

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

Star Trek: Inquisition #4

Full Script / 22 Pages

First Draft: November 28, 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 Symbolic: Group cast shot: Worf, in WHITE Starfleet DRESS uniform, flanked by Janeway and Picard (also in white dress uniforms)..

STAR TREK and all related characters
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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. PICARD HOLDS UP A #2 PENCIL, SHOWING IT TO HIS UNSEEN INTERVIEWER.

1 PICARD: Years ago, I was relieved of command of the Enterprise.

2 PICARD: Sent on a hopeless mission to Celtris III, from which I was not expected to return.

3 PICARD: I couldn't tell my crew why. I was under orders.

- 2 THE TABLE: THE PENCIL LANDS ON THE BISTRO TABLE NEAR PICARD'S TEA CUP AND SAUCER..

4 PICARD: (Off) The only relevant facts were those orders and who wrote them.

5 PICARD: (Attach) I have every reason to suspect Lt. Commander Worf was likewise acting under orders.

6 PICARD: (Same) Orders he was not at liberty to divulge or explain.

- 3 PICARD REACHES INSIDE HIS JACKET OR SHIRT..

7 PICARD: The only relevant facts to Worf were his orders--

8 PICARD: --and who wrote them.

- 4 PICARD LEANING FORWARD, DISPLAYING A POST-IT NOTE.

9 PICARD: This is your handwriting, is it not--

10 NOTE: (Handwritten font) The Battle of HarOS

5 REVERSE: WE FINALLY SEE WHO PICARD'S BEEN TALKING TO: DR. BEVERLY CRUSHER. STOIC EXPRESSION HER EYES LOCKED ON THE OFF-PANEL PICARD. SHE IS NOT SMILING, NOT ANGRY, NOT AMUSED. NO EMOTION HERE AT ALL..

11 PICARD: (Off) --Doctor Crusher--?

6 STAT/REPEAT IMAGE FROM LAST ISSUE: ADMIRAL JANEWAY, IN DR. CRUSHER'S OFFICE, STARING AT A PENCIL..

— no copy —

7 CUT TO: LEO, FROM LAST ISSUE, SMILING, REMINISCING, AS HE TALKS TO JANEWAY.

12 LEO: Vacuum-sealed to protect it. Written on
paper.

13 LEO: God, I miss that. Nobody writes anymore...

8 STAT/REPEAT. BEVERLY, HER EYES LOCKED ON OFF-PANEL PICARD.

— no copy —

9 HIGH ANGLE. LOOKING DOWN AT THE TABLE: PICARD AND CRUSHER. PICARD HAS HIS TEA AGAIN, TAKING A SIP.

14 PICARD: I'm afraid you and I are going to have to
talk to some lawyers.

Page 2

1 CUT TO:: A MIRROR OVER A SINK.

— no copy —

2 Worf rises, looking himself in the mirror. NO ANGER. JUST A KIND OF EMOTIONAL DETACHMENT: ACCEPTANCE.

COLOR: Worf is wearing his WHITE dress uniform. RED MOCK NECK UNDER WHITE JACKET.

— no copy —

3 DETAIL: THE PIPS ON Worf's COLLAR: LT. COMMANDER RANK: 2 SOLID GOLD PIPS, ONE POLISHED BLACK PIP RINGED IN GOLD.

— no copy —

4 MATCH SHOTS: DETAIL: THE ELECTRONIC KLINGON RESTRAINING COLLAR GLOWING IN THE DARK LOW-LEVEL ILLUMINATION.

1 **MOTHER:** (Off) Worf?

5 INTERIOR: SHED: LOW ANGLE: MOTHER OPENING THE DOOR, LOOKING DOWN AT US WITH COMPASSION. BEHIND HER: DAWN. MOTHER WEARS HEAVY WINTER CLOTHES, CLOUDS OF STEAM FROM HER MOUTH.

IMPORTANT: MO HAS BROUGHT HER KETTLE (FROM PREVIOUS ISSUES). STEAM ESCAPES FROM THE KETTLE, SOME WARM FOOD OR WHAT HAVE YOU. BUT BE SURE WE CAN SEE THIS KETTLE OR SOME PART OF IT.

THIS IS THE SAME KETTLE Worf USED IN ISSUE #1.

2 **MOTHER:** <...son...>

6 REVERSE: WHAT SHE SEES: Worf, a boy, huddled in a corner, scowling, defiant. THE RESTRAINING COLLAR GLOWING AROUND HIS NECK.

— no copy —

Page 3

1 INT/SHED: MOTHER ON HER KNEELS, UNLOCKING THE COLLAR. KID-WORF CONTINUES TO BE DEFIANT. IMPORTANT: THE KETTLE RESTS ON FLOOR, STEAM ESCAPES FROM IT.

1 MOTHER: < I am so sorry Sergey did this to you. My sweet boy... >

2 MOTHER: < Are you all right...? >

2 ON WORF: DEFIANT, GLARING UP AT HIS MOM (MOM OFF-PANEL). MOM'S HAND PULLING THE COLLAR OFF.

— no copy —

3 STAT/REPEAT. WORF'S HAND RUBS HIS NECK AS HE GLARES.

3 WORF: I'm a warrior.

4 MATCH SHOTS: WORF, PRESENT DAY, TUGGING AT HIS COLLAR, MAKE SURE WE SEE THE RANK PIPS.

— no copy —

5 PULL BACK FOR AN ESTABLISHING SHOT: WORF IN THE MEN'S ROOM: IN DRESS UNIFORM, GLARING AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.

