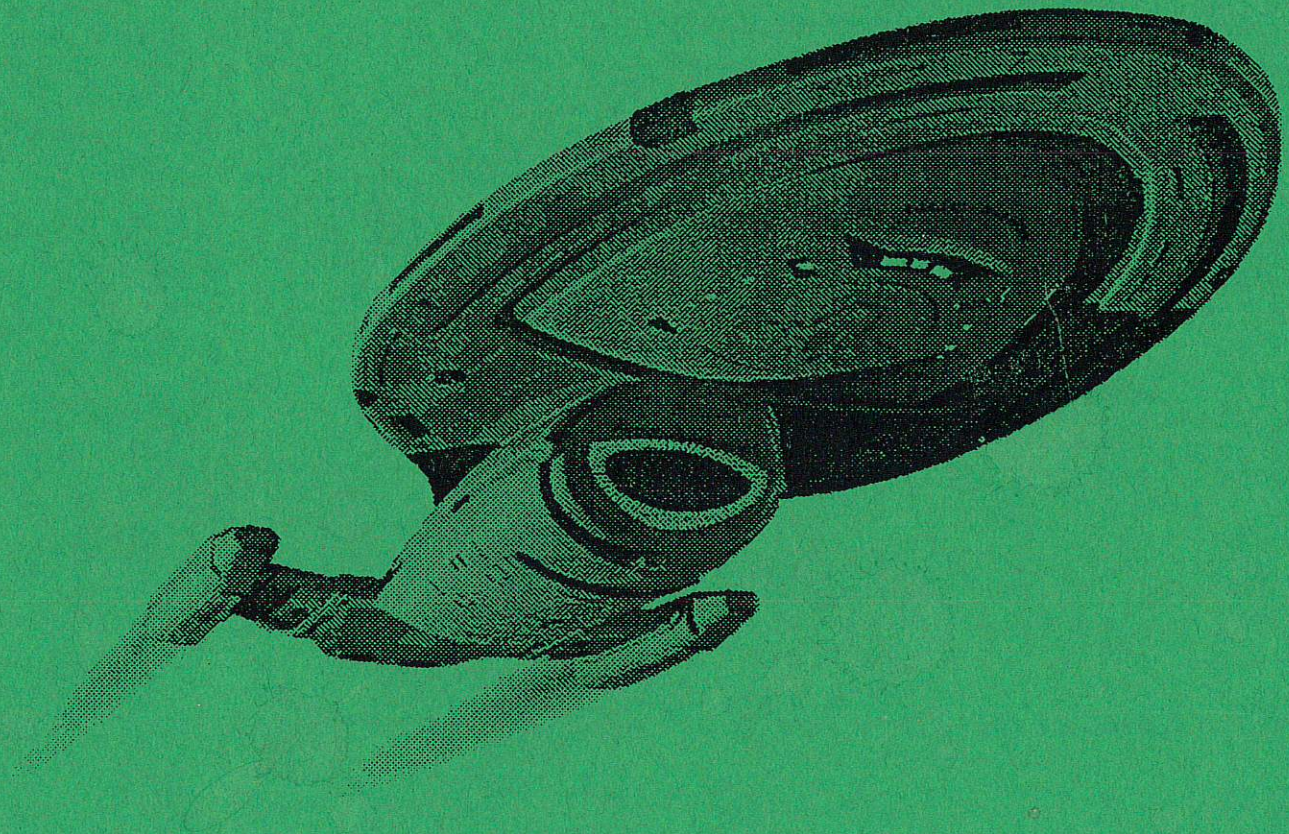


# STAR TREK VOYAGER

Year 7



*"Lineage"*

FINAL DRAFT

OCTOBER 16, 2000



STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Lineage"

40840-258

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FINAL DRAFT

OCTOBER 16, 2000

VOYAGER: "Lineage" - 10/16/00 SETS

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Lineage"

SETS

INTERIORS

VOYAGER

ASTROMETRICS LAB  
BRIDGE  
B'ELANNA AND TOM'S QUARTERS  
CORRIDOR  
ENGINEERING  
HOLCGRID  
KIM'S QUARTERS  
MESS HALL  
READY ROOM  
SICKBAY  
VERTICAL JEFFERIES TUBE

EXTERIORS

SPACE/VOYAGER  
CAMPSITE  
CLEARING

TENT

DELTA FLYER

VOYAGER: "Lineage"

-

10/16/00

CAST

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Lineage"

CAST

JANEWAY

YOUNG B'ELANNA

CHAKOTAY

JOHN

KIM

CARL

PARIS

DEAN

DOCTOR

ELIZABETH

TUVOK

MICHAEL

TORRES

ICHEB

SEVEN OF NINE

NEELIX

COMPUTER VOICE

Non-Speaking

Non-Speaking

N.D. SUPERNUMERARIES



STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Lineage"

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

TALAX

TAL-ax

OMARA S'ALAS

oh-MAH-ra sah-LAHS

CHELL

chel

BOLIANS

BO-lee-uns

MIRAL

meer-AHL

TAYA

TAY-uh

FLOXIA

FLOX-ee-uh

STAR TREK: VOYAGER

"Lineage"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL) 1  
At impulse. \*

2 INT. ENGINEERING 2  
N.D.s are busy at their workstations. TORRES walks through,  
uncharacteristically cheerful, commenting to an N.D.

TORRES  
Nice job, Ensign...

She checks the work of another N.D., smiles at him.

TORRES  
You keep the warp field that  
stable, you just might get us home  
a few years early.

The N.D. smiles. Torres continues to the Lift, and gets  
on, as we go to the --

3 UPPER LEVEL 3  
Where SEVEN OF NINE is instructing ICHEB at a  
workstation. Mid-scene.

ICHEB  
The Starfleet Manual allows for a  
variance of point three.

SEVEN OF NINE  
That's only a guideline. You can  
do better.

Icheb works the console as Seven walks a few feet away  
to check a monitor. Torres reaches this level and steps  
off the Lift - but she looks irked when she sees Icheb.  
She stalks over to him, her demeanor suddenly changed.

TORRES  
I don't remember giving you  
permission to work here.

Icheb's surprised and intimidated by her aggressiveness.

ICHEB  
I'm sorry, Lieutenant...

(CONTINUED)



3

CONTINUED:

3

Seven, seeing the problem, has returned to defend Icheb.

SEVEN OF NINE  
I'm helping him study Warp  
Mechanics.

TORRES  
You should have notified me. It's  
a busy day, and...

She suddenly gets dizzy, steps back, steadies herself on  
the railing. Seven, concerned, reaches out to assist.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Lieutenant?

Torres pushes her away, slightly disoriented.

TORRES  
I'm fine...

But she slumps woozily. Seven supports her, lowers her  
to a sitting position on the floor - as Icheb runs his  
TRICORDER over her body, somewhat alarmed.

ICHEB  
I'm detecting another lifesign.

Seven glances around, concerned.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Where?

ICHEB  
Inside Lieutenant Torres...

Seven reacts, quickly opens her own TRICORDER. As she  
scans...

ICHEB  
It could be a parasite...

Seven looks up from the tricorder -- then taps her  
combadge, somewhat more taciturn.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Seven of Nine to the Doctor.

DOCTOR'S COM VOICE  
Go ahead.

Seven helps a shaky Torres to her feet.

SEVEN OF NINE  
I'll be accompanying Lieutenant  
Torres to Sickbay.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

DOCTOR'S COM VOICE

What's wrong?

Beat. Icheb stands by anxiously. Seven merely registers curiosity.

SEVEN OF NINE

I believe she's pregnant.

Icheb reacts. OFF Torres' stunned disbelief...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

(NOTE: Episode credits fall over opening scenes.)

4 INT. SICKBAY

4

Torres sits on a bio-bed as the DOCTOR finishes running his MEDICAL TRICORDER over her. PARIS stands nearby, looking anxious.

DOCTOR

The fetus appears to be about seven weeks old and doing quite well...

(smiles at Torres)

So are you.

PARIS

Why did she faint?

DOCTOR

Klingon and human metabolism sometimes...

(searches for word)

"Clash."

TORRES

(dry)

Tell me about it.

DOCTOR

It's not uncommon for such pregnancies to cause biochemical fluctuations in the mother.

PARIS

(worried)

Is that serious?

DOCTOR

Not usually.

