

# STAR TREK NEMESIS

by John Logan

*THE SHOOTING SCRIPT*

## INT. MEDICAL MONTAGE DAY

Life. Glorious in its many forms. The biological pulse *finding its way* heroically through the cold manipulation of science.

CREDITS as we see a beautiful montage of futuristic medical technology. Through a microscope we see cells multiplying and gene strands exponentially increasing with the vibrancy of exploding flowers. We see laser splicing and biological manipulation on the molecular level.

CREDITS *continue* as we fade to...

## INT .ROMULAN SENATE CHAMBER NIGHT

Politics... In a cavernous, shadowy chamber. Dark figures lean together and talk seriously. Their hushed, urgent tones denote the gravity of their discussion.

We can't make out the words but there is no doubt what they are talking about.

The three year old HUMAN BOY who stands before them. The boy is alone and frightened, lost in the sweeping grandeur of the massive chamber.

CREDITS continue as we fade to...

## EXT. REMAN HOMEWORLD NIGHT

Labor...

On a stark, desert planet with monolithic mountains and harsh crags shooting upward. The only light in this dark netherworld comes from the flames that accompany the hellish mining operations everywhere around us.

The human boy gazes over this desolate vista and then he looks up for a moment... at the stars.

Then a tall figure leads him firmly into one of the mines. The boy seems to disappear into this flaming crucible.

CREDITS end as we go to...

## EXT , ROMULUS SUNSET

The sun is setting on the capital city of the great Romulan Star Empire, The imperial monoliths and martial towers of this bustling city glow red as the sun dips below the horizon.

We slowly move down toward the most imposing building of the city. The Romulan Senate chamber.

INT .ROMULAN SENATE CHAMBER SUNSET

SENATOR TAL'AURA watches the proceedings with a studied look of bored indifference. She glances to the familiar Romulan crest that dominates one wall of the chamber: a ferocious bird-of-prey holding two planets, one in either claw.

And then her eyes carefully cross the chamber to...

PRAETOR HIREN -- the head of the Romulan government --presiding over the Senate from a throne-like chair. He is a capable politician in his 50s.

SENATOR 1

... but if we hesitate we'll lose this important source of dilithium. A trade agreement is in the best interests of the Empire.

SENATOR 2

Praetor, I recommend we dispatch a diplomatic mission to Celes II to open negotiations.

Senator Tal'Aura grunts slightly at the word "negotiations." Praetor Hiren glances to her.

PRAETOR

Senator Tal'Aura, you disagree with the motion.

TAL'AURA

No, sir. I would say "negotiation" is to be advised. I support all "diplomatic" overtures. But if you will excuse me, Praetor, I have an appointment with the Tholian ambassador.

The Praetor nods. Tal' Aura stands and leaves the chamber... but she had left something behind on her desk. A small, silver box with unusual etchings on the surface.

The discussion continues as we focus on the silver box...

PRAETOR

Then I will call for a vote on the motion to open trade negotiations with Celes II...

The Senator at the desk next to Tal'Aura's glances over. The silver box is moving.

The Senator watches, amazed, as the box begins to slowly fold open. Then "legs" appear. The box unfolds like a spider, standing on its legs. Then it is still for a moment. The Senator looks at it, puzzled.

Suddenly --a bright beam of green light shoots up from the spider -- the Senators are stunned - -the beam shoots to the high domed ceiling of the chamber and then cascades around the interior of the room, enveloping everything in a glowing shroud of green energy. In a way, it is bizarrely beautiful.

And then just as suddenly the light disappears.

A moment of silence. The Praetor and Senators are baffled.

PRAETOR

Would someone please tell me what that was? (he turns to a guard) Alert security--

A plant behind the Praetor begins to shrivel...

PRAETOR

(continued) -- and have them run a --

The Praetor stops suddenly --as the flesh begins to melt from his face.

Every bit of organic matter in the chamber decays. Flesh melts from bones while the Senators scream in agony. Every living thing in the chamber is dead within ten seconds.

A stunning moment of silence as we take in the carnage. Then a transporter effect ripples around the spider-weapon. It disappears.

And the Romulan Senate is no more. We fade to...

EXT. EARTH. ALASKA --PAVILION DAY

JEAN LUC PICARD, the most beloved and respected Captain in Starfleet.

His face is resolute and set. Even stern. His white dress uniform is buttoned tightly to the neck.

He looks at us evenly and then utters the word that has been the watch cry for his entire life as a Starfleet officer.

PICARD

Duty...

He lets the word resonate and then continues.

PICARD

A starship captain's life is filled with solemn duty. I have commanded men in battle. I have negotiated peace treaties between implacable enemies. I have represented the Federation in first contact with twenty-seven alien species. But none of this compares to my solemn duty as...

Best man.

Uproarious laughter. We pull back to reveal the wedding reception of WILL RIKER and DEANNA TROI.

The Enterprise CREW is gathered with invited GUESTS, some from other "Star Trek" series. Riker and Deanna sit at the center of a long table.

PICARD

Now, I know that on an occasion such as this: it is expected that I be gracious and fulsome with praise on the wonders of this blessed *union* ... But have you two considered what you're doing to? This is all a damned inconvenience ...(laughter from the crowd) While you're happily settling in on the Titan, I'll have to train a new first officer; no doubt a stern martinet who'll quote the rule book at me and never... ever...allow me to go on away missions. (laughter) ...Then there's the matter of my new counselor.

Undoubtedly some soft-spoken, willowy thing who'll be probing into my darkest psyche as she nods her head and coos sympathetically. Isn't that right, Deanna?

Deanna nods her head and coos sympathetically. Hearty, wonderful LAUGHTER!

PICARD

I notice Dr. Crusher laughing along with the rest of you. As most of you know, the doctor will also soon be leaving the Enterprise, to assume command of Starfleet Medical. Again, I'm forced to ask, Beverly, have you considered what you're doing to little ole' me?! I'll probably get some old battle-axe of a doctor who'll tell me to eat my vegetables and put me on report if I don't show up for my physical on time!

BEVERLY

It'll serve you right.

Laughter, laughter, laughter! He looks to Riker and Deanna:

PICARD

Really, it's not too late to reconsider. No? Very well then...

He smiles and raises his glass, looks at them deeply:

PICARD

Will Riker, you have been my trusted right arm for fourteen years; you have helped keep my course true and steady. Deanna Troi, you have been my conscience and best guide, the touchstone to the better parts of myself. You are my family. And in proper maritime tradition I wish you full sails and a clear horizon ... My friends, make it so.

They drink.

EXT: --EARTH. ALASKA --PAVILION LATER

The party guests mingle as a band plays. We are at a beautiful open-air pavilion high in the Denali Mountains. The soaring ranges of Riker's native Alaska can be seen everywhere around us.

DR. BEVERLY CRUSHER goes to Picard.

BEVERLY

(playfully)

Sort of like losing a son and gaining an empath, isn't it?

PICARD

Please, Beverly, this is hard enough.

BEVERLY

If you start tearing up I promise to beam you out. Level one medical emergency.  
There's no crying in Starfleet.

They head off toward Riker and Deanna.

Meanwhile, GEORDI LA FORGE sits with his girlfriend,

LEAH

I've never seen your Captain so nostalgic. Maybe he's getting soft in his old age.

GEORDI

(laughs)

Not likely. After we installed the new Series Four replicators, he tried to order his usual tea and there was a glitch. Had us remove the whole bunch of them and put the old ones back in

LEAH

There! Nostalgic about old replicators.

GEORDI

He just likes things the way he likes them...(he looks at her, smiles).

Of course, so do I.

He kisses her gently as WORF comes to them. Poor Worf is still suffering a bit from the bachelor party He plops down beside them, belches.

WORF

Romulan ale should be illegal.

GEORDI

It is, old chum.

WORF

Then it should be more illegal.  
He groans and rests his head on the table, acts like he's going to heave.  
Meanwhile, Riker and Deanna are talking to Picard and Beverly.

DEANNA

Really, Captain, it was a lovely toast.

PICARD

The least I could do for you, Deanna. Besides, you know me... I'm a talking head.

DEANNA

And you needn't worry. I'll brief your new counselor on everything she needs to know.

PICARD

The hell you will. You know too much about me as it is ... Now you promised there are no speeches during the ceremony on Betazed.

RIKER

No, no speeches. No clothes either. (winks, mischievously)

Picard looks at him. Deanna laughs.

Then the band stops playing. All turn.

DATA stands with the band.

DATA

Ladies and Gentlemen and invited Tran gendered species ...In my study of Terran and Betazoid conjugal rites I have discovered it is traditional to present the "happy couple" with a gift. Given Commander Riker's affection for archaic musical forms I have elected to present the following as my gift in honor of their conjugation.

Riker shoots an amused glance to Deanna. Conjugation?

Data turns to the band leader.

DATA

If you please, Mister Band Leader, a-one and a-two and..

The band launches into a jaunty, swing version of the Irving Berlin standard "Blue Skies."

DATA(sings)

*"Blue skies, smiling at me,  
Nothing but blue skies do I see. Blue birds, singing a song,  
Nothing but blue birds all day long. Never saw the sun shining so bright, Never  
saw things going so right..."*

The crowd is appreciative. Loves the song. Except Worf, he momentarily raises his head from the table.

WORF (groans)

Ugghhh ...Irving Berlin.

His heads thumps down again, is about ready to BARF!

Meanwhile, Riker *is anxious* as a kid to join the band:

DEANNA  
(smiles)

All right, go ahead.

Riker eagerly joins the band. Grabs the trombone and starts jamming with the orchestra. The song really swings.

PICARD  
(to Deanna)  
May I have this dance?

DEANNA  
With pleasure, Captain.

Meanwhile, Geordi leads Leah to the dance floor as well. Beverly goes to Worf.

BEVERLY  
Commander Worf ... Do Klingons swing?

WORF  
I am not a swinger. I am unwell.

BEVERLY  
Don't worry, I'm a doctor.

She pulls him to the dance floor as:

BEVERLY  
I'm so glad you made it back to the Enterprise before I left.

WORF  
I was not suited for the life of a ... diplomat.

BEVERLY  
(wry)  
Who'd have guessed?

They dance. Picard and Deanna sweep past them.

And we pull up and away as Data *continues* to sing and the crew dances. It is a joyous celebration of these people.

This family. A family we love.

EXT. ENTERPRISE SPACE

The Enterprise streaks through space.

INT. ENTERPRISE --CREW LOUNGE NIGHT

Data sits in the empty Crew Lounge.

As always, the android's placid, neutral expression still somehow manages to convey his wonder, curiosity and idiosyncratic zest for life.

Picard arrives with a very old bottle of wine.

PICARD

I've been saving this. Chateau Picard 2267. Batten down the hatches...

He carefully uncorks the treasured bottle as :

PICARD

They say a vintner's history is in every glass. The soil he came from. His past as well as his hopes for the future.

He pours two glasses of the wine, then raises his glass, a toast.

PICARD

So... To happy endings.

DATA

To happy endings.

Picard carefully takes a tiny sip, savors the flavor, finally swallows. Enjoys it. Ahhh.

Data mimics Picard. Taking a tiny sip, savoring the flavor and finally swallowing. Ahhh.

DATA

Sir. I noticed an interesting confluence of emotion at the wedding. I am familiar with the human concept of tears through laughter and its inverse, laughter

through tears, but I could not help wondering about the human capacity for expressing both pleasure and sadness simultaneously.

PICARD

I understand why it would seem confusing. Certain human rituals --like weddings, birthdays or funerals evoke strong and very complex emotions. These rites carry great weight with us because they denote the passage of time.

DATA

And you were particularly aware of this feeling because Commander Riker will be leaving to assume command of the Titan?

PICARD

Will and Deanna joining the Titan. Dr. Crusher going to Starfleet Medical...

DATA

And this makes you "sad"?

PICARD

Well. I suppose it does a bit. I'm very happy for them, of course, but I'm going to miss them. The ship will seem... incomplete without them.

DATA

That is because you have a familiarity with them. You can predict specific reactions and behavior and are comfortable in that knowledge.

PICARD

Yes. And, frankly, I envy them as well. They've made important choices; they're going to have great challenges ahead of them. New worlds to conquer...

He takes another sip of wine. A beat.

PICARD

Seeing Will and Deanna today made me think about some of the choices I've made in my own life. Devoting myself to Starfleet ... Not marrying or having children ... All the choices that led me here.

A beat. Data thinks about it.

DATA

The choices I made have led me here as well. This is the only home I have ever known. I cannot foresee a reason for leaving.

PICARD

You never know what's over the horizon, Data. Before too long you'll be offered a command of your own.

Data looks at him; he has never really considered this.

DATA

If I were... I believe my memory engrams would sense the absence of your specific reactions and behavior. I would "miss you."

PICARD (smiles}

Now, you make a toast.

DATA

To new worlds...

PICARD

New worlds. Yes Data, brave new worlds...

They drink.

INT .ROMULAN SENATE -- CORRIDOR NIGHT.

Flickering braziers dimly illuminate the cold, martial splendor of a Senate corridor.

COMMANDER DONATRA and COMMANDER SURAN stride through the corridor. Suran is an elder Romulan officer, respected and tenacious. Donatra - a key figure in this story so pay close attention to her - is a maturer, beautiful woman... not without a dry sense of humor.

SURAN

The fleet commanders are nervous. They've agreed to remain at their given coordinates and await his orders. But they're anxious to know what's going on here.

DONATRA

I don't blame them. We can't keep them in the dark forever.

A voice, from the shadows:

VICEROY (V.O.)  
But in darkness, there is strength.

Donatra and Suran stop.

And the VICEROY steps from the shadows...

He is a terrifying sight A powerful, monstrous alien creature; a tall, ashen-skinned ectomorph who bears a disturbing resemblance to the original Nosferatu. He is vampiric and lethal He is a Reman.

VICEROY

Don't you agree?

He leads them along the corridor.

#### INT. SENATE CHAMBER NIGHT

We observe the Romulan crest, an imposing bird-of-prey clutching a planet in either claw, not unlike the KAOS emblem from "Get Smart," that dominates a wall. As we hear:

SHINZON (V.O.)

Consider it The great symbol of the Empire.. But the bird-of-prey holds planets. Romulus, Remus. Their destinies conjoined...

And then we see him... SHINZON!

He is a dynamic young human in *his* twenties. Very handsome with pale, almost white skin and shining, golden hair. He wears a striking Reman military uniform.

He stands in the center of the eerily deserted chamber. The entire floor is a large star chart.

SHINZON

Yet for generations one of those planets has been without a voice. We will be silent no longer.

Senator Tal'Aura (the female Senator who planted the weapon in the Senate chamber earlier} and two other ROMULAN COMMANDERS sit .

Cadres of Shinzon's fearsome REMAN WARRIORS stand around the chamber. They are his sinister children of the night. Even more chilling now in the flickering torch light. It's like something out of Tim Burton.

Donatra and Suran enter the chamber with Shinzon's Viceroy.

SHINZON

Join us, Commanders. Now what's the disposition of the fleet?

SURAN

They're holding position.

SHINZON

And?

SURAN

(bows his head) They will obey, Praetor.

