

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST

**Star Trek: Inquisition #1**

Full Script / 22 Pages

First Draft: November 7, 2011

**Synopsis:** Off on a training mission as part of his evaluation for promotion to full Commander, Worf makes seemingly erratic and dangerous decisions which cause the crew to question Worf's loyalty to the Federation. 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.

**Cover Suggestion** The starship *Sverdlov* crashing into a violently churning ocean.

STAR TREK and all related characters  
Copyright © CBS Paramount. All Rights Reserved.

---

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.

Page 1

*A NINE-PANEL GRID: 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. PICARD WEARS TRENDY, POSTMODERN, SLIGHTLY EFFEMINATE "FUTURISTIC" GARB SIMILAR TO TNG EPISODE "LESSONS" (SEE REF FOLLOWING).

A BLACK BACKGROUND. NO DETAILS, WE DO NOT KNOW TIME OR PLACE. NORMAL, REASONABLE LIGHTING: THIS IS AN INTERVIEW, NOT A HARSH INTERROGATION SEQUENCE.

IN THIS PANEL, PICARD'S HEAD BOWED SLIGHTLY, HIS CHIN RESTING AGAINST HIS FIST, HIS THUMB ROUNDING UNDER HIS CHIN: HE IS THINKING, COLLECTING HIS THOUGHTS.

— no copy —

- 2 STAT/REPEAT.

1 VOICE: (Off) Puis-je vous apporter quelque chose, monsieur?

2 PICARD: Oui. Je voudrais un peu de thé Earl Grey, s'il vous plaît.

3 VOICE: (Off) Bien sûr.

- 3 STAT/REPEAT.

— no copy —

- 4 STAT/REPEAT:

4 PICARD: You know, I remember when we used to be explorers.

- 5 SAME ANGLE: PICARD LOOKING AT AN UNSEEN INTERVIEWER, NOW, SOMEONE SEATED IN FRONT OF HIM BUT AT AN ANGLE (SO PICARD DOES NOT LOOK DIRECTLY AT US). WE DO NOT SEE WHO HE IS TALKING TO.

5 PICARD: Men of science.

6 PICARD: Awed by the wonders of the cosmos.

7 PICARD: My God.

8 PICARD: I couldn't wait to break orbit... to go  
see... what's out there.

6 SAME: HE TURNS HIS HEAD TO PROFILE VIEW: GRIM EXPRESSION, LOOKING OFF AT NOTHING.

9 PICARD: That was long ago.

10 PICARD: Now, every time I turn around, we're  
locking phasers. Raising shields.

11 PICARD: What fresh hell is this.

7 SAME: ARMS AND HANDS OF A WAITRESS (WE DO NOT ACTUALLY SEE THE WAITRESS HERSELF) REACHES IN FROM TOP LEFT, DELIVERING A CUP OF TEA ON A SAUCER. PICARD'S HAND REACHING FOR IT.

12 PICARD: Merci.

8 SAME ANGLE: PICARD LOCKS EYES ON HIS OFF-PANEL INTERVIEWER AS HE STIRS HIS TEA.

— no copy —

9 SAT/REPEAT: PICARD GLARING AS HE STIRS TEA.

13 PICARD: You should have trusted me.



PICARD CIVILIAN DRESS

## Page 2

*FIVE HORIZONTAL PANELS:*

- 1       MIDE ACROSS TOP OF PAGE: LONG SHOT: A WINTERLY PLAIN: DEEP SNOW, HOWLING  
WINDS. A MAN IN HEAVY SNOW GEAR DRAGS A CHILD BY THE HOOD OF THE CHILD'S  
JACKET TOWARD A DECREPIT WOODEN SHED.
- no copy —
- 2       THE BOY BEING DRAGGED THROUGH THE SNOW: WE CANNOT MAKE OUT HIS FACE. HIS  
LEGS CYCLE AS HE FUTILELY TIES TO RESIST. BLINKING LIGHTS EMANATE FROM THE  
CHILD'S NECK.
- no copy —
- 3       CUT TO: MEDIUM: IN CLOSE: POV: THREE RUSSIAN SCHOOL CHILDREN, AGE 8 OR SO,  
SCRUTINIZING US.. DAYLIGHT. THIS IS INDOORS, SOMEWHERE ELSE.
- 1 KID:             Он говорящий?
- 2 KID:             Просто сидит здесь. И не моргает.
- 3 KID:             Он попахивает.
- 4 KID:             Не хочу ходить с ним в одну школу.
- 4       CUT TO: A SCHOOL TEACHER TURNING HIS HEAD, REACTING O OFF-PANEL SCREAMS..
- 5 SFX:             AAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIEEE!!
- 6 SFX:             CRAAASHH!!
- 7 TEACHER:       Нет... Только не опять!!
- 5       CUT TO: THE MAN DRAGGING THE BOY, ALMOST AT THE WOODEN SHED, NOW.
- no copy —

## Page 3

- 1 CUT TO: THE SCHOOL, INDOORS, DAYLIGHT POV: THE TEACHER IN OUR FACE, HOLDING OUR WRISTS AS HE SCOLDS US..
- 1 TEACHER: Stop that!
- 2 TEACHER: Stop it this instant, or--
- 2 CUT TO: THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF THE CLASSROOM, THE TEACHER EXPLODES BACKWARD THROUGH A LARGE GLASS OBSERVATION WINDOW, GLASS FLYING..
- 3 SFX: KEEEE-RAAAAASSH!
- 3 CUT TO: ANGLE IN CLOSER ON THE BOY BEING DRAGGED THROUGH THE SNOW: WE CANNOT MAKE OUT HIS FACE. BLINKING LIGHTS EMANATE FROM THE CHILD'S NECK.
- no copy —
- 4 MEDIUM: MOTHER AND FATHER. MOTHER HOLDS AN ELECTRONIC COLLAR IN HER HAND, ANGRILY SHAKING IT AT US. FATHER TIES TO CALM HER DOWN. FATHER IS A STARFLEET PETTY OFFICER, *WRATH OF KHAN*-ERA UNIFORM..
- 4 MOTHER: < I will not put this collar on my son! Are you insane?! >\*
- 5 FATHER: < Helena-- >
- 6 MOTHER: < These--- these things are for animals! >
- 7 CAPTION: \*translated from Russian.
- 5 THE TEACHER: ARGUING WITH US. HIS EYE IS BANDAGED, NOSE BROKEN, MULTIPLE SCARS. HE IS FURIOUS.
- 8 TEACHER: Mrs. Rozhenko-- that... child... is dangerous!
- 9 TEACHER: We are not equipped to deal with his kind!
- 10 TEACHER: So long as he is here he will be required to wear that restrainer!

