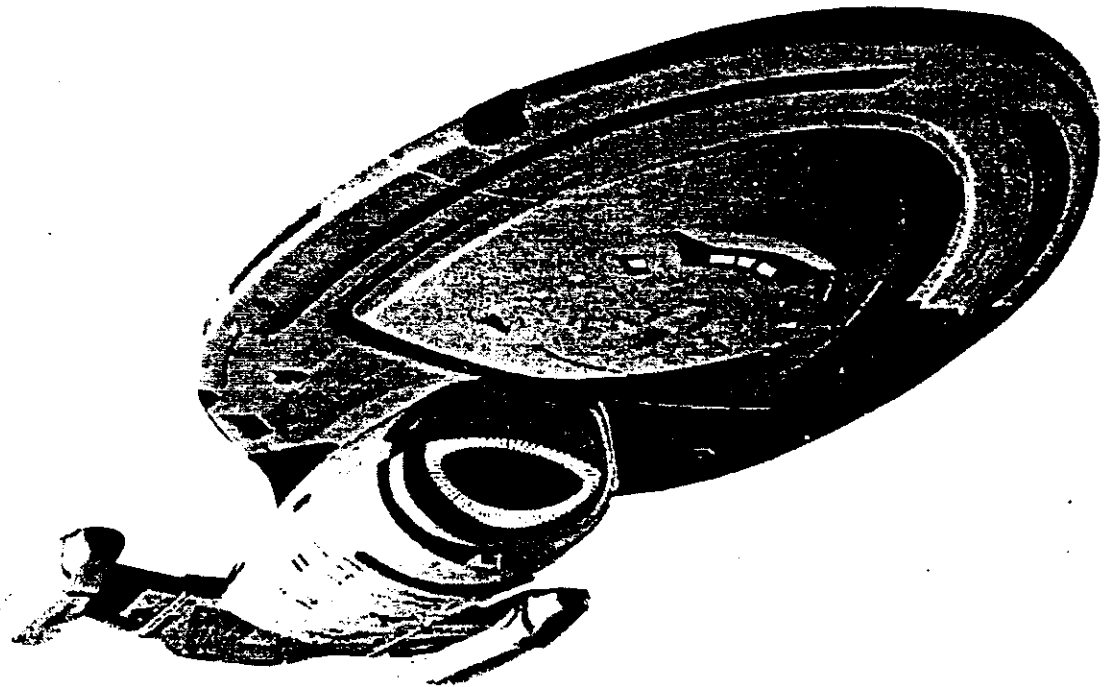


# STAR TREK VOYAGER

YEAR 6



**"Collective"**

FINAL DRAFT

November 2, 1999

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Collective"

#40840-235

Story  
by  
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Teleplay  
by  
Michael Taylor

Directed  
by  
Allison Liddi

FINAL DRAFT

NOVEMBER 2, 1999

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Collective"

SETS

INTERIORS

VOYAGER

BRIDGE  
SICKBAY  
READY ROOM  
ASTROMETRICS LAB  
CORRIDOR  
CARGO BAY

DELTA FLYER

COCKPIT  
JEFFERIES TUBE

BORG CUBE

CORRIDOR  
ASSIMILATION CHAMBER  
MATURATION CHAMBER  
VINCULUM ROOM

EXTERIORS

SPACE/VOYAGER

SPACE/DELTA FLYER

STAR TREK: VOYAGER - "Collective" - 11/02/99 - CAST

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Collective"

CAST

JANEWAY

BOY ONE

CHAKOTAY

BOY TWO

KIM

BORG GIRL

PARIS

TWINS

DOCTOR

BORG VOICE

TUVOK

TORRES

SEVEN OF NINE

NEELIX

COMPUTER VOICE

Non-Speaking

Non-Speaking

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Collective"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

AZAN

ah-ZAHN

BRENARI

bri-NAAR-EE

ICHEB

EE-cheb

MEZOTI

miz-AH-tee

REBI

REB-ee

VINCULUM

veenk-U-luhm

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Collective"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - DELTA FLYER (STOCK/OPTICAL) 1  
at impulse.

2 INT. DELTA FLYER - COCKPIT 2

CHAKOTAY, PARIS, KIM and NEELIX are sitting in the rear section, playing a game of POKER. They're using a small CARGO CONTAINER as a "card table." Paris is dealing. Poker chips on the table. The mood is relaxed, casual.

NEELIX  
(to himself)  
Heart... heart... heart... just  
one more heart.

PARIS  
You might as well be showing us  
your cards.  
(pointed)  
This is a game of strategy...  
deception.

KIM  
Never let the opponents know your  
hand.

NEELIX  
Right.

Paris deals Neelix his last card. He looks at it, can't help himself, shakes his head and mutters in disappointment. Paris shoots him a look.

NEELIX  
Sorry.

Everyone takes in their cards. Chakotay tosses in a chip.

CHAKOTAY  
Ten.

KIM  
I'll see your ten, and raise you  
twenty.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

All eyes on Neelix, who studies his cards.

PARIS

Neelix?

NEELIX

I'm thinking!

He tosses in a few chips.

NEELIX

Twenty... and twenty more.

Reactions.

KIM

If I didn't know any better... I'd say we're being hustled.

NEELIX

Ensign?

KIM

I'm not buying the innocent Talaxian routine.

NEELIX

(innocent)

I don't know what you're talking about. It's the first time I've played... what's this called?

KIM

Poker.

PARIS

Why don't we make things a little more interesting?

(off their looks)

Forget the chips. Let's bet on tomorrow's work detail. Whoever wins this hand gets the morning off.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

## 3 NEW ANGLE - THE WINDOWS (OPTICAL)

3

A BORG CUBE slowly moves into view. The crew doesn't notice yet.

KIM

I'm in.

NEELIX

Sounds good to me.

CHAKOTAY

(mock serious)

There won't be any changes to the  
duty roster without my  
authorization.

\*  
\*

He checks his cards.

CHAKOTAY

(light)

What've you got?

As they begin to lay down their cards... the BORG CUBE  
LOOMS closer out the windows!

KIM

Two pair.

NEELIX

Does that beat a flush?

KIM

I knew you were bluffing!

CHAKOTAY

(re: his cards)

Nothing.

(beat)

Tom?

But Paris doesn't answer... he's staring toward the  
windows in stunned silence. They all turn to look.  
The BORG CUBE is right on top of them! Everyone leaps  
to their feet! Cards go flying!

CHAKOTAY

Battle stations!

As everyone rushes to their posts...

PARIS

(grim)

And I had a full house.

\*

OFF the tension...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes)

4 EXT. SPACE - THE DELTA FLYER (OPTICAL) 4

STREAKS by at high impulse. The BORG CUBE seen earlier is in pursuit!

5 INT. DELTA FLYER - COCKPIT 5

Red Alert. Chakotay, Paris, Kim, Neelix at their stations.

PARIS  
I can't shake them!

A JOLT!

CHAKOTAY  
Return fire!

Kim works.

NEELIX  
(worried)  
Why didn't our sensors detect them?

KIM  
(off console)  
It looks like they used a dispersal field to mask their approach...

Wham! Another HIT.

CHAKOTAY  
(to Paris)  
Warp drive?

PARIS  
No luck. Too much damage to the plasma injectors.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

CHAKOTAY  
(to Kim)  
Get back there and see what you  
can do.

As Kim heads for the aft section...

6 EXT. SPACE - THE DELTA FLYER (OPTICAL)

6

on the run from the Borg Cube, which is closing fast,  
FIRING weapons...

7 INT. DELTA FLYER - COCKPIT

7

As before. A SHAKE and SPARKS!

NEELIX  
Shields down to eighteen percent!

CHAKOTAY  
(to com)  
Harry, status?

8 INT. DELTA FLYER - JEFFERIES TUBE

8

Kim is working at an opened panel in the cramped  
passageway...

KIM  
I still need more time to clear  
the injectors!

9 INT. DELTA FLYER - COCKPIT

9

As before.

NEELIX  
(off console)  
Sir... the Cube's power output is  
fluctuating.

CHAKOTAY  
Then we're still in the game.  
(intent)  
Bring us about. Target their  
propulsion matrix.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

They work. Another blast ROCKS the ship!

NEELIX  
We've lost phasers!

CHAKOTAY  
Arm photon torpedoes... fire!

9A EXT. SPACE - THE DELTA FLYER (OPTICAL)

9A

STRAFING the BORG CUBE, FIRING TORPEDOES, which STRIKE the Cube, doing some DAMAGE!

9B INT. DELTA FLYER - COCKPIT (OPTICAL)

9B

As before.

NEELIX  
We took out their main propulsion system!

CHAKOTAY  
Get us out of here!

Paris works... but suddenly the cabin JOLTS and begins to TREMBLE!

PARIS  
They've got us in a tractor beam!

CHAKOTAY  
(to com)  
Harry... warp power... now!

10 INT. DELTA FLYER - JEFFERIES TUBE (OPTICAL)

10

As before, Kim working.

KIM  
We lost two more relays! I can't!

He reaches into the open panel. The ship JOLTS again, which causes the panel to FLARE with a SHOWER of SPARKS! Kim YELLS as he's jolted back!

11 INT. DELTA FLYER - COCKPIT 11

As before.

