

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"The Inner Light

#40275-225

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FINAL DRAFT

MARCH 24, 1992

STAR TREK: "The Inner Light" - 03/24/92 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Inner Light"

CAST

PICARD	ELINE
RIKER	BATAI
DATA	ADMINISTRATOR
BEVERLY	MERIBOR
GEORDI	YOUNG BATAI
WORF	

Non-Speaking	Non-Speaking
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NURSE OGAWA	
INFANT SON	
SUPERNUMERARIES	TOWNSPEOPLE
SUPERNUMERARIES	MEDICAL TEAM

STAR TREK: "The Inner Light" - 03/24/92 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Inner Light"

SETS

INTERIORS
USS ENTERPRISE
MAIN BRIDGE
PICARD'S QUARTERS
KAMIN MAIN ROOM

EXTERIORS
USS ENTERPRISE
PROBE
KAMIN HOME
COURTYARD & GARDEN
TOWN SQUARE
OPEN FIELD

STAR TREK: "The Inner Light" - REV 03/27/92 - PRONUNCIATION

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Inner Light"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

BATAI	b'TIE
ELINE	el-EEN
EMIRISTOL	em-er-IS-tahl
KAMIE	KAY-mee
KAMIN	KAY-min
KATAAN	K'-TAHN
KENOMAY	KEN-oh-may
MERIBOR	MARE-ih-bore
NUCLEONIC	noo-kee-AHN-ik
RESSIK	RESS-ik

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Inner Light"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 thru 2 OMITTED

1 thru 2

3 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

3

at warp.

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, stardate 45944.1.

We're en route to Starbase Two-eighteen after a magnetic wave survey of the Parvenium Sector. We will give our report directly to Fleet Admiral Gustafson.

4 INT. BRIDGE

4

PICARD, RIKER, DATA, Worf, and Geordi at their positions; N.D.'s as necessary. There is a light-hearted mood on the bridge.

PICARD

The last time I encountered

Admiral Gustafson... I ended up spending nine straight hours at the opera.

GEORDI

Nine hours... ?

PICARD

The entire "Ring" cycle at one sitting...

RIKER

That's a little too much Wagner for me.

PICARD

And for me... but not, apparently,

for Admiral Gustafson. She went back the next day and sat through it all again. I warned her that this time --

Worf

Sir, sensors detect an unidentified object... twenty-two thousand kilometers off the port quarter.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

PICARD

On screen.

5 ANGLE - VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

5

An alien object of unusual shape can be seen, though still at quite a distance. Picard moves toward the screen, between t conn and ops.

PICARD

Magnify.

The object springs into greater relief. It is strange, and somehow foreboding.

PICARD (CONT'D)

Mister Data?

DATA

It appears to be a probe of some kind... but there is no Starfleet record of this shape or design.

RIKER

Is it scanning us?

WORF

No sir... but it has assumed a relative position and is holding course with us.

DATA

The probe is composed of... paricium and talgonite... a ceramic alloy.

GEORDI

Not a very sophisticated technology...

WORF

Sir, I'm detecting a low-level nucleonic beam coming from the probe.

RIKER

Shields up; stand by phasers.

DATA

The beam is scanning the shield's perimeter.

(frowns)

The probe is emitting an unusual particle stream --

WORF

Captain, the beam is penetrating our shields --

A point at the top of the probe seems to FLARE briefly, as...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

PICARD

Increase power to --

Suddenly Picard staggers backward, as though struck. He sags, losing consciousness. Riker is already rushing to him as he begins falling.

RIKER

Captain?...

6 CLOSER - PICARD

6

As he falls, losing consciousness, Riker's hand ENTERS FRAME behind Picard's head so as to protect it, cushion it, against the hard deck toward which it's falling...

7 PICARD'S POV (OPTICAL)

7

Riker's face leaning in close...

RIKER

Captain, I've got you; it's all...

Riker and his surroundings DISSOLVE in a DAZZLE OF COLORS. A beat later the COLORS RE-DISSOLVE INTO...

8 PICARD'S NEW POV (OPTICAL)

8

ELINE, a fine looking mid-thirtyish woman -- whose face becomes a thing of radiance when she smiles -- leans over him, blotting his forehead with a moist towel.

ELINE

Well.. finally.

We'll now see that Picard and Eline are:

9 INT. KAMIN MAIN ROOM - DAY

9

He realizes he's seated in a deep and comfortable chair in the modest, certainly unusual (to us), but well-kept and inviting main room of what is apparently a home. In addition to the front entry, there are openings to the (o.s.) kitchen and (o.s.) bedroom. Picard just peers around; confused.

ELINE

(continuing, gently)

How are you feeling?

As she lightly strokes his face with the moist towel:

ELINE (CONT'D)

(gently)

Kamin... can you answer me?

Picard rises to a sitting position, still scanning the room, a little groggy and disoriented.

(CONTINUED)

PICARD

Where is this... ?

A frown of concern on the woman's face.

ELINE

You're still feverish...

Picard looks around, getting control of his faculties. Everything he sees is strange, unaccustomed. Might he be in a holodeck program?

PICARD

Computer, freeze program.

(beat)

End program.

Nothing. The woman keeps moving, trying to blot his forehead. He gets to his feet, automatically reaching for his communicator.

PICARD (CONT'D)

Picard to Enterprise --

But there is nothing there to hit. He looks down at his garb -- strange and alien.

ELINE

Kamin, please don't try to get up yet... you're still not well.

PICARD

I asked you... what is this place?

Her look is of loving concern.

ELINE

This... is your home, of course.

MOVE IN ON PICARD'S FACE, and HOLD, until we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

10 INT. KAMIN MAIN ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 10

Picard and Eline just as they were. He's up and moving, inspecting the room.

PICARD

Where is my uniform? My communicator?

She looks truly worried.

ELINE

I'd better call the doctor again...

PICARD

I am Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the Federation Starship Enterprise. I would like to speak with whoever is in charge here.

ELINE

(frightened now)

If you'll just lie down, I'll brew you some nice warm kenomay...

PICARD

Just tell me this -- am I a prisoner here?

Her eyes widen in alarm.

ELINE

Please, dear... you've had a high fever for three days... you mustn't push yourself too quickly...

Picard has discovered a panel in the wall which contains a small metallic square in the center. He touches it, it opens.

ELINE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't go outside...

Picard moves to EXIT... a bit cautiously...

