picard and the office. A fedora is tilted down over one eye making his face hard to see. He's looking down, lighting a cigarette. Picard pauses.

PICARD

Let's see... I must have been
skimming pages about here. What
part did you play?

The man doesn't look up. Picard shrugs, saunters past; the man immediately moves up behind him, sticking a concealed gun against his back.

TOUGHGUY

Freeze.

PICARD

Ah, yes, of course.

TOUGHGUY

I'm looking for Slade Bender,
Hill. I understand he was here
yesterday.

PICARD

My, my, time does fly in the
Holodeck.

Hands up, Picard turns slowly and gets a look at his assailant. The Toughguy has olive skin, a jagged scar on his cheek and oddly pale eyes...

PICARD

(continuing)

Even if I happen to know a Slade
Bender, why should I help you?

TOUGHGUY

Because he owes me money. And
because if you don't, I'll blow
your head off.

A slow, cool smile spreads across Picard's face...

PICARD

I knew you'd say something like
that. Marvelous.

The Toughguy is really ticked off by Picard's unfathomable (to him) remark. He jams the gun against Picard's ribs...

58 CONTINUED:

TOUGHGUY

Cut the crap, Hill! Tell me where
he is or so help me, I'll plug
ya!

PICARD

I don't think so.

With lightning quickness, Picard throws a classic
punch, knocking his adversary reeling.

The Toughguy swings about, shoves his gun into Picard's
belly, FIRES. On Picard's look of astonishment:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

59 INT. CHANDLERLAND HALLWAY - PICARD AND TOUGHGUY

The hood is staring in disbelief at Picard.

TOUGHGUY

Come on, drop! I shot ya.

PICARD

No, the gun misfired. Thankfully the Holodeck is handling it correctly and the mortality failsafe is functional.

The Toughguy suddenly swings his gun, catches Picard on the side of the head. It is a real blow which hurts. But Picard pulls the hood up by his tie, and knocks him out with a chopping overhand right.

60 CLOSER - PICARD

He rubs the side of his head, finds blood there.

PICARD

(continuing)

But in some ways, the program is almost too accurate.

Dixon Hill's secretary has come running out, having heard the shot. She immediately spots the blood on the side of Picard's head.

SECRETARY

Dixon, you're hurt!

Picard grimaces in fine fashion...

PICARD

Don't worry about it.

(shrugs)

I'm going out for a drink.

Dixon Hill's secretary looks on admiringly as her boss literally shrugs off his wound and EXITS the hallway.

61 INT. REX'S BAR - ON REX

the tough-eyed Bartender who owns this dark, moody bar. The place is almost empty: a SAILOR sits next to a BLEACHED BLOND at the bar, a COUPLE OF HARD DRINKERS are at tables in the back. The jukebox is playing A MOURNFUL FORTIES TORCH SONG, and Rex is pouring scotch into the glass of a CHINESE-AMERICAN CUSTOMER...

62 ANGLE ON THE DOOR

as Picard ENTERS. He looks around, affection in his eyes.

63 WIDE ANGLE

as Rex spots Picard at the door.

REX

Well hello, Dixon. Haven't seen you in a while.

Picard approaches the bar...

REX

(continuing)

What's it been, four hours?

Picard sticks out his hand and smiles...

PICARD

You must be Rex. Am I right?

REX

If you gotta ask me that pal, you need a drink.

PICARD

(sitting at bar)

You're right, I do need a drink.

REX

The usual?

PICARD

(smiling, nodding)

Let's see... Scotch, neat?

63 CONTINUED:

REX
(chuckling)
What else?
(pours, notices wound)
I hate to be the bearer of bad
news old buddy, but you're leakin'
blood.

PICARD
(macho)
So? I've got plenty more where
that came from.

REX
(sincere)
Geez, Dix. You're tough as
nails.

Picard belts down his drink and almost turns green.

PICARD
Uggh, I'm going to have to get
used to that.

REX
(dry)
Yeah, it's only your third one
today.

Picard is still reeling from the drink. He closes his
eyes and raps his fist on the bar.

PICARD
What the hell... make it four.

The stoic Bartender pours...

REX
I'll put it on your tab.

PICARD
(pulls out a bill)
Cash! I just took on a case.

64 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - RIKER

is at Command with Troi beside him. Wesley and Data
are at Conn and Ops.

