

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"The Emissary"  
#40272-146

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STAR TREK: "The Emissary" - 4/10/89 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Emissary"

CAST

PICARD	K'EHLEYR
RIKER	K'TEMOC
DATA	
PULASKI	ADMIRAL GROMEK
TROI	
GEORDI	
WORF	
O'BRIEN	
ENSIGN CLANCEY	
TACTICAL CREWMAN	

Voice-over

COMPUTER VOICE  
FEMALE COM VOICE

Non-Speaking

N.D. CREWMEMBERS

Non-Speaking

THREE ALIEN WARRIORS  
KLINGON CREWMEMBERS

STAR TREK: "The Emissary" - 4/10/89 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Emissary"

SETS

INTERIORS

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE  
MAIN BRIDGE

USS ENTERPRISE

TRANSPORTER ROOM

TACTICAL ROOM  
OBSERVATION LOUNGE  
DATA'S QUARTERS  
GUEST QUARTERS  
CORRIDOR  
OUTSIDE HOLODECK  
HOLODECK  
BATTLEGROUND

T'ONG BRIDGE

T'ONG (KLINGON SHIP)

STAR TREK: "The Emissary" - 4/10/89 - PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Emissary"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

BORADIS	bo-RAD-iss
K'EHLEYR	kay-LAHR
K'TEMOC	kuh-TEM-och*
T'ONG	TOONG
P'RANG	PRANG
nugneH	nook-NECH*
tlhIngan jIH	tettle-eeng-GAHN JEECH* *"ch" as in "Bach"
qaleghneS	kah-LEG-nesh (guttural "g")

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Emissary"  
TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

RIKER, PULASKI, GEORDI, DATA, and WORF, in that order, sit around the table playing poker. By far, Worf has the biggest stack of chips.

RIKER  
(eyeing his cards)  
Lookin' good. I say... five.

Riker throws in five chips. Pulaski meets the bet.

PULASKI  
Five here.

GEORDI  
(adding chips)  
And five more.

DATA  
(evaluating)  
I believe the wiser course of  
action here is to bend.

GEORDI  
You mean fold.

DATA  
That is correct. Fold -- to bend,  
make compact or give in.

Data lays his cards on the table. All eyes on Worf. Worf calmly counts the right amount of chips and puts them in the pile. Then he adds two more large stacks of chips.

WORF  
I raise fifty.

Everyone is taken aback.

DATA  
I do not believe Lieutenant Worf  
understands all the nuances of  
this betting procedure.

1 CONTINUED:

RIKER

Don't be too quick to judge, Data.  
His pile's a lot bigger than  
yours.

PULASKI

Than all of ours.

DATA

The cards have been favoring the  
Lieutenant, but that is the result  
of random chance... hence it is  
a temporary condition.

GEORDI

You hope.

WORF

Talk or play. Not both.

Riker thinks it over.

RIKER

Fifty, right?

PULASKI

Fifty is the bet. What's the  
matter -- are your feet getting  
cold?

RIKER

No, just my cards...

He bets, somewhat less sure of himself.

PULASKI

Thanks for staying in -- I need  
the chips.

RIKER

Got to earn them first.

PULASKI

Oh, I will. This pot has my name  
on it.

GEORDI

Talk, talk, talk...

Pulaski bets.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

PULASKI

Here's some action. Fifty...  
(adds more)  
... and another fifty.

GEORDI

(backpedalling)  
Fold, fold, fold...

Geordi throws in his hand. Worf pushes out four stacks of chips and adds another two.

WORF

Your fifty, and fifty more.

Riker looks at Worf and at Pulaski -- who stare at each other. Pulaski smiles but Worf is deadpan.

RIKER

Love to stay in -- but not with these cards.

Riker folds.

PULASKI

(to Worf)  
Looks like it's just you and me,  
handsome.

Worf is a statue. Pulaski gathers up the needed amount. It takes every last chip she has, but --

PULASKI (cont'd)

I'll see you.

Pulaski pushes in the needed amount. Everyone stares at Worf as he slowly puts down his cards. A full house -- aces over queens.

PULASKI (cont'd)

Beats my straight.

Everyone except Worf SIGHS as the tension is released.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER

The Iceman wins again.

PULASKI

You took my last chip. You could  
at least smile, Worf.

Worf says nothing; he simply pulls in all the chips  
and stacks them, preparing for the next hand.

GEORDI

Smiling might break his  
concentration.

PULASKI

If you don't enjoy winning -- what  
do you enjoy? Losing?

RIKER

We'd be happy to accommodate you.

Worf, unruffled, collects the cards and hands them to  
Data.

WORF

Your deal.

Data takes the cards, shuffles them like an old pro,  
and deals.

DATA

The game is seven card stud; after  
the queen, one-eyed jacks and low  
card in the hole are wild.

GEORDI

Let me write this down.

RIKER

Just deal. I'd like to get some  
of my losings back before the next  
century.

Pulaski and Geordi CHUCKLE.

WORF

I open with fifty.

1A NEW ANGLE

A moment of stunned silence -- broken by:

1A CONTINUED:

FEMALE COM VOICE

Bridge to Commander Riker. We are receiving a class eleven emergency signal from Starfleet Command.

Instantly, the players throw their cards onto the table, get to their feet --

RIKER

On my way.

-- and head for the door. As they cross:

GEORDI

(to Worf)

Fifty? You were bluffing.

WORF

Klingons never bluff.

Geordi gives Worf a look of uncertainty -- is Worf kidding? -- as the group EXITS.

2 OMITTED

3 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

PICARD ENTERS from the Ready Room. At Conn is a young female: ENSIGN CLANCEY. Riker, Data, and Worf ENTER and take their stations; Data relieves the supernumerary at Ops, examines readouts.

PICARD

Mister Data?

DATA

Emergency signal reads as follows: Enterprise to divert to coordinates four-two-three by one-one-two by five-one immediately. Further orders forthcoming.

RIKER

That's it? What's the emergency?

DATA

The message does not elaborate.

3 CONTINUED:

RIKER

(to Picard)

You'd think they'd at least give  
us a hint.

CLANCEY

Course laid in, Captain.

PICARD

Warp eight.

(to Riker)

Whenever Starfleet gets enigmatic,  
I know we're about to face a  
challenge.

PICARD (cont'd)

Engage.

4 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

changing course and then blasting into high warp...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

moving at high warp.

6 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Worf, Data, and Ensign Clancey as before.

DATA

Our destination is a point near the Boradis system.

PICARD

That area was colonized fairly recently, as I recall.