SHINZON

It's imperative we retain their allegiance or our great mission will be strangled before it can truly draw breath.

DONATRA

They support your intentions, sir. But they require evidence of your... sincerity.

Shinzon looks at her. A quick beat. Shinzon decides to respond with benevolence. He smiles.

SHINZON

And they'll have it. (he begins to pace over the star chart) Tell the fleet that the days of negotiation and diplomacy are over. The Almighty Federation will fall before us. As I promised you.

He stands on the area of the map that denotes the Neutral Zone between the Romulan Empire and the Federation.

SHINZON

The time we have dreamed of is at hand. The time... of conquest. (sinister laugh)

He carefully steps into the area of the map marked with the Federation symbol. He looks down at the star chart.

SHINZON

Cut off the dragon's head and it cannot strike back.

A beat. Donatra watches him carefully. Something in his quiet words disturbs her.

SURAN  
How many Warbirds will you need?

SHINZON  
None.

They look at him, stunned.

SURAN  
Praetor. You have the whole fleet at your disposal. They supported the coup, they'll follow you.

SHINZON  
The Scimitar will serve my needs.

SURAN  
But surely ---

SHINZON  
I came this far alone ...{he looks at his Reman warriors) We came this far alone.  
We require no assistance from the fleet. Now leave me to my thoughts.

The Commanders and Senator Tal'Aura rise and leave. Shinzon looks to his Viceroy.

SHINZON  
Are we prepared?

VICEROY  
Yes, Praetor.

A beat.

SHINZON  
So many years for this moment.  
(he looks up at his Viceroy, smiles) Bring him to me.

INT. ENTERPRISE - BRIDGE - DAY

The bridge crew are at their stations. Picard is not on the bridge.

WORF  
(grumbles)  
I won't do it.

DEANNA  
It's tradition, Worf. You of all people should appreciate that! (whispers) Besides,  
I've already seen it.

WORF  
A warrior does not appear without his clothing. It leaves him ...vulnerable.

RIKER  
I don't think we're *going* to see much combat on Betazed.

DEANNA  
Don't be too sure. Mother will be there.

Worf groans. Picard emerges from his Ready Room as:

WORF  
I won't do it.

PICARD  
Won't do what, Mister Worf?

WORF  
Captain. I think it is inappropriate for a Starfleet officer to appear. (hates the  
word) naked.

PICARD  
Come now, a big, strapping fellow like you? What are you afraid of?  
Deanna laughs. Then a readout on Worf's console attracts his attention:

WORF  
I'm picking up an unusual electromagnetic signature from the Kolarin system.

PICARD  
What sort of signature?

Worf looks up. Glances at Data.

WORF

Positronic.

INT .ENTERPRISE --BRIDGE -- LATER

Geordi is at the Engineering station with Picard, Riker and Data.

GEORDI

It's very faint but I've isolated it to the third planet in the Kolarin system.

PICARD

What do we know about the planet?

GEORDI

Uncharted. We'll have to get closer for a more detailed scan.

PICARD

(to Data) Theories?

DATA

Since positronic signatures have only been known to emanate from androids such as myself, it is logical to theorize that there is an android such as myself on Kolarus III.

GEORDI

How many of you did Dr. Soong make?

DATA

I thought only me, myself and Lore.

RIKER

(looking at star chart)

Diverting to the Kolarin system takes us awfully close to the Romulan Neutral Zone.

PICARD

(looking at star chart)

Still well on our side...

Picard glances at Data, recognizes the android's deep desire to explore this possible connection to others like himself.

PICARD

I think it's worth a look. Don't worry, Number One, we'll get you to Betazed with time to spare.

RIKER

Thank you, sir...

PICARD

(to all, especially Worf)

Where we will all honor the Betazoid traditions. No cold feet, or any other parts of our anatomy. Now, if you'll excuse me. I'll be in the gym.

He goes.

RIKER

(to Helm Officer)

Mister Branson, set course for the Kolarin system. Warp Five -- (Deanna shoots him a glance) -- Warp Seven.

HELM OFFICER (MISTER BRANSON)

Plotted and laid in, sir.

RIKER

Engage.

DEANNA

You better believe you're engaged!

Meanwhile, Geordi and Data remain at the Engineering Station, studying the displays.

GEORDI

What do you think, Data, a long-lost relative?

Data doesn't respond, but the curiosity on his face is apparent.

EXT. ENTERPRISE OVER KOLARUS III SPACE

The Enterprise is in orbit around the uncharted planet. In the distance we can see the distorting violence of an ion storm.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

Kolarus III is on the viewscreen, the ion storm raging beyond it.

GEORDI

I read six distinct positronic signatures, spread out over a few kilometers on the surface.

PICARD

What do we know about the population?

DATA

Isolated pockets of humanoids. It appears to be a pre- warp civilization at an early stage of industrial development.

GEORDI

Captain, I don't recommend transporting, that ion storm doesn't look very neighborly. It could head this way without much warning .

PICARD

Understood. Data, Worf, you're with me.

Picard, Data and Worf start heading toward the turbolift.

RIKER

(stands, protesting)

Captain, I hope I don't have to remind you--

PICARD

I appreciate your concern, Number One, but I've been itching to try out the Argo.

RIKER

Sir--

PICARD

Captain's prerogative, Will. There's no foreseeable danger... and your wife would never forgive me if anything happened to you.

He steps into the turbolift with the Data and Worf.

PICARD

You have the bridge, Mister Troi!

The turbolift doors slide shut.

The bridge crew heartily enjoys Riker's momentary demotion to house husband.

EXT. ENTERPRISE --OVER KOLARUS III DAY

The shuttlebay doors slide open and the transport vehicle Argo emerges.

The Argo is larger than a regular shuttle with a particularly large cargo area at the back.

EXT. KOLARUS III DAY

The Argo lands on the planet. It is primarily a desert environment with some canyons and mountains. Like Death Valley, blazing heat waves shimmer in the distance. The shuttle sits silently for a moment. We wonder at the delay, then...

The rear cargo doors slide open and Picard, Data and Worf roar out on a 24th Century equivalent of a military jeep!

Picard drives, Data beside him. Worf stands in the back at a mounted phaser canon. It is a muscular, exciting vehicle; a Starfleet version of the jeep from old television series "The Rat Patrol."

Picard screeches to a stop. Data and Worf lurch. A cloud of dust momentarily obscures them. Data quickly monitors the positronic signatures with a tricorder:

DATA

The closest signature is two kilometers to the west... that direction, sir.

PICARD

Thank you, Data. (he smiles) Let's see what she can do.

He roars off in a cloud of dust!

Picard clearly enjoys driving. He roars over the desert terrain at breakneck speed, having a hell of a good time. His comrades don't exactly appreciate his free-spirited driving panache.

Worf clings on to the mounted phaser canon for dear life. Data steadies himself by grasping onto the rollbar

DATA

I will always be baffled by the human predilection for piloting vehicles at unsafe velocities.

Picard smiles and drives a little faster.

DATA  
(monitoring with tricorder)  
Over that rise, sir... half a kilometer.

They continue on. Before long they can see something on the level desert floor before them. They approach and stop to discover...

An android arm. The fingers patiently drumming the ground.

DATA  
It appears to be...(he scans with his tricorder) an arm.

WORF (suspicious)

Why is it moving?

DATA  
Like me, it has been designed with modular power sources.

PICARD

Mister Worf, if you please.

Worf climbs from the jeep and carefully approaches the arm. Gingerly picks it up. The arm responds to being picked up, the hand starts feeling around in the air like something from a horror movie. Worf shudders.

He returns to the jeep. Quickly sets the arm down in the rear cargo area.

DATA  
The next signature is one kilometer to the south.

Picard starts the jeep in motion.

Time passes as they continue on ...coming across another arm ... a leg... a torso... another leg... various disassembled components of a Data-like android!

EXT .JEEP -- KOLARUS I I I - CANYON DAY

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Worf stands uneasily amidst the moving body parts. There is only one component missing: the head. Picard steers the jeep into a canyon. Stops. Data scans with his tricorder, pointing it up into the gently sloping hills that form the sides of the canyon.

DATA

The final signature is approximately 300 meters up that incline.

PICARD

Mister Worf, accompany Data please.

WORF (uneasy)

To find the head, sir?

P I CARD (amused)

If you don't mind.

Worf and Data climb up into the hills in pursuit of the final piece as Picard opens the jeep's hood and checks the engine.

EXT. KOLARUS III --HILLS DAY

Worf and Data climb as Data scans and indicates the direction:

DATA

Ten meters...

Worf pulls his phaser, ready.

DATA

I think it unlikely you will need your phaser to recover the cranial unit. Of course, it could bite you.

Then they see it.

Data's head. Or the spitting image anyway. Lying inert in the dust before them.

WORF

It's you.

DATA

The resemblance is ...striking.

Then the head's eyes suddenly pop open. It looks up at them with a sort of blank, childlike wonder.

HEAD

Why am I looking at me?

DATA

You are not looking at yourself. You are looking at me.

HEAD

(looking at Worf)

You do not look like me.

WORF

No.

DATA (to head)

I would like to pick you up now. May I do that?

HEAD (to Worf)

You have a pretty shirt.

WORF

Thank you.

Data gently picks up the head. Looks at it. The two identical faces gaze at each other.

DATA

Fascinating...

Then BLAM! -- a boulder near them explodes. Worf and Data spin to see...

A nomadic tribe of desert ALIENS swarming toward them firing primitive plasma weapons--

Data and Worf race back down the canyon, toward the jeep --some open-field running and a bit of phaser action -- Worf firing to distract and slow the aliens, not kill them --through all of this the head is chattering away blandly:

HEAD

I have two arms and ten fingers. Do you know where my arms are? I cannot see where we are going. Where are we going? (Etc... like Threepio in "Empire" when he's strapped to Chewbacca's back.)

The action continues. Then Data finds himself almost surrounded -

DATA  
Commander!

Worf turns -- Data throws the head to Worf like a football, a perfect spiral --the head is still chattering away --Worf catches it--

WORF  
STOP TALKING!

The head abruptly stops talking.

Data, hands free now, quickly incapacitates the aliens around him with a dazzling demonstration of his superior strength and agility,

Meanwhile, Worf tucks the head under his arm and sprints like a master running back --evading aliens and occasionally firing his phase r--

They are closer to the jeep now --but they are in trouble -- the swarm of aliens almost overtaking them--!

When a thundering BLAST sends up a shower of debris, stopping the aliens -- Picard is standing in the rear of the jeep, firing the phaser canon.

Data and Worf climb into the jeep as Picard leaps into the front seat and roars off--

INT./EXT. JEEP --KOLARUS III FOLLOWING

Worf, standing at the phaser canon, quickly hands the head to Data in the front seat:

WORF  
If you wouldn't mind.

DATA  
Thank you.

The head looks up at Picard.

HEAD

You have a shiny head.

Picard glances at the head.

DATA  
He is very observant.

PICARD  
I can see that.

WORF  
Captain!

Picard turns to see that they are being pursued! The aliens are racing after them in crude desert-terrain vehicles--

PICARD (to Data)  
Shall we try some "unsafe velocities?"

He floors it -- racing across the desert landscape.

Worf fires the mounted phaser canon --blasting away at the aliens, not killing them, just stopping them --a few dramatic crashes as the alien vehicles overturn--  
-

Meanwhile:

HEAD (to Picard)  
You have a red shirt.

DATA (to head)  
This is not an appropriate time for a conversation.

HEAD

Why?

DATA  
Because the captain has to concentrate on piloting the vehicle.

HEAD

Why?

PICARD

Data!

DATA

Sorry, sir.

They continue to speed over the landscape --bouncing and flying over natural rises in the terrain --trying to evading their pursuers--

Picard puts the pedal to the metal and races through the alien vehicles --weaving in and out, avoiding their fire - Worf blasts away with the phaser cannon --an exhilarating adventure--

Finally they are within sight of the Argo --but they see it is surrounded by more of the aliens!

PICARD

Mister Data. Let's make like the wind.

Data punches some buttons on a dashboard console --and the Argo LIFTS OFF by remote control--

Data uses the console to swing the Argo around and lower the rear cargo doors - -it hovers over the surface--

Picard floors the jeep -- using a natural rise in the terrain as a ramp -- the jeep FLIES THROUGH THE AIR -- over the aliens -- and into the cargo bay--

INT. ARGO --CARGO BAY FOLLOWING

Picard slams on the brakes --the jeep screeches to a stop as the doors shut and the Argo shoots into the air.

Picard climbs from the jeep. He nonchalantly rubs a bit of dirt from the hood and then disappears into the main cabin.

Data and Worf remain in the jeep for a beat, stunned.

WORF (smiles)

He must have Klingon blood.

INT .ENTERPRISE --ENGINEERING LAB DAY

Beverly gazes at the android head. It gazes back at her.

BEVERLY

I think you have nicer eyes.

We pull back to reveal she is speaking to Data. Data stands with Picard, Riker and Geordi.

DATA

Our eyes are identical, Doctor.

The android is in a framework rig that holds the various body parts in place. The parts are not yet assembled

RIKER

Geordi?

GEORDI

(at work analyzing the torso section)

Well, he seems to have the same internal mechanics as Data but not as much positronic development. The neural pathways aren't nearly as sophisticated. I'd say he's a prototype. Something Dr. Soong created before Data .

DATA (to head)

Do you have a name, sir?

HEAD

I am the B-9.

PICARD

Be-nign. Dr. Soong's penchant for whimsical names seems to have no end.

HEAD (to Riker)

You have a fuzzy face.

PICARD

(trying to ignore the head)

Keep me informed, Number One, and, please, put him back together.

He goes. Geordi and Data begin to reassemble the B-9 piece by piece like the Tin Man as:

DATA

Can you tell me how you came to be on the planet where we found you?

B-9 (blandly)

I was taken from my homeworld by people called the "PakJeds." They are fat. They traded me to a ship belonging to the "Bolians." The "Bolians" are blue. They put me in a seat and asked me questions. Then they were attacked by another ship...

Time passes ...

And still the B-9 is yammering blandly away. He is more fully assembled. By this time Beverly is thoroughly bored.

B-9

Then people called the Delviciansans picked me up. They have long teeth. They asked if I do anything to help them. I told them I could do whatever they wanted. They asked me to clean out the matrix manifolds. I told them I did not know what a Matrix manifold looks like.

BEVERLY

Excuse me. I have some diagnostics to run on some medical scanner things.

She quickly exits.

B-9

And after they showed me the "engine manifolds." Then they showed me something called a "plasma mop"

Time passes....

And still the B-9 is yammering away. He is almost completely assembled by now. Riker is bored out of his mind.

B-9

...then the "Cardassians" put me into something called a "garbage chute" and I went out into space again--

WORF (V.O. on comm)

Worf to Commander Riker. I have the tactical manifests ready, sir.

RIKER

(quickly tapping his comm badge)

Worf! Wonderful! I'll be right there! ...(he stands) Duty calls, gentlemen. Carry on.

He escapes

He escapes.

B-9

Fuzzy face *is* gone.

DATA

Yes, please continue.

