"Phantasms"
#40277-258

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FIRST DRAFT
AUGUST 9, 1993
DATA is walking along, carrying a PADD. GEOORDI catches up to him from behind... out of breath, excited about something.

GEOORDI
Data, there you are... we need to install that plasma conduit right away. We're bringing the new warp core on-line in less than three hours.

DATA
I will go to deck twenty and begin modifications to the conduit.

GEOORDI
Great. Meet me in Engineering as soon as you're finished. (excited)
This should actually be a lot of fun.

As they head in different directions...

Data walking along. Gradually, a RINGING SOUND is heard echoing somewhere in the distance. Data tilts his head in pain at the noise. The ringing is intermittent, and sounds like an old-fashioned telephone. A couple of rings go by. Data heads down the corridor to find the sound...

As Data walks, the ringing gets louder. He sees something ahead of him... and stops at what he sees --
WIDEN TO INCLUDE

a group of THREE WORKMEN. They are dressed in plain
gray coveralls, holding old-fashioned PICKS and
SHOVELS. They have removed a large section of the WALL --
visible within is a distinctive-looking WARP PLASMA
CONDUIT. They are hacking at the conduit with the
tools.

Data reacts to the sight. Who are these people?

DATA

Excuse me. Do you have
authorization to work in this
area?

The workmen ignore him. Data eyes the wall with
concern.

DATA

(continuing)

You are dismantling a warp plasma
conduit. I must ask you to stop.

Again, no response. Data takes a step toward the
workmen and opens his mouth to speak -- but
inexplicably a HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK comes out, piercing
and strange. Data is startled to hear it. He closes
his mouth.

Suddenly, the workmen turn as one and head right for
Data -- their expressions are cold and ominous.

WORKMAN

Be quiet!

One of the workmen GRABS Data's arm and TEARS THE ARM
FROM ITS SOCKET. Data reacts, stunned. He moves to
defend himself but the workmen converge on him and Data
falls to the ground. We hear the sound of RIPPING
CLOTHES and WRENCHING METAL as they start to tear Data
apart, limb from limb. We see an arm... a leg...
Data's head... shocking --

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Data bolts awake in his bed, as if from a nightmare.
He glances around the room in momentary confusion... then
realizes it was a dream. OFF his startled
expression...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

6 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The ship is docked at a STARBASE.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's Log, Stardate xxxxx.x.
Commander La Forge has completed
the installation of our new warp
core. We are preparing to test
its capabilities.

7 INT. BRIDGE

RIKER and various N.D.s at their stations. PICARD
ENTERS from his Ready Room, looking very grim-faced.
Riker takes note.

RIKER
Something wrong, sir?

PICARD
I just got a message from
Starfleet command.

RIKER
Bad news?

PICARD
You could say that...

Picard sits heavily.

PICARD
(continuing)
I've been invited to the annual
Starfleet Admiral's banquet.

Riker reacts somberly, knows what he's talking about.

RIKER
My condolences.

PICARD
I've managed to avoid it for the
last six years. I guess my luck
just ran out...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PICARD (Cont'd)

(beat)
I can't imagine anything more tedious. Fifty Admirals shaking hands, making dull conversation... bad food... boring speeches...

RIKER
Can't you find an excuse not to go?

PICARD

After six years, I don't have any excuses left. Besides, I've been invited by Admiral Chapman, the Sector Commander. He'd consider it an insult if I turned him down.

Riker considers a moment.

RIKER
(with humor)
Would you like me to cause a diplomatic crisis while you're there? I can take the ship into the neutral zone and attack the Romulans... that should get you out of the banquet.

Picard shoots him a look -- he's not exactly amused.

PICARD

Or maybe I should tell them I'm hunting for a new First Officer... and it's taking up all my time.

Riker grins at him -- touche. OFF Picard's resigned expression...

INT. ENGINEERING

Geordi and Data are working at the "new" warp core, which looks slightly different than the old one: the pot-belly stove is LARGER... and it is not active -- it's completely dark, no lights flashing. (NOTE: This is a redress of the existing warp core set.) A couple of ENGINEERING N.D.s are working in the background.

Geordi is looking at Data in surprise. Mid-conversation.

(CONTINUED)
8 CONTINUED:

GEORDI
Have you ever had nightmares before?

DATA
No. I have had one hundred eleven dreams since I first discovered my dream program nine months ago. In all of that time, I have never experienced such strange and disturbing imagery.

Geordi keeps working.

GEORDI
Nightmares are part and parcel of dreaming, Data. Maybe you just discovered a new level to your program.

Data considers this.

DATA
Perhaps. I have also noted that I am spending an inordinate amount of time thinking about nightmare imagery. One could almost say that I am... preoccupied.

GEORDI
Well, that's perfectly normal. When I have a nightmare, sometimes I can't shake that creepy feeling for days...

Suddenly, a woman's voice interrupts from off camera --

TYLER'S VOICE
Commander La Forge!

GEORDI
Speaking of nightmares...

A fresh-faced, young woman -- ENSIGN TYLER -- approaches Geordi. She looks like she just walked out of the Academy. And she's clearly infatuated with Geordi.

TYLER
(excited)
I just finished recalibrating the starboard EPS module.

Geordi forces a smile, tries to be polite.

(CONTINUED)
GEORDI
That's great. Thank you, Ensign.

TYLER
It's just like you said -- (TECH) the (TECH)... and the module came right on-line. You have such a wonderful grasp of engineering principles. I'm learning so much just by being around you...

She smiles at him. An awkward moment.

GEORDI
Well. Ah... why don't you go help Farrel check the deuterium cartridges. We're about to bring warp core on-line.

TYLER
Anything you say.

She gives him a big smile and walks off. Geordi's smile fades away. Data gives him a puzzled look.

DATA
Geordi, you do not seem to appreciate Ensign Tyler's enthusiasm.

GEORDI
Oh, she's enthusiastic all right... she's enthusiastic about me.

DATA
I do not understand.

GEORDI
She has a crush on me, Data.

DATA
And you do not share her affection?

GEORDI
Frankly, no. And it's getting a little awkward...

Data considers.

(CONTINUED)
DATA
I believe I understand. Because of the hierarchical nature of your relationship with Ensign Tyler, you are concerned about unintentionally hurting her feelings, which may, in turn, damage the command structure of your department.

GEORDI
Yeah.... something like that...

DATA
I believe you need a third party to intervene on your behalf. I would be happy to speak to her.

Data turns to go. Geordi grabs him, alarmed.

GEORDI
(quickly)
No, no, no. Data... I'll take care of it myself.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Bridge to Commander La Forge. What's our status?

GEORDI
(taps communicator)
We're ready to bring the core on-line, Captain. Stand by.

(to Data)
All right. Let's do it.

Data and Geordi move to different consoles.

GEORDI
Initializing deuterium infusion sequence... (TECH)

Geordi hits a command and the warp core COMES TO LIFE with a different SOUND than we're used to hearing. The light pulses are much faster than we've seen. Geordi reacts to the sight, excited. This is an important moment for him.

GEORDI
(re: core)
It's a beauty, isn't it? Now let's see how fast she can run...

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (4)

GEORDI (Cont'd)
(to com)
La Forge to Bridge. Warp power at your discretion, Captain.

