STAR TREK: "Genesis" - 01/07/94 - CAST

STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"Genesis"

CAST

PICARD   BARCLAY
RIKER    OGAWA
DATA     DERN
BEVERLY
TROI
WORF
GEORDI
COMPUTER VOICE
Non-Speaking
N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES
### STAR TREK: "Genesis" - 01/07/94 - SETS

#### STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Genesis"

#### SETS

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STAR TREK: "Genesis" - 01/07/94 - TEASER

STAR TREK: The Next Generation
"Genesis"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SICKBAY

The room is bustling with activity -- it's one of those days in Sickbay. RIKER is lying face-down on a bio-bed, and OGAWA is very carefully removing some long, nasty-looking THISTLES that are sticking out of his back.

OGAWA
So why were you rolling around in Cypirion cactus?

RIKER
Do you know Rebecca White?

OGAWA
The new Tactical officer...

RIKER
(nods)
We went for a walk in the Arboretum... we sat down... got comfortable... things got a little romantic...

Riker winces as Ogawa removes another thistle.

RIKER
(continuing)
Then I rolled over.

2 MOVE TO BEVERLY

who is scanning BARCLAY with a medical tricorder. Barclay is sitting on a bio-bed with a worried expression. Mid-conversation.

BARCLAY
Blurred vision... dizziness... palpitations... a stinging sensation in the lower spine... it's Terrelian Death Syndrome, isn't it?

Beverly glances at him -- she's used to Barclay's hypochondria.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
I thought we agreed you'd come to me before checking the Starfleet Medical Database.

BARCLAY
Yeah, well.. this time I'm glad I did... maybe we've caught the cellular decay before it's too late.

BEVERLY
Reg. You don't have Terrelian Death Syndrome.

BARCLAY
You... you're sure?

BEVERLY
I'm sure.

A beat as Barclay thinks about this.

BARCLAY
Then I guess it must be... Symbalene blood burn.

BEVERLY
No, no... I don't see anything wrong with you at all...

Barclay seems a little disappointed by the news. Beverly reacts to her tricorder.

BEVERLY
(continuing, off tricorder)
Wait a minute... there is a slight imbalance in your K-three cell count.

Barclay pales.

BARCLAY
My K-threes... oh, no...

BEVERLY
Barclay... I'm sure it's nothing. Let me run a micro-cellular scan...

Beverly activates a MEDICAL DEVICE sitting a table next to the bio-bed, which LIGHTS UP and begins to run a test.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY
This will take a couple of minutes.

She moves off. Barclay leans over and stares intensely at the blinking lights...

FOLLOW BEVERLY

as she passes by a Medical N.D. who is working on another patient. She checks progress on the patient... nods her approval... then moves over to Riker and Ogawa. Riker is still on his stomach, Ogawa removing the last remaining thistles.

BEVERLY
(with humor, re: thistles)
You should leave a couple of those in... just to teach him a lesson.

RIKER
(wry)
Charming bedside manner...

DATA ENTERS carrying a cat bed with SPOT in it (NOTE: Spot should appear to be very PREGNANT). Data sets the basket down on a bio-bed. Beverly moves to him.

BEVERLY
(re: Spot)
How's my smallest patient doing?

DATA
I believe she is doing well. Her appetite has increased by seven percent, and she is starting to engage in pre-natal behavior.

Beverly gently feels Spots belly.

BEVERLY
She's getting close. You'll have a fresh litter of hungry kittens before the week is over. Let me run an amniotic scan, just to make sure everything's fine... and then --

BARCLAY (O.S.)
Doctor -- my capillaries are shrinking!

Beverly sighs, turns to Ogawa.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
Alissa, could you take care of
Spot for a minute? Start a
preliminary amniotic scan...

OGAWA
Yes, Doctor.

FOLLOW Beverly as she moves to Barclay, who is
anxiously staring at the blinking medical device.

BARCLAY
My intravascular pressure -- it's
... it's gone right through the
roof.

BEVERLY
You're right... it's elevated.
You've also got heightened
electrophoretic activity.

Barclay reacts.

BARCLAY
(doomed)
Electrophoretic activity... is it
serious?

BEVERLY
Well... based on this, I'd say
you've got...

(beat)
Seventy... maybe eighty years.

BARCLAY
Eighty years!
(realizes)
Eighty years?

BEVERLY
Yes, Reg. What you have is a mild
case of Urodelan Flu. It's
nothing serious. Most humans have
a natural immunity to it... but it
looks like the T-cell in your DNA
that would normally fight off this
infection is dormant.

BARCLAY
So I have... bad genes?

(_CONTINUED)
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3 CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY
You have one dormant gene out of
a hundred thousand, and I can
activate that gene with a
synthetic T-cell -- let your body
attack the infection naturally.

Beverly picks up a hypospray and adjusts it.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
You should be fine in a couple of
days.

She injects him with the hypospray. Barclay looks
greatly relieved -- a new man.

BARCLAY
Thank you, Doctor. I... I feel
much better now.

In the b.g., Riker gets off the bio-bed, fully dressed.

BEVERLY
Good. Now stay away from that
Medical Database...
(calls to Riker)
And you stay out of the Arboretum.

Riker smiles. Barclay and Riker both EXIT. Beverly
moves back to Data and Ogawa, who are examining Spot.
Ogawa is scanning the cat with a tricorder.

OGAWA
Everything looks fine, Data. You
want to know the sex of the
kittens?

Data thinks for a moment.

DATA
I have noticed that many humans
prefer not to know in order to
experience the surprise during
birth. I believe I will preserve
the mystery until then.

OGAWA
(casual)
I know what you mean... I don't
want to know either.

Beverly and Data give her a look. Ogawa's smile
broadens.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (3)

BEVERLY
Alissa...?

OGAWA
Spot's not the only one who's going to be a mother.

BEVERLY
Alissa, that's wonderful!

Beverly hugs Ogawa, genuinely pleased.

BEVERLY
How did Andrew take the news?

OGAWA
He was a little shocked... but he's getting over it.

DATA
(to Ogawa, re: Spot)
I have spent the past nine weeks as an expectant parent. I would be happy to share my insights with your husband.

(beat)
If my experience is any indication -- he will need all the help he can get.

As Beverly and Ogawa exchange a smile...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

holding position just outside an ASTEROID FIELD (as seen in "Booby Trap").

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's Log, Stardate 47653.2.
We are performing field tests of our new tactical systems and weapon upgrades. Mister Worf is supervising the exercises.

INT. BRIDGE

PICARD, RIKER, Data, WORF and ENSIGN DERN at their stations. Worf is enjoying himself immensely -- he's in his element. Picard, on the other hand, seems a little bored.

WORF
Our next test will involve the new photon torpedoes. The explosive yield has been increased by eleven percent... and I have enhanced the targeting systems for increased accuracy.

PICARD
Sounds fascinating, Mister Worf. Please proceed.

Worf smiles slightly and works the console.

WORF
(with relish)
Setting targeting coordinates to zero-zero-five mark three-one-seven... spread pattern delta nine-four...

(beat)
Torpedoes armed and loaded.

PICARD
Fire when ready.

Worf takes a moment, then hits a control with enthusiasm and watches the viewscreen...
as it FIRES THREE TORPEDOES at the asteroid field. Two of the torpedoes find their targets -- two asteroids are VAPORIZED in a spectacular BLAST of fiery debris. But the third torpedo VEERS AWAY and flies off into space, disappearing in a crazy trail off into the distance...

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

As before. Reactions to the sight.

RIKER

Worf?

WORF

(working)

One of the torpedoes has veered off course. It appears to be a malfunction in the guidance system.

