

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"The Host"
(f.k.a. "E Pluribus Unum")
#40274-197

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FINAL DRAFT

MARCH 1, 1991

STAR TREK: "The Host" - 3/7/91 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Host"

CAST

PICARD	AMBASSADOR ODAN
RIKER	GOVERNOR LEKA
DATA	KALIN TROSE
BEVERLY	LATHAL BINE
TROI	
GEORDI	
WORF	
KAREEL	
NURSE ALYSSA OGAWA	
ENSIGN TAGGERT'S COM VOICE	
COMPUTER VOICE	

Non-Speaking

NURSE
BLUE BARBER
SUPERNUMERARIES

STAR TREK: "The Host" - 3/1/91 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Host"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE
 MAIN BRIDGE
 CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM
 OBSERVATION LOUNGE
 CORRIDOR
 SICKBAY
 BEVERLY'S OFFICE
 BEVERLY'S QUARTERS
 DATA'S QUARTERS
 ODAN'S GUEST QUARTERS
 SHUTTLE BAY
 TEN-FORWARD
 TURBOLIFT
 BARBER SHOP

SHUTTLCRAFT

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

SHUTTLECRAFT

UNMARKED SHUTTLECRAFT

PELIAR ZEL TWO SYSTEM:
 ONE PLANET
 TWO MOONS

STAR TREK: "The Host" - 3/8/91 - PRONUNCIATION

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Host"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

EOSINOPHILIA	eh-yuh-sin-oh-FEE-lee-ah
KALIN TROSE	kay-lin TROSE
KAREEL	kah-REAL
LATHAL BINE	lay-thl BINE
LEKA	LAY-kuh
ODAN	oh-DAHNN
PELIAR ZEL	peh-lee-ar ZEHL
SYMBIONT	SIM-bee-nt
TRILL	trill

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Host"
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

travelling through space.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

Doctor Beverly Crusher, Personal
Log, Stardate 44821.3. Began
an analysis today of the
respiratory problems being
experienced by the populations on
the two moons of Peliar Zel.

(beat)

Finally got an actual letter from
Wesley... topped the class in
exo-biology, but he's still
struggling in Ancient
Philosophies.

(beat)

And... there's... a new man in
my life.

CUT TO:

2 CLOSE ON BEVERLY AND ODAN KISSING

A passionate kiss of some duration which, when they
break, leaves them both flushed and breathing deeply.
They stare into one another's eyes for a brief instant,
and then start as they hear a door opening.

3 INT. TURBOLIFT - WIDER SHOT

We now realize they are in a turbolift, the doors of
which have opened to admit DATA, who greets them with
delighted surprise. If he notices their flushed and
rumpled condition, he gives no indication.

DATA

Ambassador Odan... Doctor
Crusher... I was just on my way
to see you.

3 CONTINUED:

Beverly tries to compose herself, resisting the impulse to smooth her hair and check her lipstick. Odan, on the other hand, seems perfectly comfortable.

BEVERLY

Hello, Data...

DATA

I have completed my study of the atmospheric variations which have occurred on the moons since the new technology was implemented.

ODAN

Thank you, Commander. That will be most helpful in my efforts to mediate the quarrel.

DATA

I could go over them with you now. It would not require more than two hours.

A brief, electric silence.

BEVERLY

We do appreciate it, Data... but the Ambassador and I have set aside this time... to analyze the incidence of lung disease among the moons' inhabitants.

DATA

Then it is perfect timing, Doctor -- what better occasion to integrate my results into your study?

Another silence, as Beverly and Odan exchange glances past Data's innocent eyes. Her message: "You get rid of him."

ODAN

Now that I think about it, Commander... you're absolutely right. Unfortunately, I'm not feeling well... perhaps Doctor Crusher could get you started, inputting your information... but I must I return to my quarters.

3 CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY
(picking it up)
Ambassador, are you still having
those awful headaches?
I'll bring you a hypospray to take
care of it...

ODAN
(rubbing temples)
I would be most grateful...

The turbolift stops, and Beverly takes Data by the arm,
steers him out of the turbolift.

4 INT. CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

as Beverly and Data exit. She turns back to Odan.

BEVERLY
Put a cold cloth on your forehead
and lie down, Ambassador. I'll
be with you shortly.

And the turbolift doors shut on Odan, unable to resist
an anticipatory smile. Beverly pulls Data down the
corridor at a good clip.

BEVERLY
I'll set you up at the medical
monitor, Data... it'll take you
a while to input the figures,
won't it?

DATA
(puzzled by the speed)
At least an hour... but I do not
believe much time can be saved
from that estimate by exhibiting
such haste now...

BEVERLY
Data... there are times... when
every second does count.

And she propels him down the corridor, oblivious to
his perplexed expression.

5 INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

Odan ENTERS and begins removing his shirt. He is a handsome, strapping man with a well-defined musculature. He moves toward the mirror, and places his hand on his diaphragm.

A grapefruit-sized area on his mid-section begins to change color... then it swells into a purplish, green-veined lump. Odan takes a device from the counter, aims it toward the bulbous protuberance, and envelops it in a spray of light. The growth throbs there for a moment, then begins to recede again. Whatever it is, Odan has just fed it, and it is content once more.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

drops out of warp.

6 INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS

Beverly is donning her jacket, stops in front of the mirror to run her fingers through her hair. Odan puts on a robe and comes up to her, putting his arms around her from behind. In the background, the bed is discreetly rumpled.

ODAN

Somehow, I had an unnatural fear that Data was going to barge in and ask to discuss the peripheral effects of magnetospheric energy taps.

Beverly giggles and he kisses her hair.

BEVERLY

If I don't get back and look at his projections, he might come looking for me.

She pulls loose, but he turns her around, facing him, not letting go.

ODAN

When I first met the formidable Doctor Beverly... I thought to myself... "This woman is ice... through to her bones... "

He puts his face in her neck, murmuring.

ODAN

Who would have dreamed... that instead of ice, there is fire...

Beverly closes her eyes, yielding to his soft nuzzling.

BEVERLY

I can't believe this has happened... in just a week...

6 CONTINUED:

ODAN
(kissing her face)
Stay here... don't go...

Blood is coursing now, but Beverly manages to pull away slightly.

6 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Odan... are we... is this...
interfering? With your work on
the Peliar Zel problems?

ODAN

Fortunately I've done about as
much as I can until we get there.
(bending to her again)
Because I wouldn't be able to
keep my mind on work now...

BEVERLY

Odan... I have to get back...

ODAN

Promise me we'll be together
tonight...

BEVERLY

I promise...

ODAN

Then go, Doctor Beverly...

She reaches out fingertips, touches his lips.

BEVERLY

It's just Beverly...

