

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"The Big Good-bye"  
#40271-113

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REVISED FINAL DRAFT

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STAR TREK: "The Big Good-bye" - 10/14/87 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Big Good-bye"

CAST

PICARD	SECRETARY
RIKER	JESSICA BRADLEY
BEVERLY	FELIX LEECH
DATA	JARADAN (HA-RAH-DAN)
TROI	WHALEN
TASHA	NEWSPAPER VENDOR
WORF	LT. DAN BELL
GEORDI	LT. MCNARY
WESLEY	DESK SERGEANT
	THUG
	CYRUS REDBLOCK

STAR TREK: "The Big Good-bye" - 10/14/87 - SETS

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Big Good-bye"

SETS

INTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

MAIN BRIDGE  
CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM  
HOLODECK  
HOLODECK ENTRANCE  
CORRIDOR  
OBSERVATION LOUNGE

1941 OFFICE BUILDING

HALLWAY  
DIXON HILL'S WAITING ROOM  
DIXON HILL'S OFFICE

POLICE STATION

WAITING ROOM  
INTERROGATION ROOM

EXTERIORS

USS ENTERPRISE

1941 CITY SIDEWALK

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION  
"The Big Good-bye"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The ship passes over us slowly, giving a distinct impression of its great size...

RIKER (V.O.)

Ship's log, First Officer Riker reporting. Stardate 41997.7 We are about to make a brief but necessary contact with the Jarada, a reclusive race known for its idiosyncratic attitude towards protocol... The Federation has been trying unsuccessfully to establish a relationship, and now the task falls to Captain Picard.

2 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

RIKER sits alone at the Command Area. WESLEY and Worf man the Ops and Conn; DATA is at Science One.

RIKER (V.O.)

(continuing)

... In two days we will reach the area of their planet, known as Torona Four. The Jarada demand a precise greeting. Their language is most unusual...

3 INT. CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM - MOVING IN ON PICARD

RIKER (V.O.)

(continuing)

... The slightest mispronunciation is regarded as an insult.

PICARD is earnestly studying. WE SEE a text filled with Jaradan (HA-RAH-DAN) figures and their English equivalents.

4 TWO SHOT TO INCLUDE TROI

sitting across from him, helping with the dialect.

TROI

The double bars indicate an  
elongated "s" sound --

PICARD

(nodding)

-- And the inverted "T" means to  
hold the "zee."

TROI

Unless... ?

PICARD

Unless it's followed by three wavy  
lines; in which case the "zee"  
becomes a "bee."

TROI

Exactly.

Picard pushes the text aside and wearily rubs his neck.

PICARD

What a language.

TROI

It is an insect mind.

PICARD

(burnt out)

My mind's barely working.

TROI

Take a break, sir.

PICARD

(shaking head)

No. I want to go over it again.

TROI

You could be over-preparing.  
You've been looking forward to  
the upgrade of the Holodeck. You  
have the time. You need the  
diversion...

5 ANGLE ON PICARD

thinking about what Troi's said.

PICARD

Dixon Hill.

TROI

The program's installed and waiting.

6 OMITTED

7 INT. ENTRANCE TO HOLODECK - ANGLE ON PICARD

Picard touches the COMPUTER panel on the wall.

COMPUTER VOICE

Planet and city?

PICARD

Earth... United States... San Francisco, California.

COMPUTER VOICE

Time period?

PICARD

(pondering it)

1941, A.D.

COMPUTER VOICE

File or access code.

PICARD

File Dixon Hill, private detective.

COMPUTER VOICE

(a beat)

Enter when ready.

Picard steps through doors.

8 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

... and comes out in a darkly lit hallway, circa 1941.

At the end of the hall is a wooden door with a glass window. The letters on the pane read "DIXON HILL, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR."

Picard is pleased. He opens the door...

9 INT. WAITING ROOM/OFFICE - NIGHT

Hill's SECRETARY, a plain blond with a bubbly personality, is just on her way to lunch. She looks Picard up and down with bemusement...

SECRETARY

Very funny, Dix. What'd you do, lose another bet?

PICARD

I don't understand --

SECRETARY

The bellboy suit. Are you moonlighting at the Fremont?

Picard looks down at his uniform.

PICARD

The uniform. Totally inappropriate. Why didn't I change?

The Secretary hurriedly pulls on her coat and gloves.

SECRETARY

Mister Leech called twice, and there's a lady named Bradley waiting in your office. Nice legs.

In a flash, she's halfway out the door.

SECRETARY

(continuing)

Gotta hot date with my fella. I'll see ya in the morning.

She gives Picard's uniform one last look -- shaking her head as she SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

Picard is left alone in the waiting room. He's thrilled by the detail in this, the somewhat rundown workplace of the fictional detective DIXON HILL.

A RUSTLING NOISE in the adjoining room reminds Picard that someone's waiting for him.

As he pushes the door open, the first thing he sees are the great pair of legs his secretary mentioned.

9 CONTINUED:

MRS. JESSICA BRADLEY rises to greet the detective she's come to see. She's a wealthy woman in her late twenties who radiates a seductive sensuality. The rest of her body matches her legs.

She can't help but wonder at the sight of Picard's maroon and black uniform...

PICARD

Uh, I lost a bet.

JESSICA

Oh well... At least you're ready for Halloween.

PICARD

Halloween?

She BLOWS OUT some cigarette SMOKE and looks out at the city, concerned, then turns to him.

JESSICA

I need your help, Mister Hill.  
(turning to face him)  
Someone is trying to kill me.

MUSICAL STING, FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The ship smoothly cruises through the starry blackness of space. Over this:

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, supplemental. I am delighted with how the Holodeck has created the fictional world of Dixon Hill...

11 INT. DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - ON PICARD

PICARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

... the twentieth century detective who has been a hero of mine since childhood.

12 WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE JESSICA

PICARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

The illusion is flawless. The computer characters accept me as Dixon Hill, even to the extent that Jessica Bradley, a millionaire's wife from the wrong side of the tracks, wants to hire me.

JESSICA

I'm not sure who wants me dead. My husband... My stepdaughter...

PICARD

Or a lover, perhaps?

Mrs. Bradley shoots Picard a sly look.

JESSICA

Perhaps.

(pause)

Perhaps Cyrus Redblock.

12 CONTINUED:

She seems to wait for a reaction from Picard, but it never comes.

JESSICA

(continuing)

I need you to find out. Name your fee.

PICARD

Twenty dollars a day. Plus expenses.

JESSICA

Agreed.

She gets up, as though preparing to leave...

PICARD

I haven't said yes yet.

JESSICA

(cool smile)

Oh you'll say yes.

She moves closer and kisses him tenderly. Picard is surprised by the warmth of her lips.

