CAST

PICARD
RIKER
BEVERLY
DATA (plus DATA as LORE)
DATA/LORE (PHOTO-DOUBLE)
TASHA
WORF
GEORDI
WESLEY
CHIEF ENGINEER ARGYLE
COMPUTER VOICE (MAJEL BARRETT)
STAR TREK: "Datalore" - 10/26/87 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Datalore"

SETS

INTERIORS          EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE
- Main bridge
- Data's Quarters
- Sickbay
- Observation Lounge
- Corridor
- Captain's Ready Room
- turbolift
- Cargo Room Transporter Three

DATA'S PLANET
- Underground Complex
- Colony Laboratory
- Storage Area
- corridor
FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

traveling at high warp against an array of stars.

    PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's log, stardate 41242.4.
Our last assignment has taken us into the remote Omicron Theta
star system, home of our android crewmember Lieutenant Commander
Data. Although we are due...

2 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Everyone at his regular station with the exception of
Data whose station is manned by WESLEY.

    PICARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
... at our next assignment, I have
decided to increase velocity to
warp eight to visit Data's home
planet for a few hours in the
hopes of unraveling some of the
mystery of his beginnings.

GEORDI turns to RIKER.

    GEORDI
Sir, we are now twenty minutes
from Omicron Theta...
   (checks reading)
... mark!

Riker gets a nod from PICARD, replies to Geordi.

    RIKER
Stand by for subwarp; head for
standard orbit of Data's planet.
   (to Picard)
Wonder why Data hasn't come up here.
PICARD
He said he wanted to be alone. Perhaps it's a bigger moment for him than we thought.
(turns to Wesley)
If he needs a formal invitation, Ensign, you do the honors.

WESLEY
(to his feet)
Yes sir!

Wesley heads quickly toward the turbolift.

PICARD
Walk!

Wesley slows to a walk.

INT. DATA’S QUARTERS

Totally bare except for a quite sophisticated wall computer and a mirror on a tripod which DATA now stands in front of watching himself. He SNEEZES. It is not a good sneeze, comes off rather artificial. Data tries again, harder... but not much better. Then a CHIME and Wesley ENTERS.

WESLEY
(excitedly)
Data...!

Data SNEEZES a third time. Wesley stops, puzzled.

WESLEY
(continuing)
What are you doing?

DATA
Sneezing.

WESLEY
Have you got a... a "cold?"

DATA
A cold what?

WESLEY
It's a disease my mother says people used to get.
3 CONTINUED:

DATA
(nods)
Ah. But humans still sneeze for other reasons and I cannot seem to do it right.

Another artificial sounding SNEEZE.

WESLEY
How can you be practicing sneezing when you're arriving for the first time at your home planet? Aren't you interested in that?

Without changing tone of voice or expression, Data heads with Wesley for the door of the cabin.

DATA
More than interested. Fascinated. One might say agog. But I find sneezing interesting also.

4 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

From the Main Viewer WE CAN SEE that the starship is at subwarp now, and a rather BROWNISH LOOKING PLANET IS COMING INTO VIEW in the distance.

TASHA
(checking readings)
Confirming Class M reading there. But...
(checks readings)
... but the sensors aren't showing any life readings. Not even vegetation.

PICARD
Strange. The cruiser that found Data reported farmland here.

Data and Wesley EMERGE from the turbolift, CROSS ONTO the bridge. Riker turns to Data, indicates Helm.

RIKER
Want to take her into orbit, Data?

DATA
No thank you, sir.
CONTINUED:

Riker, surprised, indicates for Wesley to fill Data's Helm position again. Data instead, walks forward and examines the PLANET COMING CLOSER, more than filling the Main Viewer screen. All eyes are on Data as he examines his home planet on the viewer, then turns and moves back to take a seat in the Command Area.

PICARD
Continue on into close parking orbit.

GEORDI
Aye, sir.

DATA
(beat; to Picard)
I could say "home, sweet home," sir... if I understood how the word sweet applies.

PICARD
It usually refers to the memories.

RIKER
But usually one's own memories, Captain.
(to Data)
Do the memories you were given include "farms?"

DATA
Affirmative, sir. Turning soil, seeding, harvesting... but the colony's principal interest was science.

TASHA
Data, I can't understand how you can hold the memories of four hundred eleven people. If that means every experience, every day they lived...

DATA
It does not, unfortunately. It means only the knowledge they had accumulated. Actually, I am quite deficient in some basic human information.
(to Picard)
Sneezing, for example.
CONTINUED: (2)

PICARD
"Sneezing?"

GEORDI
Approaching close parking orbit, sir.

PICARD
(to Riker)
Assemble your away party, Commander.

Riker stands; Picard smiles at Data.

PICARD
(continuing)
This is an exciting moment for you, Data. I'm tempted to lead the away team down myself, except for the fact the first officer would object...

RIKER
How would Starfleet judge me if I didn't, sir? An entire Earth colony did disappear down there.

As Riker stands, replacements are ENTERING to take over the bridge positions of Geordi, Worf and Tasha who will move to the turbolift with him.

WORF
(to Data)
You have no memory at all of what happened to them, Data?
CONTINUED: (3)

DATA
My final memory is of great danger, something sudden and not understood... then a blank as if the colonists were gone.

GEORDI
Now in close parking orbit, sir.

PICARD
Welcome home, Mister Data.

Data looks puzzled at this. Then he joins the away team which EXITS the bridge.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

5 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE IN ORBIT (OPTICAL)

The starship in close orbit of Data's home planet.

6 EXT. DATA'S PLANET (OPTICAL)

The Away Team of Riker, Data, GEORDI, TASHA and WORF MATERIALIZING on the planet surface. Far from it looking like farmland, the place is barren. They stand for a moment looking around -- Worf is alert to any security problems -- Tasha scans with her tricorder -- Riker is carefully looking over their surroundings -- Geordi kneels, inspecting the ground.

TASHA
(to Riker)
Recording signal now locked onto the Enterprise, sir.

RIKER
(to Geordi)
This looks like anything but farmland.

GEORDI
Agreed, sir. The soil here's completely lifeless.

RIKER
This is the exact position listed in the Tripoli log.
(turning
Do you recognize anything, Data?

DATA
The land contours are familiar, sir. Topographically, this is the correct area.

Interrupted by Geordi who has begun crumbling soil close to his nose, examining it as he lets the fragments fall from his hand.
CONTINUED:

GEORDI
This once was rich farmland. I'd guess something like twenty to thirty years ago...

DATA
I was discovered twenty-six years ago...

GEORDI
(still sifting soil)
There is still plant cellulose in the soil. No signs of decay. Also no signs of bacteria either.
(looks up)
If you don't mind a wild guess, sir, I'd say everything on this planet could have been dead or dying at the time Data was found.

RIKER
The Tripoli log stated that all plant life appeared brown and "dormant." They assumed it was normal for that season.

GEORDI
... whereas actually everything was dying...

DATA
(interrupting; indicating)
I was found twenty meters in that direction, sir.

Data begins leading the way toward a narrow ledge leading down into a depression.

7    ANOTHER ANGLE

as all follow Data's lead.

TASHA
(moving alongside Data)
Data, any idea at all why you were given the colonists' memories?

DATA
I have always felt that it was done hurriedly, but I know little more.
CONTINUED:

Data stops where a small rectangular depression has been carved in the rock.

