STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Naked Now"

CAST

PICARD             SARAH MACDOUGAL
RIKER              JIM SHIMODA
DATA               CREWMAN (2)
TROI               CREWOMAN
BEVERLY            SECURITY GUARD
TASHA              TRANSPORTER CHIEF
WORF               CONN
GEORDI             
WESLEY             
STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Naked Now"  

SETS

INTERIORS
U.S.S. ENTERPRISE
Main Bridge
Transporter Room
Crusher's Office
Sickbay
Various Corridors
Engineering
Engineer's Office
Tasha's Quarters
Troi's Quarters

S.S. TSIOLKOVSKY
Main Corridor
Second Corridor
Bridge
Personnel Quarters
Bathroom
Lab

EXTERIORS
(all opticals)
FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

racing through space at warp speed.

    PICARD (V.O.)
    Captain's log, Stardate 41209.2.
    We are running at Warp 7 to rendezvous with the science vessel S. S. Tsiolkovsky...

2 FULL ON WHITE DWARF (OPTICAL)

with the S.S. Tsiolkovsky in orbit. Then the Enterprise appears and moves in to join the research vessel.

    PICARD (V.O.)
    (continuing)
    ... which has been routinely monitoring the collapse of a red supergiant star into a white dwarf. What has brought us here is a series of strange messages indicating something has gone wrong aboard the research vessel.

3 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

All regulars on duty -- Data at Ops, Geordi at Conn, Tasha and Worf upstage intent on main viewer which shows the Enterprise moving in parallel with the research vessel. First, a STATIC GARBLE, then a WOMAN'S VOICE over the audio channel, low and insinuating. INDISTINCT VOICES, LAUGHTER, IN B.G. indicate the SOUNDS OF A NOISY PARTY.

    WOMAN'S COM VOICE
    Well, hello Enterprise.
    Welcome... I hope you have a lot of pretty boys on board... because I'm willing... and waiting...

They wait for more, then Picard nods toward Data.
DATA
(touches com panel)
S.S. Tsiolkovsky, repeat your message.

WOMAN'S COM VOICE
(laughter, then)
In fact... we're going to have a real blowout here... Thought that would interest you. Waiting!

She LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY. There is MORE LAUGHTER FROM THE OTHERS, some cries of "DO IT! GO AHEAD!" in b.g. of the transmission, an EXPLOSIVE SOUND -- and then silence. After a beat:

DATA
Captain... what we just heard is, well...impossible.

PICARD
Report.

DATA
(quietly)
I believe that last sound we heard was an emergency hatch being blown.

The subspace channel is still open -- all we HEAR is the HISS OF EMPTY AIR.

PICARD
Are you certain... yes, of course you are.

Riker comes to his feet fast, gets a nod from Picard, motions for Data, Geordi and Tasha to follow him to the turbolift.

WORF
Sensor scan now reveals no life signs aboard, Captain.

INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM - ANGLE ON AWAY TEAM (OPTICAL)

The away team consists of RIKER, GEORDI, DATA, TASHA, and a SECURITY GUARD. Data and Geordi have tricorders; Tasha has the large phaser.

RIKER
Put us on their bridge, Chief.
CONTINUED:

TRANSPORTER CHIEF
Life support systems are not functioning in that area, sir.

Riker nods to the TRANSPORTER CHIEF at the console.

RIKER
Then put us in the main corridor.
Energize.

The Transporter Chief works his console controls deftly. As the TRANSPORTER EFFECT AND SOUNDS BEGIN AND BUILD:

INT. TSIOLKOVSKY MAIN CORRIDOR - ON AWAY TEAM (OPTICAL)

The TRANSPORTER EFFECT COMES IN, FADES DOWN, leaving the away team materialized. The ship is very quiet -- a low HUM of working equipment, but without the murmur of living beings.

RIKER
Cover the ship as planned. Move out.

Data and Geordi put tricorders on "record" and all move out.

INT. SECOND CORRIDOR - ON RIKER AND DATA (OPTICAL)

This corridor shows signs of phaser char marks on the walls. There is litter on the deck -- food, a wine bottle, discarded clothes. Data records the scene with his tricorder, as:

DATA
Indications of what humans would call... a "wild party?"

Riker has moved quickly to a door at the end of the corridor. It is shut, but there is a small viewscreen set in the wall beside it.

RIKER
Their bridge. If this thing works, be sure to record ---

He activates the viewscreen, takes a look, and GROANS.
CLOSE SHOT - SMALL VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

Narrow view of a small bridge (SET FRAGMENT), mostly consoles, maybe a command chair. And beyond these, the emergency hatch set in the bulkhead -- the hatch is gone, and the cold glitter of a starfield winks beyond it. (SET DRESSING NOTE: There should be no loose objects visible, only items that are firmly anchored to deck or bulkhead. Anything loose would have been swept into space when the air rushed out into the vacuum.)

WIDER SHOT - RIKER AND DATA

Riker steps aside, gesturing to Data to record the scene on the viewer as:

RIKER
You were right. Somebody blew the hatch and they were all sucked out into space.

DATA
Correction, sir, blown out.

RIKER
Thank you, Data.

DATA
A common mistake, sir...

RIKER
(emphasis)
I know! Thank you, Data.

TASHA'S COM VOICE
Commander Riker, it's Lieutenant Yar, location Engineering. Ten people here, sir, all frozen. No vital signs.

RIKER
(touches communicator)
Frozen how?

TASHA'S COM VOICE
Looks to me like someone was "playing" with the environmental controls, sir. Just let all the heat bleed away into space.

RIKER
(to Data)
That's ridiculous!

TASHA'S COM VOICE
That's what I say, sir.
INT. PERSONNEL QUARTERS - ANGLE ON ENTRY DOOR

as it opens heavily and causes a slight AIR HISSING. Geordi ENTERS from the corridor, reacts to the AIR HISSING, hits a wall control on the inside. His expression changes to one of dismay as he looks around.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA ANGLE REVEALS a room partially covered with frost. We glimpse several male and female bodies, scantily clad or (implied) nude, possibly a couple entwined. All are frozen and dead. Bits of frost-covered lingerie and other intimate clothing are scattered around. Geordi touches his insignia.

GEORDI
Sir, Lieutenant La Forge in the crew quarters. Something in here.

BACK TO GEORDI

as he HEARS A SOUND, the BUMP BUMP of a door bumping against the jamb. Geordi hurries across the small room toward the adjoining bathroom.

GEORDI
(continuing)
Hello!

INT. BATHROOM - ANGLE ON GEORDI

Nothing inside, Geordi decides to check the closed shower stall, yanks the door open -- and a frozen WOMAN'S BODY, fully clothed, falls out into his arms. Although startled, Geordi has the presence of mind to catch the ice-covered corpse and lower it to the floor.

CLOSER ON GEORDI

Examining the frozen woman who had once been attractive, shakes his head in pity. He rests one hand on the wet side wall of the shower to brace himself as he prepares to stand upright again.

VERY CLOSE ON GEORDI'S HAND AND "DROPS" (INSERT))

Several drops of "water" on the icy shower wall where Geordi's hand rests coalesce and move onto his hand (per Justman effect).
15 INT. TSIOLKOVSKY MAIN CORRIDOR - EMPHASIZING RIKER

as he uses his communicator.

RIKER
Riker to Captain, I have a report
for you.