64 CONTINUED:

PULASKI COM VOICE

Bridge this is Doctor Pulaski.
We have completed the transfer.
The Antedians are now in Sickbay.

64 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER

Acknowledged, Doctor.

(to Wesley)

E.t.a. to Pacifica, Mister Crusher?

WESLEY

(checking instruments)

Twelve point four hours, sir.

That will get us there
approximately two hours before
the conference begins.

The turbolift doors open and Mrs. Troi and Mister Homn
ENTER the bridge. Deanna immediately reacts, going to
her.

TROI

Mother, what are you doing here?
You can't just stroll up to the
bridge whenever you feel like it.

MRS. TROI

(looking around)

I didn't just stroll up, dear.
I took the turbotube, or whatever
you call it.

(to Riker)

The captain's not here?

RIKER

He's busy elsewhere, ma'am.

MRS. TROI

(beat; shrugs)

Well, no matter. I have other
interests as well.

Mrs. Troi has begun to slowly circle the bridge,
pausing briefly before the bridge officers she has been
considering...

TROI

(telepathic)

You're scheming something, Mother.
I can tell.

MRS. TROI

(telepathic)

You're always so melodramatic,
Little One. I'm not scheming,
I'm deciding.

64 CONTINUED: (3)

Mrs. Troi ends up in the command area, next to Riker.

MRS. TROI

Tell me Commander... what is your opinion of Betazoid women?

RIKER

Well... I've only your daughter and you. But judging from that, I'd have to say they're the fairest in the galaxy.

65 EMPHASIZING MRS. TROI AND TROI

MRS. TROI

(telepathic)

He has excellent taste, Little One.

TROI

(telepathic)

That's enough! This is getting embarrassing.

MRS. TROI

(to Riker)

My lovely daughter has always found it difficult to accept compliments from male admirers. I however, long ago learned to accept them.

66 REACTION SHOTS OF WESLEY AND DATA (OPTICAL)

MRS. TROI (O.S.)

(continuing)

The key is learning how to endure constant flattery without letting it go to your head. Don't you agree, Commander?

67 WIDE ANGLE

RIKER

If you say so, ma'am.

67 CONTINUED:

MRS. TROI

(to all on bridge)

I like that answer! Now here's
a man who knows how to defer to
a lady. I only hope the rest of
you men are listening.

Deanna puts her hands to her head -- and for the first
time, Riker wonders if he made a mistake.

68 INT. REX'S BAR - PICARD

is making love to his scotch. Rex is straight across
from him, leaning against the bar; the classic
bartender/customer scene. The bar has a few more
PATRONS now...

REX

... So she says "Rex, when are
you gonna sell the bar and get
a real job? Make a shoe, mend
a fence, do something useful?"
Can you believe that, Dix?

PICARD

It's hard to believe, Rex.

REX

She just doesn't understand the
service I perform here. My
regulars depend on me to pour and
listen, listen and pour. I'm like
some kind'a psychologist to you
guys, am I right?

Both men are looking down now and shaking their heads.
Rex starts to pour again, but stops as he sees someone
coming up behind Picard. Soon the captain is also
aware of a presence behind him...

PICARD

I recognize the size of the
shadow.

(MORE)

68 CONTINUED:

PICARD (Cont'd)
(speaking, without
turning around)
Hello Slade. Buy you a drink?

Slade violently spins Picard around and speaks to him,
nose to nose...

SLADE
Where's my Alva?

PICARD
I'm working on it.

SLADE
(grabbing Picard's
shoulders)
You're not working hard enough.

REX
Hey pal, that's my buddy you're
manhandling there! Maybe you
oughta --

Rex cuts off as Slade moves up to the bar and fixes
a murderous gaze upon him.

REX
-- Oughta go right ahead with what
you were saying.

Rex shoots Picard a look that says "sorry, you're on
your own", and busies himself with drying glasses.
Slade grabs Picard again...

SLADE
I paid you money, Hill. Where
is she?

69 INT. SICKBAY - DR. PULASKI (OPTICAL)

is examining the Antedians, who are laid out in beds
now. Worf stands alongside her, with one of his
security guards in the b.g....

PULASKI
The blood chemistry and brain
organization of these creatures
is completely outside of my
experience... But it seems their
metabolic rates are increasing.

69 CONTINUED:

WORF

Is that good or bad?

PULASKI

It's good, I think.

