CAST

PICARD        GOWRON
RIKER         K'TAL
DATA          KLINGON FIRST OFFICER
BEVERLY       KURN
TROI          LURSA
GEORDI        B'ETOR
WORF          TORAL
GUINAN        MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
              MOVAR
              KLINGON HELMSMAN

Non-Speaking  Non-Speaking

TRANSPORTER TECHNICIAN  GOWRON'S KLINGON AIDE
SUPERNUMERARIES          8 KLINGON COUNCIL MEMBERS
                          2 KLINGON GUARDS
                          2 KLINGON BRIDGE CREW
                          2 KURN'S KLINGON AIDES
                          ROMULAN CREWMEMBER
SETS

INTERIORS                  EXTERIORS
USS ENTERPRISE            USS ENTERPRISE

MAIN BRIDGE
CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM      KLINGON ATTACK CRUISER
OBSERVATION LOUNGE        KLINON HOME WORLD
CORRIDOR                  2 KLINON BIRDS OF PREY
PHASER RANGE
TRANSPORTER ROOM          KLINON CITY (MATTE)
WORF'S QUARTERS           KLINON CITY (MATTE)
KURN'S BIRD OF PREY
KLINGON CRUISER
BRIDGE
READY ROOM
KLINGON CITY
GREAT HALL
DURAS FAMILY HOME
KLINGON BIRD OF PREY
READY ROOM
CH pronounced as in chew or artichoke

Bah        BAH (gutteral "H")
B'Etor     be-TOR
Bortas     bor-TAS
cha'DIch   cha-DICH
Doj hon    do-zhan
Duras      DYUR-as
Ghos       GOZ
g'now juk Hol pajhard ga-NOW JUK-hul pa-zhard
hakt'em    hock-TEM
Hegh'ta    heg-TA
Khitomer   KIT-to-mur
K'Tal      Ka-TAL
Kurn       KURN
La woq yon ghir Klas qimha la-WAK yun-GIR Klas-KIM-ah
Len'mat    LIN-mat
Lursa      LUR-suh
Mempa      MEM-pah
Mogh       MOHG
M'Rel      ma-REL
naDev ghoS na-DEV GOZ
CONTINUED:

Qaja plu d'itch jung   Kha-JAP loo deeCH JUNG
Qapla'                 Khap-LA
Suh                    SUH (gutteral "H")
Toral                  To-ral
Yintagh                yen-TAHG
FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE – THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The ship at warp.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's log, stardate 44995.3.
We are en route to the Klingon
Home World, where I will
participate in the installation
ceremony of Gowron, the next
designated Leader of the High
Council.

2 INT. WORF'S QUARTERS

WORF is practicing a form of martial art in front of a
large mirror. He is dressed in a workout gi and is
practicing a graceful and fluid kata using his
bat'tellth sword... he's been at this for a while and is
disheveled and sweaty.

PICARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
This visit should also provide
an opportunity for one of my
officers to correct... a grave
injustice.

The door CHIMES. Worf finishes the routine before
answering.

WORF
Enter.

PICARD ENTERS and Worf is caught off-guard. He is
immediately embarrassed at receiving his captain in
this manner.

PICARD
Am I intruding?

WORF
No, sir. My apologies, Captain...
I can be back in uniform—-
PICARD
That won't be necessary.
(beat)
I'm not here as your captain.
I'm here as the person that stood
with you before the High
Council... your cha'DIch.

Worf reacts to the word... disturbing memories that
have been on his mind recently. He sets the sword on a
nearby table. After a beat...

PICARD
(continuing)
We'll arrive at your Home World
in less than a day.

Picard lets that hang in the air for a moment. Worf
understands the unspoken question... thinks for a
beat... then turns back to Picard.

WORF
It is not yet time.

Picard half-expected that answer. His attitude is
intimate... personal... they're two men who stood
shoulder to shoulder during a difficult time.

PICARD
That doesn't sound like the man
who came to me a year ago...
fiercely determined to return home
and clear his father's name...
or die trying.

Worf doesn't answer... Picard goes on after a beat.

PICARD
You accepted this... dishonor from
the Council in order to hold the
Empire together.
(beat)
The Empire survives. Isn't it
time to confront the Council...
to regain your family name and
let the truth be known?

WORF
I have been told... that patience
is sometimes a more effective
weapon than a sword.
Picard smiles a little, recognizing one of his own lessons.

PICARD
Patience is a... human virtue, one which I am proud to see you've taken to heart. But this situation may require a more... Klingon response.

Beat.

PICARD
(continuing, frank)
Your discommendation is a facade intended to protect men less honorable than you. It is a lie... and lies must be challenged.

Worf hears the words... he's struggling with the logic of Picard's argument.

WORF
I have grown... weary of bearing this dishonor...

After a long beat...

PICARD
We will be in orbit around your planet for at least two days... it may be some time before we return again. I would be favorably disposed to grant a leave should you request one.

Worf thinks about this... he's getting closer to doing just that.

RIKER'S COM VOICE
Bridge to Captain Picard.

WORF
(softly)
Thank you, sir.

PICARD
(hits communicator)
Go ahead, Number One.
CONTINUED: (3)

RIKER'S COM VOICE
We've been intercepted by the Klingon vessel Bortas. They claim to be our escort.

Picard gives Worf a puzzled look.

WORF
No escort was scheduled.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)
The Enterprise and a Klingon attack cruiser running side by side on impulse power.

4 INT. MAIN BRIDGE
RIKER and DATA at their positions. Picard ENTERS.

RIKER
(to Picard)
The Bortas is standing by,
Captain.

PICARD
On screen.

5 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)
GOWRON appears on the viewscreen, sitting in his ready room. Picard and Riker are surprised.

PICARD
Gowron... this is an unexpected pleasure.

Gowron's attitude is urgent... no time for pleasantries.

GOWRON
I must speak with you, Picard.
We have to move quickly if we are to be successful.

PICARD
Successful?
CONTINUED:

GOWRON

Yes.

(beat)
In preventing a Klingon civil war.

On Picard's reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard is listening to Gowron. Gowron moves about the room... restless... a man being kept from what is rightfully his.

GOWRON
The family of Duras is massing support... they have many allies on the Council...

PICARD
But Duras died in disgrace. By Klingon tradition, his family should share in that disgrace.

GOWRON
Their corruption has poisoned the Empire. Honor will soon have no meaning.

PICARD
Who speaks for his family now?

GOWRON
Lursa and B'Etor... the sisters of Duras.

