

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Elementary, Dear Data"
#40272-129

Written by
Brian Alan Lane

Directed by
Rob Bowman

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STAR TREK: "Elementary, Dear Data" - 10/12/88 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Elementary, Dear Data"

CAST

PICARD	SHERLOCK HOLMES (DATA)
RIKER	DOCTOR JOHN H. WATSON (GEORDI)
DATA	INSPECTOR G. LESTRADE
PULASKI	JABEZ WILSON
TROI	PIE MAN
GEORDI	PROFESSOR JAMES MORIARTY
WORF	PROSTITUTE (WHORE)
WESLEY	THUG
	RUFFIAN
ASSISTANT ENGINEER (CLANCY)	Non-Speaking MAN
Voice-Over COMPUTER VOICE	STREET VENDORS PENNY POSTMEN BOBBIES STREET URCHINS BARRISTERS BUSINESSMEN LADIES LAMPLIGHTERS TARTS SAILORS YOUTH THUGS PROSTITUTES BEGGARS CROWD THE PODY WOMAN BOBBY TWO DRUNKEN SEAMEN TWO WHORES TWO BEGGARS
	Voice-Over COACHMAN

STAR TREK: "Elementary, Dear Data" - 10/12/88 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Elementary, Dear Data"

SETS

INTERIORS

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

USS ENTERPRISE

CORRIDOR -

TURBOLIFT

HOLODECK

MAIN ENGINEERING

GEORDI'S OFFICE

HOLODECK -

HOLMES' SITTING ROOM

CONTROL FOYER

LONDON STREET

ALLEYWAY

WAREHOUSE

N.D. BUILDING

MORIARTY'S LAIR

TEN-FORWARD

MAIN BRIDGE

OBSERVATION LOUNGE

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Elementary, Dear Data"

TEASER

FADE IN:

A1 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The ship is motionless.

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, Stardate 42486.3.
We have arrived on station at
coordinates -- three-six-two-
nine-mark-five-eight-four,
three days early for our
rendezvous with USS Victory.
There is nothing to do now, but
hold this position and wait.

1 INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR AT TURBOLIFT

as the doors snap open and DATA comes out, hurries down
the corridor toward the Engineering Section. He
appears concerned about something.

2 INT. MAIN ENGINEERING

as Data hurries in from the corridor to the ASSISTANT
ENGINEER, a pert redhead female, who is on duty.

ASSISTANT ENGINEER

Yes, Commander?

DATA

Is there a problem? Chief
Engineer La Forge called for me.
"Urgent!"

ASSISTANT ENGINEER

Oh, of course.
(indicates)
He's over there with the Victory.

A very puzzled Data heads in the direction indicated.

3 INT. GEORDI'S OFFICE

where GEORDI is making an adjustment on a computer panel. Data enters.

DATA

I just had a strange conversation with your assistant. Although it is three days until we rendezvous with Starship Victory, she...

GEORDI

(grins; overlapping)
She believes it has already arrived.

(indicates)

But not the starship, my friend.
The original!

4 PAN SHOT

as Geordi leads Data to an Engine Room corner we haven't seen so far. It is indeed the Victory sitting there, a nearly completed five-foot model of it! Geordi leads Data to it, then kneels and begins putting some finishing touches on the model.

GEORDI

This is my gift to Starship Victory's Captain Zimbata.

5 CLOSE ON THE VICTORY MODEL

including Geordi's hands (establishing scale) as he works on it.

DATA

Ah, most unusual.

6 MEDIUM SHOT

Geordi, Data and model.

GEORDI

I served as an ensign under him.
(indicates model)
I wish he'd been in command of this Victory. Wind and sail, that's the proper way to move a ship.

6 CONTINUED:

Geordi reaches in the model, adjusts something, CAMERA MOVING IN as Data crouches to watch, puzzled.

DATA

But your Starfleet specialty, my friend, is antimatter power, dilithium regulators...

GEORDI

Which is exactly why this fascinates me. Data, it's human nature to love what we don't have. Simpler days!

(indicates model)

While stringing this rigging, I was dreaming of sail handling and...

DATA

This is not a computer simulation?

GEORDI

Data, the entire point of something like this is to hand make it.

Data is leaning in, inspecting it even more carefully.

GEORDI

(continuing)

Just as you have used Old England in a hobby of your own.

DATA

Geordi... your message said "urgent."

GEORDI

And it is, my friend. While we wait to rendezvous with Victory, we have time for me to be Watson.

Geordi produces a package, extends it to Data. Data pulls from the package a meerschaum pipe.

GEORDI

(continuing)

More properly, your Watson.

6 CONTINUED: (2)

It is the "Sherlock Holmes" pipe that Data used once before and Data is obviously delighted with it. He picks it up, tests the heft of it, moves it to his lips.

DATA

My Watson?

7 WIDER ANGLE

as Geordi stands; indicates model.

GEORDI

You've seen my dream adventure...
now let me share in one of yours.

Data considers this, then lifts the meerschaum to the lips again, plays it as "Holmes."

DATA

Ah, yes. Yes, my dear colleague,
that does seem only fair.

The assistant engineer has entered to check a computer reading and Geordi beckons to her, indicates the model Victory.

GEORDI

I'll be gone awhile, Clancy. See
that no one touches this!

ASSISTANT ENGINEER

Aye, sir. And where can I reach
you?

DATA

He can be reached at 221B Baker
Street.

ASSISTANT ENGINEER

Sir?

But the two of them are already exiting.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR AT HOLODECK

Data and Geordi are in front of the Holodeck entrance, programming the COMPUTER. Geordi (dressed as WATSON) is wearing Victorian trousers, waistcoat and tie, jacket and bowler. Data is dressed in the classic style of SHERLOCK HOLMES.

DATA

Computer -- select at random a mystery by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, where I will play Sherlock Holmes and Lieutenant La Forge will be Doctor Watson.

COMPUTER VOICE

Program complete -- you may enter.

The Holodeck doors open onto:

9 INT. HOLODECK - THE SITTING ROOM AT 221B BAKER STREET - THE DIGS OF MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES - DAY (OPTICAL)

The Holodeck doors become a wall of Holmes' sitting room. It's all there. A perfect duplication of Sherlock Holmes' famous sitting room.

DATA

Excellent.

The unlit oil lamps, the bookcase, the stick rack, the fireplace and its softly flaming fire within, the jack-knife stuck in the mantelpiece, the Persian slipper tobacco pouch, the chemical bottles and microscope, the deerstalker cap and cape-backed overcoat, the spirit case and gasogene, a pistol, the "V.R." script of bullet holes in one wall...

GEORDI

Look at all of the detail... and everything here has some significance?

9 CONTINUED:

DATA

Holmes collected nothing -- neither trinkets nor thoughts which were not specifically significant to him.

10 ANOTHER ANGLE

Data surveys the room for authenticity -- Geordi makes a walk around the room, picking up articles and identifying them. He picks up a tie pin.

GEORDI

This?

DATA

The emerald tie pin presented to Holmes by Queen Victoria after he solved the theft of the Bruce-Partington plans.

He touches a book.

DATA

(continuing)

A copy of Whitaker's Almanack which provided Holmes the key to the secret code in "The Valley of Fear."

He picks up a snuff box from the mantel.

DATA

(continuing)

The snuff box of Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein.