11 OMITTED 11

12 EXT. COURTYARD FRONTING KAMIN HOME - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 12

The dwelling is smooth and pale, with the appearance of a Mediterranean villa. There is a modest front courtyard with a garden -- now blooming with odd and alien flora.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Picard steps out into the courtyard, shading his eyes against the bright sunlight; stops as the door closes behind him to survey the area. Eline follows him, concerned.

ELINE

Kamin... please come back inside...

She follows him briefly as he makes his way out of the courtyard, then stops in frustration, realizing he will not listen.

13 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - HIS POV

13

More of the white stucco-like dwellings, a square area in the center where SEVERAL TOWNFOLK have gathered. A fine-looking, pretty-faced youngish woman crosses Picard's path en route to the gathered group. She smiles in recognition, and waves at him as she goes.

14 ANGLE ON GROUP (OPTICAL)

14

as Picard approaches. There is a small group of people gathered around a man -- BATAI, a genial-looking man in his 50's -- who is just finishing the planting of a sapling tree, tamping down the earth and then rising to address the group.

BATAI

This sapling is planted as an affirmation of life... in defiance of the drought and with expectations of long life. Whatever comes -- we will keep it alive, as a symbol of our survival.

The group applauds... and then Batai spots Picard.

BATAI (CONT'D)

(happy relief)

Kamin! You're back on your feet! How do you feel, my friend?

PICARD

Are you in charge here?

Batai is a bit taken aback by the brusque question.

BATAI

In charge... ?

PICARD

I want to be returned to my ship immediately.

The group has a reaction to this... exchanging curious glances. Batai moves closer to Picard.

(CONTINUED)

BATAI

What... ship is that?

The honest confusion in the man frustrates Picard. He looks around, takes a breath... tries again.

PICARD

Please... if you could tell me...what is this place? Where am I?

BATAI

(getting it)

The fever... it's taken your memory.

Picard stares at him... mind working quickly...frustrated by his inability to get straight answers from these people. He decides on a different tack. He smiles a bit ruefully.

PICARD

That must be it. Perhaps you could help me...

BATAI

Anything, my friend.

PICARD

My name is Kamin... and you are -- ?

BATAI

(wary, this is strange)

Batai...

(helpful)

Council leader.

PICARD

Ah. And you say I've been ill...

BATAI

For over a week. Eline should've put you in the hospital, but she insisted on caring for you herself.

PICARD

Eline.

BATAI

Your wife. If you don't remember that, maybe it's safer not to go home.

Picard allows himself a genial smile. He is at least getting information.

PICARD

And... what is this place?

(CONTINUED)

Batai becomes wary again, alarmed by his friend's total memory loss.

BATAI

Perhaps you should see the doctor...

PICARD

Please -- I'm sure it will come back to me...

BATAI

(gesturing)

This... is the community of Ressik.
Northern province.

PICARD

What planet?

Batai appears mystified, then comes toward Picard, puts an arm around his shoulder.

BATAI

Come... let me take you back home.

PICARD

I'm really quite all right. If you'll just answer...

BATAI

(carefully)

This is the planet Kataan.

PICARD

Kataan... not a Federation planet.

Batai looks at him, puzzled. Picard gives the group a reassuring smile.

PICARD (CONT'D)

I think I'll take a walk...

A hesitation.

BATAI

You've been ill for a week...

PICARD

Exercise will do me good. I'd like to -
- re-acquaint myself with the
surroundings.

He gives a nod, then begins to stride purposefully out of the square. Batai stares after him, as do the mystified townspeople.

16A EXT. FIELDS - DAY

16A

Picard roams the hills beyond the town, searching for clues to his mysterious abduction. He climbs a small ridge, stares off in the distance, then climbs down and proceeds on his way.

17 OMITTED

17

18 INT. KAMIN MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

18

Eline sits at a small table, idly stirring soup in a bowl, when she hears something outside. She jumps up, goes to the door, activates it. Picard is standing there, bone-weary.

ELINE

Thank goodness...

She ushers him in and he settles in the chair...grateful to be off his feet.

ELINE (CONT'D)

I've had people out trying to find you everywhere. Why did you worry us like that?

He is silent. She tries again.

ELINE (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

PICARD

Hungry, thirsty... weary... I suppose that proves this isn't a dream, doesn't it?

She stands, stunned, staring at him.

ELINE

You think this... your life... is a dream?

The note of anguish in her voice catches him. His reply is gentle.

PICARD

It's not my life... I know that much.

Stricken, she blinks away tears, turns to get food.

ELINE

I've kept something hot for you.

He sits at the table and she carries a bowl of soup to him.

ELINE (CONT'D)

Where did you go?

(CONTINUED)

PICARD

I walked. For hours.

He begins eating the soup.

ELINE

(concerned)

And you just out of bed...

She sits opposite him, grateful to have him back, devotion in her eyes. Picard busies himself with the soup.

PICARD

This is delicious...

ELINE

(pleased)

You always say that...

He looks up at her, reminded of his apparent history with this woman. He decides to approach her head-on.

PICARD

Would you -- answer some questions for me? No matter how strange they might seem to you?

ELINE

Of course...

PICARD

Are there other planets in this star system? Do you visit any other systems... ?

Shocked, she literally just gapes at him. He reads her response.

PICARD (CONT'D)

All right. Is there any kind of communication system here? How do you send messages to...to other communities? Other places?

ELINE

The usual way... by voice-transit conductors. Do you want to send a message?

PICARD

Yes. When can that be arranged?

ELINE

(shrugs)

Tomorrow.

(beat)

Don't you want to ask about... us?

(CONTINUED)

Picard hears the note of anguish in her voice. He sets down his spoon, softens.

PICARD

Of course. Anything you can tell me would be helpful. We are...married?

She nods, clearly in pain that he has no recollection of this.

ELINE

Three years ago... the happiest day of my life was the day we got married.

(beat)

You're probably tired of hearing it... but I've loved you since I was seven years old. That's when I decided I was going to be your wife, and no one was going to change my mind.

She smiles at him, reaches out and covers his hand with hers.

ELINE (CONT'D)

I'm glad I was so stubborn...

He stares at her. Her warmth, her sincerity are obvious. It puts him in an uncomfortable position. He tries to return to his agenda.

PICARD

What is it that I do... here in Rellik?

ELINE

(great pride)

You're the best iron weaver in the community. At least I think so. You prefer playing the flute, of course.

PICARD

The flute?