DATA

(nods)

The first Federation outpost was established thirty-four years ago on Boradis Three.

RIKER

And since then, the Federation has colonized several planets in that sector.

DATA

Yet we are not headed for a specific colony. The coordinates given are outside the Boradis system.

PICARD

Any problems reported in that area?

DATA

None.

PICARD

Then what the devil's going on?

WORF

Captain, Starfleet Command is hailing us.

PICARD

It's about time. On screen.

6A ANGLE TO INCLUDE MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

as ADMIRAL GROMEK appears on the viewscreen.

ADMIRAL GROMEK  
Greetings, Captain Picard.

PICARD  
My compliments, Admiral Gromek.

ADMIRAL GROMEK  
Captain, you'll soon be joined  
by a Federation special emissary  
from Starbase one five three.  
We're now transmitting the  
specifics.

Picard looks to Data, who's checking readouts.

DATA  
(nods to Picard)  
We are receiving.

ADMIRAL GROMEK  
The rendezvous will be a bit  
tricky, so it's imperative you  
reach the intercept point on  
schedule.

PICARD  
Understood. And -- the mission?

ADMIRAL GROMEK  
The envoy will fill you in. You  
are to cooperate fully.

PICARD  
Can you give me any details?

ADMIRAL GROMEK  
Negative.

PICARD  
Admiral, I find it difficult to  
prepare for a mission I know  
nothing about.

ADMIRAL GROMEK  
(softening)  
I sympathize, Jean-Luc, but  
Starfleet Command considers this  
a top-security matter.

The admiral permits herself a thin smile.

6A CONTINUED:

ADMIRAL GROMEK (cont'd)  
After the envoy's briefed you,  
I think you'll understand our  
caution. Gromek out.

Gromek's image VANISHES from the viewscreen.

7 OMITTED

8 NEW ANGLE

RIKER  
Data, what ship is carrying the  
envoy?

DATA  
The envoy is not aboard a  
starship.

PICARD  
Indeed?

DATA  
Apparently there were no starships  
available at Starbase  
one five three. The emissary is  
aboard a class eight probe.

Surprised reactions from the group.

RIKER  
A class eight probe is just over  
two meters long!

PICARD  
(thinking)  
True, Number One. But if the  
sensors and transmitters were  
removed and life-support  
installed, there would be just  
enough space for one person.

RIKER  
And those probes are designed to  
go warp nine.

8 CONTINUED:

DATA

(nods)

By sending the probe to meet us rather than diverting the Enterprise to the starbase, they have saved us six point one hours.

PICARD

Obviously Starfleet feels that time is of the essence.

RIKER

Yes, but still... to seal someone up inside a Class Eight Probe and then just launch it off...

(shakes his head)

Hell of a way to transport a Federation dignitary.

PICARD

(to Clancey)

We'll need an intercept course with pin-point accuracy. The probe carrying the emissary has no means of navigation...

RIKER

(finishing the thought)

... so if we don't catch it on the first try, we'll have to chase it.

9 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

zooming along at high warp.

10 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

As before. Geordi is now at his bridge Engineering Station; O'BRIEN is looking over Geordi's shoulder. The two of them study readouts.

RIKER

Data -- if we project our course past the rendezvous coordinates, what lies ahead?

10 CONTINUED:

DATA

As far as I can determine, sir  
-- very little. There are four  
colonies in the Boradis system,  
and nine other outposts scattered  
throughout the sector.

Geordi turns to Picard.

GEORDI

Captain, we have a way to save  
you some time.

PICARD

Proceed.

O'BRIEN

I believe we can beam the probe  
aboard while we're still  
travelling at Warp Nine.

RIKER

(a low whistle)

Quite a trick.

GEORDI

Right -- at warp speed it's  
nearly impossible to get a solid  
transporter lock. But if we  
caught the probe with a tractor  
beam...

RIKER

(catching on)

We could use the tractor beam to  
focus the transporter.

GEORDI

Exactly.

PICARD

Risks?

GEORDI

None to the emissary. There's  
a chance the probe could break  
free... then we'd have to find  
it and start over.

10 CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD

So it's a gamble.

(a beat)

Odds, gentlemen?

GEORDI

Twenty to one it'll work.

O'Brien nods agreement. Picard makes up his mind:

PICARD

Make it so.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

moving at high warp.

12 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

As before, except that Geordi and O'Brien are no longer present.

CLANCEY

Coming to three-one mark one-one-three.

DATA

We should now be on a precisely parallel course with the probe.

PICARD

Increase to warp eight point nine.

CLANCEY

Eight point nine -- aye.

PICARD

Full sensors, aft.

WORF

Scanning...

13 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

moving at just under Warp Nine.

14 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

WORF

I have it, sir. Bearing zero-five  
mark two-three-one; velocity warp  
nine.

Clancey has it on her console as well:

CLANCEY

I see it.

PICARD

Adjust speed to intercept.

15 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Still at warp nine. In the distance behind the  
Enterprise, a point of light -- the probe -- appears  
and gains on the Enterprise.

16 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Clancey's intent on her helm maneuvers.

WORF

Probe coming up to starboard,  
range eighty-two hundred.  
Tractor beam ready.

PICARD

(to com panel)  
Mister La Forge?

16A INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

O'Brien makes a final adjustment on the transporter  
panel. Geordi checks readouts on a wall panel.

GEORDI

Transporter ready, Captain.

17 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

as the probe "pulls up alongside" to starboard as the  
stars streak past at warp nine.

18 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

WORF

Range now seventy-five hundred.

PICARD

Steady as she goes...

19 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

as the probe draws closer, slowing up relative to the Enterprise -- until they are both moving at warp nine in perfect tandem, as if joined by an invisible rod.

20 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

WORF

Probe is standing abeam.

PICARD

Engage tractor.

21 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

as a TRACTOR BEAM reaches out and grabs the probe.

22 OMITTED

23 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Geordi and O'Brien as before. In b.g., Pulaski ENTERS, stands by with her medical scanner.

GEORDI

Okay, O'Brien, they've hooked it -- let's reel it in.

O'BRIEN

Will do.

(to com panel)

Transporter beam locked, Captain.

PICARD'S COM VOICE

Energize.

O'Brien does so --

24 ANGLE ON THE TRANSPORTER (OPTICAL)

as a gleaming silver probe casing MATERIALIZES.

25  
thru OMITTED  
26

27 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

O'BRIEN'S COM VOICE  
Probe aboard, Captain.

PICARD  
Acknowledged. Number One?

Riker's already heading for the turbolift.