- 6 THE CLASSROOM: MOTHER THROWS THE COLLAR DOWN AS SHE TURNS TO LEAVE.  
FATHER REMAINS NEAR THE TEACHER..

11 MOTHER: < Then he shall not remain here. Sergey is  
merely on temporary assignment, anyway. >

12 MOTHER: Пойдём, Сергей.

- 7 ANGLE PAST THE TEACHER: FATHER GIVES THE TEACHER A STERN LOOK. HE KNOWS  
THE TEACHER IS RIGHT.

— no copy —

**Page 4**

- 1      INSIDE THIS SHED: THE MAN SHOVES THE CHILD INTO THE DARK SHED TOWARD US.  
  
        — no copy —
- 2      WHO HE'S LOOKING AT: A SMALL BOY, AGE 8 OR SO, HIS FACE OBSCURED BY SHADOW. THE BOY WEARS A RESTRAINER COLLAR: A HIGH-TECH METALLIC SLAVE COLLAR WITH BLINKING LIGHTS.  
  
        — no copy —
- 3      SAME: PLUNGE THE CHILD- INTO DARKNESS, LIT MAINLY BY MOONLIGHT COMING IN THROUGH SLITS IN THE WOOD AND THE GLOW FROM HIS COLLAR. WOLF FOLDING HIS ARMS AROUND HIMSELF, SHIVERING. DEFIANT, ANGRY. WE SEE HIS BREATH AS FOG.  
  
        — no copy —
- 4      INTERIOR: CAFETERIA: OVERHEAD ANGLE: A CHILD AT A TABLE. HE EATS ALONE. EMPTY TABLES SURROUND HIM, THE NEAREST GROUPS OF KIDS ARE SEVERAL TABLES AWAY. HANG A LIGHT FIXTURE OR SOMETHING TO HELP BLOCK THIS CHILD'S FACE.  
  
        — no copy —
- 5      DETAIL: THE COLLAR AROUND THE BOY'S NECK, HIS FINGERS TUGGING AT IT: IT'S EXTREMELY UNCOMFORTABLE. THE BOY'S NAILS ARE LONG, ALMOST LIKE CLAWS.  
  
        — no copy —

## Page 5

- 1 OUTDOORS: KIDS CHOOSING TEAMS FOR TEAM PLAY. ONE KID MOCKS US AS OTHER LAUGH DERISIVELY.
- 1 KID: Мы бы тебя взяли, но не хотим, чтобы твой фиксатор сломался.
- 2 SFX: Hahahahahahahaha--!!
- 2 A DOOR, A CRUDE KIDS' DRAWING POSTED CROOKEDLY ON IT: A CRUDE CHILD'S DRAWING OF A BOY WEARING A RESTRAINER COLLAR, CARTOONISH ELECTRIC JOLTS. AROUND THE COLLAR. THE DRAWING HAS A RE CIRCLE WITH DIAGONAL SLASH.
- CAST A SHADOW CROSS THE DOOR AND DRAWING: THIS IS OUR POV, WE ARE LOOKING AT THIS.
- 3 PLATE ON DOOR: МАЛЬЧИКИ
- 4 CAPTION: \*"Boys"
- 3 A TEENAGE GIRL, SMILING, HER PALM ACROSS HER CHEST. BEHIND HER, OTHER GIRLS SNICKERING AT US..
- 5 GIRL: Me?! You want me to go... to the dance with... with you--?
- 6 GIRL: You're joking, right--?



STARFLEET CADET UNIFORM STYLE (TNG)

- 4 STARFLEET ACADEMY: CADETS SEATED IN A CLASS, TAKING A TEST. SEVERAL CADETS EYE US SUSPICIOUSLY..

— no copy —



- 5 BRIDGE OF THE U.S.S. SVERDLOV. COMMANDER REECE, A SEASONED, FEMALE STARFLEET FULL COMMANDER (3 SOLID PIPS ON HER UNIFORM COLLAR) IN THE CENTER CHAIR. REECE SITS IN KIRK-LIKE REPOSE, LEANING TO ONE SIDE, ELBOW ON THE ARMREST, HAND ON HER CHIN, THINKING THINGS OVER. REECE SHOULD ECHO KIRK IN HIS VIGOR AND HEROISM. INTENSE EXPRESSION AS SHE CHEWS IT OVER. BASE HER ON ACTRESS LUCINDA JENNEY (SEE REF PHOTO ABOVE).

THE HELMSMAN (SHIP'S PILOT) IS A YOUNG BLACK MAN.

REECE AND CREW IN ST: *NEMESIS* UNIFORMS.

7 REECE: Captain to the bridge.

8 ELECTRONIC: (Tailless comm channel) *What is it, commander?*

9 REECE: Code One distress call from the U.S.S.  
Eleon, sir.

10 ELECTRONIC: *The what?!?*

11 REECE: Norway Class scout vessel, Captain. She's  
lost power and has drifted into Tholian  
space.

12 ELECTRONIC: *Patch it through down here.*



SVERDLOV BRIDGE AND UNIFORM STYLE



**REECE**

## Page 6

1 VIEWSCREEN: BRIDGE OF THE ELEON. ALL HELL'S BROKEN LOOSE. HEAVY DAMAGE. A FEMALE CAPTAIN ADDRESSES US..

1 CAPTAIN: Sverdlov! Thank God! We've lost warp and  
impulse drives-- now on thrusters only!

2 CAPTAIN: Our position is...

3 ELECTRONIC: *Were you attacked?*

4 CAPTAIN: What--?

5 ELECTRONIC: Attacked, captain-- were you forced into  
*Tholian space?*

6 CAPTAIN: N--no-- there was a navigation failure--

7 ELECTRONIC: *I see--*

2 CUT TO: INTERIOR: TURBOSHAFT-8, THE MAJOR LATERAL (HORIZONTAL) TURBOLIFT (ELEVATOR) SHAFT OF THE SHIP'S DRIVE SECTION. NOTE THIS IS A LONG, STRAIGHT TUNNEL RUNNING THE LENGTH OF THE SHIP'S DRIVE SECTION. IT IS NOT CURVED LIKE THE SAUCER SECTION.

A SMALL CREW OF MEN ARE HANDLING LARGE SHEETS OF TRANSPARENT ALUMINUM (THIS SHOULD LOOK LIKE PLEXIGLAS). THIS CREW DOES NOT WEAR UNIFORMS, JUST TANK TOPS OVER WORK COVERALLS, EXPOSED ARMS, WORK GLOVES. DIRTY THEM UP A BIT, THEY'VE BEEN DOWN THERE A LONG TIME.