(to Torres)

You can expect some behavioral volatility, increased nutritional needs...

(avuncular)

Creating new life is a big job.

Paris is struck by the words.

PARIS

"Creating new life..."

Paris and Torres are reeling - happy, but stunned.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

TORRES

I can't believe it.

The Doctor hesitates.

DOCTOR

I don't mean to be indelicate,  
but... weren't you trying to get  
pregnant?

TORRES

Well, of course - I mean, we knew  
we wanted a family...

PARIS

But the odds against human-Klingon  
conception are so high...

Paris shrugs. Tho Doctor smiles warmly.

DOCTOR

Well, apparently, you've "beaten  
the odds." May I be the first to  
congratulate you.

As the Doctor shakes their hands, Paris' excitement  
grows.

PARIS

When's the baby due?

DOCTOR

Normally Klingon pregnancies run  
about thirty weeks, but with mixed  
species, it could be sooner.

Paris has a sudden thought.

PARIS

Is it a girl or a boy?

TORRES

No, don't tell!

They react. She gives them a cheerful scolding.

TORRES

I want to be surprised.

PARIS

We've already been surprised.

(CONTINUED)



4

CONTINUED: (2)

4

TORRES

I just don't see any reason to  
"label" the baby. I don't want to  
know the gender, I don't want to  
pick a name, yet...

\*  
\*  
\*

Paris holds his hands up in mock surrender.

PARIS

Okay, okay - Mommy knows best.

Torres' eyes widen at the dawning thrill and terror of  
the word.

TORRES

"Mommy?"

OFF the moment...

5

INT. CORRIDOR

5

Torres and Paris walk as they excitedly try to absorb  
the news.

PARIS

I wonder if the Holodeck has any  
child-rearing programs.

TORRES

(light)

There are some things you just  
can't simulate.

PARIS

I'll take whatever help I can get.

TORRES

(musing)

We should get our quarters ready.

PARIS

Maybe I'll replicate one of those  
antique cribs --

\*

TORRES

And put it where? We'll need to  
rearrange the living area.

PARIS

We'll need to do a lot more than  
that...

They stop and look nervously at each other. She sees  
the shock on his face.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

TORRES

You're happy about this - right?

PARIS

Of course, I'm happy. A little  
overwhelmed, that's all.

TORRES

Me, too.

(beat)

Can we keep this to ourselves for  
a while?

PARIS

Absolutely.

They hug briefly but warmly, a mutual reassurance. Then  
she steps back.

TORRES

I have to get to work. See you  
later...

(confidential)

Dad.

She moves off down one corridor, he takes off down  
another, happily distracted.

6

INT. MESS HALL

6

APPLAUSE erupts from scattered N.D.s and NEELIX, as  
Paris ENTERS. He stops short. Neelix enthusiastically  
walks up.

NEELIX

Congratulations, Tom.

PARIS

How did you find out?

NEELIX

Icheb.

(worried)

He wasn't supposed to tell?

PARIS

We were hoping to keep it  
private...

(dry)

...for an hour or so.

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED:

6

NEELIX

As they say on Talax, "Omara  
s'alas." Good news has no  
clothes.

PARIS

(nonplussed)

Thanks... I guess.

NEELIX

(less than subtle)

My good news would be learning  
that I'll be the godfather...

(assuringly)

I do have experience with Naomi  
Wildman, you know.

Paris is touched by Neelix' implied request.

PARIS

I can't think of anyone more  
qualified.

NEELIX

(smiles)

In that case...

(down to business)

I've been making a list of  
names...

Paris smiles stiffly. OFF the moment...

7 INT. ENGINEERING

7

Torres works at a console as CHAKOTAY walks up.

CHAKOTAY

Have you checked the warp core for  
radiation leaks today?

TORRES

(concerned)

No - why?

CHAKOTAY

You have a certain "glow" about  
you.

She smiles balefully at his little joke.

TORRES

Okay. Who told you?

Before he can respond, JANEWAY joins them cheerfully.

JANEWAY

I just heard. Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

No use fighting the tide. Torres smiles graciously.

TORRES

Thanks.

JANEWAY

(concern)

Seven said you were dizzy. Are you all right?

TORRES

(playing it down)

I'm fine.

CHAKOTAY

(to Janeway)

Nothing ever rattled her - not even the Cardassians.

TORRES

(dry)

This is scarier.

Janeway smiles, tries to anticipate her needs.

JANEWAY

Would you like some time off?

TORRES

(taken aback)

To do what?

JANEWAY

Adjust. This is a big change.

TORRES

(minimizing)

I'll work during the day, sleep at night, have the baby when it's time.

Janeway tries to sound reassuring.

JANEWAY

Well. If you need to cut back on your duties, I'm sure Seven would be happy to fill in for you.

Less than reassured, Torres tries a hearty smile.

TORRES

I think I can handle it.

OFF her sense the world is tipping...

8

INT. CORRIDOR

8

As Paris walks along, he's joined by a jovial KIM.

KIM  
Congratulations, buddy.

PARIS  
(dry)  
Where'd you hear the news? In the  
data stream from Earth?

KIM  
Actually, it was a transmission  
from the Borg.

Paris smiles. Kim tweaks him.

KIM  
It's all over now. No more late  
nights on the Holodeck, no more  
racing the Delta Flyer...

PARIS  
Don't you think you're  
exaggerating just a little?

KIM  
I've seen it happen - the new dad  
gets tied down with family, old  
friends drop away...

PARIS  
It's fatherhood, Harry, not exile.

KIM  
If you say so.

They pause at a cross-corridor. Kim takes a beat, stops  
the banter.

KIM  
Kidding aside - how's it feel?

Tom takes a moment to think about it.

PARIS  
It's not quite real yet.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

KIM  
Maybe that's what pregnancy's for -  
time to let the reality sink in...  
(one last tweak)  
Before your life spins out of control.

OFF Paris, amused but slightly unsettled...

9 INT. VERTICAL JEFFERIES TUBE 9 \*

TUVOK is working at an open panel as Paris walks by.  
Paris hesitates, as if working up to something - and  
approaches Tuvok on a pretext.

PARIS  
Need any help?

TUVOK  
(mild surprise)  
Mister Paris, this may be the first  
time you ever volunteered to assist me.

PARIS  
Really? Well, we should change that.  
I mean, we've known each other a long  
time, we ought to work more closely.

TUVOK  
(perplexed)  
I'll keep that in mind.

PARIS  
(awkward beat)  
I guess you heard...  
(beat)  
B'Elanna and I are having a baby.

TUVOK  
I was unaware.

PARIS  
Finally, someone who doesn't know.

TUVOK  
Allow me to extend my best wishes.

PARIS  
Thanks...  
(rambling)  
A baby's a big responsibility, and  
I'm ready for it - not that you  
can ever be completely ready...  
(hesitant)  
Can you?

Tuvok realizes Paris' rambling question is more than  
rhetorical.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

TUVOK  
Lieutenant - are you asking me for  
advice about fatherhood?

A beat, then:

PARIS  
I don't know anyone else who's  
been through it.

TUVOK  
I'm afraid my parenting skills are  
somewhat dormant. It's been many  
years since my children were young.

PARIS  
Then you've had a long time to  
think back on it. Any "helpful  
hints?"

Tuvok considers a moment.

TUVOK  
Offspring can be disturbingly  
illogical, yet profoundly  
fulfilling. You should...  
(beat)  
Anticipate paradox.

Paris nods thoughtfully.

PARIS  
I'll remember that.

TUVOK  
If you'd like my counsel on  
specific issues...

Paris gives an appreciative smile.

PARIS  
Something tells me I'm going to be  
"volunteering" to work with you on  
a regular basis.

Tuvok acknowledges with a nod.

TIME CUT TO:

10 INT. B'ELANNA AND TOM'S QUARTERS 10

Torres ENTERS at the end of the long day - to find Tom  
setting out a candle-lit meal. She smiles, but she's  
too tired to give much.

TORRES  
Looks nice.

(CONTINUED)



10

CONTINUED:

10

PARIS

I figure quiet, romantic dinners  
may soon be a thing of the past...

(notices her strain)

Tough day?

TORRES

The Captain practically relieved  
me of duty.

(irked)

As if I couldn't handle being an  
Engineer and being pregnant at the  
same time.

PARIS

Well, if you ever need a baby-  
sitter, "Godfather Neelix" is  
ready to go.