16 INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - CLOSE ON PICARD

Worf at Ops (port) and crewman at Conn (starboard).

PICARD
(tabs com control)
Picard here.

RIKER'S COM VOICE
They're all dead, sir. Some were
apparently blown out the emergency
hatches.

PICARD
There were eighty people on that
ship, Number One.

RIKER'S COM VOICE
Yes sir. As I said, all dead.

Picard looks incredulous.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

17 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND TSIOLKOVSKY (OPTICAL)

The Tsiolkovsky still drifts in space. The Enterprise is nearby. Over this:

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's log, supplemental. We are downloading the research information gathered on the collapsing...

18 CLOSE ANGLE ON DWARF STAR (OPTICAL)

looking somehow strange, unstable, although we'd see no surface movement at this range.

PICARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
... star nearby. I am concerned at being in such close orbit, but the Tsiolkovsky's research records...

19 INT. ENTERPRISE MEDICAL CORRIDOR

with Picard striding toward Dr. Crusher's office.

PICARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
... will no doubt predict the time of the star's final collapse.

20 INT. CRUSHER'S OFFICE - ON BEVERLY, PICARD AND TROI

Beverly is examining information as it comes up on a desktop viewer. (NOTE: We see only the back of the viewer and the flicker of light on her face as the information changes.) Troi is there too, also watching the screen.

Picard ENTERS, strides over to examine the viewing screen too.

BEVERLY
I can't find anything unusual in any of the tricorder readings they've sent over, Captain.
Picard straightens up, and Beverly turns around to look at him.

PICARD
Give me a theory, Doctor.
Anything!

Beverly's silence is eloquent. She shakes her head, her face has a worried look.

PICARD
(turning; continuing)
Troi? Did you feel anything from over there?

TROI
Perhaps some residual confusion... and exhilaration, too. But I'm not too certain of that.

PICARD
Madness? Mass hysteria? Delusion?

TROI
Any or all, Captain.

PICARD
All right. Let's bring the away team back. Set the transporter for maximum decontamination. And then full examinations and observation when they're here.

He turns and heads for the door.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND TSIOLKOVSKY (OPTICAL)
as before.

INT. ENTERPRISE SICKBAY - BEVERLY, RIKER, GEORDI, DATA

Data is just getting up from one of the hospital beds as:

BEVERLY
If you were any more perfect, Data, I'd write you up in a Starfleet medical textbook.
22 CONTINUED:

DATA
I am already listed in several
biomechanical texts, Doctor.

Beverly doesn't quite yet know how to take Data. Riker
does, and grins.

BEVERLY
Yes... of course.
(to Geordi)
You're next, Lieutenant.

Data LEAVES. Geordi obligingly lies down on the
hospital bed, and Beverly starts to monitor him with
a small instrument.

23 ANGLE ON MEDICAL VIEWSCREEN

The readings come on -- nothing radical anywhere.

24 WIDER ANGLE

as Beverly looks up at the o.s. viewscreen, then:

BEVERLY
(continuing)
Normal -- all across.
Except... why are you perspiring?

Geordi appears to have a fine sheen of perspiration on
his face.

GEORDI
I suppose because you have it too
hot in here. What else would it
be?

Both Beverly and Riker have reacted to this un-Geordi
reply.

RIKER
That doesn't... sound exactly like
you, Geordi.

Geordi looks up, then replies pleasantly, grinning.

GEORDI
Maybe it wasn't.
(indicates Beverly)
Maybe she threw her voice.

He means it as a joke but no one is amused.
CONTINUED:

GEORDI
(continuing)
Joke.

BEVERLY
Of course. But I would like to run another test or two on you, Lieutenant.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE AND CRUSHER'S OFFICE (INTERCUTS)

as Picard turns to his panel.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
Sickbay to Bridge...

PICARD
Picard here. Go ahead, Doctor.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
I'm confining Lieutenant La Forge to Sickbay until further notice.

PICARD
Do we have a problem, Doctor?

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
I don't know yet.

INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - FULL SHOT

as Riker ENTERS from a turbolift and crosses toward Data, who is working at one of the science stations at the rear of the Bridge. All other Bridge Personnel are in place -- Picard, Tasha, Worf at Ops, Crewman at Conn.

CLOSER TWO SHOT - RIKER AND DATA

Data looks up as Riker approaches him.

RIKER
Data, I need help in locating some library-computer information.

DATA
Specifics, sir?
CONTINUED:

RIKER
All I have is a vague memory of reading somewhere about someone taking a shower in his or her clothing.
DATA
Ah. The body Geordi discovered.

RIKER
And I believe it may have happened before.

DATA
To "someone," "somewhere."

RIKER
(amused)
Should be easy for someone written up in biomechanical texts.

Data shrugs, enters a command on the panel, and information begins to flash up on a small viewscreen. (Viewscreen may be o.s.)

DATA
About that... did the doctor believe I was boasting?

RIKER
(dryly)
Probably.
(indicates viewer)
This may take some time?

DATA
At least several hours.
(looks up)
But what I said was a statement of fact.

Riker begins EXITING.

DATA
(continuing)
Perhaps she will look it up.

RIKER
You can depend on it.

INT. SICKBAY - ANGLE ON GEORDI AND BEVERLY

He is resting on a hospital bed. Beverly finishes working over him with a medical instrument, checks a reading on it, moves toward her office. (NOTE: At no time does she touch him.)
INT. CRUSHER'S OFFICE - ON BEVERLY

She sits down at her desk, compares readings on the medical instrument with something she has called up on the viewer.

INT. SICKBAY - ON GEORDI

He sits up, takes off his communicator and lays it to one side. Then he gets to his feet, and quietly EXITS the Sickbay. A moment, then Beverly comes back IN -- stares at the empty bed, snatches up Geordi's communicator and runs for the door.

BEVERLY

Geordi!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SICKBAY - ON BEVERLY

The door slides open and she stands there, agitatedly staring up and down the corridor.

BEVERLY'S P.O.V. - THE CORRIDOR

empty.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ON TASHA

as she hears an ALERT SIGNAL from her panel.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE

Security! Lieutenant La Forge just left Sickbay while my back was turned. It's important we find him.

TASHA

(toward console)

Security team alert, pick up Lieutenant La Forge who left Sickbay moments ago.

(calling toward Picard)

Captain, anything further?

PICARD

Affirmative. Make it a ship-wide search, Lieutenant.
INT. CRUSHER'S QUARTERS - ANGLE ON WESLEY AND GEORDI

The boy is in the living space, near a table littered with delicate futuristic tools.
He has an intricately shaped tube attached to a miniature control device. It is a MINIATURE TRACTOR BEAM (OPTICAL). As Geordi watches, Wesley is using the device to maneuver a chair in the air.

**WESLEY**

It's a model of the same kind of tractor beam our ship uses... with some ideas of my own added.

He hoists the chair higher, floats it sideways, lets it settle to the deck. Geordi is fascinated.

**GEORDI**

So that's your science project.

Wes, you are something!

**WESLEY**

Meanwhile, the captain won't let me visit the bridge.

Wesley goes to the littered table, pulls out a transparent cube, slides it into a slot on a small flat (portable) machine.

**WESLEY**

(continuing)

So I use this to imagine I'm there.

Wesley touches a control and a light goes on at the tiny machine.

**PICARD'S VOICE**

Take the helm, Mister Crusher.