INT. BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, N.D.s, as before. Picard and Riker on their feet.

PICARD
Acknowledged.
(then)
Ensign Russell, plot a course to Starbase Two-nineteen. Warp six.

A beat. This is an exciting moment for all them.

PICARD
(continuing)
Engage.

Nothing happens. A long moment goes by.

PICARD
(continuing, a little louder)
Engage...

The Ensign works but nothing happens.

PICARD
(continuing, to com)
Bridge to Engineering. Mister La Forge... why isn't my ship moving?

GEORDI'S COM VOICE
I'm on it, sir. There's a warp plasma conduit out of alignment, but I think I've fixed it...

(beat)
Ready, sir.

PICARD
Very well. Ensign Russell?

The Ensign works. Suddenly, there is the SOUND of POWER DROPPING and ALL OF THE LIGHTS ON THE BRIDGE GO OUT.
EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
hanging in space. ALL OF THE LIGHTS ON THE SHIP GO OUT.

INT. ENGINEERING

Dark, except for EMERGENCY LIGHTING. Geordi, Data and the N.D.s all quickly working.

PICARD'S COM VOICE

Mister La Forge?

GEORDI
Stand by, Captain...

DATA
I will take the warp engines off-line and transfer power back to the impulse engines.

Data works and the warp core SHUTS DOWN. A moment later, the normal LIGHTS COME UP in the room.

GEORDI
(to com)
La Forge to Bridge. I'm sorry, Captain. We're going to have to completely disassemble the new plasma conduit. It's going to take a few hours at least, sir.

INT. BRIDGE

As before, except the normal LIGHTS are back up.

RIKER
(to Picard)
Well... it looks like you've an excuse not to go to the banquet after all.

PICARD
It's not the kind of excuse I want to give Admiral Chapman...

(beat)
Go below, see if you can help Commander La Forge. I'll be in my Ready Room.

Riker nods and heads for the door. OFF Picard's frustration...
13 INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

A while later. Data is sitting quietly by his desk, intently watching his cat SPOT, who is sleeping on the desk top. The door chimes.

DATA

Enter.

TROI ENTERS. She is wearing her regulation Starfleet uniform.

TROI

Hello, Data...

She walks up to him, sees Spot.

TROI

(continuing)

What are you doing?

DATA

I am watching Spot sleep. In the past fifteen minutes, he has had twelve muscles spasms, which indicates that he is dreaming.

(beat)

I have often wondered what he dreams about. Spot has never seen a mouse or other form of rodentia. Nor has he encountered an insect, or been chased by a canine. And yet, from the manner in which his musculature twitches, he seems to be... running.

TROI

Maybe he's chasing you... or you're chasing him...

Data considers. They watch Spot for a moment.

TROI

(continuing)

I understand you've had some interesting dreams lately...

(off his look)

Geordi was a little worried about you. He just wanted me to check in and see how you were doing...

(CONTINUED)
DATA
That was very thoughtful of him.
(beat)
I have been debating whether or
not to initiate another dream
sequence.

TROI
Because of the nightmares...?

DATA
(nods)
I have found them to be quite...
unsettling.

Troi takes a seat next to him, speaks gently.

TROI
Data, you shouldn't be afraid to
experience dark imagery in your
dreams. It's a natural expression
your subconscious...
(catches herself)
...if you have a subconscious.
I'm not really sure how your
positronic brain works... but if
it's anything like our brains
work, then there's part of you
that's trying to express itself
through your dream state. And I
think you should allow yourself to
experience it.
(beat)
As Sigmund Freud would have
said... "Dreams are the royal
road to the knowledge of the
mind."

Data is intrigued by her words.

DATA
Thank you, Counselor. I believe
I will initialize the dream
program now.

TROI
(smiles)
Let me know how it goes. Good
night, Data.

DATA
Good night, Counselor.

Troi EXITS. Data gives Spot a gentle pat.
DATA
(continuing)
Good night, Spot.

Data stands and crosses to his bed. He takes a little woolen NIGHT CAP off of a nearby table and places it on his head.

DATA
(continuing)
Computer -- dim lights.

The LIGHTS DIM. Data sits on the bed and fluffs his pillow. He then very consciously stretches out his arms and "yawns". He lies down on the bed...

CLOSE ON DATA'S FACE
as he shuts his eyes. A long moment goes by as we PUSH IN on his face... then...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. TEN FORWARD
CLOSE ON DATA as he opens his eyes. He is now sitting at a table in the room. There is an eerie and surreal quality to the scene. WE ARE EXPERIENCING DATA'S DREAM.

INCLUDE WORF

sitting opposite Data at the table. He is eyeing a piece of CAKE that has a distinctive blue color similar to that of a Starfleet science uniform. Sitting atop the cake is a communicator pin, which Worf plucks off and sets aside. He takes a bite of the cake.

WORF
Mmm. It is delicious.

DATA
What kind of cake are you eating?

WORF
(matter of fact)
It is cellular nuclei cake... with mint frosting. Would you like a bite?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DATA
No, thank you.

Suddenly, the distinctive RINGING SOUND is heard echoing somewhere in the room (as heard in the Teaser). Data reacts in pain and touches his head.

DATA
(continuing)
Excuse me, Mister Worf.

Data stands and looks around the room, tries to locate the source of the ringing sound (NOTE: the ringing continues faintly throughout the scene). He starts walking... sees something ahead of him... slows down at the sight...

INCLUDE RIKER AND BEVERLY

sitting at the bar. BEVERLY is sipping from an opaque STRAW that is sticking out of Riker's temple. She seems to be enjoying the "drink". Tiny slurping noises can be heard.

RIKER
(re: ringing)
Aren't you going to get that, Mister Data?

Sir?

DATA

RIKER
That damn ringing. Answer it, will you?

DATA
Yes sir.

FOLLOW Data as he walks across the room, trying to find the ringing sound. It gets louder... he seems to be getting closer...

THE THREE WORKMEN

(as seen in the Teaser) are huddled around a table, engaged in some unseen activity. Data approaches them.

DATA
(to workmen)
Please identify yourselves.

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

The workmen ignore him.

**DATA**
(continuing)
I must know what you are trying to --

Data's voice gives way to the high-pitched SHRIEK heard earlier. Immediately, a workman turns and flashes him a threatening look.

**WORKMAN**

Be quiet!

Data shuts his mouth. Another workman turns and hands Data a large KNIFE -- an over-sized, exaggerated version of a knife, dream-like. Data takes the knife, unsure what to do with it.

The workmen all step away from the table, parting to reveal --

**TROI**
lying on her back on the table top. She is staring up at Data with a frightened expression on her face. Her legs are gone and HER TORSO IS A GIANT CAKE -- made to look exactly like her real torso, blue uniform and all. A piece has already been cut out of her chest where the communication pin usually is.

Data reacts to the sight.

**DATA**

Counselor...

A workman gestures at Troi's right shoulder, as if to say "take a piece." Data eyes his knife.

**TROI**
(scared)
Data, please... don't hurt me..

The workman shoves Data toward the table, insistent. Data lifts the knife, drawn by the image of Troi...