PICARD
And they would claim leadership of the Council?

GOWRON
(shakes his head)
Women may not serve on the Council...

PICARD
Then how... ?

GOWRON
I don't know. But they are plotting something. They have secured the loyalty of at least three fleet commanders.
(beat)
Their followers do not care about Duras' crimes. Lursa and B'etor are feared... and fear is power.
CONTINUED:

PICARD
I fail to see what I can do to assist...

Gowron moves to Picard...

GOWRON
You were first chosen as arbiter of succession because no Klingon could be trusted. You accepted this duty... and you must see it through to the end. You must ensure my installation.

PICARD
I am prepared to report to the Council that only you have completed the rite of succession...

GOWRON
Not enough. Duras was a Romulan collaborator. You must declare his family ineligible to ever again sit on the ruling Council.

PICARD
That... is beyond my purview.

GOWRON
You will not support me?

PICARD
I will not step outside the traditional role of the arbiter.

Gowron sighs, hopes dashed.

PICARD
I can only assure you that I will deal with any challenge according to Klingon law.

GOWRON
I fear that will not be enough.
CONTINUED: (2)

Picard has made his position clear, has nothing more to offer. Gowron looks at him for a beat... gives a curt nod of understanding, then they both EXIT to...
7 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Picard and Gowron ENTER from the observation lounge. Riker, Worf, and DATA at their positions.

PICARD
Mister Worf, please escort our guest to the transporter room.

Gowron throws Worf a quick look of disgust, and they EXIT to the turbolift. Picard sits in command with a thoughtful look on his face. After a beat...

PICARD
Mister Data, begin monitoring Romulan activity along the Neutral Zone. Have the outpost stations there start sending us their tactical reports.

DATA
Yes, sir.

Riker is a little surprised... he gives Picard a questioning look.

PICARD
The Duras family is preparing to move against Gowron.

RIKER
Backed by Romulans?

PICARD
I don't know. But there's too much history between the Duras (note: plural) and the Romulans to discount the possibility.

Riker nods agreement.

CUT TO:

7A INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM

Worf and Gowron ENTER. Gowron is studiously avoiding looking at Worf. As Gowron moves toward the platform, Worf finally decides to take the plunge.

WORF
(to Technician)
Dismissed.
CONTINUED:

The TRANSPORTER TECHNICIAN EXITS. Gowron looks at Worf in mild surprise.

WORF
(continuing)
I would speak with you.

GOWRON
I do not hear the words of a traitor.

Worf reacts to the word traitor... he takes a step toward Gowron and says the words he's been holding back for a long time.

WORF
(slow and clear)
I am not a traitor.

GOWRON
You admitted your guilt before the Council.

Worf's expression hardens... he's not going to back down this time.

WORF
I accepted discommendation to protect the Empire.

GOWRON
Protect it? How?

WORF
It was Duras' father who betrayed our people to the Romulans at Khitomer. Not mine.

GOWRON
(reacts)
Duras. There is proof of this?

WORF
There is.

GOWRON
Why would you accept dishonor to protect Duras?
STAR TREK: "Redemption" - REV. 4/9/91 - ACT ONE

7A CONTINUED: (2)

WORF
(bitter)
His family was too powerful. To expose him would have split the Empire. Instead, the Council chose to blame my father.

GOWRON
The Council knew?

A beat.

WORF
I believe you are a man of honor, Gowron.
(beat)
I ask you to restore my family name.

A beat.

GOWRON
(with sympathy)
Worf, you killed Duras. I consider that no small favor. But what you ask is impossible.

WORF
But after your Installation...

GOWRON
The grasp of Duras reaches out from the grave. Much of the Council is still loyal to his family. I must have the Council's support to survive. I cannot expose their treachery.

Worf looks at Gowron, perhaps a man of honor but definitely a political animal most interested in his own survival. Gowron is even a little ashamed of himself, but this is the reality.

GOWRON
You chose to accept this disgrace for the good of the Empire. Now, you must live with your decision like a Klingon.

A beat on Worfs cold stare.
EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE & GOWRON'S SHIP (OPTICAL)

moving into orbit around the Klingon planet.

OMITTED

INT. PHASER RANGE

As seen in "A Matter of Honor." CLOSE ON a phaser. MOVE TO REVEAL Worf checking his weapon on the phaser range. His expression is tense... tightly controlled. From o.s. we hear the SOUND OF DOORS OPENING and someone entering the range. Worf looks up in surprise to see...

NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

GUINAN steps into the small circle of light carrying a phaser.

WORF

Guinan?

GUINAN

Hi. Ten Forward's been pretty quiet today... I thought I'd get in a little target practice. Mind if I join you?

Worf didn't expect this at all... doesn't know what to say. Guinan finishes checking out her phaser.

WORF

You... practice?

GUINAN

Sure. I like to keep my eye sharp.
CONTINUED:

WORF
(hesitates)
I... practice at... level fourteen.

GUINAN
(smiles, with humor)
That's okay. I can go back to that level for a while.

Worf doesn't react to her joke.

GUINAN
You know, I have a bet with the captain that I can make you smile before you make lieutenant commander.

WORF
Not a good bet today.

She makes room for him in the circle. Worf hesitates for another moment... then steps in. He quickly checks his phaser.

GUINAN
Ready?
(off his nod)
Computer, level fourteen... begin program.

COMPUTER VOICE
Program initiated.

Worf and Guinan hold their weapons at the ready. Two targets streak by and they quickly fire together... both targets are hit.

They continue to fire in turn at targets as they appear...

GUINAN
I'm sure I heard you laugh once... I liked it...

Guinan blasts three targets in a row.

WORF
Klingons don't laugh.
GUINAN
Not true. Not true at all. You may not laugh. But believe me, I've heard some Klingon belly laughs that could shake a room.

Worf grunts, hits a low target.

GUINAN
Your son laughs and he's Klingon.

WORF
He's a child. And part human.

Worf blasts two targets.

GUINAN
Oh, that's right and you're not. You're all Klingon. Except you don't laugh.

WORF
I don't laugh because I don't feel like laughing.

GUINAN
But other Klingons feel like laughing. What does that say about you... ?

WORF
(gritting his teeth, frustrated)
Perhaps it says... I do not feel like other Klingons.
CONTINUED: (3)

The targets come fast and furious... Guinan easily putting hers away... Worf gets a couple... but misses several.

COMPUTER VOICE
Program complete.
GUINAN
Good game.
(off his unhappy expression)
Hey, don't feel bad... I was doing this years before you were born.