Set a course for thirty-seven mark one hundred eighty. Warp six.

**GEORDI**

(indicates)

That's the captain's voice.

**WESLEY**

(Pieces together from words he's used on the intercom.)

(indicates)

I can pretend he's ordering me to take the Enterprise anywhere.

And listen to this...

Wesley touches another control.
CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD'S VOICE
Chief Engineer, report to the Bridge. Commander Riker, report to the Bridge. Doctor Crusher, report to the Bridge.

WESLEY
What d'you think?

Geordi puts a friendly arm about the boy's shoulder.

GEORDI
I think the captain's lucky you're on his side.

WESLEY
But he still won't let me on the bridge. And there's nothing there I don't understand.

GEORDI
Wish I understood myself that well.

Wesley turns at the "down" note in Geordi's voice.

WESLEY
You okay?

GEORDI
No. Suddenly I seem to be burning up inside.

Geordi stands, moves for the door.

GEORDI
(continuing)
Wow it's hot in here.

Geordi EXITS leaving a puzzled Wesley inside.

34A INT. CORRIDORS
Tasha and Security Personnel searching for Geordi.

35 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE - ANGLE ON GEORDI
perspiring, upset. Looking out to space.

TASHA'S VOICE
Geordi...?
CONTINUED:

She ENTERS SCENE from behind him, looking for a reaction from him.

          TASHA
          (continuing)
          Medical's been worried about you.

          GEORDI
          (without turning)
          Help me.

Tasha studies him a beat. He seems so sad, so lonely. Then:

          TASHA
          Lieutenant Yar in the Observation Lounge. Send a team here now.

After a beat, Geordi swings around to look at her, pain and longing chasing across his face.

          GEORDI
          Tasha... I said "help me." Help me not to give in to the wild things coming into my mind...

Tasha is moved, tries to fight it off.

          TASHA
          Geordi -- my job is security...

          GEORDI
          Please.

Tasha folds him into arms.

          TASHA
          Yes, helping is more important. How can I help you Geordi?

INSERT - TASHA'S HAND

being patted by Geordi's hand.

BACK TO SHOT

A Security Guard hurries into the room, stops as Tasha motions him to a halt.

          GEORDI
          Help me to see like you do.
CONTINUED:

TASHA
But you already see better than I can.

GEORDI
I see more. But more isn't better!

He tears off the prosthesis, exposing eyes that have flat gray irises with no pupil, incapable of expression.

TASHA
Geordi...

GEORDI
I want to see in shallow, dim, beautiful human ways.

TASHA
We'll talk about it, Geordi.
(takes his arm)
I'm going to take you to Sickbay now. All right?

He bobs his head, willing to be assisted. As she leads him away:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

38 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND TSIOLKOVSKY (OPTICAL)

The dwarf star in view too.

PICARD (V. O.)
Captain's log, supplemental. I am concerned that away team member Lieutenant La Forge has been taken to Sickbay. The report: "unusual behavior."

39 INT. SICKBAY - ANGLE ON BEVERLY, GEORDI, TROI

Geordi is lying on a hospital bed still struggling to control his emotions, while Beverly works her medical instruments over him, glancing up now and then at the o.s. viewscreen to check the results. Troi is assisting the monitoring.

40 INT. CRUSHER'S OFFICE - ON TASHA AND PICARD

TASHA
... and then we got him down to sickbay so Dr. Crusher could examine him.

PICARD
He wasn't violent?

She glances over her shoulder back toward the treatment room.

TASHA
No, sir. He was very upset... he kept talking about wanting normal eyes.

PICARD
Thank you, Lieutenant. I'll be in Sickbay.

Picard HURRIES OUT immediately. It's clear he has much on his mind. Tasha moves to EXIT, then pauses.
CLOSE ON TASHA

wiping a hand over her lightly perspiring brow. As she EXITS, it is clear she feels strange somehow.

INT. SICKBAY - ON BEVERLY, GEORDI, TROI, PICARD

Beverly administers a hypospray to Geordi, which finally begins to calm his emotional state. As Picard joins them, Beverly turns and indicates her medical viewscreen.

BEVERLY
According to our medical readouts, there's still nothing wrong with him. He looks like he's running a temperature but every instrument we have says he's not.

PICARD
Doctor, every person on that ship over there died. Is there any chance that whatever did it is loose on my ship?

BEVERLY
If you mean a disease, sir, I'd say there's no chance of it. We used full decontamination, we examined each team member carefully...

PICARD
(interrupting)
The entire crew over there somehow managed to kill themselves, Doctor. If it wasn't a disease, what else could have made them do that?

BEVERLY
The obvious alternatives would be in areas of insanity, severe emotional upset...

(stops short; to Troi)
Troi, do you feel anything unusual in the lieutenant here?

PICARD
(to Troi)
Security reported he was longing for normal eyesight. A rather sudden yearning for that.
CONTINUED:

TROI
Since his records show no previous mention of that, the fact that it's happened now could be important.

Troi centers her attention on Geordi, mentally probing. Then:

TROI
(continuing)
But all I feel from him is confusion. If I didn't know better, I'd say he was intoxicated.

The Captain throws a quick look toward Beverly who shakes her head firmly.

BEVERLY
Our tests would have shown that. Also any signs of drugs, hallucinogens or other contaminants.

INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - ANGLE ON RIKER AND DATA
still at the science station, Data's fingers flying over tabs on the console. He looks at the viewscreen, shakes his head. Worf and Crewman as before.

DATA
Can you provide more information, sir? Seeking an instance of someone showering with their clothing on is...is...

RIKER
I know... like looking for a needle in a haystack.

DATA
(puzzled)
Why should anyone wish to expend their time in such a search?

RIKER
Correction, Data, I should have said proverbial needle in a haystack.
43 CONTINUED:

DATA
Ah, a human proverb! As in
tfolklore, or an historical
allusion, or tribal memories,
or...

RIKER
(interrupting)
That's it! Historical! I
remember now that I was reading
a history of all the past
starships named Enterprise.

Data takes over the console, quickly tabbing in commands as:

DATA
Enterprise history. Aberrant
behavior. Medical cross
reference...

44 ANGLE TO INCLUDE TURBOLIFT

as Picard ARRIVES, CROSSES toward his Bridge position.
Riker sees him, calls:

RIKER
Captain, I believe we've got the
answer to what happened over
there.

45 ANGLE AT VIEWER

where Data continues refining the information he's
getting. Riker is watching over his shoulder as Picard
moves in to examine the information too.

PICARD
The Constitution class Enterprise,
Captain James T. Kirk
commanding...

RIKER
(indicates viewer)
Similar conditions. They were
monitoring a planet that was
breaking up, not a collapsing star
as in this case, but there were
the same huge shifts in gravity...
... which somehow resulted in complex strings of water molecules which then acquired carbon from the body and acted on the brain like alcohol!

(to Data)
Mister Data, download that information immediately to medical.

DATA
Aye sir, downloading.

Picard and Riker both study the information on the viewer.

PICARD
Fascinating! Their entire crew going out of control...

RIKER
Like intoxication but worse. Judgment almost completely impaired...

PICARD
Until they found this formula, barely in time.

(moves to his own console)
Picard to Doctor Crusher, come in.

After a moment:

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
This is Crusher; go ahead Captain.

PICARD
You can relax, Doctor. The answer to all this is feeding into your medical banks now... including a cure.

