

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

**Star Trek: Inquisition #3**

Full Script / 22 Pages

First Draft: November 21, 2011

**Synopsis:** On a training exercise as part of his evaluation for promotion to full Commander, Worf abandons his mission to capture an enigmatic Romulan terrorist leader. Meanwhile, Worf's former Enterprise crewmates question the fairness of Starfleet's testing procedure, and openly worry Starfleet is deliberately trying to fail Worf through an unfair and unwinnable set of contrived circumstances.

**Continuity:** Non-canonical. This story takes place somewhere between Star Trek: *Nemesis* and the Star Trek: *Titan* series from Pocket Books.

**Reference:** Worf's parents, Star Trek: *Nemesis* uniforms, Sovereign Class Enterprise-E, Intrepid-Class (starship *Voyager*) design specs and bridge layout, Luna-Class U.S.S. Titan, a Maglock

**Cover Suggestion** Worf in tattered black wetsuit battling Devroq terrorists at a cliff's edge amid a violent storm..

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Legend: SPLASH = splash page, usually a full page shot / INSET = a panel within a larger image (often a splash page). Insets are usually small-ish panels / BIG PANEL = payoff shot, money shot. Make a big deal out of these shots (I wouldn't usually put more than one on a given page), and budget the page so this is the biggest shot on the page / EST = Establishing Shot / EXT = Exterior / INT = Interior / FULL FIGURE = complete figure, head to toe / MED = Medium, usually waist up / MCU or MED C/U = Medium Close-Up, usually head and shoulders / C/U = Close-Up, usually a complete head / ECU = Extreme Close-Up, usually the eyes / DETAIL = tight shot, usually a small-ish panel or inset, focusing on one specific item or action / SAME = same angle, which means do not move your camera / FIXED CAMERA ANGLE means lock your camera down for several panels, repeating the background imagery and animating the figures / BIRD'S EYE = extreme down angle / OVERHEAD = direct overhead view / WORM'S EYE = extreme up angle / STAT = repeat an image, this is done mechanically in-house, typically by your simply writing "Stat <panel number>" inside the panel border.

1. PICARD: CONTINUE THE INTERVIEW SEQUENCE FRO PREVIOUS ISSUES. BLACK BACKGROUND, WE DO NOT SEE WHO HE IS TALKING TO.
  - 1 PICARD: Some of Starfleet's most secure data encryption schemes are based upon the most primitive linguistics found in the galaxy.
  - 2 PICARD: Ventusian glyphs, etched into cave walls using sharp stones.
  
2. PICARD TALKING WITH HIS HANDS, NOW, IDLE GESTURES, BEIN PROFESSORIAL AS HE TEACHES. BENIGN EXPRESSION: THIS IS THE FAVORITE PART OF HIS LIFE: ARCHAEOLOGY.
  - 3 PICARD: The Ventu would confound their enemies with tribe-specific iconography based on metaphor.
  - 4 PICARD: "Rapunzel in the tower."
  - 5 PICARD: After that, the glyphs were arranged in iambic pentameter.
  - 6 PICARD: And written backward.
  
3. PICARD SIPs TEA.
  - 7 PICARD: Among advanced civilizations it is not our weaponry but our information-- our data, our... stories...
  - 8 PICARD: --which determine life and death for entire worlds.
  - 9 PICARD: Which makes data security among our highest priorities.

4 PICARD LEANING FORWARD, SETTING HIS TEA DOWN. WE DO NOT SEE THE TABLE.

10 PICARD: Starfleet Strategic Command's black-book encryption key requires one to have an absolute understanding of the history and culture of the Ventu--

11 PICARD: --a primitive species from the planet Ledos, located in the Delta Quadrant 60 thousand light years from earth.

5 PICARD, STOIC, ADDRESSING HIS OFF-SCREEN INTERVIEWER.

12 PICARD: There is, however, one weapon against which there is no sure defense.

13 PICARD: Immune to even the strongest encryption. Undetectable by our most sophisticated monitoring devices.

14 PICARD: The most inclusive, level-one scans turn up nothing.

6 PICARD: HIS HEAD TURNED, AGAIN LOOKING OFF.

15 PICARD: A pure data stream. Invisible, unscannable, unrecordable.

16 PICARD: The one weapon against which even our most advanced monitoring and security is powerless.

17 PICARD: The deadliest threat to Starfleet data security.

7 PICARD: GRIM: HOLDING UP A TRADITIONAL, STANDARD, #2 PENCIL. THIS IS A PENCIL WE USE TODAY, SHARPENED POINT, ERASER HEAD.

— no copy —

8 STAT/REPEAT.

18 PICARD: Starfleet Intelligence is terrified of  
this.

9 NEW ANGLE: THE BISTRO TABLE: WE SEE PICARD'S TEA AND SAUCER, THE TEAPOT, AND ANOTHER TEA AND SAUCER BELONGING TO HIS UNSEEN INTERVIEWER.

THE PENCIL LANDS ON THE TABLE, PICARD'S TOSSED IT THERE.

19 PICARD: (Off) As well they should be...

20 SFX: TEKK.

Page 2

1 INT: STARFLEET COMMAND, EARTH: STAT/REPEAT THE GLASS DOOR TO DR. CRUSHER'S OFFICE FROM PART 1. STARFLEET MEDICAL INSIGNIA ON THE DOOR....