RIKER  
I'll welcome our visitor.

Riker EXITS into the turbolift.

PICARD  
(to Clancey)  
Resume original course and speed.

CLANCEY  
Aye, sir.

The bridge crew relaxes just a bit. The tension's off.  
Picard smiles:

PICARD  
Well done, everyone.

28 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

CLOSE on O'Brien as he touches a panel on the probe.  
The latches on the probe pop open.

29 WIDER

to reveal Riker and Pulaski looking on as the casing  
opens automatically. (Geordi is no longer present.)

Inside the probe is a person whose face we cannot see  
-- the head is fully covered by an oxygen helmet.  
Pulaski does a medical scan, is surprised at the  
readings.

29 CONTINUED:

RIKER  
Something wrong, Doctor?

PULASKI  
I'm not sure. The readings are  
quite... interesting.

Pulaski is about to help the envoy sit up -- but the  
envoy, not needing help, waves Pulaski aside, sits up,  
removes the oxygen helmet, and emerges from the probe  
casing.

30 NEW ANGLE

on the envoy -- K'EHLEYR, a lovely, exotic woman,  
half-Klingon, half-human, with the appearance and  
physical strength of the former and the sardonic wit of  
the latter.

K'EHLEYR  
I greet you. I am K'Ehleyr.

RIKER  
(a Klingon greeting)  
nuqneH. qaleghneS.

K'EHLEYR  
(surprised)  
You speak Klingon.

RIKER  
A little. I am Commander Riker,  
and this is our chief medical  
officer, Katherine Pulaski.

K'Ehleyr nods greeting.

RIKER (cont'd)  
I hope your voyage wasn't too  
unpleasant.

K'EHLEYR  
Klingons are not supposed to mind  
hardship.  
(breaks into a smile)  
Nonetheless -- I'm delighted to  
be out of that damned coffin.

Riker can't help smiling in return.

30 CONTINUED:

RIKER

I don't blame you.

(re the probe)

Not the most luxurious  
accommodations Starfleet has to  
offer...

K'EHLEYR

Whoever said that getting there  
is half the fun never rode in  
a class eight probe.

Under this, Pulaski has repeated the medical scan.

PULASKI

How are you feeling? Your vital  
signs are rather atypical for a  
Klingon.

K'EHLEYR

No doubt because I am only half  
Klingon.

PULASKI

Oh?

K'EHLEYR

Yes. My father was Klingon; my  
mother was human.Riker and Pulaski react. This is one interesting  
lady...

CUT TO:

31 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard, TROI, Worf, and Data. The turbolift doors OPEN  
and Riker leads K'Ehleyr into the lounge.

RIKER

Captain, I'd like to present  
Special Federation Emissary  
K'Ehleyr.

PICARD

Welcome aboard. I'm Jean-Luc  
Picard.

(introducing)

Counselor Troi, Lieutenant  
Commander Data, and --

31 CONTINUED:

Picard turns to introduce Worf -- and a big grin spreads across K'Ehleyr's face.

K'EHLEYR

Worf! So this is where you've  
been hiding. I told you we'd meet  
again!

Worf is anything but pleased to see K'Ehleyr. His  
surprise turns to resentment.

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

Aren't you going to greet me?

31 CONTINUED:

WORF

I have nothing to say to you.

K'EHLEYS

Haven't changed a bit, eh? Well,  
I missed you, too.

On the surprised faces of our crew -- and the indignant  
face of Worf, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

32 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Streaking across space at warp eight.

33 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE (OPTICAL)

Picard, Riker, Troi, Worf, and Data are at the conference table. K'Ehleyr is all business.

K'EHLEYR

Two days ago, Starbase three three six received an automated transmission from a Klingon ship, the T'Ong.

(a beat)

That ship was sent out over seventy-five years ago.

RIKER

When the Federation and the Klingon Empire were still at war...

K'EHLEYR

The message was directed to the Klingon High Command. It said only that the T'Ong was returning home and was about to reach the "awakening point."

PICARD

Which suggests that the crew was in cryogenic sleep for most of the long voyage.

K'EHLEYR

Exactly.

RIKER

And when the crew is revived...

K'EHLEYR

(nods)

... we'll have a ship full of Klingons who think the war is still going on.

33 CONTINUED:

PICARD

So our task is to find the ship,  
and tell the Klingons we are no  
longer at war.

RIKER

Why us? A Klingon ship would have  
been a better choice.

K'EHLEYSR

A Klingon ship -- the P'rang --  
is on its way, but it's two days  
behind us. That may be too late.

TROI

Why too late?

RIKER

Because the T'Ong's crew is about  
to awaken within striking range  
of a dozen Federation outposts.

DATA

There are thirteen colonies  
with minimal defenses in that  
sector...

K'EHLEYSR

(nods)

Nice ripe targets for a Klingon  
warship.

TROI

And you believe you can convince  
these Klingons that humans are  
now their allies?

K'EHLEYSR

No. Not a chance.

Everyone is surprised.

K'EHLEYSR (cont'd)

If you ask me, talking will be  
a waste of time. Klingons of that  
era were raised to despise humans.

(shrugs)

We'll try diplomacy. But I  
promise you -- it won't work.  
And then you'll have to destroy  
them.

33 CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone is taken aback -- except Worf.

PICARD

(calmly)

No.

K'EHLEYR

No? Captain, these Klingons are killers. You'll have no choice.

PICARD

Find me another choice. I want some options -- and I want them before we encounter the Klingon ship.

(to Worf)

Lieutenant, I'm assigning you to help the emissary. Dismissed.

K'Ehleyr smiles, but Worf is anything but pleased.

34 OMITTED

35 NEW ANGLE

as Riker, Troi, K'Ehleyr, and Data get to their feet.

TROI

(to K'Ehleyr)

I'll escort you to the guest quarters.

Troi and K'Ehleyr EXIT, followed by Data and Riker. Worf and Picard are the last ones to leave. Worf is uncharacteristically hesitant. Picard picks this up.

PICARD

Lieutenant?

WORF

Sir... I suggest Commander Riker or Data would better serve Special Emissary K'Ehleyr.

PICARD

Are there personal reasons you don't want the assignment?

WORF

Yes.

35 CONTINUED:

PICARD  
Any professional reasons?

WORF  
(after a beat)  
No.

Picard gives Worf a measured look: "need I say more?"  
Worf thinks it over, then:

WORF (cont'd)  
I withdraw my request, Captain.

PICARD  
Good.

Worf EXITS.