PICARD

Abort and destroy.

WORF

(worked)

Torpedo is not responding... the subspace detonator will not engage.

RIKER

Lock phasers...

WORF

The torpedo is out of range.

RIKER

Even with your new, improved phasers?

Worf shoots him a look.

PICARD

Maintain a sensor lock on the torpedo -- we'll have to go after it.

DATA

That would be inadvisable, sir. The asteroid field is unusually dense -- the Enterprise is too large to navigate through it safely.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Picard thinks, gets a better idea -- he's looking for an excuse to leave.

PICARD
Then I'll take a shuttlecraft to retrieve it.
(to Data)
Mister Data, you're with me.

Picard heads for the door.

RIKER
Captain -- the shuttle pilot on duty is Lieutenant Hayes...

Picard turns to him.

PICARD
I happen to be a reasonably qualified pilot, Number One.
(beat)
Besides, these... tests hardly require the Captain's personal attention.

RIKER
Understood. Enjoy yourself, sir.

PICARD
(on the move)
In the meantime, Mister Worf -- you should consider analyzing your new guidance system.

Worf looks frustrated. Picard and Data head for the door...

DATA
(to Picard, on the move)
Captain, I will need a few minutes to take care of some personal affairs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

Picard nods and they EXIT...

CUT TO:

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

Data and Barclay are staring down at the bed, where Spot is lying down. Barclay looks surprised.

BARCLAY

Me?

DATA

(nods)

It is possible that it will take several days for Captain Picard and me to complete our mission. I would prefer to have a human present to supervise the birthing process.

Barclay sits on the bed and begins to pet Spot, affectionate -- he's very comfortable with the animal.

BARCLAY

Well... I'd be honored...

DATA

I have noticed that you are the only other member of the crew whom Spot seems to like.

BARCLAY

Really? I find that hard to believe. She's such a sweet little kitty...

DATA

She is to you. However there have been several... injuries when other crewmembers have attempted to care for her.

Barclay glances around the room.

BARCLAY

So... has she picked the place?

DATA

The... "place"?

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED:

BARCLAY
Cats usually like to pick out a specific location to give birth...

Barclay gets up and starts to looks around the room.

BARCLAY
(continuing)
It's usually someplace dark... and secluded...

He stops at a chair and peers around it.

BARCLAY
(continuing)
I'll bet this is it.

Data joins him and looks behind the chair. Lying on the floor are a couple of CAT TOYS and a ball of string. Data looks intrigued.

BARCLAY
(continuing)
I'm curious, Data. Who's the father?

DATA
I am not certain. Spot has escaped from my quarters on several occasions. And there are twelve male felines on board.

(beat)
I intend to run a full DNA analysis on the kittens once they are --

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Picard to Data. Report to Shuttlebay Two.

DATA
(to com)
On my way, Captain.

Data bends down and gives Spot a little kiss.

DATA
(continuing)
Goodbye, Spot. I believe you are in... good hands.

Barclay smiles. Data heads for the door...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BARCLAY
Don't worry about a thing, sir!

Data EXITS. As Barclay snuggles Spot...

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (STOCK - OPTICAL)

as a SHUTTLECRAFT leaves the ship...

INT. BRIDGE

Later. Riker, Ensign Dern and N.D.s at their positions. Worf is working at the aft science station, looking agitated. He taps a few controls, then slams his fist down on the console in aggravation. Riker walks up behind him, leans in close.

RIKER

Problem?

WORF
(an edge)

I have performed thirteen diagnostics of the weapons array, and I can find nothing wrong with the guidance system.

RIKER

I'll have Geordi run a diagnostic of the torpedo bay itself... maybe he can find something.

Worf glances at him, irritated.

WORF
(snaps)

Must you to stand so close to me?

Riker reacts, a little taken aback.

RIKER

Lieutenant... are you alright?

Worf is on edge, and it shows.

WORF

I am... fine, sir.

(continues)
CONTINUED:

RIKER
No, you're not. You've been working for the past six hours. You're tired. Take a break.

WORF
But sir --

RIKER
That's an order, Worf.

A beat, then Worf stands and heads for the door. OFF Riker's concern...

CUT TO:

INT. TEN FORWARD

CLOSE ON Worf, who is sitting alone at a table, eating from several plates FILLED with exotic-looking MEATS and other strange-looking FOOD. He eats hungrily, quickly, tearing into the meat with Klingon vigor. There is an almost feral quality to his behavior -- a subtle but growing change in his personality...

TROI (O.S.)
Thanks for waiting.

Worf jumps slightly, startled. He turns to see TROI standing behind him. She is dressed in casual clothing, and is carrying a glass of water.

WORF
Do not approach me unannounced -- especially while I am eating.

He turns back to his food. Troi raises an eyebrow -- what's wrong with him?

TROI
Worf... we were supposed to have lunch together, remember?

WORF
I was hungry.

Troi sits down and eyes his food.

TROI
Well, I'm hungry too...

Troi gets the attention of a passing WAITER.

(CONTINUED)
11 CONTINUED:

TROI
(continuing, to waiter)
Bring me an order of... Ongilin caviar. Make that a double order.

The waiter nods and moves off.

WORF
Caviar... for lunch?

TROI
I'm in the mood for something salty. Besides, it's no stranger than what you're eating.

Worf grunts a little and keeps eating. Troi takes a long drink from the glass of water... then rubs her arms, uncomfortable.

TROI
(continuing)
Have you noticed how dry the air is on the ship? I wonder if the environmental controls are set properly....

Worf lets out a BELCH.

TROI
(continuing, reacts)
You're excused.

He ignores her. The waiter brings over two plates of CAVIAR -- sets them on the table and moves off. Worf glances up at Troi, licking some of the food off his fingers... and he looks her up and down with a predatory gleam in his eye. Troi is about to eat when she senses something and looks up at him. She reacts to what is clearly a sexually suggestive look on his face.

TROI
(continuing)
Is something wrong?

Worf looks back down at his food, a little embarrassed. He changes the subject.

WORF
It has been a difficult day. The torpedo guidance system failed... it was my fault.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

TROI
You always say that, Worf...

WORF
(a little too loud)
It was my fault. I designed the
guidance system.

TROI
Worf... calm down.

Worf takes a breath... tries to relax.

TROI
(continuing)
I think you're under more stress
than you'd like to admit. Maybe
you should get some rest...

Worf nods, knows she's right.

WORF
Yes... perhaps you are right.
Excuse me.

Worf stands and walks off. Troi looks after him,
surprised.

TROI
I didn't mean right now...

But Worf is already at the door. OFF Troi's
puzzlement...

CUT TO:

INT. WORF'S QUARTERS

Later. The room is DARK. Worf is lying in bed,
dressed in his nightclothes, trying to sleep. He
tosses and turns for a moment, restless... then his
eyes shoot open. He sits up and glances around with
the room... jumps off the bed and begins to move around
the room in search of something... his movements quick
and predatory, strange. Worf is changing... some sort
of primordial instincts taking over...

He zeroes in on a particular spot on the floor, seems
to find what he's looking for. He bends down and
sniffs around that area, taking in the scent, making
sure it's the right place. Satisfied, he rushes back
to the bed and tosses off the blankets and pillows. He
then begins to violently TEAR THE MATTRESS APART.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He rips out large amounts of stuffing... grabs an armful and takes over to his "spot" on the floor. He throws the stuffing down and arranges it to form a "nest" of sorts...

Satisfied, Worf lays down in the spot. He curls up in a fetal ball and closes his eyes. Within seconds he is asleep.

