"The Host"
"The Host"
(f.k.a. "E Pluribus Unum")

Teleplay by
Jeri Taylor

Directed by
Marvin Rush

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH THE TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Copyright 1991 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify the Script Department.

Return to Script Department
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
Los Angeles, CA 90038

FINAL DRAFT
MARCH 1, 1991
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Role</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PICARD</td>
<td>AMBASSADOR ODAN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RIKER</td>
<td>GOVERNOR LEKA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DATA</td>
<td>KALIN TROSE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEVERLY</td>
<td>LATHAL BINE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TROI</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEORDI</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WORF</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KAREEL</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NURSE ALYSSA OGAWA</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ENSIGN TAGGERT'S COM VOICE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COMPUTER VOICE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Non-Speaking
- NURSE
- BLUE BARBER
- SUPERNUMERARIES
STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION
"The Host"

SETS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INTERIORS</th>
<th>EXTERIORS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>USS ENTERPRISE</td>
<td>USS ENTERPRISE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAIN BRIDGE</td>
<td>SHUTTLECRAFT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAPTAIN'S READY ROOM</td>
<td>UNMARKED SHUTTLECRAFT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OBSERVATION LOUNGE</td>
<td>PELIAR ZEL TWO SYSTEM:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORRIDOR</td>
<td>ONE PLANET</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SICKBAY</td>
<td>TWO MOONS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEVERLY'S OFFICE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEVERLY'S QUARTERS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DATA'S QUARTERS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ODAN'S GUEST QUARTERS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHUTTLE BAY</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TEN-FORWARD</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TURBOLIFT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARBER SHOP</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHUTTLECRAFT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### STAR TREK: "The Host" - 3/8/91 - PRONUNCIATION

**STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION**

"The Host"  
**PRONUNCIATION GUIDE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>EOSINOPHILIA</td>
<td>eh-yuh-sin-oh-FEE-lee-ah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KALIN TROSE</td>
<td>kay-lin TROSE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KAREEL</td>
<td>kah-REAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LATHAL BINE</td>
<td>lay-thl BINE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEKA</td>
<td>LAY-kuh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ODAN</td>
<td>oh-DAHN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PELIAR ZEL</td>
<td>peh-lee-ar ZEHL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SYMBIONT</td>
<td>SIM-bee-nt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRILL</td>
<td>trill</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

travelling through space.

BEVERLY (V.O.)
Doctor Beverly Crusher, Personal Log, Stardate 44821.3. Began an analysis today of the respiratory problems being experienced by the populations on the two moons of Peliar Zel. (beat)
Finally got an actual letter from Wesley... topped the class in exo-biology, but he's still struggling in Ancient Philosophies. (beat)
And... there's... a new man in my life.

CUT TO:

2 CLOSE ON BEVERLY AND ODAN KISSING

A passionate kiss of some duration which, when they break, leaves them both flushed and breathing deeply. They stare into one another's eyes for a brief instant, and then start as they hear a door opening.

3 INT. TURBOLIFT - WIDER SHOT

We now realize they are in a Turbolift, the doors of which have opened to admit DATA, who greets them with delighted surprise. If he notices their flushed and rumpled condition, he gives no indication.

DATA
Ambassador Odan... Doctor Crusher... I was just on my way to see you.

(CONTINUED)
Beverly tries to compose herself, resisting the impulse to smooth her hair and check her lipstick. Odan, on the other hand, seems perfectly comfortable.

BEVERLY
Hello, Data...

DATA
I have completed my study of the atmospheric variations which have occurred on the moons since the new technology was implemented.

ODAN
Thank you, Commander. That will be most helpful in my efforts to mediate the quarrel.

DATA
I could go over them with you now. It would not require more than two hours.

A brief, electric silence.

BEVERLY
We do appreciate it, Data... but the Ambassador and I have set aside this time... to analyze the incidence of lung disease among the moons' inhabitants.

DATA
Then it is perfect timing, Doctor -- what better occasion to integrate my results into your study?

Another silence, as Beverly and Odan exchange glances past Data's innocent eyes. Her message: "You get rid of him."

ODAN
Now that I think about it, Commander... you're absolutely right. Unfortunately, I'm not feeling well... perhaps Doctor Crusher could get you started, inputting your information... but I must I return to my quarters.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY
(picking it up)
Ambassador, are you still having those awful headaches?
I'll bring you a hypospray to take care of it...

ODAN
(rubbing temples)
I would be most grateful...

The Turbolift stops, and Beverly takes Data by the arm, steers him out of the Turbolift.

INT. CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

as Beverly and Data exit. She turns back to Odan.

BEVERLY
Put a cold cloth on your forehead and lie down, Ambassador. I'll be with you shortly.

And the Turbolift doors shut on Odan, unable to resist an anticipatory smile. Beverly pulls Data down the corridor at a good clip.

BEVERLY
I'll set you up at the medical monitor, Data... it'll take you a while to input the figures, won't it?

DATA
(puzzled by the speed)
At least an hour... but I do not believe much time can be saved from that estimate by exhibiting such haste now...

BEVERLY
Data... there are times... when every second does count.

And she propels him down the corridor, oblivious to his perplexed expression.
INT. ODAN’S QUARTERS (OPTICAL)

Odan ENTERS and begins removing his shirt. He is a handsome, strapping man with a well-defined musculature. He moves toward the mirror, and places his hand on his diaphragm.

A grapefruit-sized area on his mid-section begins to change color... then it swells into a purplish, green-veined lump. Odan takes a device from the counter, aims it toward the bulbous protuberance, and envelops it in a spray of light. The growth throbs there for a moment, then begins to recede again. Whatever it is, Odan has just fed it, and it is content once more.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
FADE IN:

5A EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
drops out of warp.

6 INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS

Beverly is donning her jacket, stops in front of the mirror to run her fingers through her hair. Odan puts on a robe and comes up to her, putting his arms around her from behind. In the background, the bed is discreetly rumpled.

ODAN
Somehow, I had an unnatural fear that Data was going to barge in and ask to discuss the peripheral effects of magnetospheric energy taps.

Beverly giggles and he kisses her hair.

BEVERLY
If I don't get back and look at his projections, he might come looking for me.

She pulls loose, but he turns her around, facing him, not letting go.

ODAN
When I first met the formidable Doctor Beverly... I thought to myself... "This woman is ice... through to her bones..."

He puts his face in her neck, murmuring.

ODAN
Who would have dreamed... that instead of ice, there is fire...

Beverly closes her eyes, yielding to his soft nuzzling.

BEVERLY
I can't believe this has happened... in just a week...

(CONTINUED)
ODAN
(kissing her face)
Stay here... don't go...