A long beat, then:

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
Are you certain, Captain?

PICARD
Absolutely!

Data has looked up with a slight pained expression at Picard's "absolutely."
INT. TROI'S QUARTERS - ON TROI

Troi's quarters are tastefully decorated, including a scattering of art objects that may be Betazoid in origin -- perhaps a wall hanging, a unique piece of pottery or statuette, or paintings. At the moment, there are also a number of lovely dresses and gowns draped over the furniture. Troi ENTERS and stops inside the door, staring.

TROI
Tasha?

INCLUDING TASHA

She is somewhat agitated and has a light sheen of perspiration as she holds one of Troi's gowns against her, judging it for color. The size, of course, would be all wrong for her.

TROI
(continuing)
What're you doing?

TASHA
I need your advice. That's why I came to your quarters.

TROI
Of course. Anything I can do ---

TASHA
(interrupting)
On clothes. You always wear such beautiful clothes off duty. And your hair's so nice all the time. I want to change my image.
(holds up dress)
What about this color?

TROI
Not for you. Tasha, I feel you're very uncertain... that you're fighting something.

She reaches out to take Tasha's hand comfortingly.

TROI
(continuing)
What is it?

Tasha pulls her hand away, tosses down the dress, and moves to the door as:
CONTINUED:

TASHA
Never mind. I'll find what I need myself. Ship's Stores will have it.

TROI
Tasha, wait ---

Tasha LEAVES. Troi immediately touches the com panel.

TROI
(continuing)
Troi to Captain Picard.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ON PICARD

PICARD
Picard here.

TROI'S COM VOICE
Sir, I think Tasha's been infected, too. She's just left my quarters...

PICARD
It's not actually an "infection," Counselor.

TROI'S COM VOICE
Yes sir, it's more like intoxication, but whatever it is, she's got it.

ANGL E TO INCLUDE RIKER AND DATA

PICARD
Thank you, Counselor.
(to Riker)
Number One, our security chief has the equivalent of a snootful.

DATA
(to Picard)
Inquiry, sir... 'snootful?'

PICARD
Forget it!
50 INT. CRUSHER'S OFFICE - ANGLE ON BEVERLY

She is checking the lab report on Geordi against information on her viewscreen when:

WESLEY (V.O)
Mom, Look what I can do...

She turns, gets to her feet in alarm and hurries into the treatment room.

51 INT. SICKBAY - INCLUDING WESLEY AND BEVERLY (OPTICAL)

Wesley again has the tractor beam on and is balancing several medical instruments in mid-air all at the same time. We can also SEE he's perspiring a bit.

WESLEY
(continuing)
I've been able to widen and strengthen the beam, just like I told you last night ---

BEVERLY
Do me a favor, Wes? There's something happening on this ship...

(shrugs)
Just to be safe, I'd like you to stay in our quarters until it's solved.

WESLEY
(slightly silly grin)
Right, Mom, right. Your wish is my...

BEVERLY
Now, Wes.

Wesley lowers the floating instruments and turns off the little tractor beam as:

WESLEY
(another grin)
You could be stunting my emotional growth, you know.

(wipes forehead)
Why's it so hot in here, anyway?

He heads for the door. Beverly pauses, thinking about his words a moment, then has to forget it as:
CONTINUED:

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Picard to Crusher. Have you made a test injection yet? We're getting indications that this condition is spreading.

BEVERLY
No test yet, Captain, but very soon.

INT. CORRIDOR - CLOSE ON A VERY SHAPELY REAR END

moving down the corridor with a most provocative sway.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the shapely rear end belongs to Tasha, and she is moving with the sexiest walk imaginable -- quite unlike her usual straightforward stride. Her whole expression has acquired a sexy pout. She approaches an intersection where several crewpersons are passing. Then, we HEAR GIGGLES, then a woman's LAUGHING SCREAM.

TRANSPORTER CHIEF
Come to Papa; come to Papa... !

MORE LAUGHTER as A CREWMAN chases a CREW WOMAN around the corner and into the other corridor. Other crew odd behavior.

WIDER ANGLE

From the reactions of the crewpersons in sight it is obvious that some have been infected and some not. Another CREWMAN is coming from the other direction and pauses as he sees Tasha swaying sexily toward him, openly flirting. She stops in front of him.

TASHA AND CREWMAN

She reaches out to pull him a little closer and plants one hell of a kiss on him. As he returns it:

INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - FULL SHOT

As Picard returns to his chair, Data moves toward him.

DATA
Captain, in another forty-one minutes will see the information from the Tsiolkovsky downloaded to us.
CONTINUED:

PICARD
Why so slow?

DATA
Slow, sir? The Tsiolkovsky has been eight months in accumulating it.

PICARD
(indicates viewer)
How much danger from that star? Worse case.

ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

The collapsing star centered on the screen in the midst of very slow motion surface explosions.

DATA (V.O.)
Like a full collapse, sir?

BACK TO TWO SHOT - PICARD AND DATA

DATA
(continuing)
Any stellar material it threw this way we could still outrun on half impulse power.

ANGLE AT MAIN VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

as before, the slow surface explosions on the collapsing star continuing from the last viewscreen SHOT.

INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE - FULL SHOT

CHIEF ENGINEER SARAH MACDOUGAL and her ASSISTANT CHIEF JIM SHIMODA are working in the office at their consoles. They both glance up as the BOSUN'S WHISTLE SOUNDS, then:

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Picard to Engineering. Chief engineer report to the bridge.

MacDougal shakes her head, EXITS the office. Shimoda turns back to his console.
CONTINUED:

PICARD'S COM VOICE
(continuing)
Assistant Chief Engineer Shimoda
report to Medical.

Shimoda hesitates, looks around the empty office. A beat... then Wesley ENTERS the office, carrying the small flat portable machine we saw earlier.

We should also SEE the small tractor beam device with tube and fiber optic wire attachment.

WESLEY
Hi, Jim. Was that the captain sending you to Medical?

SHIMODA
Which would leave no one on duty here. The chief was just summoned to the bridge.

WESLEY
What about me? I could call your chief on the bridge if anything happens.

He smiles at Shimoda... and wipes some sweat from his brow.

INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - ANGLE ON PICARD AND MACDOUGAL

Picard looks around curiously as MacDougal approaches the command chair:

MACDOUGAL
Reporting as ordered, sir.

PICARD
What?

MACDOUGAL
You ordered me to report to the bridge, sir.

PICARD
I did no such thing. I want you down in the Engine Room in case we need to move out of here.

Interrupted by a Bosun's WHISTLE ALERT:
CONTINUED:

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Attention all decks, all
divisions. Effective
immediately, I have handed over
control of this vessel to
Acting Captain Wesley Crusher.

CLOSE ON PICARD

Sheer disbelief.

PICARD
Acting Capt...

WESLEY'S COM VOICE
Thank you, Captain Picard, thank
you. And with that order dawns
a brave new day for the
Enterprise.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

62  EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

PICARD (V.O)
Captain's log, Stardate 41209.3.
The strange contaminant that led to the deaths of the Tsiolkovsky crew is now aboard the Enterprise... and our Engineering Section has been commandeered by young Wesley Crusher...

63  INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - EMPHASIZING PICARD

PICARD (continuing)
Number One, MacDougal -- get that boy out of Engineering.