**DATA**
I am sorry, Counselor.

Data *jabs* the knife into the cake at Troi's shoulder. Troi cries out in *pain*.

**TROI**

No...

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

Data takes a moment, then begins to slice a piece out of Troi with the knife. Troi screams in agony --

TROI
Data, no! DATA!

Suddenly the scene changes --

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Data wakes up in his bed.

TROI
Data!

Data sits up to see that Troi, Geordi and Worf are all standing around him, staring at him with concern.

DATA
What is wrong?

TROI
We've been trying to wake you up for the past five minutes.

GEORDI
When you didn't show up in Engineering on time, I got worried... I called security...

Data thinks a moment, reacts.

DATA
My internal chronometer was supposed to wake me thirty-five minutes ago.

WORF
You must have... overslept.

DATA
That is not possible...

(beat)
Something is wrong.

OFF Data's face...

FADE OUT.
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

22 INT. ENGINEERING 22

A while later. Geordi is closing a PANEL on Data's head.

GEORDI
I can't find anything wrong with your internal time-base... and as far as I can tell, your primary systems check out fine.

DATA
My chronometer is functioning normally, as well.
(beat)
I will re-examine my autonomic logs. Perhaps we overlooked something.

Data moves to a console and starts working. Geordi considers him for a moment.

GEORDI
You know, Data... there's a lot we don't know about your dream program. Maybe it was designed to cause some side-effects...
(beat)
For all we know, Doctor Soong intended for you to oversleep... as part of the human experience.

Data is intrigued by the idea.

DATA
It is a possibility. However, I would prefer to make certain there are no anomalies in my neural net.

Geordi nods. They work for a moment.

GEORDI
I'm curious... what were you dreaming about when we woke you up?

Data thinks, recalling the dream... and he seems distracted for a moment. It's clear that he doesn't want to talk about it.

(CONTINUED)
DATA
I have not fully assimilated its impact. I would prefer to study the images further before discussing them.

GEORDI
Sure... I understand.
(beat)
Sounds like it must've been pretty strange...

DATA
"Strange" is not a sufficient adjective to describe the experience.

OFF Data's thoughtful expression...

INT. HOLODECK/SIGMUND FREUD'S OFFICE

Early 1900's -- distinctly Viennese. SIGMUND FREUD is sitting in a leather chair, holding a note pad. This is Freud in his prime, with his trademark beard and glasses. He speaks in a heavy German accent.

FREUD
Tell me more about this... "cake."

Data lying on an analyst's couch, staring up the ceiling.

DATA
It is difficult to explain. The cake comprised Counselor Troi's upper-body...

Freud raises a bushy eyebrow, intrigued.

FREUD
Her upper-body...
(scribbles a note)
Describe the knife you used to... "cut" the Counselor.

DATA
It had a black handle and a serrated blade. And it was quite long.

(CONTINUED)
Freud reacts.

FREUD

How long?

DATA

Approximately twenty centimeters in length.

Freud nods and grunts, as if this has great meaning.

FREUD

What happened next?

Data remembers.

DATA

One of the workmen pointed to her right shoulder. At that moment, I felt an overwhelming urge to cut a piece out the cake.

FREUD

And did you...?

Data's face darkens slightly -- he's troubled by the memory.

DATA

Yes. As I began to slice the cake, she screamed as though I was causing her pain. And yet, I could not stop cutting.

(beat)

It was then that I woke up.

FREUD

Mmm...

Freud jots down another note.

DATA

I am curious, Doctor Freud... what do my nightmares mean?

Freud takes a moment, then he sets down his note pad and stands... moves to a nearby cigar box and takes out a VERY LARGE CIGAR. He toys with it throughout the scene.

FREUD

I believe you are experiencing a classic dismemberment dream.

(MORE)
FREUD (Cont'd)
Or in your case... being a mechanical man... a dismantlement dream.

DATA
I do not understand.

As Freud explains, he moves about the room, quickly rattling off his theories with great enthusiasm.

FREUD
Your mechanistic qualities are trying to reassert themselves over your human tendencies. Ego and id are struggling for domination. The "workmen" symbolize the ever-present id constantly working to destruct the ego.

(beat)
The image of Counselor Troi, a female, is devoured by you... clearly indicating a subconscious desire to possess your own mother.

DATA
But I do not have a mother.

FREUD
(quickly)
Do not interrupt. The exaggerated length of the knife suggests a certain feeling of sexual inadequacy...

DATA
I have no sexual desires.

FREUD
(reacts)
Ach! Impotence on top of everything. It is all becoming clear to me now...

(thinks)
There might be a paper in this... I could call it "Mister D: An Analysis of a Case of Android Dementia."

Data stands up from the couch -- he's had enough.

DATA
I do not believe I am being helped by this session.

(CONTINUED)
24 CONTINUED: (3)

Freud turns to Data, raising his voice.

FREUD
Classic transference! Your anger toward me is, in fact, the animosity you feel toward your father.

(beat)
You are a polymorphously-perverse individual, Mister Data, and I recommend full psychoanalysis.

He glances at his note pad.

FREUD (continuing)
I believe I can fit you in... next Tuesday.

DATA
That will not be necessary.
(to computer)
Computer -- end program.

Freud's office VANISHES and the Holodeck GRID APPEARS. As Data takes a moment, relieved, then heads for the door...

INT. BRIDGE

Picard, Riker, Worf, N.D.s. Picard is on his feet, pacing, impatient.

WORF
(off console)
Captain. Incoming message from Admiral Chapman.

Picard and Riker exchange a look -- they've been expecting this. Picard takes a breath, then...

PICARD
On screen.

26 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

The image of ADMIRAL CHAPMAN comes up -- a stern-looking man in his late fifties. Picard smiles politely.

PICARD
Admiral.

(CONTINUED)
CHAPMAN
Captain, we were expecting you this morning. Is there a problem?

Picard tries to make light of it.

PICARD
Actually, we've been experiencing a few minor difficulties with our new warp core. But my Chief Engineer assures me that we'll be under way within the hour.

Chapman nods, a little irritated.

CHAPMAN
I was hoping we'd have a chance to discuss your new mission orders before the banquet... but I guess it'll have to wait.

PICARD
My apologies, Admiral.

Chapman eyes him.

CHAPMAN
You're not trying to... avoid this particular engagement, are you, Captain?

PICARD
Oh, no... certainly not, sir. I'm looking forward to it.

CHAPMAN
Good. I'll expect you within the hour. Chapman out.

The Viewscreen goes back to a starfield.

RIKER
(lightly)
I think he's on to you, sir.

Picard shoots him a look.

PICARD
(to com)
Picard to La Forge -- what's our status?
INT. ENGINEERING

Geordi, Data, Tyler, N.D.s at work. The warp core is ACTIVE -- glowing and humming.

GEORDI
(to com)
We've just started her up, sir.
All systems are holding steady...
(beat)
Ready when you are, Captain.

INT. BRIDGE

Picard takes a breath, looks to the Com.

PICARD
Ensign Russell -- set course and engage.
The Ensign works...

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

The Enterprise begins to go INTO WARP -- the ship stretches, but before it disappears into warp, it SNAPS BACKWARD and returns to its original position.