Worf nods to her with new respect.

GUINAN
How is he, by the way? Your son.

WORF
He is having some... difficulties adjusting to life on Earth.

GUINAN
Must be tough for a little guy like that... living with humans, being Klingon... it has to get confusing sometimes...

Worf gives her a look... who is she talking about... Alexander, or him?

WORF
It will not be easy for him...

GUINAN
No, it won't. But the time will come when he'll have to find out what it really means to be Klingon...
(beat)
Just as the time has come now for you, Worf.

He looks at her... she EXITS. Move in on him a beat... and as he reaches a decision in his mind, there on his face, almost, not quite, is the vaguest hint of a determined smile.

INT. READY ROOM

Picard at his desk. The door CHIMES.
12 CONTINUED:

PICARD
Come.

Worf ENTERS.

WORF
Captain, I request a leave of absence.

Picard is pleased at Worf's decision. He stands.

PICARD
(formally)
Mister Worf... request granted.

WORF
Thank you, sir.

Picard nods. Worf moves to leave.

PICARD
Mister Worf...
(Worf pauses)
Qapla!

Worf stands a little taller, squares his shoulders at the Klingon word... nods acknowledgement and then EXITS.

PICARD
(softly, to himself)
And good luck.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

13 EXT. SPACE - BIRD OF PREY (OPTICAL)

The ship in orbit around the Klingon Home World.

WORF (V.O.)
Lieutenant Worf, personal log, stardate 44996.1. I have located the Klingon ship on which my brother Kurn serves as captain and have arranged to join him.

14 INT. BIRD OF PREY - READY ROOM

Unlike its counterpart on the Enterprise, this room is designed to emphasize the prestige and prowess of the ship's captain. Weapons and trophies are boldly displayed on the wall and the captain's chair is bigger and higher than the other three seats. There is also a desk visible. KURN is sitting in the imposing captain's chair. The doors OPEN and WORF ENTERS. Kurn gets to his feet instantly... he's glad to see Worf.

KURN
It has been too long, my brother.

WORF
(agrees)
Too long.

A silent moment...

WORF
There is much to discuss. I have asked Gowron to restore our family honor. He has refused.

KURN
No matter. Gowron will not live to see the day he leads the Council...

WORF
What do you mean?
CONTINUED:

KURN
He stands alone, surrounded by his enemies. Lursa and B-Etor will have him killed... and if they don't, I will.

WORF
You will... ?

Kurn feels passionately about this... he's deeply offended by what's happened to his people and is determined to change it.

KURN
Gowron is weak... and the family of Duras must never be allowed to lead the Council. All of our leaders... have failed us. They no longer deserve our loyalty.

(beat, then quieter)
It is time to sweep away the old Council... and put a new one in its place.

Worf is surprised. This particular option had not occurred to him.

WORF
How could this be done?

KURN
I already have the support of four squadron commanders in strategic sectors. When the time comes, they will follow me.

(beat)
Join us, Worf... we will usher in a new era, and regain our family name.

Worf turns away... thinks this over carefully... then shakes his head and turns back. There can be only one answer.

WORF
No.

KURN
What?
WORF
Gowron has completed the rite of succession... it is our duty to support him.

KURN
(terse)
Gowron spits in your face when you ask him to give back what is rightfully ours... and you would support him?

WORF
We cannot regain honor by acting dishonorably.

KURN
(terse)
I will not support Gowron.

A key moment... Worf moves closer to Kurn and they both tense.

WORF
(low, deadly)
I am the elder brother, Kurn...
I speak for our family.

They glare at each other for a long tense beat... it's tough, but Kurn finally backs off... he drops his eyes in acquiescence. Worf is now firmly in command.

His attitude loosens slightly.

WORF
We will back Gowron.
(beat)
But not now. Not yet. We will wait. Until Gowron feels the grasp of his enemies around his throat. Then we will offer him our support. And the price will be the restoration of our family name.

Kurn takes a beat to adjust his thinking to this new plan... he finally is able to let go of his resentment and concentrate on the matter at hand.
KURN
It will be difficult to convince my allies to back Gowron.
(beat)
But I will try. I must go to the Mempa sector and meet with the other squadron commanders.

WORF
Contact me when you have gained their support.
(beat)
Then I will be ready for Gowron.

On Worf's determined expression...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIRST CITY - (MATTE SHOT)
The Klingon capitol, with Great Hall in view.

INT. GREAT HALL
As seen in "Sins of the Father." THE COUNCIL MEMBERS are standing on either side of the leader's chair, which is empty except for the CEREMONIAL CLOAK OF K'MPEC. The Council Members are all male, predominantly older, with one or two young upstarts among them. There are TWO GUARDS in the room, standing watch at strategic points. Gowron and ONE AIDE stand nearby.

K'TAL
(to Picard)
naDev ghoS! (Come here!)

Picard steps forward

K'TAL
Have you reached a decision regarding the succession of power?

PICARD
(to Council)
K'TAL now moves forward from the Council. K'Tal is an older member of the Council. He follows neither Gowron nor the sisters... he serves the Empire... a man who has been on the Council longer than anyone else and will probably still be here when the others are all gone. He nods to Picard.
16 CONTINUED:

K'TAL
(casual)
Your Klingon is flawless, Picard.
Not even a trace of a human
accent. The Council thanks you
for your service to the Empire.

Picard bows to the Council.

K'TAL
(booming voice)
Gowron, son of M'Rel, hakt'em.

Gowron steps forward... gives all the Councilors a hard
look. Most of them glare back at him, unhappy to be
admitting Gowron to their ranks.

K'TAL
(ritually)
The arbiter confirms that you
have completed the rite of
succession. Your enemies have
been destroyed. You stand alone.
Do you wish to claim leadership
of the Council?

He stands directly before Gowron as Picard takes the
cloak from the empty chair and holds it before Gowron.

GOWRON
I wish it.

K'TAL
(routine, to the room)
Are there no other challengers?

TORAL (o.s.)
There is one.

17 NEW ANGLE

Everyone turns to see TORAL, a Klingon boy (16-18),
ENTER. He is a boy sent to do a man's job, and
consequently he has all the arrogance and false bravado
of youth instead of the confidence and strength of
maturity.

TORAL
(continuing)
I will challenge him.
CONTINUED:

GOWRON
(incensed)
An arrogant child!

Gowron reaches for his weapon, but K'Tal smoothly restrains him.

K'TAL
(to Toral)
Who are you?