She rises, goes to a nearby shelf (or whatever) and brings to him. It is a device much like a penny-whistle. He holds it, turning it over in his hands; it is completely unfamiliar.

PICARD (CONT'D)

And when did I learn to play it?

ELINE

(laughing again)

I'm afraid you've never learned, dear. You do keep trying.

Picard puts the device to his mouth... tries a few notes... it sounds pretty awful. Even Picard can't help but smile.

(CONTINUED)

PICARD

I see what you mean.

He sets the flute down, rises.

PICARD (CONT'D)

Thank you for the soup. And for your help. Tomorrow will you help me send a message?

She smiles as though indulging a child. She has him back... he isn't saying strange things anymore. It's enough for now.

ELINE

Of course. Will you come to bed now?

He stares at her. This is a bit awkward. He looks off toward a door which must lead to a bedroom, then back at the reclining chair.

PICARD

I'll sleep here...

ELINE

Oh, no... please come with me...

In her voice, genuine concern. Picard tries diplomacy.

PICARD

I've been sick... I may be tossing and turning... it wouldn't be fair to you.

ELINE

(a smile)

Let me be the judge of that.

She moves toward him... stretches her arms to hold him... and as she does, her dress falls open at the neck. Picard stares at what he sees.

19 OMITTED

19

20 CLOSE - ICON MEDALLION

20

It is a replica, an exact miniature, of the probe.

PICARD (O.S.)

Where did you get this?

21 RESUME - SHOT

21

ELINE

(taken aback)

It's... the first gift you ever gave me.

22 CLOSE ON PICARD 22

as he stares at her.

23 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - CLOSE ON PICARD 23

as Riker's cushioning hand finishes lowering Picard's head gently to the deck (in continuation of the action in progress during the instant we were last on the main bridge; as Picard was falling).

RIKER

... I've got you; it's all right...

24 FULL SHOT 24

as Riker remains kneeling over the prone and motionless figure of Picard.

RIKER

Riker to sickbay. The captain's been hurt.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

A25 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) A25
hanging in space.

25 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL) 25

Picard's inert form remains where it was on the deck, with Riker kneeling in close attendance. Geordi stands just behind him; Data, Worf and the Conn Officer still at stations -- as BEVERLY, with emergency medical equipment, rushes in from the forward turbolift to begin preliminary on-spot diagnosis.

DATA

The nucleonic beam is no longer scanning, Commander. There is a narrow reciprocating band focused directly on Captain Picard.

RIKER

Mister Data, find out how that beam is getting through the shields and what we can do to cut it off.

DATA

Yes, Commander.

RIKER

Geordi, start scanning the probe for any identifying marks, anything that might tell us where it came from.

GEORDI

Understood.

He goes to work at an aft station. Beverly is giving preliminary readings.

BEVERLY

Pulse and blood pressure normal... I'm getting hyperactive fibrogenic activity... this is odd...

RIKER

What is it?

BEVERLY

There's no evidence of injury or trauma... vital signs are normal, but his neurotransmitter production is off the scale. What's going on?

Riker looks in frustration toward the viewscreen.

(CONTINUED)

RIKER

That probe is doing something to him... Data, any progress?

DATA

No, sir. The particle emission is most unusual. I am unable to block it.

WORF

Destroy the probe. Phasers are armed and ready.

BEVERLY

(as she begins
scanning)

I don't think that's wise. Not until we know exactly what it's doing to him...

RIKER

Agreed. Stand down phasers, Mister Worf.

Worf reluctantly obeys.

RIKER (CONT'D)

In the meantime, let's see if we can move out of range. Ensign, thrusters only... one hundred kph... nice and easy...

There is a pause as the ship attempts to move from the probe.

RIKER (CONT'D)

Mister Data?

DATA

The probe is moving with us, sir -- holding relative position.

BEVERLY

It's connected itself to him... like a tether.

Perplexed, Riker looks from the main viewer to Picard, then back again. HOLD on his FACE, before going to:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY - CLOSE ON SMALL TREE

Reestablishing. The sapling has matured with five years of growth.

EXT. KAMIN HOME COURTYARD - DAY

Picard stands in the courtyard, holding a sextant and shooting the sun. He takes a measurement...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

then records his findings in a journal that's lying on a bench. Then he holds the instrument up to his eye again, continuing.

28 ANGLE ON ELINE

28

who comes from the house and approaches Picard, who is absorbed in his work. She watches him silently for a moment, aware of his intense preoccupation. She moves toward him.

ELINE

You've been dreaming of that starship again, haven't you?

29 PICARD AND ELINE

29

He lowers the instrument, turns toward her. This is an old conversation.

PICARD

I'm just charting the sun's movements. It might give some clues to the cause of this drought.

ELINE

I think you're still trying to figure out where you are... where that ship of yours is... what you can do to get back to that life...

Picard sets the sextant down.

PICARD

The memory's five years old now, but it's still inside me.

(shrugs)

My other existence may be gone, but I still wonder about it.

She regards him solemnly, then begins idly circling the courtyard... breaking off a dead flower or branch now and then. The garden has deteriorated; what were once abundant blooms are now small sickly plants without blossoms.

ELINE

Was it so much better than this one?

He gives her a sharp look. Undaunted, she proceeds.

ELINE (CONT'D)

So much more gratifying... so much more fulfilling... that you cling to it with such stubbornness?

PICARD

Eline...

(CONTINUED)

ELINE

It must have been extraordinary... but never once, in all the stories you've told me... have you mentioned anyone who loved you as I do.

He is pained. She is right...

PICARD

It was real... as real as this is. You can't expect me to forget the lifetime I spent there...

ELINE

Yes, I can.

He looks at her. There is a new sound in her voice, a tilt to her chin.

ELINE (CONT'D)

I've been patient, Kamin. For five years I have shared you with that other life. I have listened, I have tried to understand... and I have waited.

(beat)

When do I get you back?

He is silent for a beat... fully understanding her frustration.

PICARD

I know this has been hard for you...

ELINE

It's not as though it hasn't been interesting... all this talk about starships and distant planets... I have never been bored.

(beat)

But I have been lonely. Knowing that your heart is really...somewhere else.

PICARD

You have been amazingly tolerant.

ELINE

When are you going to let go? When are you going to start living this life?

(beat)

When are we going to start a family?

Before he can answer, a hail from behind them --

BATAI (O.C.)

Kamin, Eline!

(CONTINUED)

They turn to see Batai approaching them, genial as always.