Blood is coursing now, but Beverly manages to pull away slightly.

(Continued)
BEVERLY
Odan... are we... is this... interfering? With your work on the Peliar Zel problems?

ODAN
Fortunately I've done about as much as I can until we get there.
(bending to her again)
Because I wouldn't be able to keep my mind on work now...

BEVERLY
Odan... I have to get back...

ODAN
Promise me we'll be together tonight...

BEVERLY
I promise...

ODAN
Then go, Doctor Beverly...

She reaches out fingertips, touches his lips.

BEVERLY
It's just Beverly...

ODAN
Not just Beverly. It's Beverly's smile and her kindness, her beauty, within and without. So much more than just Beverly...

He takes her wrist, turns it and kisses it gently on the inside. Then --

PICARD'S COM VOICE
Picard to Ambassador Odan...

The two lovers jump guiltily apart. Odan reaches for his tunic, presses the com badge.

ODAN
Yes, Captain? This is Odan...

PICARD'S COM VOICE
The Federation representative from Peliar Zel has come on board.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
PICARD'S COM VOICE (Cont'd)
Could you meet us in the Observation Lounge?

ODAN
I'll be right there, Captain.

He and Beverly exchange smiles.

PICARD'S COM VOICE
And Ambassador... if you should run into Doctor Crusher, would you ask her to join us as well?

ODAN
By all means. If I run into her.

He turns smiling to her and, though feeling a little like a naughty child who's been found out, she smiles back.

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE - A BIT LATER (OPTICAL)

Picard is already there, standing with LEKA, a representative of the Federation planet Peliar Zel, RIKER, TROI, and Data. Beverly ENTERS, nods toward Picard, who nods back, expressionless. She moves toward a seat next to Troi.

TROI
(sotto)
Where've you been?

BEVERLY
(likewise)
With a patient. Minor emergency.

Troi nods and then -- from the opposite door -- Odan walks in.

PICARD
Ambassador Odan, this is Governor Leka Trion, of Peliar Zel.

LEKA
Ambassador... thank you for coming.

(beat)
I knew your father.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
LEKA (Cont'd)
His efforts helped keep our people at peace for several generations.

ODAN
I would hope to serve you as well as he.

Picard has gestured people to their seats; Odan finds himself next to Data, who leans to him and says, in an aside:
DATA
I hope Doctor Crusher was able
to help you with your headache.

ODAN
Thank you. Actually, she was.

A little flicker between Odan and Beverly.

PICARD
Governor Leka has intercepted us
before we reached her planet in
order to update us on the
situation.

LEKA
It has grown progressively worse.
The people on our moons have been
in discord ever since they
migrated from the planet five
centuries ago. For us on the
planet... it is like having two
squabbling children. We try to
help settle their arguments
without taking sides... but this
time, we are at a loss.

ODAN
I've been studying the information
you sent... If I understand
correctly, the people of Alpha
moon have found a way to tap
directly into the magnetic field
of your planet, and now rely
exclusively on that energy
source.

LEKA
Yes. But the Beta moon seems to
be suffering some environmental
damage as a result.

DATA
My design models suggest that Beta
will begin to experience rising
temperatures... erratic tide
surges... and in general the
beginnings of global warming.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
The impact on the health of the
Betan people is clear. There
will be profound medical
repercussions.

LEKA
Alpha is unwilling to lose their
new-found energy source... Beta
accuses them of intentionally
courting genocide... our efforts
to find a compromise have failed.
And now --

(beat)
-- we’ve received intelligence
that both sides are arming for
war. If that happens... the
people of my planet will begin
to take sides... the outcome can
only be disastrous.

PICARD
We will be in orbit around Peliar
Zel within six hours. If you can
arrange for the representatives
of Alpha and Beta to be there,
Ambassador Odan can beam directly
to the planet.

Picard rises, indicating an end to the meeting.

ODAN
Excuse me, Captain... I would
prefer to shuttle to the surface.

LEKA
I would not recommend it. There
are many radical factions involved
in this dispute. It would be
difficult to guarantee your
safety.

ODAN
(good-natured)
I’m sure I’m not the first who
has expressed discomfort with the
idea of molecular transport.
Thank you, but I much prefer to
keep myself intact. I’ll shuttle
down.

* (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

PICARD
As you like.

The group files out.

ANGLE - TROI

quietly watching the room empty. Picard sees her, approaches, curious.

PICARD
Counselor...?

TROI
It's Ambassador Odan... I continue to feel such... fluctuations... of emotion from him.

PICARD
(dryly)
Maybe it's just spring, Deanna... (off her look)
Or perhaps these sensations are perfectly normal among the Trill.

TROI
It could be... we know so little about them...

She shakes her head as though to rid it of a nagging doubt.

TROI
But he seems a lovely person... very much a gentleman, don't you think?

PICARD
Yes. Quite.

Troi leaves and we stay on Picard.

INT. BARBER SHOP - LATER (OPTICAL)

Our blue barber works on N.D. crew in the background. Beverly reclines on a lounge, either hand draped in a bowl of translucent liquid. Her feet are bare, toes freshly painted, held apart by a special little drying rack.

(CONTINUED)
A cloth of special astringent is folded across her eyes. Troi ENTERS, spies her, goes to an adjacent lounge. She speaks nonchalantly...

TROI

Is that the colgonite astringent you have on your eyes? I've never tried it...

Beverly starts a bit... lifts one corner of the cloth... sees Troi looking at her innocently. Beverly feels a little embarrassed to be found cosseting herself.

BEVERLY

Yes... I mean, I guess it is... someone just put it on me...

TROI

I never knew you even came in here...

BEVERLY

I don't. I mean, not usually...

TROI

But sometimes it feels good just to indulge yourself...

BEVERLY

I guess so...

TROI

Especially when you haven't done so for a while...

Beverly pulls the cloth off, gives her a look. Is there a double meaning here?

BEVERLY

What's that supposed to mean?

TROI

Beverly... you're in love.

Beverly is nonplussed. Is it that obvious?

BEVERLY

How... how did you know?
TROI
(gently)
I don't really think it's much of a secret.

BEVERLY
It isn't?

TROI
No. You've been -- glowing.

Beverly gives her a look, then, realizing Troi is absolutely right, she smiles... luxuriating in the feelings.

BEVERLY
'Glowing...’ Well, yeah... that's just how I feel, Deanna...

She looks to Troi for approbation... but sees something else... a doubt, a misgiving...

BEVERLY
What...?

TROI
Nothing --

BEVERLY
Yes, there is, I can tell. What is it?

TROI
Just... something I sense in Odan.

BEVERLY
What? What do you sense?

TROI
I'm not sure how to describe it... and I'm not saying there's anything wrong, it's just... (beat) Beverly... how well do you really know him?

