

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

Star Trek: Inquisition #2

Full Script / 22 Pages

First Draft: November 14, 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.

Cover Suggestion Picard and Martok back-to-back, Bat'leths in hand, as deadly Targs close in.

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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.

3 PANELS ACROSS TOP: FIXED CAMERA ANGLE: AN INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN PICARD.

- 1 MEDIUM SHOT: JEAN-LUC PICARD IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, SEATED. HE IS ACTUALLY SEATED AT A SMALL, INTIMATE BISTRO TABLE FOR TWO, BUT WE DO NOT SEE THE TABLE. A BLACK BACKGROUND. NO DETAILS, WE DO NOT KNOW TIME OR PLACE. NORMAL, THIS PICKS UP FROM LAST ISSUE: SAME CLOTHES, LIGHTING, CAMERA ANGLE. WE DO NOT SEE WHOM PICARD IS TALKING TO.

IN THIS PANEL, PICARD'S HEAD TURNED TO PROFILE VIEW. HE IS ACTUALLY GAZING OUT AT THE STREET BUT WE SHOULD NOT KNOW THIS YET. HE IS BEING THOUGHTFUL..

1 PICARD: The point of Starfleet is this:

2 PICARD: To better all humanity through an understanding of our place in the universe.

- 2 STAT/REPEAT.

3 PICARD: The more we learned and understood about what's out there--

4 PICARD: --the less likely we'd one day awaken to discover a hostile species on our doorstep.

5 PICARD: Explorers. [Ital] "To go boldly."

- 3 PICARD; NOW GLARING AT HIS UNSEEN DINNER COMPANION..

6 PICARD: Now look at us.

- 4 WIDE ACROSS: OVERHEAD ANGLE: THE WOOD SHED FRO LAST ISSUE: A WINTERY PLAIN: DEEP SNOW, HOWLING WINDS. DRAG MARKS IN THE SNOW FROM WHERE KID-WORF HAD BEEN RAGGED LAST ISSUE, AND FOOTPRINTS LEADING AWAY FROM TH SHED.

7 MOTHER: (Off) < Get out of my way, Sergey! >

8 FATHER: (Off) < Leave him! >

9 MOTHER: (Attach to her previous) < That's my son out there-- >*

- 10 CAPTION: *Translated from Russian

5 CUT TO: A KITCHEN: MOTHER AND FATHER ARGUE. IN IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND: THE KETTLE WOLF WAS CARRYING LAST ISSUE IN PRESENT-DAY. MOTHER IS PLANNING TO TAKE THE CHILD SOME FOOD.

11 MOTHER: < --freezing to death--!>

12 FATHER: < He is a Klingon, Helena! If you love him-
- >

6 CUT TO: INT/SHED: DARK, MOONLIGHT STREAMS IN THROUGH WINDOW (WE DO NOT NEED TO SEE THE WINDOW). WOLF, AGE 8 OR SO, ARMS FOLDED AROUND HIM, FREEZING. ICE FORMING ON HIS EYEBROWS, HAIR, ETC. GLARING, DETERMINED TO ENDURE HIS PUNISHMENT.

KID-WOLF WEARS RESTRAINING COLLAR FROM LAST ISSUE, LIGHT BLINK.

13 CAPTION: "--we must not treat him like a human
child--

14 CAPTION: "--we must allow him to be who he is."

Page 2

(SPLASH) UNDERWATER: LOW ANGLE: Worf leads his team in a steep dive, Worf lying on one of the high-tech sleds from last issue, traveling at a high rate of speed, arcing around and down toward us. Worf tows his prisoner with one hand. All men (including Xerxes, the prisoner) wear high-tech breathing apparatus over their faces. Bright lights from the sleds, lighting the way.

REMINDER: THE LIQUID APPEARS TO BE WATER BUT IS NOT WATER AS WE KNOW IT. IT'S MORE LIKE MOTOR OIL: THICK, VISCOUS. BUBBLES IN THEIR WAKE.

1 TITLE: STAR TREK: INQUISITION

2 TITLE: BOOK TWO: A MATTER OF DEGREES

3 CREDITS:

Page 3

- 1 IN CLOSE: ONE OF WORF'S GUY'S POINTING TO SOMETHING OFF-PANEL. ICE BEGINNING TO FORM ON HIS MASK: EMPHASIZE IT IS EXTREMELY COLD.

— no copy —

- 2 NEW ANGLE: A TRIO OF FUTURISTIC RAIDERS, FLYING IN FORMATION, ARC AROUND FROM BEHIND THE HE MONUMENT. NOTE THE MONUMENT HAS A HOLE BLASTED IN IT FROM LAST ISSUE.

THESE RAIDERS SHOULD BE REMINISCENT OF JEM H'DAR SHIPS, BUT MUCH SMALLER, ABOUT THE SIZE OF FEDERATION RUNABOUTS. GIVE THE SOME MENACE: KLINGON-ESQUE ATTACK WINGS OR SOMETHING. THEY SHOULD GLOW WITH EVIL ENERGY.

— no copy —

- 3 ON WORF, MAKING A "CUT THROAT" GESTURE WITH HIS HAND, GIVING THE SIGNAL FOR HIS MEN TO KILL THEIR LIGHTS.

— no copy —

- 4 HIGH ANGLE: THE TEAM DIVES AT HIGH RATE OF SPEED AWAY FROM US, HEADING DEEP INTO BLACK VOID BELOW.

— no copy —

- 5 THE RAIDERS EXECUTE A FLYING PASS, ARCING AROUND, SEARCHING FOR WORF'S TEAM.