ODAN

Not just Beverly. It's Beverly's
smile and her kindness, her
beauty, within and without. So
much more than just Beverly...

He takes her wrist, turns it and kisses it gently on
the inside. Then --

PICARD'S COM VOICE

Picard to Ambassador Odan...

The two lovers jump guiltily apart. Odan reaches for
his tunic, presses the com badge.

ODAN

Yes, Captain? This is Odan...

PICARD'S COM VOICE

The Federation representative from
Peliar Zel has come on board.

(MORE)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

PICARD'S COM VOICE (Cont'd)
Could you meet us in the
Observation Lounge?

ODAN
I'll be right there, Captain.

He and Beverly exchange smiles.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
And Ambassador... if you should
run into Doctor Crusher, would
you ask her to join us as well?

ODAN
By all means. If I run into her.

He turns smiling to her and, though feeling a little
like a naughty child who's been found out, she smiles
back.

7 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE - A BIT LATER (OPTICAL)

Picard is already there, standing with LEKA, a
representative of the Federation planet Peliar Zel,
RIKER, TROI, and Data. Beverly ENTERS, nods toward
Picard, who nods back, expressionless. She moves
toward a seat next to Troi.

TROI
(sotto)
Where've you been?

BEVERLY
(likewise)
With a patient. Minor emergency.

Troi nods and then -- from the opposite door -- Odan
walks in.

PICARD
Ambassador Odan, this is Governor
Leka Trion, of Peliar Zel.

LEKA
Ambassador... thank you for
coming.

(beat)
I knew your father.

(MORE)

7 CONTINUED:

LEKA (Cont'd)

His efforts helped keep our
people at peace for several
generations.

ODAN

I would hope to serve you as well
as he.

Picard has gestured people to their seats; Odan finds
himself next to Data, who leans to him and says, in
an aside:

7 CONTINUED: (2)

DATA

I hope Doctor Crusher was able to help you with your headache.

ODAN

Thank you. Actually, she was.

A little flicker between Odan and Beverly.

PICARD

Governor Leka has intercepted us before we reached her planet in order to update us on the situation.

LEKA

It has grown progressively worse. The people on our moons have been in discord ever since they migrated from the planet five centuries ago. For us on the planet... it is like having two squabbling children. We try to help settle their arguments without taking sides... but this time, we are at a loss.

ODAN

I've been studying the information you sent... If I understand correctly, the people of Alpha moon have found a way to tap directly into the magnetic field of your planet, and now rely exclusively on that energy source.

LEKA

Yes. But the Beta moon seems to be suffering some environmental damage as a result.

DATA

My design models suggest that Beta will begin to experience rising temperatures... erratic tide surges... and in general the beginnings of global warming.

7 CONTINUED: (3)

BEVERLY

The impact on the health of the Betan people is clear. There will be profound medical repercussions.

LEKA

Alpha is unwilling to lose their new-found energy source... Beta accuses them of intentionally courting genocide... our efforts to find a compromise have failed. And now --

(beat)

-- we've received intelligence that both sides are arming for war. If that happens... the people of my planet will begin to take sides... the outcome can only be disastrous.

PICARD

We will be in orbit around Peliar Zel within six hours. If you can arrange for the representatives of Alpha and Beta to be there, Ambassador Odan can beam directly to the planet.

Picard rises, indicating an end to the meeting.

ODAN

Excuse me, Captain... I would prefer to shuttle to the surface.

LEKA

I would not recommend it. There are many radical factions involved in this dispute. It would be difficult to guarantee your safety.

ODAN

(good-natured)

I'm sure I'm not the first who has expressed discomfort with the idea of molecular transport. Thank you, but I much prefer to keep myself intact. I'll shuttle down.

7 CONTINUED: (4)

PICARD

As you like.

The group files out.

8 ANGLE - TROI

quietly watching the room empty. Picard sees her, approaches, curious.

PICARD

Counselor... ?

TROI

It's Ambassador Odan... I continue to feel such... fluctuations... of emotion from him.

PICARD

(dryly)

Maybe it's just spring, Deanna...

(off her look)

Or perhaps these sensations are perfectly normal among the Trill.

TROI

It could be... we know so little about them...

She shakes her head as though to rid it of a nagging doubt.

TROI

But he seems a lovely person... very much a gentleman, don't you think?

PICARD

Yes. Quite.

Troi leaves and we stay on Picard.

9 INT. BARBER SHOP - LATER (OPTICAL)

Our blue barber works on N.D. crew in the background. Beverly reclines on a lounge, either hand draped in a bowl of translucent liquid. Her feet are bare, toes freshly painted, held apart by a special little drying rack.

9 CONTINUED:

A cloth of special astringent is folded across her eyes. Troi ENTERS, spies her, goes to an adjacent lounge. She speaks nonchalantly...

TROI

Is that the colgonite astringent
you have on your eyes? I've never
tried it...

Beverly starts a bit... lifts one corner of the
cloth... sees Troi looking at her innocently. Beverly
feels a little embarrassed to be found cosseting
herself.

BEVERLY

Yes... I mean, I guess it is...
someone just put it on me...

TROI

I never knew you even came in
here...

BEVERLY

I don't. I mean, not usually...

TROI

But sometimes it feels good just
to indulge yourself...

BEVERLY

I guess so...

TROI

Especially when you haven't done
so for a while...

Beverly pulls the cloth off, gives her a look. Is
there a double meaning here?

BEVERLY

What's that supposed to mean?

TROI

Beverly... you're in love.

Beverly is nonplussed. Is it that obvious?

BEVERLY

How... how did you know?

9 CONTINUED: (2)

TROI

(gently)

I don't really think it's much
of a secret.

BEVERLY

It isn't?

TROI

No. You've been -- glowing.

Beverly gives her a look, then, realizing Troi is
absolutely right, she smiles... luxuriating in the
feelings.

BEVERLY

"Glowing... " Well, yeah... that's
just how I feel, Deanna...

She looks to Troi for approbation... but sees something
else... a doubt, a misgiving...

BEVERLY

What... ?

TROI

Nothing --

BEVERLY

Yes, there is, I can tell. What
is it?

TROI

Just... something I sense in Odan.

BEVERLY

What? What do you sense?

TROI

I'm not sure how to describe it...
and I'm not saying there's
anything wrong, it's just...

(beat)

Beverly... how well do you really
know him?

BEVERLY

I... I feel like I know him better
than anyone I've ever known...
but...

9 CONTINUED: (3)

She sits up, her overwhelming feelings now tapped, and pours out a litany of vacillation.

BEVERLY

Am I being foolish? I don't think so... and yet... it's only been a couple of weeks... Of course, maybe that means it's just infatuation... but I'm a grown up, I know the difference between love and infatuation...

