

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"The Enemy"
(f.k.a. "The Mettle of Man")
#40273-155

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FINAL DRAFT

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STAR TREK: "The Enemy" - 9/11/89 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Enemy"

CAST

PICARD	PATAHK
RIKER	TOMALAK
DATA	BOCHRA
BEVERLY	
TROI	
GEORDI	
WORF	
WESLEY	
O'BRIEN	

Non-Speaking
MEDICAL SUPERNUMERARIES
SECURITY GUARDS
TWO CREWMEMBERS

STAR TREK: "The Enemy" - REV. 9/12/89 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Enemy"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE
 MAIN BRIDGE
 CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM
 TRANSPORTER ROOM
 CORRIDOR
 SICKBAY
 BEVERLY'S OFFICE
 OBSERVATION LOUNGE
 RIKER'S QUARTERS

ROMULAN WARSHIP
 CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

GALORNDON CORE
 PIT
 CAVE

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE
ROMULAN WARSHIP
GALORNDON CORE
 SURFACE

STAR TREK: "The Enemy" - REV. 9/14/89 - PRONUNCIATION

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Enemy"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

RIBOSOME

RYE-bo-zome

PATAHK

Pah-tock

TOMALAK

TOM-uh-lack

BOCHRA

BAH-kruh

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Enemy"
TEASER

FADE IN:

1
thru OMITTED
4

5 EXT. GALORNDON SURFACE (OPTICAL)

A hellish environment bathed in a BLUE-HUED light. Cold and dusty (it is always night), the planet is whipped by gale force winds. Visibility is only a few feet. Crackling blue ARCS of electricity slash across the sky. RIKER, WORF and GEORDI MATERIALIZE. It is an immediate struggle to see. Riker lays a marker down on the ground where they beamed in.

RIKER

Marking beam-out position.
Return transport: fourteen
minutes, forty seconds.

Worf and Riker light their palm beacons... beams of light shoot out... it doesn't help a lot.

RIKER

Your view any better, Geordi?

GEORDI

(adjusting his VISOR)
Not too bad, sir. A lot of
charged-particle precipitation,
but I can compensate.

WORF

Communicators are dysfunctional.

RIKER

Tricorders?

WORF

Readings only valid within five
meters.

GEORDI

(re: his tricorder)
I'm not so sure of that... I'm
reading Worf as an unintelligent
life form.

5 CONTINUED:

Worf shoots Geordi a look.

RIKER
Good thing we didn't bring
Data... we would've been
unscrambling his circuits for a
week...

As they move from the beam down position... Geordi
reacts to something he sees...

6. GEORDI'S VISOR POV - (OPTICAL)

picking up objects that have a different molecular
reading than the ground cover...

GEORDI (O.S.)
Picking up something on the
positron scan, Commander.

7 EXT. GALORNDON SURFACE

Geordi takes the point...

GEORDI
Over here. Some electrically
conductive objects.

Moving with them as they begin to encounter pieces of
wreckage from a small landing craft, badly destroyed...
Riker looks down at some, reacts as he sees familiar
markings.

RIKER
Recognize the markings, Worf?

WORF
Yessir. Romulan.

RIKER
I wonder what the hell they were
doing in a Federation sector.

GEORDI
I'm picking up traces of ultritium
residue with my VISOR, Commander.
An explosive device must've been
used to destroy the craft after
it crashed.

7 CONTINUED:

They exchange a look. That means survivors. They draw phasers.

RIKER

Spread out... twenty five meter
radius... our window back closes
in nine minutes...

7 CONTINUED:

They spread out. Moving with Geordi as he continues to follow --

8 ANOTHER ANGLE

as the distance between them increases, there is no longer visual contact... Geordi disappears into the storm as Worf comes across a seriously hurt Romulan (PATAHK).

WORF

Commander...

Riker is not visible... likely out of earshot in the wind... Worf bends down, rolls the Romulan on his back. Patahk is MOANING, delirious.

WORF

Commander Riker...

Patahk opens his eyes and sees Worf. He lunges up from the ground, and tries to close his hands around Worf's throat. Worf struggles with the Romulan and succeeds easily in immobilizing the injured man. A moment later, Riker appears, reacts to the sight of the Romulan.

9 WITH GEORDI

moving along the terrain... suddenly without warning, the earth beneath him collapses and...

10 INT. PIT

Geordi falls hard to the ground, splashing in muddy water... his VISOR is flung from his face on impact... he groans, stunned... reaches out, trying to find the VISOR in the puddle, finally touches it... puts it on... wipes it off... sees that he's in a deep pit...

NEW ANGLE

The sky raging in a small opening many feet overhead... The walls are slick and muddy -- not rocky... there's no way back up.

11 CONTINUED:

GEORDI
(yelling)
COMMANDER RIKER... Worf... HEY
UP THERE...

12 RIKER AND Worf

can't hear him. They are supporting the Romulan...
moving him back to the beam-out spot.

Worf
Four minutes to beam-up, sir.

Riker tries to see through the storm... it's
impossible...

RIKER
Where is he? Wait here...

He moves into the storm, quickly disappearing...

13 GEORDI

trying his communicator, knowing it doesn't work...

GEORDI
La Forge to Riker... La Forge to
Worf...
(yelling up again)
HEY...

He tries to climb... the walls are wet and slippery...
he only succeeds in bringing more mud sliding down on
top of him...

14 RIKER

moving through the storm... it's getting worse...

RIKER
GEORDI...

15 Worf AND PATAHK (OPTICAL)

Worf kneeling on one leg... the Romulan is barely
clinging to consciousness.

15 CONTINUED:

Worf, knowing time is running out, looks out into the fog... sees Riker returning alone... they exchange a look that says Geordi's lost. With a burst of determination, Worf rises and starts to move away into the storm to find Geordi...

RIKER

(sharply)

Lieutenant Worf, maintain your position.

Worf reluctantly obeys. A moment later all three DEMATERIALIZE. HOLD on the wind-swept wasteland as the fierce electrical storm takes hold.

16 INT. CAVERN

Geordi looks up and no longer bothers yelling. He knows it's useless. As we push into his face...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

16A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

In orbit around Galorndon Core, an electromagnetically shrouded planet, obscured by fierce storms and wildly erratic arcs of jagged electricity.

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, Stardate 43349.2.
An unidentified distress signal
has led to the discovery of a
crashed Romulan vessel on the
surface of Galorndon Core, a
Federation planet.