— no copy —

Page 4

1 WIDE SHOT: WORF's TEAM DESCENDS TO A CLIFF LEDGE WHERE THE SHUTTLECRAFT FROM LAST ISSUE LAYS ON ITS SIDE. ICE COVERS THE SHUTTLE, BUT WE CAN CLEARLY MAKE OUT WHAT IT IS. COLOR: CHEAT THE LIGHT SOURCE, HERE. EVEN THOUGH OUR GUYS HAVE TURNED THEIR LIGHTS OFF, WE NEED TO UNDERSTAND THIS IS A FEDERATION SHUTTLE. PERHAPS BROADER LIGHT FROM THE RAIDERS ABOVE.

— no copy —

2 INTERIOR/SHUTTLE: WORF's TEAM CRAMS INTO TIGHT SPACES. THE SHUTTLE IS FLOODED WITH THE AQUEOUS LIQUID.

— no copy —

3 DETAIL: WORF's WRIST BAND: AN ELECTRONIC READOUT.

1 READOUT: ENV: -22° C
OXYGEN: 00:04:32

4 WORF: TAPPING BUTTONS ON HIS WRISTBAND.

— no copy —

5 STAT/REPEAT: DETAIL: WORF's WRIST BAND: AN ELECTRONIC READOUT.

2 READOUT: RIDLEY GREEN

6 CUT TO: INTERIOR/CORRIDOR ABOARD THE SVERDLOV: RIDLEY PASSED OUT ON THE FLOOR. HIS CIGAR STILL BURNING, LYING SOMEWHERE NEAR HIS FACE.

— no copy —

Page 5

- 1 FLOOR LEVEL: A BOOT CRUSHES RIDLEY'S SMOLDERING CIGAR IN FOREGROUND. RIDLEY'S FOREARM w/WRIST COMMUNICATOR IN SHOT.
- 1 READOUT: RIDLEY GREEN
- 2 NEW ANGLE: THE DOOR TO REECE'S QUARTERS SLIDING OPEN, REVEALING REECE, PHASER IN HAND.
- 2 REECE: Did you have to gas the whole corridor, Randy?
- 3 REECE: They're just two guys.
- 3 REECE AND RANDY SPRINT DOWN THE HALL.
- 4 BAIR: Two special forces guys, Reece-- trained killers hand-picked by the Klingon.
- 5 BAIR: I'm a botanist.
- 5 REECE: Where is Worf?
- 6 BAIR: Nobody knows-- we think he left the ship when we dove beneath the surface.
- 7 BAIR: We need to get back up into orbit--
- 4 EXTERIOR: DYNAMIC SHOT OF THE SVERDLOV, UNDERWATER, SPEEDING THROUGH THE MURKY DEPTHS. NOTE: MASSIVE TORRENTS OF WATER EXPEL FROM THE REAR OF THE SHIP'S WARP NACELLES (WATER IS BEING SUCKED IN THRU THE RAM SCOOPS IN FRONT OF NACELLES AND FORCED OUT THE REAR)
- 8 BAIR: (From ship) --to contact Starfleet. Can't transmit in this soup or through the atmospheric storms above.
- 9 BAIR: (Attach) Soon as we get to the bridge we--
- 10 REECE: (Connect to her previous) No-- he'll expect that--

5 DOWN ANGLE: REECE AND BAIR CLIMB DOWN RUNGS INSIDE A JEFFERIES TUBE.

11 REECE: --we'll transfer command to engineering.

12 BAIR: Reece-- has the Klingon gone nuts-- or is
this all part of the test--?

13 REECE: They'll probably tell us at the court
martial.

Page 6

- 1 INT: CAPTAIN JEAN-LUC PICARD'S CABIN ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE. NIGHT. VERY DIM LIGHTING. THE CAPTAIN GETTING OUT OF BED, HAVING BEEN AWAKENED BY A COMM SIGNAL...
- 1 SFX: BLEEP... BLEEP... BLEEP...
- 2 DETAIL: FACE OF ADMIRAL KATHRYN JANEWAY ON PICARD'S DESKTOP MONITOR...
- 2 PICARD: Admiral Janeway. To what do I owe the pleasure?
- 3 JANEWAY: (Electronic) Sorry to awaken you, Jean-Luc. I just got a call from a clerk in communications.
- 4 JANEWAY: (Electronic) Did you send a message to the Sverdlov?
- 3 PICARD, YAWNING, STRETCHING..
- 5 PICARD: ...
- 6 PICARD: ...yes... compliments to Lt. Commander Worf, one of my old crew members.
- 7 PICARD: ...is there a problem...?
- 4 OVER PICARD'S SHOULDER: JANEWAY, SMILING, HER FACE RESTING AGAINST HER FIST IN MILD EXASPERATION...
- 8 JANEWAY: (Electronic) They're on a training mission - Worf is up for full commander.
- 9 PICARD: I am aware, Admiral.
- 10 JANEWAY: (Electronic) Then you are aware Starfleet prefers to tightly control all contact with the Sverdlov until the exercise is completed.

5 LOW ANGLE: PICARD, STOIC, LOOKING DOWN AT US. LIGHT FROM THE MONITOR REFLECTS OFF OF HIM.

11 PICARD: I am aware.

12 PICARD: Starfleet knows I am aware.

13 PICARD: Which is why they got a Starfleet admiral
out of bed in the middle of the night.

14 ELECTRONIC: *War games, Jean-Luc--*

13 PICARD: Indeed. But whose war.

6 WIDE ACROSS THE BOTTOM: THE ROOM. ISOLATE PICARD NEAR HIS DESK, THE PLANET HEKERAS II SEEN OUT OF HIS STATEROOM WINDOWS.