INT. ENGINEERING

The warp core DIES DOWN and SHUTS OFF with a loud RATTLE. Alarmed, Geordi rushes to a console and starts working.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Engineering -- report!

DATA
(to com, off console)
We established a warp field for approximately two tenths of a second. But the field collapsed and we were unable to engage warp.

GEORDI
(off console)
It looks like we've blown out the entire power converter, Captain. Impulse engines are down, too -- we're not going anywhere...
(quickly)
But I know exactly how to fix it. Give me two, three hours, tops.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The warp core starts to make an awful RATTLING NOISE. Geordi reacts, appalled.

GEORDI
(continuing)

Now what?

As he moves to the core...

INT. BRIDGE

As before. Picard is frustrated.

RIKER
Talk about going nowhere fast.

PICARD
Mister Worf, open a channel to Starbase Two-nineteen. Advise Admiral Chapman... I'LL be later than I thought.

OFF Picard's face...

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

hanging motionless in space.

INT. ENGINEERING

A while later. Geordi is kneeling on the floor, working on an OPEN CONSOLE, making adjustments to a WARP PLASMA CONDUIT (NOTE: It is the exact same conduit the workmen were working on in the Teaser). Data and Ensign Tyler are working nearby. The core still RATTLES from time to time, and it's playing on Geordi's nerves.

GEORDI
(to Tyler)

Tyler, how are you coming with that (TECH) diagnostic?

TYLER

Almost done, sir...

Tyler works her console a moment, then quickly moves to Geordi.

(CONTINUED)
TYLER
(continuing)
If you'll excuse me, I need this
(TECH) tool...

She bends down and reaches her arms around Geordi as if
the physical closeness were nothing, and grabs a (TECH)
TOOL off the console. Geordi is uncomfortable with the
closeness. She smiles at him, then moves off. Data
gives Geordi a bemused look.

DATA
Ensign Tyler still appears to have
a "crush" on you, Geordi. It is
clear that you did not speak with
her.

GEORDI
(annoyed)
I haven't had a chance, Data...
(beat)
Here. Give me hand with this coil
brace.

Geordi and Data reach into the console and pull out a
long, thin piece of BRACING MATERIAL. The brace is
about a foot in length, with a few sharp protruding
edges -- like a ruler with a serrated edge.

GEORDI
(re: bracing)
Perform a metallurgical scan on
the brace... see if it's leaking
any (TECH). Be careful, it's kind
of sharp.

Data nods and turns with the brace -- and stops,
staring down at the brace...

CLOSE ON BRACE

Data's hand is wrapped around it in exactly the same
way that he was holding the over-sized knife in his
dream. In fact, the metal and shape of the brace is
very suggestive of the knife.

DATA

stares at the image, disturbed by the memories it
conjures. Geordi glances at him.
CONTINUED:

GEORDI
Is there a problem, Data?

Data looks up.

DATA
I am reminded of a dream. This brace is reminiscent of...

Suddenly, Data sees something on the back of Geordi's neck --

CLOSE ON GEORDI
Clearly visible on the back of Geordi's neck is a large ANIMAL MOUTH -- teeth bared and HISSING.

DATA
steps back in shock. Suddenly, the RINGING SOUND is heard from somewhere in the room. Data turns at the noise --

NEW ANGLE
As Data turns -- everyone in the room is gone. Data is alone, and the room is completely silent, except for the ringing. Data looks around in confusion.

RIKER'S VOICE
Aren't you going to answer that, Commander?

RIKER
walks up to Data. The straw is sticking out of his temple (as seen in Act One) -- and a trickle of blood is running down the side of his face. He points to Data's stomach in irritation.

RIKER
What are you waiting for? Answer it!

Data glances down at his stomach... then he slowly reaches down and OPENS a small PANEL on his abdomen.
CLOSE ON DATA'S ABDOMEN

Visible inside his stomach is an old-fashioned TELEPHONE RECEIVER -- and it's ringing. Data pulls out the receiver... puts it up to his ear to "answer the phone".

DATA
(into phone)
Hello?

FREUD'S VOICE is heard on the other end --

FREUD'S VOICE
Kill them.

Data reacts to the words. Suddenly, a HAND grabs Data from behind --

GEORDI'S VOICE
Data.

Data turns --

NEW ANGLE

As Data turns -- Geordi and Ensign Tyler are standing nearby, staring at him in concern. Geordi has just taken Data by the arm. Everything is back to normal.

GEORDI
Data, what's wrong?

Data is shocked, confused.

DATA
I do not know.

OFF his concern...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

INT. TROI'S OFFICE

Data is holding the coil brace seen earlier, and he's contemplating it with a serious look. He's on his feet, pacing the room, determined to understand his recent experiences.

DATA

Everything seems to remind me of the nightmare -- objects, sounds, smells. And now I have seen elements from the dream while still in a waking state.

(beat)

I cannot explain it.

Troi tries to comfort him.

TROI

Data... if you were one of my human patients, I might be concerned right now. I'd say you had a waking dream... or a hallucination...

(beat)

But you're not human. It seems to me that we might be looking at some sort of technological problem...

DATA

I have run three complete self-diagnostics. All of my systems are functioning normally.

Troi considers this. Data paces a moment... looking for explanation...

DATA

(continuing)
I have analyzed over one hundred thirty-eight different theories of dream analysis in an effort to explain my nightmares. I have also used the Holodeck to undergo analysis with four of the leading dream theorists.

TROI

What have you found?
DATA
I have been unable to find a single interpretation for my nightmares. For instance, Neo-Platonic hermetic texts from the Ancient Near East would suggest that my experience indicates a prophetic function -- that I have perceived an impending disaster.
(beat)
Professor Hobson of Tilonius Four would consider my dreams nothing more than epi-phenomenon of my neural net. Random discharges with no meaning whatsoever.
(beat)
Doctor Freud of the early Twentieth century suggested that my dreams represent a latent psycho-sexual complex.

Data stares down at the (TECH) brace.

DATA
(continuing)
Perhaps Freud was correct... and the knife I dreamed is, in fact, the embodiment of my subconscious desire to inflict violence.

Troi reacts to this.

TROI
Data... even Freud said "sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."
(beat)
A lot of the theories you've examined are interesting... but they're also flawed and obsolete.

Troi stands and moves to him.

TROI
(continuing)
That knife could just as well be an archetypal symbol of rational clarity -- it's sharp... it cuts through things that are dull... it's exactly to the point...

Data looks at her, starting to hear the sense in her words.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)  42

TROI
(continuing)
The bottom line is... I think you may be developing an almost... obsessive interest in your own inner-workings.

(beat)
I'd almost call it the beginnings of a... neurosis.

Data reacts.

DATA
That is not possible.

TROI
Why not? You've eliminated all the technical explanations. And it makes sense that as your neural net becomes more complex... more human... you might experience the same kind of psychological complexities as a human.

Data is excited by the possibility.

DATA
(hopeful)
Do you really think it is possible?

Troi smiles.

TROI
You may be the first person who's come into my office... aside from Mister Barclay... who's actually been excited by the prospect of a new neurosis.

(beat)
But yes... I do think it's possible. In fact, I'd like to start counseling you on a regular basis.

DATA
(pleased)
Daily?