TORAL
(beat)
I am Toral... son of Duras.


GOWRON
Duras had no son!

LURSA and B'ETOR now ENTER the hall.

B'ETOR
But he did...

GOWRON
So, this is your doing...

Lursa is older, middle-aged for a Klingon... she's seen quite a few battles in her day, political and otherwise. B'Etor is several years younger, and more volatile than her sister. They walk with assurance to stand before the Council. The Council Members exchange nervous glances... a little afraid of these women. B'Etor moves to stand beside Toral. She's not afraid of Gowron and her presence shores up Toral a little.

LURSA
(ignoring Gowron)
We wish to address the Council.

K'TAL
Lursa, B'Etor, come forward.
CONTINUED: (2)

LURSA
Members of the High Council, it is a day of great rejoicing for the family of Duras and the Klingon Empire. We have discovered that our brother did indeed have a son and heir.

GOWRON
This is an outrage! Duras had no mate. Where did you find him, Lursa? In a harlot's bed chamber?

TORAL
I will personally cut your tongue out, Yintagh!

GOWRON
Impudent wretch.

Both are restrained. The sisters grin. They exchange a glance with Picard.

B'ETOR
A simple genetic scan will prove his bloodline is valid.
CONTINUED: (3)

GOWRON
(to the council)
The illegitimate son of Duras
cannot rule the High Council.

K'TAL
The Council will decide whether
to accept the challenge of Toral,
alleged son of Duras. In favor?

From left to right, one by one the members outstretch
their right fist and grasp the right elbow with their
left hand, signifying yes. Only K'tal and one other
do not follow.

K'TAL
Opposed.

One arm goes out. K'tal doesn't vote again.

K'TAL
The challenge is accepted.

He turns to Picard.

K'TAL
The arbiter will consider its
validity.
(to Council)
Len'mat. (Adjourned)

Reactions, movement, and push into Picard as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIRST CITY (MATTE SHOT)

As before. MOVE AWAY from the Great Hall to another
part of the city.

INT. DURAS FAMILY HOME

The Klingon equivalent to the living room in a
senator's house. There is a couch, a couple chairs, a
low table, and some banners on the walls. It's dark...
moody. Lursa and B'Etor are talking to someone o.s.
while Toral sulks on the couch.
LURSA
Our allies on the Council backed Toral's claim. It's in Picard's hands, now.

MOVAR (o.s.)
Excellent. Everything is proceeding as scheduled.

MOVE TO reveal MOVAR, a Romulan general. Movar is smooth, polished... a political general rather than a combat veteran. There is ANOTHER FIGURE sitting in the darkness near Movar who might be a woman, but we're not sure yet.

MOVAR (continuing)
It will make matters simpler if the captain is cooperative... but we are prepared to move in any case.

TORAL (petulantly)
Why not just kill Picard?

B'Etor cuffs him roughly... it's clear that she and her sister are the real powers here. Toral shrinks from the reproof.

B'ETOR (angry)
Fool! Do we want the Federation as our enemy?

TORAL (abashed)
No.

The Woman in shadow doesn't have to raise her voice in order to command everyone's attention instantly. There is something deadly in her calm voice and assured manner.

WOMAN
At least, not yet. But when the time is right... we will deal with the Federation... and Captain Picard.
CONTINUED: (2)

On the reactions of agreement...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE & CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The ships in orbit.

20A INT. WORF'S QUARTERS (FORMERLY SCENE 26) (OPTICAL)

Worf is talking to Kurn on the monitor.

KURN
I have met with the other squadron commanders here... three will join us, one will not.

Worf nods soberly... the odds against them are still pretty long.

KURN
(continuing)
That gives us enough strength to control seven key sectors.

WORF
Do you know the strength of our enemies?

KURN
They have at least seven squadrons... but most of the fleet has not decided which banner to follow.

WORF
Gowron is nearly out of options. Soon he will have no choice...

Kurn nods in agreement.

KURN
I will soon return to the Home World. We shall meet then.

Worf acknowledges as the monitor shuts off. He nods, satisfied, EXITS.
INT. MAIN BRIDGE

Starting on a transition shot of Data's hands quickly moving across the panels of the console... moving up to find Worf and Data at the aft science station.

DATA
Do you also require the original logs recorded during the attack, Lieutenant?

WORF
(acknowledges)
Everything we have on the Khitomer massacre.

Picard ENTERS from the turbolift and moves toward his ready room, but stops as he sees Worf. He's surprised to see Worf, and he becomes uncomfortable as he realizes what they're talking about.

DATA
I can provide you with our analysis of communications between the Khitomer outpost and the Romulan ships; however, for a complete record you will have to contact Starbase Twenty-Four and request---

PICARD
(interrupting)
Mister Worf... have you cancelled your leave?

WORF
No, sir.

A beat.

PICARD
Lieutenant... join me in my ready room.

Picard and Worf EXIT to...

INT. READY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Picard and Worf ENTER. Picard takes a minute to compose his thoughts.
22  CONTINUED:

PICARD
You are planning to use our files on the Khitomer massacre as evidence against Duras' father?

WORF
Yes, sir.

PICARD
Mister Worf... do you not see an inherent conflict of interest...

WORF
Sir, these records can help me prove that my father was falsely accused of treason.

Picard is caught between his desire to help Worf and his responsibilities as captain. He struggles to define the limitations both for himself and for Worf.

PICARD
You are using your position as a Starfleet officer to affect political change on your planet... there could not be a worse compromise of our fundamental principles...

WORF
Captain... you urged me to fight this battle...

PICARD
(sighs, frustrated)
Yes, I know. I understand your motives, and you know I support your goals, but...

WORF
Do not tie my hands now... I must be able to prove my father's innocence. The Federation records will do that.

Picard knows he needs them. He wants to help. What the hell can he do? He shakes his head.

PICARD
Mister Worf... Mister Worf...

(beat, sighs)
Mister Worf...
His tone gets more intimate. Quite unlike Picard, the words rather spill out as he exposes his own feelings, his own frustrations to the junior officer.

PICARD
Here I am lecturing you on a conflict of interest while I'm desperately trying to avoid one of my own. Do you think I wish to allow the Duras family to solidify their hold on the Council? Do you think I cannot see the implications for the Federation? And good Lord, Duras tried to have me killed!

(beat)
All of my instincts... my training... my very being as a Starfleet officer are at odds with my responsibilities as arbiter for the Klingon High Council.