OFF the bizarre moment...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. ENGINEERING

GEORDI and Barclay are reporting to Riker. Barclay is very animated throughout the scene, bristling with nervous energy and mannerisms -- even more so than usual. It is a very subtle behavioral change, the foreshadowing of a more radical transformation. Riker, on the other hand, seems a little slow -- one step behind the others. This is the subtle beginnings of Riker losing his intellectual capabilities.

BARCLAY
(very quick)
We removed the torpedo bay's primary guidance module and found a power fluctuation in the forward sensor cluster and we think there may be a radial imbalance in the phase discriminator. Now what we want to do next is run a level four diagnostic, but that's going to mean shutting down auxiliary power to nineteen decks and --

RIKER
(cutting in)
Wait... slow down... I lost you back there...
(beat)
Which sensor cluster?

Barclay scratches the side of his face, a nervous twitch that continues throughout the scene.

BARCLAY
(quick)
The forward. It's... it's a power fluctuation in the converter nodes. Minor adjustment -- minor.

Riker gives him a blank look. Geordi steps in, trying to help, hands Riker a PADD.

GEORDI
(re: PADD)
It's all right in here in this diagram, sir.

Riker stares at the PADD for a long moment, trying to make sense of the diagram. There's an awkward beat.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

RIKER
I'll... take a look at this later.
In the meantime, go ahead and run your diagnostic. I'll notify all departments about the power shut-down.

Suddenly, a small ALARM goes off on a console across the room. Barclay whirls around.

BARCLAY
I'll check that!

Barclay rushes across the room to the console. Riker eyes him.

RIKER
(re: Barclay)
He's full of energy today.

GEORDI
(nods)
I can't get him to slow down.
He's been working since late last night...

BARCLAY
(off console)
Looks like a plasma conduit just cut out in Junction Seventeen. I'll go take a look...

Barclay grabs an equipment case and heads for the Jefferies Tube.

GEORDI
Hold on, Reg -- I'll go with you!
(to Riker, on the move)
We'll keep you posted, sir.

Riker nods. As Geordi EXITS into the Jefferies Tube...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

Troi is standing watch, dressed in her uniform. Worf is working at Tactical. He looks sullen and somewhat disheveled -- his hair is slightly mussed and his uniform is wrinkled. Ensign Dern and N.D.s at stations. Troi shivers a little, cold.

(CONTINUED)
TROI
(to computer)
Computer, increase ambient air temperature by two degrees Centigrade... and increase relative humidity another ten percent.

Worf shoots her an irritated look.

WORF
(to computer)
Computer, reset environmental controls to standard.

Troi turns to him.

TROI
Worf, it's freezing in here.

WORF
You have already raised the temperature three times. It is too hot.

Troi is uncharacteristically edgy.

TROI
(firm)
Live with it.
(to computer)
Computer, execute my original command.

Worf bristles. Troi shifts in her chair, uncomfortable -- it's a strange moment... she's edgy, cold... finally she stands and heads for the door.

TROI
(continuing)
I need a bath...
(to Worf)
You have the Bridge.

Troi EXITS. Worf seems to be unconcerned with her strange behavior and hasty exit. OFF his gloomy face...

CUT TO:
15 INT. JEFFERIES TUBE (OPTICAL)

Barclay and Geordi crawling along, Barclay carrying the equipment case. Barclay is crawling quickly and with great skill — Geordi can barely keep up. They come to a stop at a CORRODED PANEL that looks like it's been eaten away by acid.

BARCLAY
Here we are.
(eyes panel)
It looks like the conduit ruptured. No problem, I'll just bypass it...

Barclay opens a SECOND PANEL along the wall, and sets the PANEL COVER on the floor. He reaches into the acid-eaten panel and grabs hold of a CABLE, which FRITZES with an ELECTRICAL FLASH for a moment. He begins to insert the cable in the second wall panel, re-routing it...

As Barclay works, Geordi scans the acid-eaten panel with his tricorder.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GEORDI
(off tricorder)
Reg... wait a second... look at the corroded edges... and the blast pattern. This conduit didn't just rupture on its own... it looks like something dissolved the bulkhead and ate through the conduit...

Barclay stops, looks at the panel and runs a hand across his face -- that nervous twitch again.

BARCLAY
And that... that caused the rupture?

GEORDI
I think so. Whatever dissolved the bulkhead was highly corrosive... but it's not like any solvent I've ever seen...

Barclay continues re-routing the cable. Geordi moves in closer to the panel, scanning.

GEORDI
(continuing)
There's a high level of cholic acid here... enzymatic agents... If I didn't know any better, I'd say this solvent was organic.

Barclay completes his work, scratches at his face in confusion.

BARCLAY
(quick)
Maybe we should run a bio-spectral analysis of the solvent... take a closer look.

Geordi nods... and yawns, tired.

GEORDI
Good idea. But let's take a break first, give ourselves a chance to --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BARCLAY
You go ahead, sir. I'll take care of it.

Barclay starts crawling off down the Tube. Geordi sighs, then moves after him.

GEORDI
(quiet)
I don't know what's gotten into you, Reg...

OFF the image of the re-routed cable -- which is left stretching across the Tube between the two panels, and the panel cover is left lying on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. TROI'S QUARTERS

Troi is in uniform, drinking a large glass of water. She drinks the entire glass, then immediately fills the glass from a nearby pitcher of water.

TROI
(to computer)
Computer, adjust temperature to twenty-nine degrees Celsius... relative humidity to ninety percent.

The computer works. Troi takes another sip of water and EXITS into another part of the room...

INT. TROI'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small but comfortable room with a large, luxurious BATHTUB. Troi paces for a moment, edgy -- she shivers -- the tub isn't filling fast enough and she needs to get warm! In a bizarre moment, she crawls into the tub IN UNIFORM and sits under the faucet, splashing water onto her face and body. As she struggles to keep wet and warm...

CUT TO:
STAR TREK: "Genesis" - 01/07/94 - ACT TWO

18 INT. BRIDGE 18

Worf, Dern, N.D.s at stations. Riker ENTERS, moves to Command. He reacts to the temperature in the room.

RIKER
It's awfully hot in here.

WORF
Counselor Troi would not let us turn down the temperature.

Riker glances around.

RIKER
Where is she? This is supposed to be her watch.

WORF
She said she needed... a bath.

A bath?

RIKER
Yes sir.

WORF
(continuing)
Permission to be excused. I am not... feeling well.

Worf looks at Riker, more agitated than ever.

Riker nods and Worf EXITS. Riker moves to the command area. Ensign Dern turns to him.

DERN
Commander, we received a communication from Starfleet. They wanted to know when they could expect your performance analysis of the new weapon systems.

Riker looks at him blankly.

RIKER
The weapon systems...?

DERN
Yes, sir.

(beat)
The ones we've been testing for the past few days...?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Riker suddenly remembers.

RIKER
Oh, that's right...

A long beat. Riker seems to drift for a moment.

DEAN
(awkward)
What should I tell them, sir?

RIKER
Tell them... we're not finished yet...

Dern turns and works his console. Off Riker's face as he stares off into middle distance. It's a subtle but strange moment... something is affecting his ability to concentrate...

CUT TO:

INT. TROI'S QUARTERS - BATHROOM

The room is now filled is STEAM. Troi is still lying in the tub in her uniform, luxuriating in the hot water (the tub is now filled). She closes her eyes and exhales in a long, sensuous breath. She rolls her head around for a moment and opens her eyes...

TROI'S POV

Worf is standing over her -- a strange and eerie figure in the swirling mist.

RESUME TROI

who is startled to see Worf in her bathroom.

TROI
Worf... what are you doing in here?