17 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Much activity... the Romulan being examined by
BEVERLY... MEDICAL SUPERNUMERARIES arriving with a
gurney...

PICARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

We have recovered one survivor.
Lieutenant Commander La Forge
did not report back with the away
team and is still missing on the
surface.

BEVERLY

Get him to Sickbay.

Worf observes... ordering SECURITY GUARDS to follow

--

WORF

Secure Sickbay. Post guards in
visual contact at all times.

Reacting, on the move --

BEVERLY

He's not going anywhere,
Lieutenant.

Worf doesn't waver, nods to the security personnel to
follow the medical team... as they do, they pass PICARD
who arrives... moves to Riker who is with O'BRIEN at
his console...

17 CONTINUED:

O'Brien trying in vain to find some trace of Geordi in the transporter scan.

O'BRIEN
I'm sorry, Commander... There's just no way to lock in on anything down there...

RIKER
(controlled)
Keep trying, Mister O'Brien.

O'BRIEN
(shakes his head, useless)
The electrical storms are creating thousands of ghosts...

RIKER
(sharp)
Then beam some of the ghosts up here... one of them may be La Forge.
(sees Picard)
Request permission to lead another away team...

PICARD
Denied.
(off his look)
When we get another window in the storms.

Riker acknowledges, collects himself.

PICARD
The crash site?

Moving out into...

18. INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Walking...

RIKER
The Romulan craft's a total loss. There's nothing there to salvage -- unless we do it with tweezers.

18 CONTINUED:

PICARD
No sign of others...

RIKER
(shakes his head)
We could barely see two meters
in front of us down there...

PICARD
It certainly is the last place
one would expect a Romulan
encroachment.
(speculating)
On the other hand, Galorndon Core
would provide ideal cover for an
opening move of a new offensive.

RIKER
(agrees)
I doubt they were there for the
climate.

19 EXT. GALORNDON SURFACE

Emphasizing his point... the storm is continuing to
build.

20 INT. PIT

Geordi is closely examining the muddy walls around
him...

21 HIS VISOR/POV (OPTICAL)

His scan reveals a substance buried in the wall that
has a different quality to it than the surrounding
soil...

22 INT. PIT

Geordi reacts, burrows the mud away to reveal --

23 INSERT - A SILVER ORE-LIKE SUBSTANCE

24 INT. PIT (OPTICAL)

Geordi examines it... begins to pull more dirt off the wall, giving himself something of a work-table... using the mud to shape a rough mold... he takes small bits of ore out of the vein, puts them into his mold, uses his phaser to melt them... steam erupts as it turns into hot liquid in the cold mud... and as it collects in the mold, we can see he is creating a short, sharp pole...

25 INT. SICKBAY

Beverly is with Picard and Riker... as they observe life-saving measures being taken with the Romulan.

BEVERLY

We thought it would be like working on a Vulcan, but there are subtle differences... too many of them...

PICARD

Can you treat him?

BEVERLY

He has cell damage in vital areas... He's going to need a transfusion of compatible ribosomes in order to recover. I'm setting up a schedule to test every member of the crew.

RIKER

Will he survive?

BEVERLY

I can't answer that yet.

RIKER

Let me put it another way -- will he survive long enough to tell us what he was doing here?

Beverly reacts.

PICARD

It is an important consideration, Doctor.

25 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

I can't put his life in any
additional jeopardy...

25 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

Nor would we ask you to.

BEVERLY

I can bring him around for a few minutes...

As she prepares an injection...

BEVERLY

There is one serious complication. His brainwaves indicate early neural-pathway degeneration.

RIKER

A head injury?

BEVERLY

(shakes her head, no)

There was no obvious cranial trauma. I'm guessing the exposure to the magnetic fields on the surface was slowly breaking down his synaptic connections.

Picard and Riker exchange a glance.

RIKER

Will it affect Geordi the same way?

She nods, concerned... Gives the injection to Patahk who stirs. As he awakens, Picard observes as Riker moves closer to the Romulan. Patahk is in clear discomfort.

RIKER

You are aboard the Federation Starship Enterprise.

(Patahk reacts)

We are treating your injuries. How long were you on Galorndon Core?

(he does not answer)

Do you understand me?

PATAHK

I will not answer questions.

RIKER

We must know if there are any other survivors on the surface.

25 CONTINUED: (3)

PATAHK

I am alone. I will not answer
any questions.

RIKER

Is there a mother ship we should
advise of your condition?

The Romulan closes his eyes and drifts back into
unconsciousness. Beverly signals that's it... Riker
joins Picard who has heard...

PICARD

The only answer he offers is that
he was alone...

RIKER

... which suggests he wasn't.

26 INT. PIT - GEORDI'S FACE STRAINING

and then...

27 NEW ANGLE

to see he is halfway up the side of the pit... using
two of his "spike" tools in each hand to poke into the
earth, pulling himself up, inch by inch... the howling
of the wind above... crashing thunder... flickering of
lightning...

28 HIS FEET

are almost useless, slipping on the sides...

29 INT. PIT - GEORDI

as he grits his teeth and raises himself another notch
and...

30 EXT. GALORNDON SURFACE

Geordi's arm reaches over and drives a stake in the
ground... pulls himself up and out, exhausted...

31 OMITTED

32 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Worf, Beverly, TROI, WESLEY and DATA.
Picking up in mid-conversation...

RIKER

Something that can cut through
the storm... to give us some way
to signal him...

Wesley has an idea...

WESLEY

A neutrino pulse...

They turn to him...

WESLEY

We could build a portable neutrino
source and send it in a probe to
the surface. It would be like
a beacon.

Picard glances at Data for a reaction.

DATA

A neutrino pulse would send
non-charged particles back up
through the atmosphere... and
would be detectable by Geordi's
VISOR.

WESLEY

He'll be able to show us that he's
found it by modifying the
pulse...

PICARD

(nods to Wesley)
Make it so.

Wesley moves from his position and EXITS. Data has
something new on his sensors...

32 CONTINUED:

DATA

Captain, I have a new transmission
on a parallel frequency to the
distress call...

PICARD

From the planet?

DATA

No sir... from inside the Romulan
Zone. We should be able to view
the transmission.

PICARD

On screen.

33 ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER - ROMULAN READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

as the image of TOMALAK, a Romulan commander, appears.

TOMALAK

Tomalak to Pi.

(a beat)

We have received your distress
signal. Respond.

(a beat)

If you can hear me, we are
entering the Neutral Zone now...
We will reach you in six hours.

The transmission ends. The viewscreen goes back to
the starfield. On reactions...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

34 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

35 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

As before.