14 ELECTRONIC: *In order to be effective, Worf can't know
which situations are simulated and which
are real.*

15 PICARD: Or that he's just wasting his time.

16 ELECTRONIC: *The V'Nahkt Codicil.*

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1 PICARD, IDLY STROLLING TOWARD THE WINDOW, LOOKING AT THE PLANET. GRIM.

1 PICARD: The Klingons were very unhappy about Worf's Starfleet commission. It was, to the them, a grave insult and deep humiliation.

2 PICARD: A complex family matter which could undermine years of cooperation between the Federation and the Klingon Empire.

3 ELECTRONIC: *Which led, very quietly, to a simple amendment to the Khitomar Accord--*

2 JANEWAY

4 JANEWAY: (Electronic) -- *The V'Nahkt Codicil. Klingons could serve but could never be assigned command of a Starfleet vessel.*

5 JANEWAY: (Electronic) *Thus avoiding even the possibility of one of their own firing on them under the flag of the Federation.*

6 JANEWAY: (Electronic) *You can't tell him, Jean-Luc.*

3 PICARD, TURNING BACK TOWARD THE MONITOR, A FLASH OF ANGER.

7 PICARD: I doubt I'll have to.

8 PICARD: You people are treating Worf like a child. A dangerous choice.

9 ELECTRONIC: *It's what the Klingons wanted, Jean-Luc... to protect Worf's honor.*

10 PICARD: There is absolutely no honor in this whatsoever, Admiral, I assure you.

4 JAE WAY, WAGGING A FINGER, WARNING PICARD.

11 PICARD: (Electronic) *This is all a simple matter of chickens and roosts.*

12 JANEWAY: Don't bite me, Captain. It's them.

13 ELECTRONIC: Is it?

14 JANEWAY: I had a Klingon serving under me as well.

5 PICARD: PROFILE VIEW, STOIC. SIPPING TEA, THE MONITOR IN B/G, HE IS NOT LOOKING DIRECTLY AT IT, IGNORING JANEWAY.

15 PICARD: A Maquis terrorist.

16 ELECTRONIC: A friend.

17 PICARD: A matter of degrees.

6 THE ROOM: PICARD STANDING, HIS BACK TO HIS DESK AS HE LOOKS AT THE STARS, SIPPING TEA.

18 ELECTRONIC: *Communications has archived your transmission, Jean-Luc.*

19 ELECTRONIC: *Worf will receive it once this exercise is concluded.*

20 ELECTRONIC: *Janeway out.*

Page 8

1 STAT/REPEAT: DETAIL: WORF's WRIST BAND: AN ELECTRONIC READOUT. (PRESENT DAY)

2 READOUT: ENV: -22° C
OXYGEN: 00:00:10

2 CUT TO: THE RAIDERS, NOW PASSING SLOWLY AND VERY CLOSE TO THE CLIFF FORMATIONS. THEY DO NOT DETECT THE SHUTTLE EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE WITHIN METERS OF IT. ICE ALL OVER THE SHUTTLE. LIGHT THE AREA WITH BRIGHT STROBES MOUNTED BENEATH THE RAIDER VEHICLES. THE SHUTTLE SHOULD BE VISIBLE, BUT PARTIALLY OBSCURED BY ICE AND OBVIOUSLY DISABLED.

— no copy —

3 INT/SHUTTLE: ONE OF WORF's GUYS: CHEEKS BLOATED, OUT OF AIR, HIS ARMS FOLDED TIGHTLY AROUND HIM, ICE ON HIS MASK, HE's FREEZING, STRUGGLING NOT TO PASS OUT.

— no copy —

4 STAT/REPEAT: DETAIL: WORF's WRIST BAND: AN ELECTRONIC READOUT.

2 READOUT: ENV: -22° C
OXYGEN: 00:00:00

5 EXTERIOR: THE RAIDERS HOVERING.

— no copy —

6 FLASHBACK: WORF AS A CHILD, SHIVERING IN THE DARK. TEETH CLENCHED, EYES SET. DEFIANT. RESTRAINER COLLAR GLOWS AND BLINKS..

— no copy —

7 PRESENT DAY: INT/SHUTTLE: WORF UNDERWATER. C/U WORF: LET's SEE THE RANK PIPS ON HIS COLLAR. WORF SNARLS THRU OXYGEN MASK: *A GOOD DAY TO DIE.*

— no copy —

Page 9

1 A SMALL DESKTOP VIEWSCREEN: CAPTAIN WILL RIKER, HIS HAIR A MESS, ONLY HALF-AWAKE.

1 PICARD: (Off) They woke up Janeway.

2 RIKER: (Electronic) *Who are you?!*

3 PICARD: (Off) Now, why would they do that?

4 RIKER: (Electronic) *Seriously... who are you?!*

2 INTERIOR: PICARD'S READY ROOM. PICARD IN UNIFORM NOW, AT HIS DESK, GRIM.

5 PICARD: V'Nahkt... if the codicil were fiction...
if we simply invented it... blamed it on
the Klingons...

6 RIKER: (Electronic) *They wouldn't care.*

7 PICARD: But, when challenged, they won't lie for
us. Will--

3 CUT TO RIKER IN HIS QUARTERS, RUNNING A HAND THROUGH HIS HAIR, STARTING TO WAKE UP.

8 PICARD: (Off, Electronic) --were Worf to learn of this
"V'Nahkt Codicil," wouldn't he challenge
the Klingon High Council over it?