DATA
(continuing)
Here, sir. This is where the cruiser's landing party found the signal device that had led them here.
(indicates)
And they found me lying there, sir.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Data is leading them to a very undistinguished-looking stone pallet. This and the barren location look to be considerably less than the exciting mystery they have expected.

TASHA
You were just lying out in the open? No identity record, no instructions... ?

DATA
Only a layer of dust.

Data bends, BLOWS, and a CLOUD OF DUST ARISES from the pallet.

DATA
(continuing)
There's much more of it now, after twenty-six years.

Only Geordi shows active interest in this place. He has moved off to begin scanning the area from different perspectives.

RIKER
What is the first thing you remember, Data?

DATA
Opening my eyes and finding myself looking into the eyes of the Tripoli landing party, sir.
(MORE)
DATA (Cont'd)
(indicating the path back)
They believed that the signal device sensed their presence, and activated me.

TASHA
Then this very spot was your birthplace...

DATA
But not at all like a human birth. Having the colonists' memories, I knew immediately how to speak, who I was, where I was...

TASHA
You were born and became fully knowledgeable at the same instant!

DATA
I had no idea that was unusual, of course.

TASHA
It's such a strange place to be born.

RIKER
So was a manger.

WORF
A "manger," sir?

RIKER
I won't even try to explain that one, Worf...

GEORDI
(calling)
I understand now, sir! I've got this figured!

Geordi moves in, indicating aspects of the area.

GEORDI
(continuing)
It was really very cleverly done to make this look like a natural hollow in the terrain here. Signs of it being constructed hurriedly...
STAR TREK: "Datalore" - REV. 10/27/87 - ACT ONE

9 SPECIAL EFFECTS ANGLE

Geordi moves to the rock face behind Data's "birth pallet," examining it very closely.

GEORDI
... as if to hide something here.

Data nods, seeming to understand more of this now.

DATA
Yes, that was it, Geordi.
(to Riker)
This has awakened a memory
remnant of how the colonists
hoped to remain hidden...
(beat; concentrating)
... but their fear of being
discovered led to their storing
information in me.

Geordi has brought his VISOR device within inches of
a point on the rock facing.

GEORDI
Yes, I thought so.

Geordi brings a finger carefully to an almost invisible
crack on the rock facing... presses! A HUMMING SOUND
and a SPECIAL EFFECT opening in the rock facing
APPEARS.

10 INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - ANGLE INTO THE ENTRY

A curving tunnel. Geordi steps in closer, Riker and
Data pressing in next. Geordi reaches out, touching
something that suddenly ILLUMINATES the tunnel.
Tasha, duty always, steps forward and scans the tunnel.
Then to Riker:

TASHA
No life readings in here either,
sir.

Riker leads the way as the team cautiously heads into
the tunnel. Worf and Tasha flank him, weapons ready,
as they move into a rectangular corridor.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE

as they continue to an intersecting corridor which
features a familiar-looking type of sliding metal door.
Geordi again makes a close examination of this, then
touches a sensor switch. The sliding door OPENS.
INT. COLONY LABORATORY

Similar to some very sophisticated things we've seen on the Enterprise, the lab is filled with equipment and instruments of the most sophisticated twenty-fourth century level. In addition to workbenches, etc., there is a prominent covered worktable which will figure in scenes here. The team ENTERS with Tasha at the lead, weapon in hand -- and with Worf professionally guarding their rear at the door to the corridor they entered from. Riker scans the lab.

RIKER
The colony laboratory, I'd guess. Extremely well equipped.
(to Data)
Does this place stir any memories, Data?

DATA
Only vague impressions of some of my functions being tested here, sir...

Data indicates, moves toward a wall on which proud scientist parents had posted their children's drawings. Several of them PICTURE a crystal-like formation or design, obviously huge judging from the very tiny people who seem to be fleeing from it. Data pulls one of these drawings free, hands it to Riker.

RIKER
Posted by a proud parent...

DATA
(continuing)
This pictures something that feels familiar, sir. And dangerous, although I have no idea what it represents. And that is all...

Then Data indicates a desk/workbench combination which includes highly sophisticated-looking devices.

DATA
(continuing)
... except for an impression that this was a... "Doctor Soong's" work area.

RIKER
Who? You can't mean Doctor Noonien Soong?
CONTINUED:

DATA
(nods)
He was called that here...
although, his memories indicate
he traveled here under a different
name.

GEORDI
Doctor Noonien Soong, my friend,
just happens to have been Earth's
foremost robotics scientist!

TASHA
Until he tried to make Asimov's
dream of a positronic brain come
true.

RIKER
(nodding)
The positronic brain. He promised
it would do so much. When it
failed completely, Doctor Soong
disappeared.
(eyes Data)
Now we know he went off somewhere
to try a second time.
(turns; indicating)
Geordi, Data, we'll take a close
look at this lab.
(to Tasha)
You and Lieutenant Worf
reconnoiter where the rest of
these corridors lead.

Tasha and Worf EXIT, AD LIBBING "Aye, sir." Geordi
and Data choose areas to inspect while Riker
concentrates on the Soong workbench.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE

Riker moves to the large, thick laboratory table
mentioned earlier. Whatever they've found out about
it has lead Riker now to touch a control on it -- and
it now hinges apart HUMMING and presenting the torso
and head part of a human-shaped mold. Seeing what is
happening, Geordi and Data hurry over.

GEORDI
(beat)
Data... it's you.
CONTINUED:

Data hesitates, then reaches in and extracts a one-half head and shoulders portion of the mold, presses it against himself. It fits perfectly!

RIKER
An epidermal mold, I'd guess.
Made to give your exterior the desired finish.

TASHA'S COM VOICE
Lieutenant Yar to Commander Riker.

Riker touches his insignia.

RIKER
Come in, Lieutenant.

TASHA'S COM VOICE
Sir... this installation is big enough to hold hundreds of people. But all that's here now is empty beds.

RIKER
Thank you, Lieutenant. Complete your record scans, then report back here.

GEORDI
Sir...
(bends)
Seems to be a storage area here...

Geordi has indeed discovered a storage area which he now opens. All three of them look, REACT.

ANGLE INCLUDING STORAGE AREA

which REVEALS enough Data-like arms, torso and head to startle us. It also startles our away team members. The head looks surprisingly lifelike! (There are more Data-like parts further back in the storage area, apparently enough to make up a whole Data if put together.)

ANGLE ON DATA, RIKER, AND GEORDI

stunned.
CONTINUED:

RIKER
How many more Datas are there?

GEORDI
(looking around)
Looks like just these two...
(quickly apologetic)
I mean that and the real Data.

PANNING THE REAL DATA

and REVEALING the "DATA" HEAD as he bends to examine "himself."

INCLUDING RIKER AND GEORDI

as Data straightens up INTO THE SCENE with them.

DATA
Commander, can this be another me? Or perhaps my brother?

RIKER
I honestly don't know, Data.

DATA
He needs assembling.

RIKER
"He?" Data, we don't know that this could become "alive."

DATA
It is of great interest to me to find out, sir. I never believed it possible I might have a link with some form like my own.

RIKER
(beat; nods)
Understood. We'll take it back to the ship, of course.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

18 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

Picard, Riker, Geordi, Tasha, Worf and Wesley at their regular positions. Tasha is receiving a subspace message, turns now toward Picard.