PICARD
Mister Worf, hail the Romulan
vessel.

WORF
Frequency open, sir.

Picard addresses the viewscreen.

PICARD
Romulan vessel. This is Captain
Jean-Luc Picard of the Federation
Starship Enterprise.

There is a long beat and no response.

WORF
The frequency is open, sir.

PICARD
Commander Tomalak, we have
intercepted your transmission.
You are not to enter Federation
space.

Finally, the screen comes to life and Tomalak
appears... he is cool, almost cordial.

TOMALAK
Captain Picard, my apologies.
If I had known you were in this
sector, I certainly would have
advised you before crossing the
Neutral Zone.

PICARD
(dry)
Really...

35 CONTINUED:

TOMALAK

I'm sure you'll understand when I explain. Simply, one of our ships had a slight navigational error and apparently crashed on Galorndon Core.

PICARD

A "slight" navigational error. Nearly half a light year past the Neutral Zone.

TOMALAK

I assure you, Captain, no aggression was intended.

PICARD

Commander, we have recovered one of your survivors.

Tomalak's poker face barely reacts... but there's a blink if you catch it.

TOMALAK

He is on board your ship?

PICARD

We are treating him for severe injuries.

TOMALAK

And his craft?

PICARD

(pointed)

Destroyed... deliberately... after the crash.

TOMALAK

(shrugs)

Standard procedure for all Romulan crews.

PICARD

For all Romulan crews in enemy space... which would suggest they knew where they were, Commander.

35 CONTINUED: (2)

TOMALAK

(disagrees)

If I were lost and uncertain, I would not take any chances. Nor I suspect would you, Captain. May I speak to him?

PICARD

He is not conscious... and not well enough to leave Sickbay.

BEVERLY

Captain, with your permission...

Picard nods. She looks to the viewscreen --

BEVERLY

I am Doctor Crusher, the medical officer. We are doing everything we can for him and it still may not be enough. Any medical guidance your ship's doctor can offer...

TOMALAK

(patronizing)

My dear, there is no way to talk you through the intricacies of Romulan medicine. His life is in your hands.

And it is clear that Tomalak is using this "responsibility" as a diplomatic weapon.

TOMALAK

(to Picard)

I assume that you are prepared to leave at once and rendezvous with me in the Neutral Zone.

35 CONTINUED: (3)

PICARD

I have an away team on the surface. We are waiting for a window in the storm to beam them back.

Tomalak considers that...

TOMALAK

And then you will return my officer?

Picard is not yet prepared to discuss that issue. Instead...

PICARD

Are there any other Romulans we should be looking to recover from Galorndon Core... ?

TOMALAK

No. It was a one-man craft.

(beat, cool)

Captain, we will be at the Federation border of the Neutral Zone in roughly five hours. We will expect you to rendezvous at that time.

The Main Viewer switches back to the starfield.

36 ON PICARD

turning to Troi.

PICARD

Counselor?

TROI

There is great hostility behind his smile, Captain. To complete his mission, he will stop at nothing.

RIKER

Including the Neutral Zone border?

36 CONTINUED:

WORF

Sir, I see no reason to return the Romulan to his ship. He should be held and interrogated.

RIKER

We do have a right to detain him, Captain.

PICARD

Without clear evidence of intent, it would not be a simple matter.

RIKER

(disagreeing)

This was obviously not pilot's error, Captain... it requires a response from us.

PICARD

(acknowledges)

We must measure the response carefully, Number One. Or history may remember Galorndon Core alongside Pearl Harbor and Station Salem-One... as the stage for a bloody preamble to war.

37 EXT. SHELTERED AREA (OPTICAL)

Geordi pushes into a crevice offering slim protection from the furious storm... rests out of breath... He is cold and hungry... rubbing his hands together for heat... sees some (basketball-sized) rocks on the ground... leans down to pick one up... and misses it off to the left. He reacts...

GEORDI

What the hell... ?

He tries it again, comes down wrong again. Geordi removes his VISOR, presses a tiny button on the inside of it. After a beat, the VISOR BEEPS softly. Geordi shrugs, puts it back on. As he tries again, this time he methodically adjusts...

37 CONTINUED:

GEORDI
About five degrees off... huh.
The water maybe... ?

He shakes his head -- nothing to be done here and now.
He rolls a few rocks into a pile... uses his phaser
to heat them up... sits next to the rocks to get warm.

38 INT. SICKBAY

Medical supernumeraries are taking DNA (TECH) samples
from several crew members who have reported for
testing... moving to find Beverly examining the
Romulan's life signs and is not encouraged... to a
medical supernumerary --

BEVERLY
I want him off all the drugs...
they aren't doing anything...
(keys insignia)
Doctor Crusher to Picard.

INTERCUT:

39 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Worf, Data and supernumeraries...

PICARD
Go ahead.

BEVERLY
My patient is not responding to
treatment.

PICARD
You haven't found a compatible
ribosome donor?

BEVERLY
The lab is still processing the
tests... early results indicate
humans have far too many
biorejection factors. I've also
ruled out the Vulcans we've
tested.

In the background, Wesley ENTERS the bridge.

39 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

(continuing)

We'll try a little old-fashioned
country medicine... keep the
fever down, try to let the body
heal itself...

PICARD

Keep me advised. Picard out.

Staying on the bridge...

WESLEY

Captain, the neutrino beacon is
operational. We've placed it
aboard a class three probe.

PICARD

Well done, Ensign.

(to Worf)

Launch the probe.

Worf makes it march --

40 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

FIRING the probe. (STOCK photon torpedo)

41 OMITTED

42 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

As before. Wesley has returned to Conn.

WORF

Probe has entered the atmosphere,
sir.

DATA

The neutrino stream is coming in
strongly. Sensors are tracking
the probe despite the
interference.

43 EXT. SHELTERED AREA

Geordi is sitting by the hot rocks when he senses something in the distance... something we can't see...

44 ANGLE - INCLUDE THE HORIZON

To our naked eye, there's nothing there. But...

45 GEORDI

reacts to something he sees, stands...

GEORDI

This better not be another malfunction...

46 HIS POV - (OPTICAL)

His VISOR reveals the staccato beacon of light from the neutrino beam... quite a distance away.

GEORDI (O.S.)

A stationary neutrino source...

47 GEORDI

Hope fills his face...

GEORDI

(smiles)

Wesley Crusher.

He moves out into the muck...