PROMINENT AMONG THEM IS RIDLEY, LATE 30's, STOCKY, MUSCLES. TOM SIZEMORE FROM *SAVING PRIVATE RYAN* (SEE REF ABOVE). RIDLEY CHOMPS ON A CIGAR, TURNING TOWARDS US AS HE AND ANOTHER CREWMAN MOVE A LARGE SHEET OF TRANSPARENT ALUMINUM.



RIDLEY

THE CREW LEADER SHOULD BE CROPPED OUT OF PANEL IN FOREGROUND SO WE DO NOT SEE HIS FACE.

8 CREW LEADER: --and your incompetence now risks the  
peace of the entire Federation.

9 LEADER: Entering Tholian space is a treaty  
violation.

10 ELECTRONIC: *Captain--you can't be serious--*

3 OVER THE LEADER'S SHOULDER: A SMALL VIEWSCREEN ON A COMM PANEL IN THE TURBOSHAF. THE ELEON CAPTAIN AND HER DESPERATE CREW PUTTING OUT FIRES. TILT ANGLE A BIT TO SHOW THE ELEON IS LISTING AND ADRIFT..

11 CAPTAIN: --I've got 67 souls on board--

12 ELECTRONIC: *General Order 2 explicitly forbids--*

13 CAPTAIN: Captain! How dare you quote regs at a time  
like this?!?

4 REECE ON THE SVERDLOV BRIDGE, HAND AT HER CHIN, OBSERVING THE EXCHANGE ON THE BRIDGE VIEWSCREEN (VIEWSCREEN IS OFF-PANEL). BAIR, THE BLACK HELMSMAN STANDS NEXT TO HER, WHISPERING IN HER EAR.

14 BAIR: (Whisper) *Any idea what the skipper's  
doing, Reese...?*

15 REECE: (Whisper) *None at all...*

16 ELECTRONIC: (No tail) *We will advise Starfleet Command  
who will contact the Tholian Assembly and--*

17 ELECTRONIC: (From direction of viewscreen) You can't  
*be serious!*

- 6 THE TURBOSHAFT: THE CREW LEADER USES A LASER TORCH TO SECURE A SHEET OF TRANSPARENT ALUMINUM AGAINST THE TURBOSHAFT WALL, COVERING THE COMM PANEL WHERE WE SEE THE ELEON CAPTAIN PLEADING ON THE VIEWSCREEN. NOTE THE TRANSPARENT ALUMINUM IS INTENDED TO SEAL OFF THE TURBOSHAFT WALLS, THE LIGHTS, CABLES, ETC..

18 CAPTAIN: We cannot aid you, Captain. We would only  
be handing the Tholians a second ship.

19 CAPTAIN: We can conclude that now or after my ship  
is wrecked and my crew is dead.

20 ELECTRONIC: *If you're not coming for us--what do you  
suggest we do..?!?*

## Page 7

- 1 TOP HALF OF PAGE: INTERIOR/THE ELEON BRIDGE: LOOMING HUGE ON THE VIEWSCREEN, THE FACE OF THE SVERDLOV CAPTAIN: LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WORF. SCOWLING AT US, DEEP-SET, FERAL EYES. LIKE THE REST OF HS CREW, WORF HAS REMOVED HIS UNIFORM JACKET AND WEARS A TANK-TOP SHIRT, HIS COMM BADGE ON THE SHIRT. EXPOSED ARMS, RIPPLING MUSCLES.
- 1 WORF: Die well.
- 2 REECE ON THE BRIDGE. SHE LOOKS INCREDULOUSLY AT HER ARMREST CONTROLS. SHE CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
- 2 ELECTRONIC: *Commander Reese: take us out of the Taurus Reach, Warp 5.*
- 3 REECE: C--captain we... we can't just...
- 4 ELECTRONIC: *There are Tholian ships nearby.*
- 3 CUT TO: WORF HAMMERING WHAT APPEAR TO BE STEEL RAILS AGAINST THE TURBOSHAFT WALL.
- 5 ELECTRONIC: *Yes, sir, but I mean-- if there aren't-- we could get in undetected--*
- 6 WORF: There are Tholian ships nearby.
- 7 ELECTRONIC: *Yes, sir, but, what if you're wrong...?*
- 8 WORF: I'm not.
- 9 ELECTRONIC: *How do you know that, sir?*

## Page 8

- 1 THE BRIDGE: EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF WORF's FACE NOW HUGE ON THE SVERDLOV's MAIN VIEWSCREEN, SNARLING..
- 1 WORF: (Electronic) *Because I'm better at this than you.*
- 2 WORF: (Electronic) *Advise Starfleet. On thrusters, the Eleon will cross back into the Taurus Reach in 8 months, 22 days.*
- 3 WORF: (Electronic) *Starfleet can send a frigate. Just in case I'm wrong. Worf out.*
- 2 THE BRIDGE: REECE MULLS IT OVER, INTENSE THOUGHT. THE BLACK HELMSMAN STANDS BY.
- 4 BAIR: *He's kidding, right--?*
- 5 REECE: *Klingons don't kid, Randy.*
- 6 BAIR: *So--we just leave them to die--?!*
- 7 REECE: *The Tholians are paranoid, Randy. They'll just make them wish they were dead.*
- 3 SHANNON: FEMALE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER, TURNING TO REPORT.
- 8 REECE: (Off) Shannon-- you getting telemetry on that probe we sent in--?
- 9 SHANNON: *Aye, sir. No sign of any vessels, no warp signatures or spatial anomalies. Appears all clear, sir.*
- 4 THE BRIDGE: REECE IN THE COMMAND CHAIR. THE CREW ALL LOOKING AT HER NOW, AWAITING HER ORDERS.
- 10 BAIR: *...*
- 11 BAIR: *...well...?*

- 5 CUT TO: INTERIOR: TURBOLIFT SHAFT: RIDLEY SNICKERS AS HE DISPLAYS A TRICORDER, SHOWING US THE READING.

**12 RIDLEY: 825 Mark 220.**

- 6 NEW ANGLE: Worf STORMS AWAY FROM RIDLEY, WHO IS STILL SMILING, DISPLAYING THE TRICORDER. Worf HOLDS A MASSIVE HIGH-TECH WRENCH IN HIS HAND.

BACKGROUND: THE CREW APPARENTLY INSTALLING A RAIL SYSTEM OF SOME KIND. THIS NEED NOT BE SPECIFIC, JUST A HINT THAT RAILING IS BEING INSTALLED INSIDE THE TURBOSHAFT.