CHAKOTAY  
(to com)  
Harry?  
(beat)  
Harry?

No response.

CHAKOTAY  
(to Neelix)  
Reroute power from life support...  
and all emergency systems!

The lights DIM and the engines ROAR... the cabin  
SHUDDERING from the strain...

PARIS  
It's not enough! Engines are off-  
line! \*

A BORG COM VOICE booms through the cabin, chilling as  
always, but in case it is slightly DISTORTED (as we'll  
come to learn, this Borg Collective has been severely  
damaged).

BORG (V.O.)  
(fritzed)  
We are the Borg. Your biological  
and technological distinctiveness  
will be added to our own.  
Resistance is futile.

12 NEW ANGLE - THROUGH THE WINDOWS (OPTICAL) 12

as the Flyer is drawn closer to the looming BORG CUBE,  
locked in a TRACTOR BEAM.

13 THE CREW 13

watches anxiously...

14 THE WINDOWS (OPTICAL) 14

As a PORTAL begins to open on the Cube...

15 THE CREW

15

As the SHADOW of the Cube falls over them...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

16 INT. BORG CORRIDOR (DREAM IMAGERY/OPTICAL)

16

POV ANGLE MOVING through the maze of corridors, rushing past BORG DRONES and TECHNOLOGY. We can HEAR the SOUNDS of a BORG VESSEL. We round a corner to find --

17 CHAKOTAY (OPTICAL)

17

standing in an alcove, partly BORGIFIED. We HEAR the VOICE of the Collective:

BORG (V.O.)  
Neelix...

CUT TO:

18 INT. ASSIMILATION CHAMBER - CLOSE ON NEELIX

18

as his eyes open and he wakes with a start from where he's been sitting slumped against a bulkhead in the DIMLY LIT room.

CHAKOTAY  
Neelix...

REVEAL Chakotay crouching in front of him, trying to jog him awake. Neelix reacts with fear, then relief as he sees that Chakotay's still himself, though a bit disheveled. There's a noise and Neelix turns to see Paris slumped beside him, also regaining consciousness.

NEELIX  
Commander...?

CHAKOTAY  
It's all right. You were unconscious for a while, but I don't think you're injured.

Chakotay helps Neelix up, while Paris stands on his own, rubbing his temples groggily.

NEELIX  
(to Chakotay)  
I was dreaming that you'd been assimilated...

\*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

CHAKOTAY

Your subconscious was jumping the gun, but not by much. From the look of this room, I'd say we're in an assimilation chamber.

PARIS

(alarmed)

Where's Harry?

CHAKOTAY

(grim)

He's not here.

PARIS

(agitated)

We've got to find him!

CHAKOTAY

We need to get our bearings first, figure out what's going on.

PARIS

We're in a Borg Cube and Harry's missing, that's what's going on!

He glances quickly around the DIMLY LIT room, and sees a nearby SURGICAL TABLE, a BODY on it.

CHAKOTAY

(re: body)

Nobody we know.

Paris is drawn toward the table, Chakotay and Neelix following. As they approach, we see the body more clearly. It's partly Borgified, its skin ashen and mottled. Part of its clothing has been ripped away, and its face and an arm are covered with implants that appear crudely inserted. Paris checks the body's pulse... he's dead.

PARIS

(re: body, emotions rising)

Some kind of botched assimilation?

CHAKOTAY

From the looks of it.

Paris looks up, as though speaking to the Cube.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

PARIS  
(to Cube, angry)  
What are you waiting for? You've  
got three potential Drones here!

CHAKOTAY  
Stay calm.

PARIS  
Calm? We're in a chamber of  
horrors here, or haven't you  
noticed?

CHAKOTAY  
(firm)  
We're not Drones yet. If we keep  
our heads, maybe we can find a way  
out.  
(re: room)  
There's a forcefield around this  
room. Let's try to disable it.

A beat, then Paris nods. They move off. As Kim eyes  
the dead body, unsettled...

CUT TO:

19 EXT. SPACE VOYAGER (STOCK OPTICAL) 19  
RACING at high impulse!

20 INT. BRIDGE

20

JANEWAY, TUVOK, SEVEN OF NINE at aft, TORRES at Ops.  
N.D.s as needed.

TUVOK  
Their ion trail ends directly  
ahead...

TORRES  
I'm detecting another vessel...  
bearing three zero mark one one  
two.  
(beat)  
It's a Borg Cube.

Reactions, then:

JANEWAY  
Red Alert.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

The ship goes to Red Alert.

JANEWAY

Alter course to intercept. Adjust shields to rotating frequencies.

(to Tuvok)

Have they detected us?

TUVOK

Unclear. The vessel's holding position.

JANEWAY

As soon as we're within sensor range, start scanning for the Away Team.

(to Torres)

On-screen.

\*  
\*

21 INCLUDE VIEWSCREEN (OPTICAL)

21

It shows the Borg Cube hanging in space, its outer-hull damaged slightly.

SEVEN OF NINE

Their propulsion system is off-line.

(puzzled)

The damage isn't that severe. The Drones should have repaired it by now.

\*  
\*

JANEWAY

Lucky for us they didn't, or we'd have never caught up with them.

(to Torres)

Any sign of our people?

TORRES

Not yet.

Suddenly, the Bridge SHAKES!

TUVOK

They're targeting our warp core. Shields are holding.

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

JANEWAY

Return fire. Aim for their  
weapons array.

Tuvok works. Another SHAKE.

TORRES

Now they're going after our  
impulse engines...

Another SHAKE!

TORRES

That one was meant for our  
sensors! They can't seem to make  
up their minds.

SEVEN OF NINE

(still puzzled)

Their attack strategy is  
erratic... inefficient...

Tuvok looks up from his console.

TUVOK

And finished. We've disabled  
their weapons.

TORRES

That was too easy.

JANEWAY

Maybe they're in worse shape than  
we thought.

TUVOK

I'm picking up non-Borg lifesigns.  
One of them's definitely Talaxian.  
(beat)

It looks like they haven't been  
assimilated yet.

JANEWAY

Try to get a Transporter lock.

TORRES

Their shields are interfering.

JANEWAY

(to Tuvok)

Target their shield generator and  
fire.

\*  
\*

Tuvok works. Seven looks up from her console, a  
suspicion confirmed.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

SEVEN OF NINE

Captain, I believe I can explain  
these Borg's unusual behavior.  
There should be thousands of  
Drones manning the vessel, but I'm  
detecting only five signatures.

\*

\*

Suddenly, the Collective Voice sounds over the com  
system, slightly DISTORTED as before.

BORG (V.O.)

(fritzed)

We are the Borg. You will be  
assimilated. Resistance is  
futile.

TORRES

It doesn't sound like they've lost  
their confidence.

TUVOK

Their shield generators are too  
deep inside the vessel. Our  
weapons can't reach them.

Janeway considers, makes a decision.

JANEWAY

Open a channel.

\*

Tuvok nods.

JANEWAY

(to com)

Borg vessel, this is the Starship  
Voyager. You're holding our  
crewmen. We're willing to cease  
firing... if you return them.

\*

BORG (V.O.)

Negotiation is irrelevant. You  
will be assimilated.

JANEWAY

Not today and not by you. Agree  
or I'll resume firing.

\*

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

An ALARM sounds.

TUVOK  
They're scanning us.

Another beat, then:

BORG (V.O.)  
We will return your crewmembers...  
in exchange for specific  
technology.

\*

The crew reacts to this strange request.

TORRES  
Talk about "unusual behavior" --  
the Borg negotiating?

Janeway raises a hand, quieting her.

JANEWAY  
(to com)  
What technology?

BORG (V.O.)  
Your navigational deflector.  
Disengage it from your secondary  
hull.

The Bridge crew exchange looks. She signals for Tuvok  
to mute the com.

\*

TUVOK  
If we surrender our deflector,  
we'll be "dead in space," we won't  
be able to go to warp.

\*

\*

JANEWAY  
Why would they want it?

SEVEN OF NINE  
(off console, realizing)  
Their communications array is  
disabled. They intend to adapt  
our Deflector to contact the  
Collective.

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4)

21

JANEWAY

And call for reinforcements?  
That's the last thing we need.

(beat)

We'll have to stall them until we  
can find another way out of this.

She signals Tuvok to resume the com signal.

JANEWAY

(to com)

I'll consider the exchange... but  
first I want to be certain my  
crewmen are alive and unharmed.

BORG (V.O.)

You have scanned our vessel.

JANEWAY

Our scans were inconclusive. We  
want to see them for ourselves.

A beat.

BORG (V.O.)

You may transport one individual.

JANEWAY

(rising)

Tuvok, you've got the Bridge.

SEVEN OF NINE

(stepping forward)

Captain... my experience may prove  
useful if further "negotiation" is  
required.

A beat as Janeway eyes her... then nods. Seven nods,  
heads for the Turbolift.

OFF Janeway, watching her go...

22 INT. BORG CORRIDOR

22

Seven of Nine (wearing a tricorder) moving along,  
surprised there are no Drones visible, then cautiously  
begins to move down the corridor.

23 NEW ANGLE

23

As Seven rounds a corner, and discovers the bodies of  
TWO DEAD DRONES strewn on the deck. Another DRONE is  
slumped in an ALCOVE.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

(NOTE: unlike the alien bodies seen earlier, these are fully assimilated Borg.) A beat, then the Collective Voice booms through the corridor.

BORG (V.O.)  
Proceed to Grid Six Three  
Subjunction Zero One.

Seven takes a moment to orient herself, then starts off.

24 NEW CORRIDOR

24

CLOSE on Seven as she steps through a doorway and reacts. Reveal we're in:

25 INT. BORG MATURATION CHAMBER

25

This is the place where young Borg Drones are "incubated" into fully mature adults. Several MATURATION CHAMBERS line the room (as seen in "Drone"). All of them are inactive... except for one, which GLOWS with power. Seven moves to it, curious...

\*

26 NEW ANGLE - THE MATURATION CHAMBER

26

Inside we can see an INFANT DRONE suspended in greenish liquid. The baby is not even a year old, with tiny implants covering its body.

\*

26A SEVEN OF NINE

26A

eyes it. A NOISE from nearby. She turns to see --

\*

26B A BORG CHILD

26B

standing nearby. It's a little GIRL, about eight years-old. Her face and body are covered with Borg implants, but fewer than a regular Drone. She eyes Seven, curious. Seven reacts, turns to see --

27 BORG CHILDREN

27

A teenage boy (who we'll call BOY ONE) around sixteen years-old, partially assimilated -- his hair is gone and the implants on his face are inflamed and raw-looking. Another teenage boy around the same age (BOY TWO) stands behind him. There's also a pair of IDENTICAL TWIN DRONES, slightly younger.

BORG (V.O.)  
State your designation.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Seven of Nine.  
(re: children)  
These Drones have not fully  
matured. Where are the others?

Boy One first steps forward, his expression cold.

BORG (V.O.)  
There are no others. The Drones  
aboard this vessel were...

Suddenly, the Collective Voice modulates to his own voice, as the boy speaks.

BOY ONE  
(overlapping)  
...deactivated.  
(beat)  
We... are the Borg.

OFF the moment...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

28 INT. BORG MATURATION CHAMBER

28

Seven of Nine facing Boy One and the others, as before. Boy One eyes her, guarded. This Drone is different than any we've seen -- he's more emotionally volatile, prone to outbursts of violence. He's young, inexperienced, but he's also confident and arrogant -- just like the Collective.

BOY ONE  
"Seven of Nine." A Borg  
designation.

\*

BORG GIRL  
She's like us.

\*

Boy Two steps forward. He's less confident than Boy One... his VOICE is damaged and FRITZES every so often... and this lack of perfection makes him, in essence, an insecure young man.

BOY TWO  
(fritzing)  
Not like us... she's damaged...  
her infrastructure has been  
removed.

BORG GIRL  
We could fix her.

\*

BOY TWO  
(fritzing, to Seven)  
You will add to our perfection.

Seven realizes she's dealing with an erratic young group, and she tries to assert control.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

SEVEN OF NINE

You've lost contact with the Hive  
Mind. You're individuals, now...  
whether you like it or not.

\*

BOY ONE

No. We're Borg.

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

You're neonatal Drones. You  
should still be in maturation  
chambers.

\*

BOY ONE

(back at her)

We matured long enough.

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

Doubtful.

(eyes them)

Your thoracic nodes haven't formed  
yet.

\*

Boy Two looks down at himself, self-consciously touches  
his chest at the spot where the node should be.

SEVEN OF NINE

(continuing)

You're incomplete. You'll  
continue to malfunction. You must  
return to your maturation  
chambers.

\*

\*

(firm)

Comply.

BOY ONE

(to others)

Don't listen to her.

\*

\*

BOY TWO

(fritzing)

We tried to go back in, but the  
chambers were off-line.

SEVEN OF NINE

What happened to the adult Drones?

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

BORG GIRL  
We don't know.

BOY ONE  
(sharply)  
Irrelevant! Don't tell her  
anything!

SEVEN OF NINE  
(to all)  
This vessel's been severely  
damaged... you won't be able to  
repair it alone. \*  
(beat) \*  
I can help you, but first you must  
release the hostages --

BOY ONE  
That wasn't the agreement! \*

SEVEN OF NINE  
I've modified the agreement. I  
didn't realize I'd be dealing with  
children. Your behavior is  
erratic. I can't be certain that  
you'll -- \*

BOY ONE  
(impatient)  
No modifications! We show you the  
hostages, you give us the  
deflector! Comply!

Impulsively, he grabs a nearby datanode and THROWS it  
across the room!

BOY ONE  
Comply!

A tense beat. Seven can see that she's dealing with a  
defiant youth... and she can't force the issue any  
further. Finally:

SEVEN OF NINE  
Take me to them.

Boy One looks satisfied. He's won. He turns to Boy  
Two and the Girl, sends a silent command. Boy Two and  
the Girl move to Seven, and she turns to follow them.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

BOY ONE  
(to others)  
If she tries to resist...  
assimilate her.

OFF Boy One, watching them go...

CUT TO:

29 INT. BORG CORRIDOR

29

Seven follows the little Girl as she leads the way down the corridor, at one point stepping indifferently over the body of a DEAD DRONE.

Boy Two walks along with Seven. Seven decides to try talking to him.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Do you have a designation?

Boy Two looks at her a beat before replying.

BOY TWO  
(fritzing)  
Second.

Seven thinks she understands.

SEVEN OF NINE  
You were the second to emerge from the chambers.

\*  
\*

BOY TWO  
(fritzing)  
No... the first.  
(a hint of embarrassment)  
I... couldn't establish order. I became Second, and he became First.

SEVEN OF NINE  
So you've established a hierarchy...?  
(off his look)  
A chain of command.

BORG GIRL  
We're a Collective.

\*

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SEVEN OF NINE  
A Collective of five... on a  
vessel normally operated by five  
thousand. What makes you think  
you'll survive?

BOY TWO  
(fritzing)  
When we re-establish our link with  
the Borg... they'll come for us.

30 INT. ASSIMILATION CHAMBER

30

Chakotay and Neelix are working consoles. Paris is  
kneeling next to an open PANEL, tinkering with the  
circuitry, trying to find a way out of here. After a  
beat, Paris hears someone approaching. He stands and  
looks out the doorway...

31 THE TWO BORG CHILDREN (OPTICAL)

31

are approaching. Paris reacts to the sight.

PARIS  
(to Chakotay)  
Commander... we've got company.

Chakotay and Neelix turn to look. Boy Two and the Borg  
Girl are now watching them. Seven of Nine walks up  
behind them.

SEVEN OF NINE  
(to Drones, re: crewmen)  
I wish to see if they're injured.

Boy Two hesitates, then stands aside. Chakotay moves  
to the doorway. As Seven scans him with a tricorder...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

CHAKOTAY  
(re: Drones, puzzled)  
Seven?

SEVEN OF NINE  
Don't let their appearance deceive  
you. They're in control of this  
vessel... and all of its  
armaments.  
(beat)  
Are you injured?

CHAKOTAY  
Nothing serious.  
(with meaning, re: Harry  
Kim)  
Of course, I can't speak for all  
of us.

SEVEN OF NINE  
(catching on)  
Understood.

She eyes the room, taking in the scene. She sees the  
dead body lying on the table, looks concerned.

CHAKOTAY  
(off her look)  
A previous tenant.

Seven glances at Boy Two, who is a little ashamed.

BOY TWO  
(fritzed)  
We were... trying to perfect our  
assimilation techniques.

Seven looks troubled.

SEVEN OF NINE  
You failed.

Over the above dialogue, The Borg Girl steps closer to  
the doorway, eyes the open panel where Paris was  
working... checks a console.

BORG GIRL  
The captives were attempting to  
disconnect the security field.

She steps THROUGH the BORG FORCEFIELD, which fritzes  
briefly. Paris moves toward the open panel to stop  
her.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

PARIS

Actually, I was just trying to --

ZAAAP! Paris is JOLTED back by a BORG FORCEFIELD around the open panel. He stumbles backward. Neelix rushes to him, catches his fall. The Girl begins to work at the open panel. Seven turns to Boy Two, angry.

\*  
\*

SEVEN OF NINE

That wasn't necessary.

BOY TWO

(fritzing)

He's not permanently damaged.

BORG GIRL

(working)

He learned his lesson.

The Borg Girl walks back into the corridor (she crosses through the forcefield off camera). Seven looks to Chakotay.

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

The Borg are prepared to negotiate for your release. I will return for you.

CHAKOTAY

(pointed)

Give my regards to Harry.

Seven and the Drones move off...

\*

32 INT. BORG CORRIDOR

32

A few meters away. Boy Two stops and turns to Seven.

BOY TWO

(a demand, fritzing)

The deflector array.

SEVEN OF NINE

I'm not authorized to give you technology. I must report back to Captain Janeway.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Boy two tilts his head slightly... in contact with the other Drones.

BOY TWO  
(fritzing)  
Agreed.

SEVEN OF NINE  
I also need to take an adult Drone  
and a datanode back to Voyager for  
analysis.

BORG GIRL  
Why?

SEVEN OF NINE  
Something happened on this vessel  
that none of us understand. If it  
happens again, it could endanger  
all of you.

The Drones exchange glances. We sense they're both a  
bit intimidated by Seven. Boy Two turns back to her  
and nods. OFF the moment...

CUT TO:

33 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL)

33

Voyager hangs in space, facing the damaged Cube.

34 INT. SICKBAY (VPB)

34

The DOCTOR is scanning a dead Drone that's been laid  
out on the surgical bed for an "autopsy." Seven works  
nearby. Janeway and Tuvok ENTER.

JANEWAY  
No sign of Harry yet, but there  
are parts of the Cube that we  
still can't scan.

TUVOK  
(to Seven)  
Could the Drones be holding him in  
another location?

SEVEN OF NINE  
Unlikely. They didn't seem to be  
aware of his presence.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

TUVOK

(to Janeway)

If he ejected in an escape pod,  
we'd have detected his beacon by  
now.

Janeway considers.

JANEWAY

(to Tuvok)

Try to activate his combadge...  
match the carrier wave to a Borg  
interlink frequency... they  
shouldn't detect it.

\*

TUVOK

Aye, Captain.

JANEWAY

(to Doctor, re: dead  
Drone)

What have we learned from our  
friend here?

DOCTOR

The bigger they come, the harder  
they fall.

\*

He moves to a monitor, which shows a cluster of  
geometrically shaped microbes.

DOCTOR

Behold the David that slew our  
Goliath.

JANEWAY

A pathogen?

DOCTOR

(nods)

A spaceborne virus that adapted to  
Borg physiology. It's inert now,  
but in its virulent state, it  
attacked the Drones, and killed  
them.

\*

TUVOK

Why didn't it infect the  
juveniles?

SEVEN OF NINE

Maturation chambers are designed  
to protect developing Drones. An  
environmental interface filters  
out contaminants.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

SEVEN OF NINE (Cont'd)  
Malfunctions caused by the deaths  
of the adults led several chambers  
to open prematurely.

\*

Tuvok has been studying the monitor image.

TUVOK  
(to Doctor)  
Does this pathogen only target the  
Borg?

DOCTOR  
The Borg and any other cybernetic  
organisms it encounters.  
(realizing)  
You're not thinking of using it as  
a biological weapon?

\*  
\*

Tuvok turns to Janeway.

TUVOK  
If we can revive the pathogen and  
re-introduce it, we could  
neutralize the Drones without  
harming the Away Team.

DOCTOR  
"Neutralize?" You mean "murder,"  
don't you?  
(to Janeway)  
Captain, they're children.

TUVOK  
Need I remind you, these  
"children" have committed murder  
themselves in their futile  
attempts to assimilate others.

JANEWAY  
Seven... you saw them... talked to  
them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

JANEWAY (Cont'd)  
Do you think they'll kill the  
hostages if we don't give them  
what they want?

SEVEN OF NINE  
(a beat)  
Yes.

Janeway considers her options, then turns to the  
Doctor.

JANEWAY  
I want that pathogen as an option,  
Doctor. But I won't consider  
using it until I've had a chance  
to see these Drones for myself.  
(to Seven)  
Think you can arrange that?

Seven nods.

JANEWAY  
Then you're with me.

OFF the Doctor and Tuvok as Janeway and Seven EXIT...

35 INT. DELTA FLYER - JEFFERIES TUBE

35

Kim is lying unconscious next to the open panel, as  
before. There are slight plasma burns on his face.  
His COMBADGE begins to CHIRP. After a moment, Kim  
wakes up... groggy... he realizes where he is...

36 INT. DELTA FLYER - COCKPIT (OPTICAL)

36

Moments later. Dimly-lit. Kim ENTERS, pointing a  
phaser ahead of him, cautious. His combadge is still  
chirping. Realizing he's alone, he moves toward the  
helm and looks out the windows. He sees that the  
Flyer's inside a BORG HANGER, locked to a massive  
gantry alongside TWO ALIEN SHIPS.

KIM  
Computer... identify the source of  
this com signal.

COMPUTER VOICE  
Starship Voyager.

He starts working a console.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

KIM  
I need to respond on the same  
carrier wave...

\*

COMPUTER VOICE  
That procedure will require  
significant modifications.

Kim already has a panel open and is poking around  
inside.

KIM  
Don't worry, I'm way ahead of you.

As he works, he glances out the window at the  
forbidding scene...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 BOY ONE

37

is studying his reflection in a console. He's gently touching a tiny BORG IMPLANT on his temple. (NOTE: This is a newly formed implant that was not previously visible.)

BORG GIRL (O.C.)  
What's that?

The Boy turns and we reveal we're in --

38 INT. BORG MATURATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

38

The Borg Girl is standing by Boy One. The Borg Twins are working in the b.g.

BOY ONE  
(to Girl, re: new  
implant)  
A cranial node.

\*

BORG GIRL  
What does it do?

\*

BOY ONE  
I'm not sure... but I think it  
enhances my synaptic pathways.

BORG GIRL  
When will I get one?

\*

Boy One moves to her, speaks gently... he's fond of her, like an "older brother."

BOY ONE  
Be patient. When the Borg return  
for us... you'll get all the  
technology you want.

A moment between them... then Boy Two ENTERS. They turn to him.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

BOY TWO  
(fritzed)  
Seven of Nine wants to return with  
Voyager's Captain... to negotiate  
further.  
(beat)  
I said we'd comply.

Boy One reacts, irritated.

BOY ONE  
"You" said? There is no "you."  
Only us.

BOY TWO  
(fritzed, unnerved)  
We should hear what they have to  
say. Maybe they can bring us  
order...

BOY ONE  
(firm)  
We already have order!

But the others look doubtful. Boy One eyes them with  
concern.

BOY ONE  
Follow me.

He heads for the door. As the other Drones follow  
him...

39 OMITTED

39 \*

40 INT. VINCULUM ROOM (ASSIMILATION CHAMBER REDRESS)

40

A small room built around the BORG VINCULUM (as seen in  
"Infinite Regress") that hangs from the ceiling. A  
handful of LIGHTS BLINK in seemingly random patterns on  
the imposing piece of technology. The Drones FILE IN  
and form a circle around it.

BOY ONE  
Do you remember the first days?

\*

The group nods and murmurs.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BOY ONE

We were afraid... confused...  
lost. Then I brought us here...  
to the Vinculum, the heart of this  
vessel... and we became a  
Collective.

(beat)

Who is the enemy?

\*

The Girl and Boy Two speak in unison, the Twins nod.  
Apparently, this is a ritual of some sort.

BORG GIRL, BOY TWO

Chaos... disorder.

BOY ONE

What is the solution?

BORG GIRL, BOY TWO

One mind, one voice.

BOY ONE

What does the Vinculum do?

BOY TWO

It purges individual thought...

\*

\*

BORG GIRL

...replaces chaos with order.

\*

\*

He nods at the others, and they all reach out and lay  
their hands on the Vinculum.

BOY ONE

Who are we?

BOY TWO

We are one.

\*

\*

BORG GIRL

We are the Borg.

\*

\*

DRONES

(repeating)

We are one. We are the Borg.

We are one. We are the Borg.

Gradually, the chorus of childish voices MODULATES INTO  
THE COLLECTIVE VOICE.

BORG VOICE

We are one. We are the Borg.

OFF the strange moment...

CUT TO:

41 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL) 41

Voyager and the Cube, as before.

42 INT. BORG MATURATION CHAMBER (OPTICAL) 42

Janeway and Seven of Nine are facing the five Drones. \*

BOY ONE  
Why are you here?

JANEWAY  
I wanted to make a new proposal. \*

BOY ONE  
We've already negotiated. You  
must deliver the deflector, as you  
agreed. \*

Janeway faces the group.

JANEWAY  
Maybe it's hard for you to accept,  
but you don't have to rejoin the  
Hive. Our Doctor can remove your  
implants. You can come with us.

The Drones look surprised.

BORG GIRL  
No Drone can leave the Collective. \*

SEVEN OF NINE  
I did.

BOY ONE  
(to Janeway)  
You want us to be like you? Weak,  
pathetic individuals? \*

JANEWAY  
If we were weak, you wouldn't be  
negotiating with us.  
(to group again)  
You were individuals yourselves  
not long ago -- children with  
families. You were abducted,  
assimilated. \*

Janeway looks at Boy Two.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

JANEWAY

I recognize your species. You're  
Brenari...

(turning to the Girl)

And you're Norcadian. Do you  
remember your world?

The Borg Girl considers briefly.

BORG GIRL

A Theta Class planetoid.  
Population two hundred sixty  
million. Binary suns.

\*

JANEWAY

And what did it look like when  
those suns set each night? Can  
you remember that?

BOY ONE

Irrelevant! The deflector, now!

JANEWAY

We need more time. That deflector  
array is essential to our --

BOY ONE

(anger rising)

No!

He LASHES OUT, GRABBING Janeway and FORCING her against  
a wall, immobilizing her. It's a shocking moment.  
Seven of Nine rushes toward her, but is JOLTED back by  
a BORG FORCEFIELD around Boy One.

BOY ONE

(to Janeway, an edge)

Give it to us!

Janeway is unintimidated by the show of violence -- she  
holds her ground.

JANEWAY

Or what, you'll assimilate me?  
That won't solve your problem.

(thinks)

I can't give you Voyager's  
deflector... but maybe we can  
repair your technology.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

BOY ONE  
Clarify.

JANEWAY  
Seven knows a good deal about Borg  
systems...

\*  
\*

A tense beat as the Boy considers... then:

BOY ONE  
(to Seven)  
You have two hours.

SEVEN OF NINE  
I don't know the extent of the  
damage. It could take longer.

BOY ONE  
Two hours. Or the hostages die.

He steps away from Janeway, releasing her.

BOY ONE  
Don't come back here... "Captain."

OFF the moment...

43 EXT. SPACE (OPTICAL)

43

Voyager and the Cube, as before.

44 INT. BRIDGE

44

Red Alert. Tuvok in the command chair, Torres at Ops,  
N.D.s manning the other stations. Janeway ENTERS,  
troubled by her recent encounter. Tuvok rises.

JANEWAY  
I bought us another two hours.  
(beat)  
The pathogen?

\*

TUVOK  
It should be ready by then.

TORRES  
(concerned)  
Did you see the Away Team?

\*

(CONTINUED)



44 CONTINUED:

44

JANEWAY

I'm afraid not. But Seven assured  
me our people haven't been harmed.

\*

TORRES

(an edge)

I can't believe we're negotiating  
with adolescent Drones.

\*

Janeway takes her seat, thoughtful.

JANEWAY

They're not exactly Drones.  
Mature Borg are predictable.  
They'll ignore you, or assimilate  
you. But these... juveniles...  
they're unstable...

\*

TUVOK

...contemptuous of authority,  
convinced that they are superior.

\*

(wry)

Typical teenage behavior... for  
any species.

\*

Janeway smiles a little, a welcome moment of humor. An  
ALARM sounds. Reactions.

TORRES

(working)

It's a transmission... from the  
Cube.

JANEWAY

Seven?

TORRES

No... it's Harry. I'm clearing it  
up now.

\*

Janeway and Tuvok exchange a look. We HEAR Kim's  
fritzed COM VOICE:

KIM'S COM VOICE

(fritzed)

Delta Flyer to Voyager... respond.

45 INT. DELTA FLYER - COCKPIT

45

Kim at a station. (NOTE: windows should not be visible  
in this angle.)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

JANEWAY

We're receiving you, Ensign.  
Where are you?

KIM

Still in the Flyer, it's locked up  
in some kind of hangar bay, along  
with two alien ships.

\*

TUVOK

(to Janeway)

I've isolated his coordinates.

\*

JANEWAY

(an idea forming)

How close is he to their shield  
generator?

TUVOK

Roughly eight hundred meters.

JANEWAY

Harry, are there any plasma  
charges aboard the Flyer?.

KIM

Yes, ma'am.

JANEWAY

In that case, how do you feel  
about going for a little walk?

KIM

I could use the exercise.

JANEWAY

Tuvok will guide you to the shield  
generator. If you destroy it, you  
won't have to make the trip back.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

KIM  
Understood.

As Kim goes to work, heading back toward the aft section...

46 INT. BORG CORRIDOR (VPB)

46

Seven is working. She moves to a console, activates it, and data scrolls across a monitor -- we will learn that these are BORG TRANSMISSION CODES.

\*  
\*

Suddenly, a bit of data catches her eye. She studies it, surprised. A moment, then:

BOY TWO (O.C.)  
(fritzed)  
I have the technology you requested.

Seven quickly turns off the monitor, then turns to the boy, who's holding a small piece of technology. She takes it from him.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Thank you.

Seven works some controls. Boy Two edges closer, curious.

\*

BOY TWO  
(fritzed)  
You were a Drone for eighteen years.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Correct.

BOY TWO  
(explains)  
I accessed your datafile.

Seven turns, curious.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Why?

Boy Two reacts with embarrassment. We sense he's drawn to Seven, for reasons he doesn't quite understand.

BOY TWO  
(fritzed)  
I thought it might be relevant.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SEVEN OF NINE  
What else did you learn?

\*

BOY TWO  
(fritzed)  
You were assimilated as a  
juvenile... like us.

SEVEN OF NINE  
My parents were scientists who  
studied the Borg. They took me  
with them.

\*

(beat)  
My childhood was short.

BOY TWO  
"Childhood?"

SEVEN OF NINE  
The years between birth and  
physical maturity... when  
humanoids adapt to their roles as  
individuals.

Seven sees an opportunity to make a more personal  
connection here... pushes further:

SEVEN OF NINE  
Maybe you still have memories of  
yours.

\*

BOY TWO  
(uneasy)  
I don't know.

SEVEN OF NINE  
What about your parents. Do you  
remember them?

Boy Two shakes his head, alarmed now.

BOY TWO  
(heavily fritzed)  
No. No memories.

His voice FRITZES more than usual, as we've noticed  
when he's nervous. Seven considers.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Your subvocal processor is  
malfunctioning. I can repair it  
for you.

Boy Two eyes her, unsure. But Seven has already picked  
up a SMALL TOOL, holds it ready.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

SEVEN OF NINE  
It's a simple adjustment.  
(beat)  
It won't be painful.

Boy Two moves closer to her and she uses the tool to tweak one of his implants. As she works...

BOY TWO  
(voice fritzing, then  
stabilizing)  
The First told me that my  
malfunctions would be repaired  
once we reconnected with the  
Collective...

He realizes his voice has stopped fritzing. (NOTE: it will remain normal for the rest of the show.) He reacts. Seven turns back to her work. But Boy Two continues watching her, and now he reaches out tentatively and touches her hair. Seven reacts, slightly startled, but lets him continue touching it.

BOY TWO  
This color.

Boy Two looks at her, a strange awareness dawning.

BOY TWO  
My mother's hair... was this  
color.

47 NEW ANGLE - REVEALING BOY ONE

47

who has just entered, having overheard the end of this exchange. It triggers emotions within him as well -- confused, disordered emotions. He doesn't like them.

BOY ONE  
(hard, to Boy Two)  
I thought we agreed... no  
irrelevant discussions. What's  
the punishment for disobeying the  
protocols?

Boy Two is afraid... struggles to control it.

BOY TWO  
Deactivation.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SEVEN OF NINE  
I engaged him in this discussion.

Boy One glances at her, but keeps Boy Two on the spot for a beat longer. Finally:

BOY ONE  
(to Boy Two)  
Return to your station.

Boy Two eyes Seven... then moves off with Boy One. Seven works a control and the MONITOR comes alive again. She studies the Borg transmission codes, troubled by what she sees...

CUT TO:

48 INT. READY ROOM

48

A short time later. Seven of Nine reporting to Janeway, handing her a PADD.

SEVEN OF NINE  
I've found some... unsettling information.  
(re: PADD)  
I examined their communication records. The Collective did receive the Drones' initial distress call.

JANEWAY  
(concerned)  
How long before they arrive?

SEVEN OF NINE  
A vessel was not dispatched.

Janeway reacts, surprised.

SEVEN OF NINE  
(explains)  
The Collective declared the neonatal Drones irrelevant and severed their link to the Hive... permanently.

JANEWAY  
(taking this in)  
They see them as damaged... unworthy of re-assimilation...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

SEVEN OF NINE  
Precisely.

JANEWAY  
Are the Drones aware of this?

SEVEN OF NINE  
No. They don't have the ability  
to decrypt the message.

Janeway considers.

JANEWAY  
Once they learn they've been  
rejected by the Hive, they won't  
need our deflector... they might  
be willing to release the  
hostages.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Normally, when Drones learn  
they're irrelevant, they  
deactivate themselves.

(beat)  
But these neonatal Drones are  
violent and unpredicatble... they  
may not adhere to Borg protocols.  
There's no telling what they'll  
do.

JANEWAY  
There is another option.  
(beat)  
We could invite them to Voyager.  
Once they've learned they have no  
place else to go, they might be a  
little more open-minded.

SEVEN OF NINE  
If you're suggesting transforming  
them into individuals... that  
would be difficult.

JANEWAY  
You turned out pretty well.

SEVEN OF NINE  
That's because I was "prepared"  
before you encountered me.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

JANEWAY  
(puzzled)  
Explain.

Seven takes a moment, remembering her past as a Borg...

SEVEN OF NINE  
When I was first captured by the  
Borg, I was young and  
frightened... I watched my  
parents assimilated...

(recalling)  
And then I was placed in a  
maturation chamber... the Hive  
Mind began to restructure my  
cerebral cortex... purge my  
individuality...

(beat)  
I emerged five years later, and  
the turmoil of my previous  
existence had been replaced with  
order.

(pointed)  
You may not be aware of this,  
Captain, but that order continues  
to be a source of strength to me.  
I could not have regained my  
humanity without it.

Janeway takes this in, intrigued by the admission.

JANEWAY  
I appreciate your insights... but  
just because they didn't have your  
"Borg upbringing" doesn't mean  
we're going to turn our backs on  
them. There has to be another  
way.

SEVEN OF NINE  
(pointed)  
Not all Drones can be salvaged,  
Captain.

A beat, then:

(CONTINUED)



48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

JANEWAY

Continue the repairs aboard the  
Cube.

(re: PADD)

We'll hold onto this  
information... for now.

SEVEN OF NINE

Yes, Captain.

Seven turns to go.

JANEWAY

They do have one thing going for  
them.

(beat)

You. If there's anyone who can  
reach them...

Seven takes this in, nods... and EXITS. OFF Janeway,  
troubled by the recent turn of events...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

49 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB - CLOSE ON DOMESCREEN  
(OPTICAL)

49

A "cutaway" graphic of a portion of the Borg Cube depicting a maze of corridors and access tunnels. A flashing point of light moves down one of the corridors, then pauses. We hear Kim's SLIGHTLY FRITZING com voice.

KIM'S COM VOICE

Three of hearts on a transwarp  
conduit.

\*

50 REVEAL TUVOK

50

working the console, directing Kim through this maze.  
Red Alert.

TUVOK

Ensign?

51 INT. DAMAGED BORG CORRIDOR - CLOSE ANGLE

51

as a HAND tucks a playing card -- a king of clubs --  
into a piece of technology.

KIM

King of spades on a power  
coupling.

\*

\*

\*

52 WIDER

52

Revealing that Kim's inside a DIMLY LIT corridor marked by fallen debris and loose cabling -- apparently a more damaged portion of the Cube. He's wearing a backpack and using a WRIST BEACON to light his way, while holding a partial deck of PLAYING CARDS in his other hand. There's a PHASER on his belt. Creepy Borg ship NOISES in the background. We hear Tuvok's com voice, also SLIGHTLY FRITZED.

\*

KIM

I'm marking my route with playing  
cards, in case I have to come back  
the same way.

INTERCUT:

53 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB

53

Tuvok raises an eyebrow as he works. (NOTE: com voices should remain SLIGHTLY FRITZED when we hear them.)

TUVOK

You shouldn't distract yourself,  
Mister Kim.

\*

KIM

I need a little distraction. This  
"hike" is bringing back some bad  
memories.

TUVOK

An earlier visit to a Borg Cube?

KIM

The haunted house my parents took  
me to when I was six. I didn't  
sleep for a week.

TUVOK

Borg vessels may be forbidding but  
they're not "haunted."

Kim's reached a "fork" in the corridor. He looks both  
ways.

KIM

Tuvok...?

TUVOK

Turn left, Ensign.

OFF Kim as he starts down the left corridor...

54 INT. MATURATION CHAMBER (VPB)

54

The Drones are moving about, working. Seven ENTERS and  
approaches Boy One, who regards her with irritation.

BOY ONE

Another "setback?"

SEVEN OF NINE

The resonance field collapsed.  
It'll take an hour to re-  
initialize.

\*

Boy One reacts with suspicion.

BOY ONE

These delays are intentional.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

SEVEN OF NINE  
(hands him the PADD)  
I'm working as efficiently as I  
can. Examine my work yourself if  
you have doubts.

\*

Boy One quickly scans the data. We sense it confuses  
him.

BOY ONE  
This data's flawed.

SEVEN OF NINE  
More likely, your understanding of  
quadric field theory is flawed.

The other Drones are glancing over. Boy One senses his  
authority is being challenged.

BOY ONE  
You're more interested in creating  
discord than in completing your  
work.

\*

The other Drones are watching this exchange with  
interest. Boy One turns to them.

BOY ONE  
(to others)  
Ignore her. She's trying to  
divide us.

SEVEN OF NINE  
(re: others)  
They rely on you... but you lack  
the skills to ensure their  
survival.

\*

BOY ONE  
We've managed so far. We're Borg.  
You've forgotten what that means.

SEVEN OF NINE  
The unity of the Collective...  
common goals... the quest for  
perfection. I haven't forgotten.  
(beat)  
But you don't have to remain  
Drones to experience those things.  
Come back with me to Voyager.

\*

Boy One eyes her coolly.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

BOY ONE  
Thirty-eight minutes. You're  
wasting time.

A tense beat, then an ALARM breaks the impasse. Boy  
Two checks a console.

BOY TWO  
Another maturation chamber is  
malfunctioning. \*

Boy One and Seven move to the active maturation chamber  
seen earlier... the small BORG INFANT floats inside.  
The young Drones look nervous -- what's going on?

SEVEN OF NINE  
(off console, re:  
infant)  
Its autonomic nervous system is  
failing.

BOY ONE  
It's Borg. It will adapt.

BORG GIRL  
It's not adapting. Let Seven  
help!

Tension as the alarms sound. Boy One works a control  
panel in frustration. Finally, he steps back and nods  
grudgingly to Seven. It's an admission of defeat, but  
also a sign that his desire for control has limits. He  
won't watch this Drone die. Seven immediately crouches  
beside the cylinder, begins working the controls.

SEVEN OF NINE  
We can modulate the stasis field  
to stabilize its functions, at  
least temporarily.  
(to Boy Two)  
Help me. \*

Boy Two moves to a console, works. A tense beat, then:

SEVEN OF NINE  
The field is degrading. We need  
to transport it into an incubation  
pod. \*

Boy One nods to the Twins, who cross to another  
console.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Hurry!

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

54

The Twins work, and the INFANT MATERIALIZES in a Borg effect inside a BORG INCUBATOR set up near the maturation cylinder. The Drones retreat a few steps, taken aback by this tiny, noisy presence. But Seven gently lifts the baby out of the incubator and cradles it, a bit awkwardly at first. One by one, the other Drones gather around her, watching the infant in wonder. A beat, then the baby starts to make a GURGLING NOISE.

BORG GIRL

Why is it doing that?

SEVEN OF NINE

Its respiratory system is impaired... and this incubation pod is malfunctioning.

(urgent)

We must transport the infant to Voyager.

BOY ONE

No. The Drone is part of our Collective.

BOY TWO

Not if it dies.

The Drones look again to Boy One, waiting for his decision. OFF the tension...

CUT TO:

55 INT. BORG CORRIDOR

55

Kim moves cautiously down a corridor, pointing the wrist beacon ahead while scanning with a tricorder.

KIM

Tetrion levels are rising. I'm getting closer.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

TUVOK'S COM VOICE  
(fritzing)  
The shield generator should be  
directly ahead.

Kim sees the generator -- an outcropping of technology  
at a junction up ahead.

KIM  
I see it.

He unslings his backpack and takes out two compact  
devices -- the PLASMA CHARGES. He attaches one to the  
generator, then hits a control which activates several  
BLINKIES.

KIM  
The first charge is in place.

Suddenly, he realizes Tuvok hasn't responded for  
several beats.

KIM  
Tuvok?

He hits his combadge... no response. Suddenly, he  
reacts to a NOISE behind him... wheels... but there's  
nothing there. Relieved, he turns back... and gets a  
bigger shock when he sees:

56 THE BORG GIRL

56

standing by the generator, watching him impassively,  
holding something in her hands. Kim's unsure how to  
react.

KIM  
Hello.

The Girl holds out her hands... and awkwardly fans out  
a bunch of Kim's playing cards, the ones he used to  
mark his route. A sinking moment for Kim.

BORG GIRL  
You left these.

Kim's hand instinctively inches toward the phaser on  
his belt. The Girl doesn't seem to notice.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

She pulls out a card -- a blond queen of hearts.

\*

BORG GIRL  
I like her. She looks like Seven  
of Nine.

KIM  
Is Seven your friend?

The Girl doesn't answer, instead eyes his phaser.

BORG GIRL  
Your weapon won't work here.  
Dampening field.

\*

OFF the strange, tense moment...

57 INT. CORRIDOR

57

Janeway and Tuvok on the move.

JANEWAY  
How long has it been since you  
lost contact?

TUVOK  
Four, five minutes.

\*

JANEWAY  
His bio-signs?

Tuvok shakes his head. Suddenly:

DOCTOR'S COM VOICE  
Doctor to the Captain. Please  
report to Sickbay immediately.

JANEWAY  
(to com)  
On my way.  
(to Tuvok)  
Keep looking for him.

\*

As she heads for the door...

58 INT. SICKBAY

58

Janeway ENTERS to find the Doctor working at a console.

(CONTINUED)



58 CONTINUED:

58

JANEWAY  
What's the emergency?

DOCTOR  
I thought you should see for  
yourself.

He leads her into the room... and we REVEAL the infant  
Drone in a STARFLEET INCUBATOR (as seen in "Deadlock"). \*

DOCTOR  
Somebody left a bundle on our  
doorstep.

Janeway reacts, moving closer to stare at the baby. \*

DOCTOR  
I turned around and there she  
was... lying on a bio-bed.

JANEWAY  
The Drones must have beamed her  
here.

DOCTOR  
A good thing, too. A few more  
minutes, and I wouldn't have been  
able to help her.

A beat as they stare at the infant -- despite its  
implants a picture of innocence.

DOCTOR  
It's hard to believe she could  
grow up to be a Drone.

Suddenly, the baby starts to cry. The Doctor gently  
lifts the still crying infant out of the incubator...  
and to Janeway's surprise, he holds it out to her.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
Hold her while I get a hypospray. \*

Janeway gingerly takes the baby. The Doctor moves to  
a nearby counter, but the CAMERA STAYS ON JANEWAY as  
she eyes the crying "bundle" in her arms. A beat, then  
it stops crying. The Doctor returns with a small  
instrument, scans the baby.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

DOCTOR

Hmm. I guess she just wanted to  
be held.