48 EXT. GALORNDON SURFACE

Geordi moving through the storm along the rocky hillside toward the neutrino beam... as he moves forward...

49 ANGLE

to find two feet moving out from cover... coming up quickly behind him and a HARD THUD sound... and Geordi falls into frame unconscious by the feet... and tilt up to see another Romulan (BOCHRA) looking down at him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

50 EXT. GALORNDON SURFACE

The wind is getting stronger. Geordi, dazed, gets to his knees, shakes his head to clear it. As sense returns, he instinctively reaches for his phaser. It's gone -- as are his tricorder and communicator. Geordi looks up:

51 ON THE ROMULAN

BOCHRA is standing a few meters away, holding Geordi's tricorder and insignia in one hand -- and training a phaser on him with the other. The wind grows more furious. The Romulan does not look entirely well.

BOCHRA

You are my prisoner.

Geordi looks at him -- big deal.

GEORDI

Right. Congratulations.
Certainly, a strategic triumph
for the Romulan Empire.

Geordi starts to stand. Bochra waves the phaser.

BOCHRA

Stay there.

GEORDI

My shoes are getting full of
sand... I just hate that, don't
you? You think we could just
maybe move outta the...

BOCHRA

(interrupting)

How many other Federation troops
are with you?

FLASH of lightning. Wind stronger still. Geordi will not offer any "military" information, sidesteps the question.

51 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

We just stopped by to rescue you,
big fella... which I'm still
willing to do if you'll put that
down...

51 CONTINUED: (2)

Bochra holds it steady...

GEORDI

Or we can just stand here and take
in the view...

BOCHRA

Your name and rank.

GEORDI

Lieutenant Commander Geordi La
Forge. I don't believe I caught
yours... ?

BOCHRA

A Romulan ship will arrive
shortly... you will accompany me
on board...

GEORDI

Uh, I really don't think that's
gonna happen, Ensign... or is it
Commodore...

(a beat, Bochra doesn't
react)

Yeah, see... we heard your message
too... and well, the fleet's in,
Commodore. Sky's full of
Federation ships.

BOCHRA

You're lying.

GEORDI

I never lie when I've got sand
in my shoes, Commodore.

BOCHRA

Get up.

The wind is swirling dangerously now. Bochra gestures
for Geordi to start walking toward a cave (where he
was hiding). Geordi stands, but doesn't move.

GEORDI

Seriously. There's only one way
out of here. Put that down and
I'll take you back to my ship as
soon as there's a window in the
storm...

51 CONTINUED: (3)

But now a hurricane force gust of blinding wind virtually knocks them down... Geordi scrambles to his feet, sees Bochra still struggling on the ground... as rocks, loosened by the wind, start falling from the cliff above all around them... one strikes the Romulan's leg... Geordi doesn't hesitate, he pulls the Romulan to safety.

52
thru OMITTED
53

54 INT. GALORNDON CAVE

as Geordi and Bochra ENTER. Bochra raises a hand -- "I can manage" -- limps over to a rock, sits down. Geordi looks out at the storm, then turns to see Bochra is once again levelling a phaser at him.

GEORDI
You gotta be kidding.

Bochra isn't kidding.

BOCHRA
Sit.

Bochra motions for Geordi to move away from the cave mouth and cross to a spot where Bochra's between Geordi and the cave mouth. As Geordi complies, sits down and takes the shoe off...

GEORDI
(to himself)
Welcome to Galorndon Core, where
no good deed goes unpunished...

... and lets the sand fall out.

55 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Lieutenant, I understand your feelings about the Romulans. But this is not the time or place...

WORF

If you had seen them kill your parents, you would understand, Doctor. It is always the time and place for those feelings.

BEVERLY

This Romulan did not kill your parents. And you are the only one who can save his life.

WORF

(beat)

Then he will die.

He stands and EXITS. Beverly is flabbergasted.

TIME CUT:

56 INT. READY ROOM

Beverly sits with Picard trying to enlist his aid.

BEVERLY

I don't need him to like the idea, Captain... just to do it.

PICARD

There is no alternative?

BEVERLY

The alternative is the Romulan will die. Worf is quite correct on that point.

Picard stands, thoughtful.

PICARD

We need him alive...

(beat)

It is easy to forget that our Lieutenant Worf is not human. His values are very different from yours and mine.

56 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Of course they are. But he is
also an officer of Starfleet...
and this is...

PICARD

... this is a personal matter...

BEVERLY

It's very personal, Captain.
Especially to the Romulan who's
dying in my Sickbay. Maybe he
has a family waiting for him to
come home.

Picard studies her.

BEVERLY

Worf is a good man. I know with
a word of encouragement from you
he will do the right thing.

A long beat.

PICARD

(you mean)
Order him.
BEVERLY
Encourage him.

PICARD

(uncomfortable)
A captain's encouragement is
difficult to refuse, Doctor.
(beat)
And difficult to offer to a man
whose feelings run so deep.

BEVERLY

Even if it means the life of the
Romulan?

Picard's expression is pained. He is torn by his
respect for this woman, his need to respect Worf's
beliefs, his own personal feelings. Slowly,
regretfully, he shakes his head.

PICARD

I must respect his personal
views... even if I do not share
them. He will have to live with
the consequences of his decision.

56 CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY
We will all have to.

56 CONTINUED: (2)

He and Beverly share a last long look. She is not happy. She EXITS. Picard looks somberly after her.

57 INT. GALORNDON CAVE

Bochra and Geordi sit facing one another. Bochra's posture is ramrod-straight as he keeps his phaser levelled at Geordi. But he seems oddly overheated for the cold environment. Geordi, however, has made himself as comfortable as possible, reclining and putting his feet up -- a small show of rebellion.

GEORDI

I wish you'd put that away.

BOCHRA

(smug)

You're afraid of dying.

GEORDI

("are you stupid?")

You bet I am. Who isn't?

BOCHRA

I'm not.

GEORDI

Right.

BOCHRA

To die in the service of my people...

GEORDI

Ah, the Romulan path to glory.

Such irreverence. Bochra starts to boil, then gets control of himself. No sense letting a lowly human get your goat.

BOCHRA

You can be sarcastic -- now. But in a few millennia, when humans are extinct and the Romulan Empire spans the galaxy...

GEORDI

(genuinely curious)

You really believe that stuff, don't you, Commodore?

57 CONTINUED:

BOCHRA

Our culture is far older and wiser than yours. It's inevitable that we will prevail.

GEORDI

Well, if you're that sure of yourselves, why be so tight-lipped? You won't even tell me your name.