1 DOOR: BEVERLY CRUSHER CMD MD

2 CU TO: INSIDE THE OFFICE: ADMIRAL JANEWAY ENTERING, ANNOYED.

— no copy —

3 IN CLOSE ON JANEWAY: ANNOYED. LOOKING AROUND, SUSPICIOUS.

2 ELECTRONIC: *We have the Enterprise on secure channel,  
Admiral Janeway.*

3 JANEWAY: Very well.

4 JANEWAY: Put it through here in Dr. Crusher's  
office.

4 OVER JANEWAY'S SHOULDER: ON A DESKTOP MONITOR: CAPTAIN PICARD, SMILING, SIPPING TEA.

5 PICARD: (Electronic) Admiral Janeway. What a  
pleasant surprise.

6 PICARD: (Electronic) What's it been-- 12, 13  
hours--?

7 JANEWAY: All right, Jean-Luc.

8 JANEWAY: What are you up to?

5 PICARD ON THE MONITOR: IN HIS QUARTERS, HAPPY.

9 PICARD: Les Troyens, Admiral. Act Four.

10 ELECTRONIC: *I was down at StatCom 20 minutes ago. They  
wouldn't open the door.*

11 PICARD: Welcome to the club, Admiral. We should  
have jackets made.

12 ELECTRONIC: Why would they lock me out, unless--

Page 3

- 1 CUT TO: THE IKS VASTERAKH, CHANCELLOR MARTOK's KLINGON FLAGSHIP, IN ORBIT AROUND A SMALL CLASS-M MOON.
- 1 ELECTRONIC: *--they're discussing something they don't want you to know.*
- 2 VOICE: (From Klingon Ship) > *Piff!* < *Hahhdly,*  
Admiral.
- 3 ELECTRONIC: *We're receiving traffic from the Lanatosians demanding to know why the Sverdlov is late.*
- 4 ELECTRONIC: *Worf's training ship never arrived.*
- 2 OVER JANEWAY's SHOULDER: PICARD ON THE MONITOR, SMILING.
- 5 PICARD: (Electronic) *I'm sure it's nothing.*
- 6 JANEWAY: *I'm sure it's not.*
- 7 JANEWAY: *Which makes me wonder why you're just sitting there on the Enterprise.*
- 3 CUT TO: INTERIOR: THE IKS VASTERAKH, THE B4 SITTING IN THE MESS HALL, LARGE KLINGON EMPIRE EMBLEM SOMEWHERE IN SHOT.
- 8 ELECTRONIC: *I'm sure every brass hat in Strategic Command would bet the farm you'd be warping across the galaxy to rescue your friend.*
- 9 B4: *Which would presume my friend required rescuing.*

4 IN CLOSER: THE KLINGON MESS HALL: B4 SIPPING TEA. COMMANDER GEORDI LaFORGE IS NEARBY, HOLDING AN ELECTRONIC CLIPBOARD. GEORDI LOOKS FINE, HE HAS NO INJURIES FROM LAST ISSUE's TARG HUNT.

10 ELECTRONIC: *So the Enterprise is just going to sit  
there at Herekas II.*

11 B4: Routine maintenance-- a little shore leave.  
We'll be under way in a few days.

12 B4: Picard out.

5 STAT/REPEAT: PAGE ONE PANEL 3: JANEWAY THINKING.

13 JANEWAY: ...

14 JANEWAY: "...a few days..."

15 JANEWAY: Nice try, Captain. Computer--

16 JANEWAY: --activate the Emergency Medical Hologram  
program.



## Page 4

1 NEW ANGLE: THE DOCTOR (FROM ST: VOYAGER) MATERIALIZES IN CRUSHER'S OFFICE.

1 DOCTOR: Please state the nature of the medical emergency.

2 JANEWAY: I need access to StatCom Level-1 précis, the Devroq Confederacy. Cross index Lanatosia II.

3 DOCTOR: Why ask me? I'm a doctor, not a filing cabinet.

2 JANEWAY INSERTS AN ISOLINEAR CHIP INTO A SLOT NEAR THE DESKTOP MONITOR.

4 JANEWAY: You and I haven't met.

5 JANEWAY: Even the bunkers-- at the most secure levels of Strategic Command-- have three things:

6 JANEWAY: A fire suppression system, a rapid evac plan--

3 NEW ANGLE: A SECOND DOCTOR APPEARS. THE FIRST DOCTOR STARTLED TO SEE HIM.

7 JANEWAY: (Off) --and an EMH program, part of a network tied back here, to Starfleet Medical.

8 DOCTOR: I beg your pardon-- who--?!

9 JANEWAY: (Off) -- An old friend. He'll be relieving you for awhile.

4 2ND DOCTOR STEPS INTO THE FIRST DOCTOR, ESSENTIALLY TAKING OVER.

10 JANEWAY: (Can be off) Sound waves reverberate off  
computer housing, which the EMH program can  
record--

11 JANEWAY: --voice prints and pass codes--

12 JANEWAY: --which is likely how Dr. Crusher accessed  
the intelligence data I'm certain she  
provided Captain Picard.