NOTE: THIS IS THE MEN'S ROOM AT STARFLEET HEADQUARTERS. IT SHOULD LOOK LIKE CONTEMPORARY RESTROOMS, STALLS, SINKS. NO URINALS: WE DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW WHAT WASTE EXTRACTION UNITS LOOK LIKE.

— no copy —

Page 4

1 (FULL PAGE SPLASH) THE PLANET'S SURFACE: STORMY WEATHER OVER VIOLENT, UNENDING OCEAN: THE STARSHIP SVERDLOV EMERGES FROM THE DEPTHS. KEEP THE SHIP HALF-SUBMERGED SO WE UNDERSTAND WE ARE SEEING IT IN MID-RISE.

ICE HAS FORMED AROUND PARTS OF THE VESSEL, THERE'S TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO SOME PORTION OF THE DISH SECTION AS WELL AS MULTIPLE HULL BREACHES TO THE DRIVE SECTION. THE SHIP GLOWS WITH BLUE ENERGY, INDICATING ITS STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY FIELD IS IN PLACE.

FOUL, THICK LIQUID, LIKE MOTOR OIL, DRAINS FROM EVERY PLACE YOU CAN IMAGINE. THE SHIP IS IN TERRIBLE SHAPE.

1 TITLE: STAR TREK: INQUISITION

2 TITLE: CONCLUSION: THE MAN FROM UZ

3 CREDITS:

Page 5

1 WIDE ACROSS TOP: THE SVERDLOV BRIDGE: REECE IN COMMAND CHAIR, BAIR AT THE HELM. SGT. RIDLEY SLOUCHES IN FIRST OFFICER CHAIR NEXT TO REECE. REECE DOES NOT LOOK AT RIDLEY BT STARES AT VIEWSCREEN AS SHE SPEAKS TO HIM, RIDLEY SEEMS TO IGNORE HER. HE HAS NO RESPECT FOR HER WHATSOEVER.

REECE AND BAIR HAVE REMOVED THEIR UNIFORM JACKETS, WEARING THE GRAY TANK TOPS. IF WE SEE THEIR PANTS, THEY ARE BADLY SOILED FROM THE FLOODING. RIDLEY'S BLACK UTILITY UNIFORM IS LIKewise DISTRESSED FROM THE WATER, BUT HE'S KEPT IT ON.

1 REESE: All right, Sgt. Ridley, where to.

2 RIDLEY: I'm not a sergeant. Starfleet doesn't have sergeants.

3 REESE: You are a Command Master Chief of Starfleet's Military Assault Command Operations --

2 ON REECE AND RIDLEY, RIDLEY YAWNING ITO HIS FIST. SHE'S LOOKING AT HIM, NOW.

4 RIDLEY: --which officially does not exist--

5 REECE: --and, aboard Starfleet ships, you must accept orders from the captain.

6 RIDLEY: Yah, but, see, I put you under arrest, Mollie.

7 RIDLEY: Technically, you're committing an act of mutiny.

3 REECE: ANNOYED.

8 REECE: Look, I don't know what kind of hustle you and Worf have worked out, or what secret orders you two are following--

9 REECE: --but I don't have time for this crap.

10 REECE: Those Devroq raiders are out there and we're sitting ducks for them.

4 NEW ANGLE

11 RIDLEY: Then I suggest you get this crate into orbit.

12 REECE: Not without Worf. I'm not leaving him.

13 REECE: It's a big planet. Scanners and communications don't work in this planetary storm.

14 REECE: Tell me where he is.

5 RIDLEY: RAISES HIMSELF FROM HIS CHAIR..

15 RIDLEY: Look, [Ital.] *commandant*--

16 RIDLEY: --If I were a high-ranked special forces-type under secret orders--

17 RIDLEY: --those orders would be secret.

6 REECE LEAVING, HEADING FOR THE TURBOLIFT.

18 RIDLEY: If I were under orders not to tell you, I couldn't tell you, now could I?

19 RIDLEY: You have a responsibility, sister-- to your ship and to your crew.

20 RIDLEY: Hell, I don't even have bridge clearance.

Page 6

- 1 SHANNON WEATHERS: LEANING FORWARD ON THE RAILING BEHIND AND ABOVE THE COMMAND CHAIRS, TAKING TO REECE. REECE CONTINUES TO LOOK FORWARD AT VIEWSCREEN, DOES NOT TURN TO ENGAGE SHANNON.
- 1 WEATHERS: So, what... that's it? We just leave him?
Let Worf freeze to death?
- 2 REECE: Worf's under orders. I'm convinced of that.
There's got to be something...
- 3 WEATHERS: I've checked every database, every transmission-- carrier waves on subspace noise.
- 4 WEATHERS: Worf's received no orders since coming aboard this ship.
- 2 NEW ANGLE: REECE DOPING IT OUT, BAIR TURNING IN HIS CHAIR, POINTING AT HIS CHEST..
- 5 REECE: He wouldn't just abandon us-- his Klingon honor would never permit it.
- 6 BAIR: You willing to bet your life on that? Bet my life?
- 7 REECE: He'd leave a message-- a clue--
something...
- 8 BAIR: If he was under orders, he couldn't tell you--
- 3 ON REECE: WINCING, HR EYES JAMMED SHUT AS SHE SUDDENLY REALIZES SOMETHING.
- 9 REECE: Shit.
- 10 REECE: Mishka.
- 11 BAIR: (Off) "Mishka"..? Who's that?