Troi regards her with amused tolerance. She is happy that her friend is re-capturing some long dormant feelings. Surely that's more important than that nagging sense that Odan isn't what he seems...

BEVERLY

But one thing I'm sure of... is that I haven't felt like this in a long time...

TROI

And you like it...

Beverly looks at her, smiles.

BEVERLY

I like it.

And Troi returns the smile. Love covers many blemishes.

10 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit around a large planet; two moons are also in evidence.

11 INT. READY ROOM

Picard at his desk; the door Chimes.

PICARD

Come.

The doors open and Odan ENTERS.

ODAN

You wanted to see me?

11 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Yes, Ambassador. We've entered
orbit... the shuttle will
transport you to the surface in
a few minutes.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

ODAN

I am ready, Captain.

PICARD

How will you proceed once you're there?

ODAN

I cannot answer that. I never know until I am into the situation... meet the people involved. I work very much by instinct, not by pre-arranged plan.

PICARD

It seems to work well for you.

ODAN

I do like to go into a situation as well informed as possible... and your staff has been quite helpful in briefing me on the problems involved here.

(beat)

Particularly Doctor Crusher.

PICARD

My staff is quite capable. I'm glad they've been useful.

ODAN

Your Doctor Beverly is an extraordinary person... both as a scientist... and as a woman.

Picard is becoming uncomfortable with the frank nature of this discussion.

PICARD

I'm sure that's true. Well... shall we make our way to the Shuttlebay?

ODAN

Captain... you know her better than I... do you have any idea how -- committed -- she is to remaining with Starfleet?

This catches Picard by surprise. Is Odan planning to take Beverly off the Enterprise?

11 CONTINUED: (3)

PICARD

I wouldn't presume to speak for her.

ODAN

Of course not. I just thought... you've known her for so long...

But before Picard can answer --

ENSIGN'S COM VOICE

Ensign Taggart to Captain Picard...

PICARD

Yes, Ensign?

ENSIGN'S COM VOICE

The shuttle is ready to transport the Ambassador.

PICARD

Very well.

ODAN

I can find my own way, Captain.
(beat)
I hope to bring good news when I return.

And he is gone. Picard stares after him, discomfited by this conversation.

12 INT. SHUTTLEBAY

Odan moves with Geordi toward the shuttle, where Riker and Beverly wait. Odan carries a small case.

GEORDI

Commander Riker asked to pilot you himself, Ambassador.

ODAN

I am honored.

But his eyes are on Beverly, and he goes to her, takes her aside from the others.

ODAN

I don't know when I'll be back...

12 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

I know... have a safe trip.

He smiles warmly, puts his arms around her as though it were the most natural thing in the world, even with the crew nearby.

ODAN

I will stay safe, Doctor
Beverly... I have good reason
to return...

He opens his case, withdraws a rose... lovely and graceful.

ODAN

I have researched earth customs.
This flower is given to express
love.

BEVERLY

Yes, it is...

She takes the rose, touched by this romantic gesture. They smile at each other... he takes her wrist, turns it to the inside, and kisses it. Then he moves toward the shuttle. Beverly sniffs the heady fragrance of the rose.

13 INT. BRIDGE

Picard, Data, Worf, SUPERNUMERARY at Conn.

DATA

Initiate shuttle pre-flight
sequence.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Pre-flight under way...
counting to clearance...

There is a beat; then --

DATA

Shuttle has cleared the Bay door.

13 CONTINUED:

Beverly ENTERS from the turbolift, takes a seat to view the proceedings.

WORF

Commander Riker, you will be out of shield range in five seconds.

14 INT. SHUTTLECRAFT - INTERCUTTING (OPTICAL)

Riker piloting; Odan at his side.

RIKER

Acknowledged, Lieutenant. We'll be entering the upper ionosphere in two minutes, twenty seconds.

WORF

Captain... an unidentified ship is emerging from the limb of the moon.

PICARD

Hail the vessel.

RIKER

I have visual contact. I don't recognize it.

Worf works his controls.

WORF

Sir, it claims to be an escort vessel from the Beta moon.

PICARD

There was no mention of an escort... request a security clearance code.

A beat as Work does so...

WORF

They do not answer, sir.

PICARD

Commander, stand by to return to the Shuttlebay.

14 CONTINUED:

WORF

Captain -- the escort ship is
loading its phaser banks!

RIKER

Increasing power to the shields...
coming about...

15

thru OMITTED

16

17 EXT. SPACE - THE SHUTTLE AND THE ESCORT (OPTICAL)

The shuttle banks to return to the Enterprise, but the
strange ship unloads phasers. The shuttle takes a hit.

18 INT. SHUTTLE

The impact throws Odan from his seat; he strikes his
head on the bulkhead and lands unconscious. Riker
struggles to control the helm.

PICARD

Engage tractor beam. Number One
-- report.

RIKER

We've lost the port thruster and
both back-up stabilizers... I'm
losing control...

PICARD

We're bringing you in.

19 EXT SPACE - SHUTTLE AND ESCORT SHIP (OPTICAL)

The tractor beam has locked on to the shuttle. The
other ship has turned and is headed once more to the
moon.

19A INT. SHUTTLE - INTERCUTTING

RIKER

Captain, the shuttle hull has been
weakened. We're breaking up...
you can't tow us. Better beam
us directly on board...

19A CONTINUED:

Odan, on the floor, raises his head at this.

ODAN
(weak)
No... don't do it...

RIKER
I can't stabilize the shuttle...

ODAN
If you transport me, it will kill
me... please...

Riker stares at him, swiftly weighing the elements.

PICARD
Number One... we're ready to beam
you aboard.

RIKER
Belay that, Captain. I'm going
to bring her in manually.
(beat)
Advise Doctor Crusher we have a
medical emergency.

Beverly pales at this, realizing it could mean only one
thing.

20 INT. SICKBAY

Beverly and NURSE OGAWA work over Odan's nearly
lifeless body. He has a gash in his head and various
contusions to the upper body.

BEVERLY
He's in shock... he's lost a lot
of blood... but that doesn't
account for these readings...

She passes the Tricorder over him again, disturbed by
what she reads.

BEVERLY
Eosinophilia in the cerebrospinal
fluid at forty-six percent.

20 CONTINUED:

NURSE OGAWA

Sedimentation rate is
twenty-nine... but his lymphocytes
are intact...

Beverly looks up at her.

BEVERLY

It's as though there's a parasite
at work...

Odan stirs and groans; Beverly leans in to him.

BEVERLY

Odan... I have to do exploratory
surgery. You may have a parasitic
infection...

His hand reaches out and grasps her wrist.

ODAN

You must not.

BEVERLY

But... you won't survive...

Still holding her with one hand, Odan places the other
over his diaphragm.