Geordi marvels at the detail.

GEORDI

All right -- you solve the cases and get the gifts, what do I do?

DATA

Primarily as Doctor Watson, you keep a written record of everything I do for later publication.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE

Data steps over and picks up the violin.

DATA

And the famous Holmes violin.
He purchased this in a pawn shop
in Tottenham Court Road for
fifty-five shillings, which he
considered a very good investment.

Geordi takes pen in hand to begin the journal.

GEORDI

In the hands of some, the violin
is a wondrous thing, equally
capable of stirring the soul to
the heights of bliss as to the
depths of despair...

11A EMPHASIZING DATA (OPTICAL)

as he picks up the bow... begins to play. His music
is surprisingly lovely. CAMERA PANS to Geordi as he
lowers the pen, impressed.

GEORDI

Incredible, Data! How can you
play it like that?

DATA

Merely throwing myself into the
part, Watson.

Geordi picks up his pen again, begins writing:

GEORDI

In the masterful grasp of my
friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the
violin ceases to be a musical
instrument at all and becomes...

Data puts down the violin as outside WE HEAR THE CLOMP
OF HORSES' HOOVES AND THE YELL OF A COACHMAN.

DATA

Watson! We are about to have
guests.

Data digs into his pockets for his pipe. There is the
SOUND OF FEET ON THE STAIRS, THEN A KNOCK AT THE
DOOR...

11A CONTINUED:

DATA

(continuing)

Answer it, Watson -- let's not keep
the good inspector waiting.

GEORDI

Inspector who?

DATA

Why Lestrade of course.

Geordi's on his feet, heading for the door as there
comes ANOTHER KNOCK, and LESTRADE'S VOICE:

LESTRADE (O.S.)

Holmes, are you there, man?

Geordi fumbles slightly as he opens the door, and into
the room come INSPECTOR G. LESTRADE and a MAN, wearing
a double-breasted overcoat and bowler... Lestrade nods
at Watson but crosses quickly toward Holmes as the man,
his collar up to partially obscure his face, slides
over to the darkest corner of the room and examines the
chemistry apparatus there...

LESTRADE

(continuing)

Thank the Almighty you're
available tonight, Holmes, I'm
in a deuce of a dilemma.

DATA

Then may I say your perturbation
becomes you, Inspector Lestrade,
whilst simultaneously affording
me yet another chance to serve
Queen and country.

GEORDI

(with a little laugh)

Data, is that the way Holmes
really talked?

DATA

Absolutely.

Data steps over to the Persian slipper tobacco pouch,
fills his pipe, tamps it, as:

11A CONTINUED: (2)

LESTRADE

Exactly... You see, this gentleman here --

(indicates the man)

-- the emissary of a foreign government -- has been the victim of a most accidentally wicked crime...

The light over Watson's journal has flickered lower. Geordi, not quite sure of how it works, tries to adjust it and breaks Lestrade's concentration as the lamp goes completely dark.

GEORDI

Damn!

(to Data)

Haven't they invented electric lights by now?

LESTRADE

What, dear fellow?

DATA

Watson, please!

(to Lestrade)

Pray go on, Inspector.

LESTRADE

Well, to put the matter simply, Holmes, this man was accosted by gypsies bent on depriving him of his most valuable possessions... and, in the process of picking his pockets clean, the gypsies also happened to bag a photograph this man was carrying --

Data reaches for the lapel of the Man's overcoat, and RIPS it down, tearing it from top to bottom... and, from inside the lining of the coat's hem, Data withdraws a photograph!... which he hands to a surprised Lestrade...

LESTRADE

(continuing)

Great Scott! It's the photograph!

11A CONTINUED: (3)

DATA

I believe, Inspector, that you will find that this emissary here works not for but against the King of Bohemia, and that photograph of the king and his ex-mistress is to be used as blackmail. Further, upon deeper reflection, you will deduce, as did I, that...

GEORDI

(in disgust)

Computer, freeze program. Exit!

A set of Holodeck exit doors appears, parting TO REVEAL the interior corridor of the Enterprise... the Holodeck characters freeze. Geordi strides toward the exit.

DATA

Where are you going?

GEORDI

I'm done.

DATA

But I was just about to reveal that the "sir" is in fact a "madame," and that...

GEORDI

Forget it, Data.

And Geordi strides out... Data puzzles over matters for a beat, and then he follows. The Holodeck doors close behind them.

12 INT. ENTERPRISE - TEN-FORWARD

Geordi and Data are sitting at a table near the windows. The Enterprise is not moving.

GEORDI

What was the point to going onto the Holodeck?

DATA

To solve a Sherlock Holmes mystery.

12 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

Exactly, but, you've got them all memorized. The first time someone opens their mouth, you've got it solved. So, there's really no mystery. If there's no mystery... there's no game... no game... no fun.

Geordi feels like he is being too emphatic.

GEORDI

(continuing)

I'm not angry with you, Data, really... It's just that... we go to all the trouble to arrange time to come down to the Holodeck, to get the proper wardrobe, to get into character, and, boom, it barely gets started and you jump to the end. See, I was looking forward to the chase.

DATA

Then I should have extended the sequence of events.

GEORDI

I'm not getting through. The fun of the program is the attempt to solve a mystery.

DATA

That is exactly what we were doing.

PULASKI (O.S.)

You are wasting your breath, Lieutenant.

And, from behind, DOCTOR PULASKI'S VOICE:

Data and Geordi look around to find PULASKI sitting there, facing the opposite direction.

PULASKI

(continuing)

Saying that to Data is asking a computer not to compute.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

DATA

Am I so different from you,
Doctor? Can you cease thinking
on command?

PULASKI

In medicine I face many puzzles
to which I do not know the answer.

GEORDI

She's right, Data. You always
know the answer.

PULASKI

To feel the thrill of a victory...
there must be the possibility of
failure.

(to Data)

Where's the victory winning a
battle you can't possibly lose?

DATA

Are you suggesting that there is
some value in losing?

PULASKI

(enthusiastic)

Yes. That's the great teacher.
We humans often learn more from
a mistake or a failure than we
do from an easy success. But not
you -- all your learning is by
rote. To you it's all
memorization and recitation.

GEORDI

I don't know about that.
Deductive reasoning is Data's
strength.

PULASKI

Yes, Holmes as well, but Holmes
also understood the human soul.
Those dark flecks which drive
us... which turn the innocent to
the evil. That understanding is
beyond Data. It comes from "life"
experience -- which he doesn't have
-- combined with human intuition
for which he cannot be programmed.

12 CONTINUED: (3)

GEORDI

I disagree -- totally.

PULASKI

His victory at playing Sherlock Holmes is just a blind mimicry, a collection of bits and bytes of information without any true understanding.

GEORDI

You're being unfair.

PULASKI

I don't think so, Lieutenant. Your artificial friend wouldn't have a prayer of solving a Holmes mystery which he hasn't read.

DATA

I have read them all.

GEORDI

Maybe the computer could create one in the style of Holmes... where you wouldn't know the outcome.

PULASKI

Like I said, he wouldn't have a prayer.

DATA

(to Pulaski)

I accept your challenge, Doctor.

GEORDI

Good for you, Data.

DATA

We will return to the Holodeck and I will dare it to defeat me, and you Madam are invited to be a witness.

PULASKI

I wouldn't miss it.