9 RIKER: Martok, the Klingon Chancellor, adopted
Worf into his family.

10 RIKER: I'd guess he'd take Worf's phone call.
Captain--

4 PICARD, LOOKING OFF IN ANOTHER DIRECTION, THINKING INTENSELY. STOIC.

11 ELECTRONIC: *--you think this is us..? Starfleet...
manufacturing some "codicil" as an excuse
to deny a captaincy to a Klingon?*

12 PICARD: Old prejudice dies hard, Will.

13 PICARD: Hatred... passed one generation to the
next...

14 ELECTRONIC: Captain--

5 VIEWSCREEN: RIKER, SMILING WRYLY, POINTING TO HIMSELF.

15 RIKER: (Electronic) *I don't need to tell you
what'll happen to both of us if we get
caught looking into this.*

16 PICARD: (Off) Obviously.

17 RIKER: (Electronic) *Good.*

18 RIKER: (Electronic) *How do we start?*

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1 CUT TO: UNDERWATER: WORF's SHUTTLE LYING ON ITS SIDE AMONG THE ICY CLIFFS. THE RAIDERS LEAVING NOW, MOVING OFF. .

— no copy —

2 INT/SHUTTLE: DETAIL: WORF's FIST SMASHES THROUGH A SMALL ICED-OVER GLASS PANEL, PUNCHING AN EMERGENCY TOUCHSCREEN, SHATTERING IT.

— no copy —

3 EXT/SHUTTLE: WATER ERUPTS FROM THE SHUTTLE's REAR HATCH, LIKE A TOILET FLUSHING--A POWERFUL TORRENT OF WATER EVACUATES THE SHUTTLE WITHIN A BLINK OF AN EYE. NORMAL EXTERIOR SERVICE LIGHTS ON NOW, PIERCING THE BLACKNESS (AND HELPING US TO SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING). ICE ON SHUTTLE EXTERIOR.

1 SFX: FFFWWOOOOOSSSH!!

4 INT/SHUTTLE: LIGHTS ON, NOW, THE WATER HALF-GONE, NOW, WORF's TEAM RIPPING OFF THEIR MASKS, COUGHING OUT WATER INHALING DEEPLY.

2 WORF: Mr. Wallace, take the helm-- head for those caverns below.

3 WORF: Beneath this liquid, those Devroq raiders' sensors are just as blind as ours.

5 ANGLE: WORF, SCOWLING DOWN AT US AS HE REACHES FOR US.

4 VOICE: (Off) With no warp core and no sunlight, we've got about an hour on batteries before we'll need to surface--

5 WORF: --yes, and be picked off by those raiders.

6 WORF: Mr. Ridley will have the Sverdlov here in ten minutes. Now, as for youuu--

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- 1 OVER WORF'S SHOULDER: WHO HE IS TALKING TO: XERXES, THE OLD ROMULAN. XERXES COUGHS, GASPING FOR AIR, HOLDING HIS OXYGEN MASK IN HIS HAND (HE HAS JUST REMOVED IT).
- 1 WORF: (Off) --Colonel Xerxes, formerly of the Romulan Tal Shiar turned leader of the Devroq Confederacy.
- 2 WORF: (Attach) Both the Romulans aannnd the Klingon Empire have been looking for you for years.
- 3 XERXES: (Greek in alien glyphs)
- 4 WORF: No, it's not.
- 5 XERXES: (Greek in alien glyphs) --
- 2 ON XERXES: WORF'S FIST CAVES IN THE SIDE OF HIS FACE. XERXES LOSES HIS GRIP ON HIS MASK, THE MASK FALLING OUT OF HIS HAND AS HE IS STRUCK.
- 6 SFX: KAAAAPP!!
- 3 REVERSE: WORF, SNARLING, NOW HOLDING A KLINGON RESTRAINING COLLAR IN HIS HAND, DISPLAYING IT AS HE SNARLS DOWN AT US. THIS SHOULD BE SIMILAR TO THE COLLAR WORF WORE AS A CHILD. IT IS NOT THE SAME COLLAR, BUT ONE DESIGNED FOR ADULTS..
- 7 WORF: No, it's not.
- 8 WORF: The universal translator is not broken.
- 9 XERXES: (Off) ...
- 10 XERXES: ...I thought you'd killed me. The blood--
- 4 WIDEN: WORF SQUATTING ON THE SHUTTLE FLOOR, FITTING THE COLLAR AROUND XERXES' NECK, XERXES' HEAD TILTED BACK, GRIMACING IN DISCOMFORT.. ALL WATER GONE.
- 11 WORF: It was a sonic pulse weapon. Highly effective in pressurized environments.
- 12 WORF: You hit your head when you stumbled back.

13 XERXES: Romulans and Klingons.

14 WORF: What?!

5 XERXES: SNARLING. THE RESTRAINER COLLAR GLOWING, NOW, LIGHTS BLINKING.

15 XERXES: The Romulans and Klingons have issued kill warrants for me... not the Federation--

16 XERXES: --our discrete partner in Devroq-- the Romulan resistance underground.

17 XERXES: Which beggars the question: why are you here...?

Page 12

1 CUT TO: THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE IN ORBIT ABOVE HEKERAS II.

1 **MADDEN:** (From ship) Yeoman, deliver this report to Captain Picard.

2 **YEOMAN:** (From ship) He's not in his Ready Room, Commander Madden.

3 **MADDEN:** (Attach to his previous) I see. Computer: location of Captain Picard.