21 ANGLE - ON ODAN

as the purplish lump begins to rise. Beverly stares in
stunned amazement.

BEVERLY

What is that... ?

ODAN

Beverly... that... is me...

BEVERLY

What... ?

ODAN

This body... is just a host. I
am that parasite... and that is
what must survive.

21 CONTINUED:

Beverly stares at him, then at the throbbing,
green-veined thing on his chest. She is horrified.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

22 INT. SICKBAY

Beverly and Odan; the nurse has departed.

ODAN

It has always been this way...
the Trill are a joined species...
a host and a symbiont... and in
this fashion we have survived for
millenia...

BEVERLY

You're dying... what can I do?

ODAN

The host body is dying... You must
contact the Trill quickly... tell
them I need another host. They
will send a replacement.

He holds her wrist tightly.

ODAN

I know it is hard to accept...
but I beg you, Doctor Beverly...
help me... this mission must be
completed.

He grips her wrist and she smiles down at him, rocked
by his revelation, but her love undiminished.

23 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE - LATER

Beverly, drained and exhausted, sits at the table with
Picard, Riker, Troi, Geordi and Worf. She has been
recounting the bizarre tale, and the others listen
quietly in various states of contained amazement.

BEVERLY

Odan's host body died of the
injuries just over an hour ago.
But the symbiont being...
Odan... is still alive.

Even for a staff used to unusual life forms, this is
unique.

23 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Odan is the one who negotiated the last treaty. The man everyone thought was his father was just another host body.

RIKER

And the reason Odan refused the transporter...

BEVERLY

(acknowledging)

It would have damaged the symbiont.

23 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

(to the others)

We have contacted the Trill.
Another host will arrive within
forty hours.

BEVERLY

I've placed Odan in stasis.
He can survive for an hour...
maybe two... but not beyond that.

DATA

Is it possible I could serve as
a temporary carrier?

BEVERLY

No, Data. The relationship
requires a biological being.

There is a small silence.

PICARD

We are at a desperate impasse with
the situation in the Peliar
system. The attack on our
shuttlecraft has inflamed the
dispute.

TROI

Who was responsible, Captain?

PICARD

No one will admit anything. Each
side accuses the other and threats
are mounting. We need Odan...

RIKER

Doctor... could a human host carry
him?

All eyes turn to him, realizing what he's suggesting.

23 CONTINUED: (3)

BEVERLY

I... believe so. From Odan's description of the process... it should be possible. But --

RIKER

(rising)

Then I volunteer.

BEVERLY

There's been no precedent for a human host. I couldn't guarantee what... what might happen.

PICARD

Would you be able to remove the symbiont when the new host arrives?

BEVERLY

In theory, yes. I just don't know what might happen to a human body in the process.

PICARD

Commander... the risk is too great.

RIKER

Weigh it against the prospect of war.

Picard hesitates, considering the options. Finally --

PICARD

It is your choice, Will.

23 CONTINUED: (4)

RIKER

Then let's get to it.

And he heads for the door.

24 INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

Riker lies on a bio-bed with his shirt off. On a nearby table is a containment dome which holds the purplish blob that is Odan. Beverly plays a Tricorder over Riker.

BEVERLY

I've given you a local
anesthetic... but you must be
conscious while the implantation
takes place. Drugs might damage
the symbiont.

RIKER

I understand.

Beverly looks toward Nurse Ogawa.

BEVERLY

Laser scalpel.

Ogawa hands her the instrument and Beverly activates it, then bends toward Riker, making an incision in the navel. She completes the incision, then reaches for the glass container, lifts the domed lid, and takes the blob... Odan. She places it on the area in which she has made the incision.

25 CLOSE ON RIKER - INTERCUTTING (OPTICAL)

as he draws a deep breath. Ogawa sponges off his forehead.

BEVERLY

How are you feeling? Is there
pain?

RIKER

No... just... strange
sensations...

25 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
(to Ogawa)
Vital signs?

NURSE OGAWA
Heart rate one hundred ten...
blood pressure ninety over
forty...

She exchanges a concerned glance with Beverly. Riker's teeth are clenched and he is drenched in perspiration.

BEVERLY
I can't close yet... the
assimilation isn't complete...

NURSE OGAWA
Pulse one thirty... and
climbing... E.E.G. erratic.

BEVERLY
He's going to start fibrillating.
Two hundred milligrams
metrazene...

Ogawa turns to an instrument cart.

BEVERLY
Will... hang on...

He draws a deep shuddering breath and goes unconscious. Ogawa hands Beverly the hypospray and she administers it.

BEVERLY
I'm closing...

She bends to Riker with a laser suture, repairs the incision.

NURSE OGAWA
(reading tricorder)
No change...

BEVERLY
The metrazene should have
stabilized him... I'll give it
ten seconds more before we go
in again.

25 CONTINUED: (2)

There is an agonizing wait as Beverly finishes suturing. Then --

NURSE OGAWA

Blood pressure leveling off...
I think he's stabilizing.

Bev now takes a tricorder and scans.

BEVERLY

That's better... signs are
returning to normal.

Beverly strips off her gloves.

26

thru OMITTED

27

28 ON RIKER'S CHEST

where the parasite is now completely assimilated.
There is no indication of it whatsoever.

29 ANGLE - RIKER

as Beverly sponges off his forehead. He stirs, rolls
his head... his eyes flicker a bit...

BEVERLY

Will... it's Beverly. Can you
hear me?

Now his eyes are open, slightly glassy... then looking
around the room... focusing on Beverly. A little
smile.

RIKER

Hello...

29 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
(smiling back)
You're going to be all right.
How do you feel?

Riker reaches out and holds her wrist.

RIKER
I am just fine... but you look
tired, Doctor Beverly.

Weakly, he turns her wrist to the inside and kisses
it. Beverly stares at him... realizing that Odan is
now very much alive -- in Riker's body.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit around Peliar Zel.

31 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Riker stands with Picard before the viewscreen,
addressing Governor Leka.

RIKER

I realize it will be disturbing,
Governor... but you must convince
the inhabitants of the moons that
I am Odan... I have his thoughts,
his memories, his skills...

LEKA

They will perceive you as a
Starfleet officer... perhaps with
your own agenda...

RIKER

The man they knew as my father...
the man who stands before them
now... both are merely hosts.
It is your task to help them
understand.

LEKA

I will try. I cannot promise they
will listen. They are more
factionalized than ever, and
listening is a skill which seems
to have evaporated in the heat
of argument.

31 CONTINUED:

RIKER

Speak softly, Governor. People
who cannot hear an angry shout...
will often strain to hear a
whisper.

LEKA

(after a beat)

I will do what I can.

Riker nods and the screen returns to the starfield.