B-9

I was in space for a long time. Then a ship belonging to the "Talosians" picked me up. They asked me where I came from. I told them people called the "Pakleds" took me from my homeworld. They are fat...  
Geordi groans. Time passes. And still the B-9 is yammering away. By this time Geordi is slumped in a chair and only Data is listening. The B-9 is fully assembled.

B-9

Then I opened my eyes and saw you.

A beat. The B- 9 is finally done with his tale...

DATA

Do you know who I am?

B-9

You are me.

DATA

No. My name is Data ...I am your brother.

INT. ENTERPRISE --CREW LOUNGE NIGHT

Riker and Deanna are having dinner with Worf.

DEANNA

(to Worf)

...and after the ceremony on Betazed, three entire weeks for our honeymoon.

RIKER

We're going sailing on the Opal Sea. We've booked an old-fashioned solar catamaran. Just us and the sun and the waves.

WORF

It seems a very...soft honeymoon.

DEANNA (amused)

It's meant to be relaxing.

WORF

A Klingon honeymoon begins with the Kholamar desert march where the couple bonds in endurance trials. If they survive the challenge they move on to the Fire Caves of Fek'lhr to face the demons of Gre'thor.

RIKER

Well, that sounds relaxing too.

WORF

It is... invigorating.

They see Data enter the lounge, carefully leading the B-9.

RIKER

So they've got him up and running.

WORF

He s a very unusual android

RIKER (smiles)

Runs in the family.

They watch as Data leads the B-9 to a table. Data instructs him to sit. The B-9 sits and stares forward placidly. Data shows him how use a napkin.

A note of concern passes over Deanna's face as she watches Data and the B-9.

There is something strangely poignant in the twin androids. One a bundle of curiosity and intelligence; the other somewhat like a slow, simple child.

INT. ENTERPRISE    READY ROOM    NIGHT

Picard is at his replicator unit

PICARD  
Earl Grey, hot.

A cup of tea appears. He takes it as the door chime sounds.

PICARD  
Come (Deanna enters} Counselor.

DEANNA  
Do you have a moment, sir?

PICARD  
Of course, sit down.

He sits at his desk. She sits across from him.

DEANNA  
It's about Data. I've watched him with the B-9 and I'm troubled. Data's desire for a "family" is very strong. I'm afraid he may be investing too much in the B-9.

PICARD  
You're speaking of emotional investment?

DEANNA  
The B-9 is like a slow child, sir. And Data, in his own way, has assumed the position of a parent or guardian.

I'm afraid he has expectations based on his own experiences. He'll be disappointed when the B-9 cannot meet those expectations.

PICARD

As much as we care for him, Deanna ...we have to remember that Data isn't capable of disappointment.

I DEANNA

I don't believe that, sir. We've shared many disappointing journeys.

A quiet beat.

PICARD

I'm going to miss you.

DEANNA

And I you.

They are interrupted by a comm signal:

RIKER (V.O. on comm)}

Captain, you have an Alpha Priority communication from Starfleet Command.

PICARD

Acknowledged ...(Deanna stands} ...I'll talk to Data

DEANNA

Thank you, sir.

She goes. Picard activates his desktop viewscreen.

ADMIRAL KATHRYN JANEWAY appears on Picard's monitor. Janeway is the former captain of Voyager. Her new rank fits her well, she has lost none of her dry humor and down-to-earth charm which made her a household name and beloved cult figure.

PICARD

Admiral Janeway. Good to see you.

JANEWAY (on viewscreen}

Jean Luc... How'd you like a trip to Romulus? All expenses paid?

PICARD (smiles)

With or without the rest of the fleet?

JANEWAY (on viewscreen)

A diplomatic mission. We've been invited, believe it or not. Seems there's been some kind of internal political shakeup. The new Praetor, someone called Shinzon, has requested a Federation envoy.

PICARD

New Praetor?

JANEWAY (on viewscreen)

There's more... as always. He's Reman (Picard is surprised) Believe me, we don't understand it either. You're the closest ship so I want you to high tail it over there and hear what he has to say. Get the lay of the land, If the Empire becomes unstable, it could mean trouble for the entire quadrant.

PICARD

Understood.

JANEWAY (on viewscreen}

We're sending you all the intelligence we have, but it's not much. I don't need to tell you to watch your back, Jean Luc.

PICARD

Not with the Romulans.

JANEWAY (smiles wryly, on viewscreen}

The Son'a, the Borg, the Romulans, the evil Soran and that pesky Nexus. You seem to get all the easy assignments!

PICARD

Just lucky, Admiral.

JANEWAY (on viewscreen)

Let's hope that luck holds. Janeway out.

The transmission ends.

Picard sits for a moment, intrigued. Then he goes to the bridge

INT. ENTERPRISE -BRIDGE FOLLOWING

Picard goes to his command chair:

PICARD

(to Helm)

Lay in a new course ...Take us to Romulus. Warp eight.

The crew is shocked.

HELM OFFICER

Aye aye, sir. Course plotted and laid in...

·-·,

RIKER

Romulus?

PICARD

I'm afraid the Opal Sea will have to wait, Number One ...Engage.

EXT. ENTERPRISE SPACE

And the Enterprise jumps to high warp -- disappearing in a flash of dazzling light.  
Yes!

INT. ENTERPRISE OBSERVATION LOUNGE DAY

Data conducts a briefing for the senior officers. Monitors currently show an image of Romulus and Remus in orbit around their sun.

DATA

As you can see the habitable half of Remus is always in darkness because, like Mercury, one side always faces the sun. Due to the extreme temperatures on that half of their world, the Remans live on the dark side of the planet.

Various grainy and unclear new images appear to illustrate Data's words:

DATA

Almost nothing is known about the Reman homeworld, although intelligence scans have proven the existence of dilithium mining and heavy weapons construction.

Very obscure images of Remans appear, the crew can barely make out the monstrous figures:

DATA

The Remans themselves are considered an undesirable caste in the hierarchy of the Empire.

RIKER

But they also have the reputation of being formidable warriors. In the Dominion War, Reman forces were used as assault troops in the most violent encounters.

PICARD (grim)  
Cannon fodder.

GEORDI

Then how did a Reman get to be Praetor? I don't get it.

RIKER

We have to assume he had Romulan collaborators.

PICARD

A coup d'etat?

RIKER

The Praetor's power has always been the Romulan fleet. They must be behind him.

Picard considers this.

PICARD (to Data)  
What have you learned about Shinzon?

The images end. There are no images of Shinzon.

DATA

Starfleet intelligence was only able to provide a partial account of his military record. We can infer he is relatively young and a capable commander. He fought

seventeen major engagements in the war. All successful. Beyond that, we know nothing.

PICARD

Well... it seems we're truly sailing into the unknown. Keep at it. Anything you can give me would be appreciated. Dismissed.

The meeting breaks up.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- ENGINEERING LAB DAY

The B-9 stares placidly forward.

We pull back and discover that computer conduits connect the B-9's head to Data's head. Geordi monitors the connection.

DATA

At present he serves no useful function. Dr. Soong created us to become active and useful members of society. I do not believe he would have wanted the B-9 to live out his life in his present state.

GEORDI

I can't believe the Captain went along with a memory download.

DATA

Captain Picard agrees that the B-9 was probably designed with the same self-actualization parameters as myself. If my memory engrams are successfully integrated into his positronic matrix, he should have all my abilities.

GEORDI

He'd have all your memories too. You feel comfortable with that?

--~--

DATA

I feel nothing, Geordi. It is my belief that with my memory engrams he will be able to function as a more complete individual.

GEORDI

An individual more like you, you mean.

DATA

Yes.

GEORDI

Maybe he's not supposed to be like you. Maybe he's supposed to be just like he is.

Geordi completes his work

GEORDI

Okay ...we're done.

Geordi removes the computer connections from between their heads. He carefully closes the panel in Data's head as:

DATA (to B-9)

Do you know where you are?

B-9

I am in a room with lights.

He looks blankly at the console lights.

DATA

Can you remember our father?

B-9

No.

Data glances to Geordi.

DATA

Do you know the name of the Captain of this vessel?

'..c 1) Do you know the name of the captain of this vessel?

B-9

No.

DATA

Is that your final answer?

GEORDI (to B-9)

Do you know my name?

B-9

You have a soft voice.

GEORDI (gently)

Data, he's assimilating a lot of programming. e member, he's a prototype, a lot less sophisticated than you are. We just don't know if his matrix will be able to adapt. Or if he'll be able to retain anything. We should give him some time.

Data has been studying some circuitry in the B-9's neck.

DATA

What purpose does this serve?

GEORDI

(also examining circuitry)

It seems to be a redundant memory port. Maybe it's for provisional memory storage in case his neural pathways overload?

DATA

Dr. Soong must have found it unnecessary in later versions.

GEORDI

It's possible the extra memory port is interfering with the engram processing. Mind if I keep him here and run some diagnostics?

DATA

No, I do not mind.

Data looks at the B-9 with a sort of sadness.

DATA

But I believe he will prove incapable of performing higher functions.

GEORDI

Don't give up hope, Data. I know, I know, you're not capable of hope.

DATA  
(looking at B-9)  
I am not.

Data stands. The B-9 stands to follow.

DATA  
No, remain with Commander La Forge. He is going to try to make you well.  
The B-9 sits. Data goes. Geordi watches him go.

EXT. ENTERPRISE      OVER ROMULUS SPACE

The Enterprise is in orbit around Romulus. Remus can be seen in the distance.

PICARD {V.O.}  
Captain's Log. Stardate 47844.9. The Enterprise has arrived at Romulus and is  
waiting at the designated coordinates. All our hails have gone unanswered.  
We've  
been waiting for seventeen hours.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE FOLLOWING

The crew is tense. Silence.

Worf, at tactical, slowly stretches his neck. Trying to release the tension. It  
cracks. Deanna jumps a bit.

RIKER  
Why don't they answer our hails?

PICARD  
It's an old psychological strategy, Number One. To put him in a position of  
dominance and make us uneasy.

RIKER  
It's working.

PICARD (to Deanna)  
Counselor?

DEANNA  
They're out there, sir.

Picard stands and walks to the view screen. He gazes at Romulus below and the black infinity of space beyond. They're out there, Waiting.

WORF

Sir, I recommend we raise shields.

PICARD

Not yet, Mister Worf.

RIKER

Captain, with all due respect to diplomatic protocols -- the Federation Council's not sitting out here, we are.

PICARD

Patience. Diplomacy is a very exacting occupation. We can wait.

DATA

Captain...

And on the viewscreen.

Shinzon's magnificent Reman Warbird, the SCIMITAR, decloaks directly before the Enterprise.

EXT. OVER ROMULUS SPACE

Our first sight of this incredible ship is absolutely breathtaking.

Shinzon's vessel combines the clean lines of the traditional Romulan Warbird with unique weaponry and styling. It is huge, easily twice as large as the Enterprise. And it is aggressive. Awesome in its power.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE FOLLOWING

The crew gapes at the huge ship on the viewscreen.

RIKER

(slowly rising from his chair)

My God...

WORF

(tense)

Should I raise shields?

PICARD

No!

WORF

Captain--!

PICARD (firm)

Tactical analysis, Mister Worf.

WORF

(quickly analyzing tactical display)

Fifty-two disruptor banks, twenty-seven photon torpedo bays, primary and secondary phased shields.

RIKER

She's not out for a pleasure cruise.

PICARD (grim)

She's a predator.

WORF

We're being hailed.

PICARD

On screen.

And the image on the viewscreen transforms to:

Shinzon's Viceroy.

He stands on the Scimitar's bridge. The bridge is as unique as the rest of Shinzon's ship. Instead of the usual mechanical clutter, this bridge is designed with an almost Asian simplicity. Like the rest of Reman design, it is spare and elegant.

Since the Remans are more comfortable in the darkness, most of the light comes from the three steadily pulsing warp core relays which dramatically soar up through the floor of the bridge.

The crew gazes at the bridge and the monstrous features of the viceroy.

VICEROY (on viewscreen}  
Enterprise. We are the Reman Warbird Scimitar.

PICARD  
Praetor Shinzon, I'm pleased to--

VICEROY (on viewscreen}  
I am not Shinzon. I am his Viceroy. We are sending transport coordinates.

The transmission ends abruptly. The Scimitar reappears on the viewscreen.

RIKER  
Not very chatty.

PICARD  
Away team. Transporter room four.

Picard, Riker, Deanna, Worf and Data head toward the turbolift, energized now that the endless waiting is over.

INT. SCIMITAR --OBSERVATION LOUNGE      NIGHT

The away team materializes in the most striking location on Shinzon's ship: a large observation lounge.

It is a huge, empty chamber. No furniture. A simple Reman mat on the floor is the only decoration. At the very top of the room there is a large, etched glass dome.

It is very dark.

They turn when Shinzon speaks from the shadows:

SHINZON (V.O)  
I hope you'll forgive the darkness ...we're not comfortable in the light.

P I CARD  
Praetor Shinzon?

Shinzon moves toward them a bit, becoming slightly more illuminated, the low light shining off his golden hair.

The crew cannot see him clearly in the dim light but it is evident he is human. Assuming that he was Reman, they're surprised by this realization.

Shinzon just stares at Picard through the darkness for a moment.

SHINZON

Captain Picard ...Jean Luc Picard ...I don't mean to stare, it's just -- well, you can't imagine how long I've been waiting for this moment. I always imagined you taller, isn't that odd? (to Data) You may scan me without subterfuge, Commander Data.

Data scans him with a tricorder as:

PICARD

And you're not as we imagined you.

SHINZON

No?

WORF

You are human.

SHINZON

Commander Worf (he speaks in Klingon) I greet you as a valiant warrior... and as my brother.

WORF (terse, in Klingon)

I'll save my greetings for a better brother.

Shinzon laughs, maniacally.

PICARD

Why have you asked for our presence here?

Shinzon does not answer. He is staring deeply at Deanna, moans softly.

PICARD

Praetor?

SHINZON

(quietly)

I've never met a human woman.

He slowly moves toward her, still hidden in the shadows.

DEANNA

I'm only half human.

SHINZON

Deanna Troi of Betazed Empathic and telepathic abilities, ship's counselor. All of this I knew ... But I didn't know you were so beautiful.

RIKER

You seem very familiar with our personnel.

Shinzon moves even closer to Deanna, not taking his eyes from her.

SHINZON

I am, Commander Riker ...(to Deanna) ...May I touch your hair?

PICARD (firm)

Praetor, we've come to Romulus on a matter we were --assured was of great importance. If you have anything to say to us as representatives of the Federation, I suggest you do so now.

Shinzon continues to stare at Deanna. It is strangely seductive. Almost disquieting in its intensity. Deanna handles it with grace, her level gaze never leaving his.

SHINZON (softly)

On the world I come from there's no light. No sun. Beauty isn't important. I see now there's a world elsewhere.

PICARD

Praetor Shinzon. We're not here to discuss your lack of a social life.

SHINZON

(turning back to Picard)

Yes, I'm sorry, Captain. (he smiles) There's so much we have to talk about.

PICARD

I would be interested to know what we are talking about.

SHINZON

Unity, Captain! Tearing down the walls between us to recognize we are one  
people. Federation and  
Romulan. Human and Vulcan and Klingon and Reman. I'm speaking of the thing  
that makes us the same. We want peace.