5 JANEWAY: NOW SEATED AT CRUSHER'S DESK, OPENING A DRAWER..

13 JANEWAY: Doctor-- see what you can find out about  
just what the hell is going on--

6 JANEWAY: HOLDING A PENCIL AT HER EYE LEVEL: SCRUTINIZING IT.

— no copy —

## Page 5

- 1 CUT TO: THE KLINGON SHIP: GEORDI HAS A PANEL OPEN IN THE B4's HEAD, MAKING ADJUSTMENTS. MARTOK OBSERVES.
- 1 GEORDI: All right, Chancellor Martok, that should about do it.
- 2 MARTOK: An amusing deception, Commander LaForge--
- 3 MARTOK: --what's to prevent us from duplicating it--  
- or the Starfleet transponder you've installed here on the Vas'Terakh?
- 2 IN CLOSE ON GEORDI AS HE WORKS.
- 4 GEORDI: Well, sir, your honor.
- 5 GEORDI: The way the captain sees it, no booby traps or self-destruct protocols would be more effective than a Klingon's word.
- 6 B4: (Electronic) *Why is B4 being left on a Klingon ship...?*
- 7 GEORDI: To help us.
- 8 B4: (Electronic) *How is B4 helping...?*
- 3 MARTOK, SCOWLING.
- 9 MARTOK: Are you sure this puppet has sufficient subroutines to continue his Picard impersonation?
- 10 LaFORGE: (Off) Well... I hope so, Chancellor.
- 11 LaFORGE: (Attach) The B4's positronic matrix is not nearly as sophisticated as Commander Data's was.

4 NEW ANGLE: GEORDI STANDING BACK, ARMS FOLDED, OBSERVING B4. THE PANEL ON B4's HEAD IS SHUT.

12 LaFORGE: Between the holo-array in your comm link,  
the transponder I installed emitting the  
Enterprise's transponder codes--

13 LaFORGE: --and whatever improvising the B4 can  
manage--

14 MARTOK: --your people will remain convinced the  
Enterprise is in orbit here at Hekeras II.

5 OVER Geordi's SHOULDER: MARTOK, WHO TOWERS OVER HIM, SCOWLING.

15 GEORDI: Yes, sir.

16 MARTOK Instead of warping at high speed to  
Lanatosia II--

17 MARTOK: --to rescue Worf.

18 GEORDI: Yes sir.

19 MARTOK: Commander--

6 MARTOK: SCOWLING DOWN AT US.

20 MARTOK: --Klingons resent being rescued.

**Page 6**

SPLASH: DRAMATIC ANGLE: WOLF AND PARTY SCALE A MASSIVE, STONY CLIFF, CLIMBING UP FROM ROCKY SHORE. IT IS A STEEP CLIFF, A CRAGGY CLIFF FACE, SLICK FROM OILY WATER: A VERY DANGEROUS FEAT.

IMPORTANT: REMINDER: WOLF HAS HIS MEK'LETH STRAPPED TO HIS BACK. XERXES WEARS KLINGON RESTRAINING COLLAR.

- 1 **TITLE:**           **STAR TREK: INQUISITION**
- 2 **TITLE:**           **BOOK THREE: PERUN AND VELES**
- 3 **CREDITS:**

## Page 7

1 TALL DOWN LEFT SIDE OF PAGE: MAKE WORF AND CO VERY SMALL IN ORDER TO PROVIDE SCALE TO THIS CLIFF, WORF CLIMBING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE TOWARD THE TOP.

1 XERXES: It is only a matter of time before the Devroq come... more than a thousand strong... and kill us all.

2 WORF: Your fellow terrorists, Xerxes--

3 XERXES: --will assume you have either extracted information or turned me against them.

2 DOWN ANGLE: ON XERXES, AS HE CLIMBS. RESTRAINING COLLAR AROUND HIS NECK.

4 XERXES: "Terrorist."

5 XERXES: Yesterday I was a freedom fighter. Supported-- encouraged-- financed by your precious Federation.

6 XERXES: But that was before Shinzon fell.

7 XERXES: Now I am... a "terrorist." Evil.

3 DOWN ANGLE: WORF CLIMBING. ANNOYED.

8 WORF: Define "Evil," Xerxes.

9 WORF: Was it the bomb the Devroq Assembly set off at the Amuric Peace Summit? 312 dead, Colonel. Women... children...

10 XERXES: (Off) ..including 84 dead Klingons.

11 WORF: 84 dead Klingons.

4 PULL BACK: MORE CLIMBING.

12 XERXES: You know who taught us bomb-making,  
Commander? The Federation.

13 XERXES: A joint effort to collapse the Romulan  
government. Now they are hunting us down.

14 WORF: Alliances are transitional, Xerxes.

15 WORF: The water-breathing eunuchs who live here  
on Lantosia II are our "allies."

16 WORF: The Federation saved them from destruction

--

## Page 8

1 CUT TO: A ROCKY CLIFF: WORF STANDING ATOP, LOOKING AROUND AS XERXES AND THE GUYS CLIMB ONTO IT.

1 WORF: --only to discover the Lanatosians have been lying to us.

2 WORF: Providing safe harbor for our enemies.

3 XERXES: Enemies today, Klingon-- there's always tomorrow.

2 NEW ANGLE: EVERYBODY IS NOW ON THE ROCKY CLIFF.. ONE OF WORF'S MEN CHECKS HIS WRISTBAND COMMUNICATOR.

4 XERXES: People were being dragged from their homes in the middle of the night-- raped by Reman slaves--

5 XERXES: --tortured-- imprisoned without cause.

6 XERXES: That is how I define "evil."

3 WORF PULLS HIS MEK'LETH FROM HIS BACK HARNESS.

7 WORF: You want to kill a man, you fill your hand with steel.

8 WORF: You look him in the eye.

9 WORF: You don't set a bomb and run away.

4 XERXES: A HEARTY LAUGH, NOW. RESTRAINING COLLAR AROUND HIS NECK.

10 XERXES: Challenge the high council to a duel?  
*Hahahahahahaha--!!*

11 XERXES: Please forgive me, Commander, I simply despise Klingons.



12 XERXES: Killing 84 of your people was a pleasant dividend.

13 VOICE: (Off) Commander--

5 Worf's GUYS, ONE OF THEM POINTING AT HIS WRISTBAND.

14 SOLDIER: I got nuthin.'

15 SOLDIER: Something's happened to Ridley.

16 SOLDIER: The shuttle's dead, our ship is on the other side of the planet--

17 SOLDIER: --and the Devroq-- his buddies. They're on their way. A thousand of them.

18 SOLDIER: We got four guys.

6 CLOSE-UP: Worf: SNARLING, LIGHT GLINTS OFF THE EDGE OF THE BLADE OF HIS MEK'LETH IN IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND. LIGHT RAIN SPATTERING.