12 REECE: A bear. Shannon, take the comm. Randy, on me.

4 CUT TO: OUTER SPACE: THE ARGOS (A SMALL FEDERATION SHUTTLE, SEE REF) ZOOMS PAST OUR POV, BANKING AROUND INTO A MASSIVE ASTEROID BELT. THIS ASTEROID BELT IS THOUSANDS OF MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE, FILLED WITH MISCELLANEOUS ROCK FORMATIONS.

13 FROM SHIP: Argos to Enterprise on secure channel Alpha Six.

14 ELECTRONIC: *Go on Six, Will.*

15 FROM SHIP: Target liaising complete, all mines armed--

5 CUT TO: INTERIOR ARGOS: WILL RIKER AT CONTROLS, TROI SEATED NEXT TO HIM, STARING INTENTLY OUT OF THE WINDSHIELD. SHE IS TRYING TO DETECT WORF.

16 RIKER: --reading 122 targets, sir.

17 ELECTRONIC: *Worf--?*

18 TROI: I don't sense him, captain, but I can't be sure--

19 TROI: --the LeCour Asteroid Belt spans over 10,000 kilometers.

20 ELECTRONIC: *Very well.*

21 ELECTRONIC: *U.S.S. Enterprise securing from warp speed in 3... 2... 1...*

Pages 7-8

1 (ACROSS TOP OF SPREAD) ET/ASTEROID BELT: THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE-E MAKING A DRAMATIC PASSING MANEUVER. THE SHIP IS UNDER ATTACK BY DOZENS OF DEVROQ RAIDERS. THE RAIDERS ARE ABOUT THE SIZE OF FEDERATION RUNABOUT (TWICE THE SIZE OF AN AVERAGE SHUTTLECRAFT, MAYBE 1/3RD THE SIZE OF THE U.S.S. DEFIANT). THE SMALLER SHIPS FIRING PHASERS ON THE ENTERPRISE, WHICH RETURNS FIRE FROM LATERAL ARRAYS AROUND THE SHIP. SHIELD IMPACTS OF PHASER HITS AGAINST THE ENTERPRISE'S INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD.

HUGE CHUNKS OF ROCK SPIRALING PAST OUR POV:

COLOR WHITE BACKGROUND: THE ENTERPRISE IS EXPLODING OUT OF WARP, SO IT IS PARTLY ENGULFED BY BLINDING FLASH.

1 ELECTRONIC: (Burst) ...NOW!

2 ELECTRONIC: Attention Devroq Confederacy:

3 ELECTRONIC: *This is Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the Federation Starship Enterprise.*

4 ELECTRONIC: *You are hereby ordered to power down all weapons and prepare to be boarded!*

SIX PANELS ACROSS BOTTOM:

2 CUT TO: THE WATER PLANET: THE SVERDLOV SOARS THROUGH VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM. VISIBLE DAMAGE TO THE SHIP.

5 BAIR: (From ship) Worf brought a bear on board?!?

6 REECE: (From ship) His orders, Randy--

7 REECE: (Attach) --he can't tell me what they are--

3 CUT TO: INTERIOR/SVERDLOV: DECK 4. THE DECK IS A MESS, RUINED FROM WATER EXPOSURE. ALL THE WATER IS GONE, BUT HEAVY DAMAGE, HANGING CABLES, ETC.

REECE RUNS DOWN THE CURVED DECK, BAIR FOLLOWS, HOLDING HIS NOSE.

8 BAIR: **The Federation helped re-settle the water-breathing Lanatosians here to Lanatos II when their sun went nova--**

9 BAIR: --but the "water" on this planet is a lot more like motor oil. God, it stinks down here...

4 FLASHBACK: ROUND CORNERS ON THIS PANEL, PLEASE: FRO ISSUE 1 PAGE INTERIOR OF REECE'S QUARTERS: BAIR ARGUS WITH REECE WHO IS THINKING THINGS THROUGH. WORF'S KETTLE STILL ON A TABLE BY THE SOFA.

COLOR: BLACK AND WHITE OR SEPIA TONES.

10 BAIR: --what's that smell?!?

11 REECE: Worf brought me lunch.

5 RETURN TO PRESENT: REECE'S QUARTERS: REECE AND BAIR ENTERING. WORF'S KETTLE FROM ISSUE #1: TURNED OVER IN THE MAYHEM, GAGH SPILLED OVER THE SOFA AND COFFEE TABLE: LIVE, GIANT WORMS COILING IN THE SAUCE.

THE REST OF THE ROOM IS A MESS: TABLES AND CHAIRS TURNED OVER, LOTS OF DAMAGE AND WATER STAINS, ETC. HANGING CABLES AND DEBRIS FROM THE CEILING.