PICARD

Well done.

But suddenly Riker stumbles slightly. He reaches out
to balance himself on Picard's shoulder.

RIKER

Sorry... a little dizzy...

PICARD

Mister Worf, take the Ambassador
to his quarters.

RIKER

I'll be all right... just need
to lie down a minute...

Worf is there, helping him out. Picard watches them
go for a moment, then --

PICARD

Bridge to Crusher...

32 INT. SICKBAY - INTERCUTTING

BEVERLY

Yes, Captain?

PICARD

The Ambassador is not well.
Please see to him in his quarters.

She stands for a moment, as though unwilling to face what she might encounter. But --

BEVERLY

Right away, sir.

33 INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS - MINUTES LATER

Beverly scans Riker with a Tricorder. She is cool, professional, detached.

BEVERLY

I'm getting a slightly elevated
white cell count... six-tenths
of a degree of temperature...

(casts a glance toward
him)

... nothing that indicates
rejection.

RIKER

That's good...

BEVERLY

But you look awfully pale...

RIKER

Just a little weak...
light-headed...

Beverly uses an instrument to peer into one of his eyes.

BEVERLY

Cerebral blood flow looks
normal...

He reaches for her hand, puts it briefly in his. Beverly becomes extremely uncomfortable, withdraws it, moves to pack her Tricorder.

33 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

I'll leave you a metabolic
booster... use it if the symptoms
get worse...

33 CONTINUED:

RIKER

Beverly...

BEVERLY

Beyond that, I don't know what to do.

(beat)

This is... all new for me.

RIKER

For me as well.

She leaves the hypospray near him, snaps shut her medical carrier, and rises.

RIKER

Please don't go... we need to talk about this...

BEVERLY

I... don't know what to say... where to begin...

RIKER

Nor do I... but I know that silence will injure us...

Beverly looks at him. The shock and discomfort of this whole thing rise up in her.

BEVERLY

Maybe you should have thought about that sooner. Maybe you should have told me what you were. It didn't bother you to stay silent yesterday...

Riker shrugs in honest puzzlement.

RIKER

But... it never occurred to me. This is what I am... did you tell me you are only a single being? Of course not... it is normal for you...

And of course, that's reasonable. Her anger has no place to go.

33 CONTINUED: (3)

BEVERLY

I don't know how to handle this...
I just... don't know who you
are...

RIKER

(sadly)

I understand... but whoever I seem
to be... I am Odan... the man who
loved you... and that has not
changed. I still love you. I
can't help that.

Anguished, she turns away from him.

RIKER

But if that causes you pain...
I will suppress it. I will keep
my distance, Doctor Beverly. I
would never hurt you.

She turns, looks into his eyes, also searching. Who is
in there... is it the man she loved so desperately?
She can't tell. Without a word, she turns and EXITS.
Riker stares after her, in pain both physically and
psychically.

34 INT. DATA'S QUARTERS - LATER

Worf, Geordi, and Data play poker. Data deals.

DATA

Five card draw. Ante up.

The door CHIMES and Riker ENTERS the room. Geordi and
Worf look happy to see him.

GEORDI

Commander -- come on in...

DATA

Geordi... I believe the correct
term now would be "Ambassador."

Riker smiles wanly.

34 CONTINUED:

RIKER

You can call me anything you like.
I know this must be difficult for
you.

(beat)

May I join you?

GEORDI

(too quickly)

Sure! Sit down... right here...

WORF

We are pleased you're here.

Their eagerness sounds a false note. This is an
unusual situation for everyone. Riker sits and picks
up the deck.

DATA

Are you familiar with this game,
Ambassador?

RIKER

No.

He shuffles and ruffs the cards with ease.

RIKER

But... I seem to have done this
before...

He begins dealing. With his guileless honesty, Data
gets right to the point.

DATA

Ambassador, what is the precise
nature of the symbiotic joining?
Are you Odan? Or Commander Riker?
Or a combination of both?

RIKER

I wish I could give you an answer
as simple as the question.
Ordinarily, the host body has no
personality. This time... is
different somehow.

He looks down as he deals out the cards -- which he
does effortlessly and faultlessly.

34 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER

I've never done this... and yet
I know how.

He looks up to see them all looking at him.

RIKER

And something compelled me to come
here tonight... though I didn't
consciously know what would await
me. It is as though... Will Riker
is here with me... I have never
felt that with other hosts.

The others regard him with a measure of discomfort. It
is weird... seeing the Riker who is so familiar to
them... but hearing someone else discuss him as though
he weren't there.

GEORDI

(rhetorical)

I guess the question is... will
the Commander be alright... when
he comes back?

A dampening thought. Riker looks around the table...
realizes his presence makes them uneasy.

34 CONTINUED: (3)

RIKER

Gentlemen... I am making you
uncomfortable. Please... continue
without me.

He EXITS, and no one argues with his going.

35 INT. TEN FORWARD

Beverly sits by herself at a table in the corner. She gazes out at the brilliant star field, lost in thought. Someone approaches the table; she senses, rather than sees it, and looks up. Troi stands there.

TROI

May I join you?

Wordlessly, Beverly gestures to a seat, and Troi slides in. For a moment the two stare out at the brilliant mosaic.

BEVERLY

(finally)

The first man I ever loved
unconditionally... was named
Stefan.

She turns her chair around, plays with her teacup.

BEVERLY

He was a soccer player... I would
watch him race down the field and
I thought my heart would stop
because he was so beautiful...

She stirs her darkening tea.

BEVERLY

We married and had three
children... twin boys, Andrew and
Alex, and then a girl, Jennifer...
Stefan became a famous artist and
created huge, breathtaking metal
sculptures... I kept house and
made the world easy for him...
and he came to adore me as much
as I worshipped him...

35 CONTINUED:

She looks up to see Troi's eyes on her.

BEVERLY

At least in my daydreams. Stefan
was eleven... and I was eight.
He never even knew I existed.

A sad little smile from Troi, an unspoken moment
between them... When Beverly speaks, it is from utter
vulnerability.

BEVERLY

Deanna... I loved Odan. I'm sure
of that... I had no doubts, no
fears...

(beat)

... and now... I don't know what
it was I loved. His eyes... his
hands, his mouth... his body?
They're gone. If that was all
it was, I should mourn him and
go on...

She hesitates, working the whole strange thing over in
her mind.

BEVERLY

But there was so much more... I
felt completely free with him...
unguarded... at ease with
myself... There were so many
things that made him special to
me. Where are they? Are they
still here... alive in Will Riker?
I look at Will and I see someone
I've known for years... a kind of
brother. But... inside... is it
really Odan... ?

She looks imploringly at Troi, a raw wound.

BEVERLY

Help me, Deanna... please...