Picard and the others are stunned.

SHINZON

I want to end the centuries of mistrust. I want to be your ally, not your enemy.  
As a first step I propose we eliminate the Neutral Zone and begin a free and  
open exchange of goods and ideas.

PICARD

And the Senate supports you?

SHINZON (dry)

I have dissolved the Senate.

A beat.

SHINZON

Right now, you're thinking this all sounds too good to be true?

PICARD

Yes.

SHINZON

And you're wondering why the Scimitar is so well armed. Is this the ship of a  
peacemaker? Or a predator?. (Picard is startled at Shinzon's choice of words) ...  
But you're also thinking the chance for peace is too promising to ignore. Above  
all, you're trying to decide if you can trust me.

PICARD

Yes.

SHINZON

Then perhaps the time has come to add some illumination to our discussion.  
Computer, raise lighting four levels.

Lights shoot up around the room.

For the first time the crew can see Shinzon clearly. Picard actually gasps when he sees Shinzon's face. The rest of the crew doesn't understand his reaction.

SHINZON

Allow me to tell you a story that I hope will clarify my position. When I was very young I was stricken with an odd disease. I developed a hyper-sensitivity to sound. The slightest whisper caused me agony...

Picard watches him carefully. Wary and strangely intense.

SHINZON

No one knew what to do. Finally I was taken to a doctor who had some experience with Terran illnesses and I was finally diagnosed with Shalافت's syndrome. Do you know of it, Captain?

PICARD

You know I do.

The crew is dumbfounded at Picard's unusual reaction.

SHINZON

Then you know it's a very rare syndrome. Genetic. All the male members of my family had it. Eventually I was treated. Now I can hear as well as you can, Captain.

He steps toward Picard who holds his ground.

SHINZON

I can see as well as you can. I can feel everything you feel. (He stops right before Picard) In fact, I feel exactly what you feel. Don't I, Jean Luc?

Picard stares at him with a mixture of realization and curiosity. It is as if Picard is looking into a strange, remembered mirror: Shinzon's face is nearly identical to his at that age.

SHINZON

Do you trust me now?

A beat.

PICARD

We need to talk, just you and I.

SHINZON

Come to dinner on Romulus tomorrow. Just the two of us. Or just the one of us.

PICARD

You know I need to verify this .

SHINZON

I know.

The crew is utterly confused. Their confusion turns to outright shock when Shinzon calmly pulls out a Reman knife and cuts his arm, drawing a little blood. He hands the knife to Data.

SHINZON

Tomorrow then, Captain. We have so much to discuss.

Picard touches his communicator pin:

PICARD

Picard to Enterprise. Five to beam out.

They dematerialize, the shimmering glow illuminating Shinzon's features. Picard's eyes never leave Shinzon as the transporter effect ripples around him.

#### INT. ENTERPRISE SICKBAY DAY

Beverly stands with Picard, Riker and Deanna. The Reman knife is under a protonmicroscope and other medical readouts and analysis are visible.

BEVERLY

There's no doubt, Captain. Right down to your regressive strain of Shalaft's Syndrome. He's a clone.

A beat as the confirmation sinks in.

PICARD

When was he... created?

BEVERLY

About twenty-five years ago. They probably used a hair follicle or skin cell.

PICARD (touching head)

I think a skin cell's the more likely of the two.

RIKER

Why?

PICARD

Believe me, Number One; I'm going to find out. Contact Starfleet Command and inform them of the situation. I need to know where the hell he came from.  
Deanna.

He goes, Deanna following.

INT .ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR FOLLOWING

DEANNA

I would say he's been trained to resist telepathy. What I could sense of his emotions were erratic, very hard to follow.

PICARD

Is he sincere about wanting peace?

DEANNA

I don't know. (she stops him) Sir, the strongest sense I had was that he's more than curious about you. He very much wants to know you. (she looks at him deeply) The same way you want to know him.

PICARD

How could I not?

DEANNA

Captain, don't assume he's anything like you are. You should resist the urge to think you know him.

PICARD

I not only know him, Deanna, I am him... and he is me!

He goes.

INT. ENTERPRISE RIKER AND DEANNA'S CABIN NIGHT

Riker is hard at work over a series of padds. He has been working for hours.

DEANNA

Will, you need to rest. (he continues to work) As ship's counselor, I'm recommending you get me sleep.

Riker tosses a padd on the desk. Rubs his eyes. Looks up her.

RIKER

Some honeymoon.

She smiles and goes to him.

DEANNA

We have time. (she kisses him) .Come to bed.

She pulls him up.

RIKER

Imzadi, what am I going to do with you?

They kiss deeply. She pulls him across the room and they fall into the bed.

It is passionate, erotic. Her arms undulate around him sensually....her fingers snake through his hair, but something is wrong. Riker's hair is now blond.

She starts back, her eyes growing wide.

Riker is gone. She is now embracing Shinzon!

SHINZON

Imzadi. This is so good.

DEANNA

No!

He caresses her face...

SHINZON

He can never know you as I know you ...He can never touch you as I touch you.

DEANNA

This isn't real.

SHINZON

Can you feel my hands... are they real? Can you feel my lips, my loins?

He kisses her neck - -but when he raises his head again. It is the monstrous Viceroy! Holding her. Caressing her. She is frozen in horror. But is it the Viceroy at all?

Shinzon's voice seems to come from the Viceroy's lips:

SHINZON (V.O.)  
I'm with you, Imzadi...

And then it is Shinzon again, kissing her:

SHINZON  
I'll always be with you now. Now and forever...

DEANNA  
You sick bastard!

She pushes him away...

RIKER

Deanna?! What's with the name calling?

It is Riker. She stares at him, then clings to him desperately.

EXT. ROMULAN SENATE DAY

The Byzantine splendors of the Senate loom before us.

INT. ROMULAN SENATE CHAMBER DAY

Heavy drapes are drawn against any hint of the sun. Shinzon is in conference with the Romulan Commanders and Senator Tal'Aura. Commander Donatra watches him closely.

Commander Suran is angry, pacing. Shinzon stands. His Viceroy lurks in a corner.

SURAN  
... then I don't understand the reason for the delay!

SHINZON  
You don't have to understand.

SURAN  
And bringing the Enterprise here?! What possible purpose could that serve?!

SHINZON

I have a purpose.

SURAN

Then perhaps you will enlighten us?

SHINZON (snaps)

Silence, Romulan!

A tense beat. Shinzon regains his composure.

SHINZON

You must learn patience, Commander. Do you know where I learned it? In the dilithium mines of Remus. Spend eighteen hours every day under the lash of a Romulan guard's whip and you'll soon understand patience.

SURAN

(carefully bows his head)

Praetor.

SHINZON

Now go. I have some personal business.

Suran and the others go.

Donatra turns just as she is leaving the chamber, she sees the Viceroy going to Shinzon. And then do something odd. The Viceroy puts his hand on Shinzon's chest, leans very close and talks to him quietly. This is an ancient form of Reman telepathic medical diagnosis.

This strange sight perplexes Donatra. The doors close, blocking her view...

INT .SENATE CORRIDOR FOLLOWING

We go with Donatra and the other Romulans. Donatra speaks quietly to Suran:

DONATRA

How long before he has us in the dilithium mines?

INT. ENTERPRISE DATA'S CABIN DAY

The B-9 sits placidly in a chair, staring forward.

Then, as if a switch was thrown, he moves. He quickly rises and goes to a computer console. He efficiently starts punching in commands at an amazing velocity.

INT. ROMULAN SENATE CHAMBER      NIGHT

Picard and Shinzon sit alone in a corner of the sweeping Senate chamber. The remains of dinner before them.

SHINZON

.And when I was ready they were going to replace you with me, an exact biological duplicate. Put a Romulan agent at the heart of Starfleet to influence your command structure. It was a bold plan.

PICARD

What happened?

SHINZON

~,,~:) ;; SHINZON

As happens so frequently here on Romulus, a new government came to power. They decided to abandon the plan -- frankly, I think they were afraid I'd be discovered and it would lead to war. They weren't ready for that.

Picard pours a glass of Romulan ale.

SHINZON

Romulan ale -- I'm surprised. I can't stand it.

PICARD (smiles)

You'll acquire a taste for it.

A beat. They look at each other.

SHINZON

It's not quite the face you remember.

PICARD

Not quite. I envy the hairline.

SHINZON

A lifetime of violence will do that. My nose was broken four times. And my jaw...  
But so much *is* the same. The eyes, you recognize the eyes.

PICARD

Yes. The eyes have it.

SHINZON

Our eyes reflect our lives, don't they? Yours are so confident.

PICARD

How did you end up on Remus?

SHINZON

They sent me there to die. How could a mere human survive the dilithium mines? It was (he can't find the words) ...I was a slave. And a monster. The only thing the Romulan guards hated more than the Remans was me. But one man took pity on me: the man who became my Viceroy. He taught me how to survive. And in that dark place, where there was nothing of myself, I found my Reman brothers. They showed me the only kindness I ever knew.

A beat. He glances to the Romulan crest on the wall.

SHINZON

For thousands of years the Romulan Senate has met in this chamber and dictated the fate of its sister-planet ...But the time has come for us to live as equals.

PICARD

You're doing this to liberate the Remans?

SHINZON

No race should be a slave to another.

Picard is impressed with Shinzon's quiet words.

SHINZON

You don't trust me.

PICARD

I have no reason to.

SHINZON

Of course you do. If you had lived my life and experienced the suffering of my people ...you'd be sitting where I am now. At least I hope you would.

PICARD

And if you had lived my life you would understand that there is a great responsibility in representing the Federation. I can't let my personal feelings unduly influence my decisions.

SHINZON

All I have is my personal feelings. I wasn't raised with the ideals of the Federation. But I'm trying to understand them now. To live up to them To live up to you.

A beat.

SHINZON

I want to know where I come from. The Remans gave me a future. You can tell me about my past.

PICARD

There's so much, and so much of it is dull...

SHINZON

Were we always explorers?

PICARD

No. I was the first Picard to leave Earth. It caused quite a stir, In fact. But I had spent my whole life...

SHINZON

(finishing the sentence) Looking up at the stars.

PICARD

Yes.

SHINZON

And you dreamed about what was up there. About...

PICARD

(finishing the sentence)

New worlds.

A beat.

They both reach for a carafe of water at the exact same instant. Stop.

PICARD

After you, Praetor.

SHINZON (smiles)  
Age before rank, Jean Luc.

Picard smiles, pours a glass.

PICARD

So I'm not as tall as you expected?

SHINZON

I always hoped I would hit two meters.

PICARD

With a full head of hair.

SHINZON {smiles)  
There *is* that.

A quiet beat.

PICARD

Shinzon ...I'm trying to believe you.

SHINZON

I know.

PICARD

If there's one ideal the Federation holds most dear it's that all men, all races, can be united. From the first time the Vulcans came to Earth we've sought a future of peace. Nothing would make me more proud than to take your hand in friendship. In time. When trust has been earned.

SHINZON

I'm honored to think I might someday speak with such eloquence.

A beat.

SHINZON

In time, Jean Luc.

PICARD

In time.

INT. SENATE CHAMBER LATER

Picard is gone. Shinzon sits, thinking. His Viceroy enters.

VICEROY

This is a mistake.

SHINZON

He's gentler than I thought. And he has a sense of humor.

VICEROY (stern)

Don't forget our mission, Shinzon. We should act. Now. Time *is* running out.

SHINZON (snaps}

My time. I'll spend it how I choose.

A tense beat.

SHINZON

We'll return to the Scimitar. Prepare yourself for the bonding.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE NIGHT

Picard emerges from the turbolift. Data, Worf and Geordi wait at the bridge engineering station.

WORF

Sir, we've had an unauthorized access into the main computer.

PICARD

Who was it?

GEORDI

It's going to take some time to find out -- the data stream was rerouted through substations all over the ship.

PICARD

What programs were accessed?

GEORDI

That's what I don't get -- it's mostly basic stellar cartography: star charts; communications protocols; some uplinks from colony tracking stations. It's not even restricted material.

PICARD (to Worf)

Set up a security program to detect any unusual data stream rerouting. If it happens again, we want to be ready.

GEORDI (grim)

There's something else. I was reviewing the sensor logs ...(he refers to some readouts on his console)

When the Scimitar decloaked there was a momentary spike in the tertiary EM band --there -- You're not going to believe this but it's Thalaron.

Picard is shocked.

#### INT. SICKBAY NIGHT

Picard stands, concerned, with Beverly, Geordi and Data. Monitors showing Thalaron research are visible.

PICARD

...I thought Thalaron radiation was theoretical.

GEORDI

Which is why our initial scans didn't pick it up. But he's got it, Captain.

PICARD

As I remember, Thalaron research was banned in the Federation because of its biogenic properties.

BEVERLY

It has the ability to consume organic material at the subatomic level. I can't overestimate the danger of Thalaron radiation, Jean Luc. A microscopic amount could kill every living thing on this ship in a matter of seconds.

PICARD

Understood. Keep on it. I need to know what he has and how to neutralize any threat. Give me options.

Picard goes. Data thinks for a moment.

DATA

Doctor, will you excuse us for a moment? Geordi, please come with me.

He and Geordi head out. Beverly returns to some medical displays showing Thalaron research, her expression deeply concerned.

INT. ENTERPRISE - PICARD'S CABIN NIGHT

Picard is sitting at his desk, flipping through an old photo album. He stops and stares at one of the pictures deeply troubled. We finally see the photo: Young Jean Luc Picard. A serious, unsmiling cadet at Starfleet Academy. The face before him bears a disturbing resemblance to Shinzon.

The door comm chirps.

PICARD

Come ...(Beverly enters) ...Beverly, come in.

BEVERLY

You're working late.

She sits, notes the picture of Young Jean Luc.

PICARD

Remember him?

BEVERLY

He was a bit proud as I recall.

PICARD

He was a damn fool. Selfish and ambitious. Very much in need of seasoning.

BEVERLY

He turned out all right.

He rises, goes to a window, gazes at the Scimitar in the distance. A beat.

PICARD

I so wanted to believe Shinzon. But the Thalaron radiation can't be explained away. Whatever he's after, it's not peace.

BEVERLY

Is he very much like you were?

PICARD

Yes.

Data interrupts on comm.:

DATA (V.O. on comm)

Data to Captain Picard. Geordi and I have identified the source of the unauthorized computer access. And, I believe, we have also discovered an opportunity to gain a tactical advantage.

PICARD (to comm)

On my way...

BEVERLY {stands}

Jean Luc Whatever you were Right now you're the man you've made yourself. He's someone else.

PICARD

I wish I could believe that, Doctor.

He goes. .

INT. ENTERPRISE TURBOLIFT MORNING

Deanna is alone on the turbolift. Then a voice makes her spin:

SHINZON (V.O.)

Imzadi ...

Shinzon stands across from her.

DEANNA

You're not here.

SHINZON

(moving to her)

Very logical, Deanna ...But your heart doesn't constrain itself to mere logic. {he caresses her} ...Your heart longs to discover me. To know me ...(he kisses her) ...To leave all of this behind and be with me.