**13 Worf: So predictable...**



## Page 9

- 1 THE BRIDGE: REECE IN ARROGANT KIRK SLOUCH IN THE CENTER CHAIR, TALKING.
- 1 REECE: ...yes. stand by Captain, we'll be crossing into Tholian space in seven minutes.
- 2 REECE: Secure your crew to the escape pods. We'll only have one pass at this-- need to beam those pods aboard as we come about.
- 3 ELECTRONIC: (Pointer toward direction of viewscreen)  
*Roger that, Sverdlov, standing by--*
- 2 ANGLE: THE TURBOLIFT DOORS OPEN: WORF. GRIM, STILL IN TANK TOP SHIRT, HOLDING THE MASSIVE WRENCH...
- no copy —
- 3 REECE IN THE CHAIR, IDLY SIGNING A REPORT, A YEOMAN STANDS BY WAITING FOR THE ELECTRONIC CLIPBOARD. WORF APPROACHES REECE WHO IGNORES HIM, LOOKING INSTEAD DOWN AT HER CLIPBOARD AS SHE WRITES.
- 4 REECE: Yes, Commander, I've decided to terminate the training exercise and go after the Eleon.
- 5 REECE: We will resume once we've transported--
- 4 WORF UNCEREMONIOUSLY YANKS REECE OUT OF THE COMMAND CHAIR.
- no copy —
- 5 PILOT'S STATION: REECE LANDS, SMASHING FACE-FIRST INTO THE CONSOLE.
- 6 SFX: CRAAAASHH!!

## Page 10

- 1      Worf sitting calmly in command chair, legs crossed casually as he signs the report for the yeoman. The big wrench on the floor next to him, propped against the command chair.
- 2      Worf:            Mr. Bair, lay in a course for Lanatos II, 562 by 020 Warp 5.
- 3      Bair:            (Off) 562 Mark 20, aye, sir.
- 4      Electronic: (Off) *Wait... captain... you can't just--*
- 5      Worf:            Viewer off. Chief, place Mr. Reese under arrest.
- 3      Reece: Blood trickling from her nose, her hair a mess, as she pulls herself up, bracing against the pilot's console.
- 6      Reece:            --?! Y--you-- you can't arrest me?!
- 7      Worf:            (Off) Why not?
- 8      Reece:            This is my ship! You're only here as a training exercise for your command promotion!
- 4      The Bridge: A security detail arriving from turbolift. Worf calmly signs reports.
- 9      Worf:            Yeah, well, exercise this.
- 10     Worf:            Confine the commander to quarters.
- 11     Worf:            Lieutenant Weathers--
- 5      Angle: The communications officer, turning toward us. Apprehension (not fear).
- 12     Shannon:        Yes sir.
- 13     Worf:            (Off) Think you can keep us out of a war for the next few hours?
- 14     Shannon:        Yes sir.

6        Worf exits the bridge, the big wrench slung over his shoulder.

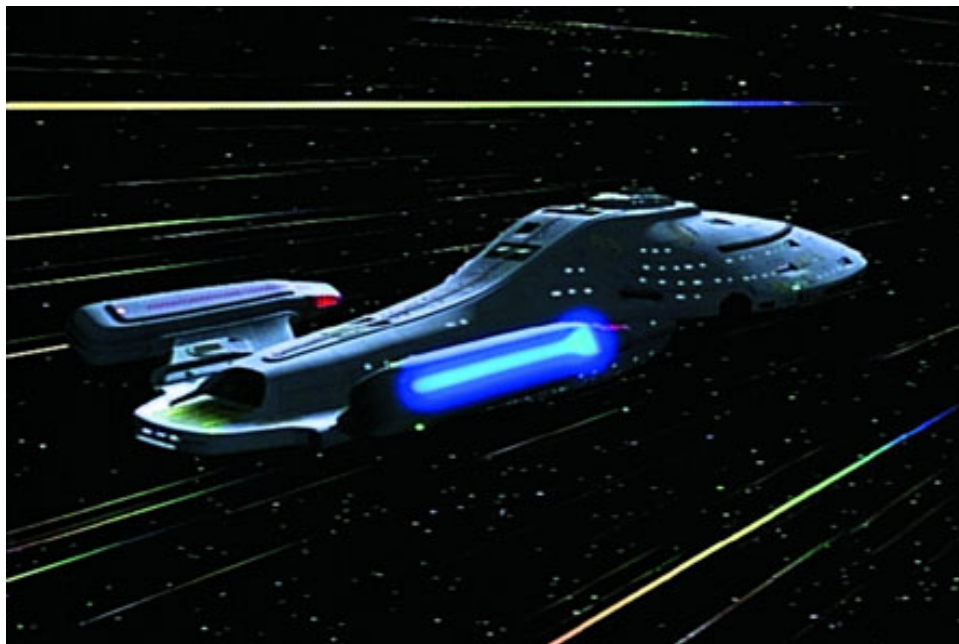
15 Worf:        Then take the conn. I'll be in Turbolift  
                 Shaft 8.

16 Worf:        Do not make me come back up here. Mr. Bair-  
                 -

16 Worf:        --engage--

## Page 11

- 1 REVEAL: BIG PANEL: THE INTREPID-CLASS STARSHIP SVERDLOV MAKES A GRACEFUL PASSING TURN, HER WARP NACELLES GLOWING BRIGHTLY IN THE UPRIGHT WARP CONFIGURATION.
- 1 WORF: (From ship) --turn this damned ship around.
- 2 TITLE: STAR TREK: INQUISITION
- 3 TITLE: BOOK ONE: MISHKA
- 4 CREDITS: Special Thanks to Sergey Peterman for the Russian translation



U.S.S. SVERDLOV

## Page 12

1 EXTERIOR: STARFLEET COMMAND: SAN FRANCISCO. DAYLIGHT.

1 VOICE: (From building) So, you just quit...?

2 VOICE: (From building) I had to... I couldn't  
stand the pressure.

3 VOICE: (Attach to #1) Well, you shouldn't have  
been evaluating your boyfriend to begin  
with--



2 DETAIL: GLASS DOORS: "STARFLEET MEDICAL" EMBLEM ON THE GLASS.

4 VOICE: (Off) --or, is that a family tradition?

5 VOICE: (Attach) I seem to recall that's how you  
got your promotion...

6 VOICE: (Off) My supervising Worf's bridge officer  
test was Will's idea of a joke, Beverly--

3 BEVERLY CRUSHERS OFFICE: CRUSHER AND TROI HAVING A LIGHT LUNCH. BIG GLASS:  
DAYLIGHT, BEAUTIFUL SKY. THE WOMEN ARE IN UNIFORM, CRUSHER WEARS HER LAB  
COAT OVER.