19 Worf: All of which makes this a good day, corporal--

20 Worf: --a good day to die.

**Page 9**

1 CUT TO: INTERIOR: THE U.S.S. SVERDLOV: A CURVED HALLWAY IN SAUCER SECTION:  
THE HALL IS COMPLETELY FILLED WITH WATER. BODIES FLOATING INDISCRIMINATELY IN  
TH HALL. GRUESOME.

— no copy —

2 ANOTHER HALL, MORE BODIES FLOATING. A DEATH SHIP.

— no copy —

3 THE MESS HALL: TABLES AND CHAIRS FLOATING AMONG THE BODIES, FOOD, POTS, ETC.

— no copy —

4 ENGINEERING: SAME DEAL, FLOODED, BODIES.

— no copy —

5 STILL IN ENGINEERING: IN CLOSE ON REECE: FLOATING. DEAD.

— no copy —

6 IN CLOSER: REECE'S EYES POP WIDE OPEN IN SHOCK.

1 CAPTION: (Computer Font) U.S.S. SVREDLOV DISASTER  
PROTOCOL INITIATED.

2 CAPTION: (Computer) EMERGENCY BULKHEADS LOCKED.  
AUXILIARY POWER ON-LINE. EMERGENCY FORCE  
FIELDS AT FULL POWER.

3 CAPTION: (Computer) INITIATING ATMOSPHERIC  
RESTORATION PROTOCOLS.

## Page 10

1 (BIG PANEL) ESTABLISHING SHOT: THE SVERDLOV WHERE WE LEFT IT, SMASHED INTO A CLIFF WALL. WATER EXPLODES OUT OF THE SHIP FROM MANY SOURCES, THE WATER BEIN EXPELLED BY A RESURGENCE OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE WITHIN THE HULL AND NOW KEPT OUT BY EMERGENCY FORCE FIELDS (WE DO NOT NEED TO SEE THIS, JUST 'SPLAININ' HERE).

1 SFX: FWWOOOOOOOSSSHHH--!!

2 REECE, COUGHING, AS SHE STRUGGLES TO HER FEET. THE WATER IN ENGINEERING NEARLY GONE.

2 REECE: > *cough* < > *cough* < RANDY!!

3 NEW ANGLE: BAIR, LIKEWISE STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET.

3 BAIR: Still... s-still on the team, Reece.

4 BAIR: ...longest two minutes of my life...

4 NEW ANGLE: RIDLEY ARRIVING IN ENGINEERING. HE DOES NOT USE A TURBOLIFT BUT EMERGES FROM A CORRIDOR OR JEFFRIES TUBE.

5 RIDLEY: You idiots.

6 RIDLEY: What the hell did you do?!?

Page 11

- 1 RIDLEY SHOVES REECE AWAY FROM THE CONTROL PANEL. BAIR RAISING HIS HANDS A BIT, AS IN, "DON'T HIT ME."
- 1 REECE: You're under arrest. Sergeant Ridley--
- 2 RIDLEY: Move!
- 3 BAIR: Botanist.
- 4 RIDLEY: I'm blowing all tanks-- blow everything--
- 2 (BIG PANEL) EXTERIOR: THE SVERDLOV RISING NOW, THE DISH SCRAPING A BIT AGAINST THE CAVERN WALL, CHUNKS OF ROCK FALLING AS THE BEHEMOTH BEGINS TO RISE.
- 5 REECE: (From ship) Those Devroq raiders-- they're still out there, Ridley--!
- 6 RIDLEY: (From ship) Well, *duh,* sir.
- 7 RIDLEY: (Attach) They're just as blind as we are in this muck.
- 8 REECE: (From Ship) They hit us before, Sergeant.
- 9 RIDLEY: (Same) Yeah, but they didn't see us--
- 3 ENGINEERING: RIDLEY IGNORING REECE AS HE WORKS THE CONTROLS.
- 10 RIDLEY: --geez, don't they teach you people anything at that sissy academy?!
- 11 RIDLEY: That's the problem with you officers-- all book learning, no street smarts.
- 12 RIDLEY: Dammit! Who sealed the bulkheads between Turboshaft 8 and Cargo Bay 4?!?
- 13 REECE: Disaster protocol--

4 ON RIDLEY, LEAVING, LOOKING BEHIND HIM, JABBING AN ANGRY FINGER AT BAIR.

14 RIDLEY: Gotta manually release those bulkheads or  
we're all dead.

15 RIDLEY: Don't touch anything. Don't do anything--

16 RIDLEY: --or I'm gunna beat the snot out of him.

## Page 12

1 CUT TO: INTERIOR/MARTOK'S QUARTERS ABOARD THE VAS'TERAKH. A LARGE CHAMBER DECKED OUT IN WHAT PASSES FOR OPULENCE IN THE KLINGON EMPIRE. CAPTAIN PICARD, FULL UNIFORM, STANDS NEAR A HIGH TABLE OF SOME SORT S MARTOK ENTERS.