BATAI (CONT'D)

Good morning!

PICARD

Good morning, Batai...

But Eline is strangely silent.

BATAI

Are you ready? The administrator has already arrived.

PICARD

Yes...

(to Eline)

Will you come along?

ELINE

No, thank you...

(with an edge)

...You do very well on your own.

And she strides back into the house. Picard turns back to Batai, frowning. Batai smiles with understanding.

BATAI

She always was strong-minded. Even when she was a child.

They start walking toward the town square.

PICARD

It isn't her fault. These last few years have been difficult for her.

Batai gives him a glance.

BATAI

And for you, I think.

Picard takes a breath. But makes no acknowledgment.

A group of the townspeople are gathered near the tree. The ADMINISTRATOR, a youngish man in an outfit which distinguishes him from the others, stands inspecting the tree. As Picard and Batai approach, he turns to them.

ADMINISTRATOR

There you are, Batai. Perhaps you can explain to me... when crops are dying all over, how this tree is flourishing?

Batai smiles his genial smile.

BATAI

This tree is our symbol... our affirmation of life. Everyone in this town gives a part of their water rations to keep it alive.

(beat)

We have learned, Administrator, that hope is a powerful weapon against anything... even drought.

The Administrator eyes him, assessing. The young man is a politician, and has learned not to interfere too drastically in local government. He nods, accepting.

ADMINISTRATOR

A good point. Perhaps I will recommend a symbolic tree in each of my communities...

(smiling broadly)

Now. What business do we have today?

BATAI

We need help if we're to increase the water supply. We think there are ways to reclaim some of our water...

ADMINISTRATOR

Batai, you're being a bit of an alarmist. True, we're in a drought... but water rationing has produced a sizeable savings.

Picard can no longer keep quiet.

PICARD

If the weather pattern doesn't change, rationing won't be enough. We will run out of water.

The Administrator looks at Picard in some surprise.

ADMINISTRATOR

Who's this?

BATAI

Kamin, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR

Kamin... do I know you?

PICARD

No. I haven't spoken to you before.

The Administrator smiles, acknowledging a new constituent.

(CONTINUED)

ADMINISTRATOR

Well, Kamin -- I'm open to all the people of this town. I'm delighted to hear what you have to say. Did you have a specific proposal?

PICARD

I suggest we build atmospheric condensers which could extract water from the air.

The Administrator chuckles a little... condescending. He's very charming... but gives nothing.

ADMINISTRATOR

Well. Very ambitious. Kamin, was it?
And your occupation is-- ?

PICARD

Iron weaving.
(beat)
And playing the flute.

The Administrator looks sharply at him... not sure if he's being tweaked -- which he is. But Picard is straight-faced.

ADMINISTRATOR

I don't mean to quash your very creative idea... but building atmospheric condensers would be a monumental undertaking. We could not hope to sustain such a project.

PICARD

Each community would be responsible for its own. These condensers could mean the difference between watering our crops... or watching them die.

The Administrator is too experienced to get into a wrangle. He smiles and agrees -- an effective stonewalling.

ADMINISTRATOR

Well -- I'll be glad to pass along your suggestion. You'll see that this kind of participatory government works for everyone.

He starts away from the group, genial as ever.

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

Be well, Batai. I shall see you next month.

(to Picard, coolly)

Good to meet you, Kanin.

(CONTINUED)

The mispronunciation is not intentional, just careless. The Administrator turns and begins striding away.

BATAI

Go carefully, Administrator...

Batai turns back to Picard, who stands staring after the Administrator.

BATAI (CONT'D)

That went very well. I think he was impressed with you.

Picard can't help but chuckle at this.

PICARD

We'll never see an atmospheric condenser...

BATAI

These things take time. It will happen, I'm sure of it.

Picard changes the mood, claps him on the shoulder.

PICARD

Come to dinner tonight, my friend.
I'll make a vegetable stew. We'll talk about building our own condenser.

Batai nods, acquiescing. As Picard starts to turn away--

BATAI

Kamin --

Picard turns back.

BATAI (CONT'D)

Hearing you talk to the Administrator... I realized that for the first time in years, you were speaking as though you were truly a member of the community.

(beat)

It was good to hear that again.

He nods and walks off. Picard looks after him, absorbing his statement.

31 thru 32 OMITTED

31 thru 32

33 EXT. KAMIN COURTYARD AND GARDEN - THAT NIGHT

33

Batai, beverage in hand, is sprawled on one of the benches; Picard is seated, barefoot, playing his flute. Not very well, and not any melody that we can recognize. But he's playing nonetheless, and it's a marked improvement from last time.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

He hits a couple of sour notes, and stops, working his fingers over the keys.

BATAI

You've been brooding behind that flute all evening.

PICARD

I'm not brooding. I'm immersed in my music.

BATAI

Music...

PICARD

(re: flute)

I've found it helps me think.

(a smile)

The real surprise is that I enjoy it so much.

BATAI

The real surprise is that you may actually be improving.

34

INCLUDING ELINE

34

as she emerges from within the home.

ELINE

Batai?

BATAI

Yes, ma'am.

ELINE

Go home.

BATAI

Yes, ma'am.

(Rises)

Goodnight, Kamin.

PICARD

Goodnight, my friend.

ELINE

Go carefully, Batai.

As Batai departs, Eline picks up Picard's shoes, which are flung on the ground.

ELINE (CONT'D)

Don't forget these. I won't put them away for you again.

(CONTINUED)

PICARD

Yes, ma'am.

She gives him a sidelong glance... sees the humor in him, and smiles back.

ELINE

I've done nothing but nag today. I'm sorry.

PICARD

I'm the one who's sorry.

(beat)

Everything you said this morning was absolutely right.

She stares at him, surprised.

PICARD (CONT'D)

I've given you so little... and you have given me so much... tenderness, patience... and a good talking to when I needed it.

(beat)

You've been more than I could ever have hoped for. More than I deserve.

Hearing these unaccustomed and longed-for words, Eline hastens to reassure him.

ELINE

You're a good man, a wonderful husband... I didn't mean to imply --

He touches her mouth gently with his fingertips.

PICARD

Not such a wonderful husband.

He puts his arm around her, musing.

PICARD (CONT'D)

I spend my spare time charting the stars... I disappear for days at a time exploring the countryside... and I never put away my shoes. I lead my life very much as I did -- before.

(quick glance at her)

Old habits.

ELINE

You're gentle and kind... you've never raised your voice to me...