Troi feels overwhelmed. She wants to comfort her
friend... but this whole situation is beyond anyone's
experience.

35 CONTINUED: (2)

TROI

What... what do your feelings tell you?

BEVERLY

I feel the pull... it's powerful...

In her frustration, her anguish, she grasps for anything that might have spared her this pain.

BEVERLY

I wish he'd never come on this ship... I was happy tending patients and doing my research...

TROI

Don't wish that, Beverly... you can never be open to love if you won't risk pain...

BEVERLY

I don't care... I'd give anything not to feel the way I do now... there's no happiness that's worth this...

She looks up as though she's heard an unseen voice and sees --

36 RIKER

entering Ten-Forward, looking around, moving toward a table.

37 BACK TO TROI AND BEVERLY

Beverly is pale.

BEVERLY

He's here. He just walked in.

Troi does not turn around. She looks right at Beverly.

TROI

Look at him.

37 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

I don't want to look at him...
Talk to me Deanna, please... keep
talking.

Troi looks at her for a brief moment, leans in, takes
Beverly's hands.

TROI

The first man I ever loved... was
my father. He was strong and
tall... he carried me when the
ground was muddy... he chased away
the monsters who hid under my bed
at night... he sang to me and he
kept me safe. And then he went
away.

A pause, then...

TROI

What I wouldn't give to hear his
songs again... to feel his arms
protect me. I never will. But
I can still feel his warmth, his
love... as though he were here
with me.

(Beverly acknowledges)

Beverly, if you can feel those
things from the man we know as
Will Riker, accept them, accept
the love.

Beverly looks at her... feels the strength and
affection in her grip. Slowly, she turns her head...
like a homing device, it finds Riker...

38 RIKER - HER POV

His eyes are on her, his gaze burning into her. Odan's
eyes.

39 BEVERLY

feels the pull as though there were a steel cord
between them.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

40 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit around Peliar Zel.

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Stardate 44823.8.
Representative of the moons of
Peliar Zel have agreed to come
on board to meet the new
Ambassador Odan.

41 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard, Beverly, and Riker. Riker doesn't look
good... weak, pale, and shaky. Beverly scans him with
a Tricorder.

BEVERLY

White count is elevated... it's
higher every time I read it...

(beat)

Are you in pain?

RIKER

(lying)

Not much...

PICARD

Ambassador... I can stall the
representatives...

RIKER

No. They would consider it
deception. I must meet them.

PICARD

Surely... to present yourself in
this condition... will not help
our cause.

RIKER

I promise you, Captain... they
will not know I am ill.

At that moment the doors open and Worf ENTERS.

41 CONTINUED:

WORF

Captain... the emissaries.

Leka ENTERS, followed by two representatives of the Peliar moons.

LEKA

May I present Kalin Trose, of
Alpha moon... and Lathal Bine,
of Beta moon.

KALIN TROSE

Thank you for receiving us,
Captain.

LATHAL BINE

Is this Ambassador Odan?

He moves toward Riker, looking him up and down,
inspecting him. Riker has pulled it together, looks
a little pallid but otherwise all right.

RIKER

Lathal Bine... It was your aunt
who represented Beta thirty years
ago...

LATHAL BINE

That is correct.

RIKER

A formidable woman. I had the
utmost respect for her.

Riker gestures everyone into seats. The two
representatives sit opposite him, scrutinizing him
carefully.

KALIN TROSE

And who was it who spoke for
Alpha... so long ago... ?

Riker smiles at him, easy-going and comfortable.

RIKER

It was you, of course, Kalin
Trose. Then you were a young man,
bristling with passion and zeal...

(MORE)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER (Cont'd)

But wise enough to see that your
people needed peace to ensure
their future...

The two of them look at Riker... surprised by his
thorough knowledge of them... but still wary.

KALIN TROSE

And... how did you manage to
achieve a compromise... between
that young man and the iron-willed
woman of Beta moon?

A smile from Riker.

RIKER

They agreed to trade places for
a week... understand each other's
situation with more informed
eyes... after that -- an agreement
came swiftly.

KALIN TROSE

Nothing you have said is beyond
what a school child could learn
from a history book.

RIKER

But it's not commonly known...
that during those negotiations...
Kalin Trose, you quelled a plot
by radicals on your moon to
assassinate the Beta delegation.

KALIN TROSE

It... is true.

There is a pause as the representatives digest this.

LATHAL BINE

Perhaps he was wiser in his youth
than he is now. Odan -- you must
convince him to stop --

Riker holds up a hand, stopping him.

RIKER

Do you accept me? Will you allow
me to work with you?

41 CONTINUED: (3)

There is a hesitation. The representatives look from one to the other. Silence. Then --

LATHAL BINE

Yes. The people of Beta moon
accept you.

RIKER

And Alpha moon?

Kalin Trose stares at him, unresponding. Finally --

KALIN TROSE

I will consider it. But I must
consult others.

LATHAL BINE

This is a typical tactic... he
is an obstructionist, you can see
that --

RIKER

Kalin Trose, you may confer with
your people. But we must have
your answer within eight hours.

The three Peliar aliens rise.

KALIN TROSE

You shall have it.

41 CONTINUED: (4)

They head for the door, Leka the last out. Before she leaves, she turns and smiles at Riker; she is encouraged. The doors close. Riker sinks into his chair, hands clenching the table. The others hurry to him. He looks up, finds Beverly, his eyes frantic with pain.

RIKER

Beverly... help me...

42 INT. SICKBAY - LATER

Riker lies on a bio-bed, groggy. Beverly completes a final test, and then moves off to the side, out of ear-shot, where Picard is waiting.

BEVERLY

All his vital functions are overworked. His immune system is under attack. I can only guess that he's going through classic rejection syndrome.

PICARD

Is there any treatment you can give him?

BEVERLY

I can administer an immunosuppressant. It would help with the symptoms... but it wouldn't correct the underlying cause. He's carrying a foreign organism in his body.

She runs a hand through her hair, tired and frustrated.

BEVERLY

I don't know what to do... medical school didn't exactly prepare me for a situation like this...

PICARD

You're doing all you can...

Beverly gives him a look, a rueful laugh.

42 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Thank you. I wish that were more comforting.

She takes a breath, shrugs off anguish.

BEVERLY

Don't worry about me, Captain.
I'm fine.

They lock eyes for a moment, each acknowledging the lie. Picard turns to Riker.

PICARD

Ambassador... when you feel up
to it, please join me in my Ready
Room.

He EXITS. Beverly goes to Riker, takes a hypospray from an instrument table.

BEVERLY

I'm giving you something that
should help you feel better. At
least temporarily.

Beverly administers the injection. Riker takes a few deep breaths... seems to relax... the pain goes from his eyes as he gets relief.