Pulaski moves right up to one of the creatures and runs a tricorder alongside an unseeing eye... She stops with a start, jerking backwards involuntarily. The Antedian's eye just blinked.

70 INT. BRIDGE - FAVORING RIKER

PULASKI (V.O.)

Pulaski to bridge.

RIKER

Riker here.

PULASKI (V.O.)

The Antedians are coming around. They're currently in the early stages of post-hibernation.

RIKER

How long before they're fully conscious?

PULASKI

I'd guess it to be a matter of hours now.

RIKER

Very good, Doctor, I'll notify the captain. Riker out.

(to Mrs. Troi)

If you'll excuse me, ma'am.

MRS. TROI

Are you going to see the captain? I thought he was tied up on ship's business.

70 CONTINUED:

RIKER

In a manner of speaking... he is.
I'm uh, not going to interrupt
him, I'm simply going to inform
him.

MRS. TROI

What excellent timing! You can
also inform him about us.

RIKER

Us?

Mrs. Troi affectionately strokes the bottom of Riker's
chin.

MRS. TROI

You don't mind if I let your
bridge crew know first, do you
William?

Riker is caught off-guard -- he doesn't know what to
say.

MRS. TROI

(continuing, to
everyone)

Dear friends... you're all invited
to a prestigious occasion on the
planet Pacifica.

TROI

(to herself)

Oh no.

MRS. TROI

(dabs her eyes)

There, on the shores of the
western sea... in a traditional
Betazoid ceremony... your
Commander Riker and I will be
joined in the union of holy
wedlock.

WESLEY

Married?

MRS. TROI

(smiling at Riker)

'Till death do us part.

71 SHOCKED REACTION SHOTS OF ALL

ending with a dazed William T. Riker, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

72 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - SAME SETTING

Mrs. Troi is beaming -- everyone else is speechless.

RIKER

Mrs. Troi... I don't know how to
put this --

MRS. TROI

-- I know just how you feel, dear.
(moves to turbolift)
Overwhelmed with excitement.
Believe me, I understand.

Mrs. Troi is about to enter the turbolift. Angry,
Deanna starts to go after her but Riker subtly stops
her.

MRS. TROI

(continued)

We'll talk about the details
later. Right now, there are
preparations to be made.

She EXITS into the turbolift.

TROI

Why did you stop me? Someone
needs to set her straight!

RIKER

I'd rather let the captain handle
that.

TROI

Coward!

RIKER

Simply following Starfleet's
orders. Keep her mind untroubled
until the conference.

DATA

Are you planing on going into the
Holodeck, Commander?

RIKER

Thought I might, Data. Want to
come along?

73 CLOSE ON DATA

a trace of a smile spreading across his face

74 INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO HOLODECK - MATCHING CUT

on Data the same little smile on his face.

75 PULL BACK TO REVEAL

that he is now decked out in his pin-stripe suit and fedora. Riker steps INTO FRAME beside him, still in his uniform.

DATA

I have mastered the language, or "lingo" of the period, sir. Also, the mannerisms and body language.

Data stops for a moment and demonstrates a tough/cool mannerism -- a classic "Cagney hitch".

DATA

For example, this is a gesture denoting confidence and physical prowess. It is effective in attracting females and frightening off would-be adversaries.

They have reached the Holodeck entrance.

DATA

Should anything in there confuse you sir, do not hesitate to ask.

RIKER

It's comforting to know I'm with an expert Data, but we're really not going to be there that long.

(to computer)

Computer...

76 INT. REX'S BAR - SAME SETTING AS BEFORE

only now, Slade Bender has taken a seat at the bar, beside the captain. Rex stands bottle in hand, directly in between them on the other side of the bar.

PICARD

She could be anywhere, Slade.
You can't expect me to find her
in one afternoon.

SLADE

It's been three days.

PICARD

(surprised)
Has it really? What I mean is
-- you gotta have patience. I'll
find her; I guarantee it.

SLADE

(earnest, almost
child-like)
She'd contact me if she knew I
was lookin' for her.

Rex breaks into A CACKLING LAUGH...

REX

Come on, pal! So she told you
that? So what? If I had a dime
for every time a dame's said that
to a guy --

Rex cuts off as Slade gets to his feet, steamed, and looking at Rex like a bull about to charge. Rex quickly changes course in mid-stream...

REX

(continuing)
-- I'd... probably have less than
a dollar. Cuz a girl never says
that unless she really means it.

The big fella buys it hook, line and sinker.