JESSICA

(continuing; whispering)

If it's Redblock, he must think I've got what he's looking for. But believe me, I don't.

PICARD

I'll take your word for it.

Jessica hands him money. WE SEE a crisp one-hundred dollar bill.

JESSICA

Here's a C-note in advance.

Consider it a retainer...

(day as she touches

his uniform)

... and next time, could you wear a suit?

She takes one of Hill's business cards from his desk and then EXITS, as the captain watches her leave the office.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

Now alone, it's clear he's enthralled by this imaginary world. He opens the window and looks down on the street -- WE CAN HEAR THE SOUNDS OF MOVING TRAFFIC AND HONKING HORNS.

PICARD  
(to himself, soft)  
Remarkable.

Picard leaves the window. He touches the insignia on his chest, and a QUICK HIGH PITCHED SOUND CAN BE HEARD through the closet door in his office. (Picard knows that this sound indicates another Holodeck Exit.)

He opens the closet door and finds the portal. Just before he steps through, there's a knock on the waiting room door.

13 PICARD'S POV - THE DOOR

The SILHOUETTE of a small man CAN BE SEEN though the pane. He knocks again, delicately; his knuckles sounding like a woodpecker rapping on a hollow tree.

PICARD  
(calling out)  
You'll have to call again. I'm  
just leaving. I'm not dressed  
properly. I'll be back.

And he leaves -- WALKING THROUGH the EXIT. The office door OPENS. Leech ENTERS. Mister Leech has short curly hair and big bulging eyes. He wears a bow tie and speaks with a strange nasally tone that betrays a Middle-Eastern background.

LEECH  
Not yet, please --

Leech looks around at the empty office, confusion on his face.

13A INT. HOLODECK CORRIDOR BY SIDE EXIT

Picard walks down the corridor and turns the corner to the main entrance to the Holodeck.

14 OMITTED

15 INT. ENTERPRISE - ENTRANCE TO HOLODECK - ON PICARD  
addressing the computer panel.

PICARD  
Memory: save current setting.

COMPUTER VOICE  
(after slight pause)  
Current setting saved.

PICARD  
Holodeck OFF.

16 OMITTED

17 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)  
heading toward the rendezvous...

18 INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE - WIDE ANGLE  
The officers are gathered around the table...

PICARD  
When I looked down on the street,  
I actually saw automobiles!

Worf looks up.

DATA  
An ancient Earth device used  
primarily for transportation.

WORF  
Ahh.

DATA  
Also seen as a source of status  
and virility; often a prime  
ingredient in teenage mating  
rituals --

19 ANGLE ON WESLEY  
reacting to the idea of "teenage mating rituals."

WESLEY  
Teenage mating rituals?

20 BACK TO SHOT

PICARD

I saw an entire city block from  
that window.

BEVERLY

It sounds wonderful.

PICARD

I'm going to try it again, only  
this time I'm going to dress the  
part.

(to Beverly)

Why not come with me?

21 CLOSE ON BEVERLY

surprised and pleased that she's been asked.

22 BACK TO SHOT

PICARD

I also want to take that  
historian... the twentieth century  
expert...

TASHA

Whalen.

PICARD

Yes, Whalen. He probably knows  
more about Dixon Hill than I do.

DATA

I will tell him.

PICARD

Invite him, Mister Data. This  
is, after all, a leisure activity.

PICARD

The sense of reality is  
incredible. When that woman  
kissed me, it was so --

Picard cuts off when he realizes Beverly is staring at  
him. She chooses an adjective and finishes his  
sentence...

BEVERLY

Exciting?

22 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Real.

(clears throat)

The subject of this meeting is the Jaradan rendezvous. Proceed with the briefing, Number One.

Riker has been enjoying the discussion, but he quickly switches gears.

RIKER

This is primarily a necessary diplomatic mission. The Jaradan are strategically important to the Federation. Previous attempts failed because they are so easily irritated. A slip in the pronunciation of the greeting caused a twenty-year rift in the relation.

DATA

Therefore the captain must recite the entire greeting without any mistakes.

GEORDI

(amused)

Simple as that.

DATA

(straightforward)

Yes. If, on the other hand, the captain makes even the slightest error --

TASHA

-- The captain is well aware of the gravity of the situation, Commander.

DATA

I have located a history tape of the last Federation starship to come in contact with the Jarada. It graphically demonstrates what happened when that captain offended them.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

TROI

The captain is familiar with that,  
Data.

DATA

Should we not run it?

PICARD

It's not necessary. Meeting  
adjourned.

23  
thru OMITTED  
25

26 INT. CORRIDOR - ON DATA AND GEORDI

walking together.

DATA

Why would the captain not want  
to review all the information  
available on the subject?

GEORDI

When you've seen the Jaradan  
react once, you don't ever have  
to see it again.

Data shrugs and decides to change the subject.

DATA

Dixon Hill is a most puzzling  
character.

GEORDI

Not really. He was just a  
twentieth-century Sherlock  
Holmes.

DATA

But his modus operandi is quite  
dissimilar. Worth investigating.

GEORDI

Indubitably, Watson.

Data gives Geordi a look.

27 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - CLOSE ON DATA

at Science One. He stares thoughtfully at the blank screen.

DATA

Computer: request all  
biographical information on  
fictional character Dixon Hill.

The computer briefly HUMS and CLICKS, searching its files.

COMPUTER VOICE

Working..... Character first  
appeared in pulp magazine,  
"Amazing Detective Stories,"  
copyright 1934, A.D.

(pause)

Second appearance in novel "The  
Long Dark Tunnel," circa 1936.

DATA

Request complete text of all  
stories involving said character.

28 CLOSE ON DATA'S FACE

as the computer springs to life.

DATA

Increase speed.

The REFLECTED COMPUTER LETTERS DANCE ACROSS HIS FACE  
like a horde of green ants. Data's eyes race back and  
forth, reading the text at an incredible rate.

29 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The great ship cruises on toward the Jaradan  
rendezvous.

30 INT. OUTSIDE HOLODECK ENTRANCE - TIGHT ON PICARD'S FACE

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's log, supplemental...



31 PULLING BACK SLOWLY

PICARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

The Jaradan rendezvous is eleven  
hours away...

32 STILL PULLING BACK

It's clear the captain is not wearing his standard  
uniform...

PICARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

I am about to reenter the world  
of Dixon Hill, this time properly  
dressed. An experience like this  
is more enjoyable when shared,  
so I've invited Lit-historian  
Whalen to accompany me. Doctor  
Crusher will join us shortly...

33 FULL VIEW OF PICARD

who is dressed like a Forties detective, trench coat  
and all.

34 ANGLE TO INCLUDE WHALEN

the redheaded literature expert, looking fashionable in  
his three-piece suit.

PICARD

Ready to go to San Francisco,  
Mister Whalen?