(CONTINUED)
TROI
No... we'll start weekly. And as a first step, I want you to shut down your dream program until our next session... just to be safe. Give yourself a chance to reflect on this experience.

Data nods.

DATA
Thank you, Counselor. I look forward to our next meeting.

Troi smiles gently. Data heads for the door...

TROI
And Data...

(beat)
Next time... see me before you see Sigmund.

Data nods and EXITS. OFF Troi's expression...

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
as before, hanging in space.

INT. READY ROOM (OPTICAL)
Picard sitting at his desk, talking to Admiral Chapman on the desktop MONITOR. Picard is frustrated, and a little embarrassed.

PICARD
Admiral, I can explain...

CHAPMAN
Let me guess. Your new warp core is... "malfunctioning" again?

Picard nods, awkward.

PICARD
Unfortunately, the problem has affected our impulse systems, as well. At the moment, we are quite... adrift.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CHAPMAN

(wry)
Are you expecting to have the problem fixed soon... or shall we send out a tow ship to bring you in?

Picard bristles at the remark.

PICARD

That won't be necessary. I have full confidence in my Engineering staff. I will be at the banquet on time.

Chapman nods -- he can't resist having a little fun with Picard.

CHAPMAN

Incidentally, Captain... the banquet really isn't as bad as you might expect.

(beat)
I hear they're serving Ktarian spice cake for dessert this year.

Picard tries to make light of it.

PICARD

I hear they serve that every year...

CHAPMAN

(not amused)

In any case...

(with emphasis)
It is not to be missed. Understood?

PICARD

Yes, sir. Picard out.

Picard taps the terminal and the transmission ENDS. OFF Picard's expression...

INT. ENGINEERING

Geordi is kneeling on the floor, working on the plasma conduit seen earlier. Data and Ensign Tyler are working nearby.

Picard is there, too, kneeling next to Geordi -- he's restless, eager to get under way.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PICARD
Have you tried reconfiguring the plasma conduit?

GEORDI
Yes, sir... we did that two hours ago.

Picard nods. He watches Geordi for a moment.

PICARD
What about the (TECH) relays? Have you made absolutely sure they don't need a new (TECH)?

DATA
I am currently running a level three diagnostic on the (TECH) relays, sir. We will have the results of the analysis in approximately ten minutes.

I see...

Picard stands. Data crosses the room to work at another console...

ANGLE ON DATA
as he starts to work. He stops a moment, thoughtful... then turns to look at something...

THE COIL BRACE
seen earlier is lying nearby, attached to a blinking diagnostic instrument.

DATA
considers the image... his face neutral...

RESUME PICARD, GEORDI AND TYLER
Picard eyes a panel of isolinear chips, moves to it.

PICARD
Perhaps I can help you reconfigure these isolinear chips...

((CONTINUED)
GEORDI
No, sir, please don't touch that --

Geordi quickly stands up and accidentally HITS his head on the edge of the open console. He recovers... then speaks carefully, trying to give Picard the hint.

GEORDI
Sir... Commander Data and I have the situation under control. If you'd just let the two of us take care of it... we can get the work done a lot faster...

Picard nods, calming a little.

PICARD
You're right...
(beat)
If you don't mind, I'll just wait here and observe your progress.

Geordi reacts -- this isn't what he wanted to hear.

GEORDI
Actually, Captain...

Ensign Tyler quickly jumps in.

TYLER
(to Picard)
Captain. We could use an extra hand reconfiguring the (TECH) system. Would you mind?

Picard brightens, eager to help.

PICARD
Not at all. I'd be happy to...

Picard moves off with Tyler, who turns and flashes Geordi a triumphant smile. Geordi smiles in return, genuinely grateful. Picard and Tyler EXIT. Geordi breathes a sigh of relief... returns to his work...

GEORDI
(quiet)
Good work, Ensign Tyler. I thought he'd never leave...
(beat)
Data, would you hand me that (TECH) tool? I need to lock down this plasma conduit...

(continues...)
STAR TREK: "Phantasms" - 08/09/93 - ACT THREE

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat goes by.

GEORDI

Data?

No response. Geordi slides out from under the console, looks around.

INCLUDE THE ROOM

Data is nowhere to be seen -- he's gone.

GEORDI

Data...?

OFF Geordi's puzzled reaction...

INT. TROI'S OFFICE (OPTICAL)

Troi is reading over a desktop terminal, sipping a cup of hot chocolate. After a moment, she decides to call it a day. She shuts off the terminal and stands... moves to the replicator slot, places her cup inside it.

TROI

Computer -- discard.

The cup DEMATERIALIZES. Troi taps a button on the wall and the LIGHTS DIM. She EXITS...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Troi ENTERS. FOLLOW her as she walks along the hall... and turns a corner...

NEW ANGLE

as Troi turns the corner. She does not notice that Data is standing in the distance at the far end of the corridor, watching her. He is standing very still, face neutral... a strange and somewhat eerie sight...

CLOSE ON TROI

as she senses that she's being watched. She turns to look behind her...
STAR TREK: "Phantasms" - 08/09/93 - ACT THREE

55 TROI'S POV

of the corridor. Data is now gone. The hall is empty.

56 TROI

reacts... then she shrugs off the feeling and continues on her way. She stops at a Turbolift. The doors open and she enters...

57 INT. TURBOLIFT - CONTINUOUS

TROI
(to lift)
Deck Thirty-six.

The doors start to close... and just as they do, a HAND slips in and forces them back open. Data ENTERS the lift. Troi smiles at him as the doors slide shut.

TROI
Hello, Data.

Data doesn't answer -- he just stares straight ahead. The lift starts MOVING. Troi eyes him.

TROI
(continuing)
Data... are you all right?

No response. Slowly, Data looks over at Troi and eyes her right shoulder with an intent look on his face. Troi sees that he is holding the coil brace in his hand.

TROI
(continuing)
What are you doing?

Data very calmly raises the brace.

DATA
I am sorry, Counselor.

Before Troi can react, Data STABS the brace into Troi's shoulder. Troi cries out and falls backward. Data moves toward her with the brace, face expressionless. Troi stares at him in disbelief.

TROI
NO!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

As he moves to stab her again...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR

Riker and Worf walking along, mid-conversation. Worf is annoyed.

WORF
Ever since you gave it to him, he has been playing it all night... every night.

RIKER
I was just trying to broaden Alexander's horizons. Besides, he likes it.

They walk up to a Turbolift. Riker taps a control by the door and they wait.

WORF
It is screeching... pounding... dissonant. It is not music.

RIKER
Worf, it's better than music -- it's jazz.

NEW ANGLE

as the Turbolift doors open -- it's a shocking sight. Troi is slumped on the floor, unconscious, blood visible on her shoulder. Data is standing over her with the coil brace.

Riker and Worf are stunned by the sight. Before they can say anything, Data turns to them. He immediately ATTACKS Riker, swinging the brace toward Riker's face --

RIKER
Data --!

Riker raises his arms to protect himself. Worf quickly grabs Data from behind and tries to subdue him. Data struggles a moment, then stops. A look of realization crosses his face as he suddenly comes to his senses. He drops the coil brace to the floor and stops resisting... glances at Worf in confusion...
60  RIKER  moves to Troi.