Worf is focused on Troi -- seems intent on seducing her and is unaware of her concern. His primal drives have completely taken over now, and there is a terrifying predatory quality to his behavior. When he speaks, there is a growl-like edge to his voice.

(CONTINUED)
WORF
I had to be with you...

TROI
Well, as you can see, I'm a little busy right now. Please come back later.

She shivers, cold.

TROI
(to computer)
Computer, increase water temperature by five degrees.

Troi sinks deeper into the water as it gets deliciously warmer. She seems obsessed with keeping warm and her level of comfort. Worf is nearly intoxicated with his feelings of desire and closeness to Troi. He kneels down by the tub, drinks in the smell of her skin.

WORF
Get out of the water. Now.

Troi looks at him, disturbed by his tone and intent.

TROI
Worf... what do you think you're --

Worf suddenly reaches out and GRABS one of her hands, holds it tightly. He lets out a low and sensual growl. Troi pulls her hand away -- she's had about enough of this.

TROI
Leave me alone, or I'm going to call security.

She sinks back deeper into the tub in retreat. Worf looks confused for a moment -- why is she resisting him? His expression hardens... dangerous.

(Continued)
Without warning, Worf BITES her on the cheek, hard. Troi cries out in pain and hits Worf back with her hand in defense. Worf pulls back, jolted out of his state of desire. Troi looks at him in shock, puts her hand to her cheek, which is bleeding. They both look at each other in stunned amazement...

CUT TO:

INT. SICKBAY

A short time later. Troi is lying on a bio-bed, wrapped in a blanket. She is shivering, cold. Ogawa is treating the nasty-looking bite-wound on her cheek. Beverly is scanning her with a tricorder.

TROI
It's just so cold in here...
(quickly, to passing N.D.)
May I have a glass of water...?

The N.D. nods and moves off.

BEVERLY
(to Troi)
Your temperature has dropped eight degrees. I want to run a hypothalamic series right away.

OGAWA
Doctor, we've had three other crewmembers complaining about the temperature levels. Some feel like they have fevers... others are freezing, like Counselor Troi.

Beverly considers.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
Call Doctor Sedar and Doctor
Hacopian. We may have some kind
of viral infection going around.
(beat)
I'm going to check on Worf...

Beverly moves to another part of the room...

NEW ANGLE - ON WORF

who is sitting on a bio-bed, staring into middle
distance. His mouth is open and he is breathing
heavily. He ignores Beverly as she comes over and
scans him with a tricorder.

BEVERLY
Worf, have you had any unusual
symptoms lately? Headaches...
nausea... dizziness?

No response.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
Worf? Worf... can you hear me?

Worf won't even look at her -- he's in his own world.
She reaches over and lifts one of his eyelids, looks at
his eyes closely.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
I think we'd better run a full bio-
scan. I want you to lie down.

He ignores her. She tries to gently press him back
onto the bed.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
Worf, lie down...

He stiffens and won't move.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
Okay... we'll do this sitting up.

She starts to move away, but stops when she sees
something on Worf's neck. She leans in close for a
better look...
CLOSE ON WORF'S NECK

There is a small, veiny POUCH on Worf's neck just below the jaw line, back towards his ear.

RESUME

Beverly reacts to the strange sight.

BEVERLY

What's this...?

She gingerly touches the pouch...

BEVERLY

(continuing)

Worf, how long have you had this on your neck?

No answer. Beverly begins to scan him with her tricorder... is amazed at what she finds...

BEVERLY

(continuing, off tricorder)

It's full of some sort of bio-acidic compound... almost like a venom sack...

(beat)

Open your mouth.

Worf doesn't respond. Beverly reaches out to open his mouth. As she touches his face, Worf's eyes flash like an animal caught unaware and he looks at her. He opens his mouth and SPRAYS her from some hidden ducts inside his mouth -- like a spitting cobra. A BLAST of VENOM catches Beverly full in the face. She screams, falls back to the floor, her hands reaching toward her face. Worf leaps out the bed and runs out the door.

As Ogawa rushes to Beverly's aid...

CUT TO:
EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL) as before.

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Riker, Ogawa and Barclay. Throughout the scene, Riker seems a little slow -- one step behind the others. His ability to think is getting worse. Mid-conversation.

OGAWA

I managed to get her into stasis before the venom paralyzed her. She's going to need reconstructive surgery... but I think she'll be alright.

Barclay chimes in. He's more energetic than ever -- fidgeting, can't sit still. He may even get up out of his chair and sit down a few times as the scene progresses.

BARCLAY

(quickly)
Sir, we analyzed the venom and compared it to the acidic compound we found in Junction Seventeen... and on Decks Ten and Twelve. They all have the same enzymatic composition...

Riker tries to make sense of this.

RIKER

Are you saying that Mister Worf has been... spraying this... this...

BARCLAY

Venom.

RIKER

Venom... all over the ship?

BARCLAY

I'd say so.

Riker nods... tries to make sense of the situation.

OGAWA

Commander, sixty crewmen have begun to exhibit strange behavioral changes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
OGAWA (Cont'd)
Memory loss... fatigue...
headaches...
(beat)
Doctor Selar and I are trying to coordinate everything... but we're having a tough time understanding what we're dealing with.
(beat)
I think one thing is clear... there's some sort of disease aboard the Enterprise... and it's spreading.

Riker nods, tries to organize his thoughts.

RIKER
I'm having trouble concentrating myself... it's like my mind keeps... wandering... I can't...

He drifts off. There's an uncomfortable moment. Geordi ENTERS, looking concerned.

GEORDI
(to Riker)
Commander -- I have seven security teams hunting for Worf, but for some reason sensors are having trouble locking onto him. I've called a Level Two Security Alert -- do you think we should go to a Level One?

Riker hesitates.

RIKER
I... don't know. What do you think?

GEORDI
I think we should...

RIKER
Okay... sounds good... then you'll take care of that... security thing, won't you?

GEORDI
Yes sir.

Riker takes a moment.

(CONTINUED)
RIKER
I'll... contact Starfleet... let them know what's happening. You have your orders. Dismissed.

Everyone stands and EXITS. Riker taps a control on the table.

RIKER
(to computer)
Computer, send a subspace message to Starfleet command... security channel, authorization...

He hesitates... a long beat.

COMPUTER VOICE
Alpha-four seven authorization required to activate security channel.

Riker struggles to stay focused... but his attention is drifting and he begins to stare out the window at the stars, as if seeing them for the first time.

RIKER
Computer...

Beat.

COMPUTER VOICE
Awaiting authorization.

* But Riker no longer hears the computer. He stares vacantly out the window... gone.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
STAR TREK: "Genesis" - 01/07/94 - ACT THREE

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28 EXT. SPACE - THE SHUTTLECRAFT (OPTICAL)

seen earlier, at impulse.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's Log, supplemental.
Commander Data and I have
recovered the stray torpedo after
a three day search. We are
enroute back to the Enterprise.

29 INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

Data at the helm. Picard in back examining a PHOTON
TORPEDO. Data reacts to the console, puzzled.

DATA
Captain, the ship is not at the
pre-arranged coordinates.

Picard joins him.

PICARD
Have they been delayed?

DATA
I do not know. I am unable to
raise them on any communication
channel.

Picard considers.

PICARD
Scan the vicinity... see if you
can find them...

As Data works...

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SPACE - THE SHUTTLECRAFT (OPTICAL)

as it flies into view of the ENTERPRISE, which is
floating ADRIFT in empty space. The great ship is
slowly ROLLING, tumbling through space in an aimless
barrel roll...
31 INT. SHUTTLECRAFT

Picard and Data looking out the windows at the offscreen ship.