WHALEN

More than ready, sir.

PICARD

If it's anything like the last  
time I'm sure you won't be  
disappointed --

Whalen notices the look of surprise on the captain's  
face. The historian spins to see what he's looking  
at...

35 ANGLE ON DATA

completely decked out for an excursion into the Forties. He's even wearing a Bogart-style hat, fashionably tilted over one eye.

DATA

Request permission to accompany you, sir.

36 BACK TO THREE SHOT

The Captain is too surprised to respond.

DATA

I have mastered the lingo of the period. Example:

(psuedo-Bogart)

It was raining in the city of Angels -- a hard rain -- almost hard enough to wash the slime from the streets. But it never does. When the rain stops, the boulevard dries and the snakes once again slink from their holes. That's when my door opens and the helpless, the desperate, walk through with a heart full of hurt and a pocket full of nothing.

37 ANGLE ON PICARD AND WHALEN

amused and delighted.

38 FULL SHOT TO ENTRANCE

DATA

It unearthed half-forgotten feelings the same way it dug up sleeping bones in shallow unmarked graves.

(pause)

It was that kind of day.

WHALEN

(enthusiastic)

Dixon Hill: "The Black Orchid," Chapter Three.

38 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Very impressive, gentlemen.  
Now... Shall we?

The doors open. WE SEE a view of San Francisco, 1941,  
over them. The three men STEP INSIDE.

38A INT. HOLODECK

Their faces show wonderment. The Holodeck doors close  
behind them.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

39 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT - TIGHT ON PICARD, WHALEN AND DATA

as they step out in front of a newsstand in 1941.

The three men turn their heads joyously, taking in the wonders of this illusionary city. THE MOTORIZED SOUNDS OF AN URBAN CITY BLOCK fill the air.

A GRIZZLED NEWS-VENDOR standing behind his open air stand, calls out to Picard...

VENDOR

Hey Dix!

The Men APPROACH.

VENDOR

(continuing)

How's tricks?

Picard doesn't know quite how to answer that question...

PICARD

Uh, she's fine... just fine.

WHALEN

(to Picard, softly)

Wonderful! He really thinks you're Dixon Hill!

A passing Pedestrian plunks a dollar on the counter. He sweeps up his paper and his change, and continues on.

Picard notes that the sign on the stand reads "JOE'S NEWS AND MAGAZINES."

PICARD

Say Joe, I'd like to buy a paper too, but I don't have any money.

VENDOR

Catch me next time, Dix.

He tosses a paper at Picard. The three from the Enterprise eagerly study its headlines....

39 CONTINUED:

PICARD

(reading)

"Hitler on the move... Roosevelt presses Congress for British aid... DiMaggio streak reaches thirty-seven?"

DATA

DiMaggio. Joltin' Joe, the Yankee clipper.

WHALEN

(to Picard)

Baseball. A national obsession at the time.

DATA

The streak they refer to, will eventually reach fifty-six games...

The vendor cackles again. He's finished with another customer and is listening to Data with amusement and fascination.

DATA

(continuing)

And be snapped by a pair of journeyman hurlers for the Cleveland Indians --

VENDOR

Cleveland!!!

The Vendor's explosive laughter turns to a hacking cough as he pounds his fist on the table...

VENDOR

(continuing; scornful)

They got no pitching! They never got no pitching. What are ya, nuts or somethin'?

Data continues, undaunted, reciting the facts from his computer memory...

DATA

The record will stand until the year 2026, when a shortstop for the London Kings--

39 CONTINUED: (2)

VENDOR  
(to Picard,  
interrupting)  
Hey Dix, what gives with this guy?  
(leans forward, studies  
Data's face)  
He ain't from around here, is he?

PICARD  
Uh, no... he's not.  
(pause)  
He's from South America.

VENDOR  
Yeah. He's got a nice tan.

Picard is suddenly struck by something he sees in the paper. Whalen looks over his shoulder and reads the headline...

40 TIGHT ON THE HEADLINE

Which reads "WEALTHY SOCIALITE MURDERED"

The subhead reads: "POLICE HAVE SEVERAL LEADS IN BRUTAL SLAYING OF MRS. ARTHUR CLINTON BRADLEY."

41 ANGLE ON PICARD

staring at the accompanying picture of Jessica Bradley.

PICARD  
(somber)  
I should have listened to her.  
She told me someone was trying  
to kill her.

Whalen notes that the captain almost looks guilty that he didn't do something to protect her.

WHALEN  
(softly)  
She's a page from a book, sir.  
That's all she ever was.

BELL (O.S.)  
Well, well, look what the cat  
dragged in.

41 CONTINUED:

Two police detectives have APPEARED on the scene. BELL is a large man; a gruff career cop who clearly doesn't like Dixon Hill. McNARY is a young Robert Mitchum; his sad eyes show he's seen too many dark things during his nine years in Homicide.

Data is searching the area, having taken Bell's remark literally.

DATA

Cat?

Bell's mouth hangs open as he moves in for a closer look at the strange man...

BELL

What on Earth... Where the hell did he come from?

VENDOR

South America. Can't you tell?

Bell circles Data, looking him up and down...

BELL

Wherever you're from, while you're in my town, keep your nose clean.

Data REACTS. Bell turns his attention to Picard...

BELL

(continuing)

Well, tough guy, this time you've really done it. Your goose is cooked, but good.

MCNARY

(looking down)

I'm sorry about this, Dix.

BELL

Don't apologize to him'  
(to Picard, ?elligerent)  
Where were you last night between ten and midnight?

Picard shoots his compatriots an amused glance.

PICARD

That would be a bit hard to explain.

41 CONTINUED: (2)

BELL

Yeah? Well you'll have plenty  
of time to come up with something.  
You're goin' downtown.

PICARD

What for?

BELL

For the murder of Jessica Bradley.

42 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

Geordi and Wesley are at Ops and Conn, Tasha at  
Security, Worf at Science One. Riker EXITS the  
turbolift and STEPS ONTO the bridge...

RIKER

Status report?

TASHA

We're being probed, sir.

RIKER

The Jarada.

TASHA

Most likely. But it's long  
range. Can't be certain where  
it's originating..

The bridge SHUDDERS, and a brief HISSING NOISE is HEARD  
coming from the consoles...

43 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR

The LIGHTS momentarily FLICKER as the probe races  
through the bowels of the ship.

44 INT. INTRANCE TO HOLODECK (OPTICAL)

WE HEAR A HIGH PITCHED COMPUTER BLEEP, and the Holodeck  
doors open by themselves. WE CAN VAGUELY SEE the  
hallway leading to Dixon Hill's office. Then, abruptly,  
the doors slam shut.



45 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

The SHUDDERING STOPS. The probing has been terminated.