1 MARTOK: We are approaching the far side of the Hekeran moon, Picard.

2 MARTOK: We may drop our cloak and transport you and LaForge back to the Argos undetected.

3 MARTOK: You mean to do this?

2 PICARD: GRIM.

4 PICARD: I do.

5 PICARD: What would you do?

6 MARTOK: (Off) Stand by in orbit to pick up survivors. Plan the party.

7 PICARD: Is that what Worf did for you-- twice?

3 MARTOK LEANS ACROSS THIS TABLE, SNARLING AT PICARD.

8 MARTOK: Worf was raised by humans, Captain.

9 MARTOK: Infected by human weakness.

10 PICARD: He saved your life, Martok. Interceded on your behalf. Handed you the chancellery.

11 MARTOK: (BURST) MEVYAP!!

4 MARTOK: ACCUSING.

12 MARTOK: My debt to Worf is a great embarrassment to me and a hindrance to my rule.

13 PICARD: (Off) So you just let him die?

14 MARTOK: I let him live or die as a KLINGON!

5 PICARD: STOIC: EYES LOCKED ON US.

– no copy –

6 STAT/REPEAT.

15 PICARD: There is more going on here, Chancellor.  
Much more.

16 PICARD: We both know that.

17 PICARD: Sit with me. The things we speak of now,  
are never to be spoken of again...

18 PICARD: ...beginning with... the Battle of HarOS...

Page 13

- 1 WIDE ACROSS TOP: LONG SHOT: WOLF S A CHILD, STANDING ON A ROCKY CLIFF, OBSERVING A VIOLENT STORM. HEAVY WINDS, LIGHTNING.
- 1 MOTHER: (Off) Worf!!
- 2 MOTHER: (Attach) Worrfff--!!
- 3 MOTHER: < Child-- come in out of the storm! >
- 2 IN CLOSER: WOLF, AGE EIGHT OR SO, HIS BACK TO HIS OTHER, GLARING AT THE SEA. WOLF'S HAIR BLOWS IN THE WIND. HIS MOTHER SPEAKING TO HIM, HOLDING A SHAWL OVER HER HEAD. CHILD-WOLF EARS HIS RESTRAINING COLLAR.
- 4 MOTHER: < Worf--?! >
- 5 WOLF: < The battle is raging, Mother.>
- 6 MOTHER: < What battle? >
- 7 WOLF: < Perun, the Thunder God. The powerful, evil dragon Veles stole his son. >
- 3 IN CLOSER: PROFILE VIEW: KID WOLF, RAIN SPATTERING ACROSS HIS FACE. INTENSE EXPRESSION.
- 8 WOLF: < Took him away from his home... brought him to this place... Earth. >
- 9 WOLF: < A stranger in a strange place. >
- 10 WOLF: < The storm is Perun's anguish. His fury over his loss...>
- 4 SAME: MOTHER KISSES HIS CHEEK. WOLF DOES NOT MOVE OR CHANGE EXPRESSION.
- 11 MOTHER: < A fable, child.>
- 12 WOLF: < They have a fierce battle. The thunder god destroys the serpent.
- 13 WOLF: < The falling rain is Perun's son, released from the serpent's belly-- >



5 MATCH SHOTS: PRESENT-DAY WORF: SAME ANGLE AND EXPRESSION.

14 CAPTION: "--finally free.

15 CAPTION: "The rain, Mother..."

6 SAME: ONLY NOW A DEVROQ TERRORIST LEANS INTO SHOT IN FOREGROUND, COUGHING UP BLOOD. THE DEVROQ DOES NOT LOOK AT WORF, HAS NO EXPRESSION.

16 CAPTION: "...means victory."

**Page 14**

1 PULL BACK: WOLF IN SAME POSITION, ONLY NOW WE SEE WOLF HAS GUTTED THE DEVROQ WITH HIS MEK'LETH, WOLF'S ARM REACHING BEHIND HIM, HIS FIST CLOSED AROUND THE MEK'LETH WHICH EXTRUDES FROM THE ROMULAN'S BODY. THE DEVROQ'S KNEES BUCKLING AS HE DIES.

– no copy –

2 NEW ANGLE: WOLF CALMLY WALKS AWAY FROM THE DEVROQ WHO LAYS DYING ON THE ROCKS. STORMY WEATHER. BLOOD DRIPS FROM WOLF'S MEK'LETH.

– no copy –

3 CUT TO: WOLF APPROACHING HIS MEN, STILL HOLDING THE BLOODY MEK'LETH.

– no copy –

4 IN CLOSE ON WOLF: GRIM EXPRESSION.

1 WOLF: They've found us.

5 UNDERWATER: THE SVERDLOV BANKING AROUND, MANEUVERING, FREE OF THE CANYON. MAJOR DAMAGE TO SOME EDGE OF THE SAUCER WHERE IT HIT THE ROCKS, ONE OF THE NACELLES BADLY DAMAGED. WATER PROPELS FROM ONLY ONE NACELLE: ONLY ONE OF THE RAM SCOOPS ARE OPERABLE.