TORRES

Chakotay wants to be godfather.

PARIS

(light)

Neelix already has a list of  
names.

\*

TORRES

(shakes her head)

I don't mind people suggesting  
names. What annoys me is "free  
advice" about feeding,  
discipline...

PARIS

(amused)

Folk wisdom is my favorite.  
According to Chell, Bolians  
believe that if you give birth  
near a warp core, it'll improve  
the baby's disposition.

Torres isn't taking it as lightly as Paris, though.

TORRES

Why does everybody feel they're  
entitled to give us advice? This  
is our child.

PARIS

(teasing)

People should know better than to  
interfere with a Klingon mother.

\*

\*

But she takes offense at his playful comment.

TORRES

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

PARIS  
(taken aback)  
Nothing, it was a joke.

TORRES  
What does being Klingon have to do  
with it?

PARIS  
Hey, take it easy...

TORRES  
I don't want to take it easy, I  
want everyone to back off, and let  
me...

She stops herself. Takes a deep breath.

TORRES  
The Doctor said I might experience  
some "behavioral volatility."  
(wry)  
I guess this is it.

He gently turns her around, begins rubbing her neck.

PARIS  
Forget the Doctor. Forget the  
Captain, all the godfathers...

She finally starts to relax.

TORRES  
Maybe you're right.

PARIS  
I know I am. This isn't about  
their expectations, or hopes,  
or...  
(admitting)  
...doubts. None of it belongs to  
them.

She turns around, smiling gently.

TORRES  
It belongs to us. All of it.  
He takes a beat - and means what he says.

PARIS  
Lucky us.

They just stand there facing, holding hands.  
Interrupted by a com announcement.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3) 10

DOCTOR'S COM VOICE  
Lieutenant Torres, Lieutenant  
Paris - please report to Sickbay.

As they look at each other uncertainly...

CUT TO:

11 A HUMANOID SPINE (OPTICAL) 11

Infant-sized. It's a holographic projection, hovering  
in mid-air, rotating slowly. It has a marked curvature.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
It's a holographic extrapolation.  
Your child's spine, approximately  
ten months after birth.

REVEAL we're in:

12 INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL) 12

The Doctor is showing the hologram to a fascinated Paris  
and a somewhat pensive Torres.

TORRES  
It's deviated.

DOCTOR  
Yes, there's a pronounced  
curvature to the left.

PARIS  
(worried)  
Can it be corrected?

TORRES  
I needed surgery for it when I was  
a baby.

Paris reacts.

PARIS  
You never told me that.

TORRES  
(nods)  
My mother had it, too.

DOCTOR  
It tends to run in Klingon  
families, especially females...

He catches himself, but too late. Paris jumps on the  
slip.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

PARIS

Are you saying the baby's a girl?

DOCTOR

No, I didn't say that...

PARIS

But it is a girl? Right?

DOCTOR

(flustered)

You cannot infer that.

Torres gives in with a tired smile.

TORRES

It's okay. You might as well tell us.

The Doctor is simultaneously relieved and apologetic.

DOCTOR

Yes, it's a girl. And aside from the deviated spine, she's healthy.

PARIS

Will she need surgery?

DOCTOR

Fortunately, we've advanced beyond that. Genetic modification is the treatment of choice.

Paris eyes the spine, has a thought.

PARIS

If you can project an image of the spine, can you use the genetic data to show us the whole baby?

DOCTOR

(hesitates)

I could...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
(downplaying)  
It would only be an approximation.

Tom turns to B'Elanna, entreating.

PARIS  
Let's take a look.

She's reluctant.

TORRES  
I don't know...

PARIS  
Come on, aren't you curious?

Still dubious, but growing curious herself, now, she shrugs.

TORRES  
Okay.

Paris beams as the Doctor works his console.

13 ON THE HOLOGRAPHIC SPINE (OPTICAL) 13 \*

A perfectly formed, ten-month-old CHILD - with Klingon forehead ridges - slowly MATERIALIZES around the spine.

14 PARIS (OPTICAL) 14 \*

stares at the projected baby, in awe.

PARIS  
She's beautiful.

But there's an edge to Torres' smile. She tries to keep a tone of casual surprise.

TORRES  
Forehead ridges? She's only one quarter Klingon.

DOCTOR  
Klingon traits remain dominant for several generations - even with a single ancestor.

14A ON THE BABY (OPTICAL) 14A \*

PARIS  
(happily)  
She looks just like her mother.



14B BACK TO SCENE 14B \*

As we PUSH IN on B'ELANNA'S FACE... \*

DISSOLVE TO: \*

15 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (OPTICAL) 15 \*

ON JOHN TORRES - B'Elanna's father - as he smiles  
ruefully at a TWELVE YEAR-OLD girl - YOUNG B'ELANNA,  
shakes his head.

JOHN

You're so much like your mother.

Young B'Elanna doesn't look like she appreciates the  
comparison, but before she can respond, we hear Paris'  
VOICE-OVER coming through.

PARIS (V.O.)

She's perfect.

CUT TO:

16 INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL) 16 \*

Paris looks from the hologram of his daughter, to  
Torres.

PARIS

Isn't she?

OFF Torres, unsettled by this unexpected flash of  
memory...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. B'ELANNA AND TOM'S QUARTERS

17

End of the day. B'Elanna's in bed, staring at the ceiling, as Tom comes out of the bathroom, in shorts and T-shirt.

PARIS

What a day.

Preoccupied, she barely responds.

TORRES

Mmm hmm.

He gets into bed, not noticing her distant mood.

PARIS

Six years in the Delta Quadrant,  
nothing ever scared me as much as  
hearing the baby had a problem.

TORRES

It's not much of a problem.

PARIS

We didn't know that at first...

TORRES

(curt)

So now we know.

He takes a beat, looks at her - interprets her distance  
as worry about the baby - and seeks to reassure her.

PARIS

We also know the Doctor's going to  
fix everything tomorrow morning.

Torres softens, smiles apologetically.

TORRES

I'm sorry. It's a lot to take in  
all at once, and I'm really tired.

He smiles affectionately.

PARIS

We could both use some sleep.  
(kisses her cheek)  
Computer. Dim lights.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

The room lights darken. Paris rolls over, his back to her. She just lies there, staring at the ceiling in the dim shadows. Remembering. As we PUSH IN on her face...

DISSOLVE TO:

18 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY - FLASHBACK (OPTICAL) 18 \*

Young B'Elanna's father, John, and his brother, CARL, are doing business around a three-tent campsite with three of Young B'Elanna's HUMAN COUSINS - nine year-old MICHAEL, eleven year-old DEAN, and thirteen year-old ELIZABETH. (NOTE: To distinguish the flashbacks from the present day story, the color is slightly DESATURATED, not unlike an old photograph.) Carl indicates the ashes of last night's fire. \*

CARL  
Somebody make sure those coals are completely out. \*

DEAN  
I got it, Dad.

JOHN  
You kids be careful and be back before sunset.

CARL  
And bring your appetites. We're having fish for dinner. \*

Elizabeth tweaks her father good-naturedly.

ELIZABETH  
If you two can catch any. \*

Young B'Elanna trots up, carrying a high-tech SONIC FISHING REEL. \*

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
Dad...

John turns to her. It's clear from her manner she loves him, wants him to be proud of her. As she hands him the REEL...

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
I increased the field strength of the targetting lure. \*

JOHN  
(smiles)  
Those fish don't stand a chance.

In b.g., the other kids are looking impatient. John speaks gently. \*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JOHN  
You better get moving. Your cousins  
aren't going to wait forever.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

She takes a beat.

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
I was thinking... maybe I could go  
fishing with you and Uncle Carl.

He hesitates - but he wants her to improve her social  
skills.

JOHN  
I thought you were looking forward to  
the hike.  
(light)  
Just the kids... no dads to slow you  
down...

\*

Young B'Elanna looks from the other kids down to her  
feet.

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
They don't like me.

JOHN  
Why would you say that?

\*

She responds with a flash of quiet anger.

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
Because it's true.

Before he can respond, Elizabeth calls over to her  
cheerfully.

ELIZABETH  
Come on, B'Elanna, let's go!

JOHN  
(smiles reassuringly)  
See?  
(beat)  
Go on, have a good time.

He turns and leaves. She stands there for a beat --  
then calls after him.

\*

\*

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
Dad?