4 **ELECTRONIC:** *Captain Picard is in his quarters.*



MADDEN, B4

2 CUT TO: PICARD'S QUARTERS: B4 SITTING ON PICARD'S SOFA, STROKING SPOT THE CAT. B4 DOES NOT WEAR A STARFLEET UNIFORM. B4 IS WEARING A BIOMED SUIT: A WHITE, FORM-FITTING COSTUME WITH MEDICAL MONITORING PODS JOINED TOGETHER BY HIT-TECH "VEINS" ALL OVER HIS BODY. SIMILAR TO COSTUMES SEEN IN THE FILM TRON, ONLY WHITE INSTEAD OF BLACK. B4 WEARS THE STANDARD STARFLEET COMM BADGE OVER THE BIO SUIT.

VERY LOUD MUSIC IS BLARING, CAUSING THINGS IN THE ROOM TO VIBRATE AND/OR TOPPLE OVER.

5 **SFX:** (LOUD musical notes)

6 **ELECTRONIC:** *Madden to Picard.*

7 **B4:** Picard heaaaah.

8 **ELECTRONIC:** *We have the revised treaty agreement for your signature.*

9 **B4:** Excellent. On my desk. Commander Madden--

- 3 THE BRIDGE: MADDEN JABS HIS THUMB OVER HIS SHOULDER IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM, SIGNALING THE YEOMAN. THE YEOMAN MAY BE CROPPED OFF).
- 10 SFX: (Musical notes)
- 11 ELECTRONIC: *--do you like Berlioz?*
- 12 MADDEN: Can't say I'm much of an opera fan, sir--
- 13 ELECTRONIC: *In 'Les Troyens,' Hylas is a young, homesick sailor being rocked to sleep by the sea--*
- 4 PICARD'S QUARTERS: B4 SHOWS NO EMOTION, NO EXPRESSION, PETS THE CAT,
- 14 SFX: (LOUD musical notes)
- 15 B4 --as he dreams of the homeland he will never see agaayn.
- 16 ELECTRONIC: *You don't say, sir.*
- 17 B4: Perhaps you'd like to join me--?
- 5 THE BRIDGE: BRANSON (THE HELMSMAN), GIVES MADDEN A COMICAL "NO" GESTURE, WAVING HIM OFF.
- 18 MADDEN: --ah-- sir, that sounds great, but I'm about to start a maintenance drill.
- 19 ELECTRONIC: *Ah, yes, Number One. Make it so.*
- 6 CUT TO: PICARD IN THE JUNGLE, NIGHT, GLOOM. PICARD WEARS WHITE BIOMED SUIT EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE WORN BY B4. PICARD HOLDS A KLINGON BAT'LETH READY TO STRIKE. PICARD'S EYES NARROWED S HE STALKS UNSEEN PREY. COLOR: IT IS NIGHT.
- 20 PICARD: Easy, gentlemen...
- 21 PICARD: ...they've found us...

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1 REVERSE ANGLE: WHAT PICARD SEES: A KLINGON TARG, A KIND OF DEMONIC WOLF/WILD BOAR. THE BEAST BEARS ITS FANGS AT US. IT THE TARG STANDS OVER THE CARCASS OF A DEER-LIKE CREATURE, THE DEAD CREATURE'S BONES STICKING UP THROUGH GAPING WOUNDS. BLOOD DRIPS FROM THE TARG'S MOUTH.

1 VOICE: (Off) "They?"

2 VOICE: (Attach) I only detect the one, Captain--

3 PICARD: (Off) Yes, Geordi--

2 WIDE ANGLE: PICARD, LT. COMMANDER GEORDI LaFORGE AND A PAIR OF STARFLEET OFFICERS ALIGNED IN DIAMOND FORMATION, IN THE WILDERNESS AT NIGHT. THE FLANKING OFFICERS CARRY PIKES OR OTHER LONG-REACH WEAPONRY. THEY CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOW PICARD'S LEAD.

A PACK OF TARG-- AS MANY AS YOU CAN SQUEEZE IN--MELT OUT OF THE DARKNESS. THE BEASTS HAVE USED THE ONE TARG TO LURE PICARD'S GROUP INTO A TRAP.

4 PICARD: --the one they wanted us to see.

5 PICARD: I fear the hunters... have now become the hunted...

3 BIG PANEL GENERAL MARTOK (FROM DS9), A BURLY, BATTLE-SCARRED, ONE-EYED KLINGON GENERAL BOUT 55 YEARS OLD, LEAPING INTO ACTION, FLINGING HIS BAT'LETH IN ELEGANT MARTIAL-ARTS ARCS. MARTOK IN TYPICAL BATTLE GEAR, SEVERAL KLINGONS MELT OUT OF BLACK BEHIND HIM.

6 MARTOK: Indeed, Picard!

7 MARTOK: (Burst) BOHIV!!

8 MARTOK: KILL THEM ALL!!

4 WIDE ANGLE: THE STARFLEET OFFICERS DUCK AND FLINCH AS PIECES OF TARG CARCASSES, HACKED TO DEATH, FLY PAST THEM.

9 GEORDI: He-- he means the Targs, right--?!?

5 ON PICARD: UNDER ATTACK BY A PAIR OF BEASTS, SWINGING HIS BAT'LETH, SNARLING. HE IS NOT INTIMIDATED OR FRIGHTENED. BLOOD SPATTER ON HIM.