    RIKER
    (taps his communicator)
    Medical emergency, deck seven,
    section twenty-three alpha!

Riker puts his hand on her wound to staunch the flow of blood. OFF his concerned look...

61  INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

A short time later. Worf and TWO Security Guards are standing on either side of Data, keeping an eye on him. Picard, Riker and Geordi are questioning Data, who is back to his normal self. The mood is tense.

    DATA
    I believe I had another waking
dream, sir. But this time, I felt
an uncontrollable urge to act on
what I saw.

    PICARD
    And what you saw was some sort of
a... "mouth" on Counselor Troi's
shoulder...

    DATA
    Yes, sir. And for a reason I
cannot explain, I felt the need
to... eliminate that image.

    RIKER
    What about me? Did you see one of
these mouths on my head?

    DATA
    No, sir. I saw a straw on your
head.

A beat. They don't know what to make of this.

    PICARD
    A straw?

    DATA
    As I said, these are all images
that I originally experienced in
my dream program. I do not have
a rational explanation for them.

    (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RIKER
But you said you shut down your
dream program...

DATA
I do not have an explanation for
that, either.

Picard turns to Geordi.

PICARD
Mister La Forge?

GEORDI
We've run every possible
diagnostic on Data's positronic
net... but we can't find anything
wrong. I can run a sub-polymer
scan... but it'll take some time
to get the equipment together.

PICARD
Make it so.
(to Data)
In the meantime, Mister Data...
I'm going to have to relieve you
of duty and confine you to
quarters.

DATA
A sensible precaution, sir.

Data stands and EXITS. Worf and the Security Guards
close behind. As Picard and the others exchange a grim
look...

INT. SICKBAY

Troi is lying on the surgical table, unconscious.
She's dressed in a medical gown, and her right shoulder
is exposed -- a MEDICAL DEVICE is covering the wound.
Her eyes flicker open... she's starting to wake up,
disoriented. Beverly moves to her. A Nurse is
standing nearby.

BEVERLY
(to Troi)
It's all right, Deanna... you're
in Sickbay. Everything's going to
be all right.

TROI
Data...

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
They've taken him into custody.
He's not here.

Beverly examines the medical device.

BEVERLY
The (TECH) device has healed your wound. But you've lost a lot of blood... so I want you to lie still for a while.

Troi nods. Beverly removes the medical device from Troi's shoulder... and reacts with surprise to what she sees. Visible on Troi's skin is a strange, mottled green and yellow DISCOLORATION.

BEVERLY
(continuing)
That's odd... there shouldn't be any discoloration. This looks like some sort of rash...

Beverly picks up a medical tricorder and scans Troi's shoulder.

TROI
What is it?

BEVERLY
(off tricorder)
I'm not sure... it looks like a cellular degradation. But I don't think it's related to the lacerations...
(scans)
And I'm picking up some kind of residual interphasic energy...

Troi looks worried. Beverly thinks a moment.

BEVERLY
(to Nurse)
Nurse, get me a interphasic scanner... I want to take a closer look.

The Nurse nods and heads off. Beverly gingerly touches the discolored area with her finger.

BEVERLY
Does that hurt?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

TROI
Not at all...
OFF Beverly's puzzled reaction...

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS
Data and Worf ENTER. The two Guards can be seen outside in the corridor.

WORF
I will have to confiscate your sidearm.

Data moves to his desk reaches underneath -- pulls out his phaser and hands it to Worf.

DATA
May I ask a personal favor?

WORF
Yes?

Data walks over to his bed, where Spot is lying down. He indicates the cat.

DATA
Will you take care of Spot for me?

WORF
Your... creature?

DATA
(nods)
I am concerned that if I have another waking dream, I may... injure him.

Worf is moved by the sentiment.

WORF
Of course.

Worf eyes the cat, not quite sure how to deal with it.

WORF
(continuing)
Spot. Come here.

DATA
Unlike a canine, Spot will not respond to verbal commands.

(Continued)
Continued:

Data gently picks up Spot and hands him to Worf. Worf handles the cat awkwardly. Data reaches out and pets Spot on the head gently.

**DATA**
(continuing)
Goodbye, Spot.

Worf heads for the door.

**DATA**
(continuing)
He will need to be fed once a day. He prefers feline supplement one-twenty-five.

**WORF**
I understand.

**DATA**
And he will require water. And you must also provide him with a sand box.

Worf nods.

**DATA**
(continuing, one last thing)
And you must talk to him. Tell him he is a pretty cat, and a good cat...

**WORF**
(cutting him off)
I will... feed him.

**DATA**
Perhaps that will be enough.

Worf EXITS. OFF Data's face... thoughtful, and very troubled by what has happened...

64 INT. SICKBAY

Beverly is standing next to Troi, who is now lying on a bio-bed, semi-conscious. Picard and Riker ENTER. Beverly turns to them, urgent.

**BEVERLY**
Captain. We have a problem. Take a look at this...

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

Beverly points to the discoloration on Troi's shoulder, which has gotten noticeably worse -- the green and yellow mottling has spread.

BEVERLY
(continuing, re: rash)
Her tissue is breaking down on a cellular level... and it's spreading. At first I thought it was a (TECH) rash from the coil brace she was stabbed with... but when I used the interphasic scanner set to (TECH), I found something else...

Beverly picks up an INTERPHASIC SCANNER (a redress of the palm beacon) and activates it -- the scanner sends out a BLUE LIGHT. She shines it onto Troi's shoulder...

ANGLE ON TROI'S SHOULDER (OPTICAL)

As the light hits Troi's skin, it ILLUMINATES a previously unseen CREATURE. The creature is large and leech-like in appearance, frightening -- and it is gripping Troi's skin with several thin tendrils.

RESUME (OPTICAL)

As Beverly takes the light away. Reactions.

PICARD
What is it?

BEVERLY
The better question is... what are they?

Beverly shines the light on her own forearm. We now see a SIMILAR CREATURE latched onto her arm. She takes the light away.

BEVERLY
I've only checked the medical staff... but I've found them on almost everyone so far...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Beverly moves to Riker, shines the blue light over his chest... his arms... then over his face... and discovers a CREATURE hugging the side of his face at the temple. Beverly shines the light over Picard -- revealing a CREATURE clamped onto his neck... and another one gripping his chest.

OFF their shocked reactions...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
FADE IN:

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard, Riker, Worf, Geordi and Beverly, mid-discussion.

BEVERLY
The infestation rate has reached seventy-three percent of the crew so far. The cellular decay is accelerating in all cases. I haven't found a way to stop it... or even slow it down.

Riker unconsciously touches the side of his face, where we saw the creature earlier. He knows it's there, and it gives him the creeps.

RIKER
What are we dealing with here? Are these creatures... feeding off of us?

BEVERLY
In a way... but there's no actual loss of tissue or fluids. The creatures appear to be extracting our cellular nuclei. It's roughly analogous to the way Terran leeches consume hemoglobin. But in this case, the loss of our base amino acids causes the surrounding tissue to destabilize.

PICARD
Can we reverse the process?

BEVERLY
Not until the creatures are removed. And if they're not removed soon, our bodies will lose all cellular cohesion... we'll collapse into a nothing but a few pounds of chemicals.