\*

He turns back, a little impatient.

\*

JOHN  
What is it?

\*

\*

A beat. Then:

\*

(CONTINUED)



	VOYAGER: "Lineage"	-	10/16/00	ACT TWO	21.
18	CONTINUED: (3)				18
			YOUNG B'ELANNA		*
	Nothing.				*
	HOLD ON Young B'Elanna as John moves off...				*
19	OMITTED				19
20	EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)				20
	At impulse.				*
				CUT TO:	
21	A TOASTER				21
	A replicated, mid-twentieth century chrome model.				
	Suddenly two pieces of toast POP UP. REVEAL we are in:				
22	INT. B'ELANNA AND TOM'S QUARTERS				22
	Tom grabs the toast, as a somewhat haggard Torres rushes around getting ready for the day, pulling on her boots.				
			PARIS		
	Relax, we're not that late.				
			TORRES		
	The Doctor scheduled me for oh				
	eight hundred.				
			PARIS		
	You still have time for my				
	favorite gourmet breakfast, peanut				
	butter toast.				
	He starts spreading the sticky stuff.				
			TORRES		
	I'm too tired to eat.				
			PARIS		
	If you're having trouble sleeping				
	now, wait'll the oh two hundred				
	feedings come around.				
			TORRES		
	<u>You'll</u> be in charge of those.				*
			PARIS		
	(dry)				
	I can't wait.				
	She takes a beat.				

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

TORRES

Look, you don't have to come with me. It's a minor procedure.

He's taken aback.

PARIS

Wouldn't you like some moral support?

TORRES

I'm not an invalid.

He takes a beat - keeps it light.

PARIS

In that case, you're on your own.

He picks up both pieces of toast.

PARIS

That goes for breakfast, too.

He takes a big bite of peanut butter toast, and holding both pieces, EXITS. OFF her weary smile...

23

INT. SICKBAY

23

As Torres lies down on the clamshell, the Doctor bustles around preparing instruments for the procedure.

DOCTOR

I've been expanding my database in obstetrics and pediatrics...

TORRES

You haven't found another problem, have you?

DOCTOR

No, not at all. But I have put together a "prenatal enrichment program."

\*  
\*  
\*

TORRES

Why am I not surprised?

DOCTOR

I'd like to start with "trans-abdominal vocalization."

TORRES

Let me guess.

(dubious)

You're going to sing to my fetus?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DOCTOR  
Through a diatonal amplifier.  
It's quite safe, and it should  
enhance the child's mathematical  
abilities.

She's in no mood for this right now.

TORRES  
Can we talk about it later?

DOCTOR  
How about at the first parenting  
class?

TORRES  
(measured)  
Parenting class.

DOCTOR  
Birthing techniques, feeding  
options, bonding strategies...  
(enthusiastic)  
It's not all hard work, though.  
We'll have ample time for fun.

She takes a beat - keeps a controlled smile.

TORRES  
Could we get on with it?

DOCTOR  
Certainly.

He rolls up a portable GENE-ALTERATION DEVICE and lowers  
the GLOWING EMITTER end over her belly.

\*  
\*

DOCTOR  
Computer. Dim lights.

The ambient lighting DIMS. Torres looks uncertain.

TORRES  
I hope you don't expect me to  
sleep through this.

DOCTOR  
Not at all. The darkness  
encourages vascular dilation...

The device GLOWING, we PUSH IN on B'Elanna, as the  
Doctor continues talking in b.g.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
There may be a tingling sensation.  
You need to lie still...

OFF B'Elanna's face...

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. CLEARING - DAY - FLASHBACK (OPTICAL) 24 \*

Young B'Elanna and her cousins have stopped for lunch.  
B'Elanna sits at the edge of a small clearing - all  
alone, away from the other kids, reading a PADD, as  
Elizabeth opens a pack containing some wrapped  
sandwiches and thermoses.

ELIZABETH  
B'Elanna, come have lunch.

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
That's okay. I'm not hungry.

ELIZABETH  
You better eat while you can. You  
know our dads aren't going to  
catch any fish. \*

B'Elanna gives in to a small smile, moves to join the  
others. As Elizabeth hands her a sandwich, Dean notices  
something moving near him.

24A A WORM 24A

is crawling on the short grass.

24B DEAN 24B

gets a mischievous look in his eye.

DEAN

B'Elanna - could you hand me a  
drink?

She puts her sandwich down and leans away from him to  
grab a thermos. As she does, he grabs the worm in the  
grass... and places it on her sandwich. Elizabeth  
doesn't see, Michael does - but Dean gestures Michael  
not to give away the prank. \*

Young B'Elanna hands Dean the thermos.

DEAN

Thanks.

Dean and Michael wait expectantly, as Young B'Elanna  
goes back to pick up her sandwich.

25 THE WORM 25

wriggles disgustingly on her food.

26 B'ELANNA 26

SHOUTS, repulsed, and drops the sandwich. Dean laughs.

DEAN

My teacher said Klingons like live  
food. \*

As soon as Young B'Elanna realizes Dean did it on  
purpose, she gets humiliated and angry. She overreacts -  
grabs him by the shirt. The intensity on her face  
scares him.

DEAN

It was just a joke...

ELIZABETH

It was a stupid joke, Dean...

She tries to defuse the situation, apologizing for Dean  
to B'Elanna.

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED:

26

ELIZABETH

He's always doing stuff like that  
to me.

But B'Elanna's eyes are stinging. She can't let it go.  
She takes a beat - pushes Dean out of the way - and runs  
off. Michael, looking worried, calls out.

MICHAEL

Don't be mad, B'Elanna!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

ELIZABETH  
B'Elanna, wait!

But she's gone. And from a distance, the Doctor's VOICE-  
OVER.

DOCTOR (V.O.)  
That's all there is to it.  
Computer, raise lights...

CUT TO:

27 INT. SICKBAY 27

Torres opens her eyes, out of the memory, as the lights  
come up and the Doctor removes the GLOWING tube from her  
abdomen.

DOCTOR  
Your daughter's spinal column is  
now perfectly aligned.

TORRES  
She's going to be all right?

DOCTOR  
Better than all right - if her  
parents are any indication.

He smiles. OFF Torres, still unsettled...

28 INT. HOLOGRID (OPTICAL) 28

Torres ENTERS, carrying a PADD, and goes to a free-  
standing console with monitor.

TORRES  
Computer. Access B'Elanna Torres'  
medical file.

A beat.

COMPUTER VOICE  
File accessed.

TORRES  
Project the holographic image of  
the baby.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

The child's HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE MATERIALIZES before her.  
Torres stares at it a beat, as if steeling herself.

TORRES  
Now extrapolate what the child's  
facial features will look like... \*  
at twelve years old. \*

A beat. The image of the baby MORPHS INTO -

29 A GIRL (OPTICAL) 29

with dark hair and fully developed FOREHEAD RIDGES.  
Bears a resemblance to the Young B'Elanna of the  
flashbacks.

30 TORRES 30

stares at the girl - then starts working the console,  
using data from her PADD.

TORRES  
Display the fetus' genome.

31 ON THE CONSOLE MONITOR (VPB) 31

A DNA sequence appears - a graphic of a DOUBLE HELIX,  
beside columns of PAIRED LETTERS.

TORRES (O.S.)  
Delete the following gene  
sequences.

Chunks of helix and sections of paired letters are  
HIGHLIGHTED - then DISAPPEAR - and the HELIX  
reassembles.

32 BACK TO SCENE (OPTICAL - VPB) 32 \*

TORRES  
Extrapolate what the child would  
look like with those genetic  
changes.

The hologram of the teen girl MORPHS again - her hair  
turns from brown to blondish, her shoulders narrow. But  
Torres isn't satisfied.

TORRES  
Delete the following sequences.

She works the console once more.

33 ON THE HOLOGRAM (OPTICAL)

33

The girl's FOREHEAD RIDGES DISAPPEAR. She now looks completely human.

34 BACK TO SCENE

34

As Torres stares intently at her would-be daughter.

TORRES

Save changes.

The computer BEEPS. B'Elanna has another thought.

TORRES

Restrict access to this file...  
B'Elanna Torres only.

\*

OFF Torres' resolve...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

35

INT. SICKBAY

35

The Doctor, looking over a PADD Torres has given him, seems exasperated.

DOCTOR

There's no valid medical reason to do what you're proposing.