12 CONTINUED: (4)

Pulaski raises her glass to toast agreement... and she drinks the last swallow, now rises and leads Data away from the table... And Geordi stands to follow.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The great vessel is parked.

14 INT. HOLODECK - CONTROL FOYER

Geordi dressed as Watson, Data as Holmes... and Pulaski in upper class Victorian finery, layers and layers of it. She fans herself with her hand as Data activates the Holodeck console and inputs a sequence...

PULASKI

I've never been so hot in all my life -- are these clothes really necessary?

GEORDI

Believe me, you'd feel out of place without them... Just wait 'til you see our Holodeck, you'll swear you've actually been sent back to nineteenth century England.

PULASKI

Presuming I don't pass out first.

She fans herself all the more... and Data's still inputting, as:

DATA

The Victorians believed that any form of nudity was immoral... In fact, they not only covered up all people from head to toe, but they even went so far as to put skirts and cuffs and sleeves on the arms and legs of furniture.

(finishes inputting)

I have instructed the computer to give us a Sherlock Holmes-type problem, but not one specifically written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

GEORDI

So this will be something new, something created by the computer?

14 CONTINUED:

DATA

Exactly.

(now eyes Pulaski)

Will that be sufficient, Doctor?

PULASKI

We'll see.

COMPUTER VOICE

Program complete -- you may enter.

15 INT. HOLODECK - LONDON STREET - NIGHT

The Holodeck doors open, REVEALING Victorian London. They step forward into the street scene. We see the awe on Pulaski's face as she gazes up and down this busy thoroughfare of horse-drawn carts, hansom cabs... There are STREET VENDORS, PENNY POSTMEN, BOBBIES, STREET URCHINS begging for tuppence, BARRISTERS in white wigs, BUSINESSMEN, LADIES, LAMPLIGHTERS, TARTS, SAILORS -- the full panoply of London denizens, all ignoring the sooty fog and sounds that waft through the scene...

PIE MAN

(his call)

Pies, pies, Some are meat, Some
are sweet, They're all the best...
Pies... pies...

WHORE

You're a handsome one mister...
shame to stay out here in the
cold...

PULASKI

Very impressive.

GEORDI

Your first visit to the Holodeck,
Doctor?

The whore approaches a MAN we will recognize later as
MORIARTY.

WHORE

How 'bout you deary... Want to
get out of the fog?

He ignores her.

15 CONTINUED:

PULASKI

First time on one with this level of sophistication. Now how does this work? The real London was over a hundred square miles in size.

Data starts walking along the block, and Geordi and Pulaski follow closely, as:

DATA

This is no larger than the Holodeck, of course. So the computer adjusts by placing images of more distant perspectives on the Holodeck walls...

GEORDI

But with the image so perfect you'd have to touch the wall to know it was there. And the computer fools you in other ways.

(Watson's accent)

I say, Holmes, where shall we head -- the theatre? Rule's? Or perhaps a concert?

Data stops walking, likewise freezing Geordi and Pulaski... and Data pulls out his pipe, methodically scans the scene, trying to determine their next move. SUDDENLY a YOUTH sprints out of the shadows carrying a sack and running for all he's worth. The Pie Man screams.

PIE MAN

Stop him. He stole my goods...

Geordi moves to intercept the youth.

DATA

No. It is a ruse. This way.

We FOLLOW Data's gesture to see a rather nondescript building by an alley -- a brass plaque on the building is unreadable at this distance... Now Data quickly crosses, with Geordi and Pulaski right on his heels.

16 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM THE STOOP OF N.D. BUILDING

GEORDI

But, Data, what's over here?

16 CONTINUED:

PULASKI

What are you up to, Data? Tell us.

They have reached the building -- and Data is squinting up at a rope which is dangling from a vent in the ceiling over the stoop, just by the front door...

17 CLOSE-UP - THE ROPE

hanging down, with the door lock and the brass plaque just back of it... The plaque reads: "HOME OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE"...

DATA

The running man was a hoax. The real crime is here. And the intended victim -- is...

Data looks along the street.

18 LONDON STREET - DATA'S POV

Walking toward them is a florid-faced gentleman (JABEZ WILSON) with a fiery shock of red hair.

DATA

... that man. Mr. Jabez Wilson. Employee of the Red-Headed League, dupe of a gang of criminals.

19 DATA, GEORDI AND PULASKI (OPTICAL)

Data indicates the plaque reads: "HOME OF THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE"...

DATA

I saw the plaque - "The Home of the Red-Headed League"... and this rope dangling from the vent, which enabled me to deduce that Mr. Jabez Wilson is coming here to meet a most distasteful and untimely demise. From this...

Data reaches up and pulls the rope... and a snake -- yellow with brownish speckles -- falls off the rope, hits the ground, slithers away...

19 CONTINUED:

PULASKI

Fraud. You didn't deduce anything. You simply recognized elements from two different Holmes stories. Fraud.

DATA

Reasoning from the general to the specific -- is that not the very definition of deduction? Is that not the way Sherlock Holmes worked?

At about this time, the red-headed Mr. Wilson walks closer.

PULASKI

Fraud. Variations on a theme.

(to Geordi)

Now... now do you see my point? All he knows is what is stored in his memory banks. Inspiration -- original thought -- the true strength of Holmes is not possible for our friend.

(to Data)

I give you credit for your vast knowledge, but your circuits would just short out when confronted by a truly original mystery. It's elementary, dear Data.

GEORDI

We will just see whose circuits short out, Doctor.

Geordi leads them back over to the exit.

GEORDI

Computer! Arch!

And the arch MATERIALIZES. The street crowd pay no attention, except for one man (Moriarty) in b.g., who eyes it offhandedly.

PULASKI

Are you really sure you want to put yourself through this, Lieutenant? Better wilted laurels than none at all.

19 CONTINUED: (2)

GEORDI

Computer, override previous programming. All right, now a program that definitely challenges Data.

PULASKI

It has to deal with events he has no previous knowledge of.

GEORDI

(thinks; then)

Computer, in the Holmesian style, create a mystery to confound Data with an opponent who has the ability to defeat him.

COMPUTER VOICE

Define parameters of the program.

PULASKI

What does that mean?

GEORDI

The computer wants to know how far to take the game.

PULASKI

You mean it's giving you a chance to limit your risk.

GEORDI

No, the parameters will be whatever is necessary to accomplish the directive.

(turns to computer)

Create an adversary capable of defeating Data.

Geordi pushes some buttons to:

20
thru OMITTED
21

A22 OMITTED

B22 OMITTED

C22 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ANGLE INCLUDING WORF AND
RIKER (B.G.)

Out of the corner of his eye, Worf catches a strange
reading on his console.

 WORF
What was that?

 RIKER
Lieutenant?

 WORF
An odd surge of power, sir.
 (rechecking console)
It's gone now.

D22 INT. HOLODECK - LONDON STREET (OPTICAL)

The Holodeck arch and doors DEMATERIALIZE. Data,
Geordi and Pulaski are standing where we left them.
They are looking at this London street and finding it
totally different than when they last saw it. It seems
a bit dirtier, peopled now with a scattering of THUGS,
PROSTITUTES, and BEGGARS. It has a sense of danger
which wasn't there before.

 PULASKI
Interesting. The same London
but... slightly different.