(CONTINUED)

PICARD

I'd like to ask your permission to build something.

ELINE

Kamin, you've built your telescope, your laboratory -- you don't need my permission to build anything...

PICARD

In this case, I think I do.

ELINE

What is it?

PICARD

A nursery.

Beat -- as she digests the enormity of this. Then, absolutely beaming, she wraps her arms around him.

ELINE

Really? Really?

PICARD

Unless you'd rather have a porch. It'd certainly be easier to build...

She laughs, flinging her arms around him; he smiles. Then, tenderly, lovingly... he takes her face in his hands... kisses her soft, generous mouth...

35 thru 36 OMITTED

35 thru 36

37 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

37

Picard is still unconscious; more equipment is being set up by a MEDICAL TEAM including NURSE OGAWA and one other -- diagnostic apparatus, monitor, etc. Beverly hovers over Picard.

BEVERLY

(to the team)

He's showing heightened activity in the cerebral cortex...

OGAWA

Pulse and blood pressure are slightly elevated...

BEVERLY

Systemic activity?

OGAWA

Increasing. And I'm getting heightened tactile responses.

(CONTINUED)

BEVERLY

Set up a galvanic scan.

RIKER

Geordi, any progress identifying the probe?

GEORDI

Maybe. I've picked up some residue on the probe's shell. I think it's from the propulsion system. Looks like it used a solid propellant as fuel.

RIKER

Solid propellant?

GEORDI

Sensors read this stuff as crystalline emiristol. It produces a radioactive trail that ought to be traceable.

RIKER

Then we can send out a probe of our own. Trace it back to the point of origin.

GEORDI

I'll get on it.

DATA

Commander, I have been analyzing the nucleonic beam. I believe it would be possible to reflect the particles back toward the probe in a way that would disrupt the signal.

Riker turns to Beverly... with a tough question.

RIKER

Doctor... ?

But she has no easy answers.

BEVERLY

I don't know what it's doing to him, or what'll happen if we stop it...

RIKER

He could be dying by inches...

BEVERLY

His vital signs are stable.

There's no indication he's in a life-threatening situation --

(CONTINUED)

RIKER

I'm not willing to let that thing keep
drilling into him --

BEVERLY

I simply don't know the risk of
shutting down the beam. If someone
gets stabbed, you don't necessarily
pull the knife out right away -- that
might do more harm than leaving it
there.

WORF

The captain is under attack. We must
act.

A long moment as Riker weighs his choices.

RIKER

I'm inclined to agree. Doctor, monitor
him closely. Mister Data, prepare to
disrupt the beam. We're going to try
to cut this cord.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

39 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY - FAVORING PLANTED TREE 39

The tree is now twelve years old. One of the N.D. Townfolk is watering it (sparingly) from a hand-held pot.

40 EXT. COURTYARD & GARDEN FRONTING KAMIN HOME - DAY 40

It is seven years since we were last here. What was once the beautifully blossoming flower garden is now a rock garden. The entry door stands ajar. In the rock garden, an adorable little girl, MERIBOR, age six, plays happily. She's dressed in her best. We hear (o.s.) a lovely lullaby being played on a flute. The music continues thru into:

41 OMITTED 41

42 INT. KAMIN MAIN ROOM - DAY - ON PICARD 42

(MAKEUP CHANGE #1)

It is an older Picard who stands playing the lovely lullaby. As he does, WIDEN to discover not only that he's playing to the infant son cradled (and rocked gently) in Eline's arms, but that Several N.D. Guests are present... gathered to watch, with smiling faces, this ritual ceremony. On a fairly long table set up for the occasion, are (as yet untouched) food snacks and stuff to drink for the guests. As the lullaby continues --

43 ANOTHER ANGLE 43

Six year old Meribor, whom we've just seen outside, comes running into -- and part of the way through -- the room, before stopping to watch. She swings her arms a bit, and foot-fidgets (the way kids do who think they're standing in place), until stopped by:

ELINE
(softly)
Meribor, this is your brother's
ceremony; now don't fidget.

And, as little Meribor dutifully complies, the lullaby ends. Picard turns and smiles at Eline, then addresses the guests.

PICARD
We name this child for a dear friend
who died last year... but who will now
live on through his namesake.

ELINE
(to baby)
We name you -- Batai. In his honor.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Picard now turns to their guests:

PICARD

He's starting life in the warmth of
friends. Thank you.

(re: long table)

Please, help yourselves to something
to eat.

As the audience of guests becomes just a homogeneous, relaxed
group enjoying the fare on the long table,

MUSIC from an unseen source begins playing.

44 thru 47 OMITTED

44 thru 47

48 PICARD & ELINE

48

as a female guest comes and takes the baby from Eline. She
and Picard are now momentarily alone.

ELINE

It seems like just yesterday that we
had Meribor's naming ceremony.

PICARD

I remember. I was so nervous I thought
I might drop her.

(beat)

Now look at her... a little lady...

ELINE

She's no lady... tromping through
the hills with you all day, digging
those soil samples you insist on
collecting... she's her father's
daughter.

Picard smiles, then grows a bit pensive -- Eline picks up on
it.

ELINE (CONT'D)

What is it?

PICARD

(an admission)

I'd always thought I didn't need
children to make my life complete...
now, I can't imagine life without
them.

She gives him a warm smile and holds out her arms to him...
they embrace lovingly.

49 VERY CLOSE ON ELINE 49

her face reflecting her silent, joyously contented knowledge of what he's experiencing.

50 VERY CLOSE ON PICARD50

Another long beat... Now, suddenly, his face changes to a surprised grimace of pain.

51 ANGLE 51

Eline Reacts to Picard's expression of pain. And, as he GRUNTS in still further pain, and clutches his left arm:

ELINE

Kamin!

52 OMITTED 52

53 ON PICARD 53

Gasping for breath now, he goes first to his knees -- then to the floor on his back.

ELINE (O.C.)

Get the doctor -- hurry!

And as CAMERA MOVES in on his face --

54 INT. MAIN BRIDGE (OPTICAL) 54

Riker stands well back; Data and Worf at stations. Beverly is bent over Picard, frantically trying to revive him, Ogawa at her side. Picard begins to gasp for air.

BEVERLY

I'm losing him!

OGAWA

I'm getting massive somatophysical failure...

BEVERLY

Two cc's delactovine...

Ogawa hands her the hypospray, which she administers. Picard continues to gasp for air.