Riker and MacDougal turn and head for a turbolift as:

64  ANGLE ON WORF

Worf at Ops, Data at the Conn station. Worf turns around toward Picard, concerned.

WORF
Sir, I'm getting very strange reports from all decks --

PICARD
Such as?

WORF
Such as the ship's training division ordering all officers to attend a lecture on metaphysics.

PICARD
Metaphysics?
DATA
Confirmed, sir. And there is a rather peculiar limerick being delivered by someone in the shuttlecraft bay. I am not sure I understand it...

(quoting)
There was a young lady from Venus whose body was shaped like --

PICARD
(interrupting)
Captain to Security, come in!

DATA
(to Worf)
Did I say something wrong?

WORF
(shrugs)
I don't understand their humor either.

SECURITY COM VOICE
(lazy, uninterested)
Yeah, Captain?

PICARD
Where's my security chief?! Get me Lieutenant Yar.

SECURITY COM VOICE
Keep your britches on, Captain.

TASHA'S COM VOICE
Captain Picard...

PICARD
Yar, where are you?

TASHA'S COM VOICE
I'm in my quarters and pretty busy right at this moment, Jean-Luc.

PICARD
(gathering self together)
All right, Lieutenant, just stay right there.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

PICARD (Cont'd)
(turning)
Data, please go to Lieutenant Yar
and get her down to Sickbay.

DATA
Yes, sir.

PICARD
(into console)
Security, I want all your senior
supervisors to report to the
bridge immediately.

INT. ENGINEERING (OPTICAL)

A FORCEFIELD SHIMMER at the entrance to the Engineering
Office, barring the way inside. Beyond the FORCEFIELD
inside the office stands Wesley who is grinning at
several Crewpersons, all of them clearly contaminated,
who stand outside the FORCEFIELD. Assistant Chief
Engineer Shimoda ENTERS, grinning and weaving slightly,
wants up to the FORCEFIELD as:

WESLEY
... and a dessert course shall
henceforth precede and follow
every meal. Including breakfast.

CHEERS from the onlookers.

CREWMAN
Hurray for the acting captain!

ANGLE ON SHIMODA (OPTICAL)

SHIMODA
Never got as far as Sickbay, Wes.
I feel too good for that.

BUZZ SOUND as Shimoda walks into the FORCEFIELD and is
thrown back.

SHIMODA
(continuing)
Incredible! How did you do that?
CONTINUED:

WESLEY
(indicating)
Hooked my model tractor beam into
ship's power. Now it's a repulser
beam too.

(eyeing Shimoda)
Want in?

Shimoda nods, raises his right hand as in oath.

SHIMODA
Swear to be faithful to you,
Captain!

INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE (OPTICAL)

Wesley picks up a small control device, aims it at the
FORCEFIELD which disappears. Shimoda steps inside, then
Wesley turns the forcefield on again.

INT. TASHA'S QUARTERS - AT DOOR

The living space is low lit, provocative shadows. There
is a CHIME, a beat, then the door slides open. Data
stands there, hesitant, steps in. He looks around, not
quite sure of himself.

DATA
Lieutenant Yar?

TASHA'S VOICE
Here, Data.

ANGLE ON TASHA

in the door to her bedroom. Her hair is provocatively
arranged... her makeup is especially dramatic and
attractive... and she wears a pale blue diaphanous
Theiss creation that promises revelations that will get
us thrown off the air. Her voice quality has changed
too... sultry, like a Louisiana summer night.

TASHA
(continuing)
You wanted me?

TWO SHOT

Tasha moves languidly toward Data, almost floating.
Data doesn't quite know how to react to this Tasha.
DATA
Captain Picard ordered me to escort you to Sickbay, Lieutenant.

TASHA
Did he say when?

DATA
(considering it, then)
I am sure he meant "now."
(indicates)
So you need time to get into uniform...

TASHA
But I got out of uniform for you, Data. Do you know how old I was when I was abandoned?

DATA
Chronological age? No, I am afraid I am not conversant with your ---

TASHA
Five. Five years old, but I survived. I learned how to stay alive, how to avoid the rape gangs. I was fifteen before I escaped.

DATA
I am sorry. I did not know...

TASHA
And what I want now is gentleness. And joy. And love.

She reaches out and caresses his face. Data shifts his weight, not sure what to do.

TASHA
(continuing)
From you, Data. You are fully functional, aren't you?

DATA
Of course, but...

TASHA
How fully?
DATA
In every way, of course. I have been programmed in multiple techniques, a broad variety of pleasing...

TASHA
You jewel! That's exactly what I hoped.

Her smile is provocative, full of promises; and Data tentatively smiles back. As the bedroom door closes behind them:

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND TSIOLKOVSKY (OPTICAL)

In b.g., then collapsing star begins slowly to GLOW BRIGHTER.

INT. ENGINEERING - ON RIKER

He is standing near a communications computer panel.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
What have you learned, Number One?

RIKER
Captain, the ship's engines are cut off from the bridge. And I have the reason. The assistant chief engineer pulled out the isolinear optical chips from command and all engines are off-line.

INT. ENGINEER'S OFFICE - ON SHIMODA AND WESLEY (OPTICAL)

Shimoda is sitting on the floor near an opened console, playing happily with a pile of isolinear chips (small colored slabs, rather like Chiclets), tossing them in the air or juggling them, staring at the pretty colors. Wesley looks with an air of pride and satisfaction at his portable TRACTOR BEAM which is emitting a beam wide enough to block the entire opening into the Engineer's Office.

INT. ENGINEERING - ON RIKER AND MACDOUGAL

as the Engineer COMES IN beside Riker.
CONTINUED:

RIKER
(continuing)
Wesley's hooked some kind of tractor beam into ship's power and has it aimed at the door. We can't get past it to get at the computer.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Can you short out the power?

Riker looks to MacDougal. She shrugs.

MACDOUGAL
Maybe.
(considers)
Yes, I can. But it's going to take time.

INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - CLOSE ON PICARD
Concerned.

PICARD
Do it!

INT. ENGINEERING - ON RIKER AND MACDOUGAL

as they pull a panel off the console opposite the Engineer's Office entry, and MacDougal starts to reach inside. From their right, there is the SOUND of turbolift doors and:

TROI'S VOICE
Bill...

INT. CORRIDOR TO ENGINEERING

as Riker comes to her.

RIKER
Deanna, what -- ?

She reaches for him before he can stop her, holds him tight.

TROI
So many minds on this ship, Bill... all free... released...
CONTINUED:

Her hands move sensuously on his back, her body closer to his.

RIKER
Deanna --

TROI
I can feel them all... what they feel... what they want... I feel a side of humans I've never felt before.

RIKER
Come on, I'm getting you to Sickbay.

He catches her up in his arms, carries her toward the turbolift as:

TROI
Wouldn't you rather be alone with me -- with me in your mind...

INT. SICKBAY - ANGLE ON BEVERLY

She has a large beaker or futuristic-shaped container from which she is loading a hypo-spray. The hypo-spray filled, she moves across to where Geordi La Forge lies still strapped on the hospital bed. He is awake now, his face a picture of desolation. Beverly administers the hypo-spray and steps back to observe.

BEVERLY
The medical records we found say this works almost instantly.

Geordi lies still, staring at the ceiling. Then:

GEORDI
I've never seen a rainbow, Doc. Sunset. Sunrise. None of those. This is going to help me?