DATA
(off console)
The Enterprise appears to be adrift. I am reading power fluctuations on all decks...

Picard stares out the window.

PICARD
Life signs?
Data works.

DATA
There are life signs, but the sensor readings are highly distorted. I am unable to identify specific lifeforms.

Picard considers.

PICARD
Adjust our axial stabilizers to match the attitude and rotation rate of the Enterprise...
(beat)
I'm going to dock the shuttle manually...

As Picard works the pilot controls...

32 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The shuttlecraft flies toward the ship, slowly ROTATING at the same angle and rate as the Enterprise...

CUT TO:
INT. SHUTTLEBAY

The room is DARK, lit by emergency lights only. Cargo containers are strewn about -- the room is in a state of disarray. Picard and Data's shuttlecraft is now parked in the bay, its door OPEN. Picard and Data step out of the shuttle, phasers drawn, holding palm beacons. They look around the empty room... then Data moves to a wall panel, taps it.

DATA
(off panel)
Main power is off-line. All systems are in Emergency or Stand-by mode... and there is no response from any manned station.

PICARD
Any sign of the crew?

DATA
(works)
I cannot access the internal sensors from here. We will have to go to the Bridge.

Picard nods and they make their way across the room. Picard wrinkles his face.

PICARD
What's that smell?

Data sniffs the air.

DATA
It is a mixture of methane, uric acid and ammonia. There is also an abundance of pheromones in the air.

Picard reacts to this as they reach the door, phasers at-the-ready...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Picard and Data ENTER the DARK corridor and start walking, aware and ready for anything. Somewhere in the distance we can hear strange ANIMALISTIC SOUNDS -- howls... screeches... clicks... distant CRIES of pain... strange and eerie.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PICARD
That sounds like... animals.

DATA
Yes, sir. I am able to discern over three hundred different vocalizations.

They continue walking... the strange sounds echoing through the ship. Picard sees something lying on the floor and moves to it.

PICARD
(continuing)
Look at this...

They stop at a long, dried SKIN HUSK, like the shedding of a snake-skin -- but it has a vaguely humanoid shape. Data scans it.

DATA
(off tricorder)
It is composed of reptilian DNA... I believe it is an epidermal layer that has been cast off during molting.

PICARD
But it seems to be humanoid...

DATA
Yes, sir. I cannot explain it. There are no species aboard the Enterprise that shed their skin in this fashion.

Picard considers, then indicates that they should move on. They stand and continue walking. Data sees something on a nearby door and moves to it. The door is covered with CONDENSATION. They react to the strange sight.

PICARD
This is Commander Troi's quarters... can you tell if she's inside?

(continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

DATA
No, sir.

PICARD
I want to take a look inside.
Stand ready.

They both point their phasers at the door. Picard taps a control and the doors OPEN. STEAM comes drifting into the corridor from within. They walk into the room...

INT. TROI'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Picard and Data ENTER. The room is filled with a light MIST -- it's like the inside of a greenhouse, damp and hot. Picard moves to a desk console, checks it.

PICARD
The environmental settings in this room have been altered...

Data looks around the room, then heads in the direction of the bathroom. Picard follows...

INT. TROI'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Picard and Data ENTER the steamy room. Picard sees the bathtub, which is completely filled with water. He moves to it and stares down into the water --

TROI
is visible beneath the water's surface. She's in uniform, lying face-down, hair drifting in the water. She looks dead.

PICARD
Deanna!

Picard immediately thrusts both arms into the water and grabs hold of Troi's upper-body, pulls her head up and out into the air --

Troi starts to GASP, her mouth gulping horribly for air. We now see that there are two GILL SLITS on either side of her neck, and that her skin is covered with a OILY SHEEN -- like the skin of an eel.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

Her EYES shoot open, revealing that they are an inhuman GOLD COLOR with a RED SLIT running vertically down the middle. It's a bizarre amalgam of human and amphibian features.

PICARD
(horrified)
What's happened to her...

Troi looks around with quick, darting movements -- alien, strange. She doesn't seem to recognize Picard or Data... seems unaware of her surroundings. She has been utterly transformed.

DATA
(off tricorder)
Her DNA is in a state of ribo-cyatic flux... her genetic codes are being re-sequenced... and her cells are mutating as a result.
(beat)
At a fundamental level, she is no longer human.

PICARD
What... is she?

DATA
(scanning)
Her respiratory tissue has become capable of metabolizing water as well as air... and her eyes have developed nictitating membranes...
(beat)
I believe she has become... amphibian, sir.

Picard eyes the bite mark on her cheek (seen earlier).

PICARD
She's been injured...

Data scans the wound.

DATA
There is Klingon DNA in the wound. *
It is saliva.

PICARD
You mean, she's been bitten?

DATA
It would appear so.

(CONTINUED)
37 CONTINUED: (2)

Troi suddenly wriggles around in Picard's grasp and twists her body, deftly dropping back into the water with a little splash. Picard looks after her a moment, then stands.

DATA
(re: Troi)
I will need to run a full bio-spectral analysis.

PICARD
(nods)
First we've got to get the ship under control... let's go to the Bridge.

As they EXIT...

INT. BRIDGE

Picard and Data ENTER the DARKENED Bridge. There are SCRATCH MARKS on the walls, and one of the aft consoles has been SHATTERED. There is a dead crewmember on the floor -- it's Ensign Dern. They quickly move to Dern, who has nasty-looking scratch marks on his face, uniform in tatters. Data scans him.

DATA
His upper spinal column has been broken in three places.

PICARD
It looks like he's been attacked by some sort of animal...

(beat)
Has his DNA changed, as well?

DATA
Yes. However, the mutation was in its initial stages when he died.

A beat, then Picard moves to the Conn position and starts working. Data moves to Ops.

(CONTINUED)
PICARD
(working)
I've restored attitude control to
the ship. But I can't get main
power back on-line... it looks
like the entire power transfer
grid has been destroyed...

Data reacts to his console.

DATA
(off console)
Captain, I am picking up one
thousand eleven individual life
readings within the ship. All
exhibit a genetic flux similar to
the one we observed in Counselor
Troi.

PICARD
Then the entire ship has been
affected...

DATA
(off console)
Most of the lifeforms are
scattered throughout ship's
quarters... but there are several
large concentrations in the
arboretum, and the aquatics lab.

There is a sudden THUMPING noise from the Ready Room.
Data and Picard exchange a look, then draw their
phasers and head for the door...

INT. READY ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Picard and Data ENTER and see --

RIKER (OPTICAL)
who is banging and clawing at the fishbowl, trying to
get at the fish inside.

PICARD
Commander Riker...?
CONTINUED:

Riker whirls around, a startled look on his face. He has transformed into a PROTO-HUMAN. He has a pronounced forehead, large orbital ridge and nose... and his TEETH have changed -- protruding upper-palate and long canines. Dark HAIR covers his hands and face. He resembles a cross between a modern human and an early primate.

PICARD
(reacts)
Wil...?

Riker eyes Picard and Data with a suspicious look. Data begins to scan him.

DATA
(off tricorder)
His cranial plates have thickened by twenty percent -- his brain is much smaller, sir. I doubt he can comprehend our language.

Riker tilts his head at their words, as if some part of him might understand. He makes a low, throaty sound in response, keeps his eyes trained on them.

PICARD
I think he's trying to communicate...

Picard takes a careful step forward.

PICARD
(gently)
Wil, can you --

Riker suddenly grabs the desktop terminal and THROWS it at Picard, who manages to get out of the way. Riker LUNGES for Picard -- GRABS hold of him, growling low and vicious. Data quickly PULLS Riker off of Picard and FIRES his phaser. Riker is jolted backward a step... but quickly recovers and heads for Data with a rabid expression. Data FIRES again, and this time Riker FALLS to the floor, unconscious. They both move to him.