BEVERLY
I... I feel like I know him better than anyone I've ever known... but...

(CONTINUED)
9 CONTINUED: (3)

She sits up, her overwhelming feelings now tapped, and pours out a litany of vacillation.

BEVERLY
Am I being foolish? I don't think so... and yet... it's only been a couple of weeks... Of course, maybe that means it's just infatuation... but I'm a grown up, I know the difference between love and infatuation...

Troi regards her with amused tolerance. She is happy that her friend is re-capturing some long dormant feelings. Surely that's more important than that nagging sense that Odan isn't what he seems...

BEVERLY
But one thing I'm sure of... is that I haven't felt like this in a long time...

TROI
And you like it...

Beverly looks at her, smiles.

BEVERLY
I like it.

And Troi returns the smile. Love covers many blemishes.

10 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)

in orbit around a large planet; two moons are also in evidence.

11 INT. READY ROOM

Picard at his desk; the door Chimes.

PICARD
Come.

The doors open and Odan ENTERS.

ODAN
You wanted to see me?

(CONTINUED)
PICARD
Yes, Ambassador. We've entered orbit... the shuttle will transport you to the surface in a few minutes.

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

ODAN
I am ready, Captain.

PICARD
How will you proceed once you're there?

ODAN
I cannot answer that. I never know until I am into the situation... meet the people involved. I work very much by instinct, not by pre-arranged plan.

PICARD
It seems to work well for you.

ODAN
I do like to go into a situation as well informed as possible... and your staff has been quite helpful in briefing me on the problems involved here. (beat) Particularly Doctor Crusher.

PICARD
My staff is quite capable. I'm glad they've been useful.

ODAN
Your Doctor Beverly is an extraordinary person... both as a scientist... and as a woman.

Picard is becoming uncomfortable with the frank nature of this discussion.

PICARD
I'm sure that's true. Well... shall we make our way to the Shuttlebay?

ODAN
Captain... you know her better than I... do you have any idea how -- committed -- she is to remaining with Starfleet?

This catches Picard by surprise. Is Odan planning to take Beverly off the Enterprise?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

PICARD
I wouldn't presume to speak for her.

ODAN
Of course not. I just thought... you've known her for so long...

But before Picard can answer --

**ENSIGN'S COM VOICE**
Ensign Taggert to Captain Picard...

PICARD
Yes, Ensign?

**ENSIGN'S COM VOICE**
The shuttle is ready to transport the Ambassador.

PICARD
Very well.

ODAN
I can find my own way, Captain.
(beat)
I hope to bring good news when I return.

And he is gone. Picard stares after him, discomfited by this conversation.

INT. SHUTTLEBAY

Odan moves with Geordi toward the shuttle, where Riker and Beverly wait. Odan carries a small case.

GEORDI
Commander Riker asked to pilot you himself, Ambassador.

ODAN
I am honored.

But his eyes are on Beverly, and he goes to her, takes her aside from the others.

ODAN
I don't know when I'll be back...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
I know... have a safe trip.

He smiles warmly, puts his arms around her as though it were the most natural thing in the world, even with the crew nearby.

ODAN
I will stay safe, Doctor
Beverly... I have good reason to return...

He opens his case, withdraws a rose... lovely and graceful.

ODAN
I have researched earth customs. This flower is given to express love.

BEVERLY
Yes, it is...

She takes the rose, touched by this romantic gesture. They smile at each other... he takes her wrist, turns it to the inside, and kisses it. Then he moves toward the shuttle. Beverly sniffs the heady fragrance of the rose.

INT. BRIDGE

Picard, Data, Worf, SUPERNUMERARY at Conn.

DATA
Initiate shuttle pre-flight sequence.

RIKER'S COM VOICE
Pre-flight under way... counting to clearance...

There is a beat; then --

DATA
Shuttle has cleared the Bay door.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Beverly ENTERS from the Turbolift, takes a seat to view the proceedings.

WORF
Commander Riker, you will be out of shield range in five seconds.

INT. SHUTTLECRAFT - INTERCUTTING (OPTICAL)

Riker piloting; Odan at his side.

RIKER
Acknowledged, Lieutenant. We'll be entering the upper ionosphere in two minutes, twenty seconds.

WORF
Captain... an unidentified ship is emerging from the limb of the moon.

PICARD
Hail the vessel.

RIKER
I have visual contact. I don't recognize it.

Worf works his controls.

WORF
Sir, it claims to be an escort vessel from the Beta moon.

PICARD
There was no mention of an escort... request a security clearance code.

A beat as Work does so...

WORF
They do not answer, sir.

PICARD
Commander, stand by to return to the Shuttlebay.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WORF
Captain -- the escort ship is loading its phaser banks!

RIKER
Increasing power to the shields... coming about...

EXT. SPACE – THE SHUTTLE AND THE ESCORT (OPTICAL)

The shuttle banks to return to the Enterprise, but the strange ship unloads phasers. The shuttle takes a hit.

INT. SHUTTLE

The impact throws Odan from his seat; he strikes his head on the bulkhead and lands unconscious. Riker struggles to control the helm.

PICARD
Engage tractor beam. Number One -- report.

RIKER
We’ve lost the port thruster and both back-up stabilizers... I’m losing control...

PICARD
We’re bringing you in.

EXT SPACE – SHUTTLE AND ESCORT SHIP (OPTICAL)

The tractor beam has locked on to the shuttle. The other ship has turned and is headed once more to the moon.

INT. SHUTTLE – INTERCUTTING

RIKER
Captain, the shuttle hull has been weakened. We’re breaking up... you can’t tow us. Better beam us directly on board...

(CONTINUED)
19A CONTINUED:

Odan, on the floor, raises his head at this.

ODAN
(weak)
No... don't do it...

RIKER
I can't stabilize the shuttle...

ODAN
If you transport me, it will kill me... please...

Riker stares at him, swiftly weighing the elements.

PICARD
Number One... we're ready to beam you aboard.

RIKER
Belay that, Captain. I'm going to bring her in manually.
(beat)
Advise Doctor Crusher we have a medical emergency.

Beverly pales at this, realizing it could mean only one thing.

20
INT. SICKBAY

Beverly and NURSE OGAWA work over Odan's nearly lifeless body. He has a gash in his head and various contusions to the upper body.

BEVERLY
He's in shock... he's lost a lot of blood... but that doesn't account for these readings...

She passes the Tricorder over him again, disturbed by what she reads.

BEVERLY
Eosinophilia in the cerebrospinal fluid at forty-six percent.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NURSE OGAWA
Sedimentation rate is twenty-nine... but his lymphocytes are intact...

Beverly looks up at her.