BOCHRA

I see no need to tell you.

GEORDI

Why? Is it a military secret or something? I've told you mine.

(shrugs)

Okay, Commodore... whatever you say.

Bochra bristles. Geordi pretends not to notice.

BOCHRA

You may address me as Centurion Bochra.

GEORDI

Ahh. Bochra. Good, solid Romulan name. And you're a centurion. Well, stay with it, you'll be a commodore someday.

Bochra starts to react, realizes Geordi's deliberately trying to get a rise out of him, decides two can play at this game. Unruffled, Bochra replies:

BOCHRA

I'm not certain of the equivalent Federation rank... but I do know it's higher than lieutenant commander.

Geordi can't help a grin. Good shot. Bochra's head weaves momentarily as though he's dizzy.

GEORDI

What's the matter?

BOCHRA

Nothing.

57 CONTINUED: (2)

GEORDI

Wrong. Your heart rate just shot
way up.

Bochra can't help his curiosity, looks at Geordi --
How can you tell? Geordi taps his VISOR in response.

GEORDI

It translates a wide range of
radiation into neural impulses.
Allows me to see.

BOCHRA

Without it, you are blind?

GEORDI

Yes...

BOCHRA

How did this happen?

GEORDI

I was born that way.

BOCHRA

(honestly doesn't
understand)

And your parents let you live?

Geordi's stunned.

GEORDI

What kind of question is that?
Of course they let me live.

Bochra shakes his head. Humans are strange.

BOCHRA

No wonder your race is weak. You
waste time and resources on
defective children...

That pushes Geordi's button.

GEORDI

Defective? Listen, Commodore --
I'm a chief engineer in Starfleet.
You don't get there by being
defective.

57 CONTINUED: (3)

BOCHRA

But if you can't see...

GEORDI

I can see things you can't even
imagine.

57 CONTINUED: (3)

Geordi turns to look out in the direction of the neutrino beacon...

57A HIS POV (OPTICAL)

He sees the neutrino beam through the storm... but suddenly the vision goes haywire.

57B GEORDI

reacts...

GEORDI

Whoa...

Bochra looks on with fascination as Geordi removes his VISOR and presses the tiny button inside. The VISOR BEEPS back.

GEORDI

(to Bochra)

I'm having some sort of polarity shift. The diagnostic insists everything's fine...

Geordi replaces his VISOR over his eyes, looks at Bochra with concern.

GEORDI

(continuing)

Your body temperature's gone up another full degree...

BOCHRA

(giving nothing away)

What are you saying?

GEORDI

It's this place... All that electromagnetic soup is playing hell with our nervous systems. Your metabolism's messed up... so's my interface with the VISOR.

Geordi starts to get to his feet.

57B CONTINUED:

GEORDI
(continuing)
We've got to get out of here
while we still can.

Bochra raises the phaser -- "don't move." Geordi
freezes.

BOCHRA
Sit down.

GEORDI
Bochra...

Bochra wavers. He's feeling dizzy, short of breath,
feverish -- but is trying not to let it show. Maybe
Geordi's telling the truth -- but Bochra can't bring
himself to trust him.

BOCHRA
(deliberate)
Sit down.

Reluctantly, Geordi sits down...

58 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Troi, Worf, Wesley, Data. Wesley is
monitoring the neutrino probe... a concerned look on
his face. Riker, impatient for a sign, glances over
Wes' shoulder, sighs... a shiver in the signal makes
him react... he looks at Wesley who shakes his head...

RIKER
What's that?

WESLEY
Just a background fluctuation,
Commander... he hasn't found it
yet.

RIKER
Then he must be hurt... or dead.
(beat)
How long before another window,
Data?

DATA
There are none indicated,
Commander. I have no way to
predict.

58 CONTINUED:

WORF

Incoming Romulan transmission,
Captain.

Picard and Riker exchange a look.

RIKER

They're early.

DATA

(agrees)

The Romulan warbird should still
be twenty-nine minutes away from
the edge of the Neutral Zone.

PICARD

Close enough, however, to see
we're not there.

(to Worf)

On screen.

59 ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER - ROMULAN READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

Tomalak speaks from his command chair.

TOMALAK

Picard, I'm approaching the
Federation border and the
Enterprise is not to be found.
Why?

Picard doesn't like Tomalak's attitude, but he
maintains his composure.

PICARD

My away team has not been able
to leave the surface because of
the storms.

TOMALAK

And my officer?

PICARD

He is alive.

TOMALAK

His life remains in jeopardy?

PICARD

Yes.

Include Worf.

TOMALAK

And yet you will still not permit
me to cross into your precious
Federation space to retrieve
him...

Picard feels himself being maneuvered into a defensive
position. He knows he's escalating the stakes when
he responds...

PICARD

If the point hasn't been made
clearly, Commander, let me make
it again.

(MORE)

59 CONTINUED:

PICARD (Cont'd)

Romulan warships do not enter
Federation space unless they are
prepared to do battle.

TOMALAK

But a mission of mercy...

PICARD

A mission to recover one of your
officers who was caught on a
Federation planet. For reasons
still unknown...

TOMALAK

I have already explained that.

PICARD

And I have rejected your
explanation.

TOMALAK

Territories... you would measure
territories against a man's life?

Picard does not at all like being in this position. He
takes the only posture he can.

PICARD

Commander, your singular concern
for a life is impressive. Do
not risk any more lives by leaving
the Neutral Zone. Picard out.

The screen returns to starfield. Picard is really
furious with the way this is going. He turns and
cannot help exchanging a glance with Worf. As he EXITS
to the Ready Room.

60 OMITTED

61 INT. GALORNDON CAVE

The SOUND of the storm outside has abated. Bochra's definitely not a well Romulan; he's sweating, and his hands have developed a slight tremble. He is clearly much further along in his deterioration than Geordi. But he never takes his eyes -- or the phaser -- off Geordi.

GEORDI

Bochra, you're in bad shape.

Bochra doesn't respond.

GEORDI

My vision's getting worse.
There's a beacon out there...
it'll get us back to my ship...
but not if I can't find it.

Bochra shakes his head.

BOCHRA

I can't surrender to the
Federation.

GEORDI

Then stay here and die.

Bochra looks inquisitively at Geordi, trying to understand this human.

61 CONTINUED:

BOCHRA

If the situation were reversed...
would you not die to avoid
capture?

Geordi takes a beat to consider.

GEORDI

I don't know. I might... if I
thought it was necessary. If the
stakes were high enough.