2 REECE: (From ship) Report.

3 WEATHERS: (From ship) Propulsion partially restored.

4 WEATHERS: (Attach) Emergency medical teams have  
resuscitated most of the crew--

## Page 15

- 1 THE BRIDGE: HEAVY DAMAGE FROM THE FLOODING. REECE RELIEVES LT. SHANNON WEATHERS, TAKING THE WATER-SOAKED COMMAND CHAIR.
- 1 REECE: "Most?"
- 2 WEATHERS: Yes, sir.
- 3 REECE: Casualties?
- 4 WEATHERS: Reports still coming in-- at least 30, sir--  
- mostly in the drive section...
- 2 REECE: HER HEAD BOWED, HER HAND TRYING TO COVER HER FACE. LIPS CURLED UNDER, INTENSE EXPRESSION. *DAMN.*
- 5 WEATHERS: (Off) ...sir...?
- 6 WEATHERS: (Attach) ..Commander Reece...?
- 3 SAME: REECE SNAPS BACK, STOIC EXPRESSION, GIVING ORDERS.
- 7 REECE: How long until we surface?
- 8 VOICE: (Off) Only one Ram Scoop is operable for  
underwater navigation--
- 9 VOICE: (Off) --combined with thrusters-- two  
minutes.
- 4 THE SHIP IS ROCKED BY A MASSIVE EXPLOSION, CREWMEMBERS KNOCKED OFF THEIR FEET, CONSOLES EXPLODING.
- 10 SFX: TTTTHOOOOOMMM--!!
- 5 EXTERIOR: THE RAIDERS HAVE RETURNED, LAUNCHING TORPEDO STRIKES. THE SVERDLOV EXECUTING EVASIVE MANEUVERS, SO MOST OF THE TORPEDOES MISS THE SHIP BUT EXPLODE NEARBY.
- 11 REECE: (From ship) We don't have two minutes.
- 12 REECE: (Attach) Light-based pulse weapons  
inoperable below the water's surface-- no  
phasers, no shields down here--

13 REECE: (Attach) --Mr. Ridley--!!

## Page 16

- 1 CUT TO: RIDLEY IN THE TURBOSHAFT: REARRANGING ISOLINEAR CHIPS IN AN ARRAY. HE CHOMPS A LIT CIGAR.
- 1 RIDLEY: Keep yer panty hose on, there, Commander.
- 2 RIDLEY: I'm workin' on it.
- 3 ELECTRONIC: *Working on what!?*
- 4 RIDLEY: Damned emergency bulkheads closed all through the turboshaft, sir--
- 2 DETAIL: RIDLEY'S HANDS, REARRANGING THE CHIPS.
- 5 RIDLEY: --I'm overriding the disaster protocol for manual release.
- 6 ELECTRONIC: *Ridley-- if you open those bulkheads, the turboshaft will flood.*
- 7 RIDLEY: Yes, your majesty sir. Gold star for the commander.
- 3 THE BRIDGE: BAIR STRUGGLES TO MANEUVER THE SHIP WHICH IS STILL BEING ROCKED BY EXPLOSIONS.
- 8 REECE In case you haven't noticed, Sergeant, we're under attack--
- 9 ELECTRONIC: *Due respect, highness, but Worf had this whole thing wired. What the hell did you think we were doing down in shaft 8 all that time?*
- 10 REECE: ---
- 11 REECE: --the Ferengi in the shuttle.
- 12 ELECTRONIC: *The Ferengi in the shuttle.*

- 4 RIDLEY: REACHING FOR A MAGLOCK (SEE REF).
- 13 ELECTRONIC: *Those crates-- old, obsolete torpedoes.*
- 14 RIDLEY: What else?
- 15 ELECTRONIC: *Shaft 8-- Worf converted it... into a torpedo tube.*
- 16 RIDLEY: Tell the botanist to check his board--  
panel nine.
- 5 CUT TO: BAIR AT HIS CONSOLE, REECE LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER, POINTING.
- 17 BAIR: --?! I don't understand-- that's an  
environmental control--
- 18 REECE: Not anymore, Randy--
- 19 ELECTRONIC: *Bulkheads released, Commander. Shaft 8  
pressurizing!*
- 20 REECE: Fire.
- 21 BAIR: "Fire" what?
- 6 DETAIL: BAIR'S FINGER PRESSES A SPOT ON HIS CONTROLS MARKED "9."
- 22 REECE: (Off) Fire whatever.

Page 17

1 CUT TO: THE TURBOSHAFT: RIDLEY PINNED TO THE WALL AS A MASSIVE RUSH OF WATER FLOODS PAST.

1 SFX: FFWOOOOOOOSSSSSHHH!!

2 RIDLEY: TORPEDOES AWAY--!!

2 EXTERIOR/SHIP: THE SVERDLOV, BADLY WOUNDED, FIRING A PAIR OF TORPEDOES FROM THE REAR. THE TORPEDOES BANK AROUND, CONTRAIL OF WATER BUBBLES BEHIND THEM.

3 RIDLEY: (From Ship) Tell Bair to recycle the valves  
and fire again!

3 NEW ANGLE: THE SVERDLOV TORPEDOES INTERCEPT THE RAIDERS' TORPEDOES, EXPLODING ON IMPACT.

4 SFX: BOOOOOM!!! BOOOOOM!!!

4 LOW ANGLE: LOOKING P AT THE SVERDLOV SOARING AWAY FROM US, CLIMBING, ROLLING, AS MORE TORPEDOES ARE FIRED FROM THE REAR. THEY EXIT THE CARGO BAY BENEATH THE SHUTTLE BAY.