PICARD
He looks almost... proto-human.

(CONTINUED)
DATA
Yes, sir. His DNA would seem to confirm that observation.

A beat as Data realizes...

DATA
Captain... I believe the crew is de-evolving.

OFF Picard's reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 INT. SICKBAY

A short time later. The room is DARK. Picard and Data are standing next to the operating table, where the proto-humanoid Riker is lying unconscious. Data is working the controls on the table. Picard is injecting Riker with a hypospray.

PICARD

This tranquilizer should keep him unconscious for another seven hours.

(beat)

What have you found out?

DATA

I have analyzed Commander Riker's DNA structure. A synthetic T-cell has invaded his genetic code. This T-cell has begun to activate his latent introns.

PICARD

Introns?

DATA

They are genetic codes which are normally dormant. They are evolutionary holdovers -- sequences of DNA that provided key physical and behavioral characteristics millions of years ago, but are no longer necessary.

(beat)

For instance, Counselor Troi's gill slits and other amphibious characteristics were derived from introns which still contain amphibious codes.

PICARD

So these... introns are causing her DNA to re-combine in an earlier configuration?

(CONTINUED)
DATA
That is correct. In her case, the
DNA is creating an amphibious
lifeform which became extinct over
fifty million years ago.

Picard considers this bizarre notion, stares down at
Riker for a beat.

PICARD
Commander Riker's introns are
changing him into one of the
earlier hominids...

DATA
Yes, sir. I would say...
Australopithacine.

(beat)
Each of these stages is another
link in the evolutionary chain,
stretching back to the origins of
all lifeforms on Earth.

(beat)
Because introns can include
genetic material from many
different species over millions of
years of evolution, it is possible
that a wide variety of
transformations is occurring among
the crew.

PICARD
What about crewmembers who are not
from Earth?

DATA
All humanoid life has a similar
genetic pattern. The virus should
affect non-human crewmembers in
the same way. They are each de-
evolving to earlier forms of life
on their homeworlds.

Data looks at him, tries to find the best way to put
this...

DATA
(continuing)
I feel I must point out, sir, that
you have become infected with the
intron virus, as well.
Picard reacts, disturbed.

**PICARD**

*How long before I start to change?*

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

DATA
According to my calculations, within the next twelve hours, you will begin to exhibit the first signs of your eventual transformation.

PICARD
Which will be what...?

DATA
I believe you will also de-evolve into some form of early primate. Possibly similar to a lemur, or pygmy marmoset.

A long, terrible beat. Picard tries to make light of it.

PICARD
Well... before I begin scurrying about, searching for food, we need to find some answers.

(beat)
How do we reverse the process?

DATA
I am uncertain. We will need to run several micro-cellular scans. However, the ship's main computer has been damaged. Possibly by crewmembers who did not know what they were doing.

(thinks)
The computer in my quarters has an independent processing and memory storage unit, and should not be affected. I suggest we work from there.

PICARD
Agreed.

They both pull out their phasers and head for the door...

CUT TO:

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

Picard and Data ENTER and move to Data's desk. Almost immediately, we hear the sounds of MEWING KITTENS.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Data reacts.

**DATA**

I believe Spot has had her kittens.

They move to an area near the bed, where we see a small LITTER OF KITTENS huddled together. Data bends down and gently examines them.

**PICARD**

They sound hungry.

**DATA**

Yes. I am curious as to why Spot is not taking care of them.

Data stands and glances around, then moves to a nearby chair. He looks behind it and reacts to what he sees --

**ANGLE BEHIND CHAIR**

where sitting in the middle of Spot's toys is a large, cat-sized Iguana -- it is wearing Spot's collar.

**DATA**

Spotty...

Picard comes over and sees the reptile.

**PICARD**

It would seem the intron virus isn't limited to humanoid lifeforms.

**DATA**

No, sir.

Data thinks for a moment, then gets an idea. He scans the iguana with his tricorder, then walks over to the kittens and scans them, as well.

**PICARD**

What is it?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DATA
These kittens were born within the last twenty-four hours. It appears that Spot's transformation took place at approximately the same time.

PICARD
So... Spot gave birth to the kittens while she was... changing into a reptilian form?

DATA
I believe so. For some reason, the intron virus was not passed on to the kittens. I do not know why.

They think about this.

PICARD
As I remember my biology, there are several natural immune systems that come into play in the womb of the mother... to protect the unborn from viral infections...

DATA
That is true. The placental barrier, maternal antibodies and amniotic fluid all serve as a filtration system.

Picard thinks -- he's onto something...

PICARD
Maybe we could... inhibit this intron virus by using some of the natural antibodies in Spot's amniotic fluid...

Data considers.

DATA
It would take further research, but I believe that to be effective on humanoid crewmembers, humanoid antibodies would be necessary.

(CONTINUED)
PICARD
Then perhaps we should locate a
humanoid who's pregnant...

Data nods, remembers something.

DATA
Nurse Ogawa recently became
pregnant...

PICARD
Then we need to locate Nurse
Ogawa.

Data moves to his desk and works the console.

DATA
I have traced her combadge signal
to Deck Seventeen, Section Twenty-one Alpha.

PICARD
The Arboretum...

Before they can head out the door, the ship suddenly
shakes. Data checks his desk console.

DATA
(off console)
One of the warp plasma vents has
failed. Main Engineering has been
abandoned -- there is no one there
to fix the problem.

Picard nods -- they'd better fix it. As they head for
the door...

CUT TO:
INT. ENGINEERING

Picard and Data ENTER the room with caution, their phasers drawn, ready for anything. The room is DARK and various consoles are FLICKERING on and off. Data moves to the pool table, starts to work.

DATA
I can repair the damaged plasma vent from here.

PICARD
I'd better check the status of the warp core...

Picard heads toward Geordi's office...

NEW ANGLE

in Geordi's office. Picard moves to a console and stops. The console is covered in gossamer strands of FIBROUS MATERIAL -- web-like, strange. He looks around -- the fibers are everywhere, some of the fibers are even hanging from the ceiling...

A strange CHITTERING NOISE is heard -- rapid little clicks, insect-like. Picard turns at the sound... he seems on edge, nervous... moves to the glass partition and looks out at the darkened warp core chamber...

Without warning, something SLAMS into the glass. Picard leaps back, very startled, and is shocked to see --

BARCLAY

who has transformed into a horrible cross between human and SPIDER. His EYES are black and bulbous -- and he has three smaller EYES growing out of his forehead. His skin is mottled with distinctive colorations and hairy CILIA. His hands are completely unrecognizable -- hooked and terrible. Barclay is BANGING against the glass, trying to get at Picard.

Picard levels his phaser at Barclay, breathless and on the verge of panic.

PICARD
(calls out)

Data!

Data rushes in, As he enters, Barclay quickly scitters away, out of view. Picard and Data cautiously enter the warp core chamber, look around. Barclay is nowhere in sight.

(CONTINUED)
PICARD
(shaken)
What was that?

DATA
I believe it was Lieutenant
Barclay. He appeared to be
partially transformed into an
arachnid.

PICARD
A spider?

DATA
(nods)
I recognized the chitin
colorations. He is becoming a
member of the Pisauridae family.

Picard takes a breath, holds out his hand, which is
trembling. He is uncharacteristically anxious and
rattled. He looks about from side to side, as though
reacting to a looming threat.

DATA
Captain. Are you all right?

PICARD
I have the most intense feeling
of... fear... panic... as if I
were being watched...