(a beat)

But they'd have to be pretty damn
high.

Bochra thinks this over. Maybe he's considering just
how high -- or low -- the stakes are in his case.

GEORDI

(continuing)

Guess I'd make a pretty lousy
Romulan, huh... ?

BOCHRA

I no more wish to die than you
do.

GEORDI

(a smile)

You mean Romulans aren't always
ready to sacrifice themselves on
command?

BOCHRA

No more than humans are frail,
weak-willed children without any
conception of loyalty or duty.

They exchange a weak grin. Geordi tests his vision;
it's getting worse.

GEORDI

Bochra -- there are times when
dying for one's ideals is
necessary.

(a beat)

Do you believe this is one of
those times?

Bochra agonizes, makes up his mind, gets to his feet
-- and lowers the phaser. Geordi nods in
acknowledgement of what that cost Bochra.

61 CONTINUED: (2)

GEORDI
Let's find that beacon.

They start toward the entrance.

62 NEW ANGLE

as Geordi stumbles over a rock, gropes for the walls of
the cave.

BOCHRA
What is it?

Geordi holds his VISOR to his forehead with both hands.

GEORDI
Everything's gone blank.
(a beat)
I'm blind.

Geordi takes off the VISOR, revealing his white,
sightless eyes.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

62A INT. CORRIDOR

Worf approaches a cabin door, considers a beat, then rings the bell.

RIKER'S VOICE

Come.

The door opens to Riker's quarters and Worf ENTERS.

63 INT. RIKER'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Riker is in his quarters studying territorial maps on his computer screen. Worf ENTERS, stops...

WORF

You are busy. Forgive my intrusion.

He starts to leave... Riker stops him with...

63 CONTINUED:

RIKER

For what it's worth, I understand
your bitterness.

Worf stops, turns...

WORF

With respect, sir... you cannot.
(beat)

I am asked to give up the very
lifeblood of my mother, of my
father, to those who murdered
them.

RIKER

Must you blame all Romulans for
that?

WORF

Yes.

RIKER

Forever, Worf?

(Worf thinks deeply)

What if the Federation should make
peace with the Romulans someday...

WORF

Impossible.

RIKER

Not long ago, your people said
the same thing about humans.

Worf reacts.

RIKER

And so many on both sides died
in that war. How could you and
I be here now... like this...
if we were unable to let go of
the anger, the blame.

(beat)

When does it end, Worf? If the
Romulan dies, does his family
carry the bitterness forward
another generation?

WORF

Then you believe I should.

63 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER

What I believe doesn't matter.

WORF

My Starfleet training tells me
one thing. Everything I am tells
me another.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE

Lieutenant Worf, report to
Sickbay.

63 CONTINUED: (3)

WORF
Acknowledged.

Worf and Riker exchange a look. Then he EXITS.

64 INT. SICKBAY

CLOSE on Patahk in the biobed, MUTTERING in semiconsciousness.

65 ANGLE ON THE DOOR

as Worf ENTERS and stays at the door. Beverly crosses to him. Worf looks suspiciously over at Patahk, then at Beverly. Calmly, softly --

BEVERLY
Lieutenant, his life is coming
to an end. I thought it important
for you to see him again.

Worf studies him... perhaps begins to turn...

BEVERLY
It is not too late to change your
mind.

They exchange a long look and she leaves him with the Romulan...

66 ANGLE - OVER HIS SHOULDER

Patahk's eyes open slightly and sees Worf. Hatred succeeds in awakening him even more.

PATAHK
Come close to me, Klingon. Let
me die with my hands at your
throat.

Worf just stares at him. Patahk trembles, has to force his body back under his control.

66 CONTINUED:

Worf pulls away from his instinctive reaction, desperately wants to find a way to make this okay. We should see the two sides of him pulling back and forth.

WORF

I am the only one who can keep you alive.

PATAHK

You?

WORF

There is a substance within my cells which you need to survive...

Patahk grins weakly... with irony.

PATAHK

You have come to hear me beg for my life.

WORF

(beat)

No.

Is an appreciation of warriors who can respect each other as enemies beginning here? Patahk looks up at him through weakening eyes... reaches up with a wavering hand and takes Worf by the wrist, tries to speak, pull himself up, cannot... Worf leans over to hear what he has to say.

PATAHK

(whispers)

I would rather die than pollute my body with Klingon filth.

Worf reacts as the Romulan grins, leans back. Worf EXITS past Beverly without looking at her.

67 INT. GALORNDON CAVE

A dejected Geordi examines his VISOR with his touch. Bochra is lying back now, weaker... The diagnostic BEEP is emitted, signalling all is okay with the VISOR itself.

BOCHRA

I have lost almost all feeling
in my legs.

Geordi looks at him with concern...

GEORDI

My synapses must be turning to
jelly. The VISOR's fine, but I
can't see a thing.

BOCHRA

How do we locate the beacon?

GEORDI

We don't.

Another thin smile from Bochra.

BOCHRA

Do all humans give up so easily?

Geordi smiles in return.

67 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

Are all Romulans so pushy?
Bochra, we're lost... unless
you've got something that can
smell neutrinos.

Bochra picks up Geordi's tricorder.

BOCHRA

We have the sensor device you were
carrying.

GEORDI

My tricorder? It isn't set up
to detect neutrinos.

BOCHRA

But your eye device does. Connect
them.

GEORDI

That's crazy. They don't speak
the same language. I'd never get
an accurate sampling...

(stops; maybe it's not
so crazy)

But, then, I don't need an
accurate sampling. I just need
a pointer... a neutrino Geiger
counter.

Geordi considers the problem, then sinks back into
dejection.

GEORDI

(continuing)

Still not possible.

BOCHRA

You cannot do it?

GEORDI

Under normal circumstances, maybe.
Here, no way.

BOCHRA

Why?

67 CONTINUED: (2)

GEORDI

Because I can't see. Adapting
the neural output pods of the
VISOR is tricky work. It can't
be done by "touch."

Bochra is not to be dissuaded:

BOCHRA

Then I'll be your eyes.

On Geordi's reaction...

68 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Data, Worf.

DATA

The storm is beginning to subside,
Captain... we should have a
window in less than an hour...

RIKER

Still no indication he's found
the beacon, sir...

PICARD

(to Riker)

Assemble an away team...

RIKER

(moving with purpose)

Yes, sir...

But before Riker can leave...

WORF

(interrupting)

Captain... the Romulan warship
has crossed the Neutral Zone
border. It is in Federation space
and heading toward us.