5 FROM SHIP: Surface the ship, Mr. Bair!

## Page 18

- 1     DETAIL: JANEWAY's HANDS HOLDING AN ELECTRONIC SLATE.
- 1 SLATE:        Le Petit Café
- 2 SLATE:        Specials
- 3 VOICE:        (Off) Mind if I join you--?
- 2     ESTABLISH: JANEWAY, NOW IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, SEATED AT A SMALL TABLE BY THE GLASS WALL OF AN INTIMATE BISTRO IN PARIS. LEO (SEE REF) STANDS BY THE EMPTY SEAT AT THE TABLE, SPEAKING TO JANEWAY. LEO WEARS A TRENCH COAT OVER FUTURISTIC DRESS BUSINESS SUIT. HE IS NOT STARFLEET. LEO HOLDS AN ANTIQUE, ORNATE CASE, ABOUT A FOOT IN LENGTH, FIVE INCHES IN WIDTH.
- 4 JANEWAY:     ...
- 5 JANEWAY:     ...actually, I'm waiting for my husband.
- 6 LEO:         He's going to be late.
- 7 JANEWAY:     How would you know that?
- 3     ON LEO: SEATING HIMSELF, SMILING, PLACING THE CASE ON THE TABLE.
- 8 LEO:         We arranged it.
- 9 LEO:         Have you tried the Truite Poêlée aux  
                    Amandes..?
- 10 LEO:         They do this thing with trout, almonds and  
                    nuttet butter.
- 11 LEO:         I just love this place. I beam over  
                    whenever I can.
- 4     JANEWAY: SUSPICION VERGING ON ANNOYANCE. WINE GLASS AND SOME PART OF LEO's CASE IN FOREGROUND.
- 12 JANEWAY:     And just who, exactly, are "we"?
- 13 LEO:         (Off) It's never the question that's  
                    indiscreet, Admiral. Only the answer.



14 LEO: (Attach) But no, I'm not Starfleet, if  
that's what you mean. Call me Leo.

5 2-SHOT: LEO BEING FRIENDLY, LEANING IN, GESTURING WITH HIS HAND AS HE TALKS.

15 JANEWAY: Is that your real name?

16 LEO: Oddly enough, yes.

17 LEO: I can never remember fancy code names and  
such.

18 JANEWAY: Mister--

19 LEO: (Ital) Leeeeh.

20 JANEWAY: --Leo--

6 JANEWAY, GLARING AT US. SHE'S A TOUGH DAME.

21 JANEWAY: --I know why you're here.

22 JANEWAY: I don't intimidate easily.

## Page 19

1 LEO, LEANING BACK IN HIS CHAIR, SMILING.

1 LEO: Do I look intimidating?

2 JANEWAY: (Off) Why not just say what you came to say.

3 LEO: I came to say hello.

4 LEO: Seven years in the Delta Quadrant? Fighting off multiple Borg cubes?

5 LEO: Admiral, you're a rock star. Beyond that--

2 JANEWAY: STOIC, LISTENING. SHE DOES NOT TRUST THIS GUY.

6 LEO: (Off) --nothing is ever exactly what it seems to be. Secret deals, closed-door meetings--

7 LEO: (Off) --political chicanery. Starfleet = "bad."

8 LEO: (Off) We've passed this way before, Admiral.

3 LEO LEANS IN, MAKING HIS CASE, HIS HAND RESTS ON THE ORNATE BOX.

9 LEO: Some things need to be close hold. You know that.

10 LEO: But we can't have Starfleet captains disobeying orders, warping off to right some heinous wrong.

11 LEO: You've been one of those captains, Admiral. In an alternate timeline, but it still counts.

4 JANEWAY

12 JANEWAY: Starfleet captains are sworn to uphold and defend the Federation, Leo-- upon occasion, from itself.

13 LEO: (Off) But, see, that's the tricky part: knowing when it is, in fact, the right occasion.

5 THE ROOM: LEO AND JANEWAY AT THEIR TABLE. THE ORNATE BO ON THE TABLE, JANEWAY'S WINE GLASS.

14 LEO: What's to stop some lunatic from, say, faking a political intrigue that never was?

15 LEO: One of our guys disobeys orders, runs off and causes some real problems.

16 LEO: This is why chain of command exists, Admiral.

Page 20

1 OVER JANEWAY'S SHOULDER. LEO: DETERMINED EXPRESSION..

1 JANEWAY: Thanks for the lecture.

2 LEO: My point is, all this freelancing with  
planet-destroying starships has gotta stop.

3 LEO: It just has to. It's all I'm saying.

2 2-SHOT: JANEWAY PUTS DOWN HER GLASS. THE ONATE BOX ON THE TABLE.