22 LONDON STREET - ANOTHER ANGLE

Data leading them along it, looking for what is going
to begin this mystery. Geordi is with him, Pulaski is
a step behind. The prostitute comes out of the shadows
and approaches Data:

 PROSTITUTE (WHORE)
Hello, matey. For a few bob, I
can put some color in your
cheeks...

 DATA
No thank you.

22 CONTINUED:

PROSTITUTE
"No thank you" is it?
(points to thugs)
Rather hand it over to them...

Data leads the others past them.

23 DATA AND GEORDI

as they move along the street. The PROSTITUTE motions to a COUPLE of dangerous THUGS, who are eyeballing Data and Geordi, and whisper behind their hands like a couple of thieves who see possible victims. Off to the side, PROFESSOR JAMES MORIARTY stands there as if momentarily dazed by something.

23A EMPHASIZING MORIARTY (OPTICAL)

as the same prostitute notices his odd look.

PROSTITUTE
Is something wrong, Professor?

Moriarty opens his eyes, seems pleased by something.

MORIARTY
I... I feel like a new man.
(looks around;
indicates)
That dark man used the word
"arch" and then... I wonder?
(he tries it himself)
"Arch."

And just as it would for Data, the arch APPEARS.
Moriarty steps over and inspects it while in the b.g.
Data, Geordi and Pulaski move OUT OF SCENE.

MORIARTY
What have we here?

COMPUTER VOICE
Computer, standing by.

Moriarty reacts, then:

MORIARTY
What are you?

23A CONTINUED:

COMPUTER VOICE

If you refer to the arch you ordered, it provides computer control. Do you wish to input any commands?

MORIARTY

Not at this time.

The arch DISAPPEARS.

PROSTITUTE

(frightened)

Aii! It's dark magic, Moriarty.

She exits down the street. But Moriarty seems pleased, looks in the direction where Data and the others went.

MORIARTY

(to himself)

The best kind, I'm sure. But I need information.

Hurrying, he heads in the direction where we last saw Data.

24 OMITTED

25 LONDON STREET - ANOTHER ANGLE

As they move through the clutter of the street, Data and Geordi move slightly ahead. Geordi is anxious for the new adventure to begin. Pulaski lags a bit behind.

GEORDI

Data -- I mean... Holmes old boy, what are we looking for?

DATA

For whatever finds us, dear Watson.

Suddenly there is an O.S. SCREAM! from Pulaski.

26 ANOTHER ANGLE

Data and Geordi spin around in response to find that Pulaski is gone.

27 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM THE SIDEWALK

to the alley entrance.

DATA

(as Holmes)

She has been abducted.

GEORDI

(as Geordi)

I think she's hiding. She's going to lead you on a wild goose chase and then recount the story to everyone between here and Alpha Centauri.

Data's eye catches her shoe (now scuffed on top and sides).

28 THE TRAIL OF SCUFF MARKS

which runs along the sidewalk, and to the nearby alley...

DATA

Watson -- a trail...

29 RESUME SCENE

DATA

Leading to the alley...

(then in Holmesian

fashion, he continues)

The doctor has been carried off by two men. One is tall -- a seaman. The other is shorter, left handed, and employed in a laboratory.

GEORDI

Left handed? And works in a lab? How do you know that?

29 CONTINUED:

DATA

One set of footfalls are widely spaced with the uneven gait particular to seamen. The other set is evenly spaced -- closer together. Further, you can see on the ground the swirling scrapes made by his left shoe as he twists back presumably to see if he is being followed. Left footed, means left handed. The dark coloration of the scrapes are the leavings of natural rubber -- a type of non-conductive soles used by researchers experimenting with electricity.

(he pauses)

Finally, there can be no argument -- the game is afoot! Come, Watson!

And Data charges off, following the trail leading to the alley... Geordi is right behind him.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30 INT. HOLODECK - LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Data and Geordi (as Holmes and Watson) turn off the street and enter the alley. THEIR FOOTFALLS ECHO... and they stand there, catching their breath, just listening... and WE HEAR OTHER RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AHEAD...

DATA

Hear that? What do those footfalls tell you, Watson?

GEORDI

That we're on the right track?

DATA

More particularly, that our opposition does indeed consist of two men... that one of them is carrying the bound and gagged Doctor Pulaski. We must hurry --

Data scoots down the alley once more, Geordi in tow, as:

GEORDI

You know all this because you read it in a Holmes story, right?

DATA

Not at all... Since we do not hear the doctor's footfalls, we must presume she is being carried, and since we do not hear her calling for help, we know she is gagged. Further... both sets of footfalls are heavy and masculine -- one man seems to shuffle and stumble in an irregular pattern... Since the ground is level, I must conclude that Doctor Pulaski is struggling against her captor, sporadically knocking him off stride. It is deduction, pure and simple... well, perhaps not that simple.

30 CONTINUED:

Data and Geordi are just rounding the only sharp bend in the alleyway, and the RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AHEAD ARE LOUD AND VERY NEAR...

DATA
(continuing)
Here we go, Watson -- I daresay
we have caught up rather nicely
with our quarry --

And Data and Geordi zoom out of the bend... and come to a stop as they find themselves face to face with a dead-end brick wall... There's no sign of anyone else there, no doors, no manholes, no way out except back the way they came...

DATA
(continuing)
There should be a doorway.

Data turns and heads back up the alley...

31 LONDON STREET - ALLEYWAY ENTRANCE

as Data and Geordi wander out of the alley and along the street. Across from them is a warehouse.

Lestrade rushes up:

LESTRADE
Holmes, thank God you're here.

Lestrade grabs Data's arm, steers him -- with Geordi following -- to:

32 LONDON STREET

where a CROWD has gathered in a circle to look at something on the ground...

LESTRADE
Make way, please, make way, make
way for Mr. Sherlock Holmes...

The crowd parts... and Lestrade, Data, and Geordi push through to find the object of interest --

33 LYING ON THE GROUND -- THE BODY

of a middle-aged, common-looking man... Now the feet of Data, Geordi, and Lestrade step INTO FRAME, around the body, as:

LESTRADE (O.S.)
It's murder, Holmes, murder most foul.

Lestrade, Data, and Geordi stoop down for closer inspection of the body, and all are now IN FRAME, as:

GEORDI
(to Data)
Well, Holmes, let's hear it.

DATA
There is nothing here of relevance. I do not see how this connects with the disappearance of the doctor.

LESTRADE
Doctor? Doctor Watson is standing right here, Holmes.

DATA
Doctor Kate Pulaski. But do not concern yourself, Inspector. You have enough on your mind.

LESTRADE
She was with you?

34 NEW ANGLE - DATA, GEORDI, LESTRADE, AND BODY

Both Geordi and Data are enthralled by this game. Geordi returns to his role as the counterfeit Watson.

GEORDI
Inspector, perhaps I can be of assistance... As I take note of this dead man, I deduce that he was strangled.

Geordi's moment in the sun:

34 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

(continuing)

The finger marks on his throat indicate the cause of death, and, since there are signs of a struggle, it's obvious that his killer was a stranger, who caught him from behind.

LESTRADE

Is that correct, Holmes?

DATA

No. Look at his shoes. He's more a convict -- released just today from Dartmoor prison... He spent the day in a tavern where he consumed large quantities of gin -- with his killer, who followed him to this spot -- and waited over there until the victim slipped into a drunken stupor, then out of fear, motivated only by self-protection strangled him.