10 PICARD: I sincerely hope so, Mr. LaForge-- that's why he brought them with him!

11 PICARD: I suggest you defend yourselves!

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- 1 ON MARTOK: MERCILESS, SLICING INTO THE TARG, BLOOD EVERYWHERE, MARTOK SNARLING, REVELING IN IT.
- 1 MARTOK: Bah, "Starfleet."
- 2 MARTOK: Poets with quantum torpedoes.
- 3 MARTOK: Why this elaborate deception, Picard?!
- 2 GEORDI AND ONE OF THE OFFICERS, KEEPING THE TARG AT BAY WITH THEIR PIKES OR WHAT HAVE YOU. CHUNKS OF DEAD TARG HURLED PAST THEIR LINE OF SITE.
- 4 MARTOK: (Off) Why summon me, Chancellor of the Klingon High Council--
- 5 MARTOK: (Attach) --under cloak, at maximum warp, across a dozen space sectors to a Hekeran moon?!
- 6 PICARD: (Off) I sent no such request, Chancellor Martok--
- 3 (BIG PANEL) PICARD AND MARTOK: BACK TO BACK: BATTLING THE DEMON BEASTS.
- 7 PICARD: --as both your logs and mine will show.
- 8 MARTOK: Doctored transporter logs... that bio-med suit, providing a false identification to your comm badge--?
- 9 PICARD: I enjoy my privvicy.
- 10 PICARD: The V'Nahkt Codicil, Chancellor.
- 4 MARTOK: SNEERING, BATTLING THE TARGS.
- 11 MARTOK: I am not Gowran. I don't owe you my chancellery.
- 12 PICARD: (Off) No-- you owe Worf--

13 PICARD: (Attach) --who forfeited the counsel
leadership in your favor.

14 MARTOK: (Off) Then let him petition me--

5 PICARD: SNARLING, SWINGING HIS BAT'LETH.

15 PICARD: I am addressing you, Chancellor.

16 PICARD: Worf is of the house of Martok. His name is
your name.

17 PICARD: If the Federation were making a fool of
him, you would likewise be dishonored.

18 PICARD: The avenues available to you to avenge so
grave an insult would threaten generations
of peace between the Federation and the
Klingon Empire--

19 PICARD: --which makes this very much my business!

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1 NEW ANGLE: THE BATTLE ENDED, MARTOK LOOKS WITH DISGUST AT GEORDI AND THE OFFICERS.

1 MARTOK: Congratulations, Starfleet. You fought like women.

2 MARTOK: V'Nahkt was before my time, Captain.

3 MARTOK: I don't know. I don't care.

4 PICARD: Lies.

2 MARTOK SNARLING AS HE WHIPS AROUND, JABBING A FINGER AT THE OFF-PANEL PICARD. BLOOD ON THE GLOVE OF HIS MASSIVE HAND.

5 MARTOK: Mind your tongue, human.

6 PICARD: (Off) You know, Chancellor. Or, you can certainly find out.

7 MARTOK: As if we care who pilots your QI'yaH vessels.

8 MARTOK: We've always presumed Klingons would some day command Federation ships, Captain--

3 PICARD: STANDING HIS GROUND: HE GIVES NOTHING UP TO THIS GUY. *SCREW YOU.*

9 MARTOK: (Off) --although we assumed it would be after we crushed your alliance and planted our flag there.

10 PICARD: Lies must be exposed, Chancellor.

11 MARTOK: (Off) What might you imagine would motivate the Empire to be complicit in a Federation lie?

12 PICARD: Nothing.

4 TWO SHOT: MARTOK, HIS BLOOD-STAINED BAT'LETH CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND AS HE SNARLS AT PICARD. PICARD STANDS UP TO HIM.

13 MARTOK: Then why are we here?

14 PICARD: So I might look you in the eye, Chancellor,
when I say these two words--

15 PICARD: -- Colonel Xerxes.

5 ON MARTOK. GRIM: HIS HEAD BACK A BIT, REGARDING THE OFF-PANEL PICARD WITH A HAUGHTY GLARE.

- no copy -

6 STAT/REPEAT.

16 MARTOK: MAJQA'!

17 MARTOK: Well done, Captain.

18 MARTOK: Now we may begin.

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1 GEORDI COLLAPSING, HOLDING HIS NECK, IN AGONY. THE STARFLEET OFFICERS MOVE TOWARD HIM, THE KLINGONS LAUGH.