Beverly stares at Geordi, horrified as realization comes. It doesn't work.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND TSIOLKOVSky AND DWARF STAR (OPTICAL)

No movement at all.
82 INT. SICKBAY - ANGLE ON RIKER AND TROI

as he carries her into the treatment area, lays her down gently on a bed next to Geordi's.

    RIKER
    Doctor Crusher...

He turns, looking for Beverly. She does not appear. He hurries into her office.

83 INT. CRUSHER'S OFFICE - ON BEVERLY AND RIKER

She is sitting at the desk, desolate. Riker COMES IN behind her, puts a hand on her shoulder to shake her slightly.

    RIKER
    Didn't you hear me? Deanna needs your help.

    BEVERLY
    The formula from the old Enterprise didn't work.

    RIKER
    What?

    BEVERLY
    This water-carbon complex may induce the same symptoms, but it's different somehow. Maybe it's mutated. I'll have to isolate it... analyze it...

    RIKER
    We don't have that kind of time.

She suddenly snaps around, realizing something.

    BEVERLY
    You brought Deanna in?

    RIKER
    She's infected with it, too.

He heads for the door. Beverly is on her feet anxiously.

    BEVERLY
    You touched her? Oh, God, you touched me.
    (then)
    You can't leave here -
83 CONTINUED:

RIKER
If we don't get our command computers back on-line soon, this -- whatever this is -- won't matter. We'll all be dead.

On Beverly's despairing face:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

84 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE, TSIOL KOVSKY, DWARF STAR

As before with very slow (at this distance) flaring from the star.

PICARD (V. O.)
Captain's log, supplemental.
It is no longer an inconvenient childish prank. Young Wesley Crusher...

(beat; softening)
Admittedly a victim of the Tsiolkovsky "infection"...

85 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ANGLE ON MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

Showing a SHOT of Wesley in the Engineering office. Also at the Bridge are Worf at the Ops position and crewman at Conn.

PICARD (V. O.)
(continuing)
... is now in control of my starship. How he acquired the engineering information and knowledge he is using, I have no idea.

86 ANGLE ON PICARD

staring up at Wesley's IMAGE on the main viewer.

PICARD
(continuing)
Wes, this is Captain Picard. Do you see me?

87 VARIOUS ANGLES (OPTICAL)

as Wesley looks up and around, focuses his attention onto camera (the captain). Although showing the same contaminant symptoms as others, he speaks respectfully.

WESLEY
Yes sir?
87 CONTINUED:

PICARD
You will now return all control of this vessel to the bridge where it belongs. Now.

WESLEY
I'm sorry, sir. Why don't you just tell me what you want done and I'll...

PICARD
(interrupting)
Because ship captains control their own vessels, young man!

WESLEY
But, sir, you don't do it yourself. You give the orders, someone else does it. What's wrong with giving me the orders to do it?

Worf and Conn have exchanged looks during this although Conn has begun to perspire and appears uncomfortable. Worf sees something unusual on his console, interrupts Picard.

WORF
Captain, getting unusual readings now from the dwarf star...!

PICARD
Stand by a moment on that.
(toward main viewer)
Wesley...!
(softens it)
Wes... are you aware that you're acting strangely... that a kind of "infection" was brought back from the Tsiolkovsky that acts like intoxication?

WESLEY
(considers it)
Are you saying that's why I feel so... so "hot," so strange?

Picard wants to shout back "of freakin' course!" but he controls himself.

PICARD
That's a very adult bit of reasoning, Wes...
CONTINUED: (2)

WESLEY
Are you saying I'm "drunk?" I feel strange but also good.

PICARD
Because...
(corrects his tone of voice)
Because you've lost the capacity for self-judgment. Alcohol does that but this contaminant we've brought back does it even more so.

WESLEY
What would you do if you got your ship back?

PICARD
It's very important I do because we must immediately put a tractor beam on the Tsiolkovsky, then tow it out of...

WESLEY
Tractor beams are my specialty, Skipper! I'll contact you when that's done; Wesley out!

With which the VIEWER GOES DARK, and then is replaced with a view of the dwarf star. It is in the midst of a gigantic FLARE.

PICARD
Wes!

Conn gets up from his position now, weaves toward the turbolift.

PICARD
(continuing)
Conn, where are you headed?

No answer. Conn will EXIT by turbolift as:

WORF
Sir!
(indicating viewscreen)
The star; it's beginning to collapse.

PICARD
What the hell is happening in Engineering?
INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE - ANGLE ON WESLEY AND SHIMODA

Wesley is working some controls on one of the consoles, singing:

WESLEY
Lock on, Tsiolkovsky, lock on... lock on, Tsiolkovsky, lock on...

Behind him, Shimoda still sits on the floor, playing something like "jacks" with the isolinear optical chips from the computer, scooping up the chips in orderly groups -- 1, 2, 3, etc.

INT. ENGINEERING - ON MACDOUGAL AND RIKER

They work together at the console opposite the entrance to Engineer's Office, probing deep into the guts of the console. A small array of tools lies between them, which they share.

MACDOUGAL
You got the logic probe?
(he hands it to her)
Thanks.

RIKER
Where's the sonic driver?

She grunts and gestures at the spread of tools. Riker looks, finds it, dives into the console again. MacDougal works quickly, steps back.

MACDOUGAL
There. Let's see if this'll cut out his tractor beam power.

She reaches inside the console and switches something. She and Riker both turn to look behind them.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW INTO ENGINEER'S OFFICE (OPTICAL)

Wesley grins cheerfully. The TRACTOR BEAM is STILL AIMED AT THE DOOR.

INT. CRUSHER'S OFFICE - ON BEVERLY

She grimly works at a futuristic microscope, then becomes aware that she is wiping perspiration from her face.
CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
Oh no! No, I must find the answer.
Find the answer. Have to find
the answer.

She reaches for another slide but handles it confusedly.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND TSIOLKOVSKY (OPTICAL)
as a tractor beam appears.

INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - ANGLE ON WORF
still at Ops. No one at Conn. He whirls around.

WORF
Captain -- tractor beam! We just
locked onto the Tsiolkovsky!

PICARD
Bridge to... to Wesley.
(waits; then)
Wesley Crusher, come in!

One of the turbolift doors HISSES OPEN and Data ENTERS
the Bridge. Picard whirrs to him.

PICARD
(continuing)
Data! At least you're
functioning...!

DATA
Fully, Captain, fully.

But it obvious from the look on his face and his weaving
movements that Data is not at all himself.

PICARD
Data, intoxication is a human
condition. Your mind is
different, it's not the same...

DATA
We are more alike than unlike,
my dear captain.

EMPHASIZING DATA

He is examining the backs of his hands with great
interest.
CONTINUED:

DATA
(continuing)
I have pores. Humans have pores.
(turns hands over)
I have fingerprints. Humans have fingerprints. My chemical
nutrients are like your blood.
(looks appealingly at
Picard)
If you prick me, do I not leak?

ANGLE TURBOLIFT

which opens and Beverly Crusher ENTERS the Bridge.

PICARD
If this can possibly wait,
Doctor...

BEVERLY
May I see you in your Ready Room?
It's a private matter... well,
actually an urgent one...

PICARD
I'm busy, Doctor. Impossible.

But Beverly EXITS Bridge into Ready Room. Picard
FOLLOWS.

PICARD
(continuing)
Damn!