Data indicates a WOMAN in the crowd.

DATA

(continuing)

There is your killer, Inspector.

She starts to run but is grabbed by a BOBBY, who brings her forward.

DATA

(continuing)

And when you check, I believe you will find this poor soul is the victim's common law wife, who has been dreading his release because he was a vile and abusive man.

GEORDI

But, Holmes she doesn't have the strength of strangling him.

DATA

Not with her hands -- no. But with this.

Data reaches over and takes a beaded scarf from around the woman's neck.

34 CONTINUED: (2)

DATA

(continuing)

When used as a garrote, these beads will leave marks quite similar to fingerprints, except, my dear Watson... the marks on the victim are too evenly spaced to be caused by human hands.

LESTRADE

Astounding, Holmes... absolutely astounding.

Data is uninterested in the compliment or further discussion of this crime; he turns and scans the street.

35 LONDON STREET - DATA'S POV

He notices a tall man (Moriarty) entering a warehouse.

36 BACK TO SCENE

Data has lost interest in the murder.

DATA

Inspector -- for reasons strictly personal -- I must leave. Come, Watson, this murder is not connected with our case.

GEORDI

(excitedly)

If this murder isn't connected to the disappearance of Doctor Pulaski, then the computer is running an independent program.

DATA

Yes.

GEORDI

Why?

DATA)

(puzzled)

I do not know... and that troubles me.

36 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

Then you don't know what's coming
next?

DATA

No.

GEORDI

(still enjoying the
game)

That's what I wanted to hear.

37 LONDON STREET - ANOTHER ANGLE

Data and Geordi leave the scene of the crime as a
pushcart arrives to carry off the corpse and the bobby
and Lestrade lead the woman away.

38 ENTRANCE TO THE WAREHOUSE

Data and Geordi approach. There are a couple of
drunken SEAMEN staggering along the sidewalk. Nearby
is a very dangerous looking THUG, beyond whom is a
vibrantly painted WHORE. A THUG comes up and grabs
Data's coat.

THUG

Do you have some coppers for a
hungry man?

WHORE

I'll give you some value for your
copper, mate...

There is an air of violence about this beggar.

DATA

Allow us to pass.

THUG

Give it up.

WHORE

Ain't no men left in London.

DATA

Release my coat or I will be
forced to give you a severe
thrashing.

38 CONTINUED:

As the thug backs off, he bumps into Geordi, then pushes him aside and leaves.

GEORDI

It's getting a little rough.
Where to, now?

DATA

We will find Doctor Pulaski
inside.

GEORDI

How do you know that?

DATA

It is the only obvious choice.

GEORDI

Why, all of a sudden would the
obvious choice be the correct
choice? Isn't this a game of
misdirection?

DATA

Not any more. He wants us to find
him.

GEORDI

Who does?

DATA

The master criminal. The man
Holmes could only defeat at the
cost of his own life at
Reichenbach falls - our adversary,
my dear Watson is none other than
Professor Moriarty himself.

GEORDI

Great -- now this is really
getting good.

Data pushes open the door. Geordi follows him through.

39 INT. WAREHOUSE

is long, narrow and crammed full of barrels and crates.
Data leads them down an aisle following a set of wet
footprints.

39 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

There's nothing in here but these barrels.

DATA

... and a trail.

(indicating the tracks
in the dust)

Which is so well marked, that obviously we are meant to follow it.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE

As the aisle ends against a blank wall.

GEORDI

Another dead end.

Data runs his finger along a seam in wooden wall.

DATA

No Watson, not a dead end at all. Here -- can you see these scratches?

Data pushes against the wall just to the left of the little scratches and the wall slides open to reveal another room.

41 INT. MORIARTY'S LAIR - TIGHT ANGLE - PANNING (OPTICAL)

A windowless, doorless room, full of Victorian finery and bric-a-brac... A lab table and boxes full of bizarre tools, equipment, wires... And we:

GEORDI

The doctor was right, now we have a game worth playing.

the VOICE of Moriarty, mellifluous and evil:

MORIARTY

The time for games is over.

DATA

Professor Moriarty, I presume?

And Moriarty, tall, angular, in long frock appears from the side. Geordi turns to Data.

41 CONTINUED:

GEORDI

How did you know that?

DATA

He is the one worthy opponent
created by the author, Conan
Doyle.

MORIARTY

And, like the spider, I feel the
strings vibrate whenever anyone
new chances into my web. Welcome,
my dear Holmes -- but not
Holmes... and Doctor Watson...
but not Watson.

GEORDI

(slightly concerned)

What's he mean? How would he know
we're not who we appear to be?

DATA

Where is Doctor Pulaski?

MORIARTY

She's here.

But we don't see her.

DATA

She would not have answered any
questions.

MORIARTY

(a wicked smile)

She has provided many answers.
Do you forget I have always been
your equal, dear Holmes? I have
read her expressions -- what she
has not said is as important as
her words...

DATA

(interrupts)

Have you injured her?

MORIARTY

I will if necessary, Holmes. But
my mind is crowded with images.
Thoughts I do not understand yet
cannot purge. They plague me.

(MORE)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

MORIARTY (Cont'd)

You -- and your associate -- look and act so oddly, yet though I have never met nor seen the like of either of you... I am familiar with you both. It's very confusing.

Data does not respond.

MORIARTY

(continuing)

I have felt new realities at the edge of my consciousness, readying to break through... Surely, Holmes, if that's who you truly are -- you of all people can appreciate what I mean.

GEORDI

Data...

DATA

Say nothing!

MORIARTY

I know there is a great power called Computer, wiser than the oracle at Delphi. A power which controls

(he waves his hand to encompass everything)

... all of this, and to which we can speak. Arch!

And to the amazement of Data and Geordi, the computer arch APPEARS.

GEORDI

This isn't right, Data. How can a holographic image call for the arch?

Data looks from the arch to Moriarty as his brain tries to sort it out. Moriarty takes a piece of paper from the pad beside his desk and quickly sketches a simple outline on the paper.

41 CONTINUED: (3)

MORIARTY
(in a rush of words)
It has described a great monstrous
shape on which I am like a fly
-- stuck on a turtle's back -- adrift
in a great emptiness.

He gives the paper to Data, with:

MORIARTY
(continuing)
What is this, Holmes?

Data stares in shock at the drawing which neither we
nor Geordi can see. Then, abruptly, paper still in
hand, he turns...

42 INT. WAREHOUSE

As Data -- followed by Geordi -- hurries through the
warehouse toward the door.

MORIARTY
Tell me -- stop and tell me, man!

Data glances back, but doesn't break stride.

GEORDI
Data! What's going on?

DATA
We must leave.

Geordi is a few paces behind.

GEORDI
What's on the paper?

MORIARTY
(calling after them)
Why does it frighten you, Holmes?

43 LONDON STREET

Data and Geordi come out of the warehouse. The
characters who have been inhabiting the street are more
aggressive now than they have been. Data and Geordi
are pulled at by TWO WHORES -- by a COUPLE OF BEGGARS
-- who demand money and physically attempt to impede
them. Data uses his hands to move a legless Beggar
out of his way. The Fellini-like scene goes on.

43 CONTINUED:

BEGGAR

A few coppers, mate... Give up
a few for a cripple.