12 BAIR: Wow-- your quarters took a real beating during the attack.

13 BAIR: Worf's kettle-- "lunch" all over the couch.

14 BAIR: Gagh: first you eat it, then you say it...

6 REECE HOLDS THE KETTLE'S HANDLE IN ONE AND, DIGS INTO THE KETTLE WITH HER FREE HAND. BAIR RECOILS IN DISGUST.

15 BAIR: --whoah-- gross--

16 REECE: He couldn't tell me what he was up to--

17 REECE: --he was depending on me to figure it out--

7 DETAIL: REECE'S HAND EMERGES, HOLDING A POST-IT NOTE SEALED IN PLASTIC, BEVERLY'S HANDWRITING ON IT.

18 NOTE: (Handwritten font) Battle of HarOS

Page 8

- 1 CUT TO: OUTER SPACE: THE ENTERPRISE IN DOGFIGHT WITH DEVROQ RAIDERS.
- 1 ELECTRONIC: (From Enterprise) Devroq Confederacy: *this is your final warning!*
- 2 CUT TO: THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE: PICARD IN COMMAND, BARKING ORDERS AS HE TAPS CODES INTO HIS ARMREST CONTROLS. CRUSHER STANDING NEXT TO/BEHIND HIM, LEANING FORWARD, TAKING IN PICARD'S EAR.
- 2 CRUSHER: You didn't actually expect them to--
- 3 PICARD: Rules of engagement, Doctor.
- 4 PICARD: Mr. LaForge--
- 3 CUT TO: ENTERPRISE ENGINE ROOM: GEORDIE LaFORGE AT A CONTROL PANEL.
- 5 LaFORGE: Activating main deflector now, Captain--
Argos--
- 4 CUT TO: INTERIOR/ARGOS: RIKER SMILES AS HE PILOTS.
- 6 RIKER: Got it, Geordi.
- 7 RIKER: Powering down warp core now.
- 8 RIKER: Go with Delta Wave pulse--
- 5 CUT TO: THE ENTERPRISE DEFLECTOR DISH: EMITTING A GIANT RAY BEAM.
- 9 CAPTION: "--from main deflector."
- 10 SFX: SSSZAACCKK!!!

Page 9

- 1 CUT TO: INTERIOR: WORF'S QUARTERS: WORF'S QUARTERS ARE LIKEWISE DAMAGED, FURNITURE OVERTURNED, ETC. PUT A LARGE KLINGON EMBLEM PROMINENTLY ON A WALL OR WHAT HAVE YOU: SOMETHING TO DISTINGUISH WORF'S QUARTERS FROM REECE'S.
- REECE AND BAIR ENTERING.
- 1 BAIR: Why are we here-- in Worf's quarters--?!
- 2 REECE: Looking for the Battle of HarOS.
- 3 BAIR: Not really up on Klingon history--
- 4 REECE: Not history--
- 2 ANGLE: DATA'S PAINTING FROM "PARALLELS (TNG #263): PROPPED UP AGAINST SOME OVERTURNED FURNITURE: IT FELL OFF OF THE WALL DURING THE ATTACK.
- 5 REECE: (Off) --art.
- 6 REECE: (Attach) This painting, Randy-- an abstract. A gift from one of Worf's former crew mates.
- 7 REECE: (Same) --an interpretation of the Battle of HarOS...
- 3 CUT TO: THE ASTEROID BELT: THE RAIDERS: SUDDENLY ADRIFT: THEY'VE LOST POWER. COLOR: THE GREEN "WARP POWER" GLOW OF HEIR ENGINES SHOULD BE DIMMED OR GONE ALTOGETHER.
- 8 CAPTION: "Detecting zero warp signatures, captain--
- 4 THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE: BRANSON (THE HELMSMAN, SEE REF), TURNING TOWARD PICARD. PICARD LIFTING HIMSELF OUT OF HIS COMMAND CHAIR, STOIC.
- 9 BRANSON: --all riders disabled.
- 10 PICARD: Including their self-destruct capability. All stop, hailing frequencies Mr. Varick.
- 11 BRANSON: Answering all stop, aye, sir.

5 ANGLE: PICARD, STANDING IN HIS TYPICAL RIGID, MILITARISTIC FASHION, TALKING TO THE VIEWSCREEN. VIEWSCREEN SHOWS THE ASTEROID BELT, DISABLED FIGHTERS DRIFTING AIMLESSLY. PICARD APPEARS TO BE TALKING TO HIMSELF.

12 VOICE: (Off) Hailing frequencies open, sir.

13 PICARD: I know you're there.

14 PICARD: I know you can hear me.

6 THE VIEWSCREEN: THE ASTEROID BELT, THE DRIFTING FIGHTERS.

— no copy —

Page 10

- 1 CUT TO: THE SVERDLOV, VISIBLE DAMAGE, STREAKS THROUGH VIOLENT STORMS ON LANATOSIA II.
- 1 BAIR: (From Ship) Sorry, Reece-- you lost me.
- 2 REECE: (From Ship) Worf didn't bring this painting on board.
- 3 REECE: (Attach) It was shipped here via normal, routine supply units--
- 2 CUT TO: WORF'S QUARTERS: REECE AND BAIR, CROUCHING AMID THE DEBRIS, REECE USING A TRICORDER TO SCAN THE PAINTING.
- 4 REECE: --movers. Low-ranked crewmen.
- 5 REECE: Computer: dim lighting by 890 lumens.
- 6 REECE: Starfleet intelligence could have slipped anybody in there.
- 7 BAIR: To deliver an ugly painting...?
- 3 ANGLE: OVER REECE'S SHOULDER: THE PAINTING.
COLOR: GREEN KLINGON GLYPHS VISIBLE ON THE PAINTING WITHIN THE SPAN OF LIGHT EMITTING FROM REECE'S TRICORDER. LETTERING FADES OUT BEYOND THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT. THIS IS LETTERING WHICH CAN BE SEEN ONLY UNDER CERTAIN LIGHT FREQUENCIES.
- 8 REECE: (Off) To deliver Worf's orders.
- 9 PAINTING: (Greek In Klingon Glyphs)
- 4 CUT TO: PICARD ON THE ENTERPRISE BRIDGE: STANDING IN FRONT OF VIEWSCREEN. ASTEROID BELT, DRIFTING FIGHTERS ON THE VIEWSCREEN.
- 10 PICARD: Come, now, Commander.
- 11 PICARD: Enough of this farce.
- 12 PICARD: It ends here.