He pushes her against the wall, with passion and almost violence.

DEANNA

No...

SHINZON

I can feel your desire, Deanna...

She forces herself to concentrate....to resist telepathically ... it is a mighty effort... this Romulan is hot And the world around her appears to be changing ...bending ...

And she is momentarily in a cabin on the Scimitar. Although entirely a telepathic experience, it is as if she has actually traveled.

She sees Shinzon kneeling over a small flame, she realizes she is looking through the Viceroy's eyes.

On the Scimitar, Shinzon looks up at the Viceroy/Deanna:

SHINZON

I can feel your hunger to know the Reman ways... the old ways.

Then the world changes again...

Deanna is on the turbolift. Shinzon is pressed against her, whispering:

SHINZON

Don't fear what you desire...

She forces him away from her and--

She is alone. She sinks to her knees. Overcome with emotion.

INT. SCIMITAR - VICEROY'S CABIN FOLLOWING

The Viceroy, in a kind of trance, kneels before a small flame. Shinzon kneels across from him. The Viceroy raises his head.

VICEROY

The bond is broken.

SHINZON

Find her again.

VICEROY

No --this is wasting time.

SHINZON

Do as I tell you!

A Reman officer interrupts on comm:

REMAN OFFICER (V.O.)

Praetor, we've received the transponder signal.

SHINZON (to comm)

On my way.

He begins to go -- but suddenly stops, a wave of illness overtaking him.

The Viceroy puts his hand on Shinzon's chest. A strange I moment as the *Viceroy* shuts his eyes and feels Shinzon's chest. His mind... probing .

Then the Viceroy looks up at him, grim.

VICEROY

It's accelerating. You have no more time for games.

SHINZON

Have the doctors prepare. I'll be on the bridge.'

He goes.

INT. SCIMITAR --BRIDGE DAY

Shinzon stands with some REMAN ENGINEERS.

SHINZON

Transport.

An Engineer activates a transporter and the B-9 materializes!

SHINZON

Welcome home. (to Engineers) Begin the download.

Reman engineers go to the B-9 and open the panel in his neck, begin connecting computer conduits to the extra memory port we saw earlier.

[Note: Although the audience will not know it yet, this is actually Data pretending to be the B-9.)

Shinzon goes to a replicator unit and orders:

SHINZON

Tea, hot.

A cup of tea appears. He takes it and sips as he watches his Engineers connecting the conduits to the B-9.

INT. ENTERPRISE - SICKBAY DAY

Beverly is scanning Deanna. Picard and Riker watch, concerned.

BEVERLY

Aside from slightly elevated adrenalin and serotonin levels, you're completely normal. .

PICARD

(gently)

Can you describe it, Deanna?

She looks at Picard, tears in her eyes.

DEANNA

It was ...a violation.

Riker takes her hand.

DEANNA

(with difficulty)

Shinzon's Viceroy seems to have the ability to reach into my thoughts. I've become a liability ...I request to be relieved of my duties.

PICARD

Permission denied. If you can possibly endure any more of these assaults. I need you at my side. Now more than ever I...

But before the words are out of his mouth ...he begins to *dematerialize!*

RIKER (to comm)

Worf! Raise Shields !

But Picard is gone.

EXT. OVER ROMULUS SPACE

-  
The Scimitar cloaks.

INT. SCIMITAR --BRIG NIGHT

Picard stands in the Reman brig. His communicator pin has been removed.

Beyond the security force field a ghoulish medical apparatus is being prepared. A metal chair with laser scalpels, IV tubes and hyposprays connected to it. Reman doctors work over the mysterious chair.

Shinzon enters with the B-9 following. Shinzon stands on the other side of the force field.

Picard notices something immediately. Tiny veins are now visible on Shinzon's face; the faintest sign of an intricate spider-web pattern of pale blue veins.

SHINZON

Hello, Jean Luc.

PICARD

Why am I here?

SHINZON

I was lonely ...(he realizes Picard is staring at the veins on his face) Perhaps I'm not aging as well as you did.

He nods to a guard. The guard deactivates the force field. A Reman doctor enters and raises a hypospray toward Picard.

PICARD (resists)

What are you doing?

SHINZON

I need a sample of your blood. What do your Borg friends say? Resistance is futile. (maniacal laugh)

The Doctor takes a quick sample of Picard's blood as Picard glances to the B-9.

SHINZON

Yes. The bait you couldn't refuse. I learned there might be an existing prototype from a Cardassian historian, then went to a great deal of trouble to find it and scatter it about on Kolarus III. I knew it would pique your curiosity and conveniently make the Enterprise the closest ship to Romulus when I contacted Starfleet.

The Reman doctor leaves the cell. The force field is reactivated. The doctor goes to the mysterious medical apparatus and analyzes Picard's blood. As:

PICARD

All of this so you could capture me?

SHINZON

Don't be so vain. After we found it, we made a few modifications. An extra memory port, a hidden transponder. Perhaps your eyes will be a bit less confident when you learn I've gained access to Starfleet's communications protocols. I now know the location of your entire fleet ...(to B-9) ...You may go.

B-9

Where?

SHINZON

Out of my sight.

The B-9 obediently leaves the room as:

SHINZON

Maybe I'll train it to do little tricks for me like your robot does. Or maybe I'll snap its ugly head off.

PICARD

What's this all about?

SHINZON

It's about destiny, Picard. About a Reman outcast who--

PICARD

You're not Reman.

SHINZON

And I'm not quite human. So what am I? What do you see? (he peers at Picard deeply) Do you see a life you might have led? Lost youth never to be recaptured?

PICARD

I see a young man trying desperately to deny who he *is*.

SHINZON

I see an old man, set in his ways, afraid to live without a uniform to prop him up and a Starfleet regulation to tell him what to do. I see the man I will never be.

PICARD

I won't defend my life to you.

SHINZON

My life is meaningless as long as you're alive. What am I while you exist? A shadow? An enigma?

PICARD (stern)

If your issues are with me... This has nothing to do with my ship and nothing to do with the Federation.

SHINZON

Oh, but it does. We will no longer bow like slaves before anyone. Not the Romulans and not your mighty Federation. We're a race bred for war. For conquest.

PICARD

Think about what you're doing, Shinzon. Are you ready to plunge the entire quadrant into war to satisfy your own personal demons?

SHINZON

It amazes me how little you know yourself.

PICARD

I'm incapable of such an act, and so are you.

SHINZON

I think the facts speak for themselves. The same noble Picard blood runs in our veins. Had you lived my life, you'd be doing exactly as I am. Look in the mirror, and see yourself.

Shinzon looks at him deeply.

SHINZON

Consider that, Captain. .I can think of no greater I torment for you.

He turns to go.

PICARD

It's a mirror for you as well...

Shinzon turns back to him.

A beat. Picard gazes at him evenly.

Picard's probing gaze makes Shinzon a bit uneasy. He glances to the ghoulish medical preparations.

SHINZON

Not for long, Captain. (back to Picard) I'm afraid you won't survive to witness the victory of the echo over the voice.

He goes.

INT. ENTERPRISE --BRIDGE NIGHT

The ship *is* on Red Alert. Worf stands at tactical, muscles coiled, hungry for action.

WORF

No response to our hails.

Geordi is hard at work at the Science station. Riker stands over him:

GEORDI (frustrated)

His cloak is perfect... no tachyon emissions, no residual antiprotons.

RIKER

Keep at it, Geordi. Find a way in.

Beverly arrives on the bridge, urgent. She carries a medical padd.

BEVERLY  
Will, I need to talk to you.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIG NIGHT

Picard stands in his cell, peering at the edges of the security force field, trying to spot any weakness.

Then the B-9 enters the brig, he holds a Reman disruptor weapon.

B-9  
(to Reman guard)  
I am to take the prisoner to the Praetor.

The Reman Guard deactivates the force field

B-9  
If you resist, I will incapacitate you.

He leads Picard out.

INT. SCIMITAR CORRIDORS FOLLOWING

The B-9 leads Picard through the dark corridors, holding the disruptor on him steadily. All the Remans they pass glare at Picard with undisguised loathing.

The Viceroy approaches. Stops before them.

VICEROY (to B-9)  
Where are you taking him?

B-9  
Praetor Shinzon wants him on the bridge.  
The Viceroy turns his malevolent gaze on Picard.

VICEROY  
So, human... you've met your better self!

PICARD  
What are you doing to Counsellor Troi?

VICEROY

I'm preparing her for Shinzon ...To sooth him as she soothes you. To stand at his side as she does at yours.

PICARD

That will never happen.

VICEROY

Listen to him, android. Such a small and weak creature. Yet he roars so valiantly ...  
...(he raises one taloned claw and puts a sharp fingernail on Picard's chest)  
It would take me but an instant to tear that valiant heart from your chest.

PICARD

There'll be another after me. And another after that. You'll find we're a resilient species.

VICEROY

I look forward to the sport. (to the B-9, harshly) Take him.

The B-9 prods Picard's back roughly with the disruptor. Picard grimaces in pain

B-9

Move.

The Viceroy continues away down the corridor. The B-9 leads Picard along.

PICARD {whispers}

Be careful of over-playing your part, Commander!

And the audience now realizes it is Data pretending to be the B-9 and rejoices.

DATA

Sorry, sir. I thought it added a touch of reality to the performance.

They are silent as they pass a few Reman guards. Then:

DATA

My mission was a success, sir. I have discovered the source of the Thalaron radiation.

PICARD

Good work. The download?

DATA

He believes he has our communications protocols. But they will give him inaccurate locations for all Starfleet vessels.

Data assumes the B-9's posture again as they pass some some Reman Warriors.

DATA

Move, puny human animal.

They pass the Warriors.

P I CARD

A bit less florid, Data.

DATA

Aye, sir ...This way.

He leads Picard down the corridor.

INT .SCIMITAR                      GENERATION CHAMBER                      NIGHT

Data leads Picard into a massive chamber that soars up like a cathedral. It is the size of a small town.

The whole, cavernous chamber pulses with glowing green light.

DATA

This entire ship is, essentially, a flying Thalaron generator. (he points up) All its power relays lead to that device.

High above them, at the very top of the chamber, is a gigantic version of the spider-weapon we saw kill all the Romulan Senators before. It is breathtaking.

PICARD

A weapon.

DATA

It would appear so.

Data rotates his left hand and then slides it forward, exposing a hidden compartment in his wrist. He removes a small, silver disc. This is a cool new piece of Federation technology called an ETU. (Emergency Transport Unit.)

DATA

Geordi equipped me with the prototype for the Emergency Transport Unit. I recommend you use it to return to the Enterprise.

PICARD

It'll only work for one of us.

DATA

Yes, sir.

P I CARD

We'll find a way off together. Recommendations?

DATA

There *is* a shuttlebay 948 meters from our current location.

Data inserts the ETU back into his wrist and they leave the chamber.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE    NIGHT

The Viceroy arrives on the bridge, stops.

VICEROY

Where's Picard?

Shinzon looks at him, confused.

INT. SCIMITAR CORRIDORS    NIGHT

Security alert klaxons suddenly begin to howl and harsh Reman commands are broadcast through the corridors.

DATA

This way, sir!

They sprint down the twisting, dark corridors --Reman warriors suddenly appear before them! --Data fires the disruptor as Picard launches himself into them--

A fight --Picard uses a dazzling series of Starfleet hand-to-hand maneuvers --he dramatically subdues the Remans.

More Reman warriors appear down the corridor. Picard grabs a disruptor.

And instantly spins to fire a blazing disruptor. A battle break out in the corridor -  
-the energy beams and explosions illuminating the violent fire fight *in* strobe-like  
bursts.

They run to another corridor and finally arrive at the shuttlebay door -- it does  
not open.

DATA  
(looking at door security panel)  
It seems to have an encrypted security system.

Reman warriors are closing in on them.

Data tosses his disruptor to Picard -- Picard catches it and instantly spins and  
fires --he uses both disruptors to fire down both ends of the corridor like a  
Western sheriff --keeping the Remans at bay--

As Data uses both hands to punch numbers into the shuttlebay door security  
panel at an amazing rate--

PICARD  
Alacrity would be appreciated, Commander.

DATA  
They are trying to override the access codes. Reman is really a most complex  
language with pictographs representing certain verb roots and-

PICARD  
While I find that fascinating, Data, we really need that Goddamned door open!

The shuttlebay door slides open.

Picard lays down a blistering barrage of cover fire as he and Data duck into the  
shuttlebay.

INT. SCIMITAR -SHUTTLEBAY      FOLLOWING

When the door closes behind them, Picard turns and fires a disruptor blast --  
sealing the door mechanism.

They turn to face...

A fleet of very small shuttles. They are uniquely designed. Extremely compact  
and stream-lined. A disruptor turret on each.

They move toward one as:

DATA

According to the ship's manifest they are Scorpion-class attack fliers.

They quickly climb a Scorpion.

INT. SCORPION COCKPIT            SHUTTLEBAY            FOLLOWING

The cockpit of the Scorpion is cramped. Picard climbs into the pilot's position. Data assumes the gunner's position.

They see disruptor fire trying to burn through the door to the shuttlebay -- Picard powers up the Scorpion as:

PICARD

(trying to figure out the controls) What do you imagine this is?

DATA

Port thrusters, sir. Would you like me to drive?

Picard shoots him a look and presses some controls. The Scorpion lifts off. Hovers a few feet over the deck. Picard elegantly swings it around toward the large shuttlebay external doors as:

PICARD

Can you open the shuttlebay doors?

DATA

(working controls)

Affirmative, sir. Negative, sir. They have instigated security overrides and erected a force field around the external portals.

PICARD

Well then ...only one way to go.

He swings the Scorpion around again so it is facing the doors they came through, the doors back into the ship.

Data is dubious.

DATA

Do you think this is a wise course of action?

PICARD

We're about to find out ...Power up disruptors and fire on my mark.

DATA  
Ready, Captain.

PICARD  
Fire!

And the Scorpion's forward disruptors fire! The doors into the ship explode!  
Picard powers forward!

INT. SCIMITAR CORRIDORS FOLLOWING

And the Scorpion shoots into the corridor, past the stunned Remans. Picard banks sharply --careens off the far side of the corridor but keeps control.

The Scorpion zooms down the corridor.

INT. SCORPION COCKPIT --SCIMITAR FOLLOWING

Picard is concentrating intensely --it is like trying to control the world's fastest roller coaster.

INT. SCIMITAR --CORRIDORS FOLLOWING

The Scorpion banks around a corner --it zigs and zags through the ship at breakneck speed--

INT. SCIMITAR -- OBSERVATION LOUNGE NIGHT

The doors to the observation lounge EXPLODE in.

The Scorpion SHOOTS into the room and up--

A disruptor blast SHATTERS the etched glass dome at the top of the room--

And the Scorpion ZOOMS triumphantly into space!

EXT. OVER ROMULUS SPACE

The Scorpion seems to appear from nowhere -- slicing through the cloak of invisibility around the Scimitar--

JNT. ENTERPRISE --BRIDGE FOLLOWING

The crew sees the Scorpion appear on the viewscreen.

RIKER

Worf! Lock on transporters!