RIKER

(half-smile)

One could get the feeling they  
don't exactly trust us.

GEORDI

Commander, I'm receiving a  
subspace message from the Jarada.

RIKER

That's not part of the plan.

(pause)

Pipe it through.

The VOICE WE HEAR is alien and hive-like. To our ears  
it SOUNDS LIKE THREE VOICES IN ONE (a deep male voice,  
a high-pitched female voice, and a ten-year-old  
child's voice).

JARADAN'S COM VOICE

En-ter-prise. The time has come  
to honor us. We await your  
greeting.

RIKER

This is Commander Riker, first  
officer of the Enterprise --

JARADAN'S COM VOICE

-- You are not captain?!

RIKER

No sir, I'm not. I suggest we  
commence with screen to screen  
communication so we can see each  
other --

This time when the Jaradan interrupts it sounds  
distinctly angry. WE CAN HEAR A FAINT BUZZING SOUND in  
the background...

JARALAN'S COM VOICE

-- You offend us! We will not  
show ourselves to a mere  
subordinate. We await your  
captain's greeting with growing  
unrest. End of communication!

45 CONTINUED:

RIKER  
(sighing)  
Terrific.

He turns to Geordi.

RIKER  
(continuing)  
Get the captain. You'll find  
him in the Holodeck.

Geordi nods and EXITS the bridge.

46 MOVE IN ON RIKER

staring at the screen...

47 INT. ENTRANCE TO HOLODECK - ON BEVERLY

looking like a well-dressed woman from the forties.  
She straightens her dress, struggles with her handbag,  
and starts to step through the opening...

Beverly only goes halfway before backing out. She  
seems puzzled and disoriented as she looks at the  
control panel wondering what went wrong.

Looking a little worried, she tries again...

48 INT. POLICE STATION - ON BEVERLY

This time stepping through effortlessly and coming out  
in a police station waiting room. Data and Whalen are  
examining the recreated memorabilia on the walls, while  
a police SERGEANT does paperwork at the front desk.

Data turns to greet Beverly...

DATA  
Hiya Doc. What's shakin'?  
(notes her pale look)  
Are you alright?

BEVERLY  
I'm just a little dizzy, thank  
you. I had some trouble coming  
through. Where's Captain Picard?

48 CONTINUED:

DATA

He's on ice.

BEVERLY

Pardon?

DATA

He's being grilled.

BEVERLY

(a little frustrated)

What is he Data, a fish?

WHALEN

(laughing)

The captain's being interrogated.

(melodramatic)

They think he's committed a murder.

BEVERLY

(a bit alarmed)

Shouldn't we be doing something to help him?

WHALEN

Relax Doctor. It's all part of the game. Believe me, he's having the time of his life in there.

49 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CLOSE ON PICARD

his face brightly lit. Little beads of sweat dot his forehead...

PICARD

I've told you everything I know.

BELL (O.S.)

Yeah? Well, you're just gonna have to tell us again. From the top.

Picard leans back in his chair and smiles at his questioners. Their cigarette smoke swirls around his head, illuminated by the harsh white light.

PICARD

Very good. I've read all this before. It's exactly as it should be.

49 CONTINUED:

BELL (O.S.)

Spill it!

50 INT. HOLODECK ENTRANCE (CORRIDOR) - CLOSE ON GEORDI

A grave look on his face. He punches the intercom.

GEORDI

La Forge to bridge.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Riker here.

GEORDI

(with difficulty)

I can't find the captain, sir.

51 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ON RIKER

RIKER

I told you, he's in the Holodeck.

52 INT. HOLODECK ENTRANCE (CORRIDOR) - CLOSE ON GEORDI

GEORDI

Something's... gone wrong.

53 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

There's silence on the bridge. Everyone's heard the strange halting tone of Lieutenant La Forge. He sounds serious.

RIKER

What are you saying Lieutenant?

54 INT. HOLODECK ENTRANCE (CORRIDOR) - ON GEORDI

PULL BACK SLOWLY as Geordi stops trying to access the panel.

GEORDI

I can't communicate with them.

I can't access the program -- and

I can't open the doors.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

55 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

RIKER (V.O.)

Ship's log, supplemental. First officer reporting. Due to an unknown breakdown in the Holodeck, we are unable to locate the captain and his party...

56 OMITTED

57 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - OVERHEAD SHOT, MOVING IN ON RIKER

RIKER

Tasha, take over. I'm going to Holdeck Three.

58 WIDER ANGLE

Wesley, at Ops, spins in his chair to face Riker.

WESLEY

Commander?... I've studied all the technical manuals on the Holodeck. I think I could be of some help down there.

RIKER

Geordi's well equipped to deal with the situation, Wes. Right now, your duties are on the bridge.

TROI

(softly)

His mother's in there too, sir.

RIKER

Come on, Wesley.

WESLEY

Thank you sir.

They EXIT the bridge and Tasha takes Riker's seat.

59 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - WIDE ANGLE

The captain is still sitting under the hot light of an arc lamp. Bell is leaning forward, intensely grilling him. McNary stands in the shadows...

BELL

... And you say you'd never met her before she came to hire you.

PICARD

I've already told you that. Twice.

BELL

Yeah? Well you're gonna tell me again.

PICARD

(rising)

Look fellows, this is no longer amusing.

The big cop roughly shoves Picard back into his seat. Picard is surprised by the amount of force he uses. McNary quickly moves in, restraining his partner.

McNARY

Easy, Mike!

He moves the steaming detective away from Picard.

BELL

You think you're tough, Hill!  
But you're nothing! You're garbage!

Bell angrily shakes free from his partner's grasp. McNary goes over and crouches by Picard.

McNARY

(small smile)

Don't take him too seriously, Dix.  
His old lady's been giving him a hard time. You know how it is.

PICARD

I need to get out of here.

McNARY

Yeah. I'll see what I can do.

60 INT. POLICE STATION WAITING ROOM - WIDE ANGLE

Whalen and Data continue to move about the room, fascinated by everything from the chairs to the light bulbs. To them, this is a firsthand look at ancient history.

Beverly is once again struggling with her handbag when she notices that the desk sergeant is staring at her...

BEVERLY

(moving toward him)

Something on your mind?

SERGEANT

Yeah. But I'm not sure I can repeat it in mixed company.

(leering)

You're a pretty hep lookin' broad.

BEVERLY

Is that good?

SERGEANT

It ain't bad. You like Charlie McCarthy?

BEVERLY

McCarthy?... Oh, you mean the man who hunted Communist witches.

SERGEANT

(lecherous)

I got two tickets to the show tomorrow night.

DATA (O.S.)

Do you mind if I experiment with this device?

Data is standing beside the desk, gazing at a vending machine. The sergeant is greatly annoyed at being interrupted while making his move.

SERGANT

I don't care what you do.