7 TROI: --but I couldn't do it.

8 CRUSHER: Too close to home?

9 TROI: I'm more concerned about the test itself.

10 CRUSHER: Why? Worf knows all the technical and command parts inside out. For him, the whole thing's just a formality.

4 TROI.

11 TROI: Yes and no. It's a test of character-- intended to challenge a candidate's humanity.

12 TROI: Which makes the test intrinsically biased against non-humans.

13 CRUSHER: (Off) Worf was raised by humans, Deanna. In many ways, he's as human as he is Klingon.

14 TROI: Exactly. So, what do we test for?

5 CRUSHER SIPS TEA.

15 TROI: (Off) He abandoned the Kobayashi Maru to die seven times.

16 CRUSHER: Which, by Starfleet regs, was the right thing to do.

17 TROI: (Off) Now he's off on a double-blind training exercise aboard the Sverdlov--

## Page 13

1 THE ROOM.

1 TROI: --he has no way of knowing which orders are real and which are simulated... which situations are real.

2 TROI: Starfleet wants to see what he'll do-- which choices he'll make.

3 CRUSHER: How is that unfair?

4 TROI: His test shouldn't be biased on the basis of his species. Will thinks I'm just--

2 CRUSHER: AMUSED.

5 CRUSHER: Being you?

6 CRUSHER: You think Worf will hijack the ship and fly off to glorious battle?

7 TROI: (Off) I think somebody at Starfleet doesn't want him to make Captain.

8 CRUSHER: Well, I should hope so.

3 NEW ANGLE, BEVERLY GETS UP, TROI PUZZLED.

9 TROI: --?! What?

10 CRUSHER: Deanna-- a Starfleet captain has the power to destroy an entire planet.

11 CRUSHER: Getting a captain's commission should be hard. It should be impossible.

12 CRUSHER: The process is deliberately adversarial.

4 TROI STANDING, DEFIANT.

13 TROI: And racist?

14 CRUSHER: (Off) Maybe.

15 CRUSHER: (Attach) How Worf deals with racism is at least as important as realigning warp coils.

16 TROI: You think I'm over-reacting.

5 2-SHOT: CRUSHER TAKES TROI'S SHOULDERS, REASSURING HER.

17 CRUSHER: I think you love him. I love him, too.

18 CRUSHER: But Worf's a big boy.

19 CRUSHER: In any case, I'll do what you came here to provoke me to do.

20 TROI: And what is that?

6 THE LADIES WALK TOWARD THE DOOR.

21 CRUSHER: The thing you can't do without getting into trouble with Riker.

22 TROI: You'll make the call?

23 TROI: I'll make the call.



## Page 14

1 THE SVERDLOV AT WARP.

1 ELECTRONIC: *...and, therefore, we have strong concerns about the Federation's listening posts set up in this system.*

2 WORF: (From Ship) We are not in the Lanatosian system, majesty, but on its perimeter—

3 WORF: (Attach) --and we are listening for hostile species which may traverse the area.

2 THE BRIDGE: WORF, NOW IN FULL UNIFORM, STANDING BEFORE THE VIEWSCREEN, HS HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HIM. THIS IS A DIPLOMATIC EXCHANGE.

4 ELECTRONIC: *So you say, just as you say the Federation is our friend.*

5 WORF: The Federation saved your people from certain death...

TWO SMALL PANELS (3 AND 4):

3 DETAIL: THE COLLAR OF WORF'S UNIFORM (STANDARD ST: NEMESIS .DESIGN): TWO SOLID PIPS, ONE BLACK (OPEN) PIP: LIEUTENANT COMMANDER RANK. WORF'S FINGERS TUG AT THE COLLAR A BIT: IT IRRITATES HIS NECK.

6 ELECTRONIC: (Tailless) *Yes, a selective rescue...*

4 CUT TO: CLOSE-UP: KID-WORF IN THE WOODSHED: THE BOY'S FACE: ANGRY, DEFIANT. THE RESTRAINER COLLAR AROUND HIS NECK GLOWS IN DARK, LIGHTS BLINK. HE TUGS AT THE COLLAR, SNARLING. ICE FORMING ON HIS EYEBROWS, NOSE, ETC. HIS BREATH A CLEAR FOG AS HE EXHALES: IT IS VERY COLD..

7 ELECTRONIC: (Tailless) *... leaving irreplaceable religious monuments behind-- ruining our culture!*

- 5 RETURN TO PRESENT: THE SVERDLOV BRIDGE VIEWSCREEN: THE LANATOSIAN KING RECLINES ON A COUCH. A POT BELLY, BALDING. THIS IS A GUY WORF WOULD NOT EVEN EAT WITH. A POMPOUS, ARROGANT, WEASEL. ADVISORS AND SERVANTS AS YOU SEE FIT. HAVE HIM EATING SOMETHING, BITING THE HEAD OFF A FISH OR WHAT HAVE YOU.

THE LANATOSIANS ARE WATER-BREATHERS: WATER BUBBLES IN FOREGROUND AND THROUGHOUT VIEWSCREEN IMAGE.

8 WORF: (Off) Due respect, it was the comet that ruined your religion and culture. The Federation is a friend to the Lanatosian people.

9 ELECTRONIC: *And, yet, for a diplomatic summit, they send a fast attack vessel-- a ship of war commanded by a Klingon.*

- 6 WORF. KEEPING HIS TEMPER.

10 WORF: The Intrepid Class is the most efficient vessel for entering Lanatos II's aqueous atmosphere, majesty.

11 WORF: Our shuttles are too fragile and your water planet inhibits beaming.

12 KING: (Electronic) *How convenient. Very well, Klingon--*

## Page 15

- 1 THE BRIDGE: Worf FLOPPED IN THE CHAIR, RUBBING HIS BROW, REPRESSING HIS ANNOYANCE.
- 1 ELECTRONIC: (Off) --*let's get this farce of a summit over with. I will provide you a list of grievances for your masters.*
- 2 ELECTRONIC: (Attach) *Lanatos out.*
- 3 Worf: (Muttering, small) ... Как сильно я хочу этого повышения\*...
- 4 Worf: Secure from warp speed.
- 5 VOICE: (Off) --?! Say again--?!
- 5a CAPTION: \*"Just how badly do I want this promotion"
- 2 OUTER SPACE: THE SVERDLOV EXPLODES OUT OF A BLAST OF LIGHT. A NEBULA SOMEWHERE I THE BACKGROUND.
- 6 Worf: (From ship) Secure from warp speed. Heading 125 by 800--
- 3 NEW ANGLE: THE SVERDLOV BANKS AROUND TOWARD THE NEBULA..
- 7 Worf: (From ship) --the Lenten Cloud. Ahead full impulse.
- 8 Worf: (Attach) Security to shuttle bay, Lieutenant Weathers has the conn.
- 9 VOICE: (From ship) Aye, sir.
- 4 REECE'S QUARTERS REECE LOOKING AT HERSELF IN A BATHROOM MIRROR, WINCING AS HER HAND TOUCHES HER.
- 10 REECE: ...
- 11 REECE: ...dropping out of warp? We can't be at Lanatos yet--