BEVERLY
It's as though there's a parasite at work...

Odan stirs and groans; Beverly leans in to him.

BEVERLY
Odan... I have to do exploratory surgery. You may have a parasitic infection...

His hand reaches out and grasps her wrist.

ODAN
You must not.

BEVERLY
But... you won't survive...

Still holding her with one hand, Odan places the other over his diaphragm.

ANGLE - ON ODAN
as the purplish lump begins to rise. Beverly stares in stunned amazement.

BEVERLY
What is that...?

ODAN
Beverly... that... is me...

BEVERLY
What...?

ODAN
This body... is just a host. I am that parasite... and that is what must survive.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Beverly stares at him, then at the throbbing, green-veined thing on his chest. She is horrified.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

22 INT. SICKBAY

Beverly and Odan; the nurse has departed.

ODAN
It has always been this way... the Trill are a joined species... a host and a symbiont... and in this fashion we have survived for millenia...

BEVERLY
You're dying... what can I do?

ODAN
The host body is dying... You must contact the Trill quickly... tell them I need another host. They will send a replacement.

He holds her wrist tightly.

ODAN
I know it is hard to accept... but I beg you, Doctor Beverly... help me... this mission must be completed.

He grips her wrist and she smiles down at him, rocked by his revelation, but her love undiminished.

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE - LATER

Beverly, drained and exhausted, sits at the table with Picard, Riker, Troi, Geordi and Worf. She has been recounting the bizarre tale, and the others listen quietly in various states of contained amazement.

BEVERLY
Odan's host body died of the injuries just over an hour ago. But the symbiont being... Odan... is still alive.

Even for a staff used to unusual life forms, this is unique.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
Odan is the one who negotiated the last treaty. The man everyone thought was his father was just another host body.

RIKER
And the reason Odan refused the Transporter...

BEVERLY
(acknowledging)
It would have damaged the symbiont.

(CONTINUED)
PICARD
(to the others)
We have contacted the Trill.
Another host will arrive within
forty hours.

BEVERLY
I've placed Odan in stasis.
He can survive for an hour...
maybe two... but not beyond that.

DATA
Is it possible I could serve as
a temporary carrier?

BEVERLY
No, Data. The relationship
requires a biological being.

There is a small silence.

PICARD
We are at a desperate impasse with
the situation in the Peliar
system. The attack on our
shuttlecraft has inflamed the
dispute.

TROI
Who was responsible, Captain?

PICARD
No one will admit anything. Each
side accuses the other and threats
are mounting. We need Odan...

RIKER
Doctor... could a human host carry
him?

All eyes turn to him, realizing what he's suggesting.

(CONTINUED)
STAR TREK: "The Host" - REV. 3/7/91 - ACT TWO

23 CONTINUED: (3)

BEVERLY
I... believe so. From Odan's description of the process... it should be possible. But --

RIKER
(rising)
Then I volunteer.

BEVERLY
There's been no precedent for a human host. I couldn't guarantee what... what might happen.

PICARD
Would you be able to remove the symbiont when the new host arrives?

BEVERLY
In theory, yes. I just don't know what might happen to a human body in the process.

PICARD
Commander... the risk is too great.

RIKER
Weigh it against the prospect of war.

Picard hesitates, considering the options. Finally --

PICARD
It is your choice, Will. (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

RIKER
Then let's get to it.

And he heads for the door.

INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

Riker lies on a bio-bed with his shirt off. On a nearby table is a containment dome which holds the purplish blob that is Odan. Beverly plays a Tricorder over Riker.

BEVERLY
I've given you a local anesthetic... but you must be conscious while the implantation takes place. Drugs might damage the symbiont.

RIKER
I understand.

Beverly looks toward Nurse Ogawa.

BEVERLY
Laser scalpel.

Ogawa hands her the instrument and Beverly activates it, then bends toward Riker, making an incision in the navel. She completes the incision, then reaches for the glass container, lifts the domed lid, and takes the blob... Odan. She places it on the area in which she has made the incision.

CLOSE ON RIKER - INTERCUITING (OPTICAL)

as he draws a deep breath. Ogawa sponges off his forehead.

BEVERLY
How are you feeling? Is there pain?

RIKER
No... just... strange sensations...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
(to Ogawa)
Vital signs?

NURSE OGAWA
Heart rate one hundred ten...
blood pressure ninety over
forty...

She exchanges a concerned glance with Beverly. Riker's
teeth are clenched and he is drenched in perspiration.

BEVERLY
I can't close yet... the
assimilation isn't complete...

NURSE OGAWA
Pulse one thirty... and,
climbing... E.E.G. erratic.

BEVERLY
He's going to start fibrillating.
Two hundred milligrams
metrazene...

Ogawa turns to an instrument cart.

BEVERLY
Will... hang on...

He draws a deep shuddering breath and goes unconscious.
Ogawa hands Beverly the hypospray and she administers
it.

BEVERLY
I'm closing...

She bends to Riker with a laser suture, repairs the
incision.

NURSE OGAWA
(reading tricorder)
No change...

BEVERLY
The metrazene should have
stabilized him... I'll give it
ten seconds more before we go
in again.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

There is an agonizing wait as Beverly finishes suturing. Then --

NURSE OGAWA
Blood pressure leveling off...
I think he's stabilizing.

Bev now takes a tricorder and scans.

BEVERLY
That's better... signs are returning to normal.

Beverly strips off her gloves.

OMITTED

ON RIKER'S CHEST
where the parasite is now completely assimilated. There is no indication of it whatsoever.

ANGLE - RIKER

as Beverly sponges off his forehead. He stirs, rolls his head... his eyes flicker a bit...

BEVERLY
Will... it's Beverly. Can you hear me?

Now his eyes are open, slightly glassy... then looking around the room... focusing on Beverly. A little smile.

RIKER
Hello...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
(smiling back)
You're going to be all right.
How do you feel?

Riker reaches out and holds her wrist.

RIKER
I am just fine... but you look
tired, Doctor Beverly.

Weakly, he turns her wrist to the inside and kisses it. Beverly stares at him... realizing that Odan is now very much alive -- in Riker's body.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

30 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
in orbit around Peliar Zel.

31 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

Riker stands with Picard before the viewscreen, addressing Governor Leka.

RIKER
I realize it will be disturbing, Governor... but you must convince
the inhabitants of the moons that
I am Odan... I have his thoughts,
his memories, his skills...

LEKA
They will perceive you as a
Starfleet officer... perhaps with
your own agenda...

RIKER
The man they knew as my father...
the man who stands before them
now... both are merely hosts.
It is your task to help them
understand.