(beat)
I can't explain it.

DATA
You may be experiencing the
initial stages of your
transformation. Early primates
were often prey for larger
carnivores -- as a result, their
instincts probably included a
heightened sense of awareness.

Picard looks around, worried.

PICARD
If that's the case, then my
instincts tell me... we'd better
hurry.

Data nods and they head for the door...

CUT TO:
EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
hanging in empty space.
INT. SICKBAY

CLOSE ON Nurse Ogawa who is transforming into a PROTO-HUMAN. Her brow, forehead and jaw region are more pronounced... her face and shoulders are covered with HAIR. She is lying unconscious on the operation table underneath the CLAMSHELL. Data is working the controls. The Troi/Amphibian can be seen lying on a bio-bed nearby, covered with a blanket, unconscious. Riker is also there, unconscious. Picard is in the b.g., phaser drawn and pacing around the room, his primal instincts growing by the minute...

DATA

Captain.

Picard quickly moves to him.

DATA
(re: Ogawa)
I have analyzed Nurse Ogawa's embryo. It has been unaffected by the virus. I believe I can use her amniotic fluid as a template for a retro-virus. It would neutralize the synthetic T-cell, and re-establish the original genetic patterns of each host.

Picard looks relieved.

PICARD
How soon can you have it ready?

DATA
It will not take long to isolate the appropriate genetic material. However, I will need to get the Sickbay computer back on --

Suddenly, something SLAMS against the Sickbay door. They jump at the sound, startled. Another SLAM. Something is trying to get into the room.

PICARD
(anxious)
What -- what's that?

There is a low, terrifying HOWL from the corridor. And then a SNIFFLING sound begins around the door frame -- the unseen creature is looking for a way in. Data grabs a tricorder and points it at the door.

(CONTINUED)
DATA
(off tricorder)
It is large, approximately two
hundred kilograms... and it is
heavily armored with an exo-
skeleton of some sort...
(reacts)
The lifesigns appear to be...
Klingon.

PICARD
Worf...
The sniffing sound stops, and there is a pause. Then
with tremendous force a FIST SLAMS into the door — and
this time we see the METAL BUCKLE INWARD from the force
of the blow. OFF their reactions — what now?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
FADE IN:

51 INT. SICKBAY

Continuous action. Picard and Data, tense. Worf SMASHING loudly against the door outside. Picard adjusts his phaser.

PICARD
Set your phaser to heavy stun.

DATA
We have no way of knowing if the stun setting will have any effect on him, sir. And a higher setting may kill him.

The pounding stops... and we hear a long, drawn-out Klingon HOWL -- the same distinctive cry as before. Something about the howl strikes a chord in Picard, who is struggling to stay calm and rational...

PICARD
(re: howl)
Listen to that... he sounds angry... aggressive...
(thinks)
What does Worf want... is he responding to some sort of predatory instinct? Does he see us as prey?

DATA
There are crewmembers in the corridors and other sections of the ship. It would be much easier for him to capture and consume one of them, rather than attempt to break through a door.

Another HIT against the door, and the sound of creaking metal. Picard flinches at the noise, heart racing, his instincts telling him to run. Another ROAR from outside. Picard grips the table and tries to steel himself... it's difficult...

PICARD
Then... what does he want?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
PICARD (Cont'd)
(thinking)
Predators use vocalizations to frighten off other predators... to mark territory... and to initiate the mating process...
(that's it)
The mating process...

Picard realizes something... turns and moves to the unconscious Troi on a nearby bio-bed.

PICARD
(continuing)
Counselor Troi has been bitten by a Klingon... but it's not in a life-threatening location... nowhere near a major artery or organ...

The POUNDING begins again. Picard flinches, his hands trembling. He holds them tight and tries to think out loud...

PICARD
(continuing)
And look at the wound itself... the penetration of the bite is very shallow, as if he didn't intend to seriously injure her...

DATA
What are you suggesting, Captain?

PICARD
Is it possible that Worf thinks of Troi as his mate?

Data considers.

DATA
If that is true, then he must now by trying to reach her.

PICARD
We... we can't just leave. We've got to stay here and protect her... and keep working on the retro-virus...
(thinks)
If we can't stun him, then we'll have to distract him somehow... lure him away from Deanna...

(CONTINUED)
DATA
The mating instinct is quite strong in Klingon biology. I am not certain what would serve as an effective lure.

(CONTINUED)
Picard thinks.

**PICARD**
Klingons have a highly developed sense of smell... if we could duplicate Deanna's pheromones, we might be able to convince him she has left Sickbay... and is somewhere else on the ship...

Data gets an idea, moves to a nearby tray and picks up a medical SAMPLER DEVICE. He applies it to Troi's neck.

**DATA**
(work) I am extracting a blood sample from one of her sebaceous glands, where pheromones are produced.

Data then connects the sampler device to a desktop hypospray-loader (as seen in "The Naked Now") and hits a button.

**DATA**
(continuing, working) I believe I can activate the pheromones with a bio-activant solution.

**PICARD**
Can you amplify the pheromones? They'll have to be far more powerful than Deanna's actual scent.

Data adjusts the loader... then removes the hypospray.

**DATA**
I believe this will produce the desired effect.
(beat)
I will use it to draw Worf to a different part of the ship.

Data turns to go, but Picard stops him. Picard is struggling to fight his inner-panic, his instincts battling one another... but he knows what he must do...

**PICARD**
No... you... you must stay here... continue working on the retro-virus...

(CONTINUED)
Picard glances at the door with a mixture of determination and dread.

PICARD  
(continuing)  
I'll go...

DATA  
Captain, that would be extremely unwise. Worf may be much faster than --

PICARD  
(urgent)  
No time... no time to argue.

Picard glances at the door, panic welling up within him... but he fights it back and finally grabs the hypospray. He heads for the door by Beverly's office. As Data returns to the operating table and begins to work on Ogawa...

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE SICKBAY  

Picard ENTERS, the hypospray in one hand, phaser in the other. He immediately moves to the opposite wall, presses his back close against it. He steels himself, then slowly peers around the corner...

PICARD'S POV  
of Worf, who can be seen pounding on the door to Sickbay. He is barely visible in the darkness, a hulking form. We should get the merest glimpse that he has gone through a remarkable transformation into something larger and more powerful. (See description below.)

PICARD  
quickly pulls back... he reaches around the corner with the hypospray... then sprays the pheromones into the air with a HISSING sound. A long beat goes by... and the pounding noise stops. Picard listens carefully... silence... then pounding FOOTSTEPS are heard coming his way. It's working! Worf lets out a mating HOWL, as heard before.

Picard takes off running down the corridor -- the chase is on...
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55 INT. SICKBAY

Data is working at the large WALL MONITOR, trying to get the computer on-line.

DATA
(to computer)
Computer -- activate medical database.

COMPUTER VOICE
Main computer systems are inactive -- unable to comply.

Data adjusts a control.

DATA
Computer, bypass database system -- activate local subprocessors only.

COMPUTER VOICE
Acknowledged.

The wall monitor COMES ALIVE. Satisfied, Data moves across the room to Ogawa...

56 INT. CORRIDOR

Quick action. Picard running down the corridor, spraying pheromones into the air as he goes. We can hear Worf's FOOTSTEPS not far behind. Picard comes to an intersection, ducks into another corridor and sprays the pheromones down that hall... sprays some more all around the intersection itself in an attempt to confuse Worf. He runs down a third corridor...

57 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

(Near the Transporter Room set.) Picard ENTERS and runs down the long hall... and stops. He's at a dead-end. He turns to go back, but the FOOTSTEPS are rapidly approaching. No time. He quickly moves to the Turbolift and taps the control pad. Nothing happens. Picard works at the control pad, desperately trying to get the door open... suspense building as the footsteps are getting closer and closer...