5      DETAIL: REECE's HAND HOLING HER TRICORDER.

12 TEXT MGS: LENTEN CLOUD. SHUTTLE APPROACHING.

13 REECE:      (Off) --?! The Lenten Cloud...?

14 SFX:          TWIXEEEELLLLL!

15 REECE:      (Off) Come in.

## Page 16

- 1 REECE's QUARTERS: WOLF ENTERS, CARRYING A KETTLE BY ITS HINGED HANDLE. HE WALKS PAST REECE, HEADING TOWARD THE SOFA.
- 1 WOLF: Mishka, the bear.
- 2 REECE: I think you broke my nose.
- 3 REECE: Betting there's some regulation against that.
- 4 WOLF: This story my mother used to tell me--
- 2 WOLF, SEATED, REMOVES THE COVER FROM THE KETTLE. IT'S HIS LUNCH. WOLF GRIM, IGNORING REECE.
- 5 WOLF: --Mishka the bear, along with the tricky monkey, the goat and the ass, decided to form an orchestra. They were really bad.
- 6 WOLF: So the monkey re-arranges their seating, puts the bear on the end, goat in the middle.
- 7 WOLF: They sounded even worse.
- 3 REECE, ANNOYED, ARMS FOLDED, IMPATIENT.
- 8 REECE: There some point you wish to make, commander...?
- 9 WOLF: (Off) The ass sat them in rows, thinking that was the problem. Didn't help.
- 10 WOLF: (Attach) So they just argued about it.
- 11 REECE: Why are we at the Lenten Cloud...?

4      Worf, seated, a handful of gagh--large, live worms dripping in sauce--in his hand, talking while chewing some of this disgusting mix in his mouth.

12 Worf:            Then a nightingale came flying by,  
                         attracted by their din. They begged the  
                         nightingale to solve their difficulty for  
                         them.

13 Worf:            *"We have music and we have instruments;  
                         only tell us how to place ourselves."*

14 Worf:            The nightingale told them to stop wasting  
                         their time.

5      On Reece, gesturing with her hand, demanding.

15 Worf:            (Off) *"To be a musician, one must have a  
                         better ear and more intelligence than any  
                         of you."*

16 Worf:            (Attach) *"Place yourselves any way you  
                         like; it will make no difference. You will  
                         never become musicians."*

17 Reece:           I demand to know what you're up to--!

6      Worf saunters past Reece, thumbing back over his shoulder (alluding to his lunch, left on Reece's table).

18 Worf:            Doesn't matter where we sit, Commander. You  
                         and I will never be a band.

19 Worf:            Left you some Ghagh. Don't let it get warm.

## Page 17

- 1 BEVERLY CRUSHER: AMUSED, SIPPING TEA AGAIN. IT IS NIGHT NOW, SO DIM THE LIGHTS. NOTE SHE IS IN HER QUARTERS, NOT HER OFFICE. BEVERLY NOW IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES.
- 2 1 CRUSHER: You enjoying yourself?
- 2 2 ELECTRONIC: Ah. Immensely.
- 3 3 ELECTRONIC: *Negotiating right-of-way warp carrridas through sovereign space is why I joined Starfleet.*
- 4 4 ELECTRONIC: *Thankfully, proceedings remain on sshedul.*
- 2 CUT TO: JEAN-LUC PICARD: IN UNIFORM, IN HIS READY ROOM ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE. SIPPING TEA. HE IS IN LOVE WITH BEVERLY AND IT SHOWS.
- 5 5 PICARD: I miss you.
- 6 6 ELECTRONIC: *Well, there's a promotion and a desk waiting for you right across the hall.*
- 7 7 PICARD: Not that much.
- 8 8 ELECTRONIC: *Jean-Luc: this business with Worf--*
- 9 9 PICARD: Deanna thinks we're being too tough on him?
- 3 CRUSHER RECLINES ON HER COUCH..
- 10 10 CRUSHER: She thinks we're trying to dump him.
- 11 11 ELECTRONIC: *We surely are.*
- 12 12 CRUSHER: I told her that it's all part of the test.
- 13 13 ELECTRONIC: *Yes, but how do you test a Klingon?*
- 4 ON PICARD. STOIC, NOW, THOUGHTFUL.
- 14 14 PICARD: We've never done this before.
- 15 15 PICARD: Seat one of the Federation's most ruthless and deadly enemies in the Captain's chair.

16 PICARD: How does one go about that? Besides--

5 DEANNA AND HER VIEWSCREEN, PICARD ON VIEWSCREEN.

17 ELECTRONIC: --if Worf even suspected we were going  
easy on him, he'd be insulted.

18 CRUSHER: So I should tell her to relax?

19 ELECTRONIC: You should tell her to trust our friend.



## Page 18

- 1 MEDIUM: QUARK (THE FERENGİ FROM DEEP SPACE NINE) EMERGES FROM AN OLD KLİNGON SHUTTLE. ANNOYED.
- 1 QUARK: I'm going to assume you have a good reason for dragging me out to the middle of nowhere, Waaarf.
- 2 QUARK: At the height of the Peldor Festival, I might add.
- 2a QUARK: I was in the running for festival president.
- 2 HIGH ANGLE: THE SHUTTLE BAY: RIDLEY AND HIS GUYS UN-LOAD SEALED CONTAINERS FROM THE SHUTTLE. THESE SHOULD BE GENERALLY RECTANGULAR IN SHAPE, AT LEAST SIX FEET IN LENGTH. Worf WALKS WITH QUARK.
- 3 Worf: You will be compensated for any lost revenue, Quark--
- 4 Worf: --though I am assured your bar on DS9 has been cited for overcrowding.
- 5 QUARK: A garbled transmission, I'm sure. I've drawn up an invoice.
- 3 QUARK AND Worf: QUARK JABS HIS THUMB IN THE DIRECTION OF RIDLEY.
- 6 QUARK: Is that Sgt. Ridley over there? When did he get out of the joint--?
- 7 QUARK: And what do you want these things for? They're inoperable, Worf-- space junk.