LEKA
I will try. I cannot promise they
will listen. They are more
factionalized than ever, and
listening is a skill which seems
to have evaporated in the heat
of argument.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RIKER
Speak softly, Governor. People who cannot hear an angry shout... will often strain to hear a whisper.

LEKA
(after a beat)
I will do what I can.

Riker nods and the screen returns to the starfield.

PICARD
Well done.

But suddenly Riker stumbles slightly. He reaches out to balance himself on Picard’s shoulder.

RIKER
Sorry... a little dizzy...

PICARD
Mister Worf, take the Ambassador to his quarters.

RIKER
I’ll be all right... just need to lie down a minute...

Worf is there, helping him out. Picard watches them go for a moment, then --

PICARD
Bridge to Crusher...
32 INT. SICKBAY - INTERCUTTING

BEVERLY
Yes, Captain?

PICARD
The Ambassador is not well.
Please see to him in his quarters.

She stands for a moment, as though unwilling to face
what she might encounter. But --

BEVERLY
Right away, sir.

33 INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS - MINUTES LATER

Beverly scans Riker with a Tricorder. She is cool,
professional, detached.

BEVERLY
I'm getting a slightly elevated
white cell count... six-tenths
of a degree of temperature...
(casts a glance toward
him)
...nothing that indicates
rejection.

RIKER
That's good...

BEVERLY
But you look awfully pale...

RIKER
Just a little weak...
light-headed...

Beverly uses an instrument to peer into one of his
eyes.

BEVERLY
Cerebral blood flow looks
normal...

He reaches for her hand, puts it briefly in his.
Beverly becomes extremely uncomfortable, withdraws it,
moves to pack her Tricorder.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
I’ll leave you a metabolic
booster... use it if the symptoms
get worse...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RIKER
Beverly...

BEVERLY
Beyond that, I don't know what to do.
(beat)
This is... all new for me.

RIKER
For me as well.

She leaves the hypospray near him, snaps shut her medical carrier, and rises.

RIKER
Please don't go... we need to talk about this...

BEVERLY
I... don't know what to say... where to begin...

RIKER
Nor do I... but I know that silence will injure us...

Beverly looks at him. The shock and discomfort of this whole thing rise up in her.

BEVERLY
Maybe you should have thought about that sooner. Maybe you should have told me what you were. It didn't bother you to stay silent yesterday...

Riker shrugs in honest puzzlement.

RIKER
But... it never occurred to me. This is what I am... did you tell me you are only a single being? Of course not... it is normal for you...

And of course, that's reasonable. Her anger has no place to go.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

BEVERLY
I don't know how to handle this...
I just... don't know who you are...

RIKER
(sadly)
I understand... but whoever I seem
to be... I am Odan... the man who
loved you... and that has not
changed. I still love you. I
can't help that.

Anguished, she turns away from him.

RIKER
But if that causes you pain...
I will suppress it. I will keep
my distance, Doctor Beverly. I
would never hurt you.

She turns, looks into his eyes, also searching. Who is
in there... is it the man she loved so desperately?
She can't tell. Without a word, she turns and EXITS.
Riker stares after her, in pain both physically and
psychically.

INT. DATA'S QUARTERS - LATER

Worf, Geordi, and Data play poker. Data deals.

DATA
Five card draw. Ante up.

The door CHIMES and Riker ENTERS the room. Geordi and
Worf look happy to see him.

GEORDI
Commander -- come on in...

DATA
Geordi... I believe the correct
term now would be "Ambassador."

Riker smiles wanly.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RIKER
You can call me anything you like.
I know this must be difficult for you.

(beat)
May I join you?

GEORDI
(too quickly)
Sure! Sit down... right here...

WORF
We are pleased you're here.

Their eagerness sounds a false note. This is an unusual situation for everyone. Riker sits and picks up the deck.

DATA
Are you familiar with this game, Ambassador?

No.

He shuffles and ruffs the cards with ease.

RIKER
But... I seem to have done this before...

He begins dealing. With his guileless honesty, Data gets right to the point.

DATA
Ambassador, what is the precise nature of the symbiotic joining? Are you Odan? Or Commander Riker? Or a combination of both?

RIKER
I wish I could give you an answer as simple as the question. Ordinarily, the host body has no personality. This time... is different somehow.

He looks down as he deals out the cards -- which he does effortlessly and faultlessly.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

RIKER
I've never done this... and yet
I know how.

He looks up to see them all looking at him.

RIKER
And something compelled me to come
here tonight... though I didn't
consciously know what would await
me. It is as though... Will Riker
is here with me... I have never
felt that with other hosts.

The others regard him with a measure of discomfort. It
is weird... seeing the Riker who is so familiar to
them... but hearing someone else discuss him as though
he weren't there.

GEORDI
(rhetorical)
I guess the question is... will
the Commander be alright... when
he comes back?

A dampening thought. Riker looks around the table...
realizes his presence makes them uneasy.

(Continued)
34 CONTINUED: (3)

RIKER
Gentlemen... I am making you
uncomfortable. Please... continue
without me.

He EXITS, and no one argues with his going.

35 INT. TEN FORWARD

Beverly sits by herself at a table in the corner. She
gazes out at the brilliant star field, lost in thought.
Someone approaches the table; she senses, rather than
sees it, and looks up. Troi stands there.

TROI
May I join you?

Wordlessly, Beverly gestures to a seat, and Troi slides
in. For a moment the two stare out at the brilliant
mosaic.

BEVERLY
(finally)
The first man I ever loved
unconditionally... was named
Stefan.

She turns her chair around, plays with her teacup.

BEVERLY
He was a soccer player... I would
watch him race down the field and
I thought my heart would stop
because he was so beautiful...

She stirs her darkening tea.

BEVERLY
We married and had three
children... twin boys, Andrew and
Alex, and then a girl, Jennifer...
Stefan became a famous artist and
created huge, breathtaking metal
sculptures... I kept house and
made the world easy for him...
and he came to adore me as much
as I worshipped him...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She looks up to see Troi's eyes on her.

BEVERLY
At least in my daydreams. Stefan was eleven... and I was eight. He never even knew I existed.

A sad little smile from Troi, an unspoken moment between them... When Beverly speaks, it is from utter vulnerability.

BEVERLY
Deanna... I loved Odan. I'm sure of that... I had no doubts, no fears...

(beat)

...and now... I don't know what it was I loved. His eyes... his hands, his mouth... his body? They're gone. If that was all it was, I should mourn him and go on...

She hesitates, working the whole strange thing over in her mind.

BEVERLY
But there was so much more... I felt completely free with him... unguarded... at ease with myself... There were so many things that made him special to me. Where are they? Are they still here... alive in Will Riker? I look at Will and I see someone I've known for years... a kind of brother. But... inside... is it really Odan...?