RIKER

The pain is gone... thank you...

Then he takes her wrist, holds it firmly. Beverly feels a wave of heat rising in her.

BEVERLY

Please... don't...

RIKER

Let me touch you... just for a
moment...

For a brief moment, she allows herself to yield to the feelings. She reaches out... touches his face... caresses his cheek... starts to bend to him...

But she stops herself. This isn't right... Riker is like her brother...

42 CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY

No... please...

Never taking his eyes off Beverly, still holding her wrist, he sits up. Then, forcing himself, he releases her.

43 INT. READY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Riker with Picard.

PICARD

It was a fast decision, which we must take as positive. The Alphan representative has agreed... somewhat dubiously... to let you mediate the dispute.

RIKER

I was sure they would. They are reasonable people... just trapped in their own anger.

PICARD

I have no doubt, however, that they will bolt if anything goes wrong in your discussions.

RIKER

(grinning)

Then it's up to me to make sure nothing goes wrong.

Picard looks at him curiously; Riker is puzzled.

RIKER

Have I said something wrong... ?

PICARD

No... it's just... for a moment... you sounded more like Will Riker.

There is a brief, uncomfortable moment. Then Picard goes on briskly.

PICARD

We have received word that your new host will arrive in eighteen hours. Will you be all right until then?

43 CONTINUED:

RIKER

The medication which Doctor
Beverly gave me has helped. I
will find a way to keep going.

Picard hears the quaint phrasing of Odan's reference
to Beverly... it still makes him uneasy. They eye
each other.

RIKER

It is an awkward situation for
her. As you can imagine.

PICARD

Yes. Yes, I certainly can.
(beat)
And for you as well.

Riker looks at him sadly.

RIKER

My life has been spent... trying
to help others find solutions to
insoluble problems. And now...
I am confronted with one of my
own for which there is truly no
answer.

Whether for Beverly, for Riker, or for the thoughtful,
sensitive being who speaks through Riker's mouth --
Picard feels profound sorrow.

44 INT. BEVERLY'S QUARTERS - THAT NIGHT (OPTICAL)

Beverly ENTERS, weary from the day's anxieties, wanting
to unwind. She stretches her arms as she walks across
the room, then drops her neck and rolls her head. She
goes to the replicator.

BEVERLY

Lemon tea...

The replicator provides the tea and Beverly takes it,
sipping as she moves to a comfortable chair. She sits.
On the end table by the chair is the single rose that
Odan gave her before taking the ill-fated shuttle.
She regards it for a moment, then bends to inhale the
still-heady aroma.

45 INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS - INTERCUTTING

Riker paces, agitated.

RIKER

Computer... location of Doctor
Beverly Crusher.

COMPUTER VOICE

Doctor Crusher is in her
quarters.

He starts toward the door, then flops down on a
chair, staring at nothing.

46 INT. BEVERLY'S QUARTERS - INTERCUTTING

Beverly holds the rose in her hands, staring at it, as
though in that way she could somehow leap back in time
to that day when she was so happy... when all the
universe was contained in Odan's eyes... She looks
up... as though hearing something -- someone -- calling
out to her...

47 INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS

Riker is up, pacing, unable to sit still. He goes to
the computer monitor, flips it on, stares at it,
switches it off again. He goes to his replicator.

RIKER

Can you make balso tonic?

COMPUTER VOICE

There is no formula on record.
Please supply a molecular
structure.

RIKER

Never mind.

Riker looks toward the door... takes a step toward
it... stops, turns back. He is in an anguish of
tension and indecision.

Suddenly, the door CHIMES.

Riker whirls as though struck. He stares at the door.
It CHIMES again.

RIKER

Come in...

47 CONTINUED:

The door opens and Beverly is there. They look at each other for a second, and then she ENTERS the room. The Rubicon is crossed. During the next, their eyes are never off each other.

BEVERLY

I thought... I should see how you're doing. If you needed another hypospray...

RIKER

I don't think so... the symptoms have not returned...

BEVERLY

Ah. Well... that's good.

RIKER

Yes.

They take one more step toward each other.

BEVERLY

Tomorrow is an important day. Do you feel -- ready for it?

RIKER

I think so. I have been preparing.

BEVERLY

That's good.

RIKER

Yes.

One more step.

BEVERLY

I'll check your vital signs in the morning... before the representatives get here.

They are very close now... the atmosphere between them is as charged as an electrical storm... their eyes are locked on each other.

RIKER

They must not know I'm taking medication...

47 CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY

You could arrange to take a series
of breaks...

RIKER

That's good...

BEVERLY

Yes...

There is silence, waiting to be filled, but nothing more to say. No more small talk. Beverly is all but trembling... she must take one more step, just one, toward him...

RIKER

Beverly... I want you...

She takes a breath, as though there is suddenly not enough oxygen in the room...

RIKER

If you are going to leave... you
must go now...

One last beat... but she knows the answer.

BEVERLY

I'm not leaving.

And she flows into his arms. Their lips meet, and it is as natural, as inevitable, as breathing. For the moment she can't remember why she ever resisted.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

48 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

still in orbit.

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, Stardate 44824.4.
The representatives of Peliar Zel
and its two moons are ready to
transport on board. We have
learned that they each have
troops massed and are ready for
combat if this final effort at
peace is not successful.

49 INT. READY ROOM

Picard, Riker, and Beverly. She is scanning Riker with
a Tricorder; he looks weak -- pale and clammy.

BEVERLY

White count is back up...
temperature elevated... the
effects of the medication are
wearing off faster every time.
(reaches for her bag)
I'll administer one now... and
hope it holds for an hour or
two...

But Riker stops her arm.

RIKER

No... no more.

Beverly looks at him, puzzled.

PICARD

Ambassador... it's clear you're
in pain. You can't get through
the next hours without help --

RIKER

I must.

He looks from one to the other.

49 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Are the injections damaging the host body... Riker's body?

RIKER

Yes. I cannot put him at further risk.

Beverly stares at him, helpless, torn... what is the right thing to do? Medical ethics never tackled this problem...

BEVERLY

But how can you function? Conduct the meeting?

He looks at her, gives a wan smile.

RIKER

I'll manage.

The look between them carries many messages... and Picard is witness to them. There is an intimacy that has never existed between these two before. He turns away, feeling somehow an intruder.

PICARD

We will respect your wishes.

RIKER

Further... I will conduct the mediation today... but at the end of today, regardless of the outcome... I must be removed from Riker's body. Even if the new host has not yet arrived.

Beverly is stunned by this.

BEVERLY

But... you wouldn't survive...

RIKER

Riker will not survive unless I am removed. He has given enough...

BEVERLY

Odan...

RIKER

Your word.