5 WIDE ACROSS BOTTOM: EXTERIOR: A ROMULAN WARBIRD DE-CLOAKS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE ENTERPRISE.

13 ELECTRONIC: My compliments, Captain.

14 ELECTRONIC: Well played...

Page 11

1 CUT TO: THE ENTERPRISE VIEWSCREEN: COMMANDER DONATRA (A FEMALE ROMULAN COMMANDER, SEE REFERENCE) OFFERS A MILD SMILE. SHE IS NOT ENTIRELY A FRIEND.

1 DONATRA: (Electronic) *...I'm tempted to ask how you knew the Romulan traitors' secret rendezvous point--*

2 DONATRA: *--but I'm sure I'd simply be wasting bandwidth.*

3 DONATRA: *I expected you to be two dozen parsecs away... going after your man, Worf.*

2 PICARD: STOIC. ANGRY BUT NOT RAGE.

4 PICARD: Yes, Commander Donatra, the bait.

5 PICARD: The "conspiracy" against Worf, Starfleet warning me not to intervene.

6 PICARD: An orchestra intended to prevent the very thing now occurring--

7 PICARD: --Devroq terrorists being beamed into my brig. Taken into Federation custody.

3 THE BRIDGE: PICARD AND DONATRA ON THE SCREEN. DONATRA KEEPS HER COOL: ROMULANS ARE SLICK, CON ARTISTS.

8 DONATRA: (Electronic) *We have a lawful warrant for our traitors, captain. The Romulan Empire expects the Federation to observe interstellar law--*

9 PICARD: *--and deliver these men to be murdered.*

10 DONATRA: (Electronic) *Interviewed, Captain. Lawfully tried--*

11 PICARD: --a show trial--designed to aid your power struggle against Suran in the Romulan Senate.

4 THE SCREEN: DONATRA: A WARM SMILE.

12 DONATRA: (Electronic) *By definition, an internal matter of the Romulan Empire, Captain.*

13 DONATRA: (Electronic) *I formally request extradition of the prisoners.*

5 PICARD: STOIC.

14 PICARD: You could always take them by force.

15 PICARD: Destroy the Enterprise... and the evidence. Write your own history.

16 PICARD: Tell me, Commander--

6 XT/THE ASTEROID BELT: THE ENTERPRISE FACING OFF AGAINST THE WARBIRD.

17 PICARD: (From Enterprise) --what shall history say about this day...?

Page 12

1 HIGH ANGLE: THE SMALL BISTRO IN PARIS FROM LAST ISSUE. NIGHT.

1 CRUSHER: (From Bistro) Over the years, I've given a lot to Starfleet.

2 CRUSHER: (Attach) I gave the my loyalty--

2 CUT TO: INTERIOR: CROWDED, DARK, INTIMATE, ROMANTIC FRENCH BISTRO. OTHER COUPLES ENJOYING THEMSELVES. CRUSHER AND PICARD SITTING AT AN INTIMATE TABLE SOMEWHERE NEAR A GLASS WALL. CRUSHER'S HEAD BOWED AS SHE STIRS HER TEA.

3 CRUSHER: --I gave them my medical career.

4 CRUSHER: My family life.

3 OVER PICARD'S SHOULDER: BEVERLY HER HEAD BOWED AS SHE STIRS HER TEA.

5 CRUSHER: I gave them Jack.

6 CRUSHER: I gave them Wesley... my son.

4 CRUSHER: SHE TAKES A SIP. AVOIDING THE SUBJECT.

- no copy -

5 STAT/REPEAT.

7 CRUSHER: I gave them you.

8 CRUSHER: Anything you and I might have been...

6 CUT TO: SAT/REPEAT PAGE 4 PANEL 5: ESTABLISHING SHOT: WOLF IN THE MEN'S ROOM: IN DRESS UNIFORM, GLARING AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.

- no copy -

7 IN CLOSER: WOLF GLARING AT HIMSELF.

- no copy -

Page 13

1 TALL PANEL DOWN LEFT SIDE OF PAGE: EXT/LANATOSIA II, VIOLENT STORM. WORF IN CONAN THE BARBARIAN-STYLE BADASS POSE, HIS MEK'LETH CLUTCHED IN ONE HAND. THE MEK'LETH CHIPPED AND BLOODIED. WORF'S WETSUIT SLASHED AND TATTERED, SEVERE SLASHES CRISSCROSS HIS CHEST, BLOOD STREAMS DOWN ONE ARM (RIP UP THE ARM OF HIS SUIT SO WE SEE BARE SKIN).

WORF HAS SURVIVED WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE BATTLE. HE STANDS ALONE.

— no copy —

2 IN CLOSER: WORF: GRIM: HIS EYES CLOSED, DRINKING IN THE STORM. SAVORING IT. HE LOVES THIS.

— no copy —

3 FLASHBACK: THE WOOD SHED: WORF, THE CHILD, HANDS HIS MOTHER HER KETTLE, RETURNING IT TO HER.

1 WORF: Take this, mother, and go.

2 MOTHER: < --?! Worf-- I do not understand--? >

3 WORF: I am Klingon, mother--

4 EXTERIOR: THE SHED, MOTHER OUTSIDE, HOLDING HER KETTLE, THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT, WORF HAS CLOSED IT FROM THE INSIDE.