36 INT. CORRIDOR

Troi and K'Ehleyr walk, deep in conversation.

TROI  
I didn't know it was possible  
for a human and a Klingon to  
produce a child.

K'EHLEYR  
Actually, the DNA is compatible  
-- with a fair amount of help.  
(a grin)  
Rather like my parents.

Troi smiles.

TROI  
I know exactly what you mean.  
My father was human... and my  
mother was Betazoid.

K'EHLEYR  
(brightens)  
Really! It was the other way  
around for me -- my mother was  
human.  
(a beat)  
You must've grown up like I did  
-- trapped between cultures.

36 CONTINUED:

TROI

I never felt trapped -- I felt fortunate. I experienced the richness and diversity of two worlds.

K'EHLEYR

(shakes her head in wonder)

Perhaps you got the best of each...

They reach the guest quarters.

37 INT. GUEST QUARTERS

Troi leads K'Ehleyr into the chamber.

K'EHLEYR

Myself, I think I got the worst of each.

TROI

(with a smile)

I doubt that.

K'EHLEYR

Oh, yes. Having my mother's sense of humor is bad enough -- it's gotten me into plenty of trouble.

TROI

And your Klingon side?

K'EHLEYR

That, I keep under tight control. It's like a terrible temper -- it's not something I want people to see.

TROI

Why hide it? We all have tempers...

K'EHLEYR

Not like mine. Sometimes I feel there's a monster inside me, fighting to get out.

TROI

And that frightens you.

37 CONTINUED:

K'EHLEYR

Of course it does. My Klingon side can be terrifying... even to me.

TROI

Yet it gives you strength. It's part of you.

K'EHLEYR

(smiles)

That doesn't mean I have to like it.

Troi smiles in return.

38 INT. TACTICAL ROOM

Worf is alone, sitting at a library computer. K'Ehleyr breezes in. She's freshened up, changed clothes, and is even more attractive than before. Worf, all business, doesn't even look at her.

WORF

You are late.

K'EHLEYR

Sorry. Had to make myself beautiful.

WORF

I fail to understand why.

K'EHLEYR

Worf, we're alone now. You don't have to act like a Klingon glacier. I don't bite...

(teasing)

... well, that's wrong; I do bite.

WORF

(ignoring)

Shall we proceed with our assigned duties?

K'EHLEYR

(moving closer)

I haven't even had a proper welcome.

WORF

I would prefer to keep this professional.

K'EHLEYR

(gives it right back)

"I fail to understand why."

WORF

And I feel no need to explain.

K'EHLEYR

(needling)

Oh, go ahead. Tell me. It's because you find me irresistible, isn't it? You always have.

38 CONTINUED:

WORF

Did you come on board the Enterprise to work, or to discuss your pointless fantasies?

K'Ehleyr smiles. She's getting under his skin.

K'EHLEYR

You just won't open up, will you? Come on -- what happened to the Worf I met on Samrin's Planet?

WORF

He became a Starfleet lieutenant.

K'EHLEYR

Oh, is that it? Starfleet Academy turned you into a robot? You won't make me believe that.

WORF

I have no wish to make you believe anything.

K'EHLEYR

Perhaps you have changed. You weren't this aloof six years ago... or don't you remember?

WORF

There is nothing wrong with my memory.

K'EHLEYR

Well, there's something wrong with the rest of you. You're not even looking at me.

WORF

I am familiar with your appearance.

K'EHLEYR

And it gives you no pleasure to see me again?

Worf is silent.

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

It isn't as if we tried it and it didn't work, you know. You never gave it a chance.

38 CONTINUED: (2)

WORF

I never?

K'EHLEYR

(sly)

I mean, as I see it, we have  
some... unfinished business, you  
and I.

Worf turns, looks her full in the face.

WORF

Not as far as I'm concerned.

39 ON K'EHLEYR

It's as if he slapped her face. Worf turns back to  
the console, punches up a screen:

WORF

According to the library computer,  
the captain of the T'Ong is  
K'Temoc. But there is nothing  
regarding the ship's mission.

K'EHLEYR

(indifferent)

So?

WORF

You're not interested in why the  
ship was sent out?

K'EHLEYR

(shrugs)

Probably some secret military  
objective.

WORF

Perhaps, but we have no evidence  
of that --

K'EHLEYR

Why else would there be no record  
of the mission?

WORF

The records may simply have been  
lost.

39 CONTINUED:

K'EHLEYR

In any case, what does it matter?  
Our concern is the present -- the  
possible threat.

WORF

And to contend with that threat,  
we need information.

They're both getting irritated with one another.

K'EHLEYR

We have all the information we  
need.

WORF

That is foolish. Knowing their  
mission might help us understand  
them --

K'EHLEYR

(cutting him)

There's nothing to understand!  
They're Klingons! They'll attack!  
In their minds, we're the enemy  
-- and there's no way we're going  
to talk them out of that!

WORF

I do not appreciate being  
interrupted.

K'EHLEYR

(getting angry)

And I don't appreciate wasting  
my time.

39 CONTINUED:

WORF

We were instructed to come up with options --

K'EHLEYS

There aren't any! The assignment's hopeless!

WORF

(strained patience)  
There are always options.

K'EHLEYS

Oh, are there? Tell me: whatever happened to that wonderful Klingon fatalism of yours?

WORF

My experience aboard this ship has taught me that most problems have more than one solution.

K'EHLEYS

Starfleet hasn't improved you one bit. You're as stubborn as ever!

WORF

(losing his temper)  
Are you going to carry out your duties or aren't you?

K'EHLEYS

(also exploding)  
All right! I will!

She puts her fingers to her temples, closes her eyes as if "thinking," holds that pose for two seconds, then:

K'EHLEYS (cont'd)

Upon due consideration of the problem and careful examination of all possible "options" -- my original recommendation stands.

She SLAPS the tabletop --

K'EHLEYS (cont'd)

Meeting adjourned.

-- and storms out.

40 CLOSE ON WORF

as mad as we've ever seen him, but holding it under  
tight control...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

41 INT. GUEST QUARTERS

K'Ehleyr storms into the chamber, boiling with frustration. She stops in the center of the room, tries to regain control over herself -- clenching her fists and tensing all her muscles.

But her Klingon half needs release -- and with one sudden blow, K'Ehleyr smashes her fist through a glass-topped table.

42 NEW ANGLE

DOOR CHIME.

K'EHLEYR

Come.

Troi ENTERS. K'Ehleyr gives her an impatient look -- "Well?"

TROI

You're upset.