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE FOLLOWING

Shinzon sees the Scorpion as well.

SHINZON

Tractor beam! Now!

EXT. OVER ROMULUS SPACE

But they are too late --the Scorpion dematerializes-

INT. ENTERPRISE CARGO BAY FOLLOWING

And materializes in one of the Enterprise's cargo bays. Picard and Data climb out--

PICARD {to comm)

Number One, emergency warp!

EXT. OVER ROMULUS FOLLOWING

The Enterprise dramatically powers forward and up --rolling over in a great arc going into warp while still upside down. It disappears *in* a blaze of light. Fade to...

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE NIGHT

Shinzon sits in his command chair as the ship streaks through space. He speaks on viewscreen with his Romulan collaborators. His face is even more finely veined now.

SHINZON

The Enterprise is immaterial! They won't make it back to Federation space.

SURAN

(angry, on viewscreen}

This has gone far enough!

SHINZON

I thought we discussed patience, Commander.

SURAN (on viewscreen)

And mine is wearing thin, young man! We supported you because you promised action. And yet you delay and you waste your time playing games with Picard while--

Shinzon stands and briskly pulls down his uniform tunic~ exactly as we've seen Picard do a thousand times.

SHINZON

Commander Suran, the games are over. In two days the Federation will be crippled beyond repair. Does that satisfy you?

SURAN

(grim, on viewscreen}

For the moment.

SHINZON (brutal)

And when I return ...you and I shall have a little talk about showing proper respect!

INT .ROMULAN SENATE      CHAMBER      FOLLOWING

The viewscreen picture of Shinzon snaps out. The Romulan sit for a silent beat.

DONATRA

Does anyone in this room harbor any illusions about what he means by "showing proper respect"?

TAL ' AURA

What's happening to his face?

SURAN

I want opinions. He is clearly out of his mind.

SURAN

But can he complete his mission?

DONATRA

Should he?

They look at her.

DONATRA

Are you prepared to have your hands drenched in blood? He'll show them no mercy. And his sins will mark us all for generations. Is that what you truly want, Romulans?

A beat.

DONATRA

I think you should consider that question now --or else you may have a lifetime to think about it in the dilithium mines.

She turns and stalks out .

INT .ENTERPRISE --READY ROOM NIGHT

-

-

Beverly sits with Picard and Riker.

-

-

-

BEVERLY

.The more I studied his DNA the more confusing it got. Finally I could only come to one conclusion ... Shinzon was created with temporal RNA sequencing .He was designed so that at a certain point his aging process could be accelerated to reach your age more quickly, so he could replace you.

PICARD

But the Romulans abandoned the plan...

BEVERLY

As a result the temporal sequencing was never activated. Remember, he was supposed to replace you at nearly your current age. He was engineered\_to skip thirty years of life. But since the RNA sequencing was never activated, his cellular structure has started to break down. He's dying.

PICARD

Dying?

RIKER

He wasn't designed to live a complete, human life span.

PICARD

Can anything be done for him?

BEVERLY

Not without a complete myelodysplastic infusion from the only donor with compatible DNA. But that would mean draining all your blood.

RIKER

That's why he went to all that trouble to capture you.

PICARD

How long does he have?

BEVERLY

I can't be sure but the rate of decay seems to be accelerating.

Picard considers this.

PICARD

Then he'll come for me as a donor.

T. ENTERPRISE --DATA'S CABIN NIGHT1 ...

Data stands before the B-9.

The B-9 has been deactivated, he stands lifeless and immobile. Data gazes deeply into his double's identical features. Then he opens a panel in the B-9's neck and uses a small instrument to activate the android's head.

The B-9's eyes spring to life. He looks at Data.

B-9

Brother. I cannot move.

DATA

No, I have only activated your cognitive and communication subroutines.

B-9

Why?

DATA

Because you are dangerous.

B-9

Why?

DATA

You have been programmed to gather information that can be used against this ship.

B-9

I do not understand.

DATA

I know.

A beat.

DATA

Do you know anything about Shinzon's plans against the Federation?

B-9

No.

. :

DATA

Do you have any knowledge of the tactical abilities of his ship?

B-9

No. Can I move now?

DATA

No. I must deactivate you.

B-9

For how long?

DATA

Indefinitely.

B-9

How long *is* that?

A beat. Data gazes at the B-9 deeply.

DATA

A long time, brother.

Data reaches forward and deactivates his brother.

The B-9's eyes lose the spark of life. He stands, frozen. Data stands before him.

INT .ENTERPRISE OBSERVATION LOUNGE NIGHT

Picard is gathered with his senior officers.

A computer display illustrates Geordi's words about the power of Shinzon's weapon. We see a chilling graphic of the Biogenic Pulse beam spreading around a ship, then a whole planet.

GEORDI

It's called a Cascading Biogenic Pulse. The unique properties of Thalaron radiation allow the energy beam to expand almost without limits. Depending on the radiant intensity it could encompass a ship ... or a planet.

PICARD (thinking)

And that's exactly what he's going to do.

RIKER

Sir?

PICARD

His hatred of the Federation is apparent. He would have built a weapon of that scope for one reason. He is going after Earth.

RIKER

Oh boy. Destroy humanity and the Federation is crippled...

PICARD

And the Romulans invade.

DEANNA

How can you be certain?

PICARD

I know how he thinks.

A beat.

RIKER (to Geordi)

And there's no way to penetrate his cloak?

GEORDI

No, sir.

RIKER

(frustrated)

He could pass within 10 meters of every ship in Starfleet and they'd never know.

BEVERLY

But we do have one advantage. (to Picard) He needs your blood to live. He might come after you first.

PICARD

I'm counting on it ...We've been ordered to head to sector 3274. Starfleet is diverting the fleet to meet us there.

RIKER

Strength in numbers?

PICARD

We can only hope so.

A beat as he looks at them gravely.

PICARD

He can't be allowed to use that weapon. All other concerns are secondary. Do you understand me?

Riker knows exactly what Picard is saying: the Enterprise *is* expendable.

RIKER

Yes, sir.

Picard stands. Presses a comm button.

PICARD

All hands. Battle stations.

INT. ENTERPRISE                      VARIOUS ANGLES

We see a montage of the Enterprise preparing for battle.

Crew members assume battle stations. Weapons locker ring open and Security Officers hand out sidearms and phaser rifles.

Geordi and his Engineers establish emergency force field around the warp core..

Riker and Worf brief officers on tactical plans...

Data works at the bridge Science Station, analyzing data on Shinzon's ship.

Picard walks through the corridors, he stops to talk with apprehensive young ensign.

As we hear :

PICARD (V.O.)

Captain's Personal Log. Supplemental. We're heading toward Federation space at maximum warp. The crew has responded with the dedication I've come to expect of them. And like a thousand other commanders on a thousand other battlefields throughout history, I wait for the dawn.

The montage ends as...

INT. ENTERPRISE SICKBAY      NIGHT

Picard enters sickbay.

Dr. Crusher and her medical staff are hard at work. They position anti-grav gurneys and ready medical supplies. Security officers are handing out phasers.

Picard watches the grim preparations. Beverly goes to him, bolstering her phaser. .

PICARD  
(quietly)

To seek out new life and new civilizations. Zephyr  
. Cochran's own words. When Charles Darwin set out on the H.M.S. Beagle, on his journey into the unknown...he sailed without a single musket.

BEVERLY (gently)  
That was another time.

PICARD  
How far we've come. Let me know if you need anything.

He starts to go--

BEVERLY  
Jean Luc ...(he stops) ...He is not you.

A beat.

PICARD  
What makes us who we are, Doctor? Can you tell me that?

She watches him go.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE      NIGHT

Shinzon sits in his command chair, lined with veins now.

His Viceroy again has his hand pressed to Shinzon's chest.

SHINZON  
How long?  
VICEROY

A matter of hours now--

Shinzon shoves him away. Stands.

VICEROY

If you don't begin the procedure soon you'll never make it back to Romulus. You shouldn't have delayed. You should have killed Picard the moment--

Shinzon slams his command chair in fury. The Viceroy watches him carefully.

A beat. Shinzon regains his composure. He sits again in his command chair.

SHINZON

How long until we reach the Rift?

VICEROY

(checks a console)

Seven minutes.

Shinzon leans back, satisfied. And looks at the viewscreen.

The image on the viewscreen *is* shocking.

The Enterprise only a few hundred yards away.

EXT. ENTERPRISE SPACE

The Enterprise zooms through space.

Completely unaware of the predator directly above it.

INT. ENTERPRISE            ASTROMETRICS            NIGHT

Data is at work in Astrometry. Cartographic projections of star systems ebb and flow on a large screen before him. Picard enters .

PICARD

Show me our current position.

The images before them quickly change to show another sector and a blip representing the Enterprise.

PICARD

How long until we reach the fleet?

DATA

At our current velocity we will arrive at sector 3274 in approximately 40 minutes.

The images before them change to show sector 3274. We see blips denoting Starfleet ships moving into position.

Picard gazes at the projection of stars before them for a moment.

PICARD (quietly)

"For now we see but through a glass darkly..."

DATA

PICARD

He said he's a mirror.

DATA

Of you?

PICARD

Yes.

DATA

I do not agree. Although you share the same genetic structure, the events of your life have created unique individual.

PICARD

But so much is the same. On a biological level he is ...and I will not accept the idea that there is nothing I can do. I have a responsibility to try to make a human connection with him.

DATA

He would deny a "human" connection is possible. He considers himself entirely Reman.

PICARD

He may have already rejected my humanity, but you also have a twin

DATA

No, sir, it is not possible. The B-9 is physically identical to me, although his neural pathways are not as advanced. But even if they were, he would not be me.

PICARD

How can you be sure?

DATA

I aspire, sir. To be better than I am. The B-9 does not. Nor does Shinzon.

A beat.

PICARD

We'll never know what Shinzon might have been. Had he stood where I did as a child? And looked up at the stars.

Picard's words linger in the air for a moment.

Then the projections before them sputter with static for a moment. Flickering.

DATA

(working controls)

We are passing through the Bassen Rift. The projections will return when we have cleared *it*.

PICARD

It's interfering with our uplink from Starfleet cartography?

DATA

Yes, sir. The Rift effects all long-range communications--

PICARD

(urgent, to comm) Commander Riker, evasive maneuvers!

Too late.

The ship QUAKES --a photon torpedo blast -- the Enterprise is under attack!

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

Disruptor beams appear from nowhere --streaking through space -- slamming into the Enterprise's warp drive. The Enterprise recoils, dangerously dropping out of warp in a furious lurch.

The Bassen Rift is a strange area of electromagnetic distortion. Energy patterns crackle through space.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE FOLLOWING

Shinzon sits in his command chair. The viewscreen shows the Enterprise before him.

SHINZON

Target weapons systems and shields. I don't want the Enterprise destroyed.

On the viewscreen, we see disruptor blasts streaking from the Scimitar -- slicing into the Enterprise.

SHINZON

Can you learn to see in the dark, Captain?

INT. ENTERPRISE --BRIDGE FOLLOWING

Picard and Data emerge from the turbolift as the ship ROCKS--

PICARD

Report.

RIKER

He's firing through his cloak. We can't get a lock.

GEORDI (at engineering station)

He disabled our warp drive with his first shot. We've only got impulse.

WORF

Long range communication is impossible as long as we're in the rift--

The ship SHUDDERS again --

PICARD

Worf, prepare a full phaser spread, zero elevation. All banks on my mark. Scan for shield impacts and stand by photon torpedoes.

WORF

Aye, sir

The ship ROCKS again.

PICARD

Fire!

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The Enterprise fires her phasers simultaneously --the energy beams shoot into space--

And the Scimitar's shape is momentarily illuminated as one of its shields is hit.

Photon torpedoes immediately shoot from the Enterprise -- but pass harmlessly through the area where the Scimitar's shields were momentarily illuminated.

INT. SCIMITAR --BRIDGE FOLLOWING

SHINZON

You're too slow, old man. (entering commands in his chair console) Attack pattern Shinzon Theta.

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The invisible Warbird makes a dramatic run straight over the Enterprise -- firing steadily down as it sweeps past it; is a brutal, close range assault-

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE FOLLOWING

The bridge SHAKES violently under the ruthless attack--

DATA

We are losing dorsal shields--

PICARD

Full axis rotation to port! Fire all ventral phasers!

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The Enterprise instantly complies-- Rolling completely over to the left, firing phasers up as Shinzon's invisible ship streaks above it--

A few lucky phaser shots from the bottom of the Enterprise --now shooting upward --manage to momentarily illuminate the bottom shields of the Scimitar as it sweeps past above.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

WORF

Minimal damage to the Scimitar.

R I KER

(to Helm)

Defensive pattern Kirk Epsilon. Geordi, get those shields online.

PICARD (to comrn)

Counselor Troi, report to the bridge.

RIKER

Unless we can disable his cloak we're just going to be firing in the dark.

PICARD

Agreed.

WORF

Sir, we're being hailed.

PICARD

On screen.

Shinzon appears on the viewscreen. He is on the bridge of the Scimitar.

SHINZON (on viewscreen)

Captain Picard, will you join me in your Ready Room?

INT. ENTERPRISE - READY ROOM

Picard stands *in* his Ready Room. A flickering light shimmers across the room. And a perfect holographic representation of Shinzon appears before him.

SHINZON

You can't trace my holographic emitters, Captainn. So don't bother. And you can't contact Starfleet. We're quite alone.

PICARD

We are.

SHINZON

It's just the two of us now, Jean Luc, as it should be ...Your ship and mine ...You and me.

PICARD

Why are you here?

SHINZON

To accept your surrender. I can clearly destroy you at any time. Lower your shields and allow me to transport you to my ship.

PICARD

And what of the Enterprise?

SHINZON

I have little interest in your quaint vessel, Captain. If the Enterprise will withdraw to a distance of one hundred light years, it will not be harmed.

PICARD

You know that's not possible.

SHINZON

I know ...you'll all gladly die to save your home world.

PICARD (intense)

Look at me, Shinzon! Do you feel the blood pumping inside you? Your hands, your eyes, your nature, are the same as mine. Buried deep inside you beneath the years of pain and anger is a capacity you've forgotten. It's the one way our mirror can reflect the two of us exactly because it's the very thing that truly defines us. To be human is to try to make yourself better than you are.

Picard looks at him deeply, relentlessly refusing to give up.

PICARD

I know you as well as I know myself, Shinzon. There was a time you looked at the stars and dreamed of what might be.

SHINZON (quietly)

Long ago.

PICARD

Not so long.

SHINZON

Childish dreams, Captain. Lost in the dilithium mines of Remus. I'm what you see now.

PICARD

I see more than what you are.

Picard steps toward him.

PICARD

I see what you could be.

Shinzon slowly backs away as Picard continues to move toward him relentlessly.

PICARD

The man who is Jean Luc Picard and Shinzon of Remus won't exterminate the population of an entire planet! He is better than that!

SHINZON (desperate)

He is what his life has made him!

Shinzon *is* in turmoil. Picard senses this. He proceeds quietly:

PICARD

And what will he do with that life?

Shinzon looks at him, questioning.