She looks imploringly at Troi, a raw wound.

BEVERLY
Help me, Deanna... please...

Troi feels overwhelmed. She wants to comfort her friend... but this whole situation is beyond anyone's experience.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)  

TROI
What... what do your feelings tell you?

BEVERLY
I feel the pull... it's powerful...

In her frustration, her anguish, she grasps for anything that might have spared her this pain.

BEVERLY
I wish he'd never come on this ship... I was happy tending patients and doing my research...

TROI
Don't wish that, Beverly... you can never be open to love if you won't risk pain...

BEVERLY
I don't care... I'd give anything not to feel the way I do now... there's no happiness that's worth this...

She looks up as though she's heard an unseen voice and sees --

RIKER
entering Ten-Forward, looking around, moving toward a table.

BACK TO TROI AND BEVERLY
Beverly is pale.

BEVERLY
He's here. He just walked in.

Troi does not turn around. She looks right at Beverly.

TROI
Look at him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
I don't want to look at him...
Talk to me Deanna, please... keep
talking.

Troi looks at her for a brief moment, leans in, takes
Beverly's hands.

TROI
The first man I ever loved... was
my father. He was strong and
tall... he carried me when the
ground was muddy... he chased away
the monsters who hid under my bed
at night... he sang to me and he
kept me safe. And then he went
away.

A pause, then...

TROI
What I wouldn't give to hear his
songs again... to feel his arms
protect me. I never will. But
I can still feel his warmth, his
love... as though he were here
with me.

(Beverly acknowledges)
Beverly, if you can feel those
things from the man we know as
Will Riker, accept them, accept
the love.

Beverly looks at her... feels the strength and
affection in her grip. Slowly, she turns her head...
like a homing device, it finds Riker...

RIKER - HER POV

His eyes are on her, his gaze burning into her. Odan's
eyes.

BEVERLY

feels the pull as though there were a steel cord
between them.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
in orbit around Péliar Zel.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's Log, Stardate 44823.8.
Representative of the moons of
Péliar Zel have agreed to come
on board to meet the new
Ambassador Odan.

INT. OBSERVATION LOUNGE

Picard, Beverly, and Riker. Riker doesn’t look
good… weak, pale, and shaky. Beverly scans him with
a Tricorder.

BEVERLY
White count is elevated… it’s
higher every time I read it…

(beat)
Are you in pain?

RIKER
(lying)
Not much…

PICARD
Ambassador… I can stall the
representatives…

RIKER
No. They would consider it
deception. I must meet them.

PICARD
Surely… to present yourself in
this condition… will not help
our cause.

RIKER
I promise you, Captain… they
will not know I am ill.

At that moment the doors open and Worf ENTERS.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Worf

Captain... the emissaries.

Leka enters, followed by two representatives of the Peliar moons.

LEKA

May I present Kalin Trose, of Alpha moon... and Lathal Bine, of Beta moon.

KALIN TROSE

Thank you for receiving us, Captain.

LATHAL BINE

Is this Ambassador Odan?

He moves toward Riker, looking him up and down, inspecting him. Riker has pulled it together, looks a little pallid but otherwise all right.

RIKER

Lathal Bine... It was your aunt who represented Beta thirty years ago...

LATHAL BINE

That is correct.

RIKER

A formidable woman. I had the utmost respect for her.

Riker gestures everyone into seats. The two representatives sit opposite him, scrutinizing him carefully.

KALIN TROSE

And who was it who spoke for Alpha... so long ago...?

Riker smiles at him, easy-going and comfortable.

RIKER

It was you, of course, Kalin Trose. Then you were a young man, bristling with passion and zeal...

(MORE)

(continued)
RIKER (Cont'd)

But wise enough to see that your people needed peace to ensure their future...

The two of them look at Riker... surprised by his thorough knowledge of them... but still wary.

KALIN TROSE

And... how did you manage to achieve a compromise... between that young man and the iron-willed woman of Beta moon?

A smile from Riker.

RIKER

They agreed to trade places for a week... understand each other’s situation with more informed eyes... after that -- an agreement came swiftly.

KALIN TROSE

Nothing you have said is beyond what a school child could learn from a history book.

RIKER

But it’s not commonly known... that during those negotiations... Kalin Trose, you quelled a plot by radicals on your moon to assassinate the Beta delegation.

KALIN TROSE

It... is true.

There is a pause as the representatives digest this.

LATHAL BINE

Perhaps he was wiser in his youth than he is now. Odan -- you must convince him to stop --

Riker holds up a hand, stopping him.

RIKER

Do you accept me? Will you allow me to work with you?
There is a hesitation. The representatives look from one to the other. Silence. Then --

LATHAL BINE
Yes. The people of Beta moon accept you.

RIKER
And Alpha moon?

Kalin Trose stares at him, unresponsive. Finally --

KALIN TROSE
I will consider it. But I must consult others.

LATHAL BINE
This is a typical tactic... he is an obstructionist, you can see that --

RIKER
Kalin Trose, you may confer with your people. But we must have your answer within eight hours.

The three Peliar aliens rise.

KALIN TROSE
You shall have it.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

They head for the door, Leka the last out. Before she leaves, she turns and smiles at Riker; she is encouraged. The doors close. Riker sinks into his chair, hands clenching the table. The others hurry to him. He looks up, finds Beverly, his eyes frantic with pain.

RIKER
Beverly... help me...

INT. SICKBAY - LATER

Riker lies on a bio-bed, groggy. Beverly completes a final test, and then moves off to the side, out of ear-shot, where Picard is waiting.

BEVERLY
All his vital functions are overworked. His immune system is under attack. I can only guess that he's going through classic rejection syndrome.

PICARD
Is there any treatment you can give him?

BEVERLY
I can administer an immunosuppressant. It would help with the symptoms... but it wouldn't correct the underlying cause. He's carrying a foreign organism in his body.

She runs a hand through her hair, tired and frustrated.

BEVERLY
I don't know what to do... medical school didn't exactly prepare me for a situation like this...

PICARD
You're doing all you can...

Beverly gives him a look, a rueful laugh.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
Thank you. I wish that were more comforting.

She takes a breath, shrugs off anguish.

BEVERLY
Don't worry about me, Captain. I'm fine.

They lock eyes for a moment, each acknowledging the lie. Picard turns to Riker.

PICARD
Ambassador... when you feel up to it, please join me in my Ready Room.

He EXITS. Beverly goes to Riker, takes a hypospray from an instrument table.

BEVERLY
I'm giving you something that should help you feel better. At least temporarily.

Beverly administers the injection. Riker takes a few deep breaths... seems to relax... the pain goes from his eyes as he gets relief.