INT. CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

Picard ENTERS, finds Beverly waiting. She has a slight
smile on her face.

BEVERLY
I believe I'm infected myself.

Beverly steps toward Picard, suddenly GIGGLES. It's the
same high pitched sound we've heard from some others.

PICARD
Do you know what the infection
is? Hurry!
Picard realizes that Beverly is beginning to smile at him a bit sexily. She tries to stop doing so. All this is complicated for her by the fact she has begun lately to find this man increasingly attractive.

BEVERLY
Sorry.
(wipes off smile)
It is definitely like alcohol intoxication, the same lack of good judgment...
(smiling sexily again)
For example right now, I find you, well, extremely...extremely...
(stops)
Of course we haven't time for that sort of thing...

PICARD
What sort of thing?

BEVERLY
(eyeing his body)
Oh God would I love to show you.

PICARD
Doctor, there must be a cure! Some formula, similar to the old one...

BEVERLY
(holding Picard's hand)
Dammit... dammit, dammit, my dear captain. You owe me something. You do realize that, don't you? I'm a woman; I haven't the comfort of a husband, a man...

PICARD
Not now, Doctor, please...

Then he's alarmed to find himself GIGGLING, wiping moisture from his forehead.

96 ANGLE EMPHASIZING WORF

On the Bridge, Ready Room door in b.g. He turns as Picard and Beverly EMERGE from the Ready Room. Beverly ENTERS the nearby Turbolift, turns and waves "bye-bye." Picard fights the urge to giggle, waves back. The doors close. Picard, very irritated at self, regains control. Worf presses his intercom.

WORF
(low)
Bridge to Riker, urgent!
INT. ENGINEERING - RIKER AND MACDOUGAL

He looks up, his hands still deep in the console.

RIKER
Riker here.

WORF'S COM VOICE
Sir, regret to inform you that the captain appears to be infected. And Data, and...

RIKER
(all he needs)
Thank you, Lieutenant. I'm coming.
(to MacDougal)
You'll have to handle this.

MACDOUGAL
Are you saying you'll handle that?

EXT. SPACE - DWARF STAR FOREGROUND (OPTICAL)

In the midst of a great flaring surface explosion, slow at this distance but obviously enormously powerful.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE - EMPHASIZING WORF

Reacting as he sees the results of this on his readouts, then whirls to the Main Viewer. Red alarm lights flash.

MAIN VIEWER (OPTICAL)

The star's surface clearly changed by this great flaring explosion.

ANGLE AT COMMAND POSITION

Picard very concerned at what he is seeing; Beverly reacting to his concern; even the bemused Data watching it with some interest. Beverly turns, CROSSES toward the turbolift where she will EXIT. As Riker ENTERS. Meanwhile:

WORF
What we're seeing, sir, is a huge chunk of the star's surface blown off, heading for us!
CONTINUED:

PICARD
Take us...
(wipes perspiration)

RIKER
Are you alright, sir?

PICARD
Worf, you know what to do. Take us out of here.

Worf works controls, gets nothing, leaps over to the Conn panel and works something and then comes back to Ops and does more. Still nothing.

WORF
Sir, the controls are still off-line!

PICARD
Override!

WORF
(tries, then)
Same result, sir.

INT. ENGINEER'S OFFICE - EMPHASIZING SHIMODA

Wesley watches while Shimoda attempts to put together a structure (like LEGOS) composed of the isolinear optical chips. They both ignore:

RIKER'S COM VOICE
Wes, come in please. Wesley
Crusher, this is Riker. Come in.
This is urgent!

INT. ENGINEERING - MACDOUGAL

Red alarm lights are flashing. MacDougal twists something inside the open panel.

INT. ENGINEER'S OFFICE - ON WESLEY AND SHIMODA (OPTICAL)

The forcefield disappears. Wesley looks up, slightly disconcerted.

INT. ENGINEERING - MACDOUGAL

MacDougal rushes for the Engineer's Office.
106 INT. ENGINEER'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

MacDougal surges in. Wesley and Shimoda merely look at her. Wesley's very sad. Game's over.

RIKER'S COM VOICE
Engineering, urgent. We must have ship's power...

MacDougal ignores him, pushes past them toward the computer consoles. The optical chips go flying as Shimoda dodges out of her way.

MACDOUGAL
Oh, no, those are control chips...!
(finds a com button)
Bridge from Engineering...

RIKER'S COM VOICE
The star is still collapsing; we're directly in the path of...

107 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Both Picard and Data fighting against the contamination as Riker mans the main console.

MACDOUGAL'S COM VOICE
I can't help you, bridge! Someone's yanked out all the control chips here...

WESLEY'S COM VOICE
It was an adult who did it!

WORF
I estimate fourteen minutes until that mass gets here...!

MACDOUGAL'S COM VOICE
No way to replace chips in fourteen minutes, sir. I'd guess two hours, maybe three...

WESLEY'S VOICE
Data could assemble them back faster.

Picard seems to come out of it a bit. He looks up:
107 CONTINUED:

PICARD
What's that?
  (hits a com control)
What's that Wesley?

WESLEY'S COM VOICE
They're just simple isolinear chips, sir. To Data, anyway.
He could shuffle them like cards.

RIKER
(overlap)
Come on Data. Hurry!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
FADE IN:

108 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND TSIOLKOVSKY (OPTICAL)

still tied by the tractor beam, motionless. Riker's voice reveals the strain he is under.

RIKER (V.O.)
Ship's log, First Officer Riker. The star has begun disintegrating. Enterprise will be destroyed unless it can be moved out of the path of the star material hurtling...

109 EXT. SPACE - EXPLODED MASS OF MATERIAL (OPTICAL)

It is large, irregularly shaped, moving very fast as it was hurled off the star's surface with more power than a hydrogen bomb. To gain a sense of size, it should BLOCK OUT A WHOLE SECTION OF THE STARFIELD as it PASSES CAMERA.

RIKER (V.O.)
(continuing)
... toward us. Our only hope is for Lieutenant Commander Data in the time we have left, to regain his senses and reconnect engine power to the Bridge.

110 INT. ENGINEER'S OFFICE - ON MACDOUGAL

She is on her knees on the floor, vainly trying to sort out which optical chips belong where.

111 ANGLE ON RIKER AND DATA

as they ENTER FAST. MacDougal looks up at Riker, helplessly indicates the chip chaos. Data smiles at Wesley, who grins back cheerfully. Both are still smashed.

WESLEY
Hi, Mister Data.

DATA
Nice to see you, Wesley. What...?
111 CONTINUED:

RIKER
(overlapping; urgently indicating)
Data! We need the engines on-line in a hurry, remember?

Meanwhile, Riker is now beginning to perspire like others who have been "infected."

WESLEY
Oh yes, I remember too.
(to Data)
So, Data, if you don't mind...

RIKER
(fast; to Wesley)
We've no time for courtesy!
(fast; to Data)
Get those damned control chips back in place, Data! In the correct order!

Data hesitates, surprised at Riker shouting at him.

RIKER
(continuing)
NOW!

WESLEY
(to Data)
It's like a game of 'how fast can you do it?'

DATA
Ah, a game!

Data begins selecting chips, beginning to move more and more rapidly. Wesley moves to the Engineering Room viewer, adjusts the controls there.

WESLEY
I think I can switch this to the main viewer, sir...