(beat)
We walk the same tightrope between two worlds... you and I. We must try our very best to keep those worlds clearly separate... or we shall certainly fall.

WORF
Yes, sir.

PICARD
As far as these records from Khitomer are concerned...

Picard pauses for a beat. He really wants to help Worf... he struggles with his conscience... finally sees a way to give Worf what he wants... but Picard is pushing himself to the absolute limit... this is as far as he can go.

PICARD
(continuing)
I will make the Federation records on the Khitomer massacre available... to anyone who wants them... the High Council, the Duras family... anyone.

WORF
(very pleased)
Thank you, sir.
22 CONTINUED: (3)

Worf turns and at the door, Picard stops him with...

PICARD
Mister Worf, this is as far as
I can go.

Worf acknowledges, EXITS. Picard sits down... frowns,
unhappy with just about everything.

RIKER'S COM VOICE
Riker to Captain Picard.

PICARD
(to com)
Yes, Number One.

RIKER'S COM VOICE
There's a message coming in for
you from the surface. It's coded
personal.

Picard's a little surprised.

PICARD
Send it through.

He turns to the computer terminal on his desk... begins
reading the message... he's very surprised at the
information on the screen. On Picard's puzzled
expression...

CUT TO:

23 EXT. THE FIRST CITY (MATTE SHOT)

As before.

24 INT. DURAS FAMILY HOME

Picard ENTERS. Lursa and B'Etor are waiting for him.
The low table is set with both Klingon and Human
drinks. Their attitudes are relaxed... friendly.

While Lursa maintains a cool diplomatic air, B'Etor's
attitude is more physical... seductive. Picard is
the consummate diplomat as always, but he's wary of
these two women.
LURSA
Welcome, Captain.

She indicates the couch and everyone sits.

LURSA
Something to drink? Tea... Earl Grey, perhaps?

Picard is a little intrigued... how did she know that particular detail? He tries not to let his surprise show.

PICARD
Yes... thank you.

B'ETOR pours him a cup of tea. Lursa and B'etor drink a more vile-looking Klingon concoction. Picard is willing to listen to them... but this is like having tea with the Borgias.

B'ETOR
You come... alone and unarmed...

PICARD
Nothing would be served by killing the arbiter before his decision.

B'etor touches his leg.

B'ETOR
Nevertheless, a brave act, Captain.

LURSA
(chiding)
B'etor...

B'etor removes her hand although she's anything but abashed.

Picard is not blind to her advances... they probably disturb him more than anything else in this scene -- for he's more than able to play the political game, but a hot Klingon woman may even be beyond the Great Picard. Throughout, he tries to concentrate on Lursa.
PICARD
Your invitation was... unexpected.

B'Etor moves a little closer to him... her eyes and voice hint at pleasures other than tea.

B'ETOR
We should have extended it much sooner.

LURSA
We don't want you to judge us by your experience with our brother.

B'ETOR
Duras was a fool.

LURSA
He deserved to die.

B'ETOR
Forget him. We have.

LURSA
We do not wish to be your enemy.

B'ETOR
Quite the opposite.

She has moved behind him... puts her hands on his shoulders... she's a very tactile Klingon.

PICARD
That... pleases me.

LURSA
Have you made a decision regarding Toval's challenge?

PICARD
I am pursuing it with all due vigilance.

B'ETOR
Let me heat your tea.

She comes around to pour.
CONTINUED: (3)

LURSA
Toral has the bloodline to lead the Empire into the next century. He has the support of the people.

PICARD
The remaining issue then is to see if he has the support of the law.

B'ETOR
But he must. Surely, you can see that.

Picard takes a moment and a sip of tea...

PICARD
I'll tell you what I see. If I find Toral's challenge valid, the two of you will very quickly gain control of the Council... and Gowron will be found dead shortly thereafter. If I reject Toral's challenge, you will accuse me of doing it only to serve Federation interests. It will give you a rallying cry to declare war and overthrow Gowron.
LURSA
You see very clearly, Captain.
But one thing is missing.
If you rule against us and we are
victorious in a war against
Gowron...

B'ETOR
... which we would be...

LURSA
... it would mean the end of the
alliance with the Federation.

B'ETOR
(sympathetically)
And we'd hate to see that happen
as much as you would.

LURSA
This is not a threat, Captain.
Just an unfortunate truth.

B'ETOR
So why be our enemy, when you can
be our friend?

Her hand his back on his knee. He studies both women.
Nods. Rises.

PICARD
You have manipulated the
circumstances, ladies, with the
skill of a Romulan.
(beat)
My decision will be announced at
high sun tomorrow. Excellent tea.
Good day.

He EXITS. As they exchange a look...

25
thru OMITTED
26

26A EXT. KLINGON CITY (MATTE SHOT)

The Great Hall.
INT. GREAT HALL

The Council Members are assembled on the dais. Gowron, Lursa, B'Etor and Toral are standing off to the side while Picard stands in the center of the room.
K'TAL
What is your decision?

PICARD
K'tal, this Council knows the law of heredity well. G'now juk Hol pajhard. A son will share in the honors or crimes of his father. Toral is Duras' son... that has been established by the genetic scan. And it is heartwarming to see him embraced by the family of Duras... for they are an old and noble family.

(beat)
But with due respect to the traditions and laws of this High Council, there is no basis for accepting a petition for leadership from a boy who has fought no battles, shed no blood for his people, earned no honor for himself. Perhaps some day he shall. But not now.

There are murmurs and reactions from everyone. Picard knows what the reaction to his decision will be... knows the cost... but also knows there is no other way.

PICARD
(continuing)
Duras... is dead. His claim to the leadership died with him. Gowron will lead the Council.

GOWRON
The arbiter has ruled. There are no more challengers.

Lursa looks at Toral who steps forward... yells a little too loudly---

TORAL
Does the Federation dictate Klingon destiny or do we? Follow me. And I will show you honor.

GOWRON
Follow him and you reject all Klingon law...
27A  ON COUNCIL MEMBERS

One by one, they step down from the dais and stand behind Toral until only K'tal and the other Councilor (who voted against him) are left.

GOWRON
Can you not see what you are doing... are you blind to what they represent... are there so few noble Klingons left?

27B  ON LURSA & PICARD

Lursa and B'Etor give Picard a final look: "see, I've still won."

GOWRON
Then go... your blood will paint the way to the future.

Toral moves to Picard, looks up at him, with all the bravado he can muster...

TORAL
Remember this day.

Toral strides out of the hall, taking B'Etor, Lursa, and the others with him.