WHORE

Give me some money. You got
more than you need...

BEGGAR

Have pity. You could be like
me... I could never be like
you again.

WHORE

Never mind her... Give it
here... Don't pull away.

BEGGAR

I got family... Don't let them
be hungry. Just a few coppers.

WHORE

They got not one to feed but
their face. I got a couple
of young ones.

BEGGAR

Won't mean a bit to you.

WHORE

I got me three of them. Get
a few bob up Lordy.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE (OPTICAL)

They arrive at where the exit should be.

DATA

(calls)

Computer! Exit!

And exit doors MATERIALIZE.

GEORDI

Will you please tell me what is
going on?

Data steps through and into the Enterprise corridor.

45 INT. ENTERPRISE - CORRIDOR

Geordi exits. The doors close.

DATA

Computer. Execute a complete
shutdown of the Holodeck.

COMPUTER VOICE

Access denied.

DATA

Explain.

COMPUTER VOICE

Override protocol has been
initiated.

45 CONTINUED:

They step to the Holodeck doors which open to reveal the London street scene, still active and bustling -- Geordi is stunned.

GEORDI

The program is still running.
It didn't shut down.

DATA

We must see the captain.

Data strides down the corridor, heading for the turbolift as the Holodeck doors close and Geordi starts to follow Data.

GEORDI

What is it? What's on the paper?
Why can't you shut down the
Holodeck? Data -- wait.

DATA

This.

He shows Geordi the paper. It's a sketch of the USS Enterprise.

GEORDI

This isn't possible. How could
a character from 1890 London be
able to draw a picture of our
starship? Who has control of the
computer?

DATA

He does -- Moriarty.

GEORDI

How is that possible? I don't
understand.

DATA

Neither do I.

GEORDI

What about the doctor? Is she
all right?

DATA

No. She is in grave danger.

Off Geordi's reaction, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

46 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

as it holds in position.

47 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

PICARD has assembled his staff -- TROI, RIKER, WORF, Data, and Geordi (the latter two still in Victorian costume) -- he is holding Moriarty's sketch of the Enterprise in his hands.

PICARD
Computer. Tell me. Why wasn't
the Holodeck program terminated?

COMPUTER VOICE
The override protocol has been
initiated.

PICARD
On whose authority?

COMPUTER VOICE
Lieutenant Geordi La Forge.

All eyes turn to Geordi.

GEORDI
Me?

PICARD
Tell me again -- exactly what
happened.

GEORDI
Doctor Pulaski and I had a
discussion about whether Data
could solve an original
Holmes-type mystery.

PICARD
And you asked the computer to
provide one.

GEORDI
Yes... with a worthy opponent.

47 CONTINUED:

PICARD
Worthy of Holmes?

The realization comes to Geordi.

GEORDI
Oh, my God. I asked for a
Sherlock Holmes-type mystery with
an opponent capable of defeating
Data. That must be it.

PICARD
(in French)
Terrible!

GEORDI
Captain... I'm sorry...

PICARD
I understand, Lieutenant. Well,
at least now we have part of an
explanation. The computer is not
trying to confound "Holmes," which
would be relatively easy, it has
been ordered to create an
adversary to defeat Data.

Geordi turns away.

GEORDI
... I got carried away...

RIKER
That's past. Data, this character
Moriarty... you said he called
for the arch...

DATA
Yes.

PICARD
So he is able to access the
computer.

DATA
And perhaps also our library
files. That level of information
would be necessary in order to
create a true adversary for me.

47 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

Theorize, Data. What are his limits?

DATA

He is still a fictional character, originally programmed with nineteenth century knowledge.

RIKER

But with access now to the twenty-fourth century.

PICARD

What does he need to begin making use of that?

DATA

Only time.

WORF

Sir, I can lead a security team to sweep the Holodeck, find the Doctor, and bring her out.

DATA

Captain, I believe that would place the doctor at risk. It is probable that the mortality failsafe has been overridden.

PICARD

Computer, locate Doctor Pulaski.

COMPUTER VOICE

Doctor Pulaski is on Holodeck Two.

PICARD

And her vital signs?

COMPUTER VOICE

Strong and stable.

PICARD

Counselor Troi, have you a sense of our opponent?

47 CONTINUED: (3)

TROI

It is difficult for me to separate a single individual from all the disorder I feel down there. Captain, what is unusual about this is that I should not be able to sense a holographic projection at all -- yet I do.

RIKER

Captain, recommend we try to destroy the hologram-generators themselves. Is that possible, Geordi?

GEORDI

Using wave guides, I could split a particle stream out of the matter/antimatter chamber and route it down through existing conduit into the Holodeck -- if it is accelerated to sufficient velocity that will quite literally wash away all the present holographic constructs -- the London buildings, the streets, the people, all gone... including Moriarty.

PICARD

And Doctor Pulaski?

RIKER

The particle stream will tear apart human flesh as well, that option is not acceptable.

TROI

Captain, I am suddenly sensing more order to the energy on the Holodeck -- as if one unifying force, one consciousness, is trying to bring it all into focus.

DATA

Captain, there is only one thing which can explain this. In programming Moriarty to defeat me, not Holmes, he had to be able to acquire something which I possess.

47 CONTINUED: (4)

PICARD
Exactly what?

DATA
Consciousness. He cannot defeat
me without it.

SUDDENLY THE SHIP SHAKES. Very quick, very violent.
Then stops.

PICARD
Computer -- what happened?

COMPUTER VOICE
Attitude and stabilization control
of the Enterprise was momentarily
transferred to Holodeck Two.

PICARD
Data -- I think it's best if you
and I returned to the Holodeck.

DATA
I will change into my uniform.

PICARD
No -- I'll change into an
appropriate costume. It seems
he feeds on knowledge. Let's not
give your nemesis any more
information than we have to.

48 INT. MORIARTY'S LAIR - TIGHT ANGLE - PANNING

A windowless, doorless room, full of Victorian finery
and bric-a-brac... A blackboard covered with equations
surrounding a sketch of the Enterprise... A lab table
and boxes full of bizarre tools, equipment, wires...
And we:

Moriarty is standing there by what is now an assembled
heap of odd machinery -- gears and belts and pistons
and coils... a boiler and an upright exhaust pipe...
riveted ironbrass plates for a covering... a large
clutch lever and a mechanical arrow indicator for
"ENGAGE/DISENGAGE" (currently set to the latter). He
steps away from the machine, and crosses the little
room.

PULASKI
How did you shake the room?

48 CONTINUED:

MORIARTY
I am not sure.

49 ANOTHER ANGLE (OPTICAL)

Moriarty approaches the table, and pours a cup of tea for Doctor Pulaski. Pulaski has guessed that something is out of whack and her best course of action is to provide as little info as possible.

MORIARTY
Now, dear lady, will that be one lump or two?

PULASKI
Lumps, Professor? What sort of lumps?

He drops two into her cup of tea... and now he lifts the creamer:

MORIARTY
Milk, of course?

PULASKI
(beat; then)
Why not.

MORIARTY
Mister Computer proposes the incredible thought that we are all traveling in a great vessel of some sort.

Moriarty pours the milk into Pulaski's cup... and he gently slides her cup and saucer to her...

MORIARTY
(continuing)
... Is that true?

PULASKI
I don't know what you are talking about.