PICARD

If I were to beam to your ship ...let you complete your medical procedure, give you a full life... what would you do with the time?

Shinzon doesn't respond.

PICARD

You once asked me about your past. Your history. When I was your age, I burned with ambition. I was very proud and my pride often hurt people. I made every wrong choice a young man can ...But one thing saved me ...I had a father who believed in me. Who took the time to teach me a better way. You have the same father.

SHINZON

Yes.

PICARD

So if I gave you my life, what would you do with it? Would you spend the years in a blaze of hatred as you are now? Or could you change? Could you try to remember a mother's touch you never felt? A father's words you never heard? Could you do that?

SHINZON

(quietly) I don't know.

PICARD

But you want to.

Shinzon doesn't respond. But Picard knows he has made a connection. For this brief moment reconciliation is possible. He proceeds quietly:

PICARD

Let me tell you about our father.

Shinzon looks at him with an aching sadness. What might have been.

SHINZON

That's your life...not mine.

PICARD

Please.

SHINZON

It's too late.

PICARD

You can still make a choice! Make the right one now!

SHINZON

I have no choices! I can't fight what I am!

Shinzon backs away, unable to fight his nature:

SHINZON

I'll show you my true nature. Your nature. And as Earth dies --remember that I'm forever Shinzon of Remus! And my voice will echo through time long after your s has faded to a dim memory.

Shinzon ends the transmission and his holographic image lickers and fades away.

Picard stands alone, drained.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE FOLLOWING

-

Shinzon strides quickly to his command chair, barking to his Viceroy:

SHINZON

Disable their weapons!

But before the *Viceroy* can move the Scimitar suddenly ROCKS -- attacked from somewhere! Shinzon is stunned.

SHINZON

Report!

REMAN OFFICER

Two ships decloaking, sir! Romulan!

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE FOLLOWING

Picard strides to his command chair as two Romulan Warbirds appear on the viewscreen. Deanna is now on the bridge.

RIKER

Believe it or not, I think the cavalry has arrived.

WORF

We're being hailed.

PICARD

On screen.

On the viewscreen: Commander Donatra shimmers into view.

DONATRA (on viewscreen)  
Captain Picard, Commander Donatra of the Warbird Valdore. Might we be of assistance?

PICARD

Your timing is impeccable, Commander.

DONATRA (on viewscreen)  
The Empire considers this a matter of internal security. We regret you've become involved.

PICARD

When this is over, I owe you a drink.

On the viewscreen, the Valdore ROCKS from a disruptor blast.

DONATRA (on viewscreen)

Romulan ale, Captain. Let's get to work. Valdore out.

The transmission ends.

PICARD (to Worf)  
You heard the lady. Get to work. Move your ass!

must remain decloaked to fire weapons and are visible throughout the battle.)

Although Shinzon's ship *is* still cloaked, the steady barrage of triangulated phaser and disruptor fire from the Enterprise and the two Romulan vessels illuminate its shields with impacts.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE      FOLLOWING

PICARD

(to Worf)

Coordinate our attack with the Valdore's tactical officer. Triangulate fire on any shield impacts.

WORF

Aye, sir.

The Enterprise ROCKS from a photon torpedo impact-

DATA

Aft shields are down to forty percent .

RIKER (to Helm)

Keep our bow to the Scimitar. Auxiliary power to forward shields.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE      FOLLOWING

Shinzon sits quite calmly in-his command chair.

SHINZON

Target the flanking Warbird. All forward disruptor banks on my mark.

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

It is a chaos of starships as the Enterprise and the two Warbirds fire steadily -- illuminating the Scimitar's shields.

The ships sweep around one another, maneuvering for position, firing constantly. The battlefield seems impossibly crowded as the four vessels evade and attack; as phaser and disruptor beams criss-cross space.

Then the Scimitar unleashes a devastating volley... all her forward disruptor banks fire at once--

They literally cut one of the Romulan ships in half --a huge EXPLOSION --debris SHOOTs across space and SLAMS VIOLENTLY off the Enterprise's forward shields--!

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE FOLLOWING

the ship ROCKS dangerously!

DATA

Forward shields are down to ten percent.

RIKER (to Helm)

Bring us about!

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The Enterprise quickly turns about -- firing her aft phasers. As the Valdore sweeps toward Shinzon's ship, firing-- INT. SCIMITAR --BRIDGE FOLLOWING

SHINZON

Let her pursue -- drop cloak on the aft port quadrant and prepare for full emergency stop. T , ..I

VICEROY (startled)

What?!

SHINZON

You heard me.

INT. VALDORE BRIDGE FOLLOWING

Donatra leans forward in her command chair, looking at viewscreen. She sees part of the Scimitar's rear cloak in the process of falling away--

DONATRA

She's losing her cloak! Stand by all forward disruptor banks!

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE FOLLOWING

VICEROY

She's almost on us.

SHINZON

Not yet.

On the viewscreen we see the Valdore in pursuit, gaining. The Reman crew is getting nervous.

VICEROY

Praetor...

SHINZON

***FULL STOP AND FIRE !***

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The Scimitar LURCHES to a stop! Too fast for the Valdore to respond in time -- it flies over the Scimitar--

*And the Scimitar fires!*

A devastating volley of photon torpedoes rip into the underbelly and aft of the Valdore as it streaks past--

The Valdore careens out of control and then slows to a stop. It floats dead in space.

INT. SCIMITAR --BRIDGE FOLLOWING

SHINZON

Restore the aft cloak and bring us about .

He leans back in his command chair, ready for the final battle.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE FOLLOWING

A bloody Commander Donatra is talking to Picard on viewscreen. Her bridge is in ruins.

DONATRA (on viewscreen}  
I'm afraid that drink will have to wait, Captain.

PICARD

Do you have life support?

DONATRA (on viewscreen}  
For the moment. But we're dead in the water.

PICARD

Understood--

Then the ship ROCKS-

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The invisible Scimitar sweeps past for a particularly brutal assault --disruptor blasts streak along the Enterprise's hull -- a huge, ripping series of explosions tear away several decks of the Enterprise--

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE      FOLLOWING

--~---

DATA

We have lost structural integrity on decks twelve through seventeen, sections four through ten.

GEORDI

Emergency force fields are holding.

RIKER

Evacuate those decks and reroute field power to forward shields.

Deanna goes to Picard:

DEANNA

Captain -- I might have a way to find them.

PICARD

Counselor?

DEANNA

The one thing he may have forgotten in the course of battle: me.

PICARD

Make it so.

She quickly goes to Worf at tactical.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE                      NIGHT

Shinzon is entering tactical commands in his chair console.

SHINZON

Prepare a lateral run --all starboard disruptors.

Then the viceroy suddenly stiffens, alarm in his eyes-

VICEROY

No!

INT .ENTERPRISE BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

Deanna concentrates furiously, eyes closed. She stands with Worf, her hand slowly moving his over the photon torpedo targeting display.

It is a wrenching experience as she probes with her thoughts.

DEANNA

He's resisting me.

She is in pain.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

The Viceroy concentrates, trying to block her probing thoughts.

SHINZON

What is it?! Focus on your job!!!

VICEROY

She is here.

INT, ENTERPRISE BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

Deanna continues to move Worf's hand over the targeting display. She is sweating, panting for breath, concentrating fiercely

INT. SCIMITAR -BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

The Viceroy resists her -- their psyches lock in battle. Deanna appears in the

Viceroy's mind, she glares at him.

DEANNA

Remember me?

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

Her eyes snap open--

DEANNA  
NOW!

Worf instantly fires a full volley of photon torpedoes.

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

A full spread of photon torpedoes shoot through space.

And connect! A series of devastating impacts -- and the Scimitar's cloak fails!

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

Picard stands quickly.

PICARD

Savage them!

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

And the Enterprise attacks!

It fires all weapons simultaneously --phasers and photon torpedoes slam into the Scimitar! Shinzon's ship responds quickly --maneuvering for position and returning fire!

INT. SCIMITAR RIDGE                      FOLLOWING

The bridge has been damaged, sparks sputter through the darkness and debris litters the deck.

Shinzon eyes reflect a growing sense of desperation.

SHINZON ,  
(spinning to his Viceroy)  
Prepare a boarding party -- BRING ME PICARD!

The viceroy strides out as Shinzon spins to another officer.

SHINZON

Get the cloak back! And target shield coordinates beta three. All disruptors. Fire!

On the viewscreen, we see disruptor beams focusing on a tiny part of the Enterprise's lower shields, slamming into them.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE      NIGHT

DATA

Captain, we have lost ventral shielding on deck twenty nine.

PICARD

Divert power and compensate-

An alarm klaxon suddenly rings through the bridge. :

WORF

Intruder alert!

RIKER

Let' s go.

Riker and Worf quickly head toward the turbolift as:

WORF (to comm)

Security detail to deck twenty nine.

Data immediately assumes Worf's position at tactical.

INT. ENTERPRISE      LOWER DECKS      NIGHT

Riker and Worf stride with a SECURITY DETAIL through the cramped lower decks.

A sudden disruptor blast stops them cold! The Viceroy and his invasion force of a dozen Reman Warriors are down the corridor!

The Enterprise crew returns fire. It is a blazing phaser battle, Worf leading his men with Klingon courage. They steadily advance in the face of the blistering disruptor fire--

They are getting the upper hand when Riker sees the Viceroy escape into a Jeffries tube-

RIKER

Worf.

Worf instantly dives into the corridor --landing hard and sliding forward on his stomach all the while firing a steady burst from his phaser rifle.

Riker uses the cover to dive after the Viceroy, following him into the dark Jefferies tube, intent on destroying the man who has been tormenting his wife-

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE FOLLOWING

The Scimitar sweeps into view on the viewscreen -- filling the screen --and launches a ferocious volley of photon torpedoes.

A huge EXPLOSION as the viewscreen and some of the forward bridge are BLOWN APART --the Helm Officer is SUCKED INTO SPACE before a flickering emergency force field springs into position--

Deanna races to assume the helm--

Picard can now see his enemy directly through the gaping hole in the *ship's* hull - -he sees the *Scimitar banking* for another attack run as part of the ship disappears--

GEORDI

*J'f't* He's getting his cloak back. (-'-'.. ,"

We have exhausted our compliment of photon torpedoes. Phaser banks are down to four percent.

PICARD

What if we target all phasers in a concentrated attack?

DATA

The Scimitar's shields are still at seventy percent. It would make no difference, sir.

Picard thinks.

DEANNA

They're stopping...

Through the hole in the hull, Picard sees the Scimitar slowly turning. Slowly advancing. They see another part of the Scimitar disappear, the cloak returning.

GEORDI

What's he doing?

PICARD

(grim)

He wants to look me in the eye.

INT. ENTERPRISE -- JEFFERIES TUBE FOLLOWING

-

Below decks, Riker stalks the Viceroy through a labyrinthine series of access tunnels. It is like a scene from ALIEN.

The flickering half-light and red emergency strobes of the crippled ship make this an ominous sequence. The Viceroy *is* in his element, used to the perpetual night of the Reman Homeworld, he can see in the dark.

Riker moves through the darkness, hunting for the Viceroy .He stops, phaser ready. He peers into the dark tunnel ahead of him. Sees nothing. We tilt up and see...

The Viceroy clinging to the ceiling directly above Riker! Hidden in the darkness. The Viceroy attacks! -- diving down on Riker -- his lethal Reman knife slashing through the darkness--

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE      FOLLOWING

Picard stands... watching the Scimitar maneuver into position. Large parts of it are now cloaked.

It stops. Only a few hundred yards from the Enterprise, its great brow almost filling the gaping hole at the front of the bridge.

Picard thinks, his mind racing. Then it comes to him in a flash:

P I CARD

He thinks he knows exactly what I'm going to do...

GEORDI

Sir?

PICARD

We've got him!

He sits in his command chair and begins quickly entering command instructions in his chair console.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE      FOLLOWING

Shinzon, supremely confident, leans back in his command chair.

SHINZON

Open a channel.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE      FOLLOWING

Picard is still entering commands in his chair console.

DATA

We are being hailed.

PICARD

Deanna, stand by (to Data) Open a channel.

SHINZON (V.O.)

I hope you're still alive, Jean Luc.

PICARD

I am.

SHINZON (V.O.)

Don't you think it's time to surrender? I'll have my cloak back in a matter of minutes and your poor ship is shot to pieces. Why should the rest of your crew have to die?

Picard continues to enter command codes --transmits them to Deanna at helm -- she receives the commands, nods. All of this as Picard buys some time:

PICARD

I never told you about my first Academy evaluation, did I? I received very high marks for my studies. But I was found lacking in certain other areas. Personality traits, you might say. In particular I was thought to be extremely ...(he glares up at the prow of the Scimitar) ...over-confident.

Picard indicates for Data to end the communication. Then:

PICARD (quickly)

Geordi, put 211 power to the engines. Take it from life support if you have to -- everything you can give me.

GEORDI

Aye, sir.

PICARD

Deanna, on my mark.

GEORDI

Ready, sir!

Picard leans forward in his chair:

PICARD (on comm)

All hands, brace for impact! (to Deanna) ENGAGE.

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The Enterprise powers forward in a final thrust--!

JNT .SCIMITAR --BRIDGE FOLLOWING

Shinzon sees *it coming* --utterly shocked --bolts up-

SHINZON

HARD TO PORT !

Too late.

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

A massive COLLISION as the Enterprise SLAMS into the Scimitar -- as it SMASHES

and GRINDS into Shinzon's ship--

The Scimitar REELS--

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE      FOLLOWING

Everyone goes FLYING!

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The two great ships are now locked together, slowly rotating in space.

The forward part of the Enterprise's saucer is enmeshed in Shinzon's ship; two scorpions with their claws locked.

INT. SCIMITAR --BRIDGE FOLLOWING

Shinzon stands in the *ruins* of his bridge. Many of his bridge crew are now dead.

SHINZON

Divert all power to engines. Full reverse!

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

Every part of the Enterprise ROCKS --a great lurch as the Scimitar begins to tear itself free -- backing away --a deafening shriek of metal --both ships are being torn to pieces .in the process -- but it is working --the Scimitar is ripping free, wrenching itself loose.

INT. ENTERPRISE    JEFFERIES TUBES            FOLLOWING

The Jefferies tube SHUDDERS as the Scimitar continues to tear itself free --Riker and the Viceroy careen through the tube. The Viceroy recovers quickly and coils for a final attack. Riker sees that an access plate has been loosened in the collision --he desperately rips it away --knowing the relays behind will provide him with the advantage he needs --

Bright light strobes from the relays and the Viceroy is momentarily blinded -- Riker uses this opportunity to attack! He dives forward --slamming into the Viceroy --they both tumble into a long, vertical access tunnel -- they fall!

Riker shoots out a hand and grabs a ladder -- the Viceroy, grabs onto Riker, his talons digging into his uniform -- a long drop below them!

Riker forces the Viceroy's head back -- away from him --a brutal struggle-

Riker glares at him .

RIKER

Don't worry -- Hell is dark.

Riker uses every ounce of strength he has left -- pushes the Viceroy off him--

The Viceroy falls down the long tunnel -- to his death.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE            FOLLOWING

The whole Enterprise bridge QUAKES as the Scimitar continues to pull itself free-

-

Picard stands, steadying himself on his command chair.