RIKER
The pain is gone... thank you...

Then he takes her wrist, holds it firmly. Beverly feels a wave of heat rising in her.

BEVERLY
Please... don't...

RIKER
Let me touch you... just for a moment...

For a brief moment, she allows herself to yield to the feelings. She reaches out... touches his face... caresses his cheek... starts to bend to him...

But she stops herself. This isn't right... Riker is like her brother...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY
No... please...

Never taking his eyes off Beverly, still holding her wrist, he sits up. Then, forcing himself, he releases her.

INT. READY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Riker with Picard.

PICARD
It was a fast decision, which we must take as positive. The Alphan representative has agreed... somewhat dubiously... to let you mediate the dispute.

RIKER
I was sure they would. They are reasonable people... just trapped in their own anger.

PICARD
I have no doubt, however, that they will bolt if anything goes wrong in your discussions.

RIKER
(grinning)
Then it’s up to me to make sure nothing goes wrong.

Picard looks at him curiously; Riker is puzzled.

RIKER
Have I said something wrong...?

PICARD
No... it’s just... for a moment... you sounded more like Will Riker.

There is a brief, uncomfortable moment. Then Picard goes on briskly.

PICARD
We have received word that your new host will arrive in eighteen hours. Will you be all right until then?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RIKER

The medication which Doctor Beverly gave me has helped. I will find a way to keep going.

Picard hears the quaint phrasing of Odan's reference to Beverly... it still makes him uneasy. They eye each other.

RIKER

It is an awkward situation for her. As you can imagine.

PICARD

Yes. Yes, I certainly can. (beat)
And for you as well.

Riker looks at him sadly.

RIKER

My life has been spent... trying to help others find solutions to insoluble problems. And now...
I am confronted with one of my own for which there is truly no answer.

Whether for Beverly, for Riker, or for the thoughtful, sensitive being who speaks through Riker's mouth -- Picard feels profound sorrow.

INT. BEVERLY'S QUARTERS - THAT NIGHT (OPTICAL)

Beverly ENTERS, weary from the day's anxieties, wanting to unwind. She stretches her arms as she walks across the room, then drops her neck and rolls her head. She goes to the replicator.

BEVERLY

Lemon tea...

The replicator provides the tea and Beverly takes it, sipping as she moves to a comfortable chair. She sits. On the end table by the chair is the single rose that Odan gave her before taking the ill-fated shuttle. She regards it for a moment, then bends to inhale the still-heady aroma.
INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS - INTERCUTTING

Riker paces, agitated.

RIKER
Computer... location of Doctor Beverly Crusher.

COMPUTER VOICE
Doctor Crusher is in her quarters.

He starts toward the door, then flops down on a chair, staring at nothing.

INT. BEVERLY'S QUARTERS - INTERCUTTING

Beverly holds the rose in her hands, staring at it, as though in that way she could somehow leap back in time to that day when she was so happy... when all the universe was contained in Odan's eyes... She looks up... as though hearing something -- someone -- calling out to her...

INT. ODAN'S QUARTERS

Riker is up, pacing, unable to sit still. He goes to the computer monitor, flips it on, stares at it, switches it off again. He goes to his replicator.

RIKER
Can you make balso tonic?

COMPUTER VOICE
There is no formula on record. Please supply a molecular structure.

RIKER
Never mind.

Riker looks toward the door... takes a step toward it... stops, turns back. He is in an anguish of tension and indecision.

Suddenly, the door CHIMES.

Riker whirls as though struck. He stares at the door. It CHIMES again.

RIKER
Come in...

(CONTINUED)
Continued:
The door opens and Beverly is there. They look at each other for a second, and then she enters the room. The Rubicon is crossed. During the next, their eyes are never off each other.

Beverly
I thought... I should see how you’re doing. If you needed another hypospray...

Riker
I don’t think so... the symptoms have not returned...

Beverly
Ah. Well... that’s good.

Riker
Yes.

They take one more step toward each other.

Beverly
Tomorrow is an important day. Do you feel -- ready for it?

Riker
I think so. I have been preparing.

Beverly
That’s good.

Riker
Yes.

One more step.

Beverly
I’ll check your vital signs in the morning... before the representatives get here.

They are very close now... the atmosphere between them is as charged as an electrical storm... their eyes are locked on each other.

Riker
They must not know I’m taking medication...

(Continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY
You could arrange to take a series
of breaks...

RIKER
That's good...

BEVERLY
Yes...

There is silence, waiting to be filled, but nothing
more to say. No more small talk. Beverly is all but
trembling... she must take one more step, just one,
toward him...

RIKER
Beverly... I want you...

She takes a breath, as though there is suddenly not
even enough oxygen in the room...

RIKER
If you are going to leave... you
must go now...

One last beat... but she knows the answer.

BEVERLY
I'm not leaving.

And she flows into his arms. Their lips meet, and it
is as natural, as inevitable, as breathing. For the
moment she can't remember why she ever resisted.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
still in orbit.

PICARD (V.O.)
Captain's log, Stardate 44824.4.
The representatives of Peliar Zel
and its two moons are ready to
transport on board. We have
learned that they each have
troops massed and are ready for
combat if this final effort at
peace is not successful.

INT. READY ROOM

Picard, Riker, and Beverly. She is scanning Riker with
a Tricorder; he looks weak -- pale and clammy.

BEVERLY
White count is back up...
temperature elevated... the
effects of the medication are
wearing off faster every time.
(reaches for her bag)
I'll administer one now... and
hope it holds for an hour or
two...

But Riker stops her arm.

RIKER
No... no more.

Beverly looks at him, puzzled.

PICARD
Ambassador... it's clear you're
in pain. You can't get through
the next hours without help --

RIKER
I must.

He looks from one to the other.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
Are the injections damaging the host body... Riker's body?

ODAN
Yes. I cannot put him at further risk.

Beverly stares at him, helpless, torn... what is the right thing to do? Medical ethics never tackled this problem...

BEVERLY
But how can you function? Conduct the meeting?

He looks at her, gives a wan smile.

RIKER
I'll manage.

The look between them carries many messages... and Picard is witness to them. There is an intimacy that has never existed between these two before. He turns away, feeling somehow an intruder.

PICARD
We will respect your wishes.

RIKER
Further... I will conduct the mediation today... but at the end of today, regardless of the outcome... I must be removed from Riker's body. Even if the new host has not yet arrived.

Beverly is stunned by this.

BEVERLY
But... you wouldn't survive...

RIKER
Riker will not survive unless I am removed. He has given enough...

BEVERLY
Odan...

RIKER
Your word.

(CONTINUED)
A pause. Beverly looks to Picard. He holds her look for a moment, and then nods. Beverly turns back to Riker.