27C  NEW ANGLE

Showing the small group now standing alone in the vast and empty Great Hall.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

28 EXT. SPACE - KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

Gowron's ship in orbit, the Enterprise in b.g.

29 INT. KLINGON CRUISER - READY ROOM

Similar to the ready room on Kurn's ship, but with a few more symbols of Gowron's higher rank. Gowron is sitting in the captain's chair. The doors OPEN and Worf ENTERS. Gowron glares at him... he's a man in a tight spot and this had better be good.

GOWRON
(brusque)
Your message said it was urgent.
What do you want?

Worf is not intimidated by the glowering visage of Gowron. He is blunt and to the point.

WORF
Your forces are weak, Gowron...
you will need help to fight the family of Duras.

GOWRON
(dismissive)
From one dishonored Klingon...

WORF
I offer you four Klingon squadrons.

Gowron has to take that seriously. He's suspicious, but begins to look at Worf a little differently.

GOWRON
Why would they follow you... a Starfleet officer?

WORF
They are pledged to support...
my brother, Kurn.

GOWRON
(shocked)
Kurn is your brother?
29 CONTINUED:

WORF
His true bloodline was kept hidden to protect him.

Gowron thinks about this for a beat... there's suddenly a ray of hope in his position, but he's still cautious.

GOWRON
Kurn will follow me? He has opposed me in the past.

WORF
I am the elder brother... he will do as I say.

GOWRON
What is it you want in return?

WORF
You know my price.

Gowron does know his price... but he's not ready to commit himself yet.

GOWRON
The return of your honor. For the support of four squadrons... ? No, that will not be enough. The Duras family controls most of the fleet.
(beat)
We must have Federation help.

WORF
They will not intervene.

GOWRON
Perhaps not yet... but Starfleet Command will listen to Picard... and Picard listens to you.

Worf is disturbed by the direction this is going.

WORF
I can ask nothing more of him in this matter.

Gowron doesn't like it when people say no to him. He confronts Worf squarely.

GOWRON
What?
CONTINUED: (2)

WORF
My duty as a Starfleet officer---

GOWRON
(harsh)
You come to me and demand the
restoration of your family
honor... and now you hide behind
Human excuses!

A beat as Gowron gets right up into his face. Gowron's
voice becomes quieter... less harsh... but his eyes
bore straight into Worf's... and his words knife to
the very heart of Worf's internal struggle.

GOWRON
(continuing)
What are you, Worf? Do you
tremble and quake with fear at
the approach of combat... hoping
to talk your way out of a fight...
like a Human... or do you hear
the cry of the warrior... calling
you to battle... calling you to
glory... like a Klingon?
(beat)
Are you one of us?

This is the question which has haunted Worf all his
life... he searches for the answer within... but knows
that the answer is more complex than a simple yes or
no. Gowron waits for a reply...

NEW ANGLE

As a SUDDEN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP. Gowron and Worf
are thrown about... the ship goes to the Klingon
equivalent of RED ALERT.

EXT. SPACE - KLINGON SHIPS (OPTICAL)

A BIRD OF PREY swoops in and attacks the cruiser.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Gowron and WorF ENTER from the ready room. The bridge
is manned by a WEAPONS OFFICER, HELMSMAN, ENGINEER,
and FIRST OFFICER. The ship continues to SHAKE and
ROCK as it takes hits from the other Klingon ships.
CONTINUED:

The scene is chaotic.

GOWRON
Status!

FIRST OFFICER
(checking console)
Aft shields down...

HELMSMAN
Warp coils damaged...

INT. ENTERPRISE - MAIN BRIDGE

Riker standing in command, Data at ops. Picard ENTERS from the turbolift.

PICARD
Report.

RIKER
We're still trying to sort it out. A Klingon Bird of Prey just decloaked and fired on the Bortas. Neither ship is answering our hail.

PICARD
Worf is still aboard the Bortas.

DATA
A second Bird of Prey is decloaking bearing two-four-seven mark three-one-nine.

PICARD
Go to Red Alert.

The ship's condition goes to RED.

DATA
The second ship is joining the attack on the Bortas.

33A ON VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

The ships attacking the Bortas.
STAR TREK: "Redemption" - REV. 4/9/91 - ACT FOUR

33B RETURN TO SCENE

Picard looks at the viewscreen... his expression is grim.

PICARD
It's begun.

34 EXT. SPACE - BIRD OF PREY (OPTICAL)

The ship fires disruptors.

35 INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE

The ship is ROCKED with the impact of the shot.

GOWRON
(to Worf)
Send an emergency signal to any loyal ships!

Worf begins tapping in a message at one console.

HELMSMAN
Impulse engines not responding!

A wall console EXPLODES, killing the Weapons Officer. Worf reacts instinctively... takes over the abandoned station without hesitation. Gowron has moved to the command position. No one on the bridge takes note of the dead Klingon.

GOWRON
(to Worf)
Engage emergency override!

WORF
Override engaged! Disruptors still not responding!

The ship is ROCKED again.

36 INT. ENTERPRISE - MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Everyone watching the viewscreen.
DATA
(reading console)
The Bortas is sustaining heavy
damage, Captain. Her aft shields
have collapsed... life support
fluctuating...

PICARD
The Bortas should have twice the
firepower of a Bird of Prey.

RIKER
(looking at console)
Her weapons systems were hit
pretty hard... they haven't
brought them back on-line yet.

DATA
The Bortas has lost its port
shields... it is unlikely they
will withstand another hit on that
quarter.

RIKER
(reading console)
The Bortas has sent out a general
distress signal.

This is one of the hardest things Picard has ever had
to do. He knows what's at stake... understands what
his next command may mean.

PICARD
Ensign Reel... plot a course
safely away from the combat area.
Half impulse.

A beat silent as everyone looks at Picard.

RIKER
Captain... the Bortas is Gowron's
ship. If he's the legitimate
leader of the Empire, shouldn't
we help him?

PICARD
If we come to his aid... we'll
be dragging the Federation into
a Klingon civil war.
CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER
(quietly)
What about Worf?

Picard hesitates for only a moment... he knows there's only one choice.

PICARD
(to Reel)
Ensign... engage.

On Picard's expression...

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The Enterprise turns and moves away from the other ship.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE

Things are grim. Worf is trying to get his console to work... the bridge crew moves about quickly, attempting to get their crippled ship moving. Gowron and the First Officer are hunched over a monitor.

FIRST OFFICER
The port shields are still down.

Beat.