DATA

Thanks, Mac.

The sergeant is about to continue, but is once again sidetracked by Data. The android is going haywire, pulling lever after lever at super speed. The sergeant can't believe his eyes.

60 CONTINUED:

SERGEANT

Who is this jerk?

61 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - WIDE ANGLE

Bell and McNary have been arguing in a corner of the room. As McNary approaches Picard, it's clear that he's won for the time being.

McNARY

Okay Dix. We're bustin' you out of here.

PICARD

(rising)

That's welcome news.

BELL

(calling out, hostile)

You better not try to leave town.

PICARD

(wry)

It's been a pleasure, sir.

Bell glowers at him and EXITS the room, slamming the door behind him.

PICARD

(dryly)

I get the feeling he doesn't like me.

McNARY

We know you're dealing with The Fat Man, Dixon. Take it from a friend; it doesn't help your case.

PICARD

I'll keep it in mind.

He rises and offers his hand to McNary. For some reason it really does feel like he's an old and trusted friend.

PICARD

Thank you. For helping me.



61 CONTINUED:

McNARY

Forget it.

(pats Picard's shoulder)

When you comin' over for supper?

The kids'd love to see you, and

you know how much you love

Sharon's cooking.

PICARD

(thoughtful smile)

Soon, my friend. But at the

moment I have other duties.

McNARY

Blonde or brunette?

The two men share a laugh. McNary opens the door...

PICARD

(choosing his words)

She's a lady all right... and her  
name's Enterprise.

McNARY

Sounds like a working girl.

(laughs)

I'll stop by the office with a  
bottle of scotch. You can tell  
me all about her.

62 INT. WAITING ROOM - WIDE ANGLE

Picard steps out into the waiting room.

WHALEN

Have a good time?

PICARD

I'm not sure. Sometimes it seemed  
too real.

(to Beverly)

Glad you could make it.

(looks her up and down)

I must say, you wear it well.

BEVERLY

(sly smile)

Why thank you, Mister Hill.

They lock eyes for a moment...

62 CONTINUED:

PICARD

I think it's time we got back to  
the Enterprise.

WHALEN

(good-natured)

We are on the Enterprise, Captain.

PICARD

(chuckling)

Yes. Of course we are.

BEVERLY

Do we have time to see your  
office?

PICARD

I don't see why not.

Picard leads them to the door. Data begins to  
struggle with the doorknob. He pushes and pulls on  
it as the others look on in amusement. Finally Whalen  
reaches over and shows him the way. Picard pulls the  
door open...

63 INT. OPEN DOOR LEADING TO HALLWAY (OPTICAL)

WE CAN SEE the hallway in Dixon Hill's office building.

PICARD

The Holodeck makes excellent use  
of a finite space.

64 INT. DIXON HILL'S WAITING ROOM

They ENTER to find the same little man we saw before,  
waiting for Dixon Hill.

LEECH

Ah, Mister Hill. You've been  
avoiding me.

WHALEN

(to Picard)

It's Felix Leech! It has to be.

64 CONTINUED:

LEECH  
You know me, sir?

WHALEN  
Well, I've read about you. Many  
times.

Picard steps past Leech, leading his crew into the  
office...

PICARD  
I'm sorry Mister Leech, but we  
really must be going. Call again  
tomorrow.

Leech follows them, growing angry...

LEECH  
You're being quite rude, Mister  
Hill. You haven't even introduced  
me to your charming companions.

Picard goes to the exiting place.

PICARD  
That'll have to wait.

LEECH  
(raising voice)  
We have business! Urgent  
business.

Picard turns to see that Leech has pulled a gun on him.

LEECH  
(continuing)  
You're not going anywhere. Not  
until we have a little chat.

65  
thru OMITTED  
66

67 INT. MAIN BRIDGE

as Tasha punches the intercom...

TASHA  
Bridge to Holodeck. We're  
approaching Torona Four.

68 INT. HOLODECK ENTRANCE - ANGLE ON RIKER

with Wesley, Geordi and technicians working behind him.

RIKER

Any word from the Jarada?

TASHA'S COM VOICE

Not a thing, sir.

RIKER

They may be testing us. Seeing if we'll stick to the arrangements.

TASHA'S COM VOICE

What do we do now, sir?

WORF

We wait.

GEORDI

(to Riker)

Everything checks out so far. Ensign Crusher believes the trouble may have been caused by the Jaradan probe. If so, it could be very difficult to locate.

69  
thru OMITTED  
70

71 INT. DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE

Leech is still holding a gun on everyone.

LEECH

(perturbed)

I'm not a man to be toyed with, Mister Hill. You were hired to locate a certain object. I demand to know what you've done with it.

PICARD

I can't help you, Mister Leech. I'm afraid this game is over.

LEECH

I assure you, this is no game!

71 CONTINUED:

WHALEN

(laughing)

Take it from me Leech, you'll  
never find it.

(moves toward him)

Now... give me the gun.

Whalen takes another step -- a SHOT RINGS OUT. The historian staggers backwards, amazed at the hole in his chest. A circle of blood spreads as he slumps to the floor. Beverly rushes to him, he looks up at Picard, shock registering on his pale face.

WHALEN

(continuing; softly)

But... they're not real.

BEVERLY

This man has been shot. If we  
don't get him to Sickbay, he'll  
die.

This game is now being played for keeps.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

72 INT. DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE

Beverly is ministering to the fallen form of Whalen.

BEVERLY

There's massive internal bleeding --

PICARD

How could this happen?

LEECH

It'll happen again if you don't cooperate.

Picard is furious. He lunges at Leech, striking him and knocking the gun from his hands. Leech is startled, backing out of the room, wide-eyed...

LEECH

(continuing)

You struck me! How dare you!

When Picard moves toward him, he backpedals hurriedly to the door.

LEECH

(continuing; almost  
hyperventilating)

You'll be sorry! The Fat Man  
isn't going to like this!

He SCOOTs OUT the door and around the corner. Picard instinctively starts to go after him--

BEVERLY

We have to get him to Sickbay!

PICARD

(to computer)

Exit!

They look to the wall. No response.

PICARD

(continuing)

Computer! Exit!

72 CONTINUED:

Still no response.

PICARD  
(continuing)  
We'll try the other exit.

Data dashes to the other exit.

72A ON DATA

At the non-existent exit.

DATA  
Computer! Identify exit!

Nothing happens. Data turns and sprints back to the others.

72B FULL SHOT.

Data REJOINS the group.

DATA  
There is a programming  
malfunction. The computer refuses  
to identify the exits.

BEVERLY  
I'm losing his pulse!

Picard GOES TO the wall.

PICARD  
Computer, this is the captain!  
Identify exit!

He walks along the wall, pounding it angrily, hunting for the exit.