TASHA
Captain, I have a subspace reply to your request.
(turns to Picard)
Starfleet considers it vital we begin our ship's computer upgrade at Starbase Armus Nine on schedule.

PICARD
(annoyed)
Damn. Can anyone see why they've turned down a perfectly legitimate request to finish this investigation here?

WESLEY
(waits; then)
Sir... you asked for the kind of computer upgrade that only the Bynars can handle. And they're available only at this time.

Picard is at first annoyed at Wesley, then turns to Riker, snapping an order:

PICARD
Then, get us there on schedule, Number One.
(to Wesley; controlling self)
Thank you, Wesley. I'd completely forgotten that.

Wesley starts to say something more, but Riker quiets Wesley with a friendly warning gesture.

RIKER
Take us out of orbit, Mister La Forge.
EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

We hold on our starship long enough to see it LEAVING orbit of Data's home planet.

PICARD (V. O.)
(continuing)
Captain's log, Stardate 41242.45.
Despite having only a few hours in which to explore Data's home planet...

INT. SICKBAY

Where Doctor Crusher and CHIEF ENGINEER ARGYLE work with Medical and Engineering Specialists at an advanced type operating table containing the various parts of the unassembled android which was discovered.

PICARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
... we have discovered something which may explain Data's beginnings... if we can properly assemble and communicate with what we've found.

ANGLE EMPHASIZING DATA

An expression of hope and longing on his face as he watches the medical and engineering people at work on the unassembled android.

Doctor Beverly Crusher MOVES INTO SHOT with Data. She understands what the unassembled android means to him and her sympathy is obvious.

BEVERLY
Signal from the captain. They need you at the debriefing.

Data nods as Chief Engineer Argyle MOVES INTO SHOT also, his sympathy obvious too.

DATA
I've been anxious to hear the chief engineer's opinion, Mister Argyle. Do you believe he can be made to function?
ARGYLE
It appears to include all the components in your body. Not that we really understand your construction either...

BEVERLY
We'll have our top medical and engineering specialists working on its assembly, Mister Data.

The Doctor and Engineer appear to hesitate over something uncomfortable. Data nods at their previous statement, moves as if to leave.

ARGYLE
Just... one thing. Without disassembling you, of course, if we should need...

BEVERLY
... If we should need to compare this with the way... uh, with the way you're put together... ?

Data nods his answer, turns and EXITS.

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE (OPTICAL)

Outside, the passing stars reflect the fact our starship is at warp speed to make up for the delay at Data's planet. On the table, the child's drawing of a strange crystalline shape.

Present are Picard, Riker, and Geordi. As before, they will continue treating Data as a living person but at times they may try a bit too hard to make that feeling clear. For some, their first meeting with Data was many years ago and they have long thought of him simply as a fellow crewmember. Now, with the discovery of the disassembled android form, they've been suddenly reminded that their friend is also a machine. It brings their emotions into play because they're concerned for Data. How does he feel about this remarkable happening? What should they say to him -- what words should they now use or not use? Meanwhile, Picard is speaking to Riker:
CONTINUED:

PICARD
Bringing it up here was the right
thing to do, of course, Number
One.

Picard trails his words as Data ENTERS and seats
himself. Despite themselves, everyone stiffens a bit.

PICARD
(continuing)
I was just saying, Data, that if
it functions, it might answer a
lot of questions for us.

Data feels the tension too. He's sharing their
discomfort, merely nodding at the captain's comment.
An uncomfortable beat, then:

RIKER
Does it appear to have all
your... ah, parts?

DATA
Completely, sir.

GEORDI
(beat)
Will we know how to... to "turn
it on?"

PICARD
All right, all right...
(stands; hesitates,
then)
Legitimate questions about this
need not be asked apologetically.
(to Data)
You're uncomfortable about aspects
of your duplicate, Data... we're
uncomfortable, too... and none of
it for any logical reason. We
know that you're as "alive" as
any of the rest of us.
(to the others)
If you find it awkward to be
reminded that Data is a
"machine"... you might remember
that the rest of you are merely
a different variety of
machine... in our case,
electro-chemical in nature.
(MORE)
PICARD (Cont'd)  
(sits)  
Let's begin handling this as we would anything else.

A grin has come over Riker's face during this and he TAPS his knuckles on the table approvingly. Geordi looks up, SLAPS the table.

GEORDI  
Agreed! Love that captain!

PICARD  
(snaps)  
My comments, Lieutenant, do not require applause!

GEORDI  
Yes, sir; sorry, sir.

But as the captain now turns toward the others, Riker flashes Data a big wink. Data looks puzzled.

PICARD  
Let's start with you, Data.

DATA  
Well... a good starting point might be, "Why was I given human form?"

GEORDI  
To make it easy for humans to relate to you. Had to be. But your designer may have had something else to prove also.

PICARD  
(nods)  
That human-shaped robots need not be clumsy, limited things...  
(turning)  
You certainly operate as well as we do, Data...

DATA  
In some ways better, sir.

PICARD  
Ah... yes! But the important question now may be what happened to the colonists.
CONTINUED: (3)

RIKER
Agreed.
(exhibits child's drawing)
One of several exhibited in the lab, by proud parents, no doubt. This could be simply a child's imagination. But then, several children made similar drawings.

A COM SIGNAL, followed by:

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
Doctor Crusher to Captain. At this point, sir, we very much need Mister Data's help.

Data is already coming to his feet as Picard gives him a nod. As Data EXITS:

PICARD
He's on his way, Doctor.

INT. SICKBAY - DATA AND BEVERLY

standing well away from the medical and engineering technicians, talking quietly. Data presses a finger at the spot which on humans would be between the second and third joint of his spinal column. He also checks that none of the others are watching too closely.

DATA
There, Doctor. Press your fingers there.

Beverly moves in and complies. Then a look of slight surprise on her face.

INSERT - BEVERLY'S HAND

At the described spot on Data's back -- the fingers pressing almost their full length through Data's uniform fabric and into his back.

DATA (O. S.)
It operates somewhat like a "switch," Doctor.
Beverly pressing further.

BEVERLY
And these small projections?

DATA
An android alarm clock, Doctor.
Is that amusing?
(see it isn't)
It times how long I remain unconscious.

Beverly sees someone approaching, quickly drops her hand away. It is Chief Engineer Argyle who carries what we'll later see are "high temp heat molders" used to join together Data's "skin."

ARGYLE
Are you certain about us using these heating devices, Data?

DATA
(nods)
I will feel nothing at all.

ARGYLE
(smiles)
Marvelous. It should all be a lot simpler... once we can see how your circuitry's connected.

Argyle moves off to discuss the molding devices with the Technicians. Beverly turns to Data who is watching her closely, expectantly. She nods:

BEVERLY
I'll mention it to no one. You have my word.

DATA
If you had an off-switch Doctor... would you not keep it secret?

BEVERLY
I probably would.

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
traveling against a background of stars at warp speed.
27 INT. SICKBAY - WIDE ANGLE

Two Data-like forms on two operating tables next to each other. Neither of the Data look-alikes is moving, and the torso of each is all but hidden by the medical scanners over the tables. At one of the tables, the mixed engineering and medical team is gathered. Argyle and Beverly are reaching in, intent on what they are seeing and doing.