4       WOLF: SCOWLING, HOLDING SEVERAL BARS OF GOLD-PRESSED LATINUM AT EYE  
      LEVEL.

8 WOLF: I'm an antique collector. What's it to you.

9 QUARK: (Off) An antique collector with a Who's  
Who of black ops guys from the bad old MACO  
days.

10 Worf: A tale less tollld by dead Ferengi.

5 QUARK, LATINUM IN HAND, WALKS BACK TOWARD THE SHUTTLE.

11 QUARK: Or rich ones.

12 QUARK:       Enjoy your useless, non-functional space  
                  junk, *Waarf*.

13 QUARK: Oh, and I threw in 50 cases of prune juice.

14 QUARK: Just a little something to help along that  
sparkling personality of yours.

## Page 19

- 1 CUT TO: REECE's QUARTERS ABOARD THE SVERDLOV. HELMSMAN RANDY BAIR ENTERS, THROWING HIS HANDS UP IN EXASPERATION. WE SEE TWO STARFLEET GUARDS THROUGH THE DOOR.
- 1 BAIR: Reece- what the hell?
- 2 REECE: Don't look at me, Randy. It's just my ship.
- 3 BAIR: An exercise, right? This is supposed to be just a test for that... Klingon.
- 2 ON REECE: ECHO KIRK: THINKING IT THROUGH. HEROIC.
- 4 REECE: A double-blind test, Randy. Neither Worf nor I know what's a simulation and what's not.
- 5 BAIR: You mean you're getting graded on this thing?
- 6 REECE: We all are.
- 7 REECE: Like rats in a maze.
- 3 ON BAIR, ANNOYED.
- 8 BAIR: What if something's gone wrong?
- 9 BAIR: I mean, this one's gone way off the reservation. You see those goons he keeps with him?
- 10 BAIR: Special forces-- Military Assault Command Operations--

4 THE ROOM. REECE STILL WORKING THE PUZZLE. NOTE: WOLF'S KETTLE STILL ON A TABLE BY THE SOFA.

11 REECE: MACO's been gone for decades, Randy. Since Khitomar.

12 BAIR: Yeah? Did anybody tell them? And-- what's that smell?!?

13 REECE: Wolf brought me lunch.

14 REECE: Has he received any strange incoming transmissions? Encoded messages?

5 IN CLOSE: BAIR SCOWLS AT REECE WHO IS THINKING INTENSELY: ECHO KIRK AND McCOY.

15 BAIR: Nothing.

16 BAIR: I had Shannon check every database. Reece--

17 BAIR: --how long do we play along with this?

## Page 20

1 THE U.S.S. TITAN IN ORBIT ABOVE A PLANET OF YOUR CHOICE.

1 RIKER: (From ship) You owe me a week's pay.

2 ELECTRONIC: *It wasn't a wager, Will.*

3 RIKER: Maybe not, but I want it anyway.



U.S.S. TITAN

2 CUT TO: RIKER IN HIS READY ROOM: IN UNIFORM, CLEANING HIS TROMBONE, AMUSED.

4 RIKER: It's why I put Deanna in charge of Worf's exam in the first place. I knew she'd find her way to you.

5 ELECTRONIC: *Worf's no fool, Will. He knows what Starfleet is up to. He knows that, no matter what he does on this exercise--*

3 PICARD IN HIS READY ROOM, SIPPING TEA. GRIM.

6 PICARD: --he'll never make Captain.

7 ELECTRONIC: *Yes, but he doesn't know why. He'll assume it's us.*

8 PICARD: He'll know it's not us.

9 PICARD: He'll know it's Qo'noS-- the Klingon High Council.

4 RIKER, LEANING FORWARD, TALKING TO PICARD ON DESKTOP VIEWER. KEEP THE TROMBONE IN HERE. RIKER HAS LOST HIS SMILE.

10 RIKER: And he'll blame us for not telling him.

11 PICARD: (Electronic) *Worf understands orders, Will. His-- and ours.*

12 PICARD: (Electronic) *We have no choice--*

5 CUT TO: THE SVERDLOV ORBITING THE PLANET LANATOS II. LANATOS II IS A WATER WORLD. IT HAS VERY LITTLE ATMOSPHERE AND ALMOST NO LAND MASSES.

13 CAPTION: "--we've got to let Worf play this thing out."

14 VOICE: (From ship) Now orbiting the planet Lanatos II, Captain.

15 VOICE: (From Ship) Very well, Mr. Bair, commence de-orbit burn.

Page 21

- 1 THE SVERDLOV BRIDGE: SHANNON TURNING TOWARD WORF AS HE GETS OUT OF HIS CHAIR.
  - 1 SHANNON: Sir-- should I hail the Lanatosian Council--  
-?
  - 2 WORF: Negative, lieutenant.
  - 3 WORF: Mr. Bair, set course 125 by 125, 40-degree  
pitch. Take us down to the planet surface.
  - 4 WORF: I'll be in Turboshift 8.
- 2 RANDY (BAIR) AND SHANNON GIVE EACH OTHER A LOOK.
  - 5 BAIR: Don't ask me.
- 3 ON SHANNON, MAKING A SHIP-WIDE ANNOUNCEMENT.
  - 6 WEATHERS: Secure all bulkheads. Rig for impact.
  - 7 WEATHERS: All hands-- secure for atmospheric entry.
- 4 CUT TO: SHIP EXTERIOR: THE SVERDLOV ROLLING OVER ON ITS BACK, NOW, AS IT BANKS AROUND THE PLANET, DIVING AWAY FROM US.
  - 6 BAIR: (From ship) Commencing de-orbit burn. 12  
minutes to planet atmosphere.