Reactions to the grim image.

PICARD
Have we found any means of affecting the creatures?

(CONTINUED)
GEORDI
We've tried (TECH) radiation... (TECH) fields... plasma injections... nothing works. They seem to exist in an interphasic state, just beyond our visual and sensor acuity. The only way we can see them is to use the IP scanner... tricorders can't even pick them up.

RIKER
If we knew where they came from, maybe we could find a way to get rid of them.

WORF
I have scanned the surrounding space. There is no sign of any similar creatures in the area. There is also no unusual interphasic activity.

PICARD
Perhaps Starbase Eighty-four could we have picked them up there during the installation of the warp core?

GEORDI
I contacted them and had them use IP scanners all over the station. Nothing.

Picard thinks for a long beat.

PICARD
What about Mister Data? There must be some connection between his odd behavior and these creatures. Is he infested, as well?

BEVERLY
No. I scanned him, but I didn't find anything.

PICARD
Data attacked Counselor Troi because he said he saw an apparition on her shoulder... (to Beverly)
And in that same area, you first discovered the cellular decay...

(CONTINUED)
RIKER
He also saw something on the side of my head... and Beverly found a creature in the same spot.

GEORDI
(thinks)
Those were all images from his dreams... maybe he's unconsciously perceiving these creatures on some level... and they're manifesting themselves as dream images.

PICARD
If that's true, then perhaps Data is also picking more information... other bits of data he's not even aware of on a conscious level.

GEORDI
He did tell me he's been having some pretty weird dreams lately. He's been almost... obsessive about it.

Picard considers... makes the decision.

PICARD
I think it's time we took a closer look at Mister Data's dreams.

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS
Picard and Geordi talking to Data, mid-scene.

DATA
It is an interesting hypothesis. If I am being affected by these interphasic creatures on a subconscious level, it may also explain my waking dreams, and my subsequent anti-social behavior.

GEORDI
What we want to do is link your neural net into the ship's computer system... and have you activate your dream program. I'll set up an interface with the Holodeck, so that as you're dreaming... we can interact with the dream images.

(CONTINUED)
PICARD
We're hoping to learn more about
the creatures by interpreting the
symbols and images in your dream
state...

DATA
(onto the idea)
I see. The concept is similar to
the method of Directed Dreaming.

Exactly.
(to Geordi)
How soon can we have the link
ready?

GEORDI
I'd say we need an hour to
establish all the (TECH)
parameters.

PICARD
Make it so.
(beat)
In the meantime, Mister Data...
I'd say you should prepare for
bed.

OFF Data's face...

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
as before.

INT. HOLODECK GRID (OPTICAL)

Picard is standing inside the ARCH on the empty
Holodeck GRID. Data is sitting on a chair -- his head
is OPEN and a couple of high-tech CABLES connect his
circuitry to a panel on the arch. Geordi is making
adjustments to Data's circuits.

GEORDI
I think we're ready, Captain...
the link is active, and the
Holodeck has been calibrated to
Data's neural (TECH).

Geordi completes his work and stands.
70 CONTINUED:

PICARD
Ready, Mister Data?

DATA
Yes, sir.

Picard takes a breath.

PICARD
(to Data)
Normally, I would wish you
pleasant dreams... but in this

case, bad ones would be more
helpful.

DATA
I understand.
(thinks)
I am initializing my dream
program. Stand by...

Data closes his eyes. There's a beat, then the
Holodeck CHANGES TO --

71 INT. ENTERPRISE CORRIDOR

Picard and Geordi look around. Data is nowhere to be
seen. After a beat, Data comes quickly walking around
a corner. Data sees them.

DATA
Hello.

He walks on by. Picard and Geordi follow him down the
hall.

PICARD
Can we talk to Data directly... or
will that wake him up?

GEORDI
He should be perceiving us as just
another part of his dream.
Anything we say to him will be
taken in that context...

Suddenly, the familiar RINGING SOUND begins. Data
stops and reacts the sound in pain.

GEORDI
I wonder what that is...

(CONTINUED)
PICARD
It sounds like an ancient telephone ringer...
(looks around)
I don't see a receiver...

With determination, Data continues walking... and EXITS into Ten Forward. Picard and Geordi follow...

INT. TEN FORWARD - CONTINUOUS

We see the same setting and group of people as seen in the dream in Act One (the workmen are not present). Data, Picard and Geordi ENTER. The ringing sound has stopped. Data looks around the room, then walks over to a table where the "Troi cake" is lying on the table. There are several pieces missing, and Troi is now unconscious. Worf sits nearby, eating a piece of the cake. Data picks up the large knife seen earlier and begins to cut a slice out of her right shoulder.

Picard and Geordi react to the bizarre sight. Data offers Picard a piece of cake.

DATA
Cake?

PICARD
Thank you.

Picard takes the cake. Data starts to cut another piece out of her shoulder. Picard stares at the image, realizing...

PICARD
(continuing)
Look at that... he's taking the slices out of her right shoulder... the same place where he stabbed her...

GEORDI
Wait a minute... in his waking dream, he said there was a mouth on her shoulder...

PICARD
(thinking)
They're both symbols of... consumption. Food... a mouth...
(to Data)
Mister Data, what kind of cake is this?

(CONTINUED)
DATA
(matter of fact)
It is cellular nuclei cake.

WORF
(chiming in)
With mint frosting.

Picard and Geordi exchange a look.

GEORDI
Cellular nuclei... that's exactly what the creatures are devouring, Captain.

Suddenly, the RINGING SOUND begins. Data reacts in pain.

RIKER'S VOICE
Will someone answer that damn ringing!

Data drops the knife and moves over to the bar, where Riker and Beverly are sitting. Beverly is sipping from a straw sticking out from Riker's temple, as seen before. Picard and Geordi react to the sight.

RIKER
(to Picard, urgent)
Captain -- the ringing is getting worse.

PICARD
(to Geordi)
What could the ringing symbolize? Sound... a bell... an old way of communication...

Beverly holds offers the straw to Geordi.

BEVERLY
Want some cellular nuclei juice? It's delicious.

Beverly continues slurping the drink. The ringing continues. Riker points to Data's stomach, annoyed.

RIKER
Will somebody please get that!

Geordi moves to Data and listens at Data's mid-section.

(Continued)
GEORDI
He's right... it coming from in here...

Geordi sees something on Data's abdomen... reaches over and OPENS a PANEL on his stomach (as seen before). There is a telephone receiver inside. Geordi reacts to the sight... then picks up the receiver...

GEORDI
(into phone)
Hello?

Geordi listens a moment, then hands the phone to Picard.

GEORDI
It's for you.

Picard takes the phone.

PICARD
(into phone)
Yes?

The same voice heard earlier -- it's Freud.

FREUD'S VOICE
Kill them.

PICARD
Kill who?

FREUD'S VOICE
Kill them... before it is too late.

PICARD
Who is this?

In the blink of an eye, the SCENE CHANGES --

INT. FREUD'S OFFICE

As seen before. Picard and Geordi are standing in the exact same positions, but Data is now lying on the analyst's couch. Data's "phone" is gone. Freud is holding an old-fashioned telephone to his ear. He hangs up the phone.