K'EHLEYR

(heavy sarcasm)

Really! Your finely-honed  
Betazoid sense tells you that?

TROI

Well -- that, and the table.

K'Ehleyr can't help a CHUCKLE.

K'EHLEYR

I warned you about my Klingon  
half.

TROI

May I make a suggestion?

K'EHLEYR

I thank you, Counselor. But I  
don't want any counseling.

TROI

Actually, I was going to suggest  
something else.

42 CONTINUED:

K'EHLEYR

Oh?

TROI

I find the Holodeck exercise programs rigorous enough to put my mind off most frustrations.

K'Ehleyr smiles.

K'EHLEYR

And it'll keep me from wrecking the ship.

TROI

That, too...

CUT TO:

43 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOLODECK

as K'Ehleyr approaches. She touches the Holodeck panel; it lights up.

COMPUTER VOICE

Enter program.

K'EHLEYR

Show me the exercise menu.

44 ANGLE ON THE HOLODECK PANEL (OPTICAL)

as text appears: a long LIST OF PROGRAMS, including a line "CALISTHENICS -- LT. WORF."

45 ON K'EHLEYR

A small, humorless smile.

K'EHLEYR

Calisthenics program of Lieutenant Worf.

After a beat:

COMPUTER VOICE

Program complete. You may enter when ready.

45 CONTINUED:

The Holodeck DOOR OPENS, revealing a ruined, desolate BATTLEFIELD beyond. K'Ehleyr ENTERS the Holodeck.

CUT TO:

46 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Data, Clancey, a TACTICAL CREWMAN, and other supernumerary CREW.

PICARD

Status.

DATA

Based on the last assumed position of the Klingon vessel, its apparent trajectory, and our estimates of their cruising speed, we should be in scanner range in fifteen hours, eight minutes.

Under Data's speech, Worf has ENTERED and moved to Tactical. The tactical crewman yields the position to him. Worf begins operating Tactical in a flurry of activity. Picard is surprised to see Worf on the bridge.

PICARD

Lieutenant?

WORF

Special Emissary K'Ehleyr has... declared a short recess, sir. I wish to run a full diagnostic test on all tactical back-up equipment.

RIKER

(puzzled)

We just ran a full test of those systems.

WORF

(testy)

I feel it necessary to check them again.

Picard leads Worf aside for a private moment.

46 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Lieutenant, I commend your diligence. However, I'm concerned that you're working yourself too hard.

WORF

Sir, considering the unknown elements we are about to face --

PICARD

(cuts him off)

Lieutenant -- I order you to relax.

WORF

(tense)

I am relaxed.

(on his look)

Yes, sir.

Worf EXITS. The tactical crewman takes over the station. Picard crosses to Riker.

PICARD

I've never seen the Lieutenant so... unsettled.

RIKER

(nods)

The Iceman's finally melting.

CUT TO:

47 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOLODECK

as Worf approaches the Holodeck and sees from the Holodeck panel that it's already in use.

47A INSERT - HOLODECK PANEL

displaying the line: "CALISTHENICS -- LT. WORF."

47B BACK TO SCENE

Worf is intrigued.

48 INT. HOLODECK - BATTLEGROUND

Twilight. A shattered, desolate terrain. Rocks, ruins, shadows. K'Ehleyr, cat-like, moves silently through it. She's alert, coiled, ready for anything. She's wearing a Klingon glove/weapon similar to the one worn by Worf in "Where Silence Has Lease."

Then, seemingly from nowhere, a massive ALIEN WARRIOR springs into view, charges at K'Ehleyr.

49 ON K'EHLEYR

calmly dodging the alien's blow and smashing the side of her fist into the alien's face. The alien SNARLS and attacks again.

50 ANGLE ON WORF

standing on the sidelines and watching with interest.

51 ON K'EHLEYR

as the alien tries to get an arm around her throat. K'Ehleyr slams an elbow into its midriff, follows up with a lightning punch. The alien, unfazed, catches K'Ehleyr with a blow to her side.

52  
thru OMITTED  
53

54 WIDER

as K'Ehleyr goes berserk. Her speed doubles; her blows become less "scientific" and more brutal. The Klingon warrior in her has taken over.

K'Ehleyr dodges an alien blow, jabs with all her strength -- her fist SMASHES the alien in the face. The alien topples like a tall tree.

55  
thru OMITTED  
56

57 ANGLE TO INCLUDE WORF

as K'Ehleyr, breathing hard, slowly turns to face him. Worf doesn't react, stares impassively back at her.

58 ON K'EHLEYR

A long beat as she and Worf gaze at each other. He's seen a side of her -- her Klingon side -- that she lets no one see, and she's uncomfortable.

Then, K'Ehleyr breaks the eye contact, shrugs with indifference:

K'EHLEYR

It's not much of a program.

59 ON WORF

The barest hint of a smile.

WORF

Computer. Level Two.

60 WIDER

as suddenly the "dead" alien Warrior is back on its feet, joined by TWO MORE ALIEN WARRIORS; all three are brandishing gleaming, razor-edged swords.

On a nearby rock are two swords; Worf and K'Ehleyr pick up the swords as the aliens ROAR and attack --

61 ANGLE ON THE FIGHT

Everything we've seen is tame compared to what follows. Worf and K'Ehleyr turn into fighting machines -- vicious, snarling animals whose only goal is survival.

62 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

Worf and K'Ehleyr are a blur. Blades flash and CLANG. The aliens drop, unable to withstand the dual onslaught. One alien is literally sliced in half.

And, almost before it's begun, it's over -- Worf and K'Ehleyr are the only ones left standing.

63 ON WORF AND K'EHLEYR

sweaty, breathing hard, covered with grime -- but triumphant.

Slowly, swords still in hand, Worf and K'Ehleyr turn toward one another -- eyes hard, expressions ferocious, blood still boiling.

64 WIDER

as Worf quite deliberately tosses his sword aside. K'Ehleyr raises hers in defense -- but Worf is already upon her, gripping her sword-arm.

K'Ehleyr struggles, but Worf is stronger -- inexorably bending her arm back and making her drop the sword.

65 OMITTED

66 ON K'EHLEYR

eyes ablaze in challenge and defiance. Worf locks his gaze to hers. They're almost nose to nose. A long beat of tense, silent communication. Then, Worf shoves her away.

Her eyes never leaving his, K'Ehleyr slowly removes her glove, extends her naked hand to Worf.

66A ON WORF

Worf takes her wrist, raises her hand to his face, sniffs at it.