TORRES

I disagree.

\*

DOCTOR

You want to delete entire DNA sequences. The genes that create redundant organs, for example.

\*

\*

TORRES

They're superfluous.

\*

DOCTOR

Those redundancies are there for a reason.

TORRES

(a challenge)

Does my daughter need a third lung to survive?

\*

DOCTOR

Strictly speaking, no...

(beat)

But having it may be beneficial. Some geneticists believe the extra lung evolved to give Klingons greater stamina on the battlefield.

\*

TORRES

My daughter's not going to be a Klingon warrior.

DOCTOR

With all due respect, you have no idea what your daughter's going to be.

Torres reacts.

DOCTOR

What if she develops an interest in athletics? Having greater lung capacity would be an advantage.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

The Doctor takes a beat, tries to be reassuring.

DOCTOR

The point is, there's no reason to  
arbitrarily remove genetic  
traits --

But Torres isn't giving up. She interrupts him.

TORRES

It's not arbitrary. It's  
preventive.

DOCTOR

(skeptical)  
How so?

TORRES

That third lung could become  
diseased, couldn't it?

DOCTOR

I suppose --

TORRES

(interrupting)  
Then what I'm suggesting is no  
different than removing an appendix  
before it becomes inflamed.

This argument makes some sense on the face of it, but it  
still goes against the Doctor's better judgement.

DOCTOR

Why tamper with biological systems  
that have evolved over millennia?

TORRES

Like curvature of the spine?

A point for Torres, but the Doctor remains reluctant.  
He tries a different approach.

DOCTOR

If I make these changes, it'll  
affect her appearance.

TORRES

I'm aware of that.

DOCTOR

Are you also aware that some of these  
genes influence behavior?  
Personality?

TORRES

(emphatic)  
None of that's as important as her  
health.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

The Doctor, still resistant to the idea, keeps looking for ways to dissuade her.

DOCTOR  
What does Tom think about all this?

TORRES  
(beat)  
I wanted to see what you thought first.

DOCTOR  
Well, as you can see, I'm very dubious.

TORRES  
Look - I've done statistical analyses, epidemiology...  
(indicates her PADD)  
At least review my work.

The Doctor doesn't buy it -- but he'll humor her for the time being. He takes the PADD.

DOCTOR  
All right. I'll look at it. But  
in the meantime...  
(pointed)  
I suggest you have a talk with  
your husband.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

36 PARIS

36

in rumpled uniform, holding a hyperspanner, looking indignant.

\*

PARIS  
Absolutely not.

WIDEN TO REVEAL we are in:

37 INT. DELTA FLYER

37

He's beside an open engine compartment, as Torres confronts him.

(CONTINUED)



37 CONTINUED:

37

TORRES

This is our child's health we're talking about.

PARIS

It's more than that. You want to erase who she is. Her individuality, her...

Searching for the word, Paris has a moment of realization.

PARIS

You don't want her to be Klingon.

\*

She doesn't answer - which brings everything into focus for Tom.

PARIS

That's what this is really about, isn't it?

(off her silence)

You're trying to protect her from being Klingon. Because you had a rough time when you were a kid.

Torres reacts to the dismissive tone of Tom's last sentence. Not to put too fine a point on it:

TORRES

I was treated like a monster.

He can see the pain on her face - it makes him more sympathetic.

PARIS

That won't happen to our daughter. Everyone on Voyager will accept her for who she is.

TORRES

That's easy for you to say. You're human.

PARIS

Meaning what, exactly?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

TORRES

Meaning you don't understand what  
it's like.

PARIS

(sincere)

Okay. Tell me.

She takes a beat. She really wants him to get it.

TORRES

When the people around you are all  
one way, and you're not - you  
can't help feeling... like there's  
something wrong with you.

PARIS

But Voyager's not all one way - we  
have Bajorans, Vulcans, a  
Talaxian...

TORRES

And a hundred and forty humans.

PARIS

B'Elanna, our child's going to  
have a mixed heritage, just like  
her mother. It's something the  
two of you will have in common...  
something she should be proud of.  
Why destroy it?

TORRES

I'm not "destroying" anything.  
Gene resequencing isn't a weapon.  
It's a tool - like a hyperspanner.

\*

PARIS

She's not a machine. She's our  
daughter.

As they face each other for a long, intense beat...

TIME CUT TO:

38 INT. READY ROOM

38

Where Janeway faces Paris and Torres with calm concern.

JANEWAY

I'm not exactly sure what you want  
me to do.

Torres speaks with a certain formality - to be perfectly  
clear.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

TORRES

I want you to order the Doctor to  
genetically alter my child.

\*

PARIS

(to Janeway)

You see what I'm dealing with  
here?

Janeway treads carefully, speaks gently to Torres.

JANEWAY

What you're asking for is  
ethically questionable. The  
Doctor has reservations, your  
husband's against it...

TORRES

I only want to do what you did...

(beat)

...for Seven of Nine.

Janeway is completely taken aback.

JANEWAY

I beg your pardon?

TORRES

You had her implants removed.

JANEWAY

I don't see the connection.

TORRES

You altered her physiology. You  
changed who she was.

JANEWAY

I was acting in her best  
interests.

TORRES

That's all I'm doing.

Janeway sees the parallel. Tom does too, and it makes  
him angry.

PARIS

Seven was born human - the Captain  
just helped restore her original  
physiology.

TORRES

And gave her a better life in the  
process.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

PARIS

Our child's not even born yet.  
How do you know what's going to  
make her life better?

\*  
\*

TORRES

(emotions rising)

I just don't want her to start at  
a disadvantage!

\*  
\*

Paris takes a beat -- tries to defuse the tension, but  
he's unintentionally patronizing.

PARIS

Look, the Doctor said you might  
experience some "mood swings."

TORRES

That's it. Dismiss my argument as  
a "hormonal outburst" --

\*

PARIS

I didn't mean that --

JANEWAY

Stop it, both of you.

Silence. They're both frustrated.

\*

JANEWAY

(continuing)

The biggest problem you two have  
isn't ethical.

(gentle)

It's marital.

\*  
\*

They react. Janeway chooses her words with sensitivity.

JANEWAY

I'm happy to offer you advice - as  
a friend. But as your Captain...

I'm not going to overrule the  
Chief Medical Officer.

(beat)

You two need to work this out.

\*  
\*  
\*

OFF Torres' stoic reaction...

39 INT. KIM'S QUARTERS

39

Kim is relaxing, PLAYING his SAX, when the DOOR CHIMES.  
Kim walks to the door, works the control.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

The door slides open, revealing... Paris, standing there with a duffel bag.

PARIS

Do I need a reservation?

KIM

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

PARIS  
I think B'Elanna and I need some  
time apart.

Kim gestures him in with a smile.

KIM  
My couch is your couch.

TIME CUT TO:

40 INT. KIM'S QUARTERS

40

Tom is wrapping a sheet over the couch, as Kim brings in  
a pillow. Tom looks glum.

PARIS  
She's barely pregnant, and we're  
already having a major crisis.

KIM  
You'll make up. You always do.

PARIS  
That's what worries me. We're  
always fighting and making up.  
How's that going to affect our  
daughter?

\*  
\*

Kim is supportive.

KIM  
She's going to have a great life.  
Piloting the ship from your lap,  
battling Doctor Chaotica on the  
Holodeck...

PARIS  
Unless B'Elanna thinks "battling"  
is "too Klingon."

Kim takes a beat - tosses Paris a pillow.

KIM  
She's always been sensitive about  
being part Klingon. You know  
that.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

PARIS

That doesn't give her the right to  
turn our child into a science  
experiment.

KIM

But it does explain why this is so  
important to her.

\*  
\*

PARIS

So what am I supposed to do?

KIM

Maybe you should tell her you  
understand.

\*  
\*

Paris is surprised.

PARIS

You think I should give in to her?

KIM

No. But it might make her less  
defensive. Then maybe it'd be  
easier for her to see your point  
of view.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PARIS

And if she can't?

\*

Kim shrugs.

KIM

(beat)

Like I said... my couch is your  
couch.

OFF Paris, anything but reassured...



41 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (OPTICAL)

41 \*

Early evening, the kids are just starting the campfire. B'Elanna's not around. John looks worried, staring up a trail, near Carl.

JOHN

She should be back by now.

Carl calls back to the campfire.