## Page 22

- 1 REECE's HAND: THE TRICORDER.
- 1 TEXT: WRONG SIDE OF PLANET
- 2 REECE, ANNOYED, SAUNTERS TO HER DOOR, TOSSING THE TRICORDER.
- 2 REECE: I've had about enough of this...
- 3 THE DOORWAY: THE DOOR SLIDING ACROSS REVEALING RIDLEY AND ONE OF WORF's GUYS. THE MEN NOW WEARING BLACK SHIRTS WITH STARFLEET BADGES.
- 3 REECE: --?! Worf's guys?
- 4 REECE: Ridley-- where are my men?
- 4 RIDLEY SHOVES REECE BACK INSIDE, THE FLAT OF HIS PALM AGAINST REECE's FACE.
- 5 RIDLEY: Shaddap.
- 6 RIDLEY: (Attach) Sir.
- 5 CUT TO: THE PLANET SURFACE: WATER, EVERYWHERE. NO LAND IN SIGHT. THE SVERDLOV BANKING AROUND AND DOWN OUT OF THE CLOUDS, SOARING THROUGH VIOLENT THUNDERSTORM.
- 7 VOICE: (From Ship) All hands-- brace for impact--
- 8 VOICE: (Attach) --in five... four... three--



**Pages 23-24**

- 1 (TOP HALF OF 2-PAGE SPREAD) UNDERWATER: THE SVERDLOV DRAMATICALLY SMASHES DOWN THROUGH THE WATER, CLEAVING THE SEA. THE HULL GLOWS WITH BLUE FORCE FIELD.
- 1 BURST: (From Ship) -- ONE!!
- ACROSS BOTTOM HALF OF SPREAD:
- 2 CUT TO: INTERIOR: TURBOSHAFT 8: WOLF NOW IN BLACK WETSUIT, A FUTURISTIC SCUBA MASK OVER HIS FACE.
- 2 WOLF: Flood the skirt.
- 3 WOLF: Release docking clamps on Shuttle Six.
- 3 CUT TO: EXTERIOR: NEAR THE DEFLECTOR ARRAY: MASSIVE DOORS TO FORWARD CARGO BAY OPENING, WATER CHARGING THROUGH. NOTE: IT IS ESSENTIAL TO SEE AT LEAST PART OF THE SHIP'S DEFLECTOR SO WE UNDERSTAND THESE DOORS ARE OPENING IN THE FRONT END OF THE SHIP.
- 4 SFX: WHHOOOOOOOSSSH!!
- 4 CUT TO: TURBOSHAFT: WOLF AND HIS GUYS NOW LYING FLAT ABOARD INDIVIDUAL HIGH-TECH SLEDS OF YOUR INVENTION. THE TUBE FLOODS WITH WATER.
- 5 SFX: WHHOOOOOOOSSSH!!

**Page 25**

- 1      DRAMATIC ANGLE: WORF AND THE GUYS (AT LEAST FOUR OF THEM) BARREL FORWARD PROPELLED BY THE MASSIVE RUSH OF WATER FLOODING IN THROUGH THE FRONT END OF THE SHIP.

— no copy —

- 2      CUT TO: REAR END OF THE SHIP: AFT CARGO BAY DOORS OPEN, WORF AND HIS TEAM EXPLODE OUT OF THE BACK OF THE SHIP, PERFORMING A DRAMATIC BANKING TURN PAST OUR POINT OF VIEW.

ONE OF THE SHIP'S SHUTTLECRAFT SLIDES OUT OF THE BACK OF THE SHIP. HAVE IT SKATING SIDEWAYS OR TUMBLING OVER ON ITSELF TO BETTER COMMUNICATE THIS IS NOT A CONTROLLED LIFTOFF BUT RATHER THE SHUTTLE IS BEING DUMPED INTO THE AQUEOUS VOID.

— no copy —

- 3      ANGLE IN CLOSE: ONE OF WORF'S MEN, POINTING IN SOME DIRECTION WHILE LOOKING AT AN ELECTRONIC WRIST BAND OF SOME SORT WHICH IS PROVIDING DATA.

— no copy —

- 4      LONG SHOT: THE TEAM BANKING AWAY FROM US, RACING AWAY INTO THE DARK VOID. A TRAIL OF BUBBLES BEHIND.

— no copy —

- 5      WIDE ANGLE: A MASSIVE UNDERWATER MOUNT RUSHMORE, FACES OF PROMINENT LANATOSIANS CARVED INTO AN UNDERWATER MOUNTAIN. TINY FIGURES OF THE ASSAULT TEAM APPROACH THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

— no copy —

**Page 26**

- 1      WOLF AND ONE OF HIS GUYS USING WHAT APPEAR TO BE HUGE RIFLES, ALMOST TWICE THEIR SIZE, TO CUT THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN WALL. NOTE THESE ARE SONIC DISRUPTORS, NOT ENERGY BEAMS WHICH WOULD BE USELESS IN THE THICK MUCOUS LIQUID PLANET.

— no copy —

- 2      MORE OF THIS: THE SONIC WEAPONS CASING HUGE CRACKS, CHUNKS OF WALL FALLING AWAY NOW.

— no copy —

- 3      CUT TO: INTERIOR OF THE MOUNTAIN: WOLF'S TEAM SWIMS TOWARD US, GLARING HIGH-INTENSITY LIGHT BLINDING US.

— no copy —

- 4      CUT TO: A HIDDEN BUNKER. THIS IS AN OXYGEN-FILLED AREA, LIKE THE BATCAVE. THE HEADS OF WOLF'S TEAM S CAUTIOUSLY EMERGE FROM A CAVERN POOL. A PAIR OF GUARDS ON POST NEAR A CAVERN ENTRANCE.

— no copy —

- 5      THE GUARDS ARE RIDDLED BY SILENT GUNFIRE FROM SONIC DISRUPTORS.

— no copy —

- 6      WOLF SILENTLY LEADS HIS ASSAULT TEAM FORWARD, STEPPING OVER THE GUARDS.

— no copy —

**Page 27**

1 INTERIOR: A BUNKER: THE DOOR BLOWN OFF ITS HINGES. NOTE: THESE GUYS ARE USING SONIC WEAPONS. THEY ARE COMPLETELY SILENT.

— no copy —

2 ANGLE: THE ROOM's OCCUPANT: COLONEL XERXES: A THIN, PALE, AGING ROMULAN. HE SNARLS AS HE TURNS TOWARD US, HIS HAND GOING UP IN OBJECTION (NOT SURRENDER).

1 XERXES: No, you fools-- wait--!

3 WOLF: SNARLING, FIRING HIS SONIC RIFLE. CONCENTRIC CIRCLES INDICATING AN ULTRASONIC BURP.

— no copy —

4 XERXES STAGGERS BACK AS HE IS HIT IN THE HEAD. WE DO NOT SEE THE BULLET (IT'S MADE OF PURE SOUND). BLOOD SPURTS AGAINST THE WALL FROM THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. COLOR: ROMULAN BLOOD IS GREEN.

2 SFX: KAPPP.

5 EXTERIOR: THE MOUNTAIN: WOLF's TEAM EVACUATING, SWIMMING TOWARDS US AWAY FROM MOUNTAIN IN BACKGROUND, DRAGGING XERXES ALONG WITH THEM.

3 NEXT: NEXT: A MATTER OF DEGREES

— 30 —