WORF
Disruptors on-line!

GOWRON
(moving to command chair)
Lock on target.

WORF
No!

Everyone looks incredulous... Klingons don't talk back. Worf talks fast, before Gowron can respond.

WORF
(continuing)
Their sensors will detect the weapons lock. If they think we're helpless, they'll try to board the ship.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

WORF (cont'd)
I can aim and fire disruptors manually when they drop their shields.

The First Officer glances at Gowron... Gowron checks the monitor one more time...

GOWRON
GhoS! (Make it so!)

EXT. SPACE - BIRDS OF PREY (OPTICAL)
The two ships moving along parallel courses.

INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE
Worf reading his console... everyone else watching the viewscreen... they all know this is it.

WORF
Thirty-five thousand kellicams.
(beat)
Twenty thousand kellicams... now within transporter range.

GOWRON
(holds up hand)
SuH... (Ready.. )

WORF
They're dropping shields!

GOWRON
(drops hand)
BaH! (Fire!)

EXT. SPACE - BIRD OF PREY (OPTICAL)
Disruptor fire hits the ship and it EXPLODES.
INT. KLINGON CRUISER - BRIDGE

As before.

WORF
(working console)
Engaging computer control...
firing on second target!

FIRST OFFICER
(reads console)
They were able to raise shields
in time... minor damage only.

The bridge is ROCKED by another shot.

WORF
Disruptors off-line!

GOWRON
All power to shields.

They are ROCKED again.

FIRST OFFICER
Shields failing!

NEW ANGLE

Worf reading his console.

WORF
Incoming message.

GOWRON
On viewer.
44C  ON VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

Kurn appears on the viewscreen.

KURN
This is Captain Kurn of the Hegh'ta. We come to defend the Empire... and to follow the banner of Gowron.

Worf stands a little taller in pride.

44D  EXT. SPACE - KLINGON SHIPS (OPTICAL)

The Bird of Prey is moving toward the Bortas. Suddenly Kurn's ship swoops in and fires on the Bird of Prey... damaging it... the Bird of Prey moves away and cloaks....

44E  RETURN TO SCENE

WORF
The enemy has sustained major damage to its life support systems... They have disengaged.

Gowron is relieved, but profuse thanks are not the Klingon way. He gives Kurn a curt nod.

GOWRON
You have done well, Commander Kurn. Lursa and B'Etor have moved more quickly than I anticipated. We shall not underestimate them again. (thinks) Meet us at the Great Hall.

44F  ON VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

Kurn nods and then the viewer returns to space.

GOWRON
(continuing, to First Officer)
Advise the Enterprise that their delegation is welcome to attend... my installation as leader.
INT. GREAT HALL

Picard, K'Tal, Gowron, and the supporting Council Member standing in their places exactly as in Scene 16. Kurn is standing off to the side while one of Gowron's Aides stands watch, holding a weapon. Picard is holding the cloak before Gowron and K'Tal is speaking the last few phrases of the installation ritual.

K'TAL
(booming voice)
Gowron, son of M'Rel, hakt'em.
The arbiter confirms that you have completed the rite of succession. Your enemies have been destroyed. You stand alone. Do you wish to claim leadership of the Council?

GOWRON
I wish it.

K'TAL
(to the room)
Are there no other challengers?

This time there is only silence in response.

K'TAL
(continuing)
Receive now the loyalty of the Council and of the Empire.

Picard puts the cloak on Gowron's shoulders and Gowron steps up to the leader's chair. He turns and faces them.

GOWRON
(ritually)
Let all who have opposed me now swear loyalty or die with shame!

Rogh, Worf, Picard, and the other Klingons answer in unison:

ALL
Qapla!

The sound echoes through the hall. Gowron sits in the leader's chair... he savors the moment for a beat.
CONTINUED:

GOWRON
(to Worf & Kurn)
naDev ghoS! (Come here!)

All eyes on Worf as he moves to the center of the room. Kurn moves to stand beside him. Gowron steps down from the chair and moves directly in front of them.
CONTINUED:

GOWRON
(continuing)
You both fought as warriors...
you have proved your hearts are
Klingon.

Worf and Kurn draw themselves up a little straighter...
Picard looks on proudly. Gowron pulls out his dagger,
holds the point towards Worf. Gowron presses a button
on the hilt and the two small blades pop out on either
side. Worf reaches out for the knife...

OMITTED

CLOSE ON KNIFE

Worf hand grabs the knife firmly by the blade... a
couple drops of blood fall from his hand.

RETURN TO SCENE

Gowron and Worf still holding the knife.

GOWRON
(with great formality)
I return your family honor... I
give you back what was wrongfully
taken from you. Let your name
be spoken once again. You are
Worf... son of Mogh.

Hold on Worf's reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
FADE IN:

49 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & CRUISER (OPTICAL)
The ships in orbit.

50 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE
Picard, Riker, Gowron, and Worf.

GOWRON
The Duras family is gathering a large force near Beta Thoridar. As per the terms of the Treaty of Alliance, I now formally request your assistance in fighting these enemies of the Empire.

Picard had been expecting this... he knows this will be difficult.

RIKER
These... enemies are Klingons.

GOWRON
By right and tradition, I am now the sole leader... all who oppose me... are traitors.

PICARD
I understand your position. However, you must be aware that the Federation will not become involved in what is, by definition, an internal Klingon matter.

GOWRON
You arbitrated the rite of succession, you are already involved!

PICARD
And my duties in that regard are finished.

WORF
Captain... we must intervene.
CONTINUED:

Picard and Riker are surprised. Worf forges ahead.

WORF
(continuing)
The Duras family is corrupt and hungry for power... with no sense of honor or loyalty. They represent a grave threat to the security of the Federation.
(beat, then quieter, a direct appeal)
Captain, you and I know that they have conspired with Romulans in the past. If they should be the victors in this war, they will surely form a new Klingon/Romulan alliance. That would represent a fundamental shift of power in this quadrant.
(beat)
Starfleet must support Gowron... it is in the interests of both the Federation and the Empire. I beg you to support us in our cause.

Picard is very disturbed by this appeal... Worf seems unaware of the fact that he's just stepped across the line... "support us in our cause." Picard looks Worf squarely in the eye.

PICARD
(slow and firm)
Mister Worf... non-interference in the internal affairs of other cultures is one of the guiding principles of the Federation... and as Starfleet officers, we have all sworn an oath to uphold that principle regardless of personal feeling.
(to Gowron)
I am sorry... but I must refuse your request.