CARL

Nobody has any idea where she went?

DEAN

(pointing)

She just ran off down there.

JOHN

I'm going to look for her.

He starts to go. The kids look a little uncomfortable -- Elizabeth calls out.

ELIZABETH

Uncle John...

He turns back.

JOHN

Yes?

But before she can say anything, Young B'Elanna walks into camp. John, enormously relieved, goes to her.

JOHN

B'Elanna, where have you been?

YOUNG B'ELANNA

I'm sorry. I got kind of...

(glances at kids)

...separated.

Elizabeth steps forward.

ELIZABETH

It was our fault...

MICHAEL

(pipes up)

It was Dean's fault! He put a worm in her sandwich.

Dean glares at Michael.

CARL

Dean?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

DEAN  
I was only kidding...  
(chastened, to B'Elanna)  
I'm sorry.

\*

\*

A beat. Then:

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
Forget it.

She walks a few steps off. Carl, seeing her discomfort, motions to the other kids to give John and B'Elanna some privacy.

CARL  
Let's get dinner started.

As they go off, John walks over to Young B'Elanna. He, too, can see she's troubled.

JOHN  
You want to talk about it?

She's struggling with something.

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
I just wish --

JOHN  
You wish what?

A beat. Then:

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
I wish I weren't Klingon.

JOHN  
Now why would you say that?

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
Because everyone makes fun of me.

\*

JOHN  
(skeptical)  
Who's everyone?

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
Dean, the kids at school...  
(beat)  
They all hate me.

\*

\*

John considers for a beat, smiles.

JOHN  
Did I ever tell you what the kids  
at my school used to call me?

\*

B'Elanna shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

JOHN

I used to fall asleep in class all  
the time. So instead of John  
Torres, they called me John "Snore-  
ez."

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

YOUNG B'ELANNA

It's not the same thing...

JOHN

Of course it is.

(beat)

Kids tease each other, they can be  
very cruel... but it doesn't mean  
they hate you... or that they hate  
Klingons.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

YOUNG B'ELANNA

You don't understand...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3) 41

JOHN  
I think I do.  
(beat)  
You have to learn to be a little  
less sensitive. \*

B'Elanna's not convinced. But she decides not to argue.

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
Fine. \*

Laughter from the fireside. The others are having a  
good time.

JOHN  
Now, come on, Uncle Carl's going  
to tell one of his famous "fish  
stories."

B'Elanna glances from her father to the fire and back  
again.

YOUNG B'ELANNA  
I'd rather just read.

John looks disappointed.

JOHN  
Suit yourself. \*

She nods. He moves to join the others. She walks to  
her pack, takes out a PADD, turns on a plasma lantern,  
sits on a rock. But she can't really concentrate on her  
reading. She glances over at the other kids, laughing  
and having a great time. OFF her isolation...

CUT TO:

42-44 OMITTED 42-44

45 INT. B'ELANNA AND TOM'S QUARTERS 45

ON B'ELANNA, sitting in bed, holding her knees up to her  
chest, her eyes filled with tears at this memory.

46 WIDE SHOT 46

of B'Elanna sitting there, in the middle of the empty  
bed, the empty room, the total isolation...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

47 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (OPTICAL)

47

John stokes the crackling campfire. After a beat, Carl emerges from a tent, and joins John.

JOHN  
Everybody asleep?

CARL  
(nods)  
They were exhausted.

Carl reaches for a thermos.

CARL  
Coffee?

JOHN  
Sure.

As Carl starts to pour...

CARL  
Listen, I'm sorry...

\*

CAMERA BEGINS TO PUSH PAST the two men toward one of the tents as they continue (O.C.).

\*

\*

JOHN  
For what?

\*

CARL  
The way Dean treated B'Elanna. I had a talk with him.

\*

JOHN  
(shrugs)  
He was just doing what eleven year olds do.

CAMERA FINDS Young B'Elanna, awake, peering through a mesh opening in her tent, eavesdropping.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

JOHN  
I'm sure B'Elanna overreacted.  
Young B'Elanna reacts, stung.

INTERCUT:

47A OMITTED 47A \*

48 THE CAMPFIRE 48 \*  
where the conversation continues. \*

CARL  
What makes you say that?

John stares into the fire, beginning to unburden himself  
to his older brother.

JOHN  
She's too damn sensitive. \*

CARL  
What do you mean? She's a great  
kid. \*

JOHN  
You haven't been around her much  
the last couple of years. She's  
gotten moody... unpredictable...  
argumentative.  
(musing)  
Just like her mother. \*

Again B'Elanna reacts.

CARL  
I thought you loved Miral's...  
intensity. \*

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

John considers.

JOHN  
Everything's become a fight with  
her.

\*  
\*

(beat)  
I guess... the older I get... the  
less "intensity" I can handle.

\*

Carl looks concerned for his younger brother. A long  
beat as John continues musing.

\*  
\*

JOHN  
It's funny how Mom and Dad always  
turn out to be right.

\*

CARL  
What do you mean?

JOHN  
Mom warned me not to marry Miral.

CARL  
(confused)  
Mom loved Miral.

JOHN  
Sure she did. But she never  
thought I had the "constitution"  
to live with a Klingon.

\*  
\*  
\*

A beat. He smiles sadly at the irony.

JOHN  
Now I'm living with two of them.

49 ON YOUNG B'ELANNA 49

peering through the mesh, stunned and wounded by what  
she's hearing. From far away, we hear Chakotay's  
VOICE.

CHAKOTAY (V.O.)  
Taya.

CUT TO:

50 INT. ENGINEERING - UPPER LEVEL

50

Torres is working a console as she's jarred out of her memory - to find Chakotay standing there, waiting for a response. She looks at him, confused.

TORRES

What?

CHAKOTAY

Taya. It's the feminine form of Chakotay. What do you think?

\*

TORRES

(wry)

I'll add it to the list... right after Floxia.

\*

(off his look)

Neelix suggested that one. It's number thirty-two.

\*

Chakotay smiles.

CHAKOTAY

On second thought, you and Tom ought to come up with your own name.

\*

B'Elanna smiles wearily.

TORRES

I knew there was a reason I always liked you.

He can see she's been under a strain.

CHAKOTAY

You look like you've been up all night. Want to get some coffee?

She takes a beat, smiles at her old friend.

TORRES

That's the best offer I've had all week.

OFF the camaraderie...

51 INT. CORRIDOR

51

As Torres and Chakotay walk to breakfast, Paris comes out of a side corridor and joins them. It's a little awkward.

PARIS

Morning.

(CONTINUED)



51 CONTINUED: 51

Torres gives a civil smile.

TORRES

Hi.

CHAKOTAY

Join us for breakfast?

Tom looks at B'Elanna - it's her call. She just keeps walking, eyes forward. Chakotay picks up on the tension, puts two and two together.

CHAKOTAY

You know what? I forgot my PADD.  
Why don't you two go ahead, I'll  
meet you in the Mess Hall.

He tactfully peels off, as Paris and Torres keep walking. It's a bit strained.

PARIS

So. How are you today?

TORRES

(cool)

I haven't changed my mind, if  
that's what you mean.

PARIS

No, what I meant was... how are  
you?

She finally takes the question at face value.

TORRES

I've been better.

(shrugs)

I'll get over it.

He nods kindly, gets a kink in his neck, brings his hand up to rub it.

PARIS

Harry has the lumpiest pillows on  
the ship, he snores, he keeps the  
room way too hot...

(sidelong glance)

I missed you.

They stop. She clearly wants to make up, as well.

TORRES

Me, too.

He smiles with relief, getting an idea.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

PARIS

Listen, I still owe you a slice of  
peanut butter toast. Why don't we  
go back to our quarters, fire up  
the toaster...

He pauses, hopeful. She takes a beat, smiles warmly.

TORRES

Sounds nice.

But just as they start walking, the Doctor interrupts  
them on the com.

DOCTOR'S COM VOICE

Lieutenant Torres, Lieutenant  
Paris, please report to Sickbay.

OFF their uncertainty...

52 INT. SICKBAY 52

The Doctor speaks to Torres, who looks impatient. Paris  
stands beside her, ready to be supportive.

DOCTOR

I've reviewed the data you gave  
me, and I've also done my own  
analysis --

\*

TORRES

(curt)

You can skip the details, Doctor.  
You've already made it clear what  
you think of my proposal.