FREUD
I am Doctor Sigmund Freud.

(CONTINUED)
GEORDI  
(to Picard)  
How does he fit into all this?  

FREUD  
If I were to interpret my own  
appearance in this dream, I would  
say I am the symbolic  
representation of Data's  
subconscious mind trying to warn  
him about the dangers he perceives  
around him.

Freud pops the cigar in his mouth with satisfaction.  

PICARD  
You mean, the creatures...  

FREUD  
Of course.  

PICARD  
Tell me, Doctor... how can we kill  
the creatures?  

The RINGING SOUND begins. Data reacts in pain.  

FREUD  
(re: ringing)  
Answer it.  

Picard moves toward the old-fashioned phone to answer  
it. Freud stops him.

FREUD  
Nien, nien, nien. Do not be so  
literal. When I say answer it, I  
mean respond to it. Don't you  
see? The ringing telephone is  
symbolic of the --  

Suddenly, the door BURSTS OPEN and the three workmen  
rush in.  

WORKMAN  
(to Freud)  
Be quiet!  

One of them pulls out an old-fashioned GERMAN LUGER and  
SHOOTS Freud, who slumps into his chair, dead. The  
workmen immediately move to a PICTURE hanging on a wall  
and remove it -- revealing the WARP PLASMA CONDUIT seen  
in the Teaser and in Act Two and Act Three. They start  
to work on the conduit with their picks and shovels.

(CONTINUED)
73 CONTINUED: (2)

The ringing sound continues, getting faster and faster as the scene builds.

PICARD
(re: workmen)
What do they represent?

Geordi eyes the warp conduit.

GEORDI
I don't know... but I recognize that junction they're working on. It's the plasma conduit we installed with the new warp core...

Picard looks at the telephone.

PICARD
(re: ringing)
"Respond" to it... respond... what does that mean?

Picard picks up the telephone, but the ringing does not stop. He considers, desperate to figure this out. Geordi walks up to the workmen.

GEORDI
(to workmen)
What is it you're doing?

WORKMAN
(a threat)
Go away. Leave us alone.

PICARD
(to workmen)
Who are you?

One of the workman turns toward Picard.

WORKMAN
We are... your enemies.

The workmen suddenly turn as a group and GRAB Picard and Geordi. Picard and Geordi struggle, but it's no use. The three workmen raise their picks, preparing to STAB Geordi and Picard...

Data sits up on the couch.

(CONTINUED)
DATA
(to workmen)
Stop. You are hurting my friends
and I must --

Data's voice gives way to the high-pitched SHRIEK heard
earlier. Immediately, the workmen let go of Picard and
Geordi and converge on Data, angry.

WORKMAN
Be quiet!

Data leaps up from the couch... backs away from the
workmen... suspense building as they get closer... and
then a look of realization crosses his face...

DATA
I believe I understand.

Suddenly, everything VANISHES --

INT. HOLODECK GRID

Picard and Geordi in the same positions. They look
toward Data, who is still attached to the arch. Data
opens his eyes and looks at them.

DATA
(urgent, to Geordi)
Geordi, you must adjust the output
of my positronic subprocessor to
a (TECH) frequency.

Geordi nods and quickly kneels beside Data, starts to
make adjustments to the circuitry on his head.

PICARD
Data, what's going on?

DATA
(explains)
Your actions in my dream helped me
to understand the data I was
receiving on a subconscious level.

(beat)
I believe the workmen are symbolic
of the creatures which are
infesting the ship. They appear
to have a connection to the plasma
conduit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DATA (Cont'd)
(beat)
The incessant ringing of the telephone may represent the continual interphasic frequency I am receiving from the creatures in my positronic net.

PICARD
And what about the strange shrieking noise you made?

DATA
Since the workmen reacted to the noise with pain, it stands to reason that some action on my part can affect the creatures.
(beat)
That being the case, I quickly realized that if I am receiving interphasic signals through my positronic net, then it may be possible to emit an interphasic pulse through the same processing unit.

PICARD
And you believe this might affect the creatures on the ship...

DATA
We shall see.

Geordi completes his adjustments.

GEORDI
It's all set up...

PICARD
(taps communicator)
Picard to Sickbay. Beverly, we're sending out an IP pulse. Monitor the creatures for any response.

BEVERLY'S COM VOICE
Understood.

Picard nods to Geordi, who then hits a circuit on Data's head. We hear a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE (similar to the SHRIEK in dream). The whine gets higher and higher, more intense... finally going up and out of the range of human hearing...
75  INT. SICKBAY - CONTINUOUS (OPTICAL)

Beverly is shining the IP light on Troi's shoulder. We see the creature hugging her skin. After a moment, the creature DISINTEGRATES -- gone.

BEVERLY
(to com)
It's working, Captain...

Beverly moves to another PATIENT lying on a bio-bed. She shines the light on the patient's face -- no sign of any creature.

BEVERLY
(to com)
The creatures are dissipating!

76  INT. HOLODECK GRID

Picard reacts with relief. A silent moment as they all exchange a look...

77  EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
as before.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's Log, supplemental The creatures infesting the Enterprise have been completely eliminated. We believe the infestation was direct result of the warp core we obtained on Starbase Eighty-four.

78  INT. ENGINEERING

Geordi is showing Picard the warp plasma conduit seen earlier. Ensign Tyler works nearby.

GEORDI
(re: conduit)
This conduit was manufactured on Thanatos Seven using a new interphasic fusion process. We think that process must've attracted the creatures to this element... where they laid dormant... until we activated the warp core.

(MORE)
GEORDI (Cont'd)

(beat)
It's also why we ran into such
trouble getting the warp core on-
line. The creatures were
interfering with the plasma flow.

Picard nods.

PICARD
How long until we have warp power
again?

GEORDI
We'll have to manufacture a
completely new conduit. I'd say
another six hours.

PICARD
The banquet is in eight hours...
(beat)
Take your time. Give yourself
another twelve hours or so.

GEORDI
Understood, sir.

Picard EXITS. Geordi looks at Tyler.... considers her
a moment, then...

GEORDI
(continuing)
Ensign Tyler.

She turns.

TYLER
Yes, Commander?

GEORDI
There's something I've been
meaning to tell you...

Sir?

Geordi takes a beat, then smiles.

GEORDI
Thanks. You've been doing a great
job. We've got to work on your
enthusiasm a little... but I think
you're going to fit in just fine.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

TYLER
(smiles)
Thank you, sir.
OFF the moment...

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS

Data working at his desk. The door CHIMES.

DATA
Enter.

Troi ENTERS, carrying a platter with a cover on it.

DATA
(continuing)
Counselor, I did not get a chance to apologize for my behavior...

TROI
Data, don't worry about it. Geordi explained everything. It wasn't your fault.
(beat)
But somehow I felt turnabout would be fair play... so I made us a little something to snack on...

She sets the platter on his desk and removes the cover revealing a small CAKE shaped and decorated exactly like Data. Data considers the cake.

DATA
I wonder... what would Freud say about the symbolism of devouring oneself?

TROI
Data... sometimes a cake is just a cake.

As Data picks up a knife and starts to cut into the cake...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE
THE END