4 WORF: (From shed) I shall remain until Father sees fit to release me.

5 WORF: (Attach) It is the way of the warrior.

5 SAT/REPEAT PANEL 2: ADULT WORF, EYES CLOSED, DRINKING IN THE STORM.

6 VOICE: (Off) --Worf--?

Page 14

1 NEW ANGLE: REECE AND BAIR APPROACH WORF: THEY WEAR WINTER GEAR, BAIR HOLDS A HEAVY JACKET OR COAT, BRINGING IT TO WORF. REECE SMILING.

1 REECE: --you're not an easy man to find.

2 REECE: Are you all right--?

2 WORF GLOWERS AT BAIR, WHO OFFERS HIM THE JACKET.

-- no copy --

3 WORF IGNORES BOTH OF THEM, WALKING TOWARD A WAITING SHUTTLECRAFT. THE TWO WATCH HIM GO, BAIR STILL HOLDING OUT THE JACKET.

3 WORF: Mr. Reece--

4 WORF: --I believe I placed you under arrest.

4 CUT TO: PICARD IN THE BISTRO, GLARING AT OFF-PANEL BEVERLY.

5 PICARD: They were going to take my command.

6 PICARD: That is what they told you, yes? That this was all just a routine drill.

7 PICARD: They knew your ethics would eventually overpower your discretion--

5 REVERSE: BEVERLY HER HEAD TUNED AWAY, NOT LOOKING AT PICARD. STOIC.

8 PICARD: (Off) --and you would inform me of the orders you passed along to Worf, and how unfairly he was being treated--

9 PICARD: (Attach) --knowing I would most certainly intervene.

10 PICARD: (Same) I keep wondering how many times must a man save the universe before he is trusted...

Page 15

- 1 CUT TO: THE SVEDLOV BRIDGE: THE TURBOLIFT DOORS OPENING, REVEALING WORF: CLEANED UP, BACK IN STANDARD UNIFORM. GRIM.
- 1 SFX: CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
- 2 VOICE: (Off) Mr. Worf!! Welcome back!!
- 2 ESTABLISH: THE BRIDGE: WORF CROSSES OVER TO THE COMMAND CHAIR, IGNORING THE APPLAUDING BRIDGE CREW. LT. SHANNON WEATHERS SMILES AT HIM.
- 3 WEATHERS: You had us worried for a moment there--
- 4 WORF: Report.
- 5 WEATHERS: --
- 6 WEATHERS: --we are back in orbit above Lanatosia II, repairs underway.
- 3 WORF, SEATED IN COMMAND CHAIR, PRESSING BUTTONS ON ARM REST, IGNORING BRIDGE CREW.
- 7 WORF: Very well.
- 8 WORF: Give me a moment, then open a channel to those Lanatosian liars.
- 9 WEATHERS: (Can be off) ...yes sir...
- 4 WORF, STOIC, LOOKING DOWN AT THE ARM REST. PREPARING HIS THOUGHTS. WHAT HE IS ABOUT TO DO IS HUMILIATING.

— no copy —

5 STAT/REPEAT.

10 WORF: Captain's Log, Stardate 57246.3.

11 WORF: Colonel Xerxes, leader of the Devroq Confederacy, the Romulan resistance underground, is dead.

12 WORF: His men have escaped. My mission, to recover Xerxes alive, has ended in failure...

Page 16

1 CUT TO: THE PLANET'S SURFACE: LOW ANGLE: LOOKING UP AT A ROCKY CLIFF: WOLF BATTLES XERXES NEAR THE CLIFF EDGE. A VIOLENT STORM RAGES.

1 XERXES: Come, now, Worf-- admit it:

2 XERXES: --this is what you prefer, isn't it? No diplomacy... no negotiation.

3 XERXES: Just glorious battle... retribution for so many dead Klingons.

2 WIDE ANGLE: THE TWO MEN: MARTIAL ARTS MAYHEM. WOLF SWINGING HIS MEK'LETH, XERXES HAS A TREE LIMB OR SOME SUCH, BLOCKING WOLF'S LUNGES. XERXES IS EXTREMELY ADEPT AT MARTIAL ARTS. PLEASE USE ACTUAL MARTIAL ARTS REFERENCE: CAPOEIRA OR JUJITSU, FLUID MOVES. RENT THE "BOURNE" FILMS.

4 XERXES: Much as I despise my own leaders on Romulus, I hate Klingons so much the more.

5 XERXES: Frankly, I went out of my way to kill as many as I could--

6 XERXES: --supported by the very Federation you've foolishly sworn loyalty to!

3 ON XERXES: SMILING.

7 XERXES: The Federation who've abandoned us, the Romulan resistance, now that we've done their dirty work for them.

8 XERXES: A lesson you should make special note of, Klingon. Today it's me--

4 ON WOLF: SNARLING. WOLF'S UNIFORM GETTING RIPPED UP IN THE FIGHT.

9 XERXES: (Off) --tomorrow, it will be you.

10 XERXES: (Attach) Exploited then discarded... like the galactic trash you people are.

5 XERXES RUSHES FORWARD FOR THE KILL STRIKE.

11 XERXES: Let this, therefore, be my gift to you--

12 XERXES: --Klingon glory and Federation disgrace--

13 XERXES: --the best you may ever hope to achieve--!

6 WORF PULLS A REVERSE ON XERXES, WHIPPING HIS MEK'LETH AROUND, BEHEADING THE ROMULAN.

14 SFX: THWISSHTTT-!!

Page 17

1 BIG PANEL: FRANK MILLER SHOT: HIGH ANGLE: THE PRECIPICE: XERXES KNOCKED BACK OFF OF THE CLIFF, FALLING TOWARD THE VIOLENT, UGLY CHOPPY SEAS FAR, FAR BELOW. XERXES' HEAD FALLS SEPARATELY ALONGSIDE THE BODY. WORF STANDS ALONE ON THE PRECIPICE, MEK'LETH IN HAND, OBSERVING XERXES' FALL.