RIKER

Data, get that beam back.

OGAWA

There are severe fluctuations in the isocortex... synaptic responses are failing...

(CONTINUED)

Picard begins to CONVULSE.

BEVERLY

Begin full cardiac induction...

The other medical team member uses an instrument on Picard.

OGAWA

Blood pressure is dropping rapidly...
seventy over twenty --

BEVERLY

Data, you have to reestablish that
beam.

DATA

I am attempting to do so, Doctor.

OGAWA

Losing response in the isocortex--

BEVERLY

Cortical stimulator...

The other medical team member hands her a pair of blinkies
that she affixes to either side of Picard's head at the
temples.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Start at ten percent...

DATA

Doctor, the beam is fully restored.

They wait for a tense beat as the device does its thing.

OGAWA

Blood pressure up to ninety over
forty...

(relief)

... and rising...

BEVERLY

Isocortical functions are
stabilizing... vital signs approaching
normal levels...

Finally, Beverly removes the apparatus from Picard, and, in
totally spent relief, literally sags against one of the
command chairs. The others breathe a collective sigh of
relief.

61 EXT. KAMIN COURTYARD - DAY

61

A lovely, intelligent-eyed girl, MERIBOR, (age sixteen, so another ten years have passed) kneels using a portable core sample-extraction device. Having taken a core sample, she'll now read it as the device measures its chemical content.

PICARD (O.C.)
Meribor... ?

She looks around and up. She has a great grin, reminiscent of her mother's.

MERIBOR
Happy day, father...

62 INCLUDING PICARD

62

He has just come from the house. We realize only slowly, as he grows nearer, that this is a Picard who -- despite his continued physical fitness -- is now about seventy years old.

PICARD
That's my hobby; find your own.

MERIBOR
You're the one who taught me. Don't complain if you turned me into a scientist.

PICARD
And what has the scientist been up to today?

MERIBOR
Analyzing soil samples.
(beat)
There's not even any anerobic bacteria.
The soil is dead.

She looks at him with grave, lovely eyes.

MERIBOR (CONT'D)
This isn't just a long drought, is it?
(no response)
I have entries in my log that go back ten years. You have data that precedes that by fifteen years. You've reached the same conclusion, I know you have.

Picard regards her... a loving father who would rather protect his daughter from the awareness of dire things. The result is a bit terse and testy.

(CONTINUED)

PICARD

I haven't reached any conclusion. A good scientist doesn't function by conjecture.

MERIBOR

(unfazed)

A good scientist functions by hypothesizing and then proving or disproving that hypothesis. That's what I've done.

PICARD

(beat)

Tell me... why don't you spend more time with that young fellow Dannick?

MERIBOR

You're changing the subject.

PICARD

I'm not; I'm hypothesizing that he's in love with you.

MERIBOR

You've taught me to pursue the truth -- no matter how painful it might be. It's too late to back off from that.

She rises, collecting her instruments.

MERIBOR (CONT'D)

I've analyzed the rings in old trees. I've examined rock strata to correlate evidence of climactic changes over the centuries.

(beat)

Father -- this planet is dying.

He looks at her with a mixture of anguish and adoration.

PICARD

Perhaps I should have filled your head with trivial concerns...games and toys and clothes...

She smiles gently at him.

MERIBOR

I don't think you mean that.

PICARD

No... but it saddens me to see you bear the burden of knowing things... things you can't change.

(CONTINUED)

MERIBOR

It's no more a burden than you bear.

PICARD

But I'm not sixteen. With my life
ahead of me.

A beat, and then, pensively --

MERIBOR

Father? I think I should marry Dannick
sooner rather than later... don't you?

PICARD

I can only say...

(Beat)

... Live now, Meribor. Always make
"now" the most precious time. "Now"
will not come again.

MERIBOR

I love you, father.

She puts her arm around his waist, and he puts his around her
shoulder. They walk like that into the house.

Beverly and one of the medical team working over Picard, with
Riker watching from behind them; Geordi at an aft science
station; Data and Worf at stations.

BEVERLY

Vital signs are holding... he's been
stable ever since the beam was
restored.

(beat)

I don't know what more to do for him.

Riker takes a few steps toward the viewscreen, staring at the
alien probe in frustration.

GEORDI

Commander, we're starting to receive
telemetry from the probe we launched.

RIKER

Go ahead.

GEORDI

(off console)

We've charted the alien probe's
radiation trail for just over one
light year.

RIKER

Can you extrapolate a point of origin?

(CONTINUED)

GEORDI

Our best guess would be a star system
in the Silarian sector... Kataan.

RIKER

Kataan... I've never heard of it.
Data... ?

DATA

It is an unmapped system of six
planets.

RIKER

Any of them inhabited?

DATA

Not any longer, sir. The star went
nova. All life in the system was
destroyed approximately one thousand
years ago.

HOLD on Riker's look, until we...

64 thru 65

OMITTED

64 thru 65

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

66 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT - ON TREE 66

Reestablishing. The tree, though thirty-two years old, is now dead.

67 EXT. KAMIN COURTYARD - NIGHT 67

Ten years have passed since we saw Picard last. He is peering through his telescope, occasionally entering data in his journal. Eline emerges from the house.

ELINE

I put your shoes away for you again.

PICARD

Ah. Thank you, dear.

She moves toward him, and as he turns away to enter notes, she peers through the telescope.

ELINE

I've been looking through this thing
off and on for almost thirty years...
and I still can't see what you and
Meribor find so fascinating.

He moves back toward her.

PICARD

Fine. Then maybe you'll sit down and
rest the way you're supposed to.

ELINE

(relinquishing the
telescope)

You treat me like some frail flower.
People have surgery all the time.

At this moment, the sound of a flute being played in the house draws Picard's look. He shakes his head a little, moves again to his telescope. Eline sees the reaction.

ELINE (CONT'D)

He loves playing. And he's very good
at it, you know.

There is a hint of frustration in Picard's voice as he discusses his son.

PICARD

He loves doing a lot of things -- too
many. One week he wants to be a
botanist, the next week a sculptor.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PICARD (CONT'D)

I wish he could find some focus in his life.

ELINE

I think he has.

He looks at her, surprised and curious.

ELINE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should talk to him.

Picard realizes something is going on.

PICARD

(calling)

Batai?

The MUSIC abruptly stops, and YOUNG BATAI, twenty, emerges from the house, carrying a flute.

YOUNG BATAI

Father... ?