49 CONTINUED: (3)

A pause. Beverly looks to Picard. He holds her look for a moment, and then nods. Beverly turns back to Riker.

BEVERLY

Very well.

WORF'S COM VOICE

Worf to Captain Picard...

PICARD

Yes, Mister Worf?

WORF'S COM VOICE

The representatives have arrived.
I will escort them to the
Observation Lounge.

PICARD

Thank you.

Picard turns to Riker, who rises. Taking a breath and standing tall, he starts for the door. He passes Beverly, stops... looks into her eyes... touches her cheek... and EXITS. Beverly looks after him, then turns to find Picard's eyes on her. A little embarrassed, she becomes brisk and professional, closes up her medical case.

BEVERLY

I'll stand by with the medication,
just in case. The pain may become
so intense --

PICARD

Beverly...

The tone of his voice, not at all that of her Captain, makes her look up at him instantly.

PICARD

Whatever else I have been to
you... I am your friend. I cannot
imagine what you are going
through... but it must be a kind
of hell. I want you to know...
I am here... to help you... in
any way I can.

49 CONTINUED: (4)

This unexpected gesture pulls the aplomb right from under Beverly. She sinks onto a chair, head bowed, unanticipated tears welling in her eyes.

BEVERLY

Jean-Luc...

He comes to her, puts his hand on her shoulder. She places her hand on his, and they remain there for a moment, two old friends, sharing strength and pain.

50 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit around Peliar Zel.

51 INT. BRIDGE - LATER

Picard, Beverly, Data, Worf, SUPERNUMERARIES as needed. Beverly is a nervous wreck, trying to maintain control. Picard covers better, but is as anxious.

PICARD

Computer, what time is it?

COMPUTER VOICE

Fifteen thirty five hours.

BEVERLY

They've been in there almost six hours...

WORF

Captain... a message from the ship carrying the Trill host...

Beverly turns to him, eager.

51 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

Are they here?

WORF

No. They are experiencing difficulty. They do not anticipate their arrival for another nine hours.

Beverly goes pale.

BEVERLY

Nine hours...

The door to the Observation Lounge opens, bringing both of them to their feet. Riker steps through the door and it shuts behind him. Beverly is on her way to him.

PICARD

Ambassador...

RIKER

It was worth it...

He staggers, then collapses. Beverly is right there, scanning him.

RIKER

They will not go to war...

And he passes out. Beverly looks terrified by what she sees on the Tricorder.

PICARD

Mister Worf, make sure the representatives are safely transported off the ship.

(to Conn)

Ensign, set a course to intercept the Trill ship. Prepare to go to warp nine.

DATA

Sir, it could take more than two hours to reach the vessel.

Picard looks down at Beverly, working over Riker.

51 CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY

I have no choice... I gave my
word. I have to remove him.
Let's hope we reach the new host
in time.

51A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

at warp.

52 INT. SICKBAY - LATER

Picard ENTERS, sees Beverly moving away from Riker's bed. She looks exhausted -- ashen and drawn.

BEVERLY

Will is all right. His vital signs have stabilized... he's sleeping now.

PICARD

And... how is Odan?

BEVERLY

I have placed him in stasis. He's fine for the moment.

Picard nods, assimilating all this.

PICARD

You need some rest, Doctor.

BEVERLY

No. If Odan is to survive, he must be implanted in the host as soon as he arrives. I'll wait here.

PICARD

It will be some time yet.

BEVERLY

I know.

He hesitates a second, then yields to her wishes, turns and EXITS. Beverly moves to a stool, next to a domed container, and sits like a sentinel next to the strange, throbbing mass that is Odan.

CUT TO:

53 WIDE SHOT OF DARKENED SICKBAY

where Beverly dozes, head against the wall, near Odan. Worf ENTERS.

WORF

Doctor...

Beverly comes awake, stands quickly, getting her bearings.

53 CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
Is the Trill host here?

WORF
Yes.

BEVERLY
Thank goodness... bring him in.

She takes no notice of Worf's reaction to this, and begins readying a bio-bed for the host.

WORF (O.C.)
Doctor...

Beverly looks up, smiling... the smile freezes on her face in a moment of astonishment as she sees --

54 KAREEL - HER POV

Standing with Worf at the door is a beautiful young woman. She smiles... a strange, blank smile, empty of personality.

KAREEL
I am Kareel. I am to become host to Odan.

55 INT. BEVERLY'S OFFICE - LATER

Beverly sits dictating.

BEVERLY
... the operation to implant Odan into the new host was completed at nineteen hundred hours and appears to have been successful. There have been no difficulties with assimilation...

55A KAREEL

appears in the doorway. The woman is subtly transformed. She is still sinewy and beautiful... but there is spark to her eyes and dignity in her bearing.

KAREEL
Doctor Beverly...

55B ANGLE - BEVERLY

Beverly turns off the dictation device, turns, sees not an empty shell, but a woman of substance and feeling.

KAREEL

Could we talk for a moment?

Beverly nods wordlessly and Kareel ENTERS, sits, looks at her with sad, understanding eyes.

BEVERLY

You should be sleeping. You need rest.

KAREEL

I've never felt better.
(a gentle smile)
Except once or twice...

This reminder is uncomfortable for Beverly, who looks down at her desk.

KAREEL

My poor Beverly... this has been so hard for you...

Her voice is throaty, rich... as warm as velvet...

KAREEL

I want to thank you... for your caring... for standing by me...

BEVERLY

I congratulate you. You averted a war that would have cost many lives...

KAREEL

Yes. It seems... everything has turned out for the best.

Beverly gives her a glance... their eyes lock. An unspoken question...

KAREEL

And yes... I am still Odan... and I still love you. I cannot imagine that ever changing.

Beverly doesn't answer. What is she to answer? She feels drained, exhausted... it's all been too much, too fast.

55B CONTINUED:

BEVERLY

I'm glad you're all right.

A silence... disappointment in Kareel's beautiful eyes.

KAREEL

Is there to be nothing more?

Beverly runs her hand through her hair, exhausted.

BEVERLY

Perhaps it is a human failing...
but we are not accustomed to
these kinds of changes. I
can't... keep up. How long will
you have this host? What
would the next one be? I
couldn't live with that kind of
uncertainty...

Kareel looks at her with sorrow.

BEVERLY

Perhaps... someday... our ability
to love will not be so limited.

KAREEL

I understand.

Kareel rises and starts for the door.

BEVERLY

Odan...

Kareel turns back.

BEVERLY

I do love you... please remember
that.

Kareel's smile is full of sadness and longing... and
love. She goes to Beverly, takes her wrist.

KAREEL

I will never forget you.

And she kisses the inside of Beverly's wrist.

56 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

and the Trill ship part company.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END