73 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

RIKER  
Standard orbit, Mister Worf.

WORF  
Aye sir, standard orbit.

74 OMITTED

75 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ANGLE EMPHASIZING RIKER

who's looking at the screen with great concern and more than a little anger. He punches the intercom...

RIKER

Riker to Holodeck.

76 INT. HOLODECK ENTRANCE - ON GEORDI AND WESLEY

intensely examining a complex circuitry panel.

GEORDI

(trace of frustration)

Nothing yet, Commander.

77 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ON RIKER

fit to be tied.

RIKER

We're running out of time.

78  
thru OMITTED  
80

81 INT. DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE

The three from the Enterprise are still combing the walls.

BEVERLY

It's no use. It's just not here anymore.

Picard backs away from the wall, looking grim.

PICARD

Suggestions, Mister Data?

DATA

I am at a loss. We are in a Holodeck-created building of 1941. The computer has refused to accept voice commands. The controls for the environment are therefore not accessible. They are outside in the reality of the Holodeck.

BEVERLY

I could use some light.



81 CONTINUED:

Data grabs a floor lamp to help Beverly. He is mystified by the lamp cord, when it pulls from its socket and the lamp GOES OUT. Picard quickly solves the problem by hitting a wall switch and ILLUMINATING the room from the overhead lights. Data replaces the lamp cord in the socket when the SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS are HEARD coming down the hall.

82 ANGLE ON THE DOOR

Three shadows are seen through the glass. This time, no one bothers to knock.

Leech ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY A GUN-TOTING THUG. It's clear this isn't a friendly visit. These two move aside so that a Third Man can enter.

CYRUS REDBLOCK STROLLS IN slowly. He's a massive man -- imposing in his white Panama suit and straw hat. He hangs his hat on a rack and wipes his sweaty brow with a large white handkerchief.

REDBLOCK  
(gravelly, clipped  
British accent)  
Good day, Mister Hill. My name  
is Cyrus Redblock. I hope you  
don't mind us dropping in.

PICARD  
I see I have no choice.

REDBLOCK  
(explosive laugh)  
Life is an endless stream of  
choices. Unfortunately, you have  
chosen to make my life more  
difficult.

Redblock's beady eyes are already searching the room.

REDBLOCK  
(continuing)  
I don't suppose you'd be foolish  
enough to hide it here.

PICARD  
I don't suppose so.

82 CONTINUED:

REDBLOCK

Still, I'm sure you won't mind  
if we take a look around.

BEVERLY

I wish you'd quit asking, since  
it's obvious you're going to do  
it anyway. It's a big waste of  
time.

REDBLOCK

Good manners, Madam, are never  
a waste.

(to Picard and Data)

Civility, gentlemen. Always  
civility.

With his thug wielding a gun, Redblock prods Picard  
and company into Dixon Hill's office. Upon seeing  
Whalen's body, Redblock loses some of his gentlemanly  
air...

REDBLOCK

(continuing; to thug)

Get that stiff out of here.

BEVERLY

He's not dead.

REDBLOCK

From his pallor, he soon will be.

THUG

You want I should throw him in  
the garbage, boss?

REDBLOCK

The next room will do nicely for  
now.

His henchman starts to comply. Picard moves to stop him,  
but Leech quickly puts a gun to his head.

REDBLOCK

(continuing; to Leech)

Which one struck you?

LEECH

(indignant)

It was Hill.

Redblock nods at Leech, who uses his gun to backhand  
Picard across the face. A trickle of blood is a  
tangible reminder of the hazards of this world.

82 CONTINUED: (2)

REDBLOCK

For every action, there is an  
equal and opposite reaction. A  
truism that you have sadly  
neglected.

The front door opens and an unsuspecting Lieutenant  
McNary WALKS IN. He's quickly disarmed by the thug  
and brought before Redblock and Leech.

McNARY

(to Picard)

I saw your light and figured you  
were working late.

(looks around room)

Guess I was right.

He takes a long look at Redblock and Leech...

McNARY

(continuing; cool)

Nice company you're keeping, Dix.  
You forget to take the trash out  
this morning?

The thug slugs McNary in the stomach, doubling him  
over. Redblock wipes his brow...

REDBLOCK

I'm a tolerant man, but I don't  
tolerate disrespect.

DATA

Your devotion to etiquette is  
highly admirable, sir. However,  
your methods leave much to be  
desired.

For the first time, Redblock and Leech turn their  
attention to the dapper man with the silvery skin.  
They move toward him, menacingly...

REDBLOCK

What have we here?

LEECH

Looks like a ghost.

REDBLOCK

Where do you suppose he's from?

82 CONTINUED: (3)

Leech moves closer, grabbing Data's hat and circling him for a better look. Looking at Leech, with his bulging, sleepy eyes, Data feels like an ant under a microscope.

Leech breaks into a slow devious smile, as he holds a gun to Data's chin.

LEECH

Where were you hatched, anyway?

Data looks to Picard, then back at Leech

DATA

Central America.

Redblock pushes the gun aside and stands nose to nose with Data.

REDBLOCK

(fascinated,  
half-whisper)

I've been all over this world and  
I must say, I've not seen anything  
like you.

PICARD

He's not from this world. None  
of us are.

Redblock's first reaction is surprise. He quickly smothers it with laughter. Picard elaborates, using Redblock's legendary greed as an enticement.

PICARD

(continuing)

We come from a world of fabulous  
riches. A world of objects --  
far greater in value than the one  
you seek.

83 CLOSE ON REDBLOCK

Of course he doesn't believe it, but the mere thought of this kind of world has his head buzzing.

84 TWO SHOT TO INCLUDE LEECH

who senses what's on Redblock's mind. Leech somehow feels threatened by these thoughts...

84 CONTINUED:

LEECH

(to Picard, angry)

That's ridiculous! You're a private dick. We've met before and you never mentioned any of this.

McNARY

He's right, Dix. That's pretty weak stuff. I can't even buy that line of guff.

PICARD

I am not Dixon Hill.

BEVERLY

(to others)

He's not!

85 CLOSE ON McNARY

rolling his eyes.

PICARD

I only look like Dixon Hill.

DATA

(to Redblock)

He speaks the truth, sir. From your point of view, he is only a fiction, a facsimile, a knock-off, a cheap imitation.

PICARD

Thank you, Mister Data.

DATA

(to Picard, chagrined)

Sorry sir, that did not come out quite the way I interded.

86 ANGLE ON REDBLOCK

rubbing his chin, sporting an evil grin...

86 CONTINUED:

REDBLOCK

Very good. Very, very, good.  
What wonderful fiction! Quite  
entertaining. I admire your skill  
at trying to obfuscate our sense  
of reality.

DATA

It is you who are not real, sir.