28 CLOSER ANGLE AT THE BUSY TABLE

We're unable to tell whether this is Data or the look-alike. Whichever, it is unmoving as Beverly and Argyle lean in to peer closely at what is under the sensor hood.

ARGYLE
Yes, notice the micro-circuitry here... and here.

29 CLOSE UNDER SENSOR HOOD (OPTICAL)

Revealing some of a Data-like torso in which a flap has been cut open TO REVEAL a bit of complex android body interior in which WE SEE low-level PURPLE AND GREEN Flickering. Argyle's hand is pointing a finger at something.

ARGYLE (O.S.)
Then another fibroid-like connection here.

30 ANGLE ON BEVERLY AND ARGYLE

As he withdraws his hand, looks to her for confirmation. Beverly nods, reaches for one of the heat molding instruments.

BEVERLY
Let's close up.

She reaches the heat molding instrument in under the sensor hood.

31 CLOSE UNDER SENSOR HOOD (SPECIAL EFFECTS)

as Beverly's hand presses the "skin" flap shut, applies the heat molder against it. A HISSING SOUND, SMOKE... and when the heat molder is removed, the "skin" flap has been sealed closed without a mark left.
32 INT. CORRIDOR

Picard and Riker striding toward Sickbay.

33 INT. SICKBAY - CLOSE ON DATA

A slightly groggy Data at one of the operating tables, finishes slipping into his uniform. Beverly moves INTO SHOT, looks at the other android form, speaking quietly.

BEVERLY
If I've done it right, he'll switch on in a minute.

34 WIDER ANGLE

as Picard and Riker ENTER Sickbay. Chief Engineer Argyle is closest and gets a questioning look from Picard.

ARGYLE
It seemed to go well...
(indicates)
... thanks to a look inside Mister Data. But there have been no signs of consciousness, yet...

Picard and Riker CROSS TOWARD the operating table which holds the unmoving android Form. Data and Beverly CROSS IN too.

35 ANGLE INCLUDING ANDROID, PICARD AND RIKER

The Data-like Android. Picard and Riker STEP IN, look down at it.

RIKER
Certainly a perfect match for Data, sir.

PICARD
(uncertain)
Do you think so, really?
(leans in; inspects)
I wonder which of them was made first?

The LORE android opens its eyes.
CONTINUED:

LORE
He was. But they found him imperfect and I was made to replace him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Data SURGING IN, surprised. Lore looks up at him, then back to Picard. Its face twitches once -- a nervous tic we'll see again.

LORE
You may call me Lore.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
STAR TREK: "Datalore" - 10/26/87 - ACT THREE

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
traveling at warp eight against a star background.

38 INT. CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM

Picard and Data considering the Lore happening.

PICARD
I'm also a bit troubled by it describing you as "imperfect."

DATA
Human language gives me difficulties too, sir. "Imperfect" could mean I lack abilities that he possesses.

PICARD
I wonder. But the point of this is whether you and it have approximately the same capabilities.

DATA
We do, sir, and your referring to him as an "it"... suggests I too fit into the category of a "thing."

It is a fair shot at Picard and he recognizes it, nodding sincerely.

PICARD
I see your point, Commander. My sincere apologies.

DATA
Gladly accepted, sir. As for Lore's abilities, his use of syntax and grammar suggests he was given human memories similar to mine.

PICARD
You both have about equal physical strength and mental ability?
CONTINUED:

DATA
I believe so, sir.

PICARD
(troubled)
Which requires I now ask you... a very serious question. Since the two of you are closely related to each other...

DATA
The answer, sir, is that my loyalty is to you and Starfleet. Completely.

PICARD
(beat; small smile)
Thank you, Commander. I was certain of that.

INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Lore is now wearing a plain-colored utility uniform without rank or insignia. It includes pocket-pouches and a turtle-necked kind of undergarment beneath. His only other difference from Data is in the fact he often smiles (perhaps with a suggestion of insincerity), plus his occasional facial "tic" or twitch. He is now seated in Wesley's position at the Helm next to Geordi who is pointing out various controls. Wesley, standing behind that position, and Riker at Command, seem a bit uncertain of this android. The other regulars watch approvingly.

GEORDI
And Helm control are here, with the ship's heading given in measurements, we call them "degrees"...

(indicating)
... with three hundred-sixty of them in a full circle this way.

LORE
... Then you say "mark"...

EMPHASIZING DATA (OPTICAL)

who has left the Ready Room and CROSSES IN, stopping to watch and listen.
CONTINUED:

GEORDI
On the nose!

WESLEY
Which separates it from another three hundred-sixty degree full circle like this... on a right angle to that one.

LORE
(demonstrating)
So by ordering a heading so many degrees this way, and so many this way, the ship can travel in any direction. All three dimensions.

RIKER
And the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle...

LORE
Is equal to the sum of the square of its other two...
(stops; covering)
... its two "somethings"... which I once heard but never understood.

Riker and Wesley exchange a look at this juncture. Data has stopped to watch this exchange with interest also. Now, he moves toward Lore with a friendly tone.

DATA
All of which you can learn more about, when the captain has approved your being on the bridge.

LORE
(surprise and contrition)
Have I committed an offense?

WESLEY
(pleasantly)
You'll find as I have that starships are loaded with rules which have to be learned.

But Wesley's expression also indicates he has begun to have some doubts about Lore -- especially now when he hears:
LORE
You're very clever, Wesley.
(to Data)
I now have duties to perform.
Correct?

Except for Riker and Wesley, the rest of the bridge crew is enjoying Lore.

WORF
Were you ever this anxious to please, Data?

DATA
Never. I judge Lore to be superior in that desire as well.

LORE
Because I was designed to be so human, my brother, I enjoy pleasing humans.

GEORDI
"My brother." That has a nice sound, Data.

DATA
(to Lore)
And you consider it important to please humans?

LORE
It's not important?

DATA
(beat)
There are many things of importance... some more so than others.

Data indicates the turbolift, guides Lore in that direction. Lore seems eager to cooperate as they EXIT into the turbolift.

INT. TURBOLIFT

Data speaks toward the panel.

DATA
My quarters.
CONTINUED:

At which, the turbolift HUMS into life and powers downward.

LORE
Is my brother that important? It knows you?

DATA
It can identify any of the crew. (eyes Lore) Just as I can identify flattery, brother.

LORE
I used it only to please you, my brother. Is that forbidden too?

DATA
It is best used when it reflects genuine feelings.

LORE
Then, I used it properly with you.

41A INT. CORRIDOR

as Data and Lore ENTER from the turbolift, move down the corridor.

DATA
(beat) Do you realize Commander Riker's hypotenuse question tricked you into showing your knowledge was much greater than you were indicating?

LORE
He didn't seem that clever. I'll be more careful.

DATA
You tend to underestimate humans, my brother. The way you praised young Wesley at the Helm, for example...

LORE
A child!
41A CONTINUED:

DATA
He has a child's body, but we have
found him to be much more than that.

LORE
Thank you for that information,
too.

(beat; eyeing Data)
You do care about how I perform.
I pledge to be worthy of your
teaching, my brother.

Data looks at Lore for a long moment as they walk.

42 INT. DATA'S QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

A plain, almost unfurnished interior. The door from
the corridor slides OPEN and Data ENTERS with Lore who
takes a moment to examine the quarters. They include
mainly a large computer, but little more.

LORE
How would they describe this?
"Spartan?"