PICARD  
Data, I need you.

Data joins Picard as:

PICARD  
Computer. Auto-destruct sequence Omega. Zero time delay. Recognize voice  
pattern Jean Luc Picard. Authorization Alpha Alpha Three Zero Five--

COMPUTER (V. O.)  
Auto-destruct is off-line.

Then the ship gives a final LURCH. The Scimitar is free.

An eerie moment of silence after the explosive tearing and grinding.

Picard watches through the gaping hole in the hull as the Scimitar backs away.  
Another section of the Scimitar disappears. Shinzon almost has his cloak back.

INT. SCIMITAR BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

Shinzon stares at the Enterprise.

A wave of sickness overcomes him for a moment, he doubles over. We actually  
see more veins appearing on his face. Time is running out.

SHINZON  
Target disruptors. Destroy them.

REMAN OFFICER  
Disruptors are off-line, sir.

A beat. Shinzon looks up.

SHINZON  
Deploy the weapon. Kill everything on that ship. Then set a course for Earth.

REMAN OFFICER  
What about Picard?

SHINZON  
Our greater goal *is* more important, brother.

REMAN OFFICER  
But, Praetor, you won't survive without him...

Shinzon gazes at the Enterprise on the viewscreen.

SHINZON

Some ideals are worth dying for, aren't they, Jean Luc?

EXT. RIFT SPACE

The entire Scimitar slowly begins to unfold. Like a gigantic version of the small spider-weapon we saw kill the Romulan Senators before, legs appear and hoist up a savage weapon. The Cascading Pulse.

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

Picard and the others watch the monstrous Cascading Pulse weapon slowly deploying.

PICARD

How long until he can fire?

GEORDI

The targeting sequence should take about four minutes.

DEANNA

But how can he? He'll kill you.

PICARD

This isn't about me anymore.

Picard's face is set, resolute. He knows what he must do. Picard grabs a phaser rifle from a weapons locker as...

PICARD

Prepare for a site-to-site transport.

GEORDI

(concerned)

Sir, we won't be able to bring you back. It's a one way trip.

Captain, I don't know if the transporter--

PICARD

That's an order, Commander.

DATA

Sir, allow me to go. You are needed here.

PICARD

Negative.

DATA

Sir...

Deanna takes Data's arm. Looks at him. She knows this is something Picard must do himself.

DEANNA

Let him go.

Picard powers up the phaser rifle as:

PICARD

(to Data)

You have the bridge, Commander. Use all available power to move away from the Scimitar. (to Geordi) Now, Mister La Forge.

GEORDI

Aye, sir.

Geordi nervously works some controls on his console and Picard dematerializes. Then the transporter panel explodes in a shower of sparks

GEORDI

That's it. Transporters are down.

Data thinks for a moment. Then:

DATA

Counsellor Troi, please assume command. Geordi, if you will come with me.

He heads toward the turbolift, Geordi following.

INT. SCIMITAR --CORRIDOR NIGHT

Several Remen warriors in the corridor turn an fire. Riker returns fire, a series of lightning fast pulses from his phaser rifle.

INT. ENTERPRISE FORWARD CORRIDOR \_\_\_\_\_ NIGHT

Data and Geordi stand in a long corridor. The far end of the corridor opens to space. An emergency force field is in place at the end of the corridor.

Geordi operates a tricorder and another force field flickers on around him.

Data looks toward the end of the corridor, readying himself.

DATA

What *is* our approximate distance?

GEORDI

(scans with tricorder)

400 meters.

DATA

Thank you.

Data backs up a little more He looks at Geordi again. Deeply.

DATA

Thank you, Geordi. Deactivate the field.

Geordi operates his tricorder and the force field at the end of the corridor snaps off--

The void of space fills the corridor and Data takes a running start -- he races down the long corridor and leaps--

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

into space.

He floats toward the Scimitar, his momentum carrying him. Carrying him too far!

He is going to miss the Scimitar --almost past it now! He thrusts out a hand--

And just misses a piece of dangling wreckage! Data is floating helplessly through space. Doomed. Then he SLAMS into an invisible piece of the partially cloaked on the ship!

He grabs onto the invisible part of the ship and pulls himself up to the hull. He rips open an access panel with his superior strength and climbs inside.

INT. SCIMITAR --BRIDGE NIGHT

Shinzon stands, his eyes glued to the Enterprise on the viewscreen.

We see a monitor showing that the Cascading Pulse weapon is locked on the Enterprise.

Most of the light on the shattered bridge now comes from the three steadily pulsing warp core relays which soar up through the floor.

COMPUTER (V.O.)  
Forty-seven. Forty six ...

Suddenly -- a MASSIVE BLAST as the doors to the bridge explode in. Shinzon spins to see--

Picard framed in the doorway, phaser rifle ready.

Picard instantly fires for the Cascading Pulse control --but Shinzon dives to cover it -- the phaser blast hits Shinzon in the chest --he recoils, slamming to the deck, stunned.

The few remaining Remans on the bridge spin to Picard, firing disruptors --Picard dives for cover and battles them with his phaser rifle--

He succeeds in stunning the Remans but a final disruptor blast knocks Picard to the deck --the phaser rifle spins away -

COMPUTER (V.O.)  
Twenty nine ...Twenty eight...

Shinzon pulls himself up and races to snatch up a disruptor from a fallen comrade--

As Picard leaps up, grabbing a piece of wreckage, a long metal rod -- Picard thrusts it forward like a spear--

Impaling Shinzon.

A, stunned moment, of silence as Shinzon gazes at Picard, almost with a look of disbelief. Blood spews from his mouth as he lets out a tormented cry.

And then, amazingly, *Shinzon* forces himself forward --pushing

Picard backs against a wall -- Shinzon slowly walks toward Picard, forcing himself down the length of the spear --the spear point explodes through Shinzon's back -  
-the weight of Shinzon's body is pinning Picard against the wall -- time is running out--

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Eighteen ...Seventeen...

Shinzon forces himself down the spear:

SHINZON

I'm glad we're together now --our destiny is complete.

He finally thrusts himself down the whole spear and clasps his dying hands firmly around Picard's throat--

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Ten...Nine...

Data sprints to the bridge --

He instantly tears open his wrist and pulls out the small, silver disc we saw earlier --the Emergency Transport Unit --he slaps it on Picard's shoulder. A final look between them-

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Seven.. Six...

Data activates the ETU-- Picard dematerializes.

Data looks at the space where Picard was and says simply:

DATA

Goodbye.

Then he spins and pulls out his phaser--

And fires point-blank into the Scimitar's warp core relays --the bridge explodes --  
Data is incinerated--

EXT. THE RIFT SPACE

The Scimitar BLASTS APART in a massive flash--

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

Picard re-materializes.

He sees the brilliant flash from the explosion through the gaping ~ hole in the front of the bridge.

Deanna sits at helm, her face a mask of pain. Geordi stands on the upper rear deck, head down.

A long beat as Picard just stands on his ruined bridge, the thousand-yard stare of a combat veteran in his eyes.

Riker emerges from the turbolift. Goes to Picard.

RIKER

Sir?

Picard doesn't answer, he just stares forward. Deanna goes to Riker.

DEANNA  
Data.

Riker looks toward the glowing debris field in the distance. He puts an arm around Deanna

Silence.

GEORDI  
Sir, we're being hailed.

PICARD

On screen ...(he remembers there is no longer a viewscreen) ...Open a channel.

DONATRA (V.O.)

This is Commander Donatra of the Valdore. We're dispatching shuttles with medical personnel and supplies.

PICARD

Thank you, Commander.

The transmission ends.

PICARD (flat)

Geordi ... prepare the shuttlebay for arrivals. They don't know our procedures so just ...open the doors.

GEORDI

I'll take care of it, sir.

PICARD

Number One. (a beat) You have the bridge.

He turns and heads toward his Ready Room.

The others watch him go with great sadness.

When the Ready Room doors close behind Picard, Deanna finally allows herself to cry. Riker holds her closely. Slow fade to...

INT. ENTERPRISE                      CREW LOUNGE                      NIGHT

Hours later. The senior crew is solemnly gathered in the shattered remains of the crew lounge. Picard, Riker, Deanna, Beverly, Worf, Geordi.

They wear their dress uniforms.

Picard goes to each of them. He carries a small, metal box. They each take something from the box.

At first we, don't quite see what they are doing. 'Then we realize they are affixing black bars to the collars of their uniforms.

Mourning bands.

Picard pours six glasses of his precious Chateau picard. Each takes a glass.

Picard raises his glass.

PICARD

To absent friends. ..To family.

They toast Data. Slow fade to...

INT. ENTERPRISE - -PICARD'S CABIN NIGHT

Picard sits at *his* desk, speaking quietly to someone we do not see.

PICARD

I don't know if all this has made sense to you, but I wanted you to know what kind of man he was. In his quest to be more like us, he helped show us what it means to be human.

We see it is the now re-activated B-9 sitting across from him.

DATA

My brother was not a human.

PICARD

No, he wasn't ...But his wonder and his curiosity about every facet of human life helped all of us see the best parts of ourselves. He embraced change ... because he always wanted to be more than he was.

B-9

I do not understand.

PICARD

Well, I hope someday you will.

Worf interrupts on comm:

WORF (V.O. on comrn)

Captain, the Hemingway has arrived to tow us to spacedock.

PICARD

On my way. Please notify Commander Riker ...(he stands, prepares to go)  
...We'll talk later?

The B-9 does not respond. He is looking rather blankly at padd on Picard's desk. Picard begins to leave when a sound stops him... humming. He turns back to the B-9.

The B-9 is still looking blankly at the padd ... but he's humming lightly to himself ...then he begins to sing, very softly...

B-9

"Blue skies, smiling at me,  
Nothing but blue skies do I see."

Then the B-9 is silent.

Picard watches him for a moment; great emotion playing over his features, and then goes.

INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR NIGHT

Picard and Riker head toward a turbolift... making their way past the debris littering the corridor.

PICARD

I'm sorry you won't be here for the re-fit, but I know the Titan needs you immediately.

Riker does not respond.

Picard stops, looks at Riker deeply.

PICARD

The Titan's a fine ship, will. And she's getting a captain worthy of her.

RIKER

She' s the most beautiful ship I've ever seen. (he touches a wall of the corridor)  
...But she's not the Enterprise.

PICARD

I promise you in time, she'll become your home ...If I could offer you one piece of advice?

RIKER

Anything.

PICARD

When your first officer insists that you can't go on away missions ... Ignore him -

-

RIKER (smiles)

I intend to.

A moment.

RIKER

(with difficulty)

Serving with you has been an honor.

PICARD

The honor was mine. Captain Riker.

EXT. ENTERPRISE            SPACEDOCK            OVER EARTH

A few weeks later. The Enterprise *is* enclosed in the great womb of a spacedock. The ship is being rebuilt.

INT. ENTERPRISE            BRIDGE            NIGHT

A fresh-faced young officer, COMMANDER MARTIN MADDEN, paces nervously outside Picard's Ready Room. Bracing himself before entering.

Behind him we can see technicians working everywhere around the bridge, trying to rebuild it. Worf is talking to a young officer at tactical and Geordi is working at the engineering station. We also see new command chairs being installed.

(Although we do not see it in this scene, the gaping hole at the front of the bridge has not yet been repaired.)

A young Andorian woman, the new OPS OFFICER, smiles at Madden's nervousness. Her antennae twitch slightly in amusement. He sees her.

MADDEN

So ...what's the old man like?

OPS OFFICER

Why don't you go in and find out?

Commander Madden prepares himself.

INT. ENTERPRISE --READY ROOM FOLLOWING--

Picard is talking to Beverly on viewscreen. She is in her new office at Starfleet Medical.

BEVERLY (on viewscreen)

You can't imagine them, Jean Luc. They're kids! All with advance degrees in xenobiology and out to conquer every disease in the quadrant.

PICARD

(smiles) Reminds me of a young doctor I used to know...

BEVERLY (on viewscreen)

They're running me ragged. Nothing but question day and night ...I love it! Come to dinner and I'll tell you all about it. There's a Bajoran band at the officer's mess.

PICARD

Not tonight, I have work here.

BEVERLY (on viewscreen)

Soon then. I'll save the last dance for you.

Commander Madden enters quickly --he did not use the door chime so Picard is surprised.

MADDEN

Commander Martin Madden reporting for duty, sir.

Picard stands, they shake hands as:

PICARD

Welcome aboard, Commander. I hope, your transfer didn't come as too much of a surprise.

MADDEN

I was ...honored, sir.

PICARD

I needed you immediately to help oversee the re-fit ... (gathering up some padds from his desk} ...Your service record on the Talos is exemplary, but there are a few things I would like to discuss with you regarding my requirements for a First Officer. Shall we say dinner in my quarters at 1900 hours?

MADDEN

Very good, sir.

Picard heads toward the door, carrying a few padds.

PICARD

Commander, I don't know how they did it on the Talos, but we have door chimes on the Enterprise. We use them.

MADDEN

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Picard goes to the bridge, Madden following...

INT. ENTERPRISE                      BRIDGE                      FOLLOWING

They emerge to the bridge as Worf is arguing with the cocky young ENSIGN busy installing Picard's new high-tech command chair.

WORF

You don't understand the Captain -- there should be no changes until we have discussed the modifications with him.

Picard goes to them:

PICARD

What's this?

WORF (grumbles)

Your new chair, sir.

ENSIGN

It's the Mark Seven, Captain. State-of-the-art ergonomics... command interfaces with--

WORF

I told him you're comfortable with your old chair.

PICARD

Let's give it a try.

He settles into his new command chair. Looks around for a beat at his new bridge crew. Fresh-faced kids. A new generation to teach and nurture. He smiles.

PICARD

Feels good.

Worf and Geordi exchange a look, surprised.

ENSIGN (points)

Try that button, sir.

Picard presses a button on the chair and --zip -- metal restraints fly into position around his waist and shoulders. Seatbelts! Picard is surprised.

A beat.

Then Picard smiles.

PICARD

It's about time.

He presses the button again and the restraints zip back into the body of the chair. He is delighted. He turns to Madden:

PICARD

Commander, please sit down ...(Madden sits in the First Officer's chair, Picard shares a padd with him) ...We've received our first assignment. We're going to be exploring the Denab system. It should be exciting. It's a place... where no one has gone before.

And we cut to --

EXT. ENTERPRISE SPACEDOCK                      OVER EARTH                      FOLLOWING

Through the hole in the hull we see Picard talking to Madden. Picard at work, at peace. Where he is meant to be.

We slowly pull back from Picard and the Enterprise. As we hear the B-9's soft tones. Gentle. Hopeful.

B-9 (V.O.)

*"Never saw the sun shining so bright, Never saw things going so right. Noticing  
the days hurrying by,  
When you're in love, my how they fly. Blue days, all of them gone,  
Nothing but blue skies from now on."*

We revolve away from the Enterprise and Earth toward the stars. Then ZOOM forward into the cosmos as the rousing "Next Generation" theme explodes over END CREDITS.

**The End.**