\*

DOCTOR

Actually, I've changed my opinion.

TORRES

What?

DOCTOR

I believe the genetic alterations  
you suggested make sense.

\*

\*

Torres seems stunned silent. Paris looks aghast.

PARIS

On what grounds?

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

DOCTOR

The "clash" I mentioned - between  
Klingon and human metabolism -  
it's more extensive than I  
realized.

TORRES

How extensive?

DOCTOR

(grim)

Theoretically, it could lead to  
complete metabolic failure.

\*

\*

Tom and B'Elanna reflexively pull together.

TORRES

But you can fix it.

DOCTOR

(nods resolutely)

By eliminating most of her Klingon  
genetic material.

\*

Paris is taken aback by the information.

PARIS

Are you sure about this?

DOCTOR

My analysis was quite thorough.  
Of course, if our circumstances  
were different, you'd be free to  
seek a second opinion.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED: (2)

52

PARIS

No offense, Doc. I'm just trying  
to understand what's going on.

DOCTOR

(hands Paris a PADD)

You're welcome to review my  
findings. But let me stress - it  
would be unwise to delay this too  
long.

TORRES

Why?

DOCTOR

The fetus is at a critical stage  
of development. Antibodies have  
begun to form.

\*

PARIS

How long do we have?

DOCTOR

(beat)

I've scheduled the procedure for  
tomorrow morning...

\*

(to Torres)

With your permission.

Torres looks at Tom hesitantly - then nods at the  
Doctor. OFF the tension...

53

INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB

53

Seven is working with Icheb at a console, as Paris  
ENTERS with a PADD. He smiles uncertainly.

PARIS

I wanted to thank you both for  
helping B'Elanna when she fainted.

Seven gives Icheb a wry glance.

SEVEN OF NINE

I'm just glad it wasn't a  
"parasite."

\*

Paris hesitates.

PARIS

You probably don't know this...  
but there may be some problems  
with the pregnancy.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

SEVEN OF NINE  
I'm sorry to hear that.

Paris holds up a PADD.

PARIS  
The Doctor's suggested a treatment  
for the baby, but his findings are  
very confusing... at least to me.  
(to Icheb)  
You have some expertise in  
genetics. Do you mind taking a  
look at this?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ICHEB  
Of course not.

\*

Paris hands him the PADD, and Icheb begins vigorously  
working it. Seven tries to reassure Paris.

SEVEN OF NINE  
Whatever the problem is, I have no  
doubt the Doctor will solve it.

\*

PARIS  
(tense)  
I hope you're right.

\*

Icheb finishes working the PADD, turns to Paris.

ICHEB  
Your confusion is understandable.  
There's a computational error.

SEVEN OF NINE  
It's not like the Doctor to make a  
mistake.

PARIS  
I didn't think it was possible.  
(beat)  
Unless there's some kind of glitch  
in his program?

SEVEN OF NINE  
I'll run a diagnostic.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED: (2)

53

She begins working her console. Icheb speaks hesitantly to Paris.

ICHEB

Please tell Lieutenant Torres, if there's anything I can do...

PARIS

(beat - smiles)

I'll let her know. Thanks.

SEVEN OF NINE

(still working)

It appears to be more than a "glitch..."

(beat)

I believe the Doctor's program has been tampered with.

Paris, his worst fears emerging, immediately hits his combadge.

PARIS

B'Elanna, this is Tom.

(beat)

Respond.

No response. A beat of tension.

PARIS

Computer. Locate Lieutenant Torres.

COMPUTER VOICE

Lieutenant Torres is in Sickbay.

OFF the moment...

54

INT. SICKBAY

54

Torres lies down on the clamshell, as the Doctor prepares to do the procedure.

DOCTOR

Frankly, I'm relieved you decided not to wait 'til the last minute.

Torres smiles thinly.

TORRES

Once this is behind us, I'm sure we'll all feel better.

OFF the moment...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

55 INT. ASTROMETRICS LAB - MOMENTS LATER

55

Seven works at a console.

SEVEN OF NINE

Someone's blocked communications  
to Sickbay.

PARIS

See if you can deactivate the  
Doctor.

Seven works, shakes her head.

SEVEN OF NINE

Access to his program has been  
restricted.

PARIS

Keep trying.  
(hits his combadge)  
Paris to Tuvok.

TUVOK'S COM VOICE

Go ahead.

PARIS

Meet me in Sickbay.

56 INT. CORRIDOR (OPTICAL)

56

Paris and Tuvok walk quickly down the corridor, two  
Security N.D.s behind them. Paris has just finished  
filling him in.

TUVOK

Why would she alter the Doctor's  
program?

PARIS

To "change his mind" about the  
medical procedure.

They reach the door to Sickbay. It doesn't open.

PARIS

Computer. Open the Sickbay doors.

Beat.

COMPUTER VOICE

Unable to comply.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

One of the N.D.s moves (O.C.), as Tuvok works the door control - but it still doesn't open.

TUVOK  
Override, authorization Tuvok  
alpha pi.

COMPUTER VOICE  
Authorization denied.

The N.D. returns from (O.C.) with an Emergency Door Opener and hands it to Tuvok. Tuvok and Paris use it to pry the door open.

57 INT. SICKBAY - CONTINUOUS (OPTICAL)

57

They stride toward the clamshell area.

PARIS  
Doctor! Stop what you're doing!

The Doctor looks up, indignant.

DOCTOR  
You're interrupting a medical  
procedure.

Tom and Tuvok reach the clamshell area, but they're stopped by a FORCEFIELD. They react.

PARIS  
Your program's been altered.

As the Doctor looks at Paris in confusion, Tuvok goes to a console to try shutting down the forcefield.

DOCTOR  
What do you mean, "altered?"

TORRES  
(to the Doctor)  
Ignore him...

PARIS  
B'Elanna, this is completely  
irrational...

DOCTOR  
Will someone please tell me what's  
going on?

TORRES  
I'm your patient. Your first duty  
is to me.

58 OMITTED

58



59 ON TUVOK

59

who gives up at the control panel, and hits his  
combadge.

TUVOK

Tuvok to the Bridge.

KIM'S COM VOICE

Kim here.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

TUVOK

There's a forcefield in Sickbay. I  
can't deactivate it. Cut power to  
the EPS relays around the Surgical  
Bay.

60 INT. BRIDGE

60

Kim works at his station.

KIM

Access has been restricted. I'll  
have to bypass them.

\*

61 INT. SICKBAY

61

Torres, sitting up now, speaks insistently to the  
Doctor.

TORRES

You said it could be dangerous to  
delay the procedure.

PARIS

She's manipulating you, Doc... in  
more ways than one.

The Doctor looks to Torres.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, Lieutenant, but if  
there's something wrong with my  
program --

TORRES

There's nothing wrong with your  
program --

62 INT. BRIDGE

62

Kim works, speaks to com.

KIM

I'm cutting power to the Surgical  
Bay... now.

63 OMITTED

63

64 INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL)

64

The lights in the Surgical Bay DIM and the FORCEFIELD DEMATERIALIZES. Tom retracts the GLOWING Gene-Alteration Device. Tuvok moves to the Doctor.

TUVOK

I suggest we deactivate your program until we've determined the extent of the alterations.

DOCTOR

I understand.

(beat)

Computer. Deactivate EMH.

The Doctor ZIMMERS out. Torres furiously confronts Tom.

TORRES

You had no right to interfere!

Paris looks at Tuvok and the N.D.s standing there uncertainly.

PARIS

Tuvok - would you mind giving us a minute?

Tuvok nods tactfully, gestures to the N.D.s, and they EXIT. Tom turns back to B'Elanna.

PARIS

I never thought you'd go this far...

\*

TORRES

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

PARIS

Re-programming the Doctor?

TORRES

(beat)

I up-graded his program. So he could understand what had to be done.

\*

PARIS

You mean reconfigure our baby.

(baffled)

So she won't be treated like a "monster?"

\*

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

TORRES

This isn't just about the way  
she'll be treated.

\*

PARIS

What else is it about?

\*

A long beat. She doesn't answer. Paris presses her.

\*

PARIS

Come on, B'Elanna, tell me.

\*

\*

TORRES

(fires back)

It's about my father, okay?

\*

Paris is surprised. He pauses, defuses his tone.

PARIS

What about him?