76 CONTINUED:

SLADE

(to Picard)

See? I want you to find my
sister!

Behind them, Riker and Data ENTER the bar.

As they walk inside, Data speaks to Riker in a hushed
voice...

DATA

In the last program here, we said
I was from South America. It
seemed to explain my unorthodox
appearance.

As they approach the bar, Picard spots them. Slade
instantly rises and reaches under his coat. Picard
grasps his arm...

PICARD

Easy Slade. They're friends of
mine.

Slade doesn't pull his gun, but he doesn't relax
either.

RIKER

Sorry to bother you, Captain.

PICARD

-- Call me Dixon.

RIKER

-- Sorry to bother you, Dixon,
but our two "passengers" are
awakening.

PICARD

Well then, it's time to go.

REX

Your friends've got time for one
drink, haven't they Dix?

Riker nods to Picard -- there is still some time.
Picard smiles and pushes his hat back.

76 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

Sure, I can afford another round.

As Rex pours, Picard does the introductions. Data reaches out, examines the money.

DATA

Very accurate. Fascinating.

PICARD

These are my associates...

(indicates Riker)

"Nails", from Chicago.

(indicates Data)

And --

DATA

Carlos, from South America.

Rex opens a new bottle...

REX

Sit right down fellas, and tell me your troubles.

RIKER

(to Picard)

Troubles I've got, sir. There's a certain woman, a wealthy and beautiful woman, who suddenly says she's going to marry me.

Picard looks at Riker -- he gets the point.

REX

She's got looks and bucks? Sounds like you've got yourself a heck of a deal.

77 INT. MRS. TROI'S QUARTERS - MRS. TROI (OPTICAL)

is looking at her reflection in the mirror, making final adjustments on a flowing, outlandish new dress.

MRS. TROI

(to Homn)

My fiance just has to see how I look in this. Come along, Homn.

78 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR - MRS. TROI

and Mister Homn stop at a computer wall panel just outside her quarters.

MRS. TROI

Tell me, computer, is Commander Riker still on the bridge?

COMPUTER VOICE

Negative. Riker is currently in Holodeck Three.

MRS. TROI

Holodeck? Where is that?

COMPUTER VOICE

Follow the com panel lights. They will lead you there.

The panels begin to light up, pointing the way to the Holodeck.

79 INT. REX'S BAR - SAME SETTING

Rex leans across the bar, a shocked look on his face...

REX

Good God, what's that?

All eyes turn to see the amazing sight he's referring to:

80 ANGLE TO INCLUDE MRS. TROI AND MR. HOMN

who have just entered the bar. The wildly-dressed Betazoid and her giant valet look incredibly out of place in Chandlerland.

REX

I'll bet that's the broad with the big bucks!

(to Mrs. Troi)

Come on over here, darlin'. I got the best stool in the house saved for ya.

Mrs. Troi saunters over and sits down -- still looking around the room with clear distaste.

80 CONTINUED:

MRS. TROI

(to Picard)

I'm surprised you let this part
of the ship get this dirty.

PICARD

(indicating Riker)

Actually, that's the first
officer's job.

RIKER

(nodding)

Well, as a matter of fact...

MRS. TROI

Relax, Commander. You have begun
making your true feelings clear.
Obviously you feel unable to
handle me.

REX

Anyway, why would a beautiful
high-class lady like yourself...

(indicates Riker)

... want to hook up with a mug like
that? You're too good for him,
if you ask me.

She leans across the bar and smiles...

MRS. TROI

I couldn't agree more.

REX

So... what'llitbe, Doll?

Her attention is completely on the bartender.
Something about him interests, then fascinates her.

MRS. TROI

You are a most interesting person.

REX

You're not so bad yourself. In
fact, you're as much class as this
joint's ever seen.

He pulls out an opened bottle of house wine.

80 CONTINUED: (2)

REX

Here -- on the house. It's
French... well, almost.

She turns to Picard.

MRS. TROI

This is the most remarkable man.
I have never met anyone quite
like him.

PICARD

I don't suppose you have.

MRS. TROI

He's strong. I feel no thoughts
from him... nothing. I've never
known a man so able to keep his
true feelings completely hidden.

PICARD

That's because...

MRS. TROI

No man has ever been such a
mystery to me. I usually know
their thoughts before they do.

REX

But not me, huh?

MRS. TROI

No. And I never realized how
erotic that could be. Carry my
beverage to that table... we have
some things to talk about.