DATA
I have no need for places to sit
or sleep. Do you?

LORE
Do I appear that weak?

During which, Data has gone to his computer controls,
punched in an information request. The word DICTIONARY
COMES ONTO the viewer. Data touches the computer
controls again and CAMERA ZOOMS IN to show JEALOUSY
defined as "INTOLERANCE OF RIVALRY, OR HOSTILITY TOWARD
A RIVAL OR ONE BELIEVED TO HOLD AN ADVANTAGE." CAMERA
ZOOMS BACK to an expressionless Data.

LORE
What information are you
requesting?

DATA
Everything available on a Doctor
Noonien Soong.

Information on Soong is COMING UP on the computer.
Lore moves in as Data studies it as he continues
talking with Lore who nods at the last statement.
LORE
Good old "Often-Wrong Soong."
(sees Data's puzzlement)
A joke, brother. Actually, he was a genius by human standards.

DATA
(reading computer viewer)
But had destroyed his own reputation by making what seemed wild promises about his positronic brain design... almost all of which failed.

LORE
Promises he later proved to be true...
(taps his head)
Which made you and I possible. Our beloved "father."
(touches Data's uniform)
Will I soon have a uniform like that, my brother?

The casual mention of "father" and the fast switch to uniforms bothers Data. His reply contains some annoyance.

DATA
If you get one the way I did, Lore, it means four years at the Academy, another three as ensign, ten or twelve on varied space duty in the lieutenant grades...

LORE
(interrupting)
... A system designed to compensate for limited human abilities. But you, my brother, have begun thinking as humans do. You and I are completely different from them. Are you truly satisfied with the memories and knowledge of just a few hundred human colonists? Suppose it could reflect thousands... or a million... or the knowledge of hundreds of millions of life forms of every kind?
CONTINUED: (2)

They look at each other for a long beat. Lore's facial "tic" happens again. Then:

DATA

How?

Oddly enough, Lore's face twitches again at that, too.

LORE

We will discuss it in time.

DATA

And will we also discuss which of us was constructed first?

LORE

(surprised)

It would be foolish to underestimate you, my brother.

(nods)

Yes, I lied when I said you were made first. With good reason. Doctor Soong made me perfect on his first attempt. But he made me so completely human that the colonists became envious of me.

DATA

You lived with the colonists?

LORE

(nods)

Until they petitioned Soong to design a more comfortable, less perfect android. In other words, you, my brother.

Data and Lore sit looking at each other, until:

LORE

(continuing)

For example, haven't you noticed how easily I handle human speech? I use their contractions... such as isn't or can't. You say...

(mimicking formality)

... is not or cannot.

(MORE)
LORE (Cont'd)
(half singing it)
I say tomato, you say tomahto;
I say potato, you say potahto...
(amused)
A very old joke, but you also
have trouble with their humor,
too. Am I right?

DATA
(considers it; nods)
Quite true. I keep trying to be
more human... and keep failing.

LORE
Do you realize, my brother, that
I can help you become more human?

DATA
And... do you realize... Lore,
that I am obligated to report all
of this to our ship's captain?

LORE
I assumed as much when I began
studying you.
(moves to computer)
May I use this to learn more of
this vessel and its customs?

DATA
(nods)
Use it also to describe for the
captain the time you spent with
the colonists. Including all
you know about what happened to
them.

LORE
I promise a report with great
detail and accuracy.

DATA
Thank you, Lore. And now, I
have duties to perform, unless
you need something more.

LORE
I have more than I dreamed
possible, my brother.

Data EXITS.
ANGLE ON LORE AT COMPUTER

beginning to punch in information requests more rapidly... then still more rapidly.

ANGLE ON VIEWER (OPTICAL)

providing starship information so rapidly now that the viewer IMAGES ARE A BLUR.

CLOSE ON LORE

He seems to absorb this flood of information easily. He is very pleased with himself.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

46 EXT SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

still traveling at high warp speed.

    PICARD (V.O.)
    Captain's log, stardate 41242.5.
    We now have the full story of the
    micro-engineering achievement
    which produced Data... and Lore...

47 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - SCIENCE STATION (OPTICAL)

Intent upon the Science Station Viewer are Picard, Riker and Beverly. Geordi, Wesley, Tasha and Worf are on duty at their bridge stations.

    PICARD (V.O.)
    (continuing)
    ... and of the tragedy which
    deprived humanity of the
    remarkable minds behind that.
    Our first clue was a child's
    drawing which showed a great,
    complex crystal shape...

48 CLOSE INSERT ON VIEWER (OPTICAL)

    PICARD (V.O.)
    (continuing)
    ... confirmed by Lore's report to
    be an unknown kind of creature,
    capable of stripping all life from
    an entire world... insatiably
    ravenous for the life force found
    in intelligent forms like
    us... which Lore explains it stored
    in new crystal patterns... for
    purposes which are unknown.
TASHA
But how did Data escape that thing? Or Lore?

RIKER
Lore had been disassembled. He explains it as jealousy from the colonists. And Data wasn't yet "alive" at that time.

PICARD
Which explains why Data could be left outside in no danger from the creature. Whatever happened to the colonists, he would be found by any Starfleet team that responded to the signal being transmitted.

TASHA
By which Doctor Soong left proof behind that his experiment did work.

RIKER
Captain, how believable do you find that crystal thing?

PICARD
Having explored so little of just our galaxy, I find anything possible.

TASHA
(overlapping; puzzled by readings)
Data, are you expecting Lore to come up here? He left your quarters some time ago.
DATA
To go... ?

TASHA
My Turbo-sensors say he went to
Deck One...

   (turning to Worf)
Worf?

WORF
... where he examined some
microminiature work tools, then
some...

   (squints at her Viewer)
   ... fine grind quadratanium... ?

DATA
Which is used in our construction.
   (to Picard)
That particular compound is no
more suspicious, sir, than a human
looking for an antiseptic or an
ointment. Nevertheless, I should
check it out.

BEVERLY
You're watching everything he
does, Data? Is that the act of
a brother?

PICARD
The act of a Starfleet officer
obeying his captain, Doctor.

Tasha watches Data stand and EXIT the bridge. Then
she turns toward Picard.

TASHA
Speaking strictly as security
chief, Captain... how much can you
trust Data now?

The idea shocks some of the bridge crew.

PICARD
I trust him completely,
Lieutenant!
   (then softer)
But everyone should also realize
you just asked a necessary and
legitimate security question.

TASHA
Thank you for explaining that,
sir.
where Lore has set out a champagne bottle from which he fills stemmed glasses. Then, he pours silver metal bits into one of the glasses, causing the champagne momentarily to FIZZ WITH A SHRILL SOUND. It has hardly settled down when the sliding door OPENS and Data ENTERS. Lore manages to slip the vial into a pouch in his utility uniform as he turns, smiling.

LORE
Lesson one in becoming more human, my brother. You must observe all human customs.

Data is surprised to see the champagne that Lore is pointing out.

DATA
Champagne?

LORE
An ancient ritual, still practiced when they celebrate events of importance.

(picking up undoctored glass)
My brother... I toast our discovery of each other. May it fill our lives with new meaning.

Data is surprised at this ritual being suggested. But Lore is holding his glass in toast position and Data sees no reason not to indulge Lore in this. He picks up his own glass. Lore drinks the full glass; Data takes a couple of sips, sets the glass down and looks up.