1 PICARD: (Off) Geordi--!!

2 MARTOK: (Off) One of the Targ likely grazed him with its claws. A minor injury.

3 MARTOK: (Attach) Unworthy of the theater...

2 PICARD SNARLS AT MARTOK, POINTING AT GEORDI (WHO CAN BE OFF-PANEL).

4 PICARD: Minor to a Klingon, perhaps, but my officer could die from the venom in the Targ's claws!

5 MARTOK: Very well, see to him--

6 PICARD: Shuttling back to Hekeras II aboard the Argos will be too slow, Chancellor!

3 MARTOK: HE JUST CAN'T STAND THESE IDIOTS. CONTEMPT.

7 MARTOK: Well, then, someone is in line for a promotion.

8 PICARD: (Off) Beam him aboard the Vas'Terakh.

9 MARTOK: A Federation chief engineer? Aboard the Klingon flagship?!

4 PICARD: GRIM, GLARING.

10 PICARD: Yes, Chancellor.

11 PICARD: It's how we begin.

5 BIG PANEL: UNDERWATER: THE SVERDLOV EXECUTES A GRACEFUL BANKING TURN,
CHANGING ITS COURSE.

12 FROM SHIP: Helm-- why are we changing course?

13 FROM SHIP: I don't know, Lieutenant-- helm control--
looks like its been transferred--

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- 1 CUT TO: SVERDLOV BRIDGE: SHANNON WEATHERS IN COMMAND CHAIR, PUSHING BUTTONS ON HER ARM REST. THE PILOT (NOT BAIR) TURNING TOWARD HER.
- 1 HELMSMAN: --to engineering.
- 2 WEATHERS: Bridge to engineering-- guys, what are you--
-
- 3 ELECTRONIC: *I've transferred all command codes down here, Shannon--*
- 2 NEW ANGLE: THE MAIN VIEWSCREEN: REECE IN ENGINEERING. INTENSE. BAIR BEHIND HER.
- 4 REECE: (Electronic) --*I am terminating the training exercise and re-assuming command of the Sverdlov.*
- 5 WEATHERS: (Off) B-but-- you can't do that-- the whole point of the exercise--
- 6 REECE: (Electronic) --*is to allow a crazy Klingon to destroy my ship?*
- 3 ANGLE: SHANNON WEATHERS: PRESSING HER CASE: INTENSE, NOT ANGER, BUT NO FEAR.
- 7 WEATHERS: If that's what it takes, yes.
- 8 WEATHERS: Reece--Worf has tactical command. That supersedes your rank. You have no right to--
-
- 9 ELECTRONIC: *Something's gone very wrong, Shannon.*
- 10 WEATHERS: Yes. It's supposed to seem that way, Reece. That's the whole point-- to see what you'd do.

4 CUT TO: ENGINEERING: REECE TALKING INTO A VIEWER ON A CONSOLE, BAIR OPERATING ANOTHER PANEL, OTHER OFFICERS OBSERVE.

11 REECE: Yeah, well, this is it.

12 REECE: What grade do I earn when Worf gets us all killed?

13 REECE: We will surface the ship, resume orbit and contact Starfleet Command for instructions.

5 NEW ANGLE: REECE ADDRESSES THE ENGINEERING CREW. GRIM.

14 REECE: Anybody down here have a problem with that?

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- 1 LONG SHOT: HIGH OVERHEAD ANGLE: THE SHUTTLECRAFT AMONG THE ICY CLIFFS. NO ICE ON THE SHUTTLE NOW, ITS RUNNING LIGHTS ON, INTERIOR LIGHTS ON.
- 1 VOICE: (From shuttle) Six minutes, Commander--
- 2 INTERIOR, SHUTTLE: XERXES, AN EVIL SMILE, TAUNTS WORF. XERXES WEARING THE RESTRAINER COLLAR. WORF CALM, BITING INTO A PIECE OF FRUIT.
- 2 XERXES: --you barely have battery power enough to push this shuttle up through the motor oil that passes for water here on Lanatos II.
- 3 XERXES: Comm signals cannot pass through the muck, and your fellow Ridley has apparently failed.
- 4 XERXES: The moment we surface, my Devroq raiders will blow us to oblivion.
- 3 WORF: CALM, BITING THE FRUIT.
- 5 WORF: Your men will kill their own messiah?
- 6 XERXES: (Off) It's what I trained them to do.
- 7 XERXES: (Attach) The Devroq would never trust one of their own who'd been tainted by our enemies.
- 8 WORF: Honor... among terrorists.
- 4 2-SHOT: XERXES AND WORF.
- 9 XERXES: I despise the Romulan leadership as much as you, Klingon. I left the Tal Shiar to fight in the Romulan resistance--
- 10 XERXES: --aided by your very own Federation.

11 XERXES: That was, of course, before Shinzon.

5 XERXES, AMUSED. HE TUGS AT THE COLLAR WITH ONE HAND, AN IDLE GESTURE MORE ABOUT THE COLLAR'S DISCOMFORT. HE IS NOT LITERALLY TRYING TO BREAK IT.

12 XERXES: Shinzon killed off the Romulan Senate,
Picard eliminated Shinzon, Suran and
Donatra led "reform" efforts on Romulus--

13 XERXES: -- the Federation ended its support of the
Devroq Confederacy--

12 XERXES: --and I am now... a "terrorist."

6 WOLF. SNARLING.

13 WOLF: You have murdered hundreds of civilians--
women and children.

14 XERXES: (Off) Martyrs for the cause of peace.

15 XERXES: (Off) I realize you are merely following
orders. My only wonder is--

16 XERXES: --are they from Starfleet ... or Qo'noS...

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- 1 STAT/REPEAT: DETAIL: WORF's WRIST BAND: AN ELECTRONIC READOUT.
- 1 READOUT: RIDLEY GREEN
- 2 INTERIOR: A CELL IN THE BRIG. RIDLEY RISES FROM THE FLOOR, NURSING HIS HEAD.
- 2 RIDLEY: ...oh...mother...
- 3 RIDLEY: ...damned anesthetine gas...
- 4 RIDLEY: ...and I bet they took my cigars...
- 3 NEW ANGLE: THE DUTY GUARD AT HIS STATION. HE IGNORES RIDLEY.
- 5 RIDLEY: You there-- useless flunky-- what time is it? What's our position?
- 6 RIDLEY: Hey-- monkey boy-- listen to me--
- 7 RIDLEY: --you better tell Reece to stay on the course heading Worf plotted to avoid the Lanatosian sonar nets!
- 4 ON RIDLEY, ANGRILY YELLING THROUGH THE FORCE FIELD.
- 8 RIDLEY: If Madame Tussaud takes us out of these canyons, Lanatosian security can track us.
- 9 RIDLEY: They'll give our position up to those Romulan terrorists they've been providing safe harbor to!
- 10 RIDLEY: Our shields are useless down here in this snot. We're a sitting duck for--

5 NEW ANGLE: THE BRIG IS ROCKED BY MASSIVE IMPACT, RIDLEY THROWN BACK OFF HIS FEET.

11 SFX: THHHOOOOOOOomm--!!

12 RIDLEY: --

13 RIDLEY: --that...

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1 CUT TO: ENGINEERING: REECE TURNING, ALARMED. ANGLE THE HORIZON TO INDICATE THE SHIP'S BEEN HIT.