PICARD

I get the feeling from your mother that you have something to tell me.

Mother and son exchange quick glances.

YOUNG BATAI

Yes. I was waiting for the right moment... but that won't ever come.

(beat)

I'm leaving school.

PICARD

Leaving school -- ? No, you're not --

YOUNG BATAI

I want to concentrate on my music. It's what I care about.

PICARD

Last year, all you cared about was mathematics. A year before that it was botany. Now --

YOUNG BATAI

But through it all there was my music. I think you know that, father...

(beat)

This is the life I want.

Picard looks at him... realizing that children will go their own way, regardless.

(CONTINUED)

PICARD

We'll... we'll discuss it.

Young Batai smiles, suspecting acquiescence.

YOUNG BATAI

Thank you, father.

And he bounds back into the house. Picard picks up his journal, leafs through it pensively.

ELINE

Even after all these years... you have the ability to surprise me.

PICARD

If music is what he wants... why should I stand in his way?

(beat)

Who knows how much time he'll have to follow any dream.

Eline watches as he flips through his journal.

ELINE

Are you still planning to talk to the Administrator tomorrow?

PICARD

Yes.

(beat)

It's possible he'll dismiss me from the Council.

ELINE

Unless, of course, you keep quiet.

PICARD

The evidence is too pronounced. I can't stay silent.

ELINE

(gentle smile)

What a surprise.

68 thru 69 OMITTED

68 thru 69

70 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NEXT DAY

70

Picard and the Administrator -- now having aged by twenty-seven years -- are in the square. Although some townspeople are seen in the B.G., they are alone. Picard carries his journal.

(CONTINUED)

ADMINISTRATOR

Kamin, what do you hope to accomplish?
Spreading rumors that the planet is
doomed... there could be chaos.

During the next, their voices rise slightly, each topping the other.

PICARD

(brandishing
journal)

The facts are here. At least show them
to someone who will recognize what
they mean.

ADMINISTRATOR

I won't be a party to your making
trouble --

PICARD

If you won't take them, I most
certainly will.

The Administrator suddenly realizes that they are speaking loudly, and have drawn a few curious looks. He lifts a warning hand to Picard, glances around, then, casually, begins to walk. Picard falls in line with him.

ADMINISTRATOR

(quietly)

Your observations... your findings...
our scientists reached those same
conclusions two years ago.

Picard stares at him.

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

Well, what did you expect us to do?
Make it public? Can you imagine the
effect... ?

PICARD

Surely the technology exists to save
something of this world... perhaps
some people could be evacuated...

ADMINISTRATOR

Evacuated to where? Our technology is
limited. We're just beginning to
launch small missiles...

PICARD

A collection of genetic samples, then -
- something, anything -- you can't
just let this civilization die --

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED: (2)

70

ADMINISTRATOR

Enough!

(beat; defeated)

There is a plan in the works. I can't
tell you more than that.

And before Picard can reply --

YOUNG BATAI (O.C.)

Father!

71

INCLUDING YOUNG BATAI

71

He comes barreling toward them, out of breath, his face pale.
Picard moves toward him.

PICARD

What is it -- ?

YOUNG BATAI

It's mother. Hurry.

73

INT. KAMIN MAIN ROOM - MINUTES LATER

73

As Picard and Young Batai hurry in, a grim-faced Doctor is
just rising from his inspection of Eline, who lies pale and
blanket-covered on the chair. Picard goes to her.

PICARD

Doctor -- ?

But the man simply shakes his head sadly.

ELINE

(wry)

You see... I'll go to any lengths...
to get your attention.

PICARD

(in kind)

You always had a flair for the
dramatic...

ELINE

Doctor... Batai... leave us alone for
a moment. I want to talk to my
husband.

As Young Batai and the Doctor EXIT:

ELINE (CONT'D)

Did the Administrator look at your
evidence?

PICARD

He didn't have to. They already know.

(CONTINUED)

ELINE

So he didn't throw you off the
Council...

PICARD

(small smile)

No...

She reaches up and touches his cheek lightly.

ELINE

Remember -- put your shoes away.

PICARD

I will.

And, without any indication that it's happening, Eline is
dead. Picard looks down at her for a long beat. Then he
buries his head in the folds of her blanket.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

74 INT. MAIN BRIDGE 74

Picard, and all others, as we last saw them (with Beverly moving between her equipment and her patient) ...

74A ON PICARD 74A

Still unconscious, breathing evenly... his features composed and even.

74B ANGLE - RIKER (OPTICAL) 74B

A picture of frustration, pacing, staring out at the alien probe, stymied. Ogawa is studying the medical monitors.

OGAWA

Doctor...

BEVERLY

What is it?

OGAWA

I'm not sure. He's showing physiological alterations... His systemic readings are changing...

BEVERLY

(moving to monitor)

So are his respiratory functions.

RIKER

Is he in danger?

BEVERLY

I don't know... I don't understand what's happening. The changes are subtle, but...

A beat as she looks up at him.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

... If I didn't know better, I'd say these are the metabolic rates of an eighty-year-old man.

Off the look shared by Riker and Beverly...

75 INT. KAMIN MAIN ROOM - DAY 75

An eighty-five-year-old Picard (somewhat frail, bespectacled and slightly stooped) is on his hands and knees at the moment, playfully "chasing" a giggling six year old boy, KAMIE, around the large chair.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

Kamie is playing keep-away with Picard's old flute. Picard "hides" behind the chair; "scares" Kamie, who squeals with delight as Picard catches him by the ankle, and moves to begin tickling the boy.

76

INCLUDING MERIBOR

76

who, now in her mid-thirties, enters from the front door to see the goings-on. She is wearing a wide-brimmed hat.

MERIBOR

Some children are certainly making a lot of noise in here.

PICARD

You shouldn't be out there for so long. It's damaging, you know that.

MERIBOR

I'm wearing plenty of your skin protector.

PICARD

Mmmph.

(to Kamie)

Do you wear your skin protector outdoors, young man?

Picard tickles him again, and the boy's only answer is another spurt of giggling.

77

INCLUDING YOUNG BATAI

77

as he ENTERS. He's now about thirty, and he wears a wide-brimmed hat, too.

YOUNG BATAI

Happy day, everybody! It's time to go see the launching.

PICARD

What "launching"? What's he talking about?

MERIBOR

They're sending up a missile, father. We're going to watch it.

PICARD

Are we, indeed. I'm not going anywhere to watch anything.