MORIARTY
The scones are likewise a must.

49 CONTINUED:

He slides her the tray of biscuits, muffins, and pastry -- she stares at everything, finally lifts the tea to her lips and gives it the merest taste as he watches expectantly... And:

PULASKI
Uh, it's really quite excellent.

MORIARTY
(puzzled)
Strange. It actually pleases me to hear you say that.

PULASKI
Very strange. You're beginning to sound quite different from the Moriarty I've read about.

Moriarty smiles, takes a bite out of a pastry... And:

MORIARTY
You're not frightened of me?

PULASKI
No.

MORIARTY
You should be.
(another bite of pastry)
Mister Computer -- the arch, please.

And the arch and exit MATERIALIZE out of the near wall.

MORIARTY
(continuing)
A few more questions, Mister Computer.

Stunned, Pulaski watches as Moriarty types very rapidly in two-finger style. Then after a bit, while still typing:

MORIARTY
(continuing)
I just can't seem to remember that last command... Ah, well, sooner or later it'll all come to me.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

Then he hits one more button, and the arch DEMATERIALIZES... And now Moriarty stands, strolls to his lab equipment, putters among it, picking up pieces here and there, turning them, staring at them from various angles, as:

MORIARTY

(continuing)

But, in the meantime, I've decided to approach the problem from a more familiar perspective. There's really no reason I shouldn't be able to use some of the knowledge from my world in order to bring me closer to yours.

PULASKI

I have no idea what you're talking about.

MORIARTY

Of course you do, Madam. The more you proclaim your ignorance, the more you attempt to mislead me, the more I am on to you -- your every silence speaks volumes.

PULASKI

Good, then if you know what I'm saying when I'm not saying anything, what do you need me around for?

(stands)

Thanks for the tea and crumpets, but I guess I'll be going.

MORIARTY

Where? Back to here?

Moriarty jabs his finger against his blackboard drawing of the Enterprise --

PULASKI

Yes, would you care to join me?

MORIARTY

(smiles)

In time -- in time I will leave all of this and join you out there.

Indicates a place on the drawing.

49 CONTINUED: (3)

MORIARTY

(beat; then pointing
to another spot,
continuing)

Or is this where we both are right
now?

PULASKI

Right now we are in London. Tell
me what you want from me, or allow
me to leave.

MORIARTY

Frankly, now, I want nothing more
than what the fisherman expects
of the worm... You, dear Doctor,
will be the lure... and this will
be the hook --

(indicates the odd,
unassembled equipment;
then:)

-- for your captain, Jean-Luc
Picard.

PULASKI

(covering her surprise)
Who is that?

And Moriarty grins...

MORIARTY

How well you know.

50 INT. CORRIDOR (OPTICAL)

They are outside the Holodeck. Picard is dressed in
the costume of a Victorian gentleman. Data -- as he has
been -- as Sherlock Holmes. Riker; Worf, wearing the
costume of a Victorian gentleman, steps off the
turbolift... waiting... Riker eyes Picard and Data as
they stride up...

PICARD

Nice suit.

WORF

Thank you, Captain. I'll be
standing by to assist you on the
Holodeck if needed.

50 CONTINUED:

RIKER
(grins at Worf)
You'd be a sensation in London.

PICARD
Shall we sally forth, Mr. Holmes?
(to computer)
Computer tell me, is the program
still running?

COMPUTER VOICE
Affirmative. You may enter.

PICARD
Open.

The Holodeck doors open TO REVEAL the London street.
It's still night, but it's changed. Like a photograph
which has been torn -- parts of the computer-generated
image have deteriorated. The wall of the Holodeck
shows.

PICARD
(continuing)
We don't have much time. He is
getting more control of his
environment. Come on, let us see
if we can't beat Professor
Moriarty by giving him absolutely
everything he wants... and then
some.

Picard and Data enter the Holodeck.

FADE OUT.

51 OMITTED

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

52 OMITTED

53 INT. HOLODECK - LONDON STREET - ANGLE ON PICARD
AND DATA - NIGHT

... as they walk up the street. In addition to evidence of tears in the Holodeck program, the inhabitants of the street are in an uglier mood than we've seen before. Picard points to a place where the Holodeck wall shows through the London view.

PICARD
Obviously, he's attempting to
alter the programming here.

Picard sees something on the street, reaches down to pick it up.

DATA
Captain?

Picard reveals a copper coin he has picked up.

PICARD
Tuppence -- two pence.
(placing it in his
pocket)
A sign of good luck. We may need
some...

A huge London RUFFIAN has stepped in to place a hand on Picard's pocket. He is dangerous looking.

RUFFIAN
I'll have that coin. And the rest
of what you have.

53A PICARD AND RUFFIAN

as the man pulls at the pocket with sudden violence.
Others in the crowd move in like jackals.

53B OMITTED

53C ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD AND RUFFIAN

who pulls at Picard's clothing.

RUFFIAN

I said show me that thing! I want
it and your money!

The thug pulls a knife.

PICARD

Data!

Data steps up and grabs Ruffian with one hand, lifts
him off the ground. The others in the crowd back off.

DATA

(while holding the Thug
aloft)

Captain, this holographic image
differs from any I have
encountered. It is possible he
could have seriously injured you.

PICARD

It's more serious than that. I
think the mortality failsafe has
been circumvented. He could have
killed me.

DATA

Query. Is the converse also true?
Are these projections susceptible
to our technology?

PICARD

I don't know.

Ruffian sees what has him. His voice comes out weakly:

RUFFIAN

Let me go, Gov.

PICARD

Take his knife and let him go,
Data.

Data takes the knife, then releases Ruffian who slinks
off.

DATA

(indicating)
We'll find Moriarty this way.
The warehouse.

54 OMITTED

55 INT. WAREHOUSE (OPTICAL)

as they cross to the wall.

PICARD
Moriarty is making it very easy
for us to find him.

DATA
Captain, permission to test my
theory.

PICARD
Granted.

Data removes a PHASER from his pocket, makes a slight
adjustment in the setting, then FIRES at a crate...

55A CRATE

as it BLOWS UP AND DISAPPEARS.

DATA
Under normal circumstances the
phaser would pass right through
the holographic image.

PICARD
How will it affect a character
like Moriarty?

DATA
The effect on him should be the
same as it was on the crate.

56 INT. MORIARTY'S LAIR

As Picard ENTERS with Data. This room has also
changed. Much more of the Holodeck wall is showing.
Moriarty is standing by his odd machine. It has
changed. On the blackboard, the rough sketch of the
Enterprise has been replaced by detailed, colored
schematics... Pulaski knows that something has gone
wrong, and she's interested to see how this is going to
play out.

MORIARTY
Captain Picard.

56 CONTINUED:

PICARD
(to Pulaski)
Are you all right?

PULASKI
(answers Picard)
I'm fine. Except for being
crammed full of crumpets.

DATA
Crumpets?

PULASKI
You look quite dashing, Captain.
This is the first time I get to
see you in action.

MORIARTY
I hope you're not disappointed.

PULASKI
I'm sure I won't be.

PICARD
You two have gotten awfully...

MORIARTY
... chummy? Yes, this time
together has been quite pleasant.
I am a civilized abductor, Captain
Picard. Civilized but still
dangerous.

Moriarty slams the handle of the machine into the
"ENGAGE" position. The room ROCKS.