Gowron is not happy with this answer... but bickering would be beneath the dignity of the Leader of the Empire. Gowron stands... glares at Picard... then heads for the door. Worf moves to follow him...

PICARD
Lieutenant...
CONTINUED: (2)

Worf stops, as does Gowron.

PICARD
(continuing)
I'm afraid that I must now recall you to duty. The Enterprise will be leaving this sector immediately.

A difficult moment for Worf. He glances at Gowron.

WORF
Captain... I respectfully request that I be allowed to take an extended leave of absence.

Picard stands... he understands the conflict within Worf, but Picard has gone as far as he can already.

PICARD
Lieutenant, your responsibilities as a Starfleet officer are incompatible with remaining aboard a Klingon ship during a time of war.

Worf again looks between Gowron and Picard. They represent the two roads now before him... the conflict which has torn him for his entire life has now come to a head... where does his duty lie?... is he Klingon?... is he Human?... what path should he follow?

WORF
Captain...

There is no room for Picard to yield. Worf must choose.

PICARD
You are ordered to return to duty immediately.

A final beat as Worf finally comes to a fateful decision...

WORF
Then... I must resign my commission as a Starfleet officer.

A moment as the words sink in... Worf slowly takes the combadge from his chest and sets it on the table. He turns to Gowron, who nods approval.
CONTINUED: (3)

GOWRON

I will await you aboard the Bortas.

Gowron EXITS. Worf waits a beat... looks at Picard and Riker... then EXITS.

ON PICARD

As he picks up the combadge...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The two ships stationary in space.

INT. WORF'S QUARTERS - CLOSE ON WORF

MOVE TO REVEAL Worf now wearing a KLINGON UNIFORM (which should incorporate his sash into the outfit). Most of his things are already packed and sitting on his bed. He looks around the room that has been his home for four years... Worf turns... sees his reflection in the mirror... looks himself over with curiosity... is this who he is? The door CHIMES.

WORF

Enter.

NEW ANGLE

Picard ENTERS. It's a parallel scene to the beginning of the Teaser. As before, Picard's tone and manner are personal... intimate. These are two shipmates about to sail aboard different ships.

PICARD

Am I intruding?

WORF

No, sir.

A silent moment as Picard notices the clothes... Worff is a little uncomfortable, almost wants to apologize for being out of uniform... but that wouldn't be appropriate.
CONTINUED:

PICARD
I understand... that you'll be serving aboard the Bortas.

WORF
As weapons officer.

PICARD
Your tactical knowledge and experience should serve them well.

WORF
Thank you, sir.

Another silent beat.

PICARD
Are you certain you've made the right decision, Worf?

Worf clearly isn't sure... but it's too late for that.

WORF
Yes.

Worf struggles for a moment... finally opens up a little... shares the real reasons underlying his decision.

WORF
(continuing)
I was rescued from Khitomer by humans... raised and... loved by human parents. I have lived among humans for most of my life... fought at their sides.
(beat)
But I was born Klingon. My heart is of that world. I do hear the cry of the warrior...
(note of finality)
I belong with my people.

Picard considers that for a moment.

PICARD
Being the only Klingon ever to serve in Starfleet... gave you a singular distinction.
(MORE)
Continued: (2)

PICARD (cont'd)
But I always felt that the most unique thing about you was your... humanity.
(beat)
Compassion... generosity...
fairness... You took some of the best qualities of humanity and made them part of you. The result... was a man I was proud to call one of my officers.

A shared moment between the two men. After a beat... Picard breaks the moment.

PICARD
(re: things on bed)
I'll have your belongings transported to the Bortas.

There is more than just acknowledgement of this simple act in Worf's response... he's also thanking Picard for a great many things.

WORF
Thank you...

Picard understands the subtext... after a beat, Worf glances around the room one last time then heads for the door. Picard and Worf EXIT together.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - ON TURBOLIFT DOORS

The doors OPEN, revealing Worf and Picard. Worf takes a step... then stops in surprise.

NEW ANGLE

Revealing that the long, straight section of corridor leading from the turbolift to the transporter room is lined with CREWMEMBERS standing at parade rest. Picard is not surprised to see them.

PICARD
Attention on deck!
56 CONTINUED:

The Crewmembers all snap to attention. Worf realizes that this is meant for him... he struggles to hide the swell of emotion that begins to build within him. Picard looks at him: "They're waiting..." Worf squares his shoulders and proudly walks between the long line of his shipmates to the transporter room, Picard at his side.

57 INT. TRANSPORTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Worf and Picard ENTER through the open doors. At the end of the line are (in ascending order of rank) GEORDI, Data, TROI, BEVERLY, and Riker. Worf doesn't know what to say to these people... how to respond. They stand there silently... their respect and affection for their friend is clear... no words are necessary. Picard goes to the head of the line... Worf steps on the stage.

58 ON PICARD AND WORF

After a beat...

WORF

Permission to leave the ship, sir?

PICARD

Permission granted.

(beat)

Qapla'

Beat.

WORF

Good-bye.

Picard nods to the TRANSPORTER TECHNICIAN.

59 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

Worf DEMATERIALIZES. A silent beat...

RIKER

Dismissed.

Everyone EXITS except Picard. On his reaction...

CUT TO:
EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE & KLINGON CRUISER (OPTICAL)

The Enterprise leaves and the Bortas remains in orbit.

CUT TO:

INT. DURAS FAMILY HOME

Movar is here, along with Lursa, B'Etor, and Toral. The Mysterious Woman heard from earlier is sitting in a chair with her back to us. Toral paces while the women study something on a monitor. The door OPENS and a ROMULAN CREWMEMBER ENTERS, carrying a PADD. The Crewmember hands the PADD to Movar, then EXITS. Movar studies it for a moment.

MOVAR
Picard has rejected Gowron's plea for help.
(looks up)
The Enterprise has left orbit.

Lursa and B'Etor exchange a glance... good news.

TORAL
(exultant)
Coward! He didn't have the courage to face us. The Federation is---

The Woman cuts him off without raising her voice.

WOMAN
Celebrate later, Toral.
(beat)
We should not discount Jean-Luc Picard yet. He is human...

NEW ANGLE

The Woman turns around in her chair so that her features become apparent for the first time. We're shocked as we see that she's Human... with blonde hair... and that she bears a striking resemblance to the late Tasha Yar.
CONTINUED:

WOMAN
(continuing, with ironic smile)
... and humans have a way of showing up when you least expect them.

FREEZE FRAME.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END