The Turbolift doors finally SLIDE OPEN. Picard is about to enter when he hears a ROAR right behind him. He whirs around to see --
standing at the far end of the hall, looking directly at him. This is the first time we get a real look at the de-evolved Klingon. His HEAD has been utterly transformed -- his RIDGES are huge and curved, bristling with sharp edges and pointed angles. The ridges extend downward, encasing his entire face. His jaw and mouth region are protected by the same hard, black chitin-like material, and a LARGE MANDIBLE is snapping open and shut. Worf is hunched over, his body bulkier, more powerful, uniform torn in places. This is a Klingon from millions of years ago -- prehistoric and terrifying.

There is a heart-stopping moment as the two men stare at one another. Picard frozen with fear; Worf staring with a look of realization -- he's been fooled. Worf tilts back his head and lets out a ROAR of rage. He starts moving toward Picard...

PICARD

turns and enters the Turbolift...

WORF'S POV

rushing toward Picard...

INT. TURBOLIFT - CONTINUOUS

The doors close just as Worf reaches them. The Lift is JOLTED as he hits the doors from the outside.

PICARD

(to Lift)

Deck Seventeen.

No response. Picard works a control pad. The doors start to OPEN... slowly... Worf prying them apart with both hands. Picard can't get the Lift moving -- the controls won't respond. He shrinks back in fear, instincts rattling his nerves. He glances around, desperate -- trapped.

The doors are opening -- we can now see Worf's face through the crack of the doors... he's looking in...

Picard struggles to stay in control. He looks up at the ceiling with intent -- stretches upward and grabs hold of the HATCH on the ceiling and begins to remove it... (NOTE: We do not see him actually remove anything.)
INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

Data at the operating table. He INJECTS Ogawa with a hypospray, then looks at the wall monitor.

DATA
(to computer)
Computer, display progress of genetic re-sequencing.

The wall monitor displays a GRAPHIC of a MUTATED DNA STRAND that is rapidly RE-ORDERING itself. Data watches the graphic closely as the strand shifts and twists and breaks apart in a frenzy of re-sequencing...

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE

Picard is crawling vertically through the narrow passageway. He stops at a hatch... moves to one side, cautious -- holds his phaser ready and hits a control by the door... *

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE INTERSECTION

Picard ENTERS from another Jefferies Tube and stands upright. He moves to another set of doors, but stops when a sudden NOISE echoes somewhere nearby. He stops and cocks his head, listening closely much like an animal would. He eyes the doors with concern... levels his phaser at the doors and hits a control --

The doors open -- no one is there. Picard bends over to enter the horizontal tube when a BLAST of VENOM sprays down from above. Picard cries out, drops the phaser, which falls away, lost. Picard falls to the floor... looks up...

PICARD'S POV - THE GRATING ABOVE

Worf is staring down at him from beyond the grating, in the Jefferies Tube above. He ROARS ferociously.

PICARD

grabs his arm, which is covered with ACID BURNS from the venom. He struggles to his feet, heads into the horizontal Tube...
INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

The wall monitor shows that the DNA strand has now FROZEN and looks more normal than before.

COMPUTER VOICE

Genetic re-sequencing in progress --
DNA to seventy percent normal.

Data looks down at Ogawa. We can see a subtle change in Ogawa's appearance now -- her pronounced brow is gone, and she is pale, perspiring from the rigor of the transformation. Data injects her again with the hypospray, looks at the monitor.

DATA

Computer, increase nucleotide substitution by thirty-two percent.

The graphic shows the DNA re-ordering itself even further...

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE

Picard struggling to make his way down the horizontal passage. An access hatch opens behind him -- it's Worf. The Klingon starts after him. It's a tense chase down the crawlway until --

NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

as Picard reaches an opened panel -- it's the same acid-eaten panel seen in Act Two. The power cable which Barclay re-routed earlier is still visible stretching across the Tube. Picard grabs hold of it, RIPS the cable from the panel with a fritzing sound. The end of the cable is CRACKLING with PLASMA ENERGY. He aims it at Worf.

Worf keeps coming, a threat. Picard grabs the panel cover which is lying nearby and places it in front of him -- then he steps onto the cover, crouches down with both feet on top of it making sure that no part of his body is touching the Tube.

Worf is almost on top of him when Picard jams the end of the cable into the metal grating of the Jefferies Tube --
NEU ANGLE (OPTICAL)

as the ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE JEFFERIES TUBE LIGHTS UP WITH AN ELECTRICAL FLASH. The panel cover that Picard is crouching on is unaffected, and this protects Picard from the plasma charge. Worf is JOLTED violently, then he collapses. Picard removes the cable from the metal grating... stares at the figure of Worf, who is still breathing heavily... unconscious.

INT. SICKBAY

Data working on Ogawa, who has completely returned to normal. She looks pale, sweaty -- her body has been wracked.

DATA (taps combadge)
Data to Captain Picard.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Go ahead.

DATA
The retro-virus is working. I can release it into the ship's atmosphere in a gaseous state, but it will take some time to take effect.

INT. JEFFERIES TUBE

As before.

PICARD
(to com)
Acknowledged.

DATA'S COM VOICE
Are you all right, sir?

Picard takes a breath, relieved.

PICARD
I'm fine, Mister Data. Proceed...

Picard looks at Worf.

PICARD
(continuing, quiet)
Well, Mister Worf... let's hope you wake up feeling like a new man.

(CONTINUED)
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72 CONTINUED:
OFF the moment...

CUT TO:
EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE

at impulse.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's log, supplemental.
Commander Data has succeeded in
returning the crew to normal.
Doctor Crusher has determined that
the synthetic T-cell she used to
cure Mister Barclay's Urodelan flu
initiated the intron virus which
swept through the ship.

INT. SICKBAY

Barclay is sitting on a bio-bed, in uniform. Beverly
is scanning him with a tricorder. Troi is sitting on
the bed next to them (she's normal now), being treated
by a Medical N.D. In the b.g., other crewmembers are
visible lying on the beds, being treated by Medical
N.D.s. Mid-conversation.

BARCLAY
So... this was my fault...

BEVERLY
No... in a way, it was mine. I
didn't realize it at the time, but
there's an anomaly in your genetic
chemistry that caused the
synthetic T-cell to mutate...

(beat)
Instead of just activating one
dormant gene, it started to
activate all of them -- including
your introns.

BARCLAY
And that... that caused me to de-
evolve...

BEVERLY
(nods)
Along with every other member of
the crew. The T-cell became
airborne and started to spread
like a virus...

Beverly stops her scan and nods to Barclay, indicating
that he's free to go. As Barclay stands...

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
You know, Reg... this is a completely new disease. And it's traditional to classify a new disease with the name of the first diagnosed patient...

(CONTINUED)
Continued: (2)

Barclay reacts.

BARCLAY
You mean... you want to name the disease... after me?

BEVERLY
That's right. How about... "Barclay's Proto-morphosis Syndrome"?

Barclay considers -- isn't sure whether to be happy or horrified by the notion.

BARCLAY
"Barclay's Proto-morphosis"...
it... it has a nice ring to it...
(unsure)
Thank you, Doctor...

Barclay heads toward the door, absorbed by the concept. Troi walks up to Beverly and they watch him go...

TROI
(re: Barclay)
He transformed into a spider... and now he's had a disease named after him...
(with humor)
I think I'd better clear my calender for the next few weeks.

OFF the moment...

Fade Out.

Omitted

End of Act Five

The End