66B

thru OMITTED

66C

66D WIDER

as Worf raises his hand. K'Ehleyr caresses his forearm, raises his palm to her face, and sniffs his hand and his wrist.

66E OMITTED

66F NEW ANGLE

as they move closer. Except for their hands on each other's wrists, they have not touched, nor do they now... instead, they sniff at each other's hair, their ears, their necks. It's slow, ritualized -- and also instinctive, primal, animal behavior.

Their passion mounting, Worf and K'Ehleyr release their grips, then extend their hands to one another.

66G CLOSE ON THEIR HANDS

as they touch their wrists, then the heels of their hands together. Their fingers intertwine -- their palms touch -- their grips tighten -- and they savagely clasp hands... so tightly that their nails dig in and draw blood.

66H WIDER

Worf and K'Ehleyr violently draw each other close. With a low GROWL, Worf buries his face in K'Ehleyr's neck -- and as they fall together into the mist, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

67 INT. HOLODECK - BATTLEGROUND

Stillness. The distant KEENING of some alien catcreature.

PAN to reveal Worf and K'Ehleyr, spent. Worf, eyes closed, is sitting cross-legged at the base of a low, flat rock. K'Ehleyr, sitting atop the rock, smiles contentedly.

K'EHLEYR

Some calisthenics programs are better than others.

Worf, mildly surprised, opens one eye.

WORF

You can still make jokes?

K'EHLEYR

Of course I can. I still have enough energy for that...

(a beat)

You're not laughing.

WORF

You are most observant.

K'EHLEYR

You don't like people with a sense of humor?

WORF

I did not say that.

K'Ehleyr waits, but nothing else is forthcoming.

K'EHLEYR

(exasperated)

Worf, you're the perfect Klingon -- the ultimate minimalist. Talk to me!

After a beat, Worf grudgingly elaborates:

WORF

I've noted that some people use humor as a shield... they talk much yet say little.

67 CONTINUED:

K'Ehleyr concedes the point.

K'EHLEYR

Whereas others take a simpler  
approach -- say nothing.

WORF

(almost apologetic)  
When one does not have the  
words...

67 CONTINUED: (2)

K'EHLEYR

(nods)

Or is loath to speak them...

K'Ehleyr stretches languidly.

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

Fortunately, there are other ways  
to communicate.

(a beat)

Why didn't we do this six years  
ago?

WORF

We were not ready.

K'EHLEYR

I was...

WORF

(shakes his head)

We were both too young -- too  
unaware. We lacked commitment.

K'Ehleyr thinks this over, nods.

K'EHLEYR

Perhaps we lacked courage as well.

WORF

No longer.

68 OMITTED

69 WIDER

Worf gets to his feet, steps atop the rock, looks  
skyward, spreads his arms, and proclaims:

WORF

tlhIngan jIH.

Suddenly alarmed, K'Ehleyr stands, gets off the rock  
as if it were a hot griddle.

K'EHLEYR

Wait. You can't mean -- You're  
not --

69 CONTINUED:

                  WORF  
                  (simpley)  
We have mated.

                  K'EHLEYR  
Yes, I know -- I was there.  
But...

                  WORF  
And now we must solemnize our  
union with the oath --

                  K'EHLEYR  
                  (aghast)  
Like hell we must!

69 CONTINUED:

WORF

-- and pledge that we are one  
forever.

Worf steps off the rock, moves toward K'Ehleyr, who  
backs off.

K'EHLEYR

I'm not going to become your  
wife...

WORF

You already are.

K'EHLYR

Don't give me that Klingon  
nonsense.

WORF

You would dishonor our sacred  
traditions?

K'EHLEYR

They're not sacred -- they're  
absurd! Marrying you is out of  
the question for a million  
reasons...

WORF

None of which stopped you earlier.

K'EHLEYR

Worf, it was what it was!  
Glorious and wonderful and all  
that, but it doesn't mean  
anything.

WORF

(with disdain)  
That is a human attitude.

K'EHLEYR

I am human!

WORF

You are also Klingon!

K'EHLEYR

And that means we should bond for  
life?

69 CONTINUED: (2)

WORF

It is our way!

K'EHLEYR

Yours -- not mine!

70 ANGLE ON WORF

Worf's had enough debate. He steps back atop the rock, spreads his arms, and restarts the ritual:

WORF

tlhIngan jIH!

Worf waits. Obviously K'Ehleyr is supposed to climb up next to him, say the same thing. She doesn't move.

K'EHLEYR

I will not take the oath!

WORF

(a roar)

Then this night had no meaning!

(then, softer)

And that, I will not believe.

K'Ehleyr sees Worf's pain, feels his need. She's moved. But --

K'EHLEYR

Believe what you will...

K'Ehleyr turns away from Worf and dashes off --

K'EHLEYR (O.S., cont'd)

Exit.

71 OMITTED

72 ON WORF

standing alone on the rock. SOUND of the HOLODECK DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING O.S.

Worf's expression is as impassive as ever. But the pain shows in his eyes...

CUT TO:

73 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

Zippering right along at high warp.

74 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Clancey, the tactical crewman,  
supernumerary at Ops.

CLANCEY

Approaching the coordinates.

PICARD

Slow to impulse.

TACTICAL CREWMAN

Short and long-range sensor scans  
negative, Captain.

PICARD

Lay in a standard search pattern.

CLANCEY

Search pattern laid in.

PICARD

Full impulse. Engage.

RIKER

I just hope we find them before  
they come out of their nap.

PICARD

Agreed. No outpost in this sector  
could defend itself against a  
Klingon warship.

75 INT. TACTICAL ROOM

This time, it's K'Ehleyr who's working alone at the  
library computer. The DOOR OPENS, revealing Worf. An  
awkward silence.

K'EHLEYR

I've been working on our  
assignment... trying a few  
computer simulations.

WORF

Your devotion to duty is  
commendable... if belated.

75 CONTINUED:

K'EHLEYR

(ignoring the dig)

So far, I'm having no success.

(a beat)

I could use some help.

WORF

(stiffly)

I am here to assist you.

Worf steps in, revealing Data behind him. K'Ehleyr smiles, almost sadly.

75 CONTINUED:

K'EHLEYR

Unwilling to be alone with me?

WORF

I've asked Lieutenant Commander Data to help us analyze the alternatives.

K'EHLEYR

("oh, sure")

An android chaperone?

DATA

"Android" is, of course, correct, but I fail to see how "chaperone" is applicable in this situation...

K'EHLEYR

Never mind. Come on in.

(to Worf)

I guess I can't blame you.

Worf says nothing. He and Data take seats on either side of K'Ehleyr.