— no copy —

2 CUT TO: THE SVERDLOV BRIDGE: WORF IN COMMAND CHAIR, HIS HEAD BOWED A BIT, GRIM.

— no copy

3 STAT/REPEAT:

— no copy

4 STAT/REPEAT:

1 WORF: I will brief the Lantosian Prime Minister
before leaving orbit.

2 WORF: Worf out.

5 CUT TO: PRESENT DAY: THE MEN'S ROOM: WORF GLARING AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.

— no copy —

Page 18

- 1 ESTABLISH: STARFLEET COMMAND, SAN FRANCISCO. SUNNY, CLEAR SKIES.
- 1 JANEWAY: (From building) To command a Federation Starship is to embrace the highest ideals of humanity...
- 2 JANEWAY: (Attach) ...while assuming the highest responsibility to defend those ideals.
- 2 CUT TO: THE ASSEMBLY HALL: FILLED WITH STARFLEET OFFICERS, CREWS OF THE ENTERPRISE AND SVEDLOV, ETC.
- 3 JANEWAY: (Off) To go boldly... to explore and discover.
- 4 JANEWAY: (Attach) To weave judiciously the tapestry of peace without pulling against the cords of war.
- 5 JANEWAY: (Same) Into his hands are placed the future of entire worlds.
- 3 DOWN FRONT: JANEWAY IN WHITE DRESS UNIFORM, CONCLUDING HER SPEECH AS SHE REACHES TOWARD US WITH BOTH HANDS, ABOUT TO PIN A DECORATION ON OUR UNIFORM.
- COLOR: NOTE: JANEWAY IS WEARING WHITE DRESS UNIFORM.
- 6 JANEWAY: A fearsome responsibility.
- 7 JANEWAY: An unparalleled honor, granted to but a precious few.

4 DETAIL: JANEWAY's HANDS, ADDING A FOURTH SOLID PIP TO A WHITE DRESS COLLAR. THIS IS A PROMOTION CEREMONY. FOUR SOLID GOLD PIPS. COLOR: PLEASE NOTE THE PREVIOUS.

8 JANEWAY: (Off) And, thus, it is with both solemnity
 and exceeding joy that I charge you with
 this grave duty.

5 SIMILAR TO PANEL 3: CLOSE UP OF JANEWAY, SMILING, CONGRATULATING US.

9 JANEWAY: Congratulations--

10 JANEWAY: --Captain.

Page 19

1 REVERSE: WHO SHE IS TALKING TO: REECE. IN WHITE DRESS UNIFORM. STOIC, NO EMOTION.

1 REECE: Thank you, Admiral.

2 REECE: I will dedicate my life to live up to
Starfleet's trust in me.

2 NEW ANGLE: WORF STANDING BETWEEN PICARD AND RIKER, SORT IN LaFORGE, CRUSHER, TROI SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY EITHER HERE OR IN SUBSEQUENT PANELS. THEY ALL APPLAUD THE OFF-PANEL REECE ON HER PROMOTION.

COLOR: ALL SENIOR STAFF DRESSED IN WHITE DRESS UNIFORMS.

- no copy -

3 IN CLOSER: WORF EXCUSES HIMSELF FROM PICARD AND RIKER. TROI REACHES FOR HIM.

3 WORF: I will see you at the reception.

4 TROI: Worf...

4 WORF SHAKES REECE'S HAND. REECE BEGINS TO WEAKEN A BIT: SHE KNOWS SHE DOESN'T DESERVE THIS.

5 WORF: Congratulations, Captain.

6 WORF: It was an honor serving with you.

7 REECE: ...

8 REECE: ...Worf...I...

5 WORF MOVES ON. GRIM, BUT NO RAGE. REECE LOOKING ON APPREHENSIVELY.

- no copy -

Page 20

- 1 DETAIL: THE DOOR TO THE MEN'S ROOM, ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING.
- 1 SIGN: **MALE SPECIES**
- 2 CUT TO: INSIDE: A MIRROR OVER A SINK.
- no copy -
- 3 CUT TO: WORF, SPLASHING WATER ON HIS FACE.
- no copy -
- 4 WORF RISES, LOOKING HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR. NO ANGER. JUST A KIND OF
EMOTIONAL DETACHMENT: ACCEPTANCE.
- 2 VOICE: (Off) **Congratulations, Worf--**
- 3 VOICE: (Attach) --you passed your command test.
- 5 NEW ANGLE: LEO (FROM LAST ISSUE) ADDRESSES WORF, WORF TURNING TO SEE HIM.
- 4 LEO: **Of course, we can't actually tell anybody
 that or, say, actually promote you.**
- 5 LEO: **We gotta sell the story that you lost your
 temper and killed Xerxes so the Romulans
 don't lose face.**
- 6 LEO: **Bang. No captain's chair for you.**
- 7 WORF: **You--**
- 6 LEO, SMILING. NOT TOO BROADLY, JUST A BIT AMUSED.
- 8 WORF: (Off) --you are Klingon.
- 9 LEO: **It's the after shave, isn't it?**
- 10 LEO: **A dozen hours of surgery but you can never
 quite lose the smell.**
- 11 LEO: **Call me Leo.**

Page 21

1 THE BATHROOM, THE TWO MEN.

1 LEO: Once Starfleet heard the Tal Shiar knew where Xerxes was hiding, we hadda pull'im before they got their hands on him--

2 LEO: --and learned embarrassing details about the Klingon-Federation alliance's efforts to overthrow the Romulan government.