81 ANOTHER ANGLE

as they watch Mrs. Troi walk over to the table. Rex
picks up the glass of wine, gives Riker and Picard a
little knowing wink, and heads for the table.

82 RIKER AND PICARD

watch with amusement as Rex joins Mrs. Troi at the
table and they begin a very intimate conversation.

RIKER

Should we tell her?

82 CONTINUED:

PICARD

I think it's only fair, but let's
allow her the moment.

Riker has to smile. As we GO TO:

83 INT. SICKBAY - PULASKI AND WORF

react with completely different expressions as

83A THE ANTEDIANS

awake, quite agitated, trembling as they squeak with:

ANTEDIANS

Food-food-food-food-food--

83B PULASKI

quickly realizes what must be done:

PULASKI

Worf! The vermicula!

Worf picks up the scoop net, and digs into the tank,
coming up with a load of writhing vermicula. The
Antedians see it, and tremble with joy as Worf holds
the net out for them and they gobble it up while...

PULASKI

(touching communicator)

Pulaski to Captain Picard.

84 INT. REX'S BAR

Picard is still with Riker

PICARD

Go ahead, Doctor.

PULASKI COM VOICE

Our passengers are on their feet.

PICARD

Understood.

RIKER

I had better get to the bridge.

84 CONTINUED:

PICARD
What's their condition?

PULASKI COM VOICE
Hungry.

Picard acknowledges with a nod. Riker EXITS.

85 ANOTHER ANGLE BAR

Picard crosses to the table occupied by Rex and Mrs. Troi.

PICARD
Coming, Mrs. Troi?

MRS. TROI
Not just yet. Tell William I'm
sorry... but Rex and I are
getting married.

85 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Mrs. Troi, your government expects us to deliver you to the conference and I intend to do that!

Mrs. Troi considers it, nods and rises, patting Rex on the cheek.

MRS. TROI

Duty calls, darling. I'll be back for you later.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Picard and Mrs. Troi walk toward the exit.

PICARD

There is something about Rex I think you had better know...

The rest of the conversation is lost as the doors close behind them.

87 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit around blue Pacifica.

88 INT. CORRIDOR AT THE TURBOLIFT

as it opens and Mrs. Troi EXITS, followed closely by Deanna and Mister Homn (who is effortlessly carrying her suitcase). Mrs. Troi leads the way down the corridor at a brisk pace, in a bad mood.

MRS. TROI

Imagine -- allowing me to go on like that with a simple bartender who doesn't even exist!

TROI

(amused)

Mother, you always say you like new experiences.

89 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM - THE TROI ENTOURAGE (OPTICAL)

arrives to find the Antedians on the platform and Picard, Riker, Data and Worf there to see them off. She indicates the Antedians...

MRS. TROI

Why are they still here?

RIKER

We thought that since you're going to the same conference, you might like to beam down with the other delegates.

MRS. TROI

(casually)

They're not delegates. Those two are assassins.

ANTEDIAN FEMALE

That is... an outrage!... Lies!
We demand you... transport at once!

MRS. TROI

Oh honey, don't bother to deny it. Your minds are so unsophisticated -- I can read your thoughts in my sleep.

(to Picard, offhand)

The inside of their robes are lined with ultritium. Highly explosive and virtually undetectable by your transporter.

Data is already aiming his tri-corder at their robes...

DATA

(surprised)

She is correct, sir. I am detecting large amounts of ultritium.

MRS. TROI

Of course you are. They planned to blow up the entire conference.

Worf has drawn his phaser.

PICARD

Take them to level five. Disarm them and hold for questioning.

89 CONTINUED:

Worf leads the angry Antedians away -- they hiss at Mrs. Troi as they pass by. Mrs. Troi gives Deanna a hug and steps onto the platform, followed of course by Homn.

MRS. TROI

(sighing)

Oh well, I didn't find a mate but I saved the conference as well as your reputations. All in a day's work I suppose.

PICARD

Good-bye Mrs. Troi... and thank you.

She closes her eyes and nods her head, showing she's ready. Picard signals the transporter chief and Homn and Mrs. Troi begin to DEMATERIALIZE. Suddenly she opens her eyes and looks right at Picard.

MRS. TROI

(scolding, excited)

Jean-Luc! Shame on you for thinking such a thing!

And they're gone. All eyes turn to Picard...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE