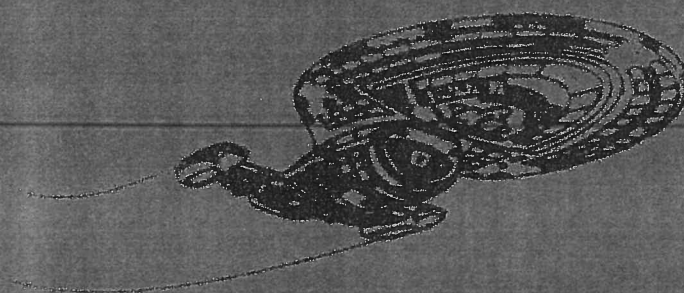


STAR TREK VOYAGER



“Revulsion”

FINAL DRAFT

July 7, 1997

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Revulsion"
(fka "Delirium")

#40840-173

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FINAL DRAFT

JULY 7, 1997

STAR TREK: VOYAGER - "Revulsion" - 7/7/97 - CAST

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Revulsion"

CAST

JANEWAY

DEJAREN

PARIS

COM VOICE

CHAKOTAY

TUVOK

TORRES

DOCTOR

NEELIX

KIM

SEVEN OF NINE

Non-Speaking

Non-Speaking

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES

STAR TREK: VOYAGER - "Revulsion" - 7/7/97 - SETS

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Revulsion"

SETS

INTERIORS

VOYAGER

BRIDGE
CARGO BAY
JEFFERIES TUBE
MESS HALL
SICKBAY

SHUTTLE

ALIEN SHIP

BRIDGE
ISO-MATRIX CHAMBER
LOWER DECK
SMALL COMPARTMENT

EXTERIORS

SPACE

VOYAGER
ALIEN SHIP
SHUTTLE

STAR TREK: "Revulsion" - 07/07/97 - PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Revulsion"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

ARRITHEANS

are-ITH-ee-uns

KTARIAN

kuh-TAR-ee-un

SEROS

SAR-ose

PERICARDIUM

pair-ih-CAR-dee-um

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Revulsion"

*

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - ALIEN SHIP (OPTICAL) 1

A small ship is floating dead in space. Main power has failed, and only a few of the windows are lit from within by flickering lights.

2 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE 2

A cramped and darkened room, lit only by the eerie, flickering GLOW of malfunctioning consoles and technology. At the moment, we are looking at the FLOOR, where the DEAD BODY of an ALIEN MAN is being DRAGGED, leaving a thin trail of BLOOD across the deck.

3 NEW ANGLE - DEJAREN 3

is dragging the body. He is young, mid to late 20's, dressed in drab coveralls, a futuristic "blue collar" worker of some sort. There are no traces of blood, cuts or bruises on him, and his hair is perfectly combed. We're not sure why he is dragging this body...

CUT TO:

4 CLOSE ON A WALL PANEL 4

Alien controls. Dejaren's hand works them...

5 WIDEN TO INCLUDE

5

A distinctive-looking HATCH. The hatch slides open, revealing a narrow CHAMBER beyond, lit by an amber GLOW. As Dejaren begins to pull the dead body into the chamber...

CUT TO:

6 NEW ANGLE - THE BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

6

Trails and smears of blood are on the floor. Dejaren walks in holding a CLEANING DEVICE -- a futuristic "mop." He begins to clean the blood off the floor...

Just then Dejaren's entire body FRITZES slightly in a holographic effect (distinct from the Doctor's), and the cleaning device falls from his hand, clattering to the floor. We will come to learn that this man is a hologram. Dejaren looks down at himself with alarm... thinks a moment... then makes a decision.

He moves to a nearby console, which is flickering with half-power. The staccato light plays on his face, giving him a creepy look. He works a few controls, then stares into the console and records an anxious distress call. He speaks in a nervous and halting fashion:

DEJAREN

(into console)

To any vessels within range... I
hope this message reaches you.

(beat)

I'm an HD-Two-Five isomorphic
projection. There's... there's
been an accident... my crew is
dead. I'm alone. Please... help
me.

*

*

*

*

He hits a final control to send the message. His body FRITZES again. OFF his face -- who is this man and what is he up to...?

7
thru
9

OMITTED

7
thru
9

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

10 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 10
at impulse.

11 INT. MESS HALL 11

Mid-celebration. The place is crowded: JANEWAY, CHAKOTAY, PARIS, TORRES, KIM, the DOCTOR, NEELIX and N.D.s all gathered for a dinner in TUVOK's honor. They're now telling stories about Tuvok, while the honoree sits at the head of the table, tolerating this "roast" as best he can.

Paris is standing, in the middle of a story:

PARIS

We rigged the security console so that every time Tuvok accessed the internal sensors, it would play a little message...

KIM

(quoting)

"Live Long and Prosper!"

PARIS

No matter what button he pushed...
"Live Long and Prosper!"

Kim and Paris start to laugh at the memory -- in the way friends do when recalling a funny story.

KIM

(breaking up)

Naturally, no one was available to fix the "malfunction..."

PARIS

(breaking up)

So Tuvok had to stretch his Vulcan patience to the limit for the rest of the day...

KIM

I swear, you could hear his teeth grinding from across the Bridge!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

PARIS

And just when he thought it was over... when he went back to his quarters and ordered a cup of Vulcan tea... his replicator did the same thing!

*
*

KIM

"Live Long and Prosper!"

They both laugh, and so does everyone else. Tuvok stares into middle-distance, trying his best to remain dignified. After a beat, the laughter dies down... and Janeway rises. Everyone turns their attention to her.

JANEWAY

The first time I met Tuvok, he dressed me down in front of three Starfleet Admirals for failing to observe proper tactical procedures during my first command. My human ego took a little bruising, but of course, he was right.

(beat)

Over the past nine years, I've come to rely on his insightful and unflinching logical advice.

She approaches Tuvok, and he stands.

JANEWAY

For outstanding service as Chief Tactical and Security Officer, it's my pleasure to grant you the rank of Lieutenant Commander.

She pins on the new pips, and everyone applauds.

JANEWAY

(warmly)

Congratulations, Tuvok.

TUVOK

Thank you, Captain.

The applause dies down, and everyone begins crying out "Speech! Speech!" Tuvok looks uncomfortable... turns to face them.

TUVOK

(to all)

Had I known this commendation entailed ritual humiliation...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

TUVOK (Cont'd)
I might have declined. However,
I accept it with gratitude, and
will honor the responsibility that
comes with it.

(beat)
During my three years on Voyager,
I have grown to respect a great
many of you. Others, I have
learned to tolerate.

He glances at Paris and Kim. A few people laugh.

TUVOK
As your Tactical Officer, I will
continue to do my best to ensure
a safe passage home. As a Vulcan,
I share the following sentiment...
(beat)
"Live Long... and Prosper."

People CHEER at Tuvok's speech. And the ceremony
starts to break up... people converging on Tuvok,
patting him on the back, congratulating him. Others
break off into their own groups, nibbling on food,
drinks, etc.

12 ANGLE - PARIS AND TORRES

12

are moving to a remote corner, trying to grab a private
moment. We sense that they've been "seeing" each other
for a few days, now. They stand close, barely able to
keep their hands off each other -- two passionate
lovers trying to conceal that fact from everyone else
in the room.

PARIS
(low)
My quarters. Ten minutes. I've
got champagne... we'll have our
own "celebration."

TORRES
(low)
We can't leave the party
together... too obvious...

PARIS
You're being paranoid... no one'll
notice.

TORRES
We should stay just a while
longer...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

PARIS

If I don't kiss you again soon,
I'll go berserk.
(passionate)
It's been too long.

TORRES

It's been an hour...

PARIS

Too long.

She smiles. A charged moment, then:

TORRES

All right... I'll leave through
the starboard doors... you take
the port... we'll time our exits
two minutes apart...

PARIS

You're so meticulous... I love it.

DOCTOR'S VOICE

(interrupting)

Mister Paris, a word please...

They both react as the Doctor walks up to them. They quickly move apart, awkward, trying to hide the affection between them. The Doctor takes note of it, but doesn't comment.

TORRES

I was just leaving.
(to Paris, formal)
Lieutenant.

She moves off, and Tom turns back to the Doctor.

PARIS

What can I do for you, Doc?

DOCTOR

The Captain has authorized me to
recruit someone with advanced
medical training to help in
Sickbay.

(dry)

Unfortunately, the most qualified
crewmember... is you.

Paris reacts with some dismay.

PARIS

You want me to be the new nurse?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

DOCTOR

If that's the title you prefer.
It'll only be temporary... three
duty shifts a week.

(beat)

We'll start tomorrow morning.
Report to Sickbay at oh eight
hundred hours. Bring a tricorder
and a smile.

Off Paris, not exactly thrilled at the prospect...

13 ON CHAKOTAY AND KIM

13

mid-conversation.

KIM

What kind of modifications?

CHAKOTAY

We'd like to enhance the
Astrometrics Lab. It hasn't been
upgraded since Voyager left
spacedock.

KIM

(enthused)

I'll start right away.

*

CHAKOTAY

I've assigned Seven of Nine to
work with you. She's agreed to
provide us with all the
navigational data for this area
she acquired during her time with
the Borg.

Kim reacts to this, wary.

CHAKOTAY

Is there a problem?

KIM

No... no problem.

*

CHAKOTAY

I know she can be a little
intimidating... but the Captain
feels this is a perfect
opportunity for Seven to integrate
with the crew... start to feel
like she's part of the team.

*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

KIM

Right. Part of the team. I'll do
my best, sir.

CHAKOTAY

I'm sure you will.

*

Chakotay heads off. As Kim takes this in, unnerved at
the prospect of working with the Borg...

14 NEELIX AND JANEWAY

14

are standing nearby.

JANEWAY

Have you made arrangements with
the Arritheans for tomorrow?

NEELIX

(nods)

The Delegate says he's looking
forward to trading with such an
advanced starship.

JANEWAY

You've done an excellent job
preparing for this mission,
Neelix. I think we should
consider this your first official
assignment as Ambassador.

*

Neelix smiles. Then:

COM VOICE

Ensign Culhane to the Captain.

JANEWAY

(to combadge)

Janeway here.

COM VOICE

We're receiving an automated
distress call.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

COM VOICE (Cont'd)
You might want to bring the
Doctor.

Off Janeway's curious look...

CUT TO:

15 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

15

Janeway and the Doctor stand facing the Viewscreen,
watching the end of Dejaren's distress call (as seen in
the Teaser). N.D.s occupy the other stations.

DEJAREN
I'm an HD-Two-Five isomorphic
projection. There's... there's
been an accident... my crew is
dead. I'm alone. Please... help
me.

*
*
*

He FRITZES for a moment, then the transmission ENDS.
The Doctor turns to Janeway, intrigued.

DOCTOR
He's a hologram?
(beat)
We've got to help him.

The Doctor turns to an N.D. at Tactical.

DOCTOR
Ensign, track the source of the
transmission.

The N.D. looks to Janeway, who nods for him to proceed.

DOCTOR
(to Janeway)
Once we find his ship... I'll lead
an Away Team.

JANEWAY
(lightly)
I don't recall giving you a
promotion today.

*

The Doctor hesitates, realizes he's overstepped his
bounds.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DOCTOR

Well... I'm the obvious choice to
provide assistance to a
holographic being.

*

JANEWAY

Doctor, I don't want you leaving
Voyager unless it's absolutely
necessary. I'm still concerned
about damaging your mobile
emitter.

DOCTOR

I understand. But if this is a
hologram... one of my "own kind,"
so to speak... I'd like to meet
him... study him.

(urging)

I'll bring Lieutenant Torres, just
to be safe. She knows more about
my emitter than anyone.

Janeway considers... then nods.

JANEWAY

The rest of us will meet with the
Arritheans. We'll see you there
when you're finished.

*

DOCTOR

Thank you, Captain.

As the Doctor heads for the door, eager to get
started...

16 OMITTED

16

17 INT. CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

17

Kim ENTERS. The room is still partially BORGIFIED,
with a few alcoves along the wall. It's spooky enough
for Kim to feel a little out of place.

He glances around for Seven of Nine, but she's nowhere
in sight. Suddenly:

SEVEN OF NINE'S VOICE

Am I to work with you?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

Kim whirls, startled to see --

18 SEVEN OF NINE 18

emerging from behind an outcropping.

KIM

Oh. Hi. Yes. I thought we'd start in Jefferies Tube thirty-two-B... enhance the astrometric sensors. If that's okay with you...

Seven of Nine studies him.

SEVEN OF NINE

Ensign Kim. You seem... apprehensive.

KIM

(lying)

Not at all.

SEVEN OF NINE

The last time we worked together, I struck you at the base of your skull, and attempted to contact the Collective.

KIM

(awkward)

Hey... these things happen...

SEVEN OF NINE

I assure you, it will not happen again.

KIM

That's... good to know.

He smiles a little. Seven of Nine steps near him, handing him a PADD. She is standing almost toe-to-toe, much closer than is socially comfortable -- she doesn't quite know their "customs" yet. Kim tries to remain nonchalant.

SEVEN OF NINE

I have designed new navigational sensors. Some of the alphanumeric are Borg.

*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

KIM
(lightly)
No problem. I always wanted to
learn Borg.

She stares at him.

SEVEN OF NINE
That is difficult to believe.

KIM
I was kidding.
(beat)
A joke. You know... humor?

SEVEN OF NINE
I understand the concept of humor.
(beat)
It may not be apparent... but I'm
often amused... by human behavior.

She stares at him a beat, then turns and heads for the
door. OFF Kim's look -- it's going to be a long day...

CUT TO:

19 EXT. SPACE - SHUTTLE (OPTICAL)
at impulse.

19 *

20 INT. SHUTTLE

20 *

Torres pilots the shuttle. The Doctor, wearing his
mobile emitter, seems preoccupied.

TORRES
Don't look so worried, Doctor.
I'm sure we'll find the ship.

DOCTOR
That's not what I'm concerned
about. I've been questioning the
wisdom of leaving Mister Paris in
charge of my Sickbay.

*
*

TORRES
Tom will do fine. He can be
responsible when he wants to be.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

DOCTOR
(acknowledges)
I suppose you'd know better than
I would.

She turns to him, suddenly defensive.

TORRES
What's that supposed to mean?

DOCTOR
Well, I've seen you together quite
often recently. You seem to have
become... good friends.

TORRES
Let's get one thing straight. I
don't appreciate you or anyone
else speculating about what kind
of friendships I have, or who I
have them with.

The Doctor keeps his tone innocent as he turns back to
his console, but he's enjoying teasing her.

DOCTOR
Sorry. I didn't realize I'd
struck a nerve. Perhaps you'd
like a tranquilizer?

She shoots him a look, about to respond, when the
console BEEPS. Torres checks the console.

TORRES
There it is.

DOCTOR
Dejaren's ship. Try hailing him.

TORRES
(works)
No response.

DOCTOR
Life signs?

TORRES
I'm picking up some energy
readings... but they're erratic.
(works)
Propulsion and main power are
down...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

DOCTOR
We're approaching Transporter
range...

*
*

He rises to go, eager to investigate. As Torres
follows...

*

21 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

21

The Doctor and Torres MATERIALIZE, carrying a medkit
and Engineering kit. The room is dimly-lit, crowded
with outcroppings and equipment, as seen earlier. But
the strobing lights and flickering consoles have gotten
worse. Everything seems to be malfunctioning at once,
and it gives the place a hallucinatory feel. Colors
flashing, light and dark, sharp angles -- it's
reminiscent of German Expressionism if nothing else.
Unlike any ship we've seen.

Weird NOISES can be heard -- the sound of power
fluctuating... cranks and gurgles... a cacophony of
ship-wide malfunctions. Unsettling.

They look around for a few moments. Torres stops at a
wall, where some exposed conduits are hanging out. She
kneels down, opens her Engineering kit. The Doctor
continues moving around the room, scanning with a
tricorder.

*
*

DOCTOR
(calls out)
Hello? Is anyone here...?

22 NEW ANGLE

22

As the Doctor steps into a POOL of erratic strobing
LIGHT -- light, dark, light, dark.

DOCTOR
(calls out)
We're here to help you.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

No response. The light keeps flashing on and off... and then, behind the Doctor, Dejaren is suddenly standing there as the light flashes on, just inches away! The Doctor doesn't see him. Dejaren's face is blank, watching -- we can't tell what he's thinking but he definitely looks creepy.

DOCTOR
(calls out)
Hello?

And then, in the blink of an eye, Dejaren is gone. Oblivious, the Doctor keeps moving...

23 ON TORRES

23

working at the conduits. She HOOKS a conduit into the wall... and many of the room's lights STOP flickering. Much of the NOISE dies down, as well. The room is still dimly-lit, peculiar, moody, but the disorienting "lightshow" is gone.

24 NEW ANGLE

24

CLOSE ON DEJAREN'S HAND reaching for a TOOL that's sitting on the floor -- a deadly weapon. As the hand picks it up...

*

25 TORRES AND THE DOCTOR

25

Torres stands, moves to the Doctor.

*

TORRES
No signs of life?

DOCTOR
Not yet.

26 SUBJECTIVE POV

26

Someone watching Torres and the Doctor from across the room. It starts slowly moving toward them.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Their backs are turned to us, they can't see that someone is approaching...

TORRES

I'd like to check your mobile emitter... make sure you made it through the transport okay.

*

Torres starts tinkering with his armband. The POV moving closer... menacing... closer...

DOCTOR

(lightly)

For a Klingon, you have a decent bedside manner.

TORRES

Thanks.

The POV is almost on top of them now!

TORRES

Your holographic matrix is stable... but let me check the emitter's power cells.

The POV stops suddenly at this, as though Torres' words have had an impact...

27 NEW ANGLE - TORRES AND THE DOCTOR

27

DOCTOR

You might consider a career in medicine. You'd be the first Klingon to --

CLANK! The jarring SOUND of metal hitting the floor! They turn to see --

28 THE TOOL

28

*

lying just a few feet away from them, in the middle of the floor. (The same tool we saw the hand pick up just moments ago.) It's an odd sight, lying there with no one in sight.

*

29 TORRES AND THE DOCTOR (OPTICAL)

29

react, puzzled.

TORRES

Now, where the hell did that --

*

Without warning, Dejaren APPEARS in a HOLOGRAPHIC EFFECT right next to them! Torres and the Doctor jump a little, caught offguard. Dejaren looks nervous, speaks in a rushed and halting fashion.

DEJAREN

Sorry, sorry... I didn't mean to frighten you!

DOCTOR

You sent the distress call?

*

DEJAREN

Yes, yes, yes... that's me... it was me.

*

*

He moves to the Doctor, eyeing him with interest.

DEJAREN

(to Doctor)

And you... you're an isomorph... like myself?

*

*

DOCTOR

We use the term hologram.

A beat... then Dejaren smiles.

DEJAREN

(testing the word)

"Hol-o-gram..."

*

*

OFF his expression of relief...

*

30
thru
31

OMITTED

30
thru
31

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

32 INT. ALIEN SHIP (OPTICAL)

32

As before. Dejaren facing Torres and the Doctor.
Dejaren is soft-spoken, hesitant... and there is
something sadly touching in his manner, in his look.

DEJAREN
(to Torres)
And you... you're a... "hologram,"
too?

TORRES
No.

DEJAREN
You're... organic.

TORRES
That's one way of putting it.

Dejaren frowns, a little troubled by her response.
Just then he FRITZES slightly. Torres briefly scans
him with a tricorder.

TORRES
It looks like your program is
fairly compatible with our
holographic technology...
(looking around)
Can you tell me where I can access
your projection controls?

*
*

DEJAREN
(quickly)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

TORRES

You're obviously malfunctioning...
maybe I can repair you.

DEJAREN

Oh... of course... I'd appreciate
that.

(indicates a console)

Over there. You can access my
systems from that console.

As Torres moves to the console and starts looking it
over...

DOCTOR

(to Dejaren)

What happened here?

DEJAREN

It was terrible... a terrible
attack. You see, we left Seros
eight months ago... Seros, that's
our home planet... with a crew of
six.

DOCTOR

All isomorphic projections?

DEJAREN

No... just me.

(explains)

I'm an HD-Two-Five maintenance
unit, with extreme hazard
clearance. I'm responsible for
cleaning the reactor core,
ejecting antimatter waste, that
sort of thing...

Dejaren starts to speak more quickly, rambling,
upset...

DEJAREN

(continuing)

When the crew got sick, there was
nothing I could do... I'm not
designed for medical functions, I,
I, I...

*

*

DOCTOR

(gently)

Try to calm down... explain what
happened... one step at a time.

*

Dejaren takes a breath.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

DEJAREN

Two of the crewmembers... they
left to survey a planet... when
they came back, they'd been
infected... a deadly virus...

(beat)

It spread quickly... to the other
organics on board. One by one
they...

(grim)

I watched them all die. And
then... I was alone... trapped on
this ship.

The Doctor takes this in, disturbed -- in a way, this
is his own worst nightmare come true.

DEJAREN

And then things started to
malfunction... I have limited
knowledge about the controls here
and...

(beat)

I don't know what I would've done
if you hadn't come...

Torres turns to them.

TORRES

(to Dejen)

I think I've stabilized your
program... but I'll need access
to your primary iso-matrix. Where
is it?

DEJAREN

On the lower deck...

Torres picks up her Engineering kit, moves to go.

DEJAREN

(suddenly)

You... you shouldn't go down
there.

TORRES

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

DEJAREN

Too dangerous. That deck's been
flooded with antimatter
radiation... Organic flesh...
would disintegrate within seconds.
(to Torres)
You can access my iso-matrix from
this deck.

*
*
*

He points across the room, to an ENTRANCE to a smaller
chamber beyond.

DEJAREN

There's an interface junction in
that compartment.

Torres eyes Dejaren... not sure what to make of this
anxious hologram.

TORRES

Thanks.

She moves off. The Doctor moves to Dejaren with a
tricorder.

DOCTOR

Mind if I run a quick diagnostic?

Dejaren shakes his head, no. As the Doctor scans...

DEJAREN

What's your name?

DOCTOR

I don't have a name. It's... a
long story.

DEJAREN

I'd like to hear it... and
everything else about you.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4) 32

The Doctor smiles at him warmly. OFF Dejaren's face --
staring with an intense fascination at the Doctor...

CUT TO:

33 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 33
at impulse.

34 INT. JEFFERIES TUBE 34 *

Seven of Nine is working at an opened wall panel,
adjusting circuitry. Kim is standing nearby, looking
over another wall.

SEVEN OF NINE
I'm ready to supply power to the
enhanced sensors.

KIM
(surprised)
What? Already?

SEVEN OF NINE
Yes.

Kim looks at her, doubtful that she could have finished
so quickly... moves to the circuitry and checks her
work, scanning it with an instrument.

SEVEN OF NINE
You believe that my work is
unsuitable. *

KIM
No... not at all... just
checking... standard procedure.

SEVEN OF NINE
I may no longer possess Borg
perfection... but my experience
as a drone taught me to be
efficient and precise.

KIM
(re: circuitry)
Actually... you misaligned this
optical assembly.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

SEVEN OF NINE
Impossible.

KIM
Take a look... it's off by point
five degrees.

He indicates a circuit. Seven of Nine stares at it,
realizes he's right.

SEVEN OF NINE
(dry)
It must have been my humanity...
reasserting itself.

Kim looks at her, surprised by her sense of humor -- he
smiles. For a brief moment, Seven of Nine gives him a
hint of a smile... or is it? Then back to business:

SEVEN OF NINE
(re: circuits)
I will correct the error.

Kim lends her a hand. They work for a beat. Kim is
encouraged by her attempt at humor... decides to take
Chakotay's advice and make her feel more at home.

KIM
So... what do you do for fun...
down in Cargo Bay Two?

SEVEN OF NINE
"Fun."

KIM
You know... relaxation...
entertainment... during your off
hours?

SEVEN OF NINE
I regenerate in my alcove... I
study the Starfleet database... or
I contemplate my existence.

KIM
(lightly)
That's a lot of time by
yourself...

SEVEN OF NINE
It is.
(beat)
The optical assembly is properly
aligned. I'm ready to access the
main power supply.

*

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Kim gestures to a ladder leading to an adjacent tube.

*

KIM

*

After you...

*

35 NEW ANGLE

35

Seven of Nine moves to another part of the Tube...
removes a PANEL off the wall, revealing a PLASMA
CONDUIT that is GLOWING with angry-looking GASES. She
reaches out with her Borgified arm, is about to grab
the conduit...

KIM

Wait!

Kim grabs her by the arm and shoulder, PULLS her away
from the conduit.

KIM

What are you doing? There's five
million gigawatts running through
there!

*

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

SEVEN OF NINE
(re: her Borg arm)
The exo-skeleton on this limb can
withstand it.

*

KIM
That's all well and good... but
there are safety procedures we've
got to follow.

SEVEN OF NINE
Your procedures are a waste of
time.

KIM
Maybe so... but you've been
assigned to me, and I say we do
this by the book.
(beat)
All right?

SEVEN OF NINE
(beat)
All right.

A beat as they stare at each other... then Kim notices
that his hands are still resting on her arm and
shoulder. A charged moment. Kim, uncomfortable with
the closeness, pulls away... adjusts his uniform,
trying to compose himself.

KIM
Well... now that we're clear about
that...

*

They move back to the sensors and continue working.
Kim glances at Seven of Nine... and we sense that he's
feeling more awkward around her than ever before...

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

36

37 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE

37

A while later. Torres is gone, off working in another
area of the ship. Dejaren and the Doctor are sitting
together on a piece of equipment, engaged in
conversation.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Dejaren is obviously captivated by the Doctor, and is staring at the mobile emitter on his arm with interest. As they talk, the Doctor works on a PADD.

DEJAREN

You can use this... "emitter" to go anywhere?

DOCTOR

Well, my Captain has imposed a few restrictions. But I'm free to leave Sickbay... join away missions... take a stroll.

The Doctor stands and moves to a nearby console, looks it over.

DEJAREN

Extraordinary!

(sadly)

I've never left this vessel. And until the... attack... I never even left the antimatter storage chamber.

(beat)

Do you know what it's like... spending your life trapped inside a tiny room? Not knowing what's beyond the door... what the world is really like?

(frustration rising)

Nobody coming to see you... or talk to you... unless they want something!

DOCTOR

Actually... I know exactly what it's like.

(explains)

When I was first activated, I was regarded as little more than a talking tricorder. I had to ask for the privileges I deserved... the right to be included in crew briefings... the ability to turn my program on and off...

(proud)

It took some time, but I believe I've earned the crew's respect... as an equal.

DEJAREN

(awed)

An equal.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

DOCTOR

I've also been pursuing personal
interests... art, literature,
music...

(beat)

Perhaps you could do the same.

DEJAREN

Oh, no, no. My programmers back
on Seros would never allow that...

Dejaren hesitates...

The Doctor puts a hand on Dejaren's shoulder. He's
starting to assume a somewhat fatherly role with this
awkward young hologram... a mentor of sorts.

DOCTOR

Then you'll convince them. Maybe
they'll appreciate how well you've
coped with this situation... how
you managed to find help...

(encouraging)

Think about it. You've already
exceeded the sum of your
subroutines!

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

The Doctor continues working. Dejaren smiles... encouraged... then something catches his eye. He frowns... moves to a nearby wall.... where a tiny droplet of blood is splattered. Dejaren quickly wipes it away with a cloth. The Doctor takes note, eyes him.

DOCTOR

What are you doing?

DEJAREN

Oh, nothing... nothing... just sterilizing the ship. I'm... fastidious about germs.
(laughs boyishly)
I know that must sound strange... coming from an artificial being.

DOCTOR

Not at all.
(lightly)
I've been known to act a little strangely myself.

Dejaren smiles -- more with relief than anything. OFF the moment...

38
thru
45

OMITTED

38
thru
45

TIME CUT TO:

46 EXT. SPACE - ALIEN SHIP AND SHUTTLE (OPTICAL)

46 *

As before.

47 INT. ALIEN SHIP - SMALL COMPARTMENT (OPTICAL)

47

A cramped, dimly-lit chamber with a few alien controls, located just off of the main Bridge. Torres is there alone, working at an opened panel. ONE LONG CABLE is hanging out of the panel, and snaking along the floor.

DEJAREN'S VOICE

Hungry?

Torres turns, startled --

48 DEJAREN (OPTICAL)

48

has ENTERED the room, holding a small tray of simple-looking FOOD.

DEJAREN
(continuing)
You're organic... you require
nutrients.
(re: food)
They're only rations... but the
crew liked them.

*

He moves to hand her the tray, almost steps on the long cable. The exposed end of the cable CRACKLES briefly with power.

TORRES
Careful!

He stops. Torres taps a control and the cable stops crackling.

TORRES
(re: cables)
That's an isomagnetic conduit. It
could destabilize your matrix.

*

DEJAREN
(halting)
Of course... I'm sorry... how
stupid of me... I shouldn't have
barged in here...

*

Dejaren is used to being a subservient being. Torres recognizes this and tries to be friendly.

TORRES
It's all right. I could use a
break. Thanks.

Torres takes the tray of food... picks up a little wafer of some sort... takes a couple of tiny bites. Dejaren gazes at her, at the tiny bite she's taken, smiles and then laughs.

DEJAREN
You nibble like a fish.

TORRES
(lightly)
I'll take that as a compliment.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

DEJAREN

Oh, it is! I've never seen a fish... not a real one... but I've read about them... in our database. Fish aren't like other organics... they're more passive, I think... most of them...

He trails off, his enthusiasm failing in the rushing return of his natural hesitancy and discomfort. Torres looks at him, with some compassion, and smiles. Awkward, Dejaren glances around the room.

DEJAREN

Anything I can do... to help with repairs?

TORRES

When I'm done with lunch, you could help me access your primary matrix.

DEJAREN

Gladly.

*

He glances at the cable on the floor, frowns, troubled.

*

TORRES

Something wrong?

DEJAREN

Seeing the ship... ripped apart like this... it's...

(beat)

I guess... I can't help feeling a kind of affinity for this vessel. It sustains my existence. Sometimes I feel like it's part of my body... my soul...

He breaks off... suddenly tense.

DEJAREN

That probably sounds... silly to you.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

TORRES

No... I understand how you feel.

She hesitates. Dejaren is looking at her with a striking coldness.

DEJAREN

You couldn't possibly understand.
You're an organic. You exist
apart from your ship.

(mimicking coldly)

"I understand how you feel."

TORRES

I'm sorry... I didn't mean to
offend you...

DEJAREN

You're the one who's trapped...
not me!

Torres is caught off-guard by the new train of
thought... unsettled by his tone.

DEJAREN

(off her look)

You... you spend your entire life
stuck in a biological cage. Flesh
and bone... and blood.

TORRES

Right.

(beat)

I'd better go give the Doctor an
update...

Torres moves to exit, but he blocks her path. His
coldness turning to tight fury.

DEJAREN

I exist as pure energy... but you
depend on food and water to
survive... frankly, I find it
disgusting.

(beat)

Look at you...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

DEJAREN (Cont'd)
grinding up bits of plants and
animals with your teeth...
secreting saliva to force it down
your esophagus into a pit of
digestive acids...
(fury rising)
You can't even stand to think
about it yourself. What a
repulsive creature you are...
constantly shedding your skin and
hair... leaving your oily sweat
on everything you touch.
(beat)
You think you're the height of
intellect in the universe... but
you're no better than any other
filthy animal... and I'm ashamed
to be made in your image!

The fury suddenly dies, abruptly and completely... and
he sinks back into his awkward shell. There is a brief
silence. Torres watches the troubled man... careful
not to arouse his anger again.

DEJAREN
My... my apologies. I... have
acquired some hostility... toward
organics. It wasn't meant for
you...
(softly)
I was treated quite badly... by
the crew here.

TORRES
I'm... sorry to hear that. And I
hope you understand... we're here
to help you...

Dejaren nods... filled with shame at his outburst. He
seems physically anguished by his inner-turmoil.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

48

TORRES

Thanks for the rations.

And Torres heads for the door, not a moment too soon.
As she EXITS, Dejaren glances in her direction... and
a look of disgust returns to his face. Anger. Hatred.

OFF the image of this very unstable hologram...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

49 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

49 *

As before, dim and ominous. The Doctor is working a console when Torres walks up to him, worried. She speaks low and urgent:

TORRES
We've got a problem.

DOCTOR
Oh?

Torres glances over her shoulder, making sure Dejaren is nowhere in sight.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

TORRES

I think there's something wrong
with Dejaren... and I'm not
talking about his emitters.

DOCTOR

Explain.

TORRES

I just spent the last ten minutes
hearing his views on biological
life. Let's just say they're...
a little unconventional.

*

(recounting, an edge)

Did you realize that we're all a
bunch of inferior, disgusting
animals?

*

*

DOCTOR

(wry)

I suppose that's one way of
looking at it.

TORRES

He started ranting about how much
he despises "organics"... I didn't
think I was going to get out of
there without a fight.

*

The Doctor takes this in, troubled, not sure what to
think.

DOCTOR

I will admit, Dejaren is
somewhat... socially inept.

TORRES

Inept? He's a lunatic!

DOCTOR

That's hardly a sound medical
diagnosis.

TORRES

He's also been lying to us.

(explains)

I just ran a tricorder scan of the
lower deck...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

TORRES (Cont'd)
...the one he said was flooded
with radiation?
(pointed)
Well, it's not.

DOCTOR
Why would he lie about that...

TORRES
I don't know... maybe he doesn't
want us to go down there... maybe
he's hiding something...

DOCTOR
I understand your concerns,
Lieutenant. I've been talking to
Dejaren, as well... and I
recognize that he's got some...
behavioral difficulties.

(beat)
But imagine what he's been
through. He's spent his entire
life trapped in a room no bigger
than a storage compartment... and
he's had almost no interaction
with organic beings. It's only
natural he's developed problems
communicating... even some
resentment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

DOCTOR (Cont'd)
(beat)
Do you recall my own behavior when
I was first activated?

*
*

TORRES
How could I forget? You were a
major pain in the --

DOCTOR
My point is... I, too, was
somewhat alienated from the rest
of the crew. It took me a few
days to master the... social
graces.

*
*

Torres softens a little. The Doctor's argument is
persuasive.

TORRES
I realize he's a fellow
"hologram," and you're committed
to helping him... but I want the
ability to shut down his program
if we have to.

DOCTOR
If you really think that's
necessary...

TORRES
I'm going to search the lower
deck... and try to access his
primary iso-matrix.
(beat)
Keep him occupied until I get
back. I don't think he'd
appreciate a "filthy animal" like
me snooping around the --

Suddenly, Dejaren APPEARS in a holo-effect, holding a
small GLASS GLOBE in his hands (we can't see exactly
what it is yet). They turn to him, startled.

DEJAREN
Am I... interrupting?

A tense beat. Did he hear what they were saying?

TORRES
No... actually, I was just
leaving...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (4)

49

Torres gives the Doctor a final look, then walks off.
Dejaren watches her go... then turns to the Doctor,
excited about something.

DEJAREN

I'd like you to meet someone...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (5)

49

He holds up the glass globe, which we can now see is an alien "fish bowl" -- with a colorful, exotic-looking FISH swimming around inside.

DEJAREN

(re: fish)

Doctor... this is Spectrum.

DOCTOR

(eyes it)

A holographic fish?

DEJAREN

Magnificent, isn't he? And so... peaceful... so content. I programmed him to keep me company.

(beat)

Don't you have a pet?

DOCTOR

It wouldn't be appropriate... not in a medical environment.

DEJAREN

They wouldn't let me have one, either. I had to hide him.

The Doctor sees an opportunity to occupy Dejaren's attention...

DOCTOR

He's very... life-like. I didn't realize you had such a talent for holographic design.

DEJAREN

Oh... I've programmed all sorts of things!

As they move off to talk...

50
thru
51

OMITTED

50
thru
51

52 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

52

at impulse.

53 INT. CARGO BAY TWO

53

As seen earlier. Kim and Seven of Nine are looking at a Borgified section of the wall. Seven of Nine indicates a small, glowing BORG IMPLANT embedded in the wall.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

SEVEN OF NINE
(re: implant)
This node contains Borg
navigational data.

KIM
(eyes implant)
How do we get it out of here?

SEVEN OF NINE
The proper instrument was part of
my thoracic assembly, before the
Doctor removed it...
(beat)
I suggest a radical dislocation.

KIM
A what?

SEVEN OF NINE
We need to... pull it out. Assist
me.

She reaches into the wall... grabs hold of the implant.
Kim also reaches in, grabs hold of another part of it.

KIM
Okay... on three.

SEVEN OF NINE
"Three?"

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

KIM
On the count of three, we pull
together.

SEVEN OF NINE
Crude... but effective.

KIM
(smiles)
One... two... three.

They both PULL on the implant... and after a beat, it
wrenches FREE. Kim is left holding the implant.

54 ON SEVEN OF NINE

54

reacting to a sudden pain. She glances down at her
right hand -- there is a small CUT on her palm, and
it's bleeding. She's taken aback.

SEVEN OF NINE
I've been damaged.

Kim stares at the cut.

KIM
That looks pretty bad. You'd
better get to Sickbay.

SEVEN OF NINE
As a drone, I would have
regenerated within seconds.
(uneasy)
I have become... weak.

Kim tries to offer some encouragement.

KIM
(gently)
No more than the rest of us.
You'll be fine. Come on... I'll
walk you there.

As they head for the door...

CUT TO:

55 INT. SICKBAY - CLOSE ON SEVEN OF NINE'S HAND
(OPTICAL)

55

A healing device is sending out a thin BEAM, which
scans her palm. The wound is gone.

56 THE ROOM

56

Paris is treating Seven of Nine, who remains standing. Kim is nearby. Paris is upbeat, enjoying his new role as doctor.

PARIS

(to Seven of Nine)

Another half a millimeter, and you would've severed the carpal nerve. I might've had to operate.

(beat)

You're a mere mortal, now. As your family doctor, I suggest you be more careful.

Kim frowns at Paris' humor -- bothered by it. Paris completes the scan.

*
*

PARIS

There. Good as new.

Seven of Nine eyes her hand, satisfied. She looks to Kim.

KIM

(to Seven of Nine)

I'll meet you back in the Cargo Bay.

Seven of Nine EXITS. Kim turns to Paris, annoyed.

KIM

What kind of bedside manner was that?

PARIS

What are you talking about?

KIM

Can't you see? She's feeling vulnerable. And here you are, going on about severed nerves and major surgery!

PARIS

Take it easy. I was just trying to lighten the mood. She wasn't upset by it.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

KIM

Yes, she was. I could see it on her face.

PARIS

You seem awfully protective. This morning you were dreading being in the same room with her.

Kim hesitates -- knows he's right.

KIM

Well... I've gotten to know her a little better.

(beat)

I don't think most people realize... she's not just some Borg automaton... she's actually very... complex.

PARIS

Really.

KIM

Yes. She's even got a sense of humor... it's offbeat... a bit subtle maybe...

(beat)

And she's incredibly intelligent.

PARIS

She oughta be. She's assimilated enough people.

KIM

See? See what I mean? It's Borg this... Borg that... you can't resist making a joke.

(beat)

There's a woman in there... if you'd take the time to look.

*

Paris looks at him... realizing...

PARIS

Harry... you've got a crush on her, don't you?

*

*

KIM

What? No... not at all.

(quiet)

Maybe just a little.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

PARIS

I've seen this look in your
eyes... right before you fall
head over heels.

(beat)

You always go for the tough ones.
What was it last time... a hologram?

Kim looks uneasy -- he has mixed feelings about this.
Paris moves to him.

PARIS

I don't know much about Borg
women... but my advice to you
is... don't.

KIM

I'm... just trying to make her
feel like part of the team.

PARIS

"Part of the team?" You sound
like Chakotay.

(beat)

Look. She's beautiful... she's
smart... I'm sure she's a
wonderful conversationalist... but
a month ago, she was a Borg. You
don't really know who she is.

(beat)

It's great that you're trying to
make her feel comfortable... just
be careful.

Kim considers his words... but he's still conflicted.

KIM

Thanks for the advice.

Kim heads for the door, EXITS.

PARIS

(quiet)

I just hope you take it.

OFF Paris' concern...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

57 EXT. SPACE - ALIEN SHIP AND SHUTTLE (OPTICAL) 57
as before.

58 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE 58

The Doctor and Dejaren are studying a console. The Doctor is trying to keep him occupied... his attitude encouraging. Dejaren, as usual, is high-strung, but intensely focused on what the Doctor is saying. Mid-conversation.

DOCTOR
(re: console)
And these are the helm controls...

DEJAREN
(eyes them)
This is a lot to learn...

DOCTOR
You're doing fine. It's vital
that you familiarize yourself with
all the ship's systems... so you
can be more self-sufficient.
(re: console)
Here are the environmental
controls... and life support
functions.

Dejaren frowns -- the mention of this strikes a dark chord.

DEJAREN
I won't need those anymore... no
crew to worry about.

DOCTOR
Not at the moment.

DEJAREN
(cutting)
Fifty-nine point two percent.

DOCTOR
I beg your pardon?

DEJAREN
That's how much power went to life
support... fifty-nine point two
percent... just to keep them
breathing... warm... comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

The Doctor glances at him... senses his anger... tries to keep the mood bright.

DOCTOR

They do require quite a bit of maintenance, don't they?

DEJAREN

I should know. I've spent my entire existence cleaning up after them.

(venom rising)

When they were busy sleeping... or eating... or engaging in their slovenly carnal pleasures...

*

DOCTOR

(changing subject, re: console)

And this is the sensor grid! You'll find it most useful when you need to scan --

DEJAREN

They took... advantage of me. I... I wish I'd been more like you.

*

Dejaren stares at him with a deep hunger and admiration. It's both touching... and unnerving.

59 INT. ALIEN SHIP - LOWER DECK

59

Torres is moving through the narrow, shadowy deck... scanning with a tricorder.

*

She stops at a distinctive-looking HATCH (the same one seen in the Teaser, where Dejaren was dragging the dead body). She finds a control pad... works it and the hatch SLIDES OPEN, revealing a darkened chamber beyond.

As she walks inside...

60 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE

60

The Doctor and Dejaren, as before. Dejaren is pacing the room, now, exhilarated, emotional.

DEJAREN

You showed me that I can be more
than a... a... a slave to these
biological creatures!

Dejaren seems to make a decision...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

DEJAREN

I'm not taking this ship back to
the organics... I won't return...
to that existence.

*

DOCTOR

That's a little extreme, don't you
think?

*

*

DEJAREN

Join me... leave Voyager...
escape your prison... together
we'll take this vessel and explore
the galaxy!

*

61 INT. ALIEN SHIP - ISO-MATRIX CHAMBER

61

A GEOMETRIC-SHAPED room with several Plexiglass walls
that slant sharply inward before converging at a low
ceiling. At the moment, the room is dark... except for
a single CONTROL STATION sitting in its center. Torres
moves to the station, studies it... the controls
glowing on her face... then taps a few buttons...

62 ON CONTROL STATION (OPTICAL)

62

A small MONITOR comes alive, and displays a SCHEMATIC
of DEJAREN, along with various data and numerics. This
is clearly the place where Dejaren's holographic
program is controlled.

63 TORRES

63

reacts.

TORRES

(quiet)

There you are.

Torres works a few more buttons...

64 ON CONTROL STATION (OPTICAL)

64

The graphic CHANGES to show a LAY-OUT of the geometric
chamber itself. Torres works a control... and one of
the WALLS on the diagram LIGHTS UP...

65 ANGLE - ON TORRES

65

A slanted Plexiglass WALL behind her LIGHTS UP from
within with an AMBER GLOW. She turns to see --

66 A DEAD BODY

66

lying on the Plexiglass! Arms and legs splayed, eyes wide open, face pressed against the glass, splatters of blood -- a shocking sight.

67 TORRES

67

recoils... takes a step forward...

*

67A HER POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

67A

*

A second DEAD BODY can be seen lying on the floor!

*

68 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE

68

Dejaren is bent.

DEJAREN

Don't look so surprised. You gave me the idea.

DOCTOR

Me?

DEJAREN

You said that I should be more... self-sufficient.

DOCTOR

I agree that we should be treated equally... as members of the crew. But we're still projections of energy and light... we have limitations.

DEJAREN

No... no-no-no-no-no!

(beat)

We don't need nourishment... we don't suffer disease. We're the higher form of life!

69 INT. ALIEN SHIP - ISO-MATRIX CHAMBER

69

Torres sweating, now... anxiety rising... she works the control station...

70
thru
71

OMITTED

70
thru
71
*

72 ON CONTROL STATION (OPTICAL)

72

The graphic CHANGES to show Dejaren and the data again.
As Torres works, the data and numerics starts
SCROLLING.

73 TORRES

73

working, trying to access his program. Just then an
ALARM SOUNDS in the room. She reacts...

74 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

74

The ALARM is sounding there, as well. Dejaren hears it
and looks panicked.

DOCTOR
What's that?

DEJAREN
The lower deck... someone's trying
to access my matrix!
(beat)
I'll be back...

*
*

Dejaren VANISHES in a holo-effect! The Doctor realizes
Torres is in trouble... hurries toward the lower deck,
hoping to reach her first...

75 INT. ALIEN SHIP - ISO-MATRIX CHAMBER

75

Torres working the station...

75A ON STATION (OPTICAL)

75A

It shows the graphic of Dejaren... and a distinctive
BLUE LIGHT starts to FLASH on the console...

75B TORRES

75B

looks pleased. She's found something.

76 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

76

Dejaren APPEARS! Torres whirls, stunned.

DEJAREN

You.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Dejaren moves toward her with deadly intent. Torres moves for the blinking blue button. Too Late:

Dejaren LUNGES at Torres, who SWINGS an arm at him. Her arm GOES RIGHT THROUGH HIS BODY!

Dejaren GRABS Torres and THROWS her!

77 ON TORRES (OPTICAL)

77

as she HITS the control station! Dejaren kneels down next her... lifts a hand into the air, poised to strike... and he PLUNGES HIS HAND AND FOREARM DIRECTLY INTO TORRES' CHEST IN A HOLO-EFFECT -- HIS BODY ABLE TO PERMEATE MATTER!

Torres screams in agony!

77A CLOSE ON TORRES' HAND

77A

as she reaches up toward the station controls...

77B ON TORRES' FACE

77B

twisted in pain... barely hanging on... trying to reach the controls...

77C THE CONTROL STATION

77C

The flashing blue light... Torres' hand reaching up for it... closer... closer...

She hits the blue control!

77D DEJAREN (OPTICAL)

77D

FRITZES slightly... reacts with concern...

(CONTINUED)

77D CONTINUED:

77D

DEJAREN

No --

He FRITZES OUT COMPLETELY. Gone.

77E TORRES

77E

slumps to the ground, injured from within (no external sign of damage to her chest).

78 THE DOCTOR

78

quickly ENTERS the room, sees her.

DOCTOR

B'Elanna!

He rushes to her side. Off the moment...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

79 INT. MESS HALL

79

It's after hours, the room is dimly-lit. Seven of Nine ENTERS to find Kim sitting at a table by himself, working on some PADDs. Kim is hoping the more casual setting will make Seven of Nine feel more at home... even though he isn't quite sure where it might lead. Seven of Nine is oblivious to his intentions.

SEVEN OF NINE

You wished to see me, Ensign?

KIM

I had a midnight inspiration about reconfiguring the astrometric projectors.

(beat)

I hope you weren't...
regenerating.

SEVEN OF NINE

I was not.

KIM

This is tricky stuff... it could
use your touch.

SEVEN OF NINE

"Touch?"

KIM

Your way of looking at things...
a fresh perspective.

SEVEN OF NINE

Your data.

She holds out a hand. Kim gives her a PADD and she begins to examine it.

KIM

Why don't you sit down?

SEVEN OF NINE

I prefer to stand.

KIM

This could take a while... you'd
be more comfortable...

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

SEVEN OF NINE

Comfort is irrelevant. We're here to work.

KIM

Okay...

A beat as Seven of Nine works, then glances around the dim setting.

SEVEN OF NINE

This light is insufficient.

KIM

But it's relaxing, don't you think? After hours... quiet. Voyager isn't all Jefferies Tubes and Cargo Bays, you know...

(beat)

Tell you what. When we're done here, I'll take you to the Holodeck. We'll run the Ktarian moonrise simulation. It's beautiful.

SEVEN OF NINE

Beauty is irrelevant.

She looks at him, realizing.

SEVEN OF NINE

Unless you intend to change the nature of our... affiliation.

KIM

(embarrassed)

What do you mean?

SEVEN OF NINE

I may be new to individuality, but I'm not ignorant about human behavior.

(beat)

I've noticed your attempts to engage me in idle conversation... and I see the way your pupils dilate when you look at my body.

KIM

I... I don't know what you're talking about...

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

SEVEN OF NINE

Obviously, you've suggested a visit to the Holodeck in hopes of creating a "romantic mood."

(beat)

Are you in love with me, Ensign?

KIM

Well.... no...

SEVEN OF NINE

Then you wish to copulate.

KIM

No! I mean.... I don't know what I mean!

Seven of Nine considers him.

SEVEN OF NINE

All of these elaborate rituals of deception... I didn't realize that becoming human again would be such a challenge.

(beat)

Sexuality is particularly... complex. As Borg, we had no need for seduction... no time for single-cell fertilization. We saw a species we wanted... and we assimilated it.

She thinks a moment, decides to take on this new challenge.

SEVEN OF NINE

Nevertheless, I'm willing to explore my humanity.

(simply)

Take off your clothes.

KIM

(stands)

Seven...

She takes a step toward him.

SEVEN OF NINE

Don't be alarmed. I won't hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

79

KIM
(halting)
Look, this is a little sudden...
I was just... trying to... part of
the team... you know...?
(off her look)
Maybe we should quit for now.

Seven of Nine studies him. Kim actually looks
unnerved.

SEVEN OF NINE
All right.
(beat)
Let me know when you wish to
resume our... work.

Kim heads for the door, not a moment too soon...

CUT TO:

79A INT. ALIEN SHIP - ISO-MATRIX CHAMBER

79A

As before. Torres is lying on the floor, unconscious.
The Doctor kneels next to her... injects her neck with
a hypospray... and she wakes up with a start,
terrified -- the last time she was conscious, she has
Dejaren's hand in her chest.

DOCTOR
It's all right, B'Elanna... you're
safe.

She calms down a little... but she's badly injured,
weak.

TORRES
(ragged)
The isomorph...?

*

DOCTOR
Apparently, you deactivated him.

(CONTINUED)

79A CONTINUED:

79A

TORRES

(nods)

I took all his emitters... off-line.

*

DOCTOR

Not a moment too soon.

(explains)

I found six corpses on this deck... all murdered. You almost became number seven.

*

*

*

*

*

*

Torres gasps from a sudden pain in her chest.

TORRES

What'd he... do to me?

DOCTOR

He reached inside your chest, grabbed your heart and perforated your fourth ventricle.

(beat)

I've stabilized your pericardium... but I'm concerned about internal bleeding.

TORRES

Prognosis...?

DOCTOR

Less than stellar... unless we can get you back to Voyager.

(beat)

Unfortunately, I'm having trouble accessing our transporters.

TORRES

He must've disabled our comlink to the shuttle...

Torres struggles to sit up.

TORRES

Help me get to the command chamber...

As the Doctor helps her to her feet...

80
thru OMITTED
81

80
thru
81

82 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE

82

Minutes later. Torres is leaning against a console, working the controls, trying to stay conscious and alert, but it isn't easy. The Doctor keeps a close eye on her condition.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

TORRES

Looks like he set up a dampening field. I think I can cut through it... but I'll need to open this control panel.

(points)

My Engineering Kit... it's behind that console...

The Doctor nods... moves toward a large outcropping...

83 NEW ANGLE - THE DOCTOR

83

as he moves behind the outcropping, sees the Engineering Kit on the deck, moves to pick it up...

Until something offcamera catches his eye...

84 THE FISH BOWL

84

seen earlier is sitting on a nearby surface. The colorful holographic "fish" is swimming inside.

85 THE DOCTOR

85

frowns at the sight.

DOCTOR

B'Elanna... I thought you said you took all of the emitters off-line.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

TORRES' VOICE

I did. Why?

He glances around, realizing...

DOCTOR

I think... you'd better double
check.THUMP! The SOUND of a body hitting the deck. The
Doctor rushes out to see --

86 TORRES (OPTICAL)

86

*

lying on the deck! There's a nasty-looking GASH on her
forehead! Dejaren is standing over her, holding the
weapon seen in Act One! He is furious, out of control.

DEJAREN

You... you said you'd help me!

DOCTOR

(re: weapon)

Put that down...

DEJAREN

You lied! You lied to me!

(heartbroken)

I thought I'd found a friend...

*

*

Dejaren looks pathetic... yet deadly. He moves toward
the Doctor... who steps backward... trying to draw
Dejaren away from Torres...

DOCTOR

(tense, controlled)

It's for your own benefit.

Someone needs to repair your
program. It's malfunctioning...
you're unstable.

Dejaren laughs.

DEJAREN

No... you're unstable... a
hologram who thinks like an
organic!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

Dejaren LUNGES. The Doctor quickly THROWS the Engineering Kit at Dejaren, but the KIT PASSES RIGHT THROUGH HIS BODY in a HOLO-EFFECT.

Dejaren SWINGS the metal weapon at the Doctor, which PASSES THROUGH the Doctor's HEAD! Two Holograms fighting it out -- both impervious to harm.

DOCTOR
(dry)
This could get tedious.

Dejaren takes another sudden SWING with the weapon. The Doctor moves to get out of the way, but the weapon CLIPS the mobile emitter on his arm!

88 NEW ANGLE - THE DOCTOR (OPTICAL)

88

The mobile emitter SPARKING... his ENTIRE BODY FRITZING in a holo-effect.

The Doctor VANISHES in a final fritz, and the mobile emitter clatters to the deck. He's gone.

Dejaren moves to the emitter... picks it up.

DEJAREN
(quiet)
Freedom.

89 ON TORRES

89

who is now sitting upright, trying to get her bearings. A few drops of blood can be seen on the deck beside her, from her head wound.

Dejaren turns to her, expression cold.

DEJAREN
(to Torres)
You're getting blood all over my floor. I'm going to have to... deactivate you.

90 SERIES OF SHOTS

90

Suspense:

-- Dejaren walking toward her... slowly, methodically...

(CONTINUED)

- 90 CONTINUED: 90
- Torres scrambling across the floor... frantically pulling herself across the deck...
- Dejaren closing in... weapon in-hand...
- Torres gets to her feet... gasping in pain... running-stumbling toward an open doorway...
- Dejaren moving toward her in slow, regular steps... confident...
- Torres makes it to the door!
- 91 INT. SMALL COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 91
- The cramped, dark chamber seen in Act Two. Torres ENTERS and starts working a control panel by the door...
- Dejaren moving closer... almost there, now...
- Torres working, but the door won't close!
- Dejaran raises the weapon to strike!
- Torres hits a final control, and the door SLIDES SHUT just in time!
- Torres slumps to the deck... breathless...
- 92 NEW ANGLE - THE DOOR (OPTICAL) 92
- Dejaren WALKS THROUGH THE BULKHEAD in a HOLO-EFFECT! The weapon is gone, but his fists are clenched, a murderous look on his face.
- 93 TORRES 93
- reacts, starts scrambling backward... helpless... backs up against a wall in the tiny room. Trapped! Nowhere to run!
- 94 DEJAREN 94
- closing in... reaches out his hands to grab her... this is it...

- 95 TORRES (OPTICAL) 95
eyes him... letting him get closer... closer... just inches away! Suddenly:
Torres rolls to one side and quickly GRABS one of the loose CONDUITS seen in Act Two. She HITS a nearby control -- the end of the cable CRACKLES with ENERGY.
- 96 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL) 96
As Torres SHOVES the crackling conduit directly into Dejaren's chest -- the conduit PENETRATES his HOLO-BODY!
- 97 DEJAREN (OPTICAL) 97
starts FRITZING WILDLY! He SCREAMS as his BODY DISTORTS GROTESQUELY - FINALLY ERUPTING WITH A FLASH OF LIGHT -- VANISHING in a wisp of multi-colored SMOKE. Destroyed.
- 98 TORRES 98
leans back against the wall, exhausted... but relieved.
- 99 INT. ALIEN SHIP - BRIDGE 99
Moments later. Torres is sitting on the floor, working on the mobile emitter, tweaking it with a small Engineering tool. She works a moment longer, then holds the emitter in her hand... *
- 100 NEW ANGLE - THE DOCTOR (OPTICAL) 100
As he FRITZES into VIEW, lying on the floor, appearing "into" the emitter, which is on his arm. He looks around, startled. *
- DOCTOR *
- Is he...? *
- TORRES *
- Deactivated.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100
Off their relief...

CUT TO:

101 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 101
at impulse.

102 INT. SICKBAY 102

Later. Torres is sitting on a bio-bed, looking healthy and fit. The Doctor has just finished treating her. Paris stands nearby. The room looks somewhat DISORGANIZED -- medical tools laying around, an open medkit with its contents spread out, etc. Sickbay has been busy and it shows.

DOCTOR
(to Torres)
You're in good health.
(at Paris)
Which is more than I can say for
my Sickbay.

PARIS
Sorry about the mess. I haven't
had time to clean up...
(beat)
It was a hectic day! I treated
two broken bones... an upset
stomach... and a lacerated hand.

TORRES
(lightly)
Now, that's what I call "on-the-
job training"...

*
*
*

PARIS
It was exhausting. You know,
people aren't very nice when
they're sick?
(beat)
I have a new appreciation for what
you do around here, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(wry)
Better late than never.

Paris moves to go.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

PARIS

If you two will excuse me, I'd
better go check on Harry. I hear
he's having a nervous breakdown.

(off their look)

It's a long story.

He stops at the door, turns.

PARIS

I'll come back later, Doc... to
help you straighten up.

The Doctor considers him a beat.

DOCTOR

Actually, that won't be necessary,
Mister Paris. A little... clutter
never hurt anyone.

(beat)

Sickbay could use a more...
"organic" touch, don't you think?

*

Paris glances at Torres, puzzled.

PARIS

What's gotten into him?

TORRES

It's... a long story.

A beat, then Paris EXITS. As the Doctor and Torres
exchange a knowing look...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END