DATA
I have some doubts about the value of human... customs in this...my... brother...

Data reels, begins slumping toward the floor as Lore watches, pleased.

LORE
And let us toast also...

DATA
(thickly)
Brother... help me...
... also Doctor Soong who gave me
the full richness of human needs
and ambitions... a perfect match
for my mind, my body...

Data is slumping prone now, becoming unable to fight
the effects of the compound given him. Lore squats
to keep his face near to him.

And let us toast also the great
Crystal Entity... with which I
learned to communicate. Before
Doctor Soong disassembled me, I
earned its gratitude by revealing
the way to the colonists.

Data is close to being completely unconscious now.

Can you image its gratitude when
I give it the life on this
vessel... and when my cleverness
lets it safely feed upon crowded
worlds in the galaxy... ?

Satisfied with what he sees now, Lore begins stripping
down to the turtleneck undershirt beneath his utility
uniform.

Only Riker, Geordi, Wesley and Worf on duty now. Worf
gets a reading which causes him to look toward Riker.

This is strange, sir. I show
Mister Data transmitting on a
subspace channel.

He's been doing considerable
research on Doctor Soong's
background... but let's be sure.

Wesley, can you look in on him
discreetly?
51 CONTINUED:

WESLEY
(coming to his feet
instantly)
Yes sir!

bridge crew watches Wesley EXIT, enjoying his youthful eagerness.

52 INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

where Data's android form now wears the utility uniform, lying unconscious on the floor neatly parallel to a cabin wall. Wearing Data's uniform and rank insignia is Lore, now speaking into the computer.

LORE
... and upon arriving here you can identify me as the machine named "Data."

Any doubts as to the true identity of this Android are resolved at the sight of Lore's facial "tic" or twitch. WE HEAR the door CHIME.

LORE
(continuing)
End of message.
(turning computer off)
Come in, please.

Wesley ENTERS, stops in surprise at the sight of an android in utility uniform lying unconscious on the floor.

LORE
(continuing)
Glad you are here, Wesley. Lore suddenly attacked me and I had to turn him off.

WESLEY
Why did he do that, Data?

LORE
He discovered we have been using sensors to follow what he does.

Lore's facial twitch happens. Wesley REGISTERS SURPRISE at this happening.
CONTINUED:

LORE
(continuing)
I practiced his facial "tic."
Do I have it right?

WESLEY
I'd suggest you forget imitating him...
(smiles)
... because if you had said "We've been using the sensors," instead if "we have," I might have suspected you were Lore.

LORE
Yes. I do use language more formally than Lore. Please inform the captain I will come up to the bridge...
(indicating unconscious Form)
... and report on this.

WESLEY
Aye, sir.

CAMERA HOLDS ON LORE as Wesley EXITS. Then the facial "tic" happens again and Lore turns to a cabinet and extracts several hand devices, selects a heavy one.

CLOSE ON LORE

as he lifts the device to his face, touches a control making it WHINE into power. Then another control which causes it to BATHE THE FACIAL "TIC" AREA WITH ELECTRONIC DISCHARGES WHICH APPEAR AS MINIATURE "LIGHTNING BOLTS." He keeps at this "treatment" until that part of his face BEGINS TO GLOW. Then he lowers the device and as the GLOW FADES, then works his facial muscles, testing them.

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

still traveling at high warp against a star background.
INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Any angles on the Main Viewer SHOW the same high warp speed. The full bridge crew we saw earlier is on duty, Wesley back at the Helm position, Beverly seated in the Command Area again. Data hasn’t returned, of course. Picard ENTERS from his Ready Room, reflecting annoyance as he speaks to Wesley.

PICARD
You're certain he said he'll be right up?

WESLEY
He indicated that, sir.

TASHA
Sensors show Data just now entering a turbolift, sir.

BEVERLY
(to Wesley)
Wes, tell me again how Data said he immobilized Lore.

WESLEY
He said he "turned him off," Mom... (quick correction) ... uh, Doctor.

Lore, in Data's uniform, ENTERS by turbolift. Beverly eyes him, puzzled.

BEVERLY
(quietly)
Question, Mister Data... did you or did you not swear me to secrecy about your "off switch?"

LORE
(a slight hesitation)
A change of mind, Doctor. If I cannot trust the bridge crew, whom can I...?

GEORDI
(interrupting; to Picard)
Sir! I'm picking up a "bogey" coming in on a five o'clock tangent.
CONTINUED:

WESLEY
Confirm! And so fast it makes our warp eight look like we're standing still!

TASHA
It's transmitting no ID signal, Captain...

RIKER
Set Main Viewer on that tangent.

Main Viewer SWITCHES to the indicated REAR ANGLE, changing the relative star movement accordingly. As the view magnifies, WE CAN SEE A TINY BRIGHT SPOT WHICH STEADILY GROWS LARGER.

PICARD
Shields up; go to Yellow Alert! Transmit friendly greetings, all languages, all frequencies.

RIKER
I can't believe anything overtaking us this fast.

LORE
Beautiful, isn't it?

Wesley pivots, EXPRESSING SURPRISE at this. The rest of the bridge crew is too busy at their readings and controls to notice.

RIKER
I recognize it, Captain... it's similar to that child's drawing...

WE CAN NOW SEE that the IMAGE (computer generated?) IS SHAPED LIKE THE CRYSTAL COMPLEX.

BEVERLY
My God, it's big!

55A EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND CRYSTAL ENTITY (OPTICAL)

MOVING IN to float close to our starship, the SHIMMERING CRYSTAL COMPLEXITY is very obvious. It looks both very lovely and terribly powerful at the same time.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
FADE IN:

56 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND CRYSTAL ENTITY (OPTICAL)

The huge crystal form, two or three times the size of the starship, SLOWLY SPINNING, pictorially dominating the starship as it floats next to it.

57 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

The complex crystal IMAGE on Main Viewer, still SHIMMERING as it SLOWLY TURNS. Watching it are Picard, Riker, Wesley, Tasha, Worf and "Lore."

TASHA
Still no ID transmitted, sir.
Also, no answer to our inquiries.

Geordi ENTERS hurriedly.

PICARD
Did you have a direct look at it?

GEORDI
It's like a snowflake crystal, sir. But much more complex... the entire electromagnetic spectrum seems to play about inside it...

(seeing Picard's look)
I haven't the slightest idea what it is, sir.

PICARD
Data, anything else Lore can tell us about it may be important. Can you control Lore enough to question him?

LORE
(rising; moving to turbolift)
I'll have to examine him to know, sir.

Wesley, who has reacted uncomfortably to all this, comes to his feet.
CONTINUED:

WESLEY
Captain, recommend you do not let...
   (hesitates)
... him move around the ship alone.

PICARD
Ensign...!

LORE
(interrupting; chuckling)
Wesley is only trying to show himself alert and responsible, sir.
   (to Wesley)
Something to encourage. Come, you can watch everything I do.

WESLEY
Not if I have a choice.

PICARD
That is quite enough, Ensign!
When addressing a senior officer...

RIKER
(interrupting)
I've guided his training; I'm the one at fault, sir.
   (to Wesley)
You will show proper courtesy, and I'm taking you down there to make certain of it!
   (to Picard)
With your approval, of course, sir.

Picard gives a wave of approval to Riker and a look of annoyance to Wesley.