PICARD

Data--

DATA

(innocently)

It is you who are imaginary  
characters derived from a work  
of fiction.

87 ANGLE ON LEECH

not liking what he's hearing, as though deep down he  
sensed it was true.

88 WIDE ANGLE

McNARY

Give it up, fellas. These guys  
are too smart to fall for that  
story.

DATA

(apologetic)

I am afraid you are not real either,  
Lieutenant.

89 ON McNARY

who feels a cold flash for an instant, then shakes his  
head derisively.

90 ANGLE ON LEECH

LEECH

I don't want to hear any more  
of this! You're making me crazy!

91 TWO SHOT - BEVERLY AND LEECH

PICARD

Deep down, you all sense the truth. Deep down, you know you're not real. All of you.

LEECH

(waving gun)

Shut up!!

(growing frantic)

Let me shoot them, Mister Redblock. Let me kill them, one by one.

92 FULL SHOT

Beverly is still tending Whalen while Redblock is pondering what to do.

REDBLOCK

(analytical)

A most interesting situation. Perhaps we should test this theory by killing one of them.

BEVERLY

You've already done that! This man is dying! This whole thing is senseless!

REDBLOCK

Hardly! Senseless killing is immoral. But killing for a purpose is often ingenious.

LEECH

Well said, Mister Redblock. What's our purpose?

Leech pulls out a stiletto, casually places it against Picard's chest. As he speaks, he slowly begins to pluck the buttons off Picard's shirt...

REDBLOCK

We are on a quest for knowledge, Mister Leech.

(to Picard)

We want the item.

He coolly runs the blade over Picard's Adam's apple...

92 CONTINUED:

PICARD  
We don't have it.

LEECH  
Shall I kill him?

REDBLOCK  
No, kill the woman!

93  
thru OMITTED  
94

95 ON BEVERLY

trying to maintain her composure as Leech's gun COMES  
INTO FRAME, pointed straight at her head.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

96 INT. DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE

Leech is poised to pull the trigger...

PICARD

Redblock. I have the item.

97 ANGLE ON REDBLOCK

intrigued by Picard's offer.

REDBLOCK

At last. I knew it! God, man,  
you are a character! Waiting  
until the last moment! Testing  
my resolve! What an ally you  
would make! Now -- where is it?

98 TWO SHOT - REDBLOCK AND PICARD

PICARD

I'll explain. But first, tell  
Leech to back off.

99 WIDER ANGLE

Redblock mulls it over.

REDBLOCK

Put the gun down, Mister Leech.

Leech's shoulders slump. He's gravely disappointed.

LEECH

But I want to kill her!

REDBLOCK

Perhaps later. It won't harm us  
to listen to Mister Hill.

MCNARY

Don't make any deals with that  
slime, Dix!

Redblock's thug raps McNary's chin with his gun,  
knocking the detective to the ground.

99 CONTINUED:

REDBLOCK

(to Picard)

Begin. Make your thoughts  
fruitful and your words eloquent.

(rumbling laugh)

Your lovely friend's life depends  
upon it.

PICARD

There is a price.

REDBLOCK

By God, man, I knew we were of  
the same stripe. Name it.

PICARD

Mister Whalen's life. You must  
help us save him.

100 OMITTED

101 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

Riker is standing between the Conn and the Ops looking  
over Worf's shoulder at something on his monitor.  
Suddenly, the bridge CRACKLES with BLUE LIGHT, knocking  
Riker off balance...

RIKER

What the devil --

TASHA

Probes! I'm reading several  
of them, sir. All locked on to  
us.

WORF

Verified. Coming from the  
Jaradans!

102 OMITTED

103 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

Worf and Tasha work furiously to counteract the beams.  
WE CAN HEAR the steady DRONE of the Enterprise's  
ENGINES, straining to meet the challenge...

RIKER

(angry)

Open hailing frequencies.

TASHA

Frequencies open, sir.

RIKER

This is Commander Riker, aboard  
the Enterprise. We demand that  
you --

Riker cuts off as a LOUD NOISE COMES OVER THE COM,  
drowning him out. It's the SOUND OF BUZZING, as though  
a microphone had been stuck down an angry hornets'  
nest.

RIKER

(continuing; holding  
ears)

Cut that off!

Tasha does so, and the only thing WE HEAR is the HARD  
PRESSED SOUND of the ship's ENGINES.

104 INT. ENTRANCE TO HOLODECK - ON GEORDI

Wesley and Technicians in background.

GEORDI

(into Com)

Lieutenant La Forge to bridge.

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Riker here.

GEORDI

Is everything all right, sir?  
We felt quite a surge down here  
--

RIKER'S COM VOICE

Yes. Status report.

GEORDI

We think we have something, sir.  
I'll let Ensign Crusher explain.

104 CONTINUED:

Wesley is examining a dismantled panel of circuitry, using a pointed bifocal instrument that allows him to see microscopically.

WESLEY  
(speaking up)  
I've found three --

105 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ON RIKER

RIKER  
Forget the explanation! Can you repair it?

106 INT. HOLODECK ENTRANCE - ON WESLEY

WESLEY  
I don't know if I should. If this isn't done correctly, the program could abort and everyone inside could vanish.

RIKER'S COM VOICE  
Do you need more time to study it?

WESLEY  
No, sir. Whether we do it now or later, the risk will be the same.

107 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - ON RIKER

as he thinks for a moment.

RIKER  
Do it.

108 INT. DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE

PICARD  
(passionate, to Redblock)  
If we can find the way of getting him to our Sickbay by fixing our computer --

108 CONTINUED:

REDBLOCK

Computer? I do not know this  
word.

Picard sighs. Nothing is coming easy...

109 INT. HOLODECK ENTRANCE - CLOSE ON WESLEY

working on the circuitry.

110 INT. DIXON HILL'S OFFICE - ON DATA, REDBLOCK AND LEECH

DATA

-- A mechanical or electronic  
apparatus capable of carrying out  
repetitious and highly complex  
mathematical operations at high  
speed.

111 ANGLE ON LEECH

becoming infuriated with Data's rambling definition.

DATA (O.S.)

Computers are used to control,  
perform, process, or store --

LEECH

Enough!  
(to Redblock)  
Let me kill him. He's beginning  
to irritate me.

112 FLASH CUT TO WESLEY

working intently. There is a BLUE FLASH.

113 BACK TO HILL'S OFFICE

where Leech is taking aim at Data.

Suddenly, the ENTIRE SETTING CHANGES and all involved  
find themselves in A SNOWY ALIEN LANDSCAPE. The wind  
is howling like a bitch, driving Leech to his knees and  
ripping the hat off the thug's head.

113 CONTINUED:

This is a hellish place -- imagine the North Pole in a hurricane. The wind is screaming like a banshee; chilling everyone to the bone.