(remembering)

Oh!

\*  
\*

He sets the scanner down and picks up a CONTAINER from  
a counter.

DOCTOR

The pathogen. I finished  
synthesizing it.

Janeway reacts to this... glances at the pathogen...  
then the baby in her arms. It's a difficult moment for  
the Captain... she's torn between compassion for these  
children... and her duty to get her people back safely.

JANEWAY

Start working with Tuvok on a way  
to deploy the virus.

\*

DOCTOR

Captain... you don't seriously  
intend to use it.

JANEWAY

If I have to.

(to baby, quietly)

Let's just hope your "brothers and  
sisters" don't force my hand.

\*

\*

OFF the moment...

59 INT. MATURATION CHAMBER

59

Seven ENTERS to find Boy One waiting for her, flanked  
by the other four Drones.

SEVEN OF NINE

You complain of delays, then you  
interrupt my work.

\*

Boy One simply eyes her, then extends his hand. We see  
he's holding one of Kim's plasma charges.

BOY ONE

Can you identify this?

\*

Seven eyes the device, guessing what's happened.

SEVEN OF NINE

It's a plasma charge.

BOY ONE

You tried to deceive us.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

He tilts his head and the other Drones stand aside, revealing:

60 HARRY KIM

60

lying on the deck, barely conscious. There are TUBULE PUNCTURES in his neck, and a couple of raw-looking implants on his face. Seven reacts, moves to Kim and checks his pulse, sees that he's alive.

BOY ONE

(re: Kim, a threat)

Nanoprobes have been injected into his bloodstream... he won't survive without medical attention.

(to Seven, hard)

Call your Captain. Tell her to give us the deflector.

\*

SEVEN OF NINE

That won't be necessary. I only need a few more minutes to repair your --

\*

BOY ONE

(emotions rising)

No more delays! No more deceptions! The deflector!

\*

Boy One starts to lose control. The others Drones move a back a little, intimidated by him.

BOY ONE

(enraged)

Resistance is futile!

\*

OFF the tension...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

61 INT. BRIDGE (OPTICAL)

61

Red Alert. Janeway, Tuvok, Torres again at Ops, N.D.s as needed. Boy One's on the Viewscreen, still seething with anger.

BOY ONE  
(to Janeway)  
Your deflector, Captain, now!

Janeway and Tuvok exchange glances.

JANEWAY  
(relenting)  
It'll take us an hour to dismantle it and transfer over the components.

BOY ONE  
(frustrated)  
No! I said now!

Suddenly, the Bridge TREMBLES!

TUVOK  
The Cube has locked its tractor beam directly onto the deflector.

TORRES  
It's tearing at the fuselage!  
Hull stress is increasing...  
breaches on Decks Ten and Eleven!

JANEWAY  
Evacuate those decks! Increase shield strength and randomize the harmonics!

Kim and Tuvok work urgently, but the trembling increases!

TUVOK  
They're adapting to our countermeasures.

BOY ONE  
Disengage the deflector.

JANEWAY  
I can't, without ripping out our entire Engineering section!

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

BOY ONE

Then rip it out... or we'll  
destroy your ship along with it.

TORRES

He's not kidding. The breaches  
are spreading to more decks.

BOY ONE

We are the Borg. Comply.

His image blinks off. OFF Janeway...

62 INT. MATURATION CHAMBER

62

The Drones work consoles while Seven crouches next to  
Kim.

BOY TWO

They still won't release the  
deflector.

BOY ONE

Then we'll keep assimilating  
hostages until they do.

He starts for the door. Seven realizes the situation's  
gone too far to hold anything back. She stands, speaks  
forcefully.

SEVEN OF NINE

Even with Voyager's deflector,  
your efforts to return to the Hive  
will fail.

\*

Boy One turns.

BOY ONE

Once we resume the link, they'll  
come to us.

SEVEN OF NINE

No. The Borg received your  
messages, but chose to ignore  
them.

(beat)

They consider you irrelevant.

The Drones turn, reacting to this shattering  
revelation.

BORG GIRL

Irrelevant?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

BOY TWO  
(realizing)  
We're too damaged. They don't  
want us.

BOY ONE  
Ignore her! It's another lie!

Seven nods toward a console.

SEVEN OF NINE  
The message is in Datagrid Four  
Two Six. Use Decryption Protocol  
Theta Three.

Boy Two starts toward a console. Boy One turns to him.

BOY ONE  
Return to your station!

Boy Two hesitates, then works the console anyway. OFF  
the growing conflict...

63 INT. BRIDGE

63

Red Alert, the ship SHAKING continuously!

TORRES  
Hull stress is reaching critical  
levels!

JANEWAY  
Reroute emergency power to the  
structural integrity field.

TORRES  
(working)  
That'll buy us another minute at  
most.

TUVOK  
Captain... I've found a weakness  
in their outer shield grid, near  
a plasma duct. We can't beam out  
the hostages, but we can deploy  
the pathogen.

Janeway remains silent, unable to give her consent.  
Precious seconds tick by.

TUVOK  
(urgent)  
Captain...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

JANEWAY

No.

TUVOK

There's no alternative.

JANEWAY

There's always an alternative. We just need to find it.

Reactions, then the crew gets to work. A quick beat, then Tuvok looks up from his console.

TUVOK

Their tractor beam draws power from the same grid as the shield matrix.

TORRES

(onto idea)

If we use the deflector to send a feedback pulse along the beam, we could disrupt their shields and their tractor beam.

JANEWAY

No... a simple feedback pulse wouldn't do it... but a subspace field inversion, with our entire warp core behind it...

Torres immediately starts working.

TORRES

Re-directing warp power. If this doesn't work, it'll do more damage to us than the Cube.

JANEWAY

It'll work. Tuvok, fire when ready.

OFF the tension...

64 INT. MATURATION CHAMBER

64

As before. Boy Two reacts to his console.

BOY TWO

The data's here. We are irrelevant.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

The Borg Girl and the Twins react with alarm.

BORG GIRL  
I feel... strange.

BOY TWO  
It's your internal programming.  
It's telling you to self-destruct.

BORG GIRL  
I don't want to!

BOY ONE  
It's another deception! She's  
manipulating us!

He shoulders Boy Two aside, works the console.

BOY TWO  
I verified the encryption  
algorithms. The transmission's  
authentic.

Seeing it for himself, Boy One grows increasingly  
distraught, unable to accept the Collective's casual  
dismissal.

BOY ONE  
It doesn't make sense! We  
followed their protocols... did  
everything we were supposed to!

Seven pounces on this moment of confusion, pressing:

SEVEN OF NINE  
The Collective doesn't tolerate  
imperfection... and you are  
imperfect.

Boy One turns to the others.

BOY ONE  
We'll assimilate more species...  
prove we're worthy. Then they'll  
have to come back for us!

SEVEN OF NINE  
If they do, it'll be to destroy  
you.  
(beat)  
You have no future with the Borg.  
But you do have one with us... a  
chance to resume your real lives!

(CONTINUED)



64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

The other Drones seem to be wavering, but Boy One is in a rage now! He SLAMS his fist into his console, DENTING it!

BOY ONE  
These are our lives! You can't tell us how to live them!

SEVEN OF NINE  
No... you have to decide that for yourselves. Each of you.

A MASSIVE JOLT! The Borg Girl glances at her console.

BORG GIRL  
Voyager's emitting an energy pulse... it's overloading our shield matrix!

BOY ONE  
(to Boy Two)  
Adapt our defenses!

BOY TWO  
I'm trying.  
(beat)  
They're activating their Transporters... trying to get the captives back.

Boy One works a console with determination.

BOY ONE  
They can't succeed.

As he works...

65 INT. BRIDGE

65

Red Alert. SHAKING as before, the crew working urgently.

TORRES  
I've got a partial lock...  
boosting the confinement beam.  
(beat)  
I've got three of them!

TUVOK  
Confirmed. Commander Chakotay, Lieutenant Paris, and Mister Neelix are in Transporter Room Two.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

JANEWAY  
What about Seven and Harry?

TORRES  
They're in a section that's still  
shielded.

JANEWAY  
(to Tuvok)  
Redirect the deflector. Target  
that section!

66 INT. MATURATION CHAMBER

66

SHAKING here too! The Drones working rapidly.

BORG GIRL  
They've got the others. Now  
they're trying to get these two.

Boy One moves angrily toward Seven.

BOY ONE  
They won't save you!

Without breaking stride, he grabs Seven and SLAMS her  
back against a bulkhead. She struggles to free  
herself, but he's too strong.

67 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

67

as he jams his fist against Seven's neck and injects  
her with tubules! Seven reacts in pain.

BOY ONE  
How does it feel to be a Drone  
again?

SEVEN OF NINE  
(with difficulty)  
You can't assimilate me. You'll  
only kill me.

BOY ONE  
That's the idea.

Suddenly, A HAND clamps down on his shoulder, another  
on his wrist. REVEAL:

68 BOY TWO

68

as he pulls Boy One off Seven, then HEAVES him back against another console!

BOY TWO  
(steady)  
Leave her alone.

BOY ONE  
Stand aside!  
(when he doesn't)  
Do as I say!

Boy Two eyes him sharply.