BEVERLY
Very well.

WORF'S COM VOICE
Worf to Captain Picard...

PICARD
Yes, Mister Worf?

WORF'S COM VOICE
The representatives have arrived. I will escort them to the Observation Lounge.

PICARD
Thank you.

Picard turns to Riker, who rises. Taking a breath and standing tall, he starts for the door. He passes Beverly, stops... looks into her eyes... touches her cheek... and EXITS. Beverly looks after him, then turns to find Picard’s eyes on her. A little embarrassed, she becomes brisk and professional, closes up her medical case.

BEVERLY
I’ll stand by with the medication, just in case. The pain may become so intense --

PICARD
Beverly...

The tone of his voice, not at all that of her Captain, makes her look up at him instantly.

PICARD
Whatever else I have been to you... I am your friend. I cannot imagine what you are going through... but it must be a kind of hell. I want you to know... I am here... to help you... in any way I can.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (4)

This unexpected gesture pulls the aplomb right from under Beverly. She sinks onto a chair, head bowed, unanticipated tears welling in her eyes.

BEVERLY
Jean-Luc...

He comes to her, puts his hand on her shoulder. She places her hand on his, and they remain there for a moment, two old friends, sharing strength and pain.

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
in orbit around Peliar Zel.

INT. BRIDGE - LATER

Picard, Beverly, Data, Worf, SUPERNUMERARIES as needed. Beverly is a nervous wreck, trying to maintain control. Picard covers better, but is as anxious.

PICARD
Computer, what time is it?

COMPUTER VOICE
Fifteen thirty five hours.

BEVERLY
They've been in there almost six hours...

WORF
Captain... a message from the ship carrying the Trill host...

Beverly turns to him, eager.

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

BEVERLY
Are they here?

WORF
No. They are experiencing difficulty. They do not anticipate their arrival for another nine hours.

Beverly goes pale.

BEVERLY
Nine hours...

The door to the Observation Lounge opens, bringing both of them to their feet. Riker steps through the door and it shuts behind him. Beverly is on her way to him.

PICARD
Ambassador...

RIKER
It was worth it...

He staggers, then collapses. Beverly is right there, scanning him.

RIKER
They will not go to war...

And he passes out. Beverly looks terrified by what she sees on the Tricorder.

PICARD
Mister Worf, make sure the representatives are safely transported off the ship. (to Conn)
Ensign, set a course to intercept the Trill ship. Prepare to go to warp nine.

DATA
Sir, it could take more than two hours to reach the vessel.

Picard looks down at Beverly, working over Riker.

(continued)
CONTINUED: (2)

BEVERLY
I have no choice... I gave my word. I have to remove him.
Let's hope we reach the new host in time.

EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
at warp.
INT. SICKBAY - LATER

Picard ENTERS, sees Beverly moving away from Riker's bed. She looks exhausted -- ashen and drawn.

BEVERLY
Will is all right. His vital signs have stabilized... he's sleeping now.

PICARD
And... how is Odan?

BEVERLY
I have placed him in stasis. He's fine for the moment.

Picard nods, assimilating all this.

PICARD
You need some rest, Doctor.

BEVERLY
No. If Odan is to survive, he must be implanted in the host as soon as he arrives. I'll wait here.

PICARD
It will be some time yet.

BEVERLY
I know.

He hesitates a second, then yields to her wishes, turns and EXITS. Beverly moves to a stool, next to a domed container, and sits like a sentinel next to the strange, throbbing mass that is Odan.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF DARKENED SICKBAY

where Beverly dozes, head against the wall, near Odan. Worf ENTERS.

WORF
Doctor...

Beverly comes awake, stands quickly, getting her bearings.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
Is the Trill host here?

WORF
Yes.

BEVERLY
Thank goodness... bring him in.

She takes no notice of Worfs reaction to this, and begins readying a bio-bed for the host.

WORF (O.C.)

Doctor...

Beverly looks up, smiling... the smile freezes on her face in a moment of astonishment as she sees --

KAREEL - HER POV

Standing with Worf at the door is a beautiful young woman. She smiles... a strange, blank smile, empty of personality.

KAREEL
I am Kareel. I am to become host to Odan.

INT. BEVERLY'S OFFICE - LATER

Beverly sits dictating.

BEVERLY
...the operation to implant Odan into the new host was completed at nineteen hundred hours and appears to have been successful. There have been no difficulties with assimilation...

KAREEL

appears in the doorway. The woman is subtly transformed. She is still sinewy and beautiful... but there is spark to her eyes and dignity in her bearing.

KAREEL

Doctor Beverly...
STAR TREK: "The Host" - REV. 3/7/91 - ACT FIVE

ANGLE - BEVERLY

Beverly turns off the dictation device, turns, sees not an empty shell, but a woman of substance and feeling.

KAREEL
Could we talk for a moment?

Beverly nods wordlessly and Kareel ENTERS, sits, looks at her with sad, understanding eyes.

BEVERLY
You should be sleeping. You need rest.

KAREEL
I've never felt better. (a gentle smile)
Except once or twice...

This reminder is uncomfortable for Beverly, who looks down at her desk.

KAREEL
My poor Beverly... this has been so hard for you...

Her voice is throaty, rich... as warm as velvet...

KAREEL
I want to thank you... for your caring... for standing by me...

BEVERLY
I congratulate you. You averted a war that would have cost many lives...

KAREEL
Yes. It seems... everything has turned out for the best.

Beverly gives her a glance... their eyes lock. An unspoken question...

KAREEL
And yes... I am still Odan... and I still love you. I cannot imagine that ever changing.

Beverly doesn't answer. What is she to answer? She feels drained, exhausted... it's all been too much, too fast.

(CONTINUED)
BEVERLY
I'm glad you're all right.

A silence... disappointment in Kareel's beautiful eyes.

KAREEL
Is there to be nothing more?

Beverly runs her hand through her hair, exhausted.

BEVERLY
Perhaps it is a human failing... 
but we are not accustomed to 
these kinds of changes. I 
can't... keep up. How long will 
you have this host? What 
would the next one be? I 
couldn't live with that kind of 
uncertainty...

Kareel looks at her with sorrow.

BEVERLY
Perhaps... someday... our ability 
to love will not be so limited.

KAREEL
I understand.

Kareel rises and starts for the door.

BEVERLY
Odan...

Kareel turns back.

BEVERLY
I do love you... please remember 
that.

Kareel's smile is full of sadness and longing... and 
love. She goes to Beverly, takes her wrist.

KAREEL
I will never forget you.

And she kisses the inside of Beverly's wrist.
56 EXT. SPACE - THE ENTERPRISE (OPTICAL)
and the Trill ship part company.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END