Then, just as suddenly, they're ALL BACK IN THE OFFICE.

They're frozen in their tracks, still shell-shocked and shivering from the sudden change in climate.

114 CLOSE ON McNARY

amazed by what's happened.

115 CLOSE ON LEECH

terrified by what's happened.

116 MOVE IN ON REDBLOCK

intrigued by what's happened.

117 BACK TO SHOT

DATA  
(indicating wall)  
Captain, the exit...

The BLUE STREAK has REAPPEARED on the closet door...

PICARD  
(to Redblock)  
That's it! The way into our  
world.

Leech is still trembling, looking around paranoically as though waiting to be transported back to that frozen hell. But Redblock has shaken off the snowy cold. He waddles up to the exit spot and examines it with great interest.

REDBLOCK  
Remarkable. Is this a two-way  
passage? Can one enter your world  
and return to this one simply by  
stepping through?

117 CONTINUED:

PICARD

Yes. Allow us to help Mister  
Whalen, and we'll return with  
the item.

118 EXTREMELY CLOSE ON REDBLOCK

his beady eyes aglow, his swollen tongue sliding over  
his parched lips as he thinks of the item. He begins  
to chuckle... it grows into a laugh... then a belly  
laugh...

119 PULL BACK

as Redblock practically explodes with laughter. Soon  
the thugs are joining in. Finally, even the weak-kneed  
Leech has broken into little machine gun bursts of  
laughter.

REDBLOCK

(to Picard)

By God, sir, you are a scamp!  
To think that I would wait here  
--

DATA

If you are thinking of going  
through yourself sir, I can assure  
you that is not possible.

REDBLOCK

Not possible!  
(laughs again)  
One look at you sir, proves  
anything is possible.

Picard is eyeing the exit, wondering if he should try  
and make a break for it. The Thug pulls a large  
pistol.

REDBLOCK

Stand back, Mister Hill. I would  
shoot you myself, but I don't want  
to rob my assistant of his  
greatest pleasure.

THUG

Thanks, boss.

119 CONTINUED:

REDBLOCK

(to thug)

After we've gone, kill them all.  
Make sure no one ever finds the  
bodies.

McNARY

You're insane! You think you can  
kill a cop and get away with it?

REDBLOCK

Why not? I've done it before.  
Come, Mister Leech.

Leech joins him, still a little tentative. Redblock  
takes a long look at the exit.

REDBLOCK

(continuing; dramatic)

Our destiny awaits.

(to Picard)

Au revoir et bon chance, mon ami!

Side by side, the two Men STEP THROUGH the portal.  
The thug puts the gun on Picard. Data steps forward  
and pinches its muzzle closed. The thug makes a move  
to Data and Data decks him.

120 INT. ENTERPRISE HALLWAY - CLOSE ON REDBLOCK AND LEECH

The glitch is still glitching -- they have come out  
through a back wall of the Holodeck, not the main  
Holodeck entrance.

They step out into an empty hallway. Leech is bug-eyed  
and nervous. Redblock is wide-eyed and deliriously  
happy...

REDBLOCK

(whisper)

Another world.

(louder)

A whole new world to plunder!

LEECH

(flat)

Uh-oh.

REDBLOCK

(irritated)

What is it?



120 CONTINUED:

Too mesmerized to speak, Leech simply nods down toward their feet. Redblock looks down and SHRIEKS...

121 PULL BACK (OPTICAL)

to SEE that they are each DEMATERIALIZING, from the bottom up. They look on in abstract horror as their feet and legs completely DISAPPEAR.

Redblock cries out to the heavens as his chest VAPORIZES...

REDBLOCK

Nooo!! I want to live!! I want--

Their torsos and heads go the same way, until THERE IS NOTHING LEFT....

122 INT. ENTRANCE TO HOLODECK - ON GEORDI AND WESLEY

GEORDI

(into Com)

We've done it, but still no sign of them.

123 OMITTED

124 INT. ENTRANCE TO HOLODECK

GEORDI

Should we go inside?

125 INT. DIXON HILL'S WAITING ROOM - WIDE ANGLE

PICARD

(to Data, indicating Exit)

Pick him up. Get him to Sickbay.

DATA

What about you?

PICARD

I'll follow you. Now go!

Picking their way through the Office, Data, carrying Whalen, and Beverly EXIT.

125 CONTINUED:

Picard turns to McNary.

PICARD

I can't think of a way to thank you. You know I can't take you with me.

MCNARY

(nodding)

Someone's gotta book this creep.

(indicates thug)

Once a cop always a cop, I guess.

The OFFICE FLOOR RUMBLES again.

PICARD

(empathetic)

I have to go.

McNARY

So this is the big good-bye.

They shake hands like two old friends who are about to part forever. This is The Big Good-bye.

126 MOVE IN ON THEM

McNARY

Tell me something, Dixon.

(worried)

When you've gone.... will this world still exist?.. Will my wife and kids still be waiting for me at home?

PICARD

(pause, sadly)

I honestly don't know. Good-bye my friend.

Picard STEPS THROUGH.

After a few moments, McNary's entire world goes PITCH BLACK.

127 INT. ENTRANCE TO HOLODECK - ON THEM

Picard steps back out onto the Enterprise. Data hurriedly takes Whalen away. Wesley rushes to Beverly, who hugs him as she follows Data.

128 OMITTED

129 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

TASHA

Captain!

Picard hurries to the Command Area and takes his seat.

RIKER

Are you ready, sir?

PICARD

As ready as I'll ever be. Open  
hailing frequencies.

TASHA

Frequencies open.

PICARD

(into com,  
commandingly)

This is Jean-Luc Picard, captain  
of the USS Enterprise. Aaaaard  
kraxon Leeeeesss...

130 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE IN ORBIT (OPTICAL)

131 INT. MAIN BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE (OPTICAL)

Picard is finishing his greeting. The others on the  
bridge are holding completely still, praying that  
nothing goes wrong...

PICARD

Risssssss... Trasssssss.... Trasulah!

The captain has completed his recitation. There's dead  
silence as the officers await the Jaradan reaction. WE  
SEE their faces as the JARADAN LEADER APPEARS on  
Screen.

WE SEE him from the shoulders up... He is indeed  
wasp-like: black and yellow, with pointed insectile  
features and waving black antennae.

JARADAN'S COM VOICE

You have... honored us with  
your words of greeting. A new  
day dawns between us.

131 CONTINUED:

There's great joy and relief on the bridge. Picard takes a deep breath. Riker smiles at him...

RIKER  
(nonchalant)  
So... Have a nice vacation?

Picard gives him a long smile, but doesn't answer...

PICARD  
It was a nice place to visit,  
but I wouldn't want to die there.

132 EXT. SPACE - ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

PULLING OUT of orbit, and HEADING for deep space...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END