4 LEO: I'm saying, people are gonna start losing  
their commands.

5 JANEWAY: Worf's training mission on the Sverdlov--

6 JANEWAY: --you're not testing Worf--

3 OVER LEO'S SHOULDER: JANEWAY LOCKING EYES ON LEO. GRIM.

7 JANEWAY: --you're testing Picard.

4 CUT TO: PICARD: IN HIS READY ROOM. GRIM LOST IN THOUGHT.

- no copy -

5 LEO: SMILING: EYES LOCKED ON US.

8 LEO: Are we?

9 JANEWAY: (Off) That depends on what's in the box.

10 LEO: You know what's in the box.

6 STAT/REPEAT: PICARD: IN HIS READY ROOM. GRIM LOST IN THOUGHT.

-no copy -

## Page 21

- 1 ANGLE: THE ORNATE CASE, LEO'S HAND GENTLY PATS IT.
- 1 LEO: (Off) Vacuum-sealed to protect it from aging. Written on paper.
- 2 LEO: God, I miss that. Nobody writes anymore...
- 2 STAT/REPEAT: PICARD: IN HIS READY ROOM. GRIM LOST IN THOUGHT.
- 3 ELECTRONIC: *Transporting from the Titan now, sir.*
- 4 PICARD: Very well.
- 3 2-SHOT: LEO MAKING AN OFFER.
- 5 LEO: It's like this, Admiral:
- 6 LEO: --you can either stop making Starfleet the bad guys--
- 7 LEO: --or, you can open the box.
- 4 THE ENTERPRISE TRANSPORTER ROOM: RIKER, TROI, CRUSHER EMBRACE GEORDI, RIKER SMILING.
- 8 LaFORGE: Well, now-- its old home week!
- 9 RIKER: It's been too long, Geordi. Way too long.
- 10 CRUSHER: We could be spending a lot more time together if the Captain is wrong about this.

5 JANEWAY: STOIC.

11 LEO: (Off) Maybe the box is empty.

12 LEO: (Attach) Maybe it's a forgery. Maybe I got my lunch in there.

13 LEO: (Same) Or, just maybe, there is no conspiracy, and it's time for the knucklehead stuff to stop.

6 EXTERIOR: THE ENTERPRISE BANKING TOWARD US AND AWAY FROM THE U.S.S. TITAN, LEAVING HER IN SPACE.

14 LaFORGE: (From Enterprise) He's not wrong, Doctor. I know the Captain, and I know Worf. Trust me--

15 LaFORGE: (Attach) --this is a trip worth taking.

**Page 22**

1 CUT TO: LANATOSIA II'S SURFACE: IN CLOSE: Worf battles a Devroq. Worf uses his Mek'leth, the Devroq a pair of oversized daggers. Martial arts stuff.

— no copy —

2 MORE OF THIS: SEQUENTIAL, QUICK, Bourne Ultimatum stuff.

— no copy —

3 MORE. ANOTHER DEVROQ JUMPS IN.

— no copy —

4 Worf kicks one, guts the other.

— no copy —

5 THE REMAINING DEVROQ, SNARLING, KNIVES BLOODIED. COLOR: THIS IS Worf'S BLOOD, PEPTO-BISMOL PINK.

1 DEVROQ: Klingon filth.

2 DEVROQ: Federation lap dog.

Page 23

1 ACROSS TOP:: BLOOD SPATTER IN THE AIR. TURBULENT STORMY SKY.

1 SFX: SSSHHNNAAAKKKT!!

2 NEW ANGLE: WORF's GUYS: SEVERAL DEVROQ TERRORISTS ARE DOWN, WORF's MEN TYING THEIR WRISTS BEHIND THEIR BACKS. WORF APPROACHING, BLOOD TRAILS DOWN HIS ARM AND DRIPS OFF HIS MEK'LETH.

2 WORF: Report.

3 SOLIDER: Wilson's badly wounded.

4 SOLDIER: Commander-- that was just the recon team--  
the rest are on their way.

3 NEW ANGLE: XERXES SMILING: LYING DOWN, HIS ARMS TIED BEHIND HIS BACK. HIS ELECTRONIC COLLAR GLOWS.

5 XERXES: A thousand martyrs, Klingon.

6 XERXES: Against you three.

4 WORF: GRIM. LOOKING OUT AT THE STORM.

— no copy —

5 MATCH SHOTS: KID WORF (FROM PREVIOUS SEQUENCE): LOOKING OUT AT THE STORM.

— no copy —

6 STAT/REPEAT PANEL 3: WORF: GRIM. LOOKING OUT AT THE STORM. ADD RAIN: IT HAS BEGUN TO RAIN.

7 WORF: ...

8 WORF: ...let them come.

9 WORF: We stand our ground.



## Page 24

1 WIDE ANGLE: THE CLIFF: MASSIVE LIGHT SHOW AS HE ARCS OF STATIC EXPLODE FROM THE DEVROQ TERRORISTS. THESE ARE POWERFUL RADIATION BURSTS FROM WITHIN THEIR BODIES: HUMAN BOMBS. WE DO NOT SEE WORF OR XERXES: WORF IS STANDING JUST OFF-PANEL AND XERXES HAS ANTICIPATED THIS EVENT AND MOVED OUT OF RANGE.

1 SFX: SSSZZZAAACCCKKK--!!!

2 NEW ANGLE: WORF RUSHES TOWARD US, MEK'LETH.

2 WORF: DeKalb! Wilson--!!

3 XERXES: (Off) Dead, Klingon--

3 NEW ANGLE: XERXES, STANDING, HOLDING THE RESTRAINER COLLAR IN ONE HAND, RUBBING HIS NECK WITH HIS OTHER.

4 XERXES: --just as you are about to be.

5 XERXES: ...Klingon restraining collar. How..  
medieval...

6 XERXES: The proto-matter fusion pellets my men  
ingested fused your little toy.

4 WORF: GRIM: SHADOWS OVER DEEP-SET EYES. MEK'LETH.

7 WORF: There aren't a thousand men.

8 XERXES: (Off) There were. Our little opera here has  
achieved its purpose--

9 WORF: --buying them time to escape. Well, then...

5 HIGH ANGLE: WIDE SHOT: THE ROCKY CLIFFS: THE TWO MEN FACE OFF.

10 WORF: ...you'll just have to do...

11 NEXT: THE CONCLUSION