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

as last seen, with Data unconscious on the floor. The door opens with Lore very cleverly managing to block Riker's and Wesley's view as he takes a precautionary look inside.
CONTINUED:

LORE

Careful of Lore...
   (steps aside)
   Good, he is still unconscious.

Wesley ENTERS with Riker.

LORE
   (continuing; to Wesley)
   The captain refused to listen to you but you were right... Lore can be extremely dangerous.

Lore has knelt with an arm going behind Data, pretending to lift his head more upright to examine his face. Then, even though unconscious, Data's face titches.

LORE
   (continuing)
   Notice? The same twitch, even when he's unconscious... I suspect that...

REVERSE CLOSE ANGLE

On Data's back where Lore's hand, hidden from view, probes fingers toward the "switch" deep in Data's back.

LORE (O.S.)
   ... something went seriously wrong during Lore's construction.

BACK TO SHOT

LORE
   Stay back. We could have a problem if he senses someone else is near.
      (bringing android closer)
   Lore, I have some questions to ask you...

Data's eyes flicker open, rolling about.

REVERSE ANGLE

Again on Data's back -- Lore's fingers jabbing viciously at the "switch" area.
Data's head begins to jerk about, then begins doing it more and more violently and he begins making PAINED SOUNDS -- then struggles as if to sit up, Lore pretending to hold him down.

LORE
Lore, it is Data. I have a few easy questions for you...
(pretending to control Data)
He senses you!
(Data begins flailing)
I'm sorry, I can't control him if you stay.

Wesley is still uncertain, but Riker feels obliged to obey Picard's orders. He moves Wesley toward the door. Data is beginning to flail rather wildly.

LORE
Please! I'll record anything he says!

RIKER
And bring it to the bridge.
Immediately!

The cabin door IS OPENED as Riker GUIDES Wesley OUT. Then the doors CLOSE. Then, Lore releases Data who falls back prone and unconscious again.

LORE
And you want to be as stupid as them... ?

Lore suddenly KICKS HARD at Data's head, knocking it violently aside.

LORE
(continuing)
... dear brother!

He kicks again. Then again.
64  INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

where Riker and Wesley are moving back to their positions.

PICARD
Well, Number One?

RIKER
Sir, it's Lore... with the same facial twitch we've all seen... lying unconscious exactly as Data described. But he became violent, apparently sensing that Wesley and I were present...

WESLEY
(interrupting)
Or is it Lore pretending to be Data, and faking it all?

PICARD
I asked for Commander Riker's report, "Acting Ensign" Crusher. And since it is now clear you are unable to function here within the limits of that appointment...

Wesley has come to his feet expecting the worst but all is now interrupted:

GEORDI
Captain!

Picard whirs at the sound of alarm in Geordi's voice... and sees that the huge crystal shape is rapidly MOVING IN toward the Enterprise. Reaching the deflector shields area, it is deflected back somewhat, but the smaller Enterprise is JOLTED MORE, SHAKING THE BRIDGE CREW ABOUT.

TASHA
Deflector shields holding, sir.

PICARD
(keeping voice calm)
Bring photon torpedoes to ready; main phasers to ready...

A flurry of activity from Tasha and Worf. Wesley has quickly seated himself again, checking his controls as the immense crystal shape now COMES AT THE ENTERPRISE HARDER. The SHAKing this time is HEAVIER, and WE BEGIN TO HEAR the SOUND OF STRUCTURAL STRAIN. Beverly COMES OUT of a turbolift, concerned.
CONTINUED:

PICARD
(continuing: to Riker)
Go to Red Alert, please.

Riker hits a control and the ALERT SIGNAL begins HONKING, the RED LIGHTS begin FLASHING. And Lore, still in Data's uniform, COMES OUT of a turbolift on the run.

WORF
(raising voice over it)
Weapons now ready, sir!

LORE
No, Captain, let me talk to it...

PICARD
(interrupting)
Why didn't you say you could?

Interrupted by the CRYSTAL SHAPE COMING at the Enterprise still HARDER, with STRUCTURAL STRAIN HEARD MUCH LOUDER this time. The shaking makes Lore grab support as:

PICARD
(continuing)
Affirmative! Talk to it!

LORE
(whirling to Tasha)
Open hailing frequencies!
(as she hits switch)
Crystal Form, I identify myself as "Data," advising you to stop your attack. The humans here are powerful, capable of injuring or even destroying you. They can be changed only in other ways.

The crystal shape stops, begins to BACK OFF from the Enterprise, taking its earlier position.

GEORDI
Now I call that communicating.

WORF
But he mentioned "changing us,
Captain. What does that mean?

Wesley looks back toward Worf thankfully.
LORE
It has many meanings, as any human language dictionary could inform you.

(to Picard)
Suggest moving fast to confirm what I told it, sir. Permission to use the large transporter in Cargo Room Three? There I can beam out some living pattern, perhaps a large tree...

RIKER
Which you'll beam over next to the entity...

LORE
You are correct, Riker.

(to Picard)
Our ship's phasers will then blast and disintegrate it... proving we're dangerous.

PICARD
Make it so!

LORE
Sir?

Which brings a slight change of expression onto Picard's features.

PICARD
Do it!

Lore EXITS via turbolift. Wesley has come to his feet, protesting.

WESLEY
Sir, I know this may finish me as an acting ensign, but...

PICARD
Shut up, Wesley.

(turning)
Lieutenant Yar, pick a good security team, let me know what he does.

Yar turns to Worf, silently requesting him to handle it. Worf gives a brisk "Aye, sir," EXITING via turbolift.

Beverly has been watching Picard, troubled.
CONTINUED: (3)

BEVERLY
"Shut up, Wesley?"

PICARD
Stay out of this, Madam...

WESLEY
Since I am finished here, Captain, may I point out...?

BEVERLY
Shut up, Wesley!

WESLEY
 stil to Picard)
... that what I've said would have been listened to if it came from an adult officer. Request permission to return to my quarters, sir.

PICARD
Granted, if you take your mother with you.

BEVERLY
(flaring)
You're putting me off the bridge?

PICARD
I'm asking that you keep an eye on your son during this, Doctor.

WESLEY
Please, Mom. Let's go.

A hesitant Beverly lets Wesley accompany her to a turbolift.

INT. CORRIDOR

where Worf and two Security People hurry toward a turbolift door there. It OPENS... REVEALING Lore waiting there. Worf REACTS, quickly steps toward Lore.

LORE
Emergency close!

Causing the turbolift doors to CLOSE in the face of the Security People.
INT. TURBOLIFT

Worf, alone with Lore in the small cab, whirls toward the android.

LORE
(continuing)
Now show me your warrior fierceness.

Worf draws his small phaser fast... and Lore chops it from his hand even faster. Worf pivots, his fist striking powerfully at Lore who moves very fast, deflects it and chops again at Worf, bringing a look of surprised pain to Worf's face. Like a windmill, Lore chops at Worf with one hand, then the next, then again with the other -- and WE SEE Worf's knees beginning to buckle.

OMITTED

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

with Data crumpled in a heap on the floor. No blood or bruises appear on an android, but the epidermal covering of his head is damaged, with pieces of it hanging down.

WE HEAR a CHIME. Then a wait, then a MECHANICAL SOUND AT THE DOOR which slides open TO REVEAL Wesley there with Beverly who now has a major phaser on her belt.