Again, she doesn't answer. Paris prods her.

\*

PARIS

You never talk about him. I mean,  
I know he left when you were a  
kid...

\*

Another beat. Torres finally relents, starts to tell  
her story.

\*

TORRES

When I was about twelve, he  
organized this camping trip. With  
my cousins and my Uncle Carl.  
Just dads and kids.

\*

(beat)

He thought it would... bring the  
two of us closer together...

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2) 64

PARIS  
You weren't close? \*

TORRES  
Actually, when I was little... we  
were inseparable. He spoiled me  
and I worshipped him...  
(beat)  
But the older I got...

She shrugs.

TORRES  
I guess he thought the camping  
trip might... I don't know... make  
things better again... \*

Paris speaks gently.

PARIS  
But it didn't.

TORRES  
It was awful...

OFF Torres as she tells him the story, beginning in  
VOICE-OVER...

DISSOLVE TO:

65-66 OMITTED 65-66

67 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (OPTICAL) 67

TORRES (V.O.)  
...and I ended up trying to run  
away.

Young B'Elanna is quietly stuffing gear into her pack  
outside the tent. John - hearing the rustling - comes  
out of his tent and finds her, concerned.

JOHN  
B'Elanna?

She glances at him, caught. Tears in her eyes.

JOHN  
What are you doing?

BACK TO:

68 INT. SICKBAY

68

Where B'Elanna continues the story, lost in the memory now, tears in her eyes, too.

TORRES

It was stupid...

(sad smile)

I mean, where was I going to go?

PARIS

(gently)

You probably just wanted him to stop you.

TORRES

(nods)

Well, he did.

\*

BACK TO:

69 EXT. CAMPSITE

69

Young B'Elanna continues stuffing the pack. John tries to take her by the shoulders, turn her to face him, but she pulls away angrily.

YOUNG B'ELANNA

Don't touch me!

John is shocked by her vehemence.

JOHN

B'Elanna, what's wrong?

YOUNG B'ELANNA

You know what's wrong.

JOHN

No, I don't...

Young B'Elanna issues a defiant challenge.

YOUNG B'ELANNA

Maybe I'm just being "moody and unpredictable."

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

69

It has a familiar ring to it, but it's taking John a beat to put it together.

JOHN

What are you talking about?

YOUNG B'ELANNA

I heard what you said to Uncle Carl.

A beat as John digests this. He closes his eyes, sighs, reacts defensively.

JOHN

You shouldn't be listening to private conversations --

\*

YOUNG B'ELANNA

(voice rising)

And you shouldn't have said what you did about Mommy!

\*

\*

A couple of the other kids' faces have started to appear at the tent flaps, roused by the argument. Carl peeks out too, looks from John and B'Elanna to the other kids, admonishes them.

CARL

Everyone back to bed.

As the kids withdraw back into their tents...

69A

NEW ANGLE

69A

John takes B'Elanna a little distance away from the tents, softens his tone.

JOHN

B'Elanna, listen to me. Your mother and I are having problems, but --

\*

YOUNG B'ELANNA

You don't love her any more.

JOHN

That's not true --

YOUNG B'ELANNA

Yes it is. And you don't love me either!

JOHN

B'Elanna...

But all her pent up humiliation and rage is coming out now.

(CONTINUED)

69A CONTINUED:

69A

YOUNG B'ELANNA

You're no different than anyone  
else! You don't like Klingons.  
You said it!

\*

JOHN

You're twisting my words,  
B'Elanna...

BACK TO:

70 INT. SICKBAY

70

Where Torres is near tears. Paris tries to console her.

PARIS

Maybe he was right... maybe you  
misunderstood...

TORRES

No. I know what I heard. It made  
me so angry...

PARIS

You had a right to be. After the  
things he said --

\*

\*

She unleashes her pent up anger.

TORRES

It's not what he said! It's what  
I said!

BACK TO:

71 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK (OPTICAL)

71

B'Elanna shouts at her father.

YOUNG B'ELANNA

If you can't stand living with  
us... why don't you just leave?!

A beat of stunned silence for both of them, her words  
hanging in the air. OFF Young B'Elanna, shocked by her  
own vehemence...

DISSOLVE BACK TO:



72-74 OMITTED

72-74

75 INT. SICKBAY - CLOSE ON ADULT TORRES

75

reeling from the memory, speaking softly now, as much to herself as to Tom.

TORRES

And that's exactly what he did...

PARIS

B'Elanna...

TORRES

Two, three weeks later.

(beat)

And he never came back.

PARIS

(gently)

You can't blame yourself for that.

TORRES

(drained)

Why not?

PARIS

Because... he was obviously unhappy about his marriage. He didn't leave just because you told him to.

TORRES

You don't know that.

A beat.

PARIS

Look, whatever the reason, I'm sure it's been a horrible thing for you to live with.

(beat)

But I still don't understand what it has to do with our baby.

Another beat. She eyes him. Paris has a realization.

PARIS

Wait a minute. You think...?

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

She shrugs at him sadly through her tears.

PARIS

B'Elanna, I am never going to  
leave you.

TORRES

You say that now.

(beat)

But think about how hard it is for  
you to live with one Klingon.  
Pretty soon it'll be two.

\*  
\*  
\*

PARIS

And some day I hope it'll be three  
or four.

\*

B'Elanna shakes her head: he's just trying to make her  
feel better.

PARIS

I mean it.

(beat)

And I hope every one of them is  
just like you.

\*

She reacts. He takes her by the shoulders.

PARIS

B'Elanna, I'm not your father.  
And you're not your mother...

(beat)

...and our little girl is going to  
be perfect...

(beat)

...just the way she is.

A long beat. Torres desperately wants to believe him.

TORRES

You really think so?

PARIS

I know so.

Tom pulls her into a tight embrace. As she sobs quietly  
into his chest, letting everything go...

76

EXT. SPACE - VOYAGER (OPTICAL)

76

At warp.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Medical Officer's Log, Stardate  
54452.6. Lieutenant Torres has  
deleted the alterations she made  
to my program.

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

DOCTOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
It's a relief to be back to "my  
self" again.

\*  
\*

77 INT. SICKBAY (OPTICAL) 77

The Doctor is working at a console when Torres ENTERS.

DOCTOR  
Good morning, Lieutenant. You're  
not feeling ill, are you?

TORRES  
No, I'm fine. I just wanted to  
apologize... for violating your  
program.

\*

He takes a beat to think about it.

DOCTOR  
Apology accepted. Not Guilty by  
reason of biochemistry.

TORRES  
Nice of you to "let me off the  
hook."  
(beat)  
But biochemistry isn't an excuse.  
I knew exactly what I was doing.

\*

She suddenly reacts to a strange sensation.

TORRES  
Ooh.

DOCTOR  
(concerned)  
Is something wrong?

A beat.

TORRES  
No... I think I just felt the baby  
kick.  
(smiles)  
There it is again.

The Doctor tentatively reaches out a hand.

DOCTOR  
May I?

She nods, the Doctor puts his hand on her belly. A  
beat, then he smiles.

\*

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

DOCTOR  
Feisty little thing, isn't she?  
(wry)  
I wonder where she gets that from.

\*

Torres smiles -- hesitant.

TORRES  
Speaking of the baby - I have  
another request.

The Doctor looks cautious.

DOCTOR  
Yes?

TORRES  
I wonder if you'd like to be her  
godfather.

\*

The Doctor is uncharacteristically speechless. Torres  
hurries on.

TORRES  
Neelix wants the job, but he's  
already got Naomi Wildman.  
Chakotay knows even less about  
kids than Harry does, and...

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2) 77

DOCTOR  
(interrupting)  
I accept.

She can see how touched he is. She smiles.

TORRES  
Thanks.

The Doctor is honored.

DOCTOR  
Thank you.

She pauses, reluctant to leave.

TORRES  
I was also wondering... do you  
think I could see her one more  
time? The holographic projection,  
I mean.

DOCTOR  
I don't see why not.

He works the console. In a few moments, the HOLOGRAPHIC  
PROJECTION of the one-year-old baby MATERIALIZES.

78 ON THE BABY (OPTICAL) 78

Eyes closed, peaceful. Forehead ridges and all.

79 BACK TO SCENE (OPTICAL) 79

Torres looks lovingly at the hologram.

TORRES  
She is cute, isn't she?

The Doctor beams. OFF the moment...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END