112 ANOTHER ANGLE - VIEWER (OPTICAL)

as it switches to a SHOT OF THE STAR MATERIAL IN DISTANCE BUT RACING TOWARD THEM.

113 ANGLE EMPHASIZING RIKER

turning from viewer to Data.
113 CONTINUED:

    RIKER
    We've got eight or nine minutes,
    at most, Data. Can you finish
    by then?

114 ANGLE EMPHASIZING DATA

    If necessary, UNDERCRANK CAMERA now to show Data's hands
    are moving very fast. He seems to be calculating Riker's
    questions, then shakes his head without looking up:

    DATA
    No. This will take slightly more
    time than we have, sir.

Riker becomes aware that his hand is wet, realizes he is
"infected" too.

    RIKER
    Dammit, NO! I can't afford to
    get it!

He stands, sways, grabs for support.

115 EXT. SPACE - MASS OF MATERIAL FROM STAR (OPTICAL)

    hurtling through space -- too fast.

116 INT. CRUSHER'S OFFICE - ANGLE ON BEVERLY

    She has a batch of blue liquid made up and is examining
    it. Picard ENTERS on the run.

    PICARD
    Beverly...

    BEVERLY
    Yes, Jean-Luc?

    PICARD
    You will address me as Captain!

They too still show signs of the "intoxication." Beverly
has begun to fill a hypo-spray with the blue liquid.

    BEVERLY
    In which case, dear Captain, you
    will address me as 'Chief Medical
    Officer' or 'Doctor.'
CONTINUED:

PICARD
(befuddled; then)
That's true; I started off calling you 'Beverly,' then naturally, you...
(shakes head)
I'm still not thinking straight!

Having filled the hypo-spray, Beverly turns with it to go somewhere but forgets where.

BEVERLY
Likewise. Where the hell was I just headed?

PICARD
(indicates hypo)
If that's something you wanted to test...

BEVERLY
(suddenly remembering)
Yes, yes, on Geordi!

Weaving a bit, she hurries off with Picard following in the same way.

INT. ENGINEER'S OFFICE - THREE SHOT

Riker and MacDougal standing over Data, who concentrates on the chips. Wesley has moved to his school project tractor beam, eyes it proudly.

WESLEY
Did you see how I reversed fields on this, Commander? Made it into a repulsor beam.

Riker ignores the question, watches Data, concerned.

CLOSE ON DATA AND HIS HANDS

UNDERCRANK CAMERA. His hands are flying -- almost a blur. More and more of the isolinear optical chips are set in the command computer board.

DATA
If we had just a minute more, sir...
119 ANGLE ON WESLEY

He looks up toward Engineering Room viewer.

120 CLOSE ON VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

The mass of star material closer, hurtling toward them.

121 WIDER ANGLE

Wesley reacts at the nearness now of the star material. Then looks at his tractor device.

WESLEY

If this were a hundred times more powerful than it is...

122 INT. SICKBAY - ANGLE ON GEORDI

as Beverly administers the hypo to Geordi with Picard looking on.

BEVERLY

I made this a broader based remedy... I hope. But it's still close to the formula from the old Enterprise's records...

PICARD

Decades ago, light years away...

BEVERLY

But almost exactly the same conditions as here.

GEORDI

What was in that, Doctor? My head's beginning to clear...

Both react to the sight of Geordi beginning to sit up alertly. Beverly whirls, injecting Picard... then herself. She presses the hypo on him.

BEVERLY

Take this to Engineering. I'll make up more hypos for the others.

123 INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE

as before but with Riker gloomy now. Data and Wesley continuing work. But Wesley is struck with an idea, leaps to the Engineering Room control board.
CONTINUED:

Eyes it, then:

WESLEY
Why not try it with the real thing?!
(to MacDougal)
Why not reverse fields on this, Ma'am? If we only need an extra minute...

MACDOUGAL
It would take weeks of laying out new circuits...

EMPHASIZING WESLEY

studying the Engineering Room board.

WESLEY
But why not just see it in your head?
(thinks, presses switches)
Come off the main lead, split at the force activator, then...then...
(puzzled)
If I could just think straight about this...

WIDER ANGLE

as Picard bursts in, presses his hypo against MacDougal, then Riker, then another person, etc.

RIKER
We didn't make it, Captain. If we had just a minute or so more...

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE, TSIOLKOVSKY (OPTICAL)

with the star material looming large as it rushes down upon them.

INT. ENGINEER'S OFFICE - ON WESLEY

His fingers begin to dance on the panel.
127 CONTINUED:

WESLEY
Yes, then reversing power leads,
back through the force
activator... repulser beam hard
against the Tsiolkovsky...

128 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE, TSIOLKOVSKY (OPTICAL)

The Tsiolkovsky now begins drifting to one side,
beginning to spin clear with the Enterprise moving away
from it.

129 INT. ENGINEER'S OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE

Riker eyes the viewer in surprise.

RIKER
We're pushing away!

Data lifts his hands from the command computer board.
The isolinear optical chips GLOW on the board.

RIKER
(continuing; into
communicator)
Bridge, engage engines!

130 EXT. SPACE - TSIOLKOVSKY AND MASS OF MATERIAL
(OPTICAL)

The mass of material crashes into the Tsiolkovsky. Her
warp and impulse engines EXPLODE SIMULTANEOUSLY on
impact in a mighty BLAZE OF LIGHT. But Enterprise is
accelerating out of trouble.

131 INT. ENTERPRISE MAIN BRIDGE - FULL SHOT

Geordi at Conn now. Relief. Beverly is there still
administering hypo injections. The red alarm lights
have stopped.

GEORDI
Sir, something seemed to move us
aside at the last minute.

WORF
(into his com)
Do we owe our thanks to Commander
Data, sir?
131 CONTINUED:

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Yes. And... Wesley may have given
us a few seconds, too.

WORF
Did he say Wesley? The boy?

Beverly nods with a pleased look.

BEVERLY
He said Wesley.

132 INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE

Picard sees Riker smiling at him. He scowls, begins
to EXIT.

RIKER
It is only fair to mention Wesley
in a log entry, sir.

PICARD
(stops; nods)
Fair is fair. And let's credit
his science teacher, too.

Picard EXITS; Riker follows him.

133 thru OMITTED

135 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - PANNING

Picard, Riker and Data ENTER from the Turbolift and
move toward their positions. Worf at Ops and Geordi
at Conn positions turn with pleased expressions.

GEORDI
Congratulations, sir.

PICARD
To many people.

During which Troi and Tasha also ENTER from Turbolift
now, move to their positions. Tasha is back to normal,
wearing her regular duty uniform, hair and makeup as
stringent as usual. Data sees, nods.
CONTINUED:

Data starts to turn away but Tasha has colored, turns toward him.

TASHA
Data! I'm only going to tell you this just once... It never happened.

Data gives her a very puzzled look, goes to position still puzzling over it.

OMITTED

ANGLE EMPHASIZING PICARD

as he sits in his position, looks around the Bridge.

PICARD
I put it to all of you we may end up with a fine crew... if we keep working at it.

(nods for emphasis; then)
So let's get to our next job, Number One.

RIKER
Aye, sir. Helm, stand by for warp three. Heading two-hundred ninety-four mark thirty-seven.

GEORDI
Warp three, two-hundred ninety-four mark thirty-seven, sir.

RIKER
Engage!

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

Accelerating into WARP SPEED.

FADE OUT.

THE END