BOY TWO  
Do as "you" say? I thought we  
were a Collective.

Now the other Drones eye Boy One suspiciously, even the Borg Girl.

BORG GIRL  
(chiding)  
"Speak with one voice, think with  
one mind."

Boy One looks at the young faces hardening against him.

BOY ONE  
I protected you... brought you to  
the Vinculum... gave you order!

BOY TWO  
Your order. We're tired of it.

The ship SHAKES again, more violently. Panels SPARK!  
Seven glances at a console, beginning to recover.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Your transwarp core's  
destabilizing. We must evacuate.

Boy One rushes to a console.

BOY ONE  
No! We have to resist!  
(beat)  
Assist me!

But the others just watch him. Another BIG JOLT!

69 NEW ANGLE (OPTICAL)

69

as a series of consoles SPARK one after the other while Boy One continues to work, oblivious. Seven, beginning to recover from his attack, realizes he's in danger and tries to warn him.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Stand back!

But it's too late. Boy One's console SPARKS and he's knocked back by a SURGE OF ENERGY which crackles around his body! Seven moves to him as he weakly tries to get back to his feet.

SEVEN OF NINE  
You're injured. Stay still.

But Boy One barely sees her... speaks semi-coherently.

BOY ONE  
Damaged... vessel intact... no  
adult survivors. Require  
instructions.

Seven and the other Drones trade looks. It's clear Boy One is dying, recalling recent memories.

BOY ONE  
Still no response. Why?  
(weaker)  
Must maintain the Collective...  
perfect our skills. They'll come.

Boy Two eyes Seven questioningly. Seven shakes her head.

SEVEN OF NINE  
His cortical implants are too  
damaged. We can't help him.

The Borg Girl kneels by him, strokes his forehead.

BORG GIRL  
It's all right. We'll find a new  
home.

BOY ONE  
Home... yes...  
(puzzled)  
Where is home? Borg? Before?  
Can't remember...

He looks up at Seven with a suddenly terrified expression.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

BOY ONE

Don't let me deactivate! I'm  
afraid.

SEVEN OF NINE

I know.

He convulses slightly, reaching out to her and grabbing onto her arm. At first we think he's still trying to assimilate her, but Seven puts her hand atop his, holds it tightly. A look between them... then he dies.

A beat. The other Drones turn to Seven, confused and afraid themselves, looking to her now for direction. The ship SHUDDERS!

SEVEN OF NINE

It's all right. I'll take you  
someplace safe.

OFF the moment...

70 EXT. SPACE (STOCK OPTICAL)

70

Voyager at impulse.

JANEWAY (V.O.)

Captain's Log, Supplemental.  
Harry's recovering in Sickbay, and  
the rest of the Away Team is safe  
and sound. As for the Drones, the  
Doctor's removed most of their  
implants... and uncovered four  
troubled children.

71 INT. READY ROOM

71

Janeway looks out a window, sipping from a mug of  
coffee. Seven stands nearby.

JANEWAY

We've sent out calls to any  
Brenari and Norcadian ships that  
might be in the vicinity, but we  
haven't gotten any responses so  
far. And we're still trying to  
figure out where the other  
children are from. It may take a  
while.

SEVEN OF NINE

They can use the time to adapt to  
being individuals again.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

JANEWAY

Which leads me to a question: How  
are your babysitting skills?

SEVEN OF NINE

Captain?

JANEWAY

I can't think of a better teacher.

Seven is surprised... and unsure she's up to the task.

SEVEN OF NINE

I've never been responsible for  
children before. Mister Neelix  
would be a better choice.

JANEWAY

From what I've seen, you're the  
one they've established a bond  
with. They'll be looking to you  
to help them through this  
transition.

A beat as Seven begins to come around to the idea,  
though she's still dubious.

SEVEN OF NINE

Perhaps I can help them avoid some  
of the obstacles I encountered.

JANEWAY

They'll probably turn up a few new  
ones.

(beat)

Remember, they're still  
"neonatal." They'll be following  
their "instincts," trying to make  
sense of a place that's as strange  
to them as a Borg Cube is to most  
of us.

(beat)

In other words, they'll be a  
handful.

SEVEN OF NINE

Is that meant to be encouraging?

JANEWAY

I just want you to go into this  
with your eyes open.

(beat)

What do you say?

A beat as Seven considers. Then:

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

SEVEN OF NINE  
Where are they now?

Janeway smiles.

JANEWAY  
Sickbay. The Doctor's expecting  
you.

Seven reacts slightly, realizing Janeway had no doubts  
she'd accept the job.

SEVEN OF NINE  
In that case, I won't keep him  
waiting.

She nods and EXITS. OFF Janeway...

72 INT. SICKBAY

72

The Doctor watches approvingly as Boy Two drinks a  
glass of colored liquid he just handed him. The Borg  
Girl and the Twins sit on adjacent bio-beds. They  
still have an implant or two, but they're dressed in  
regular clothes, sport healthy heads of hair and, on  
the surface at least, look almost normal.

DOCTOR  
(re: drink)  
A supplement a day keeps the  
Doctor away.

Boy Two looks at him oddly.

DOCTOR  
"Humor"... it'll all come back to  
you someday.

Seven ENTERS briskly.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Doctor, I require a full report.

DOCTOR  
(sighs)  
Then again, maybe not.

He turns to Seven as the Drones hop dutifully off the  
bio-beds and quickly form an orderly row, as though  
preparing for an inspection.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

DOCTOR  
I've already sent their medical  
files to your alcove.  
(beat)  
They're going to need weekly  
checkups, but otherwise they're  
all yours.

Seven turns to Boy Two, who's still holding the half-  
full glass.

SEVEN OF NINE  
How do you feel?

BOY TWO  
We're...  
(corrects himself)  
I mean, I'm --

Suddenly, he HICCUPS! The Borg Girl giggles. Boy Two  
reacts, alarmed.

BOY TWO  
I'm still damaged!

The Doctor tries to suppress a smile as he takes the  
glass from him.

DOCTOR  
A very minor malfunction. It's  
called a "hiccup."

Boy Two HICCUPS again..

BOY TWO  
(still anxious)  
Is there a treatment?

DOCTOR  
Many. The best advice is simply  
not to think about it, and  
eventually it'll go away.

He takes Seven aside, nods toward the Twins.

DOCTOR  
(sotto)  
On the other hand, there may be  
more than a few hiccups on their  
road to recovery. The twins are  
not vocally impaired. I believe  
their silence stems from emotional  
trauma..

(CONTINUED)



72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

SEVEN OF NINE  
Maybe with enough time, that  
defect can be overcome as well.  
(turns to Drones)  
Follow me.

She starts to lead the Drones out the door.

DOCTOR  
Oh, wait! I almost forgot.

The Drones turn back as the Doctor quickly scoops up a handful of LOLLYPOPS from a counter and holds them out to the children.

DOCTOR  
"Lollypops"... a traditional  
reward for a successful visit to  
the pediatrician.  
(encouraging)  
Go ahead. Take one.

Boy Two abstains, but the Borg Girl and the Twins each reach out tentatively and take one. Seven takes one too, smells it suspiciously.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Concentrated polysaccharides.

The Doctor gives her a placating look.

DOCTOR  
You're only young once, Seven.

Seven raises an eyebrow, hands her lollypop back to the Doctor, but allows the children to keep their candy. OFF the Doctor's expression, a mixture of pleasure and concern, as she leads them out...

73 INT. CORRIDOR

73

Seven moves along, the four kids following behind her single file, as we previously saw them do in the Borg Corridor. Only now they're looking around curiously at the surroundings, passing N.D.s. The little girl trails a bit behind, her lollypop sticking out of her mouth. The group EXITS into:

74 CARGO BAY

74

Seven leads the children toward the alcoves.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

SEVEN OF NINE

I've adapted these alcoves to your physical requirements and programmed them for a complete rest cycle.

BORG GIRL

Do we have to regenerate now?

SEVEN OF NINE

Yes. But first...

Seven takes a small stack of PADDs off a nearby console, begins handing them out to the children.

SEVEN OF NINE

I was able to salvage part of the Cube's database, including your original assimilation profiles. It includes your names and some limited biographical data. Try to memorize it by morning.

The children study the PADDs, their faces betraying emotions they still don't have a handle on.

BOY TWO

Icheb. My name was Icheb.

SEVEN OF NINE

(correcting him)  
Your name is Icheb.

BOY TWO

I... remember now. It was second father's name.

BORG GIRL

My designation is... Mezoti.  
(thoughtful)  
It's a pretty name.

SEVEN OF NINE

Yes, it is. And it's yours.

The Twins have been silently studying their PADDs. Seven crouches beside them, puts a hand on each of their shoulders.

SEVEN OF NINE

"Azan" and "Rebi."

They look up at her, their eyes full of uncertainty and trepidation.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74

SEVEN OF NINE  
(gently)  
Tomorrow I'll tell you more about  
them.

She stands, indicating the four alcoves, and the  
children dutifully step inside.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Computer, decrease ambient  
lighting by sixty percent.

The lights DIM.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Good night... sweet dreams.

We hear the alcoves activate. Seven takes a last look  
at the row of young faces, then EXITS, the door CLOSING  
behind her. OFF the children, peaceful in sleep...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END