PICARD

Stand by, Number One.

(quietly)

Red Alert.

68 CONTINUED:

As RED ALERT SOUNDS, we --

69 OMITTED

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

70 INT. GALORNDON CAVE

CLOSE ON Bochra's hand shaking badly as he tries to make some final delicate adjustments on the tricorder/VISOR.

GEORDI (V.O.)

... make sure the scan select limiter matches the VISOR output range.

BOCHRA

Not so fast...

71 WIDER

to see Bochra, exhausted, complete the task. Geordi is behind him, guiding him through the operation.

BOCHRA

Done.

GEORDI

Now close the case and place the neural output pods in contact with the tricorder scanner heads.

Bochra closes up the tricorder then places the VISOR around it.

BOCHRA

Ready.

GEORDI

Let her rip.

Bochra pans the area with the unit. As he scans, the tricorder/VISOR suddenly emits a series of faint BEEPS.

BOCHRA

(excited)

Bearing three-five-zero.

GEORDI

We did it! The first Federation-Romulan co-venture.

71 CONTINUED:

A brief moment of shared jubilation -- then they remember they're supposed to be enemies, and return to the task at hand. More somber:

71 CONTINUED: (2)

BOCHRA

The storm may be breaking.

GEORDI

With any luck an electromagnetic window will be opening up and we can get out of here.

BOCHRA

At which point I'll be your prisoner.

They exchange a look -- best not to look too far ahead. Geordi puts his hand on Bochra's shoulder.

GEORDI

Can you walk?

BOCHRA

I don't know...

Geordi helps him to his feet... Bochra leans on him for support... Bochra provides the vision for them both.

BOCHRA

Straight ahead...

72 INT. READY ROOM

Picard seated. Worf ENTERS.

WORF

You wished to see me, Captain.

PICARD

Yes, Lieutenant.

(a beat)

I assume you know what this is about...

Worf nods.

PICARD

The Romulan ship will reach us within the hour, Lieutenant. If our patient dies... it may be just the excuse the Romulan commander needs to start an incident. The death of a Romulan officer at the hands of the Federation! Think of it.

72 CONTINUED:

WORF

I have, Captain.

PICARD

(acknowledges)

There is no question that this
Romulan is more valuable to us
alive than dead, Lieutenant.

72 CONTINUED: (2)

WORF

I understand.

Picard chooses his next words carefully.

PICARD

Sometimes the moral obligations
of command are less than clear.
I weigh the good of the many
against the needs of the
individual... and try to balance
them as realistically as possible.
God knows I don't always succeed.

WORF

I have not had cause to complain,
Captain.

PICARD

(with appreciation)

You wouldn't complain even if you
had cause, Lieutenant.

WORF

If you order me to agree to the
transfusion, I will, of course,
obey.

Picard turns to him.

PICARD

I cannot order you. I will not
order you, Lieutenant. But I ask
you. I beg you to volunteer.

WORF

(a beat)

I cannot, Captain.

ON PICARD

PICARD
Lieutenant...

WORF
Sir?

A long beat. Picard nods evenly.

PICARD
Dismissed.

Worf nods, EXITS. After a beat...

PICARD
(keys insignia)
Picard to Doctor Crusher.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
Go ahead.

PICARD
Do not continue to enlist
Lieutenant Worf's assistance.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
I won't have to, Captain. The
Romulan has died.

On Picard's reaction...

74 EXT. GALORNDON SURFACE

The hellish winds have died down and electrical ARCS
are few and far between. Vision is still difficult.

Geordi supports Bochra as they walk, Bochra holding
the BEEPING tricorder/VISOR before him, Geordi
shielding his VISORless eyes.

75 NEW ANGLE

as they come to the probe... barely sticking out of a
crater (virtually impossible to see with the naked
eye).

75 CONTINUED:

Bochra points the tricorder/VISOR down into the crater;
the BEEPS speed up. Pay dirt.

BOCHRA

We've found it.

GEORDI

Now we have to change its signal
pattern so the Enterprise knows
we've found it.

BOCHRA

Will that be difficult?

GEORDI

Not with your help.

75 CONTINUED: (2)

They start down into the crater.

76 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard ENTERS; Riker, Troi, Worf, Data, and Wesley at their stations. RED ALERT continues.

DATA

Scanners show a window, Captain.

PICARD

Estimated duration?

DATA

Nine minutes, forty seconds.

Picard turns to Wesley, who anticipates his question with:

WESLEY

No change in the neutrino beacon signal, sir.

Worf interrupts:

WORF

Romulan ship approaching. Bearing three-fifty-four mark two-eight-seven.

PICARD

On screen.

77 ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER - ROMULAN WARSHIP (OPTICAL)

A Romulan warbird majestically cruises into view.

WORF (O.S.)

Romulan is entering phaser range.

78 CLOSE

as Picard stares at the screen.

78 CONTINUED:

WORF

We are being hailed, sir.

PICARD

On screen.

79 ANGLE ON MAIN SCREEN - ROMULAN READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

Tomalak glares at Picard. Icy formality.

TOMALAK

You have one chance to escape
destruction, Picard. Return my
officer at once.

PICARD

(equally hard)

You have entered Federation space
despite my warning, Commander.

TOMALAK

You forced this situation. I will
not leave without him.

A long beat.

PICARD

He is dead.

Tomalak reacts, controls his rage.

TOMALAK

Then he is but the first to fall,
Picard.

Tomalak cuts off transmission; the starfield with the
Romulan warbird returns to the viewscreen.

WORF

The Romulan ship is routing power
to its forward disruptor array.

79 CONTINUED:

PICARD
All shields to maximum.

WORF
Aye, sir.

PICARD
Lock phasers on target.

WORF
Phasers locked and ready.

A tense silence as everyone braces for a hit.

80 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Wesley reacts to something on his panel.

WESLEY
Captain -- the signal pattern from
the neutrino beacon is modulating.

TROI
Geordi!

RIKER
We can't transport him with our
shields up.

WORF
If we lower our shields, the
Romulan will strike.

DATA
The electromagnetic window on the
planet is closing. Three minutes
remain.

PICARD
Transporter Room. Lock onto the
coordinates of the neutrino beacon
and stand by.

O'BRIEN'S COM VOICE
Standing by, Captain.

80 CONTINUED:

DATA

Captain, the window is allowing intermittent sensor readings... There are still numerous ghost images, but I believe we are picking up two life forms near the beacon...

RIKER

Another Romulan?