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

(impulsively)

Tell me one thing.

Worf looks at her -- "go ahead."

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

You would have gone through with the oath, wouldn't you? Regardless of the consequences to our careers -- to our lives?

WORF

Honor demanded no less.

K'EHLEYR

(sighs)

I'm sick to death of Klingon "honor." What do you want? Is honor all you care about? Don't you feel anything else?

76 ON WORF

Silent and stonefaced. Maybe he doesn't know the answer; maybe he does and isn't telling. K'Ehleyr sees she's going to get nothing out of him.

76 CONTINUED:

K'EHLEYR

No comment, huh?

She shrugs -- "be that way." Data, mystified by all this, looks from one to the other. K'Ehleyr picks up on Data's confusion.

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

(to Data)

Poor android. Which behavior do you find more perplexing -- human or Klingon?

DATA

At the moment, I would be hard pressed to choose.

K'EHLEYR

(sardonic)

So would I.

K'Ehleyr takes a breath, gets businesslike.

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

Okay. When we locate the T'Ong, there are two possibilities. First --

MATCH CUT TO:

77 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Same ANGLE on K'Ehleyr, with Worf nearby -- but now Picard, Riker, Troi, and Geordi are present, listening. (Data is not present.)

K'EHLEYR

-- we find the ship before it reaches the "awakening point." In that case, we could simply keep the crew asleep.

PICARD

(to Geordi)

Is that feasible?

GEORDI

(nods)

We can beam an away team onto the T'Ong and override the cryogenic controls.

77 CONTINUED:

K'EHLEYR

Then we await the arrival of the Klingon ship P'rang...

TROI

... so that when the T'Ong's crew awakens, they're surrounded by their fellow Klingons.

RIKER

That would be ideal.

K'EHLEYR

But there's the second possibility... that the crew of the T'Ong has already revived.

GEORDI

They discover they're in Federation territory -- and they attack the nearest outpost.

TROI

Are we sure they'll attack?

RIKER

We don't even know what the T'Ong's mission was.

TROI

It may have been a scientific voyage.

K'EHLEYR

(with a smile)

Klingons of that period -- doing research for its own sake?

RIKER

The point is, they may not be warlike.

K'EHLEYR

The point is that this is beside the point. These are Klingons... at war with us. Whatever their mission was -- once they see a Federation target, they'll attack.

PICARD

Could the T'Ong be disabled rather than destroyed?

77 CONTINUED: (2)

GEORDI

We could probably knock out their warp engines without damaging the rest of their ship...

K'EHLEYR

(shaking her head)

That would gain you nothing. Disable the ship, and K'Temoc will destroy it himself.

Picard looks to Worf for confirmation.

WORF

(nods)

Klingons do not surrender.

K'EHLEYR

Face it -- if we don't reach the T'Ong before its crew wakes up, you have no alternatives.

78 ON PICARD

getting to his feet.

PICARD

I will not accept that. There must be a way to make the Klingons listen. If we can only convince them --

Picard is interrupted by a HALL from the bridge:

DATA'S COM VOICE

Captain, we have detected a ship, bearing three-one-six mark forty-two, extreme sensor range.

PICARD

Plot an intercept course. And go to Yellow Alert.

Picard and the group EXIT the Observation Lounge. Geordi EXITS out the far door.

79 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Clancey's at Conn; N.D. CREW, including the tactical crewman, at other stations.

79 CONTINUED:

K'Ehleyr, Riker, and Worf ENTER and take their stations. Data yields the center chair to Picard, sits down at Ops.

WORF  
Shields are up.

K'EHLEYR  
Better lock on phasers. This may be the only chance you get.

Picard ignores her.

CLANCEY  
Intercept course laid in.

PICARD  
Hold this position. Let's see if they've spotted us.  
(to Data)  
Magnification one hundred.

80 ANGLE TO INCLUDE MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

upon which is a vision from the past -- the eighty-year-old KLINGON BATTLE CRUISER T'ONG.

PICARD  
Mister Data?

DATA  
Sensors show lifeforms aboard, sir, but I am unable to ascertain if they are awake or dormant.  
(checks a reading)  
However, the vessel's propulsion systems are inactive, so I would hypothesize that the crew is asleep --

And without warning, the T'Ong FIRES upon us --

81 NEW ANGLE

as the bridge is SHAKEN by the attack. RED ALERT comes on automatically.

DATA  
However, I could be in error.



## ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

84 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Worf, Data, Clancey as before. RED ALERT continues. Geordi is now present; he TURNS ON his bridge Engineering Station.

GEORDI

Transfer Engineering to bridge.

PICARD

Can you find them?

GEORDI

(working at the station)

I think so. Those old shields weren't a hundred percent efficient at blocking gamma-ray output. If I can tune the sensors to a particular band of...

(jubilant)

There! Got 'em! Transferring coordinates to helm...

PICARD

(to Clancey)

Intercept. Warp two.

CLANCEY

Warp two, sir.

K'EHLEYS

Captain -- let them die like Klingons... in battle. They deserve that much.

Worf steps forward.

WORF

Captain... I have another option.

Picard and the others react to Worf's calm assertion.

85 OMITTED

86 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

moving at warp two.

87 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

As before, except that Worf and K'Ehleyr are no longer present. The tactical crewman is at Worf's station.

DATA

The T'Ong has changed course to three-two mark eight-one. They are increasing to warp three.

RIKER

Standard evasive maneuver.

PICARD

Helm -- stay with them.

Clancey makes a helm adjustment.

CLANCEY

Yes, sir.

DATA

The T'Ong is now on a heading of four-one mark one-one-three... accelerating to warp five.

RIKER

They're making a break for it.

PICARD

Overtake. Warp eight.

CLANCEY

Aye.

PICARD

Put us right in their path and come to a full stop.

(to Tactical)

Full power to shields.

TACTICAL CREWMAN

Full power, sir.

87A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

coming out of warp and stopping.

87B INT. MAIN BRIDGE

PICARD

We've thrown down the gauntlet...  
let's see if they pick it up.

DATA

They are slowing to impulse --

88 ANGLE TO INCLUDE MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

On the screen, the star field SHIMMERS -- and the T'Ong APPEARS as it drops its cloaking. It FIRES phasers at us --

89 NEW ANGLE

as the bridge is SHAKEN slightly by the attack.

TACTICAL CREWMAN

Phaser hit on forward shields.  
No damage.

DATA

The T'Ong is attempting to flank us.

PICARD

Compensate.