Meribor makes the mistake of moving to help her father off his knees.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

Picard, crustily independent, wrenches his arm away from her hand, and will make it (a bit creakily) to his feet on his own -- as Meribor smiles her affectionate understanding. Young Batai takes his nephew's hand, and will lead him out after grabbing a hat for him, too.

YOUNG BATAI

Come on, Kamie; let's go see the launching.

As Young Batai and Kamie disappear:

PICARD

(looking after them)

Breaks my heart to look at him...

MERIBOR

Who?

PICARD

My grandson. Breaks my heart... he deserves a full rich life, and he's not going to get one.

Meribor collects a hat for herself and for Picard; she puts her own on.

MERIBOR

He's my child, and I tell you he is getting one. I wish it could be longer, but it's as full and rich as we can possibly make it.

She turns to him, finds him staring at her, as though looking at her when she was born. She gives him a smile, puts his hat on his head, and takes his hand.

MERIBOR (CONT'D)

Please come, father.

As she leads him out:

PICARD

Why didn't I hear anything about a launching?

78

OMITTED

78

79

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

79

Picard and Meribor walk together toward a group which has collected in the square, all looking toward the sky in one direction.

PICARD

Did everyone know about this except me?

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

He sits down on a bench.

PICARD (CONT'D)

I can see all right from here.

She sits next to him. A beat, and then --

PICARD (CONT'D)

You go on with the others. Go hold
onto my grandson, and watch the damned
thing go up... for all the good it'll
do. What is it they're launching?

Meribor turns to him. There is a knowing look in her eyes.

MERIBOR

You know about it, father. You've
already seen it.

PICARD

Seen it? What are you talking about? I
haven't seen any missile.

BATAI (O.S.)

Yes, you have, old friend... Don't you
remember?

80

CLOSE ON PICARD

80

looking up, and off, in a different direction from that of the
townspeople.

PICARD

(in disbelief)

Batai?

81

ANGLE ON BATAI

81

who approaches, looking as he did those many years ago.

BATAI

You saw it... just before you came
here.

He moves toward Picard, smiling.

BATAI (CONT'D)

We hoped our probe would encounter
someone in the future -- someone who
could be a teacher... who could tell
others about us.

82

OMITTED

82

83 FAVORING PICARD

83

as he digests these last words. Through the memories of thirty years, he struggles to comprehend.

PICARD

A probe... that encounters someone...

The mists of recollection begin to part...

PICARD (CONT'D)

... someone in the future...

(realizing)

... it's me, isn't it? I'm the someone...

It becomes clearer and clearer now.

PICARD (CONT'D)

I'm the one it finds... that's what this launching is -- a probe that finds me... in the future...

ELINE (O.S.)

Yes, my love...

Picard turns to see --

84 ANGLE ON ELINE

84

who approaches. She is the Eline from Act Two, when he made his commitment to her.

PICARD

Eline...

ELINE

The rest of us have been gone for a thousand years...

85 OMITTED

85

86 ANOTHER ANGLE

86

Eline and Meribor stand together in their equally loving farewell to Picard -- and will be joined not only by Batai, but by Young Batai and Several Townfolk -- who collect before Picard, during:

ELINE

If you remember what we were, and how we lived... then we'll have found life again.

PICARD

Eline...

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

He starts to reach out toward her -- when he hears the deep (far o.s.) RUMBLE & ROAR which now takes his attention. All the others continue looking at Picard... Only he looks off, to see -- and the RUMBLE & ROAR continues thru into:

86A MISSILE CONTRAIL AGAINST SKY (OPTICAL)

86A

We see the glowing POINT of the missile, followed by the vapor trail against the sky. The RUMBLE and ROAR begins to die out.

86B CLOSE REACTION - PICARD

86B

He's realized what that contrail is; what it represents.

86C ON PICARD AND ELINE

86C

ELINE

Now we live. In you. Tell them of us... my darling...

87 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - CLOSE ON PICARD'S FACE

87

as he stirs slightly.

BEVERLY (O.S.)

Something's happening...

88 ANGLE (OPTICAL)

88

Picard has begun to regain consciousness. Beverly's working; Riker's standing by.

DATA

The nucleonic beam has ceased, Commander. The probe has shut down.

BEVERLY

His cerebral functions are stabilizing.

RIKER

Mister Worf, put a tractor beam on the probe. I want it in shuttlebay two for examination.

WORF

Yes, Commander.

PICARD

(very weak)

What...

He struggles upright.

BEVERLY

Please, Captain... don't get up too quickly...

(CONTINUED)

PICARD

How long? How long have I been... like this?

RIKER

At least twenty, maybe twenty-five minutes.

In typical fashion, Picard makes every effort to sit up; to grasp his surroundings and gauge his acuity.

PICARD

(lost)

Twenty-five minutes?

Picard's been away for over thirty years. He's groggy, trying to reorient himself to this reality after a lifetime's journey.

BEVERLY

Captain, I need you in sickbay now. I want to run a full diagnostic.

Picard now gets to his feet... takes a second to realize that he's no longer the old man he's just been... no longer need walk stooped, or unsteady.

PICARD

Very well, Doctor. But as soon as you're done... I have a great deal to tell you.

He smiles and the others looks puzzled as --

89 thru 90 OMITTED

89 thru 90

91 INT. PICARD'S QUARTERS

91

Picard is alone, walking about his quarters as though reacquainting himself with these surroundings. The door CHIMES.

PICARD

Come.

The doors open and Riker ENTERS, carrying a metal box.

RIKER

Hello, sir. Feeling better?

PICARD

Yes, thank you... but I find I'm having to remind myself that this--
(gesturing)
-- is really my home.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

RIKER

We were able to open the probe
and examine it. Whatever it was that
locked onto you must have been self-
terminating. It isn't functional any
longer.

He holds out the box to Picard.

RIKER (CONT'D)

We found this inside.

He hands the box to Picard, who takes it and opens it.

91A INSERT - THE BOX

91A

Inside, rests Picard's old flute.

91B BACK TO SCENE

91B

as he lifts it from the box; nods his thanks to Riker, who,
understanding that this is not a moment for words,
acknowledges silently -- and EXITS.

Picard carries the flute to a chair, and, facing away from
CAMERA, begins playing the now familiar lullaby. The flute
music continues into:

92 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

92

For a long beat, while the ship travels at impulse and end
credits appear, we continue to hear the same, sweet lullaby.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END