BEVERLY
I'll look, but I should never have let you talk me into this...

But Wesley presses ON INTO the room... then REACTS at what he finds.

WESLEY
It's Data, Mom. He's been hurt!

Beverly COMES IN too, kneels at the utility-clad Form there. Then the facial twitch happens. Beverly looks up at Wesley, alarmed.

WESLEY
It's Data! For once will you trust me about something?

Beverly looks questioningly at the unconscious android form.
WESLEY
(continuing)
You must know how much Starfleet means to me. But I'm finished unless you can help me.
(touches her arm)
I heard you know how to turn them on. Please?

Beverly pulls away, starts to rise.

BEVERLY
No, this is very serious...

WESLEY
I know, Mom. So tell me again to "shut up, Wesley," and I will.

BEVERLY
You're being very unfair, Wesley...

But Beverly still reaches to Data's back... then Data opens his eyes and sits upright, examining Beverly and Wesley.

WESLEY
Data, the Crystal Thing is outside close to the ship... and Lore is loose somewhere inside.

Data comes to his feet. A loose piece of epidermal covering FLUTTERS to the floor, causing him to run a hand over his facial damage.

BEVERLY
How badly are you hurt... Data?

DATA
I will function sufficiently to stop Lore, Doctor...

Wesley is already OUT the door. Beverly and Data hurry to FOLLOW.

INT. CORRIDOR TO CARGO THREE

Data, Beverly, Wesley hurry to a small door marked "TRANSPORTER TECHNICIANS ONLY."
DATA
Whatever happens, it is important
that you two stay away from him.
Do not try to help me.

Both Wesley and Beverly nod agreement. Data tries the
door, it doesn't budge. Data gives an "I thought so"
nod, turns to a panel next to the door, punches in a
code... then easily pushes the door open.

INT. CARGO THREE TRANSPORTER ROOM

The small door has led to the Transporter Control Area.
Beyond past the large Transporter Platform are large
cargo doors used for bringing bulky cargo items in and
out. As Data, Beverly and Wesley ENTER, they stop,
freeze as they hear:

LORE (O.S.)
Good, you understand perfectly
so far. Next, I'll signal I'm
about to transport something
out...

Data is now moving in quietly, motioning Doctor and son
to stay back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lore standing at a computer where Data can see him now.

LORE
(continuing)
... at which time the deflector
shields will turn off for a
moment, and if you move in at
that time...

Lore suddenly stops in mid-sentence, turns and looks
directly at Data. Then, as if sensing someone else
there, Lore steps unexpectedly to one side... sees
Wesley and Beverly there.

DATA
How sad, dear brother. You have
made me wish I were an only child.
CONTINUED:

LORE
(raising phaser)
Then why this marvelous gift, my brother? The troublesome little man-child.
(circling; to Wesley)
Are you prepared for the kind of death you've earned, little man?

This is too much for Beverly. She draws her major phaser, aiming it at Lore.

BEVERLY
If you take one step toward my son...

Startled, Data takes his eyes off Lore for just a fraction of a second... enough for Lore to send Data spinning to where he blocks Beverly's aim. Wesley tries to move in to help but Lore has already chopped again at Data, spinning into Beverly, easily taking the phaser away from her. He makes a quick setting on it. Data is coming to his feet to attack Lore.

LORE
Ah, motherhood!
(aims phaser at Wesley)
Back off or I'll turn your little man into a torch!

Frightened for Wesley, Beverly backs off. Lore makes another quick setting, holding phaser on Wesley.

LORE
I promise him exquisite pain unless you obey me too, dear brother.

BEVERLY
Move away, Data, please!

Data backs off a few steps.

LORE
Do you see now the advantages of being completely human?
(to Beverly)
It includes kindness. I give you your life, Doctor. Go, quickly and I may not injure your son at all.
CONTINUED: (2)

Beverly is willing to die if it helps her son. But leaving him this way?

DATA
I will stay with Wesley, Doctor.

LORE
Go! Or he'll be shrieking on the count of five. One... two...

ANOTHER ANGLE (OPTICAL & SPECIAL EFFECTS)

Beverly panics, hurries toward the small door where they had entered.

BEVERLY
I'll bring help, Wesley.

LORE
Thank you for my human quality, Doctor Soong.
(aiming phaser)
Now a small payment for your son's misdeeds.

LORE PHASERS BEVERLY, a BEAM which strikes her left arm in a FLASH OF FIRE.

WESLEY
Mom!

Wesley turns, rushing at Lore... but Data reaches out, stopping Wesley and holding him immobile. Meanwhile, the PHASER BEAM has IGNITED Beverly's MEDICAL COAT which she must now tear away one-handed, opening the door the same way. As the EXITS, the door CLOSES but with Lore distracted with the door, Data leaps at him fast, shoving Wesley tumbling to safety. It is a vicious android battle, both using incredible speed and power. It SURGES OUT into the open room, toward the big transporter platform.

ANGLES ON WESLEY

coming to his feet, alert to anything he can do to help Data. He moves toward the conflict.
CONTINUED:

DATA
Stay back, Wesley! Help me some other way!

Wesley backs off. Data and Lore in action that now surges toward the transporter platform. Wesley, desperately seeking some way to help, sees their direction of movement... turns quickly toward the transporter controls. Can this be it?

EMPHASIZING DATA AND LORE

at the edge of the transporter platform. Data now sees where Wesley is standing -- he pretends to stumble, faking Lore in over him -- then surges up to his full height, tossing Lore onto the platform.

DATA
Wesley... now!

ANGLE ON WESLEY

already moving the controls.

ANGLE EMPHASIZING LORE (OPTICAL)

as he is beamed out into oblivion.

ANGLE ON SMALL DOOR

as it is forced open, Picard, Riker, Tasha, with an injured Beverly rush in. Wesley rushes to his mother, worried about her injuries.

WESLEY
(to Picard)
Lore's gone, sir, permanently!

PICARD
(to Beverly)
Now that your son's safe, Doctor, report immediately to Sickbay.

Riker has noticed something happening on the computer view screen.

RIKER
Captain... The crystal thing has begun to move away.
79A  EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE AND CRYSTAL SHAPE (OPTICAL)

    as the crystal thing MOVES AWAY from the starship, 
    accellerating, DISAPPEARING quickly into the distance.

79B  INT. CARGO THREE TRANSPORTER ROOM

    as a figure, clothed like Lore, MOVES IN toward the Captain. As Picard looks him over, its face twitches.

    PICARD
    (continuing; beat;
     eyeing him)
    Data, get rid of that damned twitch! And put on a correct uniform.
79B  CONTINUED:

DATA
Yes, Captain.

Data EXITS.

PICARD
And Ensign Crusher...
   (as Wesley HURRIES IN)
   ... are you able to return to duty now?

WESLEY
Yes, sir!

PICARD
Then do so! Let the bridge know all is well down here.

Wesley HURRIES OFF too. Riker turns from another look at at the view screen.

RIKER
It's gone, sir. Without Lore, it had no way to reach us.

PICARD
(nods)
And we're overdue for our computer refit.
   (beat)
Number One, have you ever considered whether Data is more human, or less human than we want?

RIKER
(grins)
I only wish we were as well balanced, sir.

PICARD
(beat; nods)
Agreed!

The two of them begin to EXIT.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE
THE END