3 WORF: What is your role in this?!

4 LEO: Not much. I bluffed Janeway with an empty box.

2 LEO:, LECTURING..

5 LEO: You're wasting your time with the Federation, y'know.

6 LEO: Rescue their Romulan buddies, invent the better mouse trap, it won't matter--

7 LEO: --they're never pulling out the command chair for you.

3 WORF: GRIM.

8 LEO: (Off) They'll just keep playing their little head games until you come over to us.

8a LEO: Then they'll pull their hairs, [Ital. Quote] "See? We told you he was a traitor."

9 WORF: And you'll do better.

4 LEO: ANNOYED, HIS HAND IN FOREGROUND POINTING OFF-PANEL (NOT AT WORF).

10 LEO: You're a half-assed Klingon, Worf.

11 LEO: We don't like you. We don't trust you.

12 LEO: Martok stops validating your parking, we'd just as soon slit your throat.

13 LEO: And that's more honesty than you've ever gotten from those guys.

5 LEO EXITS, LEAVING WORF INSIDE.

14 LEO: Sooner or later, we'll be at war with these people.

15 LEO: You need to stop kidding yourself.

6 WORF: GRIM.

16 LEO: (Off) We should get back.

17 LEO: (Attach) They got cake.

Page 22

1 CUT TO: THE HALL, WORF, CALM AND UNEMOTIONAL, EXITS THE MEN'S ROOM AS A VERY YOUNG ENSIGN ENTERS. WORF IGNORES HIM.

1 ENSIGN: Sir.

2 CLOSE UP: THIS KID: HIS EYES WIDE, SHOCKED AT WHAT HE SEES.

- no copy -

3 FULL PAGE: HIGH ANGLE: THE ROOM: THE MEN'S ROOM HAS BEEN COMPLETELY SAVAGED, MIRRORS SHATTERED, SINKS DESTROYED, WATER EVERYWHERE, PARTITIONS BETWEEN STALLS BUCKLED AND LYING ON THEIR SIDES, WASTE EXTRACTION MACHINES SMOKING FROM DAMAGE, LIGHTS HANGING FROM THE CEILING, WHATEVER YOU CAN THINK OF

THE YOUNG ENSIGN STANDS AMID THE DEBRIS.

- no copy -

Page 23

- 1 ESTABLISH: THE FRENCH BISTRO.. NIGHT.
- 1 CRUSHER: (From Bistro) In the bible there's a story about a man from the land of Uz.
- 2 CRUSHER: (Attach) God makes a bet with the devil that, even if God took away everything this man had, he would still be faithful--
- 2 CUT TO: INSIDE: PICARD AND BEVERLY AT THE TABLE. CITY STREETS THROUGH GLASS WALL BEHIND THEM. PICARD SIPs TEA.
- 3 CRUSHER: --that the man's faith was not based on God's kindness but God's righteousness.
- 4 PICARD: *"Then the LORD said to Satan, 'Have you considered my servant Job?'"*
- 5 PICARD: A trial. An... inquisition.
- 3 PICARD STIRS HIS TEA. STOIC.
- 6 PICARD: A lesson in ordinal perfection, the number 10 symbolizing law, order, testing, and trial.
- 7 PICARD: Job had had 7 sons and 3 daughters, 7 thousand sheep, 3 thousand camels.
- 8 PICARD: His 3 friends sit with him 7 days.
- 4 CRUSHER LEANING FORWARD, SPEAKING CONFIDENTIALLY.
- 9 CRUSHER: Your defeat of Shinzon left matters which needed to be dealt with... discretely.
- 10 PICARD: (Off) Xerxes-- the Romulan resistance.

11 CRUSHER: The Federation needed to get them out.
Quietly.

5 PICARD, SIPPING TEA, HIS EYES DOWNCAST. ANGRY AND SAD ALL AT ONCE.

12 PICARD: That what they told you?

13 PICARD: How long have you been a spy aboard my
ship?

14 CRUSHER: (Off) Don't be ridiculous, Jean-Luc...

15 PICARD: It's why they chose you--

6 BEVERLY, ANNOYED.

16 PICARD: (Off) --the person I trust most.

17 PICARD: (Attach) Now they've robbed me of even
that.

18 BEVERLY: I'm right here, Jean-Luc.

Page 24

1 PICARD GLARING, LOCKING EYES ON THE OFF-PANEL BEVERLY.

1 PICARD: Are you.

2 PICARD: To whom do I even address this grievance?

3 PICARD: [Ital. Quote] "*For he is not a man, as I am, that I might answer him, that we should come to trial together.*"

4 PICARD: Tell me--

2 ON BEVERLY: HER EYES LOCKED ON OFF-PANEL PICARD. INTENSITY, NOT ANGER.

5 PICARD: (Off) --who won the bet, Beverly?

3 2-SHOT: PICARD AND CRUSHER. PICARD SIPS TEA, CRUSHER SITS BACK N HER CHAIR, LOOKING OFF T NOTHING, AVOIDING PICARD'S GLARE.

— no copy —

4 MORE OF THIS: THE TWO OF THEM IN A LONG, UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE.

— no copy —

5 MORE: BEVERLY SIPPING TEA, NOW, PICARD POURS MORE INTO HIS CUP.

— no copy —

6 MORE: PICARD LOOKING OFF, NOW: NEITHER OF THEM LOOKING AT THE OTHER.

6 CAPTION: End

— 30 —