90 ANGLE TO INCLUDE MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

as the T'Ong FIRES a photon torpedo --

91 NEW ANGLE

as the torpedo hits, SHAKING the ship a bit more.

TACTICAL CREWMAN

Photon torpedo hit. Shield number two weakened... firming up now...  
No damage.

RIKER

I think we've piqued their curiosity by now...

91 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Agreed. Let's give them the  
chance to look their enemy in the  
face.

Picard turns to look offscreen. We don't see who he's  
addressing:

PICARD (cont'd)

Ready, Lieutenant?  
(then to Tactical)  
Open a hailing frequency.

TACTICAL CREWMAN

Hailing frequency open, sir.

92 OMITTED

93 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

motionless, facing the T'Ong.

94 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - CLOSE ON MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

as the image of the T'Ong is replaced by a view of the  
T'ONG BRIDGE. K'TEMOC, the captain, is a formidable  
warrior who commands his ship with a typical Klingon  
iron first. A FIRST OFFICER and another KLINGON CREWMAN  
are in the b.g.

The Klingons all react with surprise. K'Temoc leaps  
to his feet --

K'TEMOC

What --

95 ANGLE ON THE ENTERPRISE COMMAND CHAIR

The captain of the Enterprise is a Klingon! Worf, in  
full Klingon captain regalia, sits in the command chair  
glaring at K'Temoc.

Next to Worf is K'Ehleyr, similarly in full Klingon  
uniform.

Picard and Riker are not visible, but Data, Clancey,  
Geordi, and the tactical crewman are at their stations.

95 CONTINUED:

WORF

(imperious)

Captain K'Temoc -- have you lost  
your mind? Halt your ship and  
drop your shields.

96 ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

The Klingon crewmen are stunned. So is K'Temoc, but he keeps a lid on it and blusters back to Worf:

K'TEMOC

What treachery is this? By whose authority?

97 ANGLE ON WORF (OPTICAL)

Worf gives K'Temoc a look as if K'Temoc were a two-year-old challenging a parent.

WORF

I am Worf, commanding the Enterprise. It is you who have committed an act of treason -- by firing upon this ship.

98 INTERCUTS -- WORF AND VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

K'TEMOC

I have standing orders to fire on all Federation ships. We are at war.

WORF

You fool. Did it not occur to you that the war would be over by now?

K'TEMOC

I have no proof of that.

WORF

Trust your eyes! Or is your brain still stuck in its long slumber?

K'TEMOC

How can I be sure this is not a Federation trick?

Worf SIGHS. Why must underlings make life difficult?

WORF

Captain, as you are new to this century, I have tried to be patient. But I will tolerate no further insubordination. Drop your shields immediately.

98 CONTINUED:

K'TEMOC  
(still belligerent)  
And if I refuse?

WORF  
Then die in ignorance. I can  
waste no more time on you.  
(to Tactical)  
Phasers to full power.

TACTICAL CREWMAN  
Aye, sir.  
(does so)  
Phasers ready. Target locked.

99 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

On the screen, K'Temoc plays his last card:

K'TEMOC  
You dare not destroy us. We have  
been on a crucial mission by order  
of the Klingon High Command...

Worf, the Iceman, impassively raises his hand as a  
signal to fire.

WORF  
Has the T'Ong dropped its shields?

TACTICAL CREWMAN  
No, sir.

WORF  
(with a shrug)  
Very well. Fire all phasers --

K'TEMOC  
Wait!

K'Temoc crosses his arms and gently bows his head.

K'TEMOC (cont'd)  
(to first officer)  
Lower the shields.  
(to Worf)  
I yield command of the T'Ong to  
you, Captain Worf. Long live the  
Klingon Empire.

Worf is deadpan, indifferent.

99 CONTINUED:

WORF

A wise decision, Captain.  
Commander K'Ehleyr will board your  
ship and take command. The  
Klingon cruiser P'rang will soon  
arrive and escort you home.  
(almost an afterthought)  
And, Captain --

K'TEMOC

Yes?

WORF

Welcome to the twenty-fourth century.

And with that, the Enterprise viewscreen returns to  
the exterior view of the T'Ong. RED ALERT ENDS.

100 ANGLE ON WORF (OPTICAL)

As Picard and Riker approach from o.s. The mood is  
jubilant. Worf stands.

WORF

(to Picard)

I return command of the ship to  
you, Captain.

PICARD

Thank you and congratulations,  
Lieutenant. A very fine first  
command. Well done.

Worf nods a silent acknowledgement.

GEORDI

That's all, Worf? Just a nod?

Worf is again unflappable.

RIKER

How did you like command?

Worf looks at the crew, then back at the captain's  
chair.

WORF

Comfortable chair.



102 NEW ANGLE

Worf turns to face K'Ehleyr. They treat each other in the most formal manner -- perhaps as a way of easing the separation.

WORF

The Klingon vessel P'rang will rendezvous with you in three days.

K'EHLEYR

In the meantime, I'll begin the assimilation of these Klingons to our era.

A silent look. Is that all?

WORF

Is there anything else you require?

K'EHLEYR

No. Nothing else.

K'Ehleyr takes a step towards the transporter, stops and turns back to face Worf.

K'EHLEYR

Damn you, Worf. You'd let me go without saying another word, wouldn't you?

WORF

What needs to be said?

K'EHLEYR

Nothing. Everything. We're about to go our separate ways again.

WORF

And that disturbs you?

K'EHLEYR

(takes a breath)

Yes, it does.

She moves closer to him.

102 CONTINUED:

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

I hid the truth from you. Last night did have meaning.

(a beat)

I was tempted to take the oath with you. That scared me. I've never had such strong feelings toward anyone.

WORF

(after a beat)

Nor have I.

K'Ehleyr's stunned. From Worf, that's quite an admission.

K'EHLEYR

Then it was more than just a point of honor.

Worf's silence is eloquent.

K'EHLEYR (cont'd)

Maybe someday, when our paths cross again, I won't be as easy to get rid of.

K'Ehleyr and Worf extend their hands, touch palms, and clasp -- a gentle version of the passionate handclasp they shared in the Holodeck.

WORF

K'Ehleyr... I will not be complete without you.

A long beat. Then, K'Ehleyr steps onto the transporter pad.

103 ON WORF

Perhaps to cover his sorrow, his face bears something with a close resemblance to a smile...

104 ON THE TRANSPORTER PAD (OPTICAL)

as K'Ehleyr DEMATERIALIZES.

105 CLOSE ON WORF

as his face returns to the more familiar unemotional  
expression of -- the Iceman.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE  
THE END