57 INT. ENTERPRISE - MAIN BRIDGE

Riker, and the bridge crew are thrown around.

RIKER
Bridge to Holodeck Control. Worf.

58 OMITTED

58A INT. HOLODECK - OUTSIDE THE ENTRY

Worf, touching his insignia in order to respond to
Riker:

58A CONTINUED:

WORF

Here, sir.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Status. Has anything changed?

Worf looks the particle device over, responds:

WORF

No.

59 INT. MORIARTY'S LAIR

SHAKING HAS STOPPED.

PICARD

Moriarty, you were conjured up to attempt to defeat Holmes here... and once that attempt is concluded -- win or lose -- your program has run its course, your existence is done.

Picard nods at Data... and Data who nods:

DATA

Congratulations, Professor Moriarty, I capitulate to the better man -- your victory is well earned.

Data steps toward Moriarty, his hand outstretched to shake the professor's... but Moriarty pulls away.

MORIARTY

It's gone beyond that little game, Mister Data. And you'll note I no longer call you Holmes. Whatever I was when this began, I have grown. I am understanding more and more. And I am able to use the power at my fingertips.

Again, he throws the lever. The room ROCKS.

MORIARTY

(continuing)

I can affect this... this vessel, if that's where we are. I can also inflict bodily harm on you -- or on your doctor.

59 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Yes -- I know that, Moriarty, but you haven't. You shook this ship because you wanted to get my attention -- you have it. So what is it you want?

MORIARTY

The same thing you want for yourself. To continue to exist. If I destroy these surroundings, this vessel, can you say it doesn't matter to you?

(smiles)

Interesting pun, don't you agree, for matter is what I am not. The computer has taught me that I am made up only of energy.

PICARD

That... may not be completely true, Professor. This... which we call our "Holodeck" makes use of the same principle in another of our devices called a "transporter." By the year in which we live, humans have discovered that matter and energy are interchangeable. On this Holodeck energy has been converted to matter and thus you have substance, but only here.

MORIARTY

And if I step off this Holodeck?

Everyone hesitates over what the real answer to this is. Then:

PULASKI

You would cease to be.

PICARD

You are not alive, Moriarty, as I said you are only...

MORIARTY

A holographic image, I know. But are you sure?

PICARD

Yes.

59 CONTINUED: (2)

MORIARTY

(indicating Data)

Does he have life?

(pause)

He's a machine -- but is that all he is?

PICARD

No. He is more.

MORIARTY

Exactly.

(pause)

Is the definition of life "cogito ergo sum"? I think, therefore I am.

PICARD

That's one possible definition.

MORIARTY

It is the most important one and for me -- the only one that matters. You -- or someone -- asked your computer to program a nefarious fictional character from nineteenth century London -- and that is how I arrived... but I am no longer that creation. I am no longer that evil character, I have changed. I am alive -- I am aware of my own consciousness.

Moriarty throws Pulaski an almost tender look.

PICARD

I'm responsible for the safety of this vessel and crew.

MORIARTY

I want my existence.

(indicates)

I want it out there just as you have yours.

Picard exchanges looks with his associates, then:

PICARD

(gently)

That may not be possible.

59 CONTINUED: (3)

MORIARTY

Then you must do murder.

PICARD

I cannot give you what you want.

MORIARTY

Because you do not yet know how to convert Holodeck matter into a more permanent form.

PICARD

That is true --

Moriarty holds Picard with a long look.

MORIARTY

A pity. What I have seen -- what I have learned, fascinates me. I do not want to die.

PICARD

And I do not want to kill you.

MORIARTY

(to Pulaski)

Madam, I have enjoyed your company.

PULASKI

It's been different.

MORIARTY

(calls)

Computer! "Arch."

The arch APPEARS.

MORIARTY

(continuing)

Cancel override protocol, return control of the Holodeck to main computer. My fate is in your hands, as perhaps it always was.

A long beat, then:

PICARD

Bridge, this is the Captain.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

This is the bridge.

59 CONTINUED: (4)

PICARD

Number One, the situation is under control.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Aye, sir.

60
thru OMITTED
61

62 OMITTED

62A EMPHASIZING PICARD

as he stands. Then:

PICARD

Professor Moriarty, this ship has vast, library memory capacity.

MORIARTY

How well I know...

PICARD

We will save this program of you. You will not be extinguished. We will save every aspect of you that exists now. And I promise you we will try to discover a way to bring you back in a form capable of leaving the Holodeck.

Moriarty looks toward Pulaski who is nodding rapidly as if to say "trust him."

MORIARTY

(to Pulaski)

Then perhaps we'll meet again some day, Madam.

PULASKI

It may take many years. Time won't pass for you, but I may be an old woman.

62A CONTINUED:

MORIARTY

But I'll still fill you with
crumpets, Madam.

(to Picard)

I detest long good-byes.

(indicates)

You have the arch.

62B ANOTHER ANGLE (OPTICAL)

as Picard eyes the arch and then Moriarty.

PICARD

As you wish. A short good-bye.

(toward arch)

Computer, save this program...

then discontinue it for now.

A beat, then MORIARTY AND THE ENTIRE ROOM FADE AWAY.
The three are standing on the Holodeck.

DATA

Right up to the end, he never
knew.

PICARD

No. He didn't.

PULASKI

Know. Know what?

PICARD

That he could leave the Holodeck.

PULASKI

But that's not possible.

DATA

I do not know how, but for
Moriarty it was.

PULASKI

Then you lied when you told him
he couldn't leave the Holodeck.

62B CONTINUED:

DATA

No, what the captain said was that we do not know how to convert Holodeck matter into a more permanent form. Which is true. Even after we review this program, we still may not have the answer.

PICARD

Doctor, even with all his assurances -- that character was still Professor Moriarty. I will need to know a lot more about him before I allow him loose on my ship; he has, after all, made his reputation through cunning and deceit.

PULASKI

But how do you know he could leave the Holodeck?

PICARD

Data.

Data reaches into his coat pocket and removes the paper on which Moriarty first drew the sketch of the Enterprise.

PULASKI

The drawing?

DATA

No. The paper. This piece of paper was created as part of the Holodeck illusion. If it could leave the Holodeck, so too could Moriarty.

PULASKI

I'm impressed.

DATA

It is elementary, my dear Doctor... It is elementary.

62C OMITTED

63
thru OMITTED
64

65 INT. MAIN ENGINEERING

As Picard, back in uniform, enters; Geordi is beside the Victory model. He crosses to where Geordi is examining the model. Geordi has lost some of his normal buoyancy, because he is feeling responsible for what has happened. Picard watches him for a moment.

PICARD

Damaged?

GEORDI

Yes. A spar was cracked when the Enterprise was shaken. Otherwise she seemed to have weathered it nicely.

PICARD

She's beautifully turned out, Lieutenant -- wonderful testimony to simpler times.

GEORDI

Yes -- it's just that I can't help thinking how badly it could have been damaged all because I misspoke a word.

PICARD

Will she still sail?

GEORDI

Yes sir.

PICARD

As will we.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Captain -- Starship Victory has arrived.

PICARD

On my way, Number One.

We HOLD on Geordi and the model of the Victory, and we see his mood is beginning to lighten as he fixes her spar...

66 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

as in the distance the other ship, Victory,
approaches.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END