DATA

I cannot say. The electromagnetic interference prevents an accurate reading.

PICARD

(mind racing)

But it is a likely hypothesis, Number One. If Mister La Forge located a second survivor...

(to Worf)

Hail the Romulan ship, Lieutenant.

WORF

Aye, sir.

(does so)

They're ignoring our hail, sir.

PICARD

Repeat the hail -- all channels.

(to Riker)

He has no way of knowing how accurate our sensors are... put on your poker face, Number One...

(to Worf)

Open frequency.

81 ON PICARD (OPTICAL)

as he rises, faces the viewscreen.

PICARD

Commander Tomalak. It would appear our away team has rescued a second man from your one man ship.

81 CONTINUED:

A long beat.

PICARD

They are on the surface, ready to beam up. We are preparing to do so.

(beat, a decision)

After which we will return the survivor to you.

A beat.

WORF

No acknowledgement, Captain.

Slow push to Picard.

PICARD

Commander, both our ships are ready to fight. We have two supremely powerful, destructive arsenals at our command. Our next actions will have serious repercussions for both sides.

(a beat)

We have good reason to mistrust one another, Commander, but we have better reasons to set our differences aside. The question, of course, is who will show vulnerability first.

(a beat)

The answer is -- I will. I must lower my shields to transport these men off the planet surface.

Picard crosses and stares at the warbird on the viewscreen.

PICARD

Once the shields are down, you will have an opportunity to open fire. If you do, you will not only destroy the Enterprise and its crew -- but also the cease-fire that the Romulans and the Federation now enjoy.

Picard looks back at Worf.

81 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

Lieutenant, lower the shields.
Leave hailing frequencies open.

Worf takes a deep breath.

WORF

Yes, sir.

Worf then executes the order on his panel.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE (OPTICAL)

as everyone -- even Picard -- half expects a phaser blast at any moment.

PICARD

Mister O'Brien. Transport Mister La Forge and the Romulan directly to the bridge.

O'BRIEN'S COM VOICE

Aye, sir. Energizing.

Geordi and Bochra MATERIALIZE. (Note: Geordi's VISOR is back on his face.) The sight of a Romulan on the bridge sends Worf reaching for his phaser. Riker and Picard exchange a glance. It's like drawing to fill a straight flush.

WORF

Security team to bridge.

PICARD

Belay that order, Lieutenant.
Shields up.

(to Bochra)

No one is going to harm you.

Bochra isn't so convinced; his eyes looking around the room full of enemies.

GEORDI

(to Bochra)

You have my word.

Bochra relaxes a notch. Picard takes this all in, then faces the viewscreen.

PICARD

Well, Commander?

83 ANGLE ON THE VIEWSCREEN - ROMULAN READY ROOM (OPTICAL)

Sure enough, the view of the warbird is replaced with the image of Tomalak. Bochra immediately salutes his Commander. Still looks pretty bad, though he will improve during the scene...

TOMALAK

If he has been in any way mistreated...

83 CONTINUED:

BOCHRA

I have given them no information,
Commander -- but I have not been
mistreated.

(after a look to Geordi)

In fact, this human saved my life.

Picard nods acknowledgment, then turns his attention
back to the screen.

PICARD

Commander, how is it possible you
didn't know of this second
Romulan on Galorndon Core?

Having been caught with his pants down, Tomalak reverts
to his earlier manner -- the unctuous commander worming
his way out of trouble.

TOMALAK

A simple misunderstanding, Captain
Picard. I was obviously
misinformed as to the size of the
craft. I assure you, I intended
no deception.

PICARD

Of course not.

TOMALAK

You doubt my good faith?

PICARD

Let's just say my faith would be
strengthened with a gesture --
such as powering down your
disruptors.

Tomalak nods, pushes a button. A moment later:

83 CONTINUED: (2)

WORF

Disruptors powering down, Captain.

PICARD

Thank you. Cancel Red Alert,
Lieutenant.

As the ship goes off Red Alert, the relief is almost palpable. Picard returns his attention to Tomalak:

PICARD

(continuing)

We will return your officer and
escort your ship back to the
Neutral Zone, Commander.

TOMALAK

That is acceptable.

The view of the warbird returns as Tomalak ceases transmitting.

84 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Picard returns to his chair.

PICARD

Mister La Forge, it's good to have
you back.

GEORDI

(looking at him)

I have Centurion Bochra to thank,
sir.

BOCHRA

Your vision is returning...

GEORDI

Yeah, gradually. Your heart
rate's slowing down.

Bochra and Geordi exchange a we-made-it look.

84 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Mister La Forge, Mister Worf --
escort our guest to Transporter
Room One.

GEORDI

Aye, sir.

Worf and Geordi lead Bochra to the turbolift, EXIT.

84 CONTINUED: (2)

Riker lets out a sigh of relief.

RIKER

Close call.

PICARD

Too close, Number One.
Brinksmanship is a dangerous
game...

85 OMITTED

86 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

O'Brien is behind the console. Beverly supervises two CREWMEMBERS who are placing a coffin on the transporter pad. Worf, Geordi, and Bochra ENTER. Bochra sees the pallet, looks at Beverly. And she says this to Bochra, but all the while gives Worf a scathing look:

BEVERLY

It was not in my power to save
him.

Perhaps a slight stress on the "my" for Worf's benefit. Worf is stiffly silent as Beverly and the two crewmembers EXIT.

87 ON BOCHRA

crossing to the transporter pad -- and his fallen comrade.

BOCHRA

He was a loyal officer.

Bochra somberly takes his place on the pad, nods in salute and farewell to Geordi.

BOCHRA
(continuing)
Lieutenant Commander La Forge.

GEORDI
(returns the nod)
Centurion Bochra.

BOCHRA
You're not what I expected of a
Federation officer.

GEORDI
That's okay; you're not what I
expected of a Romulan, either.
(with a grin)
That's a compliment.

Bochra manages a thin smile. Geordi nods a final
goodbye and...

88 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

Geordi signals O'Brien, who energizes; Bochra and the
pallet DEMATERIALIZE.

88A GEORDI AND O'BRIEN

GEORDI
That's the way to fight all the
wars from now on. Two guys on
a planet with no one else to talk
to and nowhere to go. Things get
settled in a hurry.

Exiting with O'Brien past Worf...

GEORDI
(leaving)
I'm gonna sleep for four days...

The doors hiss closed. Staying a beat on Worf as he
remains there a long beat, stands quietly, deadpanned...
and we can only speculate what he's thinking. He EXITS
and...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END