1 REECE: Report.

2 BAIR: (Off) Direct hit! We're being fired upon,
Commander.

3 REECE: By who? Why?!?

2 THE BRIDGE: SHANNON LEANING FORWARD IN HER COMMAND CHAIR, SQUINTING, TYING TO MAKE OUT ANYTHING ON THE VIEWSCREEN: ALL WE SEE IS THICK FLUID.

4 WEATHERS: Damn if I know, Commander-- sensors
useless-- can't get a visual--

5 ELECTRONIC: (Burst) SHIELDS.

6 WEATHERS: Shield generators inoperable down here-- we
have to surface--

3 ANOTHER IMPACT: SHANNON AND BRIDGE CREW THROWN OUT OF THEIR CHAIRS BY THE IMPACT, CONSOLES EXPLODING.

7 SFX: THHHOOOOOmmm--!!

8 WEATHERS: --if we still can--!

4 CUT TO: SHIP EXTERIOR: A TRIO OF RAIDERS FIRE PHYSICAL, MARINE-STYLE TORPEDOES. WATER BUBBLES TRAIL IN THE TORPEDOES' WAKE. EXPLOSIONS FROM THE SVERDLOV'S ENGINEERING SECTION.

9 VOICE: (From Sverdlov) Direct hit, Commander--

10 VOICE: (Attach) --hull breaches deck 6, 8 and--

5 CUT TO: REECE'S FACE: ALARM (NOT FEAR): SHE SEES SOMETHING.

11 ELECTRONIC: --11. Engineering, sir!!

12 ELECTRONIC: Commander Reece--

13 ELECTRONIC: --GET OUT OF THERE!!!

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- 1 WIDE: MASSIVE WALLS OF WATER INSTANTLY SMASH THROUGH ENGINEERING, FLOODING IT.
- 1 **ELECTRONIC:** COMMANDER--!!
- 2 NEW ANGLE: ENGINEERING: NOW COMPLETELY UNDERWATER: CREWMEN STRUGGLING, TRYING TO SWIM. REMEMBER: THIS STUFF S NOT WATER. IT IS VERY THICK AND DIFFICULT TO SWIM IN.
- 2 **ELECTRONIC:** REECE--!! KATHY--!!
- 3 THE BRIDGE: WEATHERS LEANING OVER THE HELMSMAN'S SHOULDER.
- 3 **WEATHERS:** Hard to Port, Ensign--!!
- 4 **ENSIGN:** I'm trying, sir-- but all command function is locked out-- transferred to engineering--!!
- 5 **VOICE:** (Off) Lieutenant-- on-screen--!!
- 4 WEATHERS: ALARM.
- 6 **VOICE:** (Off) They're coming around!!
- 5 WHAT SHE SEES: THE MAIN VIEWSCREEN: THE TRIO OF RAIDERS COMING RIGHT FOR THEM.
- no copy -

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1 EXTERIOR: SVERDLOV HIT BY MULTIPLE TORPEDOES, WATER CHURNING AS THE STARSHIP SINKS OVER ON ONE SIDE.

— no copy —

2 THE SVERDLOV NOW ROLLING AND SINKING, PLUMMETING INTO THE DARK ICY DEPTHS. THE RIDERS ARC AROUND PAST OUR POINT OF VIEW, MAKING A RUN FOR IT.

— no copy —

3 THE BRIDGE: SHANNON, NOW BACK AT HER COMMUNICATIONS POST (ONE OF STATIONS ABOVE AND BEHIND THE TWO COMMAND CHAIRS) SLAMMING HER HAND DOWN ON HER CONTROL PANEL. "RED ALERT" ON ALL MONITOR SCREENS EXCEPT ONE CLOSEST TO SHANNON.

1 WEATHERS: Launching the buoy!!

2 MONITOR SCREEN: DISASTER BEACON LAUNCH

3 ALL OTHER MONITORS: CONDITION RED

4 THE SVERDLOV TRAILING AWAY, MASSIVE STEAM OF AIR BUBBLES AND DEBRIS FROM TORPEDO HITS IN ITS WAKE AS IT TRAILS DOWN AND AWAY FROM US, DYING.

A MISSILE LAUNCHED FROM THE SHIP ROCKETS TOWARD US. THIS IS NOT A WEAPON BUT DISASTER BEACON WHICH WILL ULTIMATELY HEAD INTO ORBIT ABOVE THE PLANET.

4 VOICE: (From Ship) Buoy away, sir!

5 BIG PANEL: NEW ANGLE: THE SVERDLOV, BANKING AROUND, OUT OF CONTROL, THE EDGE OF THE DISC SMASHING AGAINST A CLIFF FACE, DEBRIS FLYING, MASSIVE JETS OF AIR ESCAPING, BLOWING DEBRIS, CREWMEMBERS, ETC. OUT OF THE DISH.

5 SFX: **KEEERRRAAAAAMMMMM--!!**

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- 1 DOWN ANGLE: THE SVERDLOV: CRIPPLED, LYING AT SOME ANGLE, WEDGED AMONG THE UNDERSEA CAVERNS, PLUMES OF WATER ESCAPING FROM MULTIPLE HULL BREACHES. HER RUNNING LIGHTS ARE STILL ON, PROVIDING SOME LIGHT DOWN THERE. BOUNCE HER RUNNING LIGHTS OFF THE CAVERN WALLS TO HELP LIGHT THE AREA.